



Toxic **ATTRACTION**

A DARK CUCKOLD STORY BY

Don Silver

Toxic Attraction by DonSilver

Category: Loving Wives

Published: 2024-10-03

Updated: 2024-10-03

Packaged: 2024-10-03 13:57:08

Chapters: 22

Words: 431,805

Publisher: literotica.com

Summary:

1. Creepy lecherous roommate has plans for Dan's innocent wife.
2. Lester puts his nefarious plan for Sarah in motion.
3. The couple regroups as Lester continues to advance.
4. Lester makes his move on Dan's wife.
5. Dan's wife willingly goes to his creepy roommate.
6. Lester's plan advances with his roommate's innocent wife.
7. Dan accidentally pushes his innocent wife to his roommate.
8. Sarah navigates what happened during the snowstorm.
9. Dan's coworker tries to blackmail him to get with his wife.
10. Lester offers the couple a devil's bargain.

Erotica Tags: Creep, Cuckold, Hotwife, Innocent, Innocent Wife, Loving Wife, Netorare, Ntr, Roommate, Roommate, Sex, Voyeur, Wife

Average Rating: 4.45

Toxic Attraction Ch. 01

The idea of bunking with a roommate just seemed immature to Dan. As a forty-year-old man with a family, Dan believed he was far too old and past the point in his life when he should even consider living with some stranger. He had scoffed when his wife proposed the idea to him.

"A roommate? Jesus, Sarah, I'm forty years old," he said, half laughing. "I'm not in college anymore."

Like most American families, the economic downturn hit the Williams hard. The engineering firm that Dan was employed at for the last ten years went under, leaving the father of two unemployed. Luckily, Sarah was able to hold onto her job as a hospital administrator to keep food on the table.

Dan had been unable to find another job in his field or at the same pay rate in their hometown of Middleton, Illinois. Other companies in town seemed to have had a hiring freeze as Dan never heard back from anywhere he had submitted his resume to. In desperation, he'd just worked whatever odd jobs he could find to help keep his family afloat.

After two years without steady employment, Dan finally received a call from a firm out of Chicago. While the pay was much less than he was previously making, a regular influx of cash would help the Williams family get their lives back on track.

"Dan, we've gone over the numbers how many times? We'll be able to save a lot more money if you split the costs with someone else."

"I know, I know. I just don't want to live with some random person, Sarah. At this stage in my life, I just want to be with you and the kids."

Sarah made her way across the room and sat down on Dan's lap, circling her arms around his neck.

"I know, baby, but think of it this way. The more money you save by having a roommate, the faster the kids and I will be able to join you in Chicago."

Dan sighed. "You're right. It's going to be hard enough just being away from you and the kids, but if this gets us back together faster then so be it."

A half smile spread onto Sarah's face. "It's going to be hard on all of us, but this is the best scenario in terms of our finances." The smile on her face grew wider and she locked eyes with Dan. "And it's not like this is forever. Once we've saved enough money and I can find a job in Chicago, the kids and I will be right there with you in a place of our own."

Begrudgingly Dan faked a small smile so Sarah would feel that her efforts to comfort him were working. In an effort to put an end to his pity party, Dan joked, "I guess this move might put a damper on our sex life." He feigned a thrust into her butt with his hips for a punchline.

The smile on Sarah's face grew wider as she quickly shifted gears from comforting to flirty. She shifted her hips on Dan's crotch and playfully said, "Oh, I don't know about that. Between Skype and sexting, I'm sure we'll be able to find a way to satisfy each other." Her grin grew even wider, while naughty thoughts filled her head. Her fingers playfully danced along the skin of Dan's neck. "Who knows, it might be nice to get away from the kids and come visit you in Chicago."

Sarah and Dan spent the next week looking online exhaustively at places for Dan to live in Chicago. Due to the location of Dan's new

job and their budget, housing rentals were quickly eliminated from the equation. Many of the ideal locations close to Dan's work were occupied, so the couple had to expand their search to apartment buildings in different parts of the city. After a few days, they booked several appointments to view different units in person.

Sarah took a few days off work and had her parents stay with the kids so she could accompany Dan on his hunt for an apartment. They drove up to Chicago on Friday with the plan to spend the weekend making their appointments and looking for other rental opportunities.

Over the course of the weekend, both Dan and Sarah began to become dismayed at the rental prospects in the city. Their short list of apartments grew increasingly shorter with each appointment.

The first apartment they visited would have had Dan sharing a unit with an older gentleman who was clearly a hoarder. The common area was used as a storage space for the packaging and garbage that this man had accumulated over the years. Even the room that would have been Dan's was filled with a mountain of items that would need to be relocated before anything else could be moved in.

While the rest of the appointments were attractively advertised online, they were anything but in person. Either the state of the apartment was in disrepair or the quality of the roommate did not meet Dan's expectations. After checking out all of the rentals on their list, Dan and Sarah had met several high-functioning drug users as well as some that were not so high functioning. They encountered a few cat ladies and even a man that presented Dan with a roommate agreement that he wanted to be signed which outlined how Dan was to conduct himself while in the apartment. The agreement tried to regulate when Dan would be allowed to use their shared Internet and for what purposes. It even went as far as requesting that Dan book when Sarah was to visit ahead of time to obtain the roommate's approval.

The only appointment that had been acceptable to Dan would see him rooming with a female college senior. Sarah quickly shot down that option.

After visiting every apartment on their list, the couple returned to their hotel room dismayed.

With his eyes closed, Dan slowly massaged his temples while sitting on the edge of the bed. "I don't think I'm going to have a place to stay before I start work next week."

"We'll find something," Sarah said and she moved behind her husband and wrapped her arms around his chest. "This city is huge, and there has to be somewhere that isn't completely terrible." She planted a reassuring kiss on Dan's shoulder, letting her head rest there.

Dan stopped massaging his temples and brought his hand up to slowly stroke Sarah's hair. "I just can't believe every apartment we checked out was a bust." He shook his head. "We had a list of promising spots, a few were even close to work and none of them panned out."

Moving from her place behind Dan, Sarah got off the bed and stood in front of her husband with her hands on her hips. "We're not gonna let this get us down. There is a perfect spot for you....for us, here in Chicago. We just need to find it." She shot Dan a genuinely warm smile that reminded him just how much he loved her. Even though she was strikingly beautiful, her caring and compassionate personality was what he loved most.

The smile quickly faded from Sarah's face only to be replaced with a look of determination as she marched across the room to her purse. She wasn't about to let her husband be homeless in a new city, and she certainly wasn't going to let them sit around and mope in their hotel room. As a hospital administrator, Sarah was used to solving problems all day long. Whether the hospital was running low on a

certain item or had a staffing issue, Sarah was always able to find a solution.

She quickly unzipped her purse and reached in, searching for her smartphone. While making her way back over to the bed, she began navigating the internet looking for newly posted rentals in the area. Dan watched her as she crossed in front of him, Sarah not taking her eyes off the phone as she moved onto the bed in a sitting position against the headboard. He admired her determination and quickly located his cell phone to follow suit.

After a half hour of unsuccessfully searching for a new listing that would be different from their other appointments, Sarah was almost ready to call it quits. *I can't give up. We need to find a place for Dan to live. What other websites should I check?*

The answer quickly dawned on her. Before this pivotal decision, their searches were restricted to rental listing sites for Chicago and the websites of individual apartment complexes. Sarah then remembered the name of a website she had never visited, but had heard about on the news and from her co-workers at the hospital.

It was a website that she would eventually wish she had never remembered.

She quickly typed 'craigslist.com' into her phone's browser and navigated to the page for Chicago rentals. Scrolling through the listings, Sarah quickly realized that there were a ton of apartments available for rent that she had never even stumbled across in her past searches. *Maybe this is it!*

A recent listing near the top of the page caught her eye.

"Clean spacious two bedroom, quiet roommate"

She clicked the link and was brought to a page that had several pictures with a current time stamp on them. The pictures showed off

a reasonably clean apartment that appeared to have a good amount of space. The bathroom, common area, kitchen and Dan's prospective bedroom were all showcased and appeared much better kept than what the couple had already experienced throughout the weekend.

Staring intently at the screen, Sarah read over the description of the unit. *Location, check. Price, check. Male roommate, check!*

Before asking her husband his thoughts, she quickly sent the poster an email stating her interest and desire to see the unit in person. After the weekend they'd had, she wasn't about to let this apartment go to someone else.

After clicking the send button, Sarah excitedly looked over at her husband. "I think I found you a place!"

Across town, a computer monitor flickered on, accompanied by a short beep notifying its absent user of a new pop-up notification. The sudden light from the screen illuminated an otherwise dark room, exposing an unkempt mess. Piles of dirty clothes littered the floor amongst dishes caked with what was once food. Every surface in the room, from the computer desk to the nightstand, was occupied by trash or other forgotten items under a thick layer of dust.

A shape on the bed stirred in response to the sudden intrusion of light. Slowly, the shape of a man sat up and kicked his legs off the side of the bed. The light from the computer exposed a body that matched the room's level of upkeep. A t-shirt which was originally white, now a pale beige, was dotted with stains from an unaccounted number of days' worth of food and was littered with small holes. The fabric of the t-shirt was fighting to contain the protruding belly that hung over an equally neglected pair of boxers.

The man got up from the bed and expertly navigated the maze of dirty laundry and dishes scattered on the floor. As he plopped himself down in the computer chair, he ran his stocky fingers through his wiry hair. He used the mouse to click on the notification, which revealed a new email in his inbox. Licking the remains of the night's takeout dinner from his lips, he began reading the new message.

Hello there...

Soon the man's fingers were racing across the Cheeto-encrusted keyboard. The speed at which he typed amounted to the most physical exercise he had experienced in weeks. The email was from a woman named Sarah asking about his craigslist apartment posting on behalf of her husband. She wanted to come and see the unit as soon as possible. *I'll show her my unit all right.*

Satisfied with his reply that the couple could view the apartment anytime the following day, he signed the email 'Lester Marshall' and pressed send.

The rush of corresponding with a female stranger over the Internet awakened Lester's dick. He greedily clicked the Mozilla Firefox icon and began browsing his bookmarked porn sites.

Excited by the prospect of finding an actual apartment to rent, the Williams left the hotel early to have breakfast and then make their way to the apartment building. At the same time, Lester was doing his best to make himself and the apartment presentable to his potential roommate.

At a quarter past 10 am, Sarah and Dan pulled their Dodge Journey into the parking lot of the Cityfront Tower apartment building. Sarah leaned over and grasped her husband's hand. "This place looks great, babe! Can you see yourself living here?"

"Yeah, I guess," Dan replied, looking through the windshield at the tower in front of him. The tower might have been an exaggeration. The apartment building in front of them was only twelve stories tall and looked similar to the half dozen other apartment buildings they had visited this weekend. It definitely wasn't Trump Tower, but it wasn't a shithole either. "I just hope the actual apartment is better than the others you dragged me to."

Sarah feigned an annoyed expression. "I almost can't wait to be rid of you." She flashed Dan a quick smile. "Come on, it's almost 10:30. Let's go check this place out."

They exited their vehicle and made their way through the parking lot toward a narrow pathway that led up to the lobby. As they opened the glass lobby door, Sarah retrieved her cell phone from her purse and quickly located the email from the previous night. Satisfied that she remembered the correct room number, she pressed #609 on the intercom.

After a few rings, a gruff voice emanated from the intercom's speaker. "Hello?"

"Hi, this is Sarah Williams. We exchanged a few emails last night about renting out a room."

Without a reply, a buzzer went off followed by the click of the lobby door allowing them entry. As they rode the elevator up to the sixth floor, Dan began thinking about the brief exchange over the intercom. "So what do we really know about this guy?"

"Nothing really, I guess," Sarah said, while watching the ascending numbers on the elevator's screen. "What I do know is that you start work next week and need a place to live. This building is in a prime location and the pictures online made it seem worth our time. Plus, the rent fits in our budget."

When the elevator doors opened, Dan moved to step out but Sarah gently grabbed his arm. Looking back at her, Sarah raised both her hands to cup his face and stepped closer to look into his eyes." I love you."

"I love you too, babe," he said as he leaned in and kissed her.

After a few moments of holding up the elevator for their tender embrace, the couple made their way down the hallway to apartment #609 and knocked on the door.

Peering through the peephole, Lester took in the beauty of Sarah Williams for the first of many times. While the peephole only exhibited her angelic face, it was enough to cause Lester to adjust the rising bulge forming in his pants. Wanting to get a look at the rest of this woman's body, he quickly opened the door.

When the door swung open, the Williams were greeted by a short, overweight man a few years older than Dan. Despite his unattractive features, it was clear he was trying to make an effort to look respectable. His wiry hair was being kept down with some kind of product, and he was sporting a blue dress shirt a few sizes too big, tucked into a pair of black slacks.

Lester's outward appearance helped set the couple's minds at ease. While he was nothing special to look at, he at least seemed like a somewhat well-put-together individual. The potential roommates that they'd met over the previous few days had done little to impress them.

Dressing well upon first meeting a roommate was a tactic Lester had adopted over time. Portraying an upstanding member of society was Lester's strategy to gain a bit of trust with potential roommates. No one wants to live with a stranger, let alone one who's a dirtbag. The respectable appearance was just one strand of the web he was weaving to ensnare the couple.

While the couple's first impression of Lester was being cemented in their minds, he quickly looked over the body of Sarah Williams. While his eyes danced up her body, he groaned internally. *Yessss...*

The woman standing in front of him was the picture of perfection. It took all of Lester's mental fortitude not to emit that groan out loud. Her calf-length jean khakis hugged her slender thighs and shapely hips. A loose black blouse hung off her shoulders but did little to conceal the outline of the firm breasts hidden beneath. While he fantasized about what her body would look like without clothes on, Lester extended his hand. *I'll know soon enough.* "Hi, I'm Lester."

"Sarah," she reached forward and shook his hand, noting some slight perspiration in his palm.

"And this is my husband, Dan."

Making physical contact with Sarah's creamy vanilla skin caused Lester's dick to swell even harder. While shaking her hand, Lester briefly broke eye contact to admire the slight jiggling effect their handshake was having on her chest.

From his past experiences as a lecherous roommate, Lester knew not to give Sarah too much attention. If he did, she may come to see him as his last roommate did -- creepy. He released her hand and shifted his gaze to Dan, shaking his hand next. "So, you're the one looking for a place then?"

"That I am," Dan responded.

"Please come in and take a look around." Lester stepped aside and motioned for the couple to make their way into his lair. The couple walked through the entryway and into the living room of the apartment. They took a brief moment to look around at the state of their new surroundings. A moment was all Lester needed to take advantage of the couple's backs being turned to him as he admired the curvaceous behind of Mrs. Williams. Her perfectly round ass

stared back at him as he licked his lips. Even though the material of the khakis was stretched to contain her excellent butt, Lester didn't notice any underwear lines. *She must be wearing a thong....or going without. That naughty girl.*

Sarah was relieved to see that the pictures posted online matched the apartment's appearance. Everything appeared to be neat and tidy. The minimal furniture of the living room was neatly arranged around the TV without any dirty dishes or clothes strewn about. She was impressed that there was actually a centerpiece on the coffee table, as well as photos and candles neatly decorating the walls and shelves. *This is much nicer than the last few places we looked at.*

Dan gave Sarah a relieved glance. His apprehension about visiting this apartment from craigslist was slowly disappearing.

What the Williams couple didn't know was that the tidiness and immaculate styling of the apartment were due to Lester's last roommate. She had taken it upon herself to decorate and make the place more comfortable while she lived there. In her eagerness to move out and get away from Lester, she left many possessions behind.

"Feel free to take a look around and talk to each other. I'll be here if you have any questions." Lester forced the words out. He knew he had to seem outgoing and normal to make the Williams comfortable with him. He pointed across the living room to another doorway.

"Over there is the kitchen. It has fairly new appliances." Motioning to the other side of the living room, Lester pointed Dan and Sarah in the direction of a hallway. "Down there on the left is the bathroom. The first door on the right would be your room and the one at the end of the hall is mine."

After the brief exchange with Lester, the couple started checking out the apartment's other rooms. Each room they visited was just as

spotless as the living room. Even the fridge and medicine cabinet were neatly organized.

Standing in what could be his future bedroom, Dan was very happy with the size of it.

"What do you think?" Sarah asked with a tentative smile.

"I think this place is the best one we've seen all weekend. It's pretty tidy. I won't feel like I'm slumming it here," Dan walked over and opened the closet doors. Both doors opened to reveal a closet devoid of any clothing but with plenty of hangers and hooks for most of Dan's wardrobe. "And this room isn't half bad. It sure doesn't beat our room at home, but it will do for now."

"What do you think about Lester?" Sarah asked.

"He doesn't seem like a bad guy. Definitely better than some of the other candidates we've met. I think he might be a little weird, but at least he keeps the place clean. What do you think?"

"He seems nice." Sarah thought back to meeting Lester a few minutes ago and the way he subtly looked her over. *Just because he checked you out doesn't mean he is a bad guy. He is a man, after all.*

Sarah glanced at the full-length mirror on the wall, admiring her reflection. *And I'm not too hard on the eyes. Can I really blame the guy?*

"And yeah, the place is well kept." She shrugged. "Not as well kept as our house, but I'm sure living with him will be bearable."

Dan nodded and continued looking around the room.

"So...what should we do? Do you want to take it or look around at some other places?" asked Sarah.

Dan turned to look at his beautiful wife. Her lovely green eyes showed nothing but love for him. Part of him still didn't want to commit to renting any place because it would mean leaving her. He sighed. "Well, work starts next week and I'm still going to need some time to move some of my things in. I'm not sure we have time to look at other places. Besides, this is just temporary so I don't need to live in the lap of luxury."

He strode over to her and took her hands in his. "Let's go talk to Lester."

Two days later, Sarah and Dan returned to CityPlace towers with the Dodge Journey full of items for the apartment. After a few trips up the elevator, their vehicle was empty and the couple began unboxing things and setting up Dan's new room.

Dan spent half an hour assembling an IKEA desk, while Sarah arranged pictures of their family around the room.

Having exchanged phone numbers when the Williams signed the lease, Lester sent Dan a text message apologizing for not being able to help him move because he had to work. In reality, Lester had taken the day off work and was watching the couple move Dan in through the peephole in his bedroom wall. Lester admired Sarah's womanly form as she bent over to grab picture frames from the bottom of a box.

The clothing Lester wore when he first met his new prize was scattered on his floor. He was now wearing nothing but his unwashed, yellow-tinged t-shirt as he gaped through the hole at his new roommate's wife. He rested his body weight against the wall using his left arm and was slowly stroking himself while Sarah moved around the other room in her sweatpants and hoodie. *Ahh, fuck, she is just a few feet from me!*

Lester furiously jerked himself off as he memorized every inch of Sarah's body. Whenever she would talk to her husband he pictured her talking to him and his dick. He wanted nothing more than to walk into the other room and grab her by the ponytail and force her onto the bed.

As she finished hanging the last picture, Sarah said "It's getting really hot in here".

With the two of them in one small enclosed room moving things around, the temperature was beginning to rise. Lester watched in amazement as Sarah began unzipping her hoodie. He began stroking faster as she tossed it aside to reveal a small tank top that showed off the tops of her juicy breasts. Lester grinned, his eyes glued to the naked flesh of her chest.

His eyes felt like they were bulging out of his head when she crouched to retrieve bed sheets from another box. As she sorted through the sheets, the angle of her chest gave Lester an unobstructed view down the top of her tank top. He furiously pumped his dick in his hand as Sarah's breasts jiggled to match the movement of her arms. *Fuck yeah, baby.*

"Are we almost done, Dan? I just need to put these sheets on your bed," Sarah stood up while opening a folded-up bed sheet.

"Yeah, the desk is all built and it looks like everything is set up," Dan said, looking around the room. He neglected to notice the small peephole in the wall which was allowing a pervert to ogle his wife's assets. "Once you're done with the bed we can head back to the house and let your parents go home."

Dan rose to his feet. "I'm just going to use the bathroom before we leave."

"Ok, I'll be done in two seconds and then we can hit the road." Sarah leaned over to tuck the bed sheet into the far side of Dan's

double bed.

As Sarah bent over and forcibly began tucking in the sheet, Lester's hungry eyes ran up her body, trying to decide what to focus on as he was getting close to finishing. Not a single bit of extra fat was on her.

Lester's breathing became rapid as he continued shifting his eyes across her body. He wanted to cum looking at her angelic face, but his attention was diverted to the movement of her heaving, beautiful breasts as she tucked in the sheet. His eyes trailed down to her flat stomach and onto her fantastic ass, which was on display for him. *I wish you didn't have those clothes on.*

With the bed completely tucked in, Sarah sneakily made her way across the room to her purse and reached for an envelope from it. Lester watched as she took the envelope and stuck it in one of Dan's dresser drawers. *What are you up to?*

While Lester was still pondering what could be in the envelope, she picked up her hoodie and stepped in front of the mirror, looking herself over. To Sarah, she was looking at her reflection, but she was unaware that the mirror was almost in line with the peephole. From Lester's side of the wall, it looked like Sarah was standing there just for him.

Having her this close and looking right at him sent Lester over the edge. He continued to pump his dick as he ejaculated onto a well-stained spot on the wall "Argghhh!"

Lester was so caught up in pleasuring himself that he didn't care if he got caught peeping.

Lucky for Lester, Dan chose that exact moment to flush the toilet, drowning out the sounds of the older man's ecstasy.

Dan exited the bathroom and made his way back over to his wife. Wrapping his arms around her from behind he looked at her through the mirror. "God, you're beautiful. I'm really going to hate living here without you."

She turned to face him while giving Lester a close-up view of her ass.

"It's only for a little while," she smiled with her eyes becoming watery. "And I will definitely be coming to visit you as often as I can."

Lester's ears perked up at those words. *I look forward to it.*

After a brief embrace, Sarah visited the washroom and the couple departed the apartment to head back to their family.

Waiting a few minutes to make sure they were gone, Lester left his den of iniquity and quietly entered Dan's room. He made his way over to the dresser and retrieved the envelope Sarah had discreetly hidden. The words 'For your eyes only' were written on it.

He opened it and a shit-eating grin spread across his lips. *Why Sarah, you shouldn't have.*

The envelope contained a love letter from Sarah to Dan. It expressed how much she would miss him and that he would always be in her thoughts. The note also described how much she loved him and would miss feeling his body next to hers. To keep Dan from missing her too much she included several boudoir pictures of herself to keep him occupied on lonely nights. *For my pleasure now.*

Lester took the photos out of the envelope and looked them over. Sarah was posing for the camera in several states of undress. These intimate pictures were meant for only her husband's eyes, but now a deceptive stranger was looking at the most private parts of the young mother.

As he shuffled through the photos, Lester felt his dick get hard again.

Without taking his eyes off the supple breasts of Mrs. Williams, Lester made his way back to his room.

Dan moved in a few days later and started his new job. He talked to Sarah and his kids every night on the phone and sent them plenty of text messages throughout the day. Aside from the occasional small talk, Lester and Dan rarely interacted. The only time that Dan would see Lester out of his room was when he would use the washroom or to heat up his dinner.

Over the course of their few interactions, Dan began to see Lester as a little odd and much different than how he portrayed himself during their first meeting. He didn't mind Lester's odd behavior, though, because it meant he was free to enjoy the apartment to himself.

Sitting down on the couch in the living room, Dan dialed his home number for his nightly phone call.

"Hey baby, how are you doing?" Sarah asked excitedly into the phone.

"I'm good, hun." Dan was beaming. He always loved to hear his wife's voice. "Work was good today, just the same old workload. I did try a new Chinese restaurant for lunch that I think you would like. Whenever you come to visit we'll go out to dinner there."

"Speaking of..." Sarah looked around to see whether her kids were within earshot. "I think I'll be able to come to visit next weekend. My mom invited the kids for a sleepover Friday night. I'm sure she wouldn't mind taking them for an extra day or two."

"That sounds like a dream come true, babe." Dan was ecstatic. Even though he had only been gone for a few weeks, he desperately missed the touch of his wife. "I can't wait to get you up here. I have some non-PG things planned."

"Oooh, I like the sound of that. I hope you have a whole itinerary planned out, Mr. Chicago." Sarah twirled the phone cord on her finger, fantasizing about the upcoming weekend with her husband.

"Yeah, the itinerary consists of you and me visiting the double bed of mine."

"Oh Dan, stop! The kids could hear you."

"Come on, baby, it's been three weeks since I've even gotten to touch you. I'm going crazy." Dan could feel his pants getting slightly tighter at the thought of fucking his wife.

"Well, you do have my special care package I left for you to take care of yourself."

Dan didn't say anything for a few moments before he remembered about her envelope. "Well, I do love that care package and I *really* appreciate it. It's gotten me through a few lonely nights, but as amazing as those pictures are, they don't even compare to actually being with you."

"Oh shit, Dan, the kids are coming to talk to you. We'll talk about the details of next weekend after."

As Dan began to talk to his children, Lester slowly sneaked back to his room. *She is coming back.*

The thought of Sarah back in his apartment gave him a raging hard-on. Plopping down in his computer chair, Lester turned on his monitor and navigated to a folder titled Sarah. In it were the special pictures meant for Dan. Lester had used his industrial grade scanner

to upload high resolution pictures of Sarah to his computer. *I'll have to add some material to this folder next weekend.*

Lester shuffled out of his sweatpants and began pleasuring himself to Sarah Williams as he had every night for the last few weeks.

The weekend of Sarah's visit arrived faster than either Dan or Lester had anticipated. Dan was excited about the arrival of his wife, while Lester anxiously wondered what sort of compromising positions he could watch Sarah get into through his peephole.

Dan was especially excited by the fact that Lester would be working most of the weekend, giving the married couple the place to themselves. He didn't want to reunite with the love of his life while a strange man was in the next room.

When Sarah arrived after dinner Friday night, both men were very happy with her appearance. It was clear that Sarah wanted to look her best for her husband. Sarah had come directly from work, but she appeared to be wearing a sexier outfit than Dan had ever remembered her wearing to the office. As Dan greeted his loving wife at the door, the couple was caught up in their reconnection and did not notice the glaring eyes of Lester.

Her shoulder-length blonde hair seemed to hypnotize Lester as it swayed back and forth when she entered the apartment. The tight-fitting button-up blue blouse gave off an air of professionalism and a sexy appeal that would usually be out of Lester's league. *But she is here in my home now.*

Sarah's heaving breasts tested the integrity of the shirt, jutting out and pushing against the buttons. As Lester leered at Sarah's body, he fantasized about those buttons popping open against the weight of her breasts so his eyes could feast on the special underwear she wore for her husband. Her blue blouse was tucked into a knee-

length pencil skirt that seemed to accentuate her voluptuous hips and perfectly round ass. *If she worked with me I wouldn't last a week before being fired for sexual misconduct. That ass...*

Lester licked his lips as his eyes danced down her stocking-clad legs to her stiletto-bound feet. Taking her entire figure in once again, Lester was adding her image to his mental spank bank. *I'm going to have to get more material for my Sarah folder.*

Dan carried Sarah's luggage into the apartment as she took off her shoes. Lester was standing awkwardly by the entrance to the kitchen, almost standing too still as he continued with his voyeurism. He quickly snapped out of it. "Hi Sarah, it's nice to see you again."

"Oh, hi Lester, and how are you doing?"

Aroused now that you're here.

"Good...good, just staying busy with work you know."

With the forced exchange over, Lester turned and shuffled back into the kitchen to locate his backup bag of cheesy chips. Dan saw Sarah to the couch and poured her a glass of her favorite wine.

Lester could hear the couple speaking while he eavesdropped from the kitchen. Before making the journey across the living room back to his room, the pervert had to compose himself so he wouldn't alert suspicion. He concealed the bulge in his sweatpants and moved back out to where the couple was.

Dan was giving Sarah a foot massage while she told him about that day's adventure as a hospital administrator. Lester walked across the living room toward the hallway, pausing awkwardly to look at the couple.

Sarah was distracted from her loving husband's foot massage by a strange, blob-like shape she noticed out of the corner of her eye.

She glanced over the edge of the couch to see Lester staring at her. When she made eye contact, he didn't look away but seemed to be transfixed on her.

After a few seconds, Lester seemed to snap out of it and hurriedly mumbled, "I work early. Goodnight." He broke eye contact and quickly walked out and down the hallway to his room.

"Well, that was weird," Sarah laughed, a puzzled look on her face.

Dan shrugged his shoulders. "He is a bit of an odd guy."

Lester sat at his computer chair with his bedroom door slightly ajar. He listened to the couple discussing trivial subjects, and when they grew silent all he could hear was the sound of his own smacking lips as he munched on his snack.

Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzt.

Someone's phone was ringing in the living room.

"Hello?" Dan answered.

Lester leaned closer to his door, trying hard not to miss any details of the conversation.

"Are you sure, sir?" Lester could hear the nervousness in Dan's voice. "Absolutely, I'll be there. Goodnight."

"What's the matter, honey?" Sarah was concerned about the tone of the conversation.

"Fuck. Baby, I'm so sorry. That was my boss. He is having everyone come in tomorrow morning. There's some issue with one of our clients and he says it's an emergency."

An evil smile spread across Lester's face. He tuned out the rest of the conversation when he realized that Dan would be going to work tomorrow, leaving Sarah alone in the apartment. *Not alone. I'll be here.*

While part of Lester wanted to continue listening to the couple, it was quickly overpowered by Lester's desire for Sarah Williams. He gently closed the door and rolled his computer chair back into its place in front of his monitor.

When Lester was close to finishing himself off to one of Sarah's private boudoir pictures, he heard the door in the next room close. Breaking himself away from the full-screen image of a scantily clad Sarah on his monitor, he made his way over to his peephole.

Dan was holding Sarah in the middle of the room, his hands pulling her body to his as he kissed her. Lester watched the couple passionately kiss while running their hands over each other's bodies. He slowly stroked himself, not wanting to cum before the good stuff started.

Sarah broke off the kiss and pushed Dan into a sitting position on the bed. Backing away from him, Sarah began to slowly unbutton her blouse. Lester's greedy eyes followed Sarah's fingers as they danced over each button until her bra-clad chest was exposed.

The live sight of Sarah's magnificent breasts caused Lester to release an audible gasp. Luckily for him, both Sarah and Dan were too engrossed with their long overdue reunion to notice.

While Lester had seen Sarah exposed in her private photos for Dan, having her naked skin mere feet from him was tantalizing.

Sarah let her blouse fall to the floor. She ran her hands up from her thighs until they cupped the sides of her bra-clad chest. The only thing preventing Lester from viewing her lovely mounds of flesh,

kept private only for her husband, was a lacy white bra that accentuated her natural curves.

Sitting on the bed, Dan watched his wife seductively sway her hips to imaginary music. They hadn't been together for so long that it took all of his might not to take her and throw her onto the bed.

While she continued to rhythmically move her body, Sarah locked eyes with Dan as she moved her hands to the hem of her pencil skirt. Slowing her movements down, she hooked her thumbs under the tops of the skirt. She bent over at the waist and without breaking eye contact she slowly lowered her tight skirt, exposing her fantastic ass and long, slender legs.

The jaws of both Dan and Lester dropped at the incredibly sexy display in front of them. With her pencil skirt now discarded on the floor, Sarah closed her eyes and began slowly grinding her hips once more. She ran her hands up her naked thighs slowly making a trail up her body.

Her hands briefly paused around her breasts to tease her husband before resting on the back of her head. As she swayed her hips, she ran her hands through her hair.

Lester watched as the mother of two unknowingly danced in her bra and panties for a complete stranger. His eyes darted all over her body, trying to memorize every detail, not wanting to miss anything.

Sarah turned her back to her husband and teasingly lowered one of her bra straps. She looked over her shoulder at the lustful expression on Dan's face and knew she was moments away from having long overdue sex with her love. What Sarah didn't know was that directly in front of her was an obscure peephole that Dan's weird, oddly proportioned roommate was watching her through. The seductive dance meant for her husband that left the innocent wife in only her white lace bra and panties was being observed by a perverted stranger.

Giving Dan a wink, Sarah turned her head back to the wall as she swayed her hips and lowered the other bra strap. She then reached behind her back and undid the clasp on the bra, letting the straps hang loose as her other hand held the front of the bra in place. Dan was now staring at the smooth skin of Sarah's exposed back. Realizing that she was now almost completely naked he began to disrobe, not wanting a single delay in their copulation.

Knowing that she was driving her husband wild, Sarah gently took her bra off her chest and held it at her side before dropping it to the floor.

Aside from the pictures that Sarah had left for him, Dan had not seen his wife's voluptuous breasts for weeks. They were one of his favorite parts of her, and now they were bare just a few feet from him. The swaying of her body let him catch glimpses of the sides of her breasts but painfully kept them obstructed. Sarah knew exactly what Dan wanted and chose to tease him for a bit longer.

While Sarah's husband had been desperately waiting for weeks to see Sarah's beautiful heaving breasts, Lester would be the first man to lay his eyes on them. As Sarah was concentrating on teasing her husband, her chest was on full display to his lecherous roommate.

Much like Dan, Lester had also used Sarah's private boudoir pictures to satisfy himself over the past few weeks. As Lester pumped his cock faster while gazing at Sarah's bare breasts, he knew that the pictures he stole would never compare to seeing her magnificent chest in person.

Lester continued to stare through his peephole, mouth agape, at the beautiful, naked mother standing just a few feet away from him. His perverted eyes were locked onto the nakedness of her supple breasts as she rhythmically moved her body seductively. What felt like a private exposure for him was taken away when Sarah covered her breasts with her arm and turned to face her husband.

The view of her naked back and panty-clad ass was tantalizing, but Lester was angry that she turned away from him. Being able to view her naked form along with her angelic face was intoxicating, and Lester needed more. The moment only reaffirmed Lester's determination to get much closer to his roommate's wife.

Keeping her breasts covered, Sarah closed the distance to the bed and stood directly in front of her sexually frustrated husband. Locking eyes with Dan, she slowly removed her arm from her breasts, letting Dan see the treasure he so desperately wanted. She watched as his eyes broke contact with hers, his gaze shifting to her bra-free chest. Sarah decided that she had teased her poor hubby long enough.

She moved onto the bed, straddling Dan's crotch and embraced him in a passionate kiss. Dan pulled his wife as close as possible to feel her body against his. Her breasts were pressed against his chest while his stiff prick was fighting against the material of her panties.

Watching the couple reunite filled Lester with jealousy and lust. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the scene that was unfolding on the other side of his peephole, nor could he stop himself from masturbating. He wanted Sarah. He wanted to kiss her and run his hands all over her naked flesh.

I'm going to fuck her.

He didn't know how he would get between her lovely legs, but he was going to go to any length to get inside her.

Frustrated by the weeks spent apart and her seductive teasing, Dan decided he was done waiting. He thrust his hips up into the air while holding onto his wife and flipped her over onto her back. Dan greedily kissed her, their tongues probing one another's mouth. His lips moved onto her neck, exploring every bit of flesh that had been denied him for weeks. Sarah closed her eyes in bliss, treasuring the

renewed feeling of her husband's tender caress. She held the back of his head as his hand journeyed downward to remove her panties.

Sarah began to run her hand down Dan's chest, her fingertips caressing every inch of his torso until they reached his dick. As Dan sat up to better remove the lacy white panties from Sarah's hips, she grasped the base of his shaft and slowly stroked him. Lester glared at Sarah's hand moving up and down. He subconsciously slowed his stroking to match hers. For a fleeting moment, he almost believed that he was watching her play with his dick. The fat, grubby digits wrapped around his cock were replaced with her long, slender fingers.

Enjoying the sensation of his wife's hand grasping his dick, Dan dipped his head down and again kissed her. Sarah began to stroke Dan's dick faster and faster as the passion of their kiss ignited. Their lips smashed together as their tongues wildly moved about -- devouring as much of the other as they could.

Sarah broke their kiss and gasped as she felt her husband's fingers begin to trace a circle around her womanhood. Dan slowly extended one finger and began to slide it into his wife. Sarah slowed her stroking of Dan's cock, distracted by the feeling of being penetrated. She began to moan lightly as Dan pushed his finger further into her wet passageway.

Smiling at the effect he was having on her, Dan lowered his head and started tracing circles on her breast with his tongue -- purposely avoiding her nipple. Sarah no longer stroked Dan's hard cock, but held it gingerly in her hand as both her private parts were expertly manipulated.

When Dan's finger met less resistance, he pushed it deeper into her and slowly retracted it. He continued to finger her, building up his rhythm. Each time he pulled his finger back toward her entrance he made sure to put pressure on her g-spot.

Sarah's hips started to lift off the bed to meet each slow thrust of Dan's finger. Each time he pushed into her, more of her juices coated his finger and she grew closer to orgasm. Sarah was experiencing sensory overload.

She tightened her grip on Dan's cock, trying to keep the source of her pleasure right where it was. She was close to exploding and didn't want Dan to move. Her eyes were shut, concentrating on the feeling of Dan's finger inside of her and his tongue on her breasts.

Suddenly she felt the tongue flick the nipple of her right breast and it sent her over the edge. Sarah thrust her hips high into the air, burying Dan's finger deep within her. She clutched his cock with one hand and crumpled the bed sheets with the other.

Her back arched off the bed as she let out a powerful moan. She was so caught up in orgasmic bliss that she completely forgot about trying to stay quiet. She forgot about Dan's bizarre roommate in the next room.

Lester watched through the peephole in awe at the beauty of Sarah Williams' orgasming. Her face contorting in pleasure was the most magnificent thing he had ever laid eyes on. The way her body stiffened in pleasure as her orgasm exploded was something the perverted Lester would not soon forget. *Fuck, I wish I was recording this. I could listen to her cum all day.*

Coming down from her bliss, Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Dan. She pulled his dick toward her, "Get inside me, big boy."

Not needing any more encouragement, Dan removed his fingers from Sarah's dripping-wet sex and positioned himself between her legs. Sarah guided her husband's dick to her entrance and waited for him to penetrate her for the first time in weeks.

Looking down at his wife, Dan smiled. He loved watching her beautiful face react to the feeling of his cock as he slowly pushed it

inside her. This time was no different. As his dick began to part her outer lips Sarah closed her eyes to concentrate on the immense pleasure. Her mouth hung open, unconsciously taking sharp, short breaths.

As Dan pushed his full length inside of his wife's love passage, her hands encircled his neck once more bringing his lips to hers. Their mouths smashed together, passionately trying to keep pace with the other. Sarah's tongue twisted itself around Dan's.

The intensity of their kiss made Dan increase the pace of his thrusting. He was lost in lust, finally intimately reuniting with his lovely wife. Gentle lovemaking was out the window as Dan wanted nothing more than to fuck.

After weeks without feeling her husband's touch, Sarah loved the desperation of Dan's actions. He wanted her badly and could barely contain himself. The animalistic aggression of Dan's thrusts caused Sarah to instinctively wrap her legs around his back, pulling Dan as close into her as possible.

Breaking their embrace, Dan once again looked down at his wife in the throes of ecstasy. Bringing such pleasure to Sarah made him feel like a man. "Oh fuck yeah, baby."

"Oh god, Dan, don't stop!" Sarah exclaimed loudly. The sound of her own voice caused a brief thought to filter into her mind. Could Dan's roommate Lester hear them? The couple had been so caught up in devouring each other that she had forgotten all about the odd little man in the next room. The sound of their bodies fucking, along with both Dan and Sarah's grunting was not exactly quiet. *How could he not hear us?*

"Fuck, baby, how much do you like this?" Dan asked, staring into her lust-filled eyes.

"I love it," Sarah whispered.

"What? Come on baby tell me how much you love my dick inside you."

Sarah desperately wanted to answer her husband. To satisfy his desire to hear her verbalize her pleasure. But she also thought she should keep quiet, now realizing that there was no way their coupling wasn't audible through the wall.

"Tell me how much you love it, Sarah."

Despite her desire to stay quiet, Sarah was lost in the moment. The feeling of her husband's dick inside of her, the weight of his body pinning her to the mattress, the length of time since they last had sex -- everything else didn't matter.

"Ohhhhhhhh god, baby, I love how you feel. It's so fucking good!" Sarah exclaimed loudly. As the words left her mouth, Sarah knew she was loud enough for her husband's roommate to hear her.

The thought of some stranger listening to their private reunion seemed to excite her.

"Oh god, Dan, FUCK ME!"

Sarah began pushing her hips up to meet Dan's thrusts. As she pushed her hips up, she used her legs to pull Dan into her.

"So good," Sarah whimpered and she continued to fuck her husband. Dan was surprised by Sarah's sudden actions. He gripped her hips and back tightly as he continued to meet her thrusts -- trying to keep up with her enthusiastic actions. *She must have really missed my special attention.*

Little did Dan know that his normally conservative wife was getting extra stimulation from the thought of someone listening in.

"Ohh God, Dan, don't stop fucking me!" Sarah knew she was being loud and she didn't care. *I bet the people above and below can hear us fucking along with Lester.*

The thought of someone else hearing her screams of pleasure drove her over the edge. "Ahhh, oohhh, Dan! FUCK!"

Sarah suddenly stopped thrusting, every muscle in her body tightening up. She held onto Dan, her nails digging into his shoulders as her legs clenched his back. A mind-blowing orgasm exploded and sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body. *Oh fuuuck yes.*

She arched her back off the mattress as her orgasm continued to wash over her. All of her muscles were so tight that it prevented Dan from continuing to thrust -- he had no choice but to stop and stare in awe at his wife's orgasmic bliss. Her toes curled and her eyes rolled back into her head.

Lester watched from his peephole as the couple stopped moving. His view of their coupling had been disappointing since Dan's back and naked ass cheeks were obstructing Sarah, but her sexual grunts and screams of pleasure made his cock throb in his fat hands. He had no idea that Sarah had briefly thought of him while fucking her husband.

As Sarah's muscles slowly relaxed, Dan took the opportunity to resume sliding his cock in and out of his wife. Feeling her seize up and the intense pleasure that spread across her face brought him close to cumming. Dan held her hips tightly as he increased his pace.

Dan had never seen Sarah orgasm like she just did.

The intensity of it made his dick swell inside of her. Thinking that his actions and absence caused her to have such a violent orgasm

stroked his ego and intensified the feelings of his cock head pushing into his wife's sweet opening.

Sarah had little time to recover. She was just coming down from one of the most incredible orgasms of her life when Dan resumed pushing his cock deep within her. The mother of two felt the sensations of her husband's dick and could feel yet another orgasm slowly building. She recognized the shallow breaths Dan was taking and the speed of his thrusting. She knew he would finish soon.

"Oh god, keep fucking me, Dan. Don't stop!" Sarah knew her encouragement would help push Dan over the edge. She also realized she loved the feeling she received from talking during sex, knowing it might be heard by someone else.

As Dan was rapidly approaching climax, Sarah feared that she wouldn't be able to attain her third orgasm of the night. She wanted to experience the feeling of an intense orgasm again -- she was immediately addicted to the feeling.

Sarah tried desperately to reach another orgasm. She again started thrusting her hips off the bed to meet Dan's. "Oooooohhhh yees, DAN! Fuck me, baby. Fuck me."

Lester continued to stroke his cock in the next room. He was falling madly in love with listening to Sarah scream out in pleasure.

Dan was thrusting his cock into Sarah like a man possessed. He was on the verge of cumming and wouldn't let anything stop him. Part of Dan's mind had registered the volume of Sarah's screams. He really didn't want his roommate or anyone else in the building to hear them having sex, but he pushed these thoughts to the back of his mind and concentrated on emptying his sack.

Knowing that Dan was very close to finishing, Sarah didn't want her build up to an orgasm to go to waste. As she breathed loudly through her mouth while Dan plowed into her, she thought of the

faceless neighbors above and below listening to her and Dan having sex. She imagined them listening intently as she screamed, "Don't stop, Dan, I'm so close."

"Fuck, Sarah, I'm gonna cum!" Dan said through clenched teeth.

"Ahhh Fuck, Cum baby, CUM!" Sarah almost shouted. *I'm so close. So close.*

Dan was going to cum and she was going to miss her third orgasm. She wanted that feeling. She craved it. She desperately tried to think about strangers listening to her have sex to get her off in the seconds before Dan blew his load. To try and recreate the powerful orgasm she just experienced due to this newfound stimulation. *The people below us are listening to the bed slam into the floor. God, they can hear everything. They can hear me shouting.*

"That's it! I'm cumming, baby. Arghhh, yes!" Dan grunted.

Sarah could feel the shaft of Dan's dick begin to throb. *So close. So fucking close.*

She felt Dan's pace begin to slow -- *I need to cum! NOW! Dan's roommate. Lester. The walls are sooo thin. Lester can hear everything. He has been listening to us the whole time we've been fucking. HE is only a few feet away. HE is probably jerking off listening to US.*

The thoughts of someone not only listening but pleasuring themselves triggered an instant explosive orgasm more powerful than what Sarah had experienced before. She didn't find Lester remotely attractive, but the thought of someone getting off just listening to her drove her nuts. She bucked her hips off the bed, grasping at her husband with her legs.

"Arrgghhhh, ohhhh!" she screamed as she began to convulse under another orgasm. This one shook her to her very foundation as it

rocked through her body. Electricity exploded from her sex and radiated outwards, causing her muscles to contract. *He is jerking off to me right now! Stroking his dick as I come.*

An image of Lester's oddly proportioned body lying in bed masturbating slid into her mind. *He is lying on his back, stroking his dick listening.*

Her powerful orgasm crescendoed into yet another orgasm, her body going rigid again from the waves of pleasure. In a matter of milliseconds, Sarah's body had experienced two extremely powerful orgasms unlike any she had had before.

"Oooohhhhhh, FUCK!" Sarah shouted breathlessly. He heard that. *He heard me scream. He is cumming. His dirty spunk is spewing out of his cock everywhere.*

As Sarah was unable to contain the thoughts that set her orgasm off, Dan began to explode inside of her. Sarah's sudden multiple orgasms sent her husband over the edge. The tightening of her vaginal muscles gripped his cock, causing him to ejaculate in a powerful eruption. Sarah's crazy throes of intense pleasure drove him wild. He felt like he was shooting his cum into her like a pistol.

Sarah was so caught up in imagining Dan's weird roommate cumming that she was shocked when she felt Dan explode inside of her. She felt his hot cum filling every inch of her love canal. The orgasmic bliss she felt clouded her head.

She screamed like a banshee as another orgasm rocked her body.

Dan collapsed onto Sarah, exhausted. The lovers were struggling to catch their breath, both having experienced one of their most intense love-making sessions in years. Dan rolled onto his side and looked at his wife.

"Jesus. That was insane honey. God, I've missed you."

"Mmmm, I've missed you too. I needed that." Sarah curled into Dan's chest. "Do you think we woke the neighbors?"

"Oh, babe, I'm sure we woke up the whole damn block."

"What about your roommate?"

Dan laughed. "We were so loud I don't see how we didn't."

He was feeling playful and decided to tease his usually conservative wife. "I bet he jerked off to those animal sounds you were making."

While Dan was waiting for his wife's reaction, on the other side of the wall Lester was slowly stroking his rigid member. Even though he had just blasted a new stain into his wall at the same time Sarah achieved her last orgasm, he was still transfixed by the mother of two.

Sarah never liked Dan getting the upper hand or catching her off guard, so she shot back, "Well, I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once."

Two guys off at once? Had she, in the past...? The thoughts danced through Dan's mind. Sarah felt triumphant at her husband's speechlessness. To her surprise, she felt Dan's cock begin to stiffen against her. Something that had never happened so fast in the entirety of their relationship.

"Wow, somebody really does miss me." she reached down and gently began playing with his balls.

Dan didn't understand why he was getting hard again, but her teasing comment kept playing back in his head....'I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once.' He couldn't help it, but images flashed into his mind. Thoughts of a young Sarah with two men, thoughts of Dan and Sarah in a threesome, thoughts of his bizarre roommate

stroking himself to Sarah, thoughts of Lester creeping into the room at that very moment.

Before either one of them fully registered what was happening, their tongues were exploring each other's mouths and their hands were greedily exploring the other's body again. Lester continued to watch them through his peephole, contemplating the need for a video camera.

Dan slid himself into Sarah and slowly rocked back and forth as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Against his better judgment, Dan whispered loudly, "Mmmph God, baby, we need to be quiet or someone might hear us."

She didn't know why, but this new game was really turning her on. "Maybe I want them to hear."

Dan was taken aback by Sarah's boldness. This wasn't like her. What had gotten into her? At the same time, he was too aroused to turn back. He wanted to see how far she would let him take this.

"And our creepy little roommate? You want him to hear us fuck?" Dan grunted, now no longer whispering. He knew he'd probably pushed things too far, but the response from Sarah's body made him think otherwise.

She was madly grinding herself against his cock, hitting that sweet spot over and over. Building towards her next imminent orgasm of the night.

"God, Dan. Yes, I want him to listen and jerk off to me." As the words escaped her lips she felt the tidal wave of orgasmic bliss descend on her yet again. Her vagina gripped her husband's dick so tightly that Dan couldn't hold back any longer, his balls emptied into her for the second time that night as Sarah howled at the moon.

"Awwrrrgghhhh, FUCKK," screamed Sarah. Lester added another stain to his wall that now oozed onto the floor.

The unknowing threesome all collapsed in piles of sweat, exhausted. Sarah and Dan into their recently set up bed, Lester into his Dorito and cum stained computer chair.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 02

The silent vibration chime of Dan's cellphone alarm slowly awoke him from a bizarre dream. In it, Dan was making love to his wife Sarah back in their Middleton bedroom but felt the presence of someone watching them.

The dream was so vivid. Dan could feel his wife's legs wrapped around him. Could feel her arms pulling on his back, trying to bring him deeper into her. The lust in her eyes as she looked up at him.

He could feel the hair on the back of his neck as he knew he was being watched. Somehow he knew the person watching was his strange roommate Lester. He imagined him watching from their walk-in closet and then in the room with them. As his dream swirled around where this voyeur was standing, Dan began to realize that he was the one standing there. He was the one watching.

The scene of the bedroom logically shifted in the ways that only dreams do.

Dan watched as his overweight roommate had taken his place on the bed. His pasty white and hair-covered figure was a stark contrast to Sarah's tanned and toned legs which were wrapped around his waist. Her fingers pulled on his back. Her piercing green eyes looked lustily up at the monster above her, beckoning him for more.

"Ah what the fuck," the cellphone's vibration finally woke Dan from his sleep. *What the fuck was that about.*

Dan smiled as the events from the night before came flooding back into his mind. His subconscious was playing tricks on him with his dreams. He and Sarah had a wild session the night before that brought some of their playful bedroom fantasies much closer to real life.

Sarah's words were still seared into Dan's brain. *I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once.....God Dan. Yes, I want him to listen and jerk off to me.*

Was she just playing into the fantasy she knew would turn him on or was there more to it? It seemed like playing with fire in such an enclosed space with a relative stranger.

Dan silenced the alarm on his phone and looked over at his wife. *God, she's beautiful.*

Like Dan, Sarah had fallen asleep right after the events of the previous night. The bed sheets were draped around her torso leaving her shoulders and legs bare.

It was only after seeing her bare skin that Dan realized how hard he was. *Fuck that weird dream...*

Dan sat up and checked his cell phone. It looks like while he was busy with Sarah, his team at the office had been busy exchanging emails and looking for his input. Dan wasn't happy that his boss was cutting into this rare weekend with his wife but what choice did he have? It took him this long to find a job to support his family. He couldn't risk messing things up.

He tried to quietly make his way around the room to get dressed until he heard Sarah begin to stir in the bed.

"Where are you sneaking off to Mr?" She lazily sat up on her elbows with the sheets still covering her nudity.

"Hmmm," he made his way back over to the bed, leaning over and kissing her. "You just looked so damn good I didn't want to disturb you."

"Do you really have to go into the office today?"

Dan sighed. "Yeah unfortunately honey. I just checked my work email and it looks like everyone is going nuts trying to get everything ready for this client of ours. They need me."

Sarah made a fake pouty face and playfully crossed her arms. "Well, what about what I need?"

A smile spread across Dan's face. "Here I thought you got what you needed last night."

"Oh Dan, I've been stuck in Middleton by myself without you. Last night was just scratching the surface."

She narrowed her eyes playfully at him. "And now here you are running off to work, leaving your wife all alone."

Dan was not about to let Sarah win this, even if she was just being playful about it. He leveled his eyes at her in a serious manner. "Well, you won't be entirely alone....."

Recognition and amusement appeared on Sarah's face and she almost laughed out loud. She whispered, "Do you think he heard us?"

"Oh well," he paused. "I don't see how he couldn't, you were pretty loud."

"God Dan that's so embarrassing. I wasn't that loud was I?"

Dan smirked. "Oh yeah you were," he started to whisper and plant kisses on her shoulder. "I tend to have that effect on you."

Sarah closed her eyes, her body responding to Dan's kisses, "mhhh yes you do baby."

Pausing to see how far he could push his wife, Dan added "Or maybe it was just knowing you were being listened to that turned

you on so much." He continued to work his kisses up her neck, which he knew drove her crazy.

Sarah knew Dan was trying to push her buttons. She also knew the thought of being listened to did turn her on like crazy last night before. His kisses on her neck were getting her all worked up again. She decided to turn the tables and whisper in Dean's ear "Or maybe it was knowing that I was pleasuring two guys at once."

She pulled back from Dan's touch to look him in the eye. She reached down and grabbed his hard cock through his boxers. "It seems like you like that too."

Dan closed his eyes, picturing his dream.

She gave his cock another squeeze "Does that turn you on, Dan? Knowing I got someone else to cum for me?"

Dan involuntarily groaned and pulled himself free from her touch, conceding defeat to his wife.

"Oh, you are a bad girl." He stood up and began putting on his pants for work. "Save that for tonight."

Sarah smiled victoriously knowing she won their little game. She wanted to add a little insult to injury though. She loved teasing her husband. "What is your bad girl supposed to do all day while you are gone? At least I won't be completely alone. Lester will be here to keep me company."

She grinned as Dan stopped getting dressed and looked at her with a shocked look on his face.

Sarah added, "Who knows what will happen while you are away."

Dan recomposed himself. He knew he lost their little game but still wanted to feel like he won. He rushed onto the bed and started

tickling his wife through the bed sheets. "Oh yeah? Is that what you plan on doing today? Putting on a little show?"

Sarah couldn't stop laughing. She hated being tickled. Between laughs, she momentarily caught her breath and said "Who says I would stop at a show?"

She kept laughing "Your roommate is justsoooo hot," she said sarcastically.

Dan stopped tickling her and just stared down at her. "You are such a goofball, Sarah. I love you."

"I love you too Dan." She reached her hand behind his neck and pulled him down for a kiss.

She broke their embrace. "I'm going to miss you today."

"I know" Dan signed. "I'm going to miss you too. Hopefully, I won't have to be there all day."

"I hope not." Sarah laid back down and closed her eyes.

Dan eased himself off the bed and began putting on his dress shirt and tie. "What are you going to do all day?"

Through her closed eyes, Sarah said "I don't know. What I do know is it's too early and I'm going back to bed."

Fully dressed, Dan walked back over to the bed and kissed Sarah on her forehead. "Alright get some sleep. I'll text you when I get to work. I love you."

"I love you too." She pulled the sheets up over her shoulders getting ready to drift back to sleep.

Before Dan left the room he whispered in her ear "and don't spend too much time with Lester today."

With her eyes closed, Sarah smiled "No promises big boy."

Dan chuckled, kissed her forehead again, and made his way to the door. He made sure to lock it from the inside and closed the door. From the hallway, he tried the knob again to confirm it was locked. He gathered his things and left for work.

As Sarah lay there falling back asleep, she thought about Dan's kisses on her neck and their playful teasing. She then thought about the night before and how loud she was. *He definitely heard me.*

Unbeknownst to Sarah, Lester had also heard their exchange this morning. Through his peephole, he had seen the way Sarah responded to Dan's kisses on her neck. He heard how he factored into their little game.

Standing naked at his peephole, Lester continued to stroke his cock watching Sarah's sleeping form. After 20 minutes he made his way into the hallway. *It's too soon, don't spoil this.*

He quietly wrapped his meaty hands around the doorknob to Sarah's room and tried the handle.

It was locked.

Fucker.

Lester slinked back into his room. He sat down in his ratty computer chair and pulled open his file on Sarah. He continued to stroke his cock looking at the pictures on his screen meant only for her husband. *She is right here, alone in the next room.*

He paused mid-stroke. Not today. I'll save my cum for Sarah. Somehow.

Lester closed the window containing the photos and opened up a word doc titled SarahWilliams.doc.

The document contained several pages of notes Lester had taken on Sarah. These were compiled from the conversations he overheard Dan having on the phone and the social media stalking he had done on Sarah and her friends. Lester had successfully created a fake profile of an old classmate of Sarah's and friended her on Facebook. She had accepted.

At the bottom of the document he added. "Is turned on by kisses on her neck and shoulders." Grinning, Lester also wrote "Enjoys being watched. Plays a game with her husband involving Lester."

Lester sat back and read that last line. It intrigued him.

Usually, the women that entered his lair were unwilling participants in his machinations. He would spy on them for weeks, slowly inserting himself into their lives. Stealing their things as trophies. He would sneak into their rooms at night and pleasure himself. If the stars aligned he would take them after they ingested drugs hidden in their food. He was always careful not to get caught and not to take unnecessary risks.

This was different.

From what he could make out the couple seemed to have a bedroom fantasy about being watched or heard. Dan also seemed to enjoy the thought of his wife with another man, something Sarah enjoyed teasing him for. She was lovely though and must play into this fantasy of her husband. Maybe she shares it to a degree. *How can I turn this in my favor? Can I take her willingly?*

Plans began to form in Lester's mind. He had to play his hand correctly. This might just be his best conquest yet.

Lester realized he was slowly stroking his cock thinking about the possibilities. He still needed release now.

He made his way across the room to his peephole, expertly navigating the mess of dirty plates and discarded clothes on the ground. He looked through his peephole. He could see Sarah's naked form obscured by the sheets. As she lay on her side he could make out her shoulders and her luscious hips. He imagined himself grabbing onto those hips as he thrust into her. Sarah gasped in pleasure. *This won't do.*

Still naked, Lester made his way back into the hallway. He once again tried the doorknob to her room. It was still locked. *Fuck.*

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed something out of place. The bathroom door was open and a pink bag sat on the counter. *Bingo.*

Lester took one last glance at the locked door as he stealthily made his way into the bathroom. Gripping the doorknob, he quietly shut the door. His dick was as hard as a rock. It wasn't just a pink bag, it was *her* pink bag.

He quickly unzipped the bag and began to explore its contents. He rummaged through the bag somewhat dissatisfied. He sniffed her hair brush and shuddered at her scent. He put her toothbrush in his mouth to taste her as he looked through the rest of the bag.

Grunting in frustration, Lester returned the items to the bag. There wasn't anything in there he could use.

As Lester was about to leave, dismayed at the contents of Sarah's toiletry bag a thought occurred to him. *What about what wasn't in the bag?*

He rummaged through it one more time, his mind racing. *There are no birth control pills in here.*

A wicked grin spread across his face. *That's interesting, I'll have to double check for these elsewhere to confirm.*

Lester got a wicked idea to hold her over. One other item was missing from the bag. He quickly zipped it shut.

He turned around and opened the glass door leading to the enclosed tiled shower. There, hanging from the faucet was a pink loofah that was entirely out of place in Lester's lair. *Oh yes. Yes, this will do quite nicely.*

Lester grabbed the loofah and immediately brought it to his cock. *This has touched her. It has touched her everywhere.*

He imagined the loofah running over her long-toned legs. Around her sexy shoulders and down her beautiful breasts. He imagined her holding it under her chin, squeezing out the soap in ecstasy but instead of soap, it would be his cum that oozed out all over her.

He pictured his end goal. Taking Sarah willingly in his room on his dirty bed. Her radiant beauty was a sharp contrast to the dark and murky dungeon he slept in. He would pull her deep into his web and she would be his. She would moan his name. She would milk the cum from his cock. He would impregnate her.

Lester's heavy balls tightened, and his cock exploded streams and streams of his cum all over Sarah's loofah drenching it in his seed.

Lester braced himself against the wall of the dark shower panting. He lazily hung the loofah back around the facet. *I need to play this right but she's getting my cum today one way or another.*

He took a second to catch his breath and then closed the shower door. After cleaning up the cum from his hands, he quietly exited the washroom to go back to his peephole and check on Sarah. She was still sound asleep.

Lester returned to his cheeto-encrusted command center to ponder his next move.

—

A few hours later, the morning light shining through the window caused Sarah to stir slowly. Being a mom of two meant she rarely got to sleep in, so she had taken full advantage of the situation.

She reached out to the end table to grab her cell phone. She saw a text from Dan stating "I made it safe to work baby, I love you." She responded by telling him to hurry back and that she loved him too.

Checking her other messages, she saw some updates from her mom on her kids, so she gave them a brief call to check-in.

After catching up with her kids, Sarah hung up the phone and lay back in bed thinking of the night before. *What a wild night.*

She sat up and stretched her arms, causing the thin bed sheets to fall down, revealing the tops of her breasts. Lester licked his lips at the sight. The plans he had been formulating on his computer would have to wait now that his prey was awake.

Sarah swung her legs out of bed and stood up, letting the bedsheets fall back onto the bed and giving Lester a full view of her naked body before him. She walked over to her mini suitcase and began examining its contents to find the right outfit for today.

She wasn't sure what to do to keep herself occupied while Dan was at work. She had hoped to do some sightseeing and spend the day with him outside of the apartment. Without him, she didn't feel much like exploring solo but she also didn't want to stay in and make awkward small talk with Lester. *I'll just have to keep myself busy around here one way or another.*

With that, she selected an outfit. A comfy pair of mid-thigh sweat shorts and a loose-fitting white t-shirt. She looked through her underwear, noting some of the sexy ones she planned to model later for Dan, and grabbed the set she wore yesterday.

Lester watched as Sarah slowly stepped into her white panties and covered her breasts with the bra. *Why bother hiding those from me? I'm going to feast on them soon enough.*

Retrieving her phone Sarah made her way to the door to get some breakfast. She was surprised to find that the door was locked. *Why is this locked? Must be one of those old building quirks.*

She gently unlocked the door and poked her head out into the hallway, trying to gauge whether Lester was awake or not. Assuming he was still sleeping, she made her way into the hallway, through the common living area, and into the kitchen.

As she did, Lester cracked open his door slightly, watching the snug sweat shorts stretch across her perfect ass. If she was listening more carefully she could have heard an audible groan.

Instead, she opened the door to the fridge and began searching through its contents to see what was available. She settled on a raspberry yogurt, closed the fridge door, and sat down at the kitchen table to eat and check work emails.

In the middle of reading a thrilling email about a donation drive at the hospital, her phone buzzed in her hands.

Dan had just sent her a text message. "So what are you wearing?"

So he hadn't forgotten about her after all. "Wouldn't you like to know? Who says I'm wearing anything at all."

She knew that would make him squirm. He was probably stuck in a conference room hammering some deal. Sarah would make sure he ended his day early.

Her phone buzzed again. "Well, I'm sure Lester appreciates that outfit."

Sarah smiled, shaking her head. *So we're still going to play that game huh?*

"Oh, he isn't up yet. Should I go wake him up and see how appreciative he is?"

Across town in a small office building, Dan sat alone in a conference room staring at his phone. *How the hell do I respond to that?*

She had him and he knew it. The idea of Sarah knocking on Lester's door wearing who knows what gave him a jolt of excitement and made him very uncomfortable at the same time. He had no idea what to respond with but the sounds of his coworkers coming back from their break made him fire off a quick message before tucking his phone away.

Back at the kitchen table, Sarah laughed. *He can never just give up, can he?*

She reread Dan's last message. "Have to run honey. Whatever you decide to do, take pics :P"

Obviously, he wasn't serious but it did give her some ideas on how to spend her day. She would torment and tease her husband through text messages and make him regret going into the office.

Thinking about her husband and turning herself on with her wicked ideas, Sarah unconsciously licked the yogurt off her spoon seductively.

Having waited long enough, Lester decided it was time to initiate phase one of his plan.

He opened his door, ensuring he did so loud enough to alert Sarah to his presence, and headed for the kitchen with only his socks on.

Sarah heard the heavy footsteps of Dan's roommate making their way toward her. She was snapped out of her daydreaming by the realization that this was her first encounter with Lester after her loud sex with Dan last night. *God this is going to be awkward. Dan, why aren't you here?*

As his footsteps drew closer, she debated between pretending not to notice him right away or being overly enthusiastic and trying to move past and ignore the elephant in the room. She was not prepared for what came next.

While Sarah was about to have another spoonful of her yogurt, she was treated to an eyeful as Lester made his way into the kitchen butt naked.

She involuntarily took in his hairy shape, her eyes quickly glancing up and down as he moved towards the coffee maker. She found a spot on the kitchen table to stare at.

Lester pretended he hadn't noticed her and busied himself making a coffee. She hadn't made a sound.

When his coffee was finished brewing he turned around to face her. "Oh hey, Sarah, I didn't know you were here. Is Dan still sleeping?"

"Uh no. No. Dan is at work." Despite the awkwardness of the situation, Sarah's upbringing and manners made her look up from the kitchen table and meet Lester's eyes.

"Really? On a Saturday that's not normal." Lester was enjoying every second of this. He was intoxicated by being naked in front of a woman like Sarah, watching how uncomfortable she was while still trying to be polite.

"Yeah no, his boss called him late last night and asked him to come in. Some kind of emergency." Sarah couldn't help it. It was too awkward of a situation. His eyes quickly flicked down and looked at Lester's dick.

She let out a small inaudible gasp as she saw his large member swaying between his legs. Lester saw her look and flexed a little, making sure she saw it twitch.

Sarah composed herself quickly and looked back up at Lester, avoiding his gaze and settling on a point on the wall behind him.

"Uhh Lester, you're naked you know."

Lester smiled inwardly. *Obviously.*

"Oh I'm sorry, does this make you uncomfortable?" He feigned concern. "I'm just so used to having the apartment to myself I guess it's sort of a habit."

He didn't move. He let his eyes wander over her body until she responded.

"Yeah if you could put some clothes on that would be great." She made eye contact as she spoke and then quickly looked back down at his dick. She quickly adjusted herself and looked back up at his eyes "I would appreciate it."

"Yeah no problem, I'm actually going to run out and grab some breakfast. Do you want anything?"

Sarah smiled and shook her head. "No, I'm alright thanks though. Just going to catch up on some work emails." *He totally saw me look at his dick. Goddammit. Talk about awkward. Way to go Sarah.*

"OK, I'll leave you to it. See you later." Lester walked out of the kitchen smiling. *Phase one complete: make Sarah aware of your*

cock.

Sarah sat there in silence trying to busy herself on her phone but not actually comprehending what she was reading. She could hear Lester moving around the apartment, apparently getting ready. She wasn't able to breathe until she heard the sound of the front door close and the lock engage.

What the hell just happened? Did he come in here on purpose or was he really used to just walking around his apartment naked? She'd have to ask Dan about this later. *I wonder what he'll say....I'm never going to hear the end of it.*

She scrolled back through her phone and opened her chat with Dan to read the last message.

"Have to run honey. Whatever you decide to do, take pics :P" it read.

Well, at least now she had a good response for her husband that was sure to leave him speechless for a bit.

"Guess what. Lester wore the same outfit as me. I guess clothing is optional today ;)" she smiled slightly and pressed the send button.

The image of Lester's cock twitching popped into her head. She shuddered. Did she cause that twitch? If Lester found her attractive why wasn't he hard? Didn't she make him hard? *What would his cock look like hard?*

Sarah got up from the table and made her way to the bedroom. She needed to clear her head and nothing worked better than a nice long hot shower.

She began to get undressed, peeling off her hip-hugging sweat shorts and dropping her white t-shirt to the floor when her phone buzzed. She glanced at it, a message from Dan.

Smiling, she unlocked her phone and opened her messages. She has to stifle back a laugh at his response. "WHAT!?" *Looks like I won.*

Dan was still stuck in the meeting with his colleagues. It was more of a working session between them trying to figure out the best angle to take with this client and reformatting their strategy but after reading her vague last message, Dan was beside himself.

What did she mean Lester wasn't wearing any clothes? Was she serious about not wearing any? Are they both naked, together in the apartment? What's happening? Are they talking? Which room are they in?

"Hey Dan, you with us?" one of his colleagues asked.

"Yeah, yeah I'm just reviewing some of the last emails with them to make sure we didn't miss anything."

"Could you run us through your pitch deck again so we can see if there are any holes in it?"

"Yeah let me fire it up." Dan grimaced. *Goddamit running through this deck is going to take at least half an hour. I need to go call Sarah.*

Sarah stared at Dan's message, waiting for him to follow up and ask another question or call but nothing came in. *Let's turn the screws a little more then.*

Sarah finished disrobing, grabbed her towel from her luggage, and wrapped it around herself. She made her way over to the door and peeked out to make sure Lester was still gone.

Not hearing him at all, she made her way across the hall into the bathroom.

Closing the bathroom door, she dropped her towel and opened her phone's camera app. She would rarely send Dan a racy photo. Whenever she did it always led to a hot session between them. This was her nuclear option to get him home from the office.

Which pose will really drive him crazy? She played with a few different angles taking various pictures until she found one she liked. Then the little devil on her shoulder suggested something even crazier to drive Dan wild. *What if I sent him a picture from Lester's room?*

The idea sent a tingle of excitement through her body. It was so wrong and she knew it would drive Dan wild with questions. She was enjoying tormenting him and playing the naughty wife character.

She didn't know how long Lester would be at breakfast or where he was going so she had to be quick. She inched open the bathroom door and peeked out. Holding her towel around herself she tiptoed into the living room to double-check that the front door was still locked. It was.

Naked, except for her towel, she quickly hurried back down the hall stopping in front of Lester's door. She had no idea what lay beyond this point. She raised her fist and knocked on the door.

Nothing.

She tried the handle. It was unlocked.

Pushing the door open, it took a minute for Sarah's eyes to adjust to seeing the dark and dingy room beyond. She reached for the light switch and nothing happened. The only light source in the room came from the screensaver of Lester's computer. It illuminated a

mess of a room filled with old plates, dirty clothes, and empty Cheeto bags. *What the fuck?*

If Sarah had left her bedroom light on, she might have noticed another light source streaming in through Lester's hidden peephole.

How could anyone live like this? How was the rest of the apartment so clean? She stood paralyzed at the door, not knowing what to do next. Where would she even take the picture in this mess?

She slowly crept into the room, stepping between piles of garbage on the floor until she stood in the middle of the mess. Looking around there were really only a couple of options. She could take a photo where she was standing in the middle of the room, take one in front of the computer or the only other open space was Lester's bed.

Reminding herself she was working with a limited amount of time she decided to quickly do all three. The point was to tease Dan after all.

Working quickly, she gently dropped her towel in a clear patch on the floor and held her camera out in front of her. Not wanting to give Dan too much excitement she framed up the photo to capture just the tops of her breasts and face, making a kissing gesture with her lips. Even though these were going just to Dan, she still didn't trust sending nude photos over cell phone networks. Or worse what if one of Dan's coworkers saw?

She snapped a pic looking seductively at the camera, the background was clearly a foreign place Dan had never seen before but he should recognize the familiar hallway through the open door.

Sarah grimaced and she made her way over to the computer chair. *How did Lester find anything with a desk this messy?*

The light from the screensaver provided the best lighting for her next picture. This time she wanted to ratchet up the tension for Dan. She placed her towel onto the computer chair before sitting down.

Now naked in Lester's computer chair she framed up the photo the same way but instead of looking at the camera, she looked up and off camera, as if she was focusing on something else. Someone else. She made her best 'fuck me' eyes at this pretend stranger and pushed the camera button.

Now worried that Lester would return any minute, she quickly made her way over to the bed and paused to think of the best shot to drive Dan wild.

In for a penny in for a pound. She gently laid down on top of what she assumed were unwashed sheets. *The things I do for my husband.*

With the computer screen still casting the perfect amount of light, Sarah held the camera next to her, like the view another person laying in the bed would have. She closed her eyes, squeezed her legs together, bit her lip in bliss, and took a photo. Then she took another doing her best imitation of the face she makes when she orgasms.

She smiled as she scrolled back looking at the photos. *These are going to drive Dan crazy.*

Sarah slid her toned legs off the bed and stood up. Still naked, she made her way back over to Lester's computer chair to retrieve her towel. She took special care to tiptoe around the mess on his floor.

Sliding the towel around herself, she quickly made her way to the door. She was so focused on sneaking back out of the room and planning what to text to her husband she didn't notice the shadowy figure lurking in the open closet.

Closing the door behind her, Sarah let out a sigh of relief. She didn't realize how quickly she had been breathing or how turned on she had become. *Dan better come home soon.*

She wasn't sure if it was her anticipated reaction from Dan to her texts or the fact that she was just naked in a stranger's room. *A stranger who was just naked in front of me 10 minutes ago....* But she was ready for a repeat of last night.

Back in his room, Lester stood still in his closet waiting for Sarah to reenter. *That was close. What the hell just happened?*

Lester had luckily been preparing to watch Sarah shower through the peephole in his closet. She hadn't showered after she had sex with Dan last night, it was only a matter of time. Faking leaving the apartment would only make her more comfortable showering there for the first time.

He did not expect her to enter his room. Not yet. He hadn't prepared it. Normally he didn't mind the mess he left around but he didn't want her to see it. A woman like Sarah liked cleanliness and now she's seen how he lives.

Still, it didn't stop her from getting naked in his room. Or laying naked on his bed taking sexy pictures for her husband. If only she knew that a few feet away in the same room, Lester was naked slowly stroking his cock and watching her private photoshoot.

Lester was used to preying on women who were alone. Dan was a new element he didn't fully understand but there was a way to leverage him to Lester's advantage.

She clearly liked to please him and she enjoyed the fantasy of being watched. Dan clearly had a thing for showing Sarah off and the thought of her with another man. Maybe she enjoyed it as well. He

thought back to the plans he made earlier in the day and began thinking about his timeline.

His thoughts were interrupted by the light from the peephole illuminating his face.*It's go time.*

From his peephole's vantage point, Lester had the perfect view of the shower but couldn't see the rest of the bathroom. He could hear Sarah moving around but wasn't able to see her yet.

After what seemed like an eternity she appeared and turned on the water. She tested the temperature with her hand while looking at her cell phone. To Lester's dismay, she still had her towel on.*GET NAKED!*

Once she was satisfied with the temperature of the water, she slowly walked back to the counter with her full attention on her cell phone. She had sent Dan the first picture, the one of her standing naked in Lester's room, but he didn't respond yet. She waited for the three little dots to appear but they never came.

She scrolled back up and smiled at his last message "WHAT!?"

She loved teasing him and getting him riled up. It always made things so much hotter the next time they had sex. And tonight would be intense.

With the hot shower calling her name and no reply in sight from Dan, Sarah sent him the three other photos. He was going to lose his mind.

Sarah put her phone down on the counter and made her way over to the shower. She reached in to test the water one last time. It was perfect and the water pressure felt great.

She undid her towel and hung it on a hook on the wall.

Lester watched as Sarah got into the shower. She was completely naked right in front of him. He pressed his beady eyes up to the peephole to take in as much of her as he could. He had taken great care to ensure his peephole wouldn't be discovered and once again it had gone unnoticed by the shower's occupant.

He licked his lips as his eyes traveled up her toned calves to her beautiful ass. Beads of water streamed down her body and Sarah began to rinse off. Her body rivaled that of the other young women Lester had previously preyed upon. She clearly works hard to keep her body in shape.

In shape for her husband. All the effort that I get to enjoy.

Lester slowly stroked his cock as he admired Sarah's perfect breasts. His cock twitched involuntarily at the thought of sliding it between them. He was so focused on her body that he was taken aback by the look on her face.

Sarah didn't look like a woman normally did in the shower. No, her mind was elsewhere. Thinking about something naughty.

Maybe it was the apartment or maybe it was just the fact that she finally had some quiet time alone. Away from the kids and the stress of work, alone in an exciting city like Chicago with her husband. She felt more alive than she had these past few months.

The difficulty and stress of their financial situation seemed to melt away as she thought about all the fun she and Dan would have soon. Had he checked his phone yet and seen the pictures? How would he respond? Would he text or just call?

Would he think that she was actually doing something with his roommate? She shuddered. She liked to tease Dan but she would never step out on him. Especially with someone like that.

Even though she didn't regard Lester highly, the mental image of his large cock from this morning appeared in her mind. The way it twitched when she looked at it. It was the first dick she had seen that wasn't her husband's.

Dan was going to go crazy when she told him what happened. What would he say to Lester? Would he be pissed or would he be turned on? Maybe both?

Sarah wished she could check her phone. She was dying to know how Dan replied. Maybe he blew off work and was on his way home to her now. After seeing the photos he would come in with questions and wonder what the hell happened while he was at work. He'd know deep down nothing happened but he'd still feel the thrill.

He would force her into the bedroom and rip off her clothes, pushing her onto the bed and smother her mouth with his.

Sarah continued to daydream and she lathered shampoo through her hair. Thinking of Dan taking her. Pushing himself inside her as punishment for her teasing. Sarah moaning loud for anyone to hear. For *him* to hear.

Washing the shampoo from her hair, Sarah massaged her scalp with her nails. The feeling combined with her dirty thoughts was electric. She slowly began caressing her skin. She needed release. She needed to see how Dan replied. She needed him home. Now.

Sarah grabbed her body wash and applied it to her white loofah. In her heightened state of sexual tension, she ran it all over herself, her body responding to its delicate touch. She only applied a small amount of body wash but her loofah felt like it was absolutely gushing as she ran it over her breasts and her tight stomach.

Lester salivated watching Sarah use the loofah. He rapidly stroked his cock as she ran it over her tits. His cum was touching her skin. It was in her hand. He had marked her. She was his.

'mhmm' Sarah was indeed enjoying her shower. Lester watched as Sarah ran the cum drenched loofah over her shoulders. He moaned from his hiding place as it caressed her long-toned legs. She thought she was getting clean but she was getting dirtier than she knew.

He held his breath and she brought the loofah in between her legs. She gently cleaned herself but her fingers lingered.

She quickly raised the loofah to her chest and squeezed it. The water flushed all of the soap and cum out onto her. She was trying to clear the soap from the loofah but just showered herself in his cum. His little soldiers ran rampant down her body.

As she hung the loofah back in its spot. She braced herself with one hand against the wall while the other traveled down to her slit.

Sarah played with her clit. Slowly, gently massaging circles into it. She was clean now and could really enjoy this shower.

Dan's hands running all over her. The warmth of his cock inside of her sliding in and out. Faster and faster. Hungry to explore every inch of her. Dan's hands pulling the hair at the base of her neck, his other hand holding her hip down, letting her know she was his and he wasn't stopping.

The grunts and sounds he made as he fucked her. Her nails digging into his back. How loud she would moan as she felt his cock grow larger. Someone hearing her.

Someone listening to them. Enjoying themselves to them. To her. Someone pleasuring themselves to her. Lester in his room stroking his cock as he listened at the wall.

Ugh.

That little, weird inconsequential heavysset roommate with the twitching cock opening their bedroom door and watching them. Sarah's breath catching in her throat but Dan doesn't notice or doesn't care. He just keeps thrusting into her. Ready to fill her.

Sarah screaming in pleasure as she watches both men cum at the same time.

With the warm water raining down on her Sarah let out a long moan as she came "mhmm oh fuuuck."

Hearing the moans from Sarah and watching her beautiful angelic face as she came sent Lester over the edge. He stroked his cock faster. His balls tightened as he unloaded load after load of his cum onto his closet wall. They came together in unison like they were making beautiful music.

Who was this woman and how did she get into his lair? She would be his.

He immediately regretted not putting his camera up to the peephole to capture this session to view it later. *There will be other opportunities....*

His eye still pressed up against the peephole and his mind now clear from cumming, Lester began to think of how he could get more. He needed more. His trance-like gaze broke from Sarah, recovering from her orgasm.

He planned to wait but he had to touch her. He had to feel her. To make her feel his cock.

He tore himself from his peephole and quietly marched out of his room into the hallway beyond. He stood naked at the door to the bathroom. His cock was rock hard again, knowing she was alone in his apartment on the other side of this door.

He grasped the doorknob and began to turn it. It was locked.*FUCK FUCK FUCK.*

He could pick it. He knew how. She is hot and bothered if he stormed in there she might just take it. He turned around to go back into his room and get the lockpick set hidden in the bottom drawer of his desk.

He noticed the door to Dan's bedroom was open. He paused.*Be smart. Think of the plan.*

He remembered Sarah, naked in his bed. Soon she would be back there but underneath him. He just had to pull the right levers.

Speaking of levers.*Fuck you for locking your door earlier today Dan.*

Lester opened the door to Dan's room, reached around and engaged the lock, and quietly closed the door. He tested the knob once. It was locked.

Sarah went right to the bathroom after being in his room. If her clothes weren't in there she would be locked out and in a towel.*Time to play the helpful roommate.*

Sarah slowly counted to ten as the warm water hit her. In post orgasmic bliss, once she hit ten she would get out of the shower.

Ten came and went but Sarah didn't move a muscle. The warm water felt amazing on her skin. She didn't want to get out until Dan came back and joined her in the shower.

Eventually, she turned the water off and reached for her towel. After quickly drying herself she wrapped the towel around her body. She was so focused on taking those pictures for Dan earlier that she left her clothes in the bedroom. *I hope Lester isn't back yet.*

Unlocking her cell phone she was disappointed to see no response back from Dan. It had been 30 minutes and nothing. She looked back at the last message she sent and how sexy she was in those photos. *It'll drive him crazy, just hopefully none of his co-workers see them.*

Sarah turned off her phone screen and held it to her chest, where the towel's edge was tucked into itself covering her. She opened the bathroom door and peered out into the hallway. She was alone but there were sounds coming from the kitchen. Lester was back.

Being as quiet as she could, she tip-toed across the hallway to her bedroom door. Peering down the hall, she turned the handle and pushed on the door. It didn't budge.

She tried again. The door was locked. Just like it was this morning when she woke up. Maybe there is some trick or issue with this door. She glanced at Lester's closed bedroom door and then crept back into the bathroom to text Dan.

She hated to break the sexy game they were playing, especially since Dan hadn't responded yet. "Is there some trick to the bedroom door?' I'm locked out.'

She stared at the phone waiting, almost willing a response to come. Then she noticed the check marks. The checkmarks indicated that Dan had read her messages. He'd seen the sexy photos and hadn't responded.

Three dots appeared on the screen from Dan's side of the chat. *Finally!*

After what felt like an eternity of waiting for those three dots to be replaced by a message, they disappeared. Sarah continued staring at the screen for a minute waiting for a response to come in.

None came.

What the heck was he doing?

"And this is our money slide" Dan gestured to the image projected on the wall behind him. "After Javier runs through the proposed designs and scope of the project, we'll show them how with the right team this project can be completed under their budget and well within their timeframe."

His colleagues, packed into the small conference room were all nodding their heads. Dan had put a lot of work into this pitch deck and it seemed to be going over really well with his colleagues and new boss. He had done dozens of these at his last company and was a seasoned veteran when it came to —

Bzzzt Bzzzt

What was that noise? He looked around the room for the source of the sound. With the projector on, the lights were dimmed so he couldn't get a good look.

"And we are sure these numbers are airtight?" Dan's boss Walter wore a neutral look on his face. Dan had a hard time getting a read on him but he knew what he was doing.

"We double and triple-checked them. It will still come down to which contractor they decide to go with but we can make

recommendations. We're confident it can be done."

Unlike most other people at the firm, Dan didn't falter when Walt asked him hard questions.

"Alright I like where this is going, let's see --" Walter looked behind him and across the table.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

He was distracted by the same sound Dan had heard earlier. "Jesse, can you please turn your phone off"

The colleague who brought almost nothing to the table, Jesse looked up like a deer in the headlights. He obviously hadn't been paying attention to anything Dan was presenting. Why was he even here today?

"It's not mine Walter, it's Dan's" he pointed at the phone sitting in front of the empty chair next to him. Shit, it was his phone all along.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

"Okay sorry, Jesse. Please can you mute it or something? Dan let's continue so we can all get on the same page for Monday." Walter turned his attention back to Dan's presentation.

Dan watched as Jesse reached to mute his phone. "As I was saying, this is the money slide. The numbers are good. From here we can move into slides that spur discussion..."

Jesse still had Dan's phone in his hands. Still not paying attention to the presentation but looking down. All you need to do is click the mute button on the side of the phone dummy. "We'll ask about their past projects, what they found worked well and what didn't, and see if they have any preferential vendors. We can also explore if their project has any sustainability goals we haven't accounted for."

Jesse finally looked up and seemed to be paying attention to Dan's presentation. Good, maybe he wasn't a complete lost cause.

And then he smirked and put Dan's phone back in its original spot.

The microwave beeped as Lester's meal finished heating up. It wasn't fancy but it did the trick. He hated cooking and when he was hungry he didn't want to wait. The microwavable dinner in front of him would do just fine.

While he was hungry, the microwave was intended to make sounds so Sarah would know he was 'back'. Despite his urges, he had to stick to his plan. He can't be a creep and try to force something or Dan would kick his ass and leave and he would never see Sarah again. This experiment would bear fruit one way or the other.

He heard a faint creak of a door. This was his domain. He knew every inch of the place. Sarah was quietly moving around and likely discovered that the door to her bedroom was locked. Now it was time to see what she would do next. Lock herself in the bathroom and wait until Dan came home or saunter on over to her knight in shining armor eating his hungry man dinner?

After ten minutes of waiting, Lester grew impatient. It was time to get this show on the road.

Trying to make his presence known he cleared his throat and began walking toward the bathroom. He wasn't sneaking like he normally would do when a female roommate was in there. He had gotten quite adept at moving around the apartment without being heard. This time he wanted Sarah to know just where he was.

As he made his way down the hallway all the doors were shut. He paused outside the bathroom, adjusting his rising erection into the waistband of his sweatpants, and licked his lips.

"Uh hey Sarah, was just wondering if you might be done in there soon. I have some business to attend to."

The door cracked open an inch and Sarah's fuckable face appeared. She looked uncomfortable, like she didn't know how to respond to the situation. "Sorry Lester I didn't mean to be in here so long, it's just that" she looked him up and down undoubtedly disappointed his bare cock wasn't on display like earlier "the door to my bedroom is locked and all my clothes are in there."

"So your naked right now?" He let the words hang in the air. He loved seeing a woman's discomfort in these situations.

"Yes. No, I have my towel." Sarah regained her composure quickly "Is there a trick to that door, I swear it wasn't locked when I went in it."

Lester studied her facial features and imagined her face as she came in the shower. Why the fuck didn't he record that. Realizing that there was now an awkward silence he replied "You know sometimes my door gets stuck and I have to unjam it. I can try and see if I can get your open if you want?"

Sarah cautiously nodded her head. "That would be great, thank you."

Lester took one glance at the radiant beauty in front of him and then turned around and walked over to her bedroom door. She hadn't shut the door so she must now be watching him. Time to put on a good show.

He tried the handle and pushed on the door. Obviously, it wasn't going to open. He locked it after all. He tried again putting more force on the door. Again this time pulling on the door. He knelt down next to the handle and made a show of trying to look into the hole and then listening in as he twisted and turned trying to get it working.

After what felt like an appropriate amount of time trying and just enough to hopefully make Sarah feel guilty for all the hard work he was doing for her. He turned back and asked her "Do you have a bobby pin or something like that in there? I can try to get it open."

A flash of happiness washed over Sarah's face "That's a great idea, here let me check." She moved away from the door to go check her things. She didn't shut the door. Lester took good care to ensure that all the hinges in the apartment were well lubricated. Especially the bathroom hinges. The door slowly swung open as Sarah leaned over the counter looking through her pink toiletry bag.

Lester hungrily looked over her body. His eyes devoured her toned calves and bare thighs. The towel obstructed his view of the rest of her body but he could still make out her fine bubble butt through the material. The towel hugged her body like a pair of yoga pants, barely containing her ample cleavage that was fighting to liberate themselves.

He could do it. He could march in there and rip that towel off and take her right now. She was probably still horny from her shower adventure. His cum was probably still on her somewhere. He could have her over the counter and watch her face in the mirror as he pounded her meticulously.

Patience. Stick to the plan.

He signed. The plan. It was a good plan but he didn't like waiting.

"Found one!" Sarah exclaimed looking over at Lester. She paused as she held it up in front of her. Only now realizing the door was open and seeing the animalist lust written on Lester's face.

No one moved for what felt like an eternity. *You're ruining the plan, get your head in the game.*

"Sorry I'm not all there right now" he reached one hand, palm up in a non-threatening gesture. "Here let me give that a try."

Seeming relieved at the broken tension she walked over and handed the bobby pin to Lester. Her fingers gently touched his palm during the transfer and electricity seemed to jump from his hand straight to his dick.

"Okay, let's give this a go." He straightened out the bobby pin and kneeled down again in front of the door. He inserted it into the mechanism and pretended to fiddle around with it. This was a simple lock to open. It wasn't one you'd find on the apartment door with a complex series of tumblers that needed to be picked. These interior doors just needed a bit of focused pressure applied to the lock plate to unlock it. Dead simple, which was what he was looking for when he purchased this handle.

He felt the plate through the end of the bobby pin. Purpsosly pushing in the wrong places to ensure he wouldn't get it open. "Crap I can't seem to get it."

He looked over his shoulder. Sarah was standing in the doorway, arms crossed in front of her as she watched him work. Apparently, she didn't seem to care about her current wardrobe in front of him.

Lester took a sharp intake of breath and stood up, handing the key over to Sarah. "Here why don't you give it a go, I'll go see if I can find another pin or something in my room."

Without leaving room for debate. He left her standing there in her towel, holding the bobby pin as he moved into the recesses of his room. He stood there in the dark until he heard her move to the door and try her hand at picking the lock.

After a few seconds of obvious difficulty with the lock, Lester crept back to the door peering out through the crack.

There she was, kneeling in front of the door, trying in vain to unlock the door. She was fiddling around too much, obviously trying to pick it like some thief when all she needed to do was push the pin straight in with some force.

His bedroom door glided open as Lester opened it. Lubricated hinges made no sound and he was still beyond Sarah's periphery vision. He gently stepped over the creaky spot on the floor and made his way back into the hallway, slowly coming up next to where Sarah was kneeling.

"No luck?" he said as he looked down at his beautiful roommate's wife. She jumped, looking up at him. From here Lester had the perfect view of her pretty face and round green eyes, not to mention a great angle down at her cleavage, barely contained by the towel she wore. He made a mental note to buy smaller towels.

"No, it doesn't seem to want to open." She trailed off turning her head and attention back to the lock. Lester could feel the bulge in his pants growing. The fact that she was kneeling just two feet away from his cock was driving him crazy.

"Well keep at it I guess. If we can't get it open you're more than welcome to borrow some of my clothes," he said as his eyes roamed down the rest of her towel-covered body.

She gave Lester a quick glance. 'Thank you, but let's see if I can get it open first.'

"No problem, just putting it out there. Besides who knows what your husband would think if he came home and saw you wearing one of my band t-shirts." He grinned waiting for her response but she just kept working on the lock.

"Here let me give it another go." He closed the distance between them and crouched down next to her. Their bodies were almost touching.

She moved to the side and handed the bobby pin over the Lester. Her breathing grew quicker.

Lester stuck the bobby pin into the lock and purposely missed the locking plate again. "So are you wet?"

"Excuse me?" she sternly whispered next to him. He didn't look at her but could tell she likely had a look of shock on her face.

"Are you wet?" he paused turning to look her in the eyes. She didn't respond but the heavy rising of her chest made Lester wish he found some way to record this interaction. "Ya know from the shower? You came out here trying to get into your room, I want to make sure I don't need to clean up any puddles on the floor here."

He turned back to his fake lock picking.

"I was but I've dried off now. No puddles here." she mimicked looking around and decided to stand up. Likely to give her some extra room from Lester.

He spared a glance at her. The towel went up to her mid-thigh but her tanned legs didn't have a blemish on them. She obviously took great care of her body. *Really need to buy those smaller towels.*

"Shower good then?" he asked.

"Yeah it was fine," she said. "Why do you ask?"

She's wondering if Lester had heard her pleasure session. Oh, he more than heard it. He saw the whole thing and emptied his nuts to it. "Just making conversation and hoping you are making yourself at home."

"It's been a while since I've had a good roommate. Just want to make sure you and Dan are happy here." He smiled internally. Great comment to diffuse the situation and put her on her back foot.

"Things have been great Lester. It's just been a stressful time with Dan moving here but the thing that's made this better has been moving in here. So far so good." She smiled trying to be reassuring.

What an angel.

Click.

Lester unlocked the door and stood up. He gestured to the door and took half a step back. Not enough to entirely get out of her way.

She moved to enter the room brushing up against Lester as she passed. She'd likely have expected him to move back further.

"Awesome thank you, Lester, you're a lifesaver. I guess I won't need your band shirt after all." She stood in the doorway waiting for Lester to leave.

"It was dumb luck, I don't really know how I did it." A lie of course. He spent months learning how to pick locks after one of his past roommates installed a deadbolt.

"Anyways I'm just glad I could help a damsel in distress." he grinned. Still standing there in the doorway. After a few awkward seconds he stepped back "Alright, I'll let you get changed."

Sarah began closing the door "Thank you again, Lester." She smiled at him "My knight in shining armor."

With the door closed and another raging hard-on ready to explore, Lester made his way back into his room and took up his favorite spot at the peephole.

"Well, I'd go with us," Walter exclaimed. Dan had just finished running through his presentation. "I can't see any reason why the

Lincoln Group wouldn't follow through with this. Thank you, Dan."

Walt began addressing another one of Dan's colleagues as he made his way back to his seat. As he approached, some of his colleagues gave him subtle thumbs up. Not bad for the new guy. This is how you do it. When he reached his seat, Jesse didn't acknowledge him. Instead, he was laser-focused on what Walt was saying.

Dan was eager to see what kind of message came through on his phone. What the heck was going on back at the apartment with Sarah? He recalled her last message about being naked in the apartment with Lester.

He could feel his heart beating faster as he grabbed his phone. Walt was still talking and he knew better than to check his phone in front of him. The guy was still the boss and was old school.

His phone seemed to be burning a hole in Dan's hand. He needed to see what was on there. Had Jesse seen what was on there?

"So Dan." Dan's thoughts were broken by hearing his own name. Walter looked at him pointedly "I'd like you to reach out first thing to their team over there and set up some time this week for us to over this."

"Happy to, I'll get that set up," Dan said.

"Excellent. And great work again Dan and everyone. Thank you for coming in on your Saturday. I'm sure you can agree it was worth getting on the same page here." he stood and began gathering his things. "See you all Monday."

With that people began filtering out. Notably, Jesse was one of the first out the door even though he was on the opposite side of the room.

Dan began packing up as well but took his time. When the last of his colleagues had left, Dan sat back down and unlocked his phone with a simple swipe on the lock screen. *Maybe I should put a pin code on this thing.*

Dan's eyes felt like they were going to burst out of his head as he opened his messaging app. Sarah had sent him four racy pictures. She rarely did this. What had gotten into her? She scrolled back up and saw his last reply

WHAT!?

This was followed by the first picture. Sarah took a selfie of herself somewhere he didn't recognize. It looked dark. Her shoulders were bare and the tops of her breasts filled the bottom of the screen. She was making an incredibly sexy kissing face. Wait a second - he recognized the hallway in the background of the picture. That was the hallway in his apartment but it looked different. No. Not different it was just a different perspective. This wasn't taken from his room, or the bathroom. It had to be from Lester's room.

His heart and jaw felt like they were going to hit the floor. He could feel his heart starting to beat faster as he scrolled to the next picture. He noticed he was as hard as a rock and his breathing was getting quicker. *What was she doing in there?*

Dan hadn't even seen into that room let alone walked into it. And she was naked. In Lester's room, just like her last text read. He wanted to run out of the room and get back to the apartment but he stayed glued to his seat to see the next photo.

Sarah was sitting and looking up at someone. Did Lester catch her? She was still in a dark room but it looked like a light was shining on her. There was a bed in the background of the photo. It looked like it hadn't been made up in weeks.

Who was she looking at? Those eyes.....

She looked so fucking sexy when she looked at him with those eyes. That look on her face screamed 'fuck me.' But who was she looking at?

Dan was absentmindedly caressing his hard cock through his dress pants. Something he'd never done at work before.

He scrolled down to the next picture. Sarah was laying on what looked like that dirty bed from the last picture. The face she was making sent shivers down his back. This was the angle he loved. When they had sex in the missionary position and he got to look down at her just like this and see her face contorted in pleasure from their lovemaking.

A sudden motion caught his eye. Through the glass window of the meeting room door, Dan saw Jesse walking with his coat and messenger pack on. He glanced his way and the two shared an uncomfortable second of eye contact before Jesse broke it and continued on his way out of the building.

"That little fucker totally looked at these." He began thinking of the implications of that realization and how he would react on Monday. He'd have to say something to him, but how much had he seen? Does he think there is something more going on here?

These thoughts quickly receded to the back of Dan's brain as he thumbed to the last photo.

Another shot of Sarah on that bed. This time she was making that face. The most beautiful face in the world. The one that when Dan would see it in real life, no matter how strong-willed he was, this face always set him over the edge.

The face of Sarah cuming. Cuming on his dick as he fucked her. Always followed by her opening her eyes and looking at him like he is the only thing that matters to her in the world. But this was different. He wasn't there for this face.

He thumbed down again for the next photo - but that was it. In its place was a message.

'Is there some trick to the bedroom door?'

That was a weird follow-up to those photos.

Dan stood up and then sat back down. He had to get back to the apartment but should he call her on the way? Should he send a text?

He stood up again and purposely gathered his things. He left the conference room and made his way to his desk, dialing Sarah as he walked.

—

Sarah let out a long breath as she finally shut the bedroom door.

When she woke up this morning she hadn't expected to get locked out of her bedroom in her towel. She also didn't expect that her husband's new roommate would saunter around the apartment naked in front of her.

Lester had clearly been pushing some boundaries with the way he looked at her and by standing a little too close. She didn't like the way she'd catch him eyeing her. Sure it was okay at first because he is a man and she looks the way she does.

She wasn't overconfident about her looks but she took care of herself and worked hard at it. She liked when people noticed. She didn't love when it happened when she was alone with a stranger in an apartment wearing nothing but a towel. *He did help you get the door open.*

Sure he did help but she couldn't shake the feeling that he enjoyed helping a little too much. The way he stood over her. He was clearly taking advantage of the situation to look down at her breasts. He

probably got off on her kneeling down in front of him. In front of his
--

Her phone, she left it in the bathroom. She cracked the door open and sheepishly look a step out looking around like she had earlier. No sign of Lester, his door looked shut. It was irrational to be afraid of him seeing her in a towel when had just stood right here next to her.

Still, she tip-toed quickly over to the bathroom to retrieve her phone and some other toiletries. Looking back more than once to make sure her bedroom door was still open.

With her phone in hand, she quickly dashed back into her room and closed the door, locking it.

Dan had to have seen her photos by now. She tapped in her PIN code and opened up messages. Still nothing from Dan. No response, even when she asked about the trick to the door. At least Lester had been here to help, even if he was a bit of a creep.

She was about to put her phone down when she noticed the checkmarks. The checkmarks showed that Dan had read her messages. *What the hell Dan, it's been like 20 minutes here.*

As if being summoned, the phone rang in her hands causing her to jump. Dan was calling.

"Hey Honey." She answered.

"Hey -- what's going on?" Dan sounded unlike himself. He sounded out of breath a slight edge to his voice.

"Hey, nothing much. Are you okay babe?" Sarah was now a bit worried. Was everything okay at work? She hoped nothing bad had happened or that his job was in jeopardy again. It had been a tough

time since he lost his job and they were just getting back on their feet.

"What? Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just getting out of here now. I'll be there soon." The sound of a door shutting and footsteps in a staircase came through the phone.

"I can't wait for you to get back here, I've missed —"

Dan cut her off "What happened today? Where did you take those photos? Were they from Lester's room? You said he was naked -- were you naked? Sarah, what's going on?"

Oh right, their game. With the locked door, she had forgotten about all the teasing and exquisite photos she'd taken to tease him. She quickly switched back into teasing mode to rile him up. Hopefully, he wouldn't get into an accident on the way home.

"Oh, those photos? Sorry I didn't mean to send those to you." She paused there. How would he respond to that? The sounds of footsteps in the stairway stopped immediately. She had him. This was too easy.

"What do you mean?" He had to know what game she was playing at this point but he sure was bad at it.

"Those photos weren't meant for you." She smiled wickedly.

She was pacing around the small bedroom. She stopped in front of the mirror and realized she was still wearing her towel. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, taking a second to admire her tanned shoulders and silhouette figure.

"Well, who were they meant for then?" His voice had a bit of playfulness in it. He was catching on to their game.

"Hmmm oh, no one in particular. Just a *close* friend." She moved back over to the bed and looked at her clothes that were laid out and then began to unwrap her towel. "And to answer your question, yes I was naked in the apartment today."

She held the phone with her shoulder as she took off the towel and pat dried any areas of her naked body that still felt wet.

"What...When...When were you naked?" It sounded like Dan had a toad in his throat. He was breathing quickly now. The same way he did when she'd tell him stories like this in bed.

"Oh, when I was in the shower. I was here by myself so I took a nice long shower. It was *really* great."

"And you were alone? Alone in the shower? By yourself? Dan had started moving again. It sounded like he was outside.

"Yes dear, that's generally what being by myself means." Smiling, she began to slide a fresh pair of sexy white lace panties on before grabbing the matching bra.

"The shower was great but afterward I did get locked out of our bedroom. I was stuck in nothing but a towel. Didn't you see my text? I could have used your help." She thought she heard a gulp over the phone.

"Sorry, babe I just saw that text now. The meeting was running long and I had to present for a lot of it. I wasn't able to check my phone....." he trailed off. "Did you manage to get into the bedroom? I locked the door before I left this morning but it shouldn't have been that."

"Yeah, I'm in here now and changing." She grinned. "Actually Lester helped me open the door."

"Lester?" Dan asked sheepishly.

"Yes. Lester. You know your roommate?" She had finished putting the white lace bra on and moved back in front of the mirror to look at herself. She bit her lip and ran her thumb along her panty line as she prepared to rock Dan's world. "He's quite good with his hands."

"Jesus christ Sarah. Alight. Alight. I'm on my way back now." he half laughed, nervously.

She won. She always was able to one-up him and get him to break.

"Hurry up and come back to me. I've missed you today." She was lightly swaying back and forth.

Still looking at herself in the mirror. She turned back to her clothes and began to get dressed. "You really shouldn't leave your wife alone with a stranger you know."

"I'm sorry Sarah." Dan sighed. "You know this isn't how I planned this weekend. Last time I promise."

"Good. Now hurry up and get home to me. I want to hear about your day and I'm hoping for a repeat of last night."

"Yes, Ma'am." Dan replied, "On my way."

"I love you," Sarah said, pausing her selection of clothing for tonight.

"I love you too. I'll be home soon." Dan seemed eager to get back to her. "Bye baby."

"Bye, my love." Sarah hung up the phone and she looked over the clothes she had packed. *Now, which outfit will make Dan want to jump my bones?*

—

Lester backed away from the peephole, a new deposit added to the stained drywall.

The notes he took earlier about Dan and Sarah's relationship still seemed to ring true. Dan seemed to have a thing about Sarah being seen or being with another guy. Sarah liked to play into Dan's fantasy and maybe shared a bit of it herself. She also liked being heard and probably would like being seen while in the act.

They also seemed to be subtly including Lester in their private games. He wasn't delusional. He knew he wasn't a super attractive guy, the reason he was included was because of convenience and this new situation they found themselves in.

Dan and Sarah were going to have sex tonight. That much he knew for sure. The question was, how was he going to up the ante and push the boundaries with them without having them running for the hills?

Restraint and appear respectful.

Admittedly it was a tactic he hadn't used much in the past. Sure he'd always shown restraint and respect at first with his previous roommates before devolving into his usual self. But this time was different. A man was involved and their situation proved to be unique.

Lester looked around his room. He never much cared for what others thought and didn't care to clean up after himself. He was happy and content with how things were. Still, if there was a chance he have Sarah, perhaps he should make some changes to lower any inhibitions she might have.

He was probably due to take a look in the mirror as well, something he didn't enjoy doing too often. *If you can soften your edges a little bit, it might go a long way towards making this happen.*

For now, it was time to do some recon. He jiggle his computer mouse and sat down at his command center. Dan would be home soon, he wanted to do a little bit of light research on husbands who

have fantasies about their wives with others and ways to subtly intrude on the loving couple.

The lights in the elevator indicated the current floor seemed to be moving at a glacial pace for Dan Williams. He was staring at them, willing them to display '6' so he could run out and enter his apartment.

He was alone in the elevator with nothing else to distract him but his thoughts.

He knew his wife was teasing him with the photos, texts, and discussion earlier. She was merciless. Still part of his brain kept drifting back to the what-if scenarios that could have unfolded today while he was at work.

Had Lester really been naked? How the hell did Sarah know that? And how did he help her with the door? Was she stuck there in a towel when it happened? These thoughts and more kept racing through his head.

He found a bit of a reprieve when the display came up as '6'. He quickly rushed out before the door had completely opened and turned towards his apartment. Walking briskly down the hallway he checked his phone while snagging the keys from his pocket.

No new text messages from Sarah. He was both relieved and somewhat disappointed at this. What had happened since he talked to her last?

His mind was in overdrive. If his apartment hadn't been the only one around this corner of the hallway he would have walked right past it. He fumbled for the right key on his keychain.

Breath.

He took a deep breath and entered his apartment.

Leaning against the back of the couch was his wife Sarah. No matter how many times he came home to her, he always found her absolutely stunning. This time was no exception.

His eyes were immediately drawn to her long, smooth-toned legs that seemed to go on forever. He drank the sight of her in.

She was wearing those cute little black booty shorts that framed her ass so well. It was a shame he couldn't see her butt right now. It always perked him up after a long day at work.

Tucked into the tops of her booty shorts was a tight-fitting matching black tank top that hugged her bust and outlined her flat stomach. Her hair was up in a bun to be comfortable but Dan still thought it looked incredibly sexy showing off her neck.

He immediately gulped seeing the plunging neckline of the tank top, slowly realizing that she was wearing this outfit while alone in the apartment with Lester. There was no way he hasn't been checking her out all day long.

The little spaghetti straps of the tank top did not do anything to conceal the lacy white bra straps. That bra was one of his favorites and she knew it. This wasn't a coincidence, it was a preview of things to come.

In the split second it took for him to drink her appearance in, Sarah looked up from her cellphone and a large smile spread across her face.

"Finally you're back." She quickly made her way over to him, throwing her arms around his neck and pulling him in for a strong hug.

They held each other tightly, Dan resisting the urge to reach down and grab her butt. "I'm glad to be back babe. I'm really sorry again that I had to take off this morning."

She pulled back briefly to look up into his eyes. Dan met her gaze but his eyes instinctively dropped to look at the tops of her breasts pushed against him. In half a second his eyes were back up, looking into hers but a playful smile crossed her face knowingly.

"Did you guys at least get a lot done today?" She asked.

They slowly let go of each other as Dan said "Yeah actually it was pretty productive. Walt seems pretty nervous about an account we're working on. An out-of-state company called the Lincoln Group. They have this ambitious project and we're one of the final firms in the running to lead it."

Dan put a little bit of space between them. "And guess who Walt wants to lead things with them?" He gestured to himself as if it was a big reveal.

"Oh, that's great baby. I'm so proud of you." She closed the distance and embraced him again. "Mr. Chicago taking the city by storm."

She kissed him. A soft wet kiss that lingered on his lips. "I knew you'd do well here, we just needed the chance to show everyone what you bring to the table."

"Yeah I was surprised they didn't give it to someone that's been around the place longer but I think Walt realizes that if he wants to take on some of these bigger projects, he can't keep doing business the same way he has been." He grinned proudly at what he had accomplished in such a short time. "But work has taken enough of my attention today and you are heading home tomorrow, let's make the most of today - what should we do?"

"Honestly there is a ton of cool things I'd love to experience here with you in Chicago." She looked up at him coyly. "But tonight I want to keep you in this apartment and have you all to myself."

"Now that I can do. Especially after how..." He searched for the right word "Limber things were last night."

"Limber Dan, really? That's what you got." She laughed. "I'm not a gymnast."

"I know, I was just trying to be sexy." He gave her his best faux-suave look which caused her to shake her head even though she was beaming.

"Speaking of sexy" he ran his finger up and down her bare arm. "I need to know more about those photos and what happened today."

A mischievous grin spread over her face. "Well there is a lot to tell." she got close to him. Just shy of her lips touching his. "But where to begin? It was quite an eventful day."

Dan realized he was breathing quickly. His mind struggled to figure out what to say next to match how sexy she was being. He took half a second too long in responding as she turned away from him.

"But first I have hardly eaten today and I am starving. Let's get some food ordered and then we can chat." She looked back over her shoulder at him playfully and she thumbed her phone. "How about that Chinese place you were mentioning before."

"Why are you in the mood for the cream of sum yun gai?" he immediately groaned internally. Dad joke.

Sarah didn't take her eyes off her phone and she looked through the take-out app. "You never know, the night is still young."

Dan immediately felt his erection. He didn't know when it sprang up but her last comment caused it to make itself known.

He was making his way across the room to press it into her juicy backside but stopped when he heard a door opening.

Lester was coming.

A complete mirror opposite of Sarah, Lester looked like he just rolled out of a bag of Cheeto chips. Loose-fitting sweatpants that had seen better days and an oversized t-shirt that was once white but was now beige with colored splotches here and there. The guy looked like the epitome of a neckbeard and a mouth breather at that.

Dan suppressed a grin and chuckled to himself. *This is what has been driving me crazy all day? Really?*

There was no way anything happened while he was gone. Sarah was leagues above this guy. They wouldn't even be in the same sport. Heck not even on his worst day did Dan ever come close to resembling something like this.

"Hey, Lester. How's it going?" It was a good idea to try to stay on at least amicable terms with his roommate, even if he mostly kept to himself.

"I'm alright. Hungry." He walked past the couple but Dan caught him eyeing Sarah's cleavage. *Come on man.*

Sarah looked up from her phone and said "We're going to order some Chinese, do you want anything?"

Lester stopped in his tracks, one foot into the kitchen. He slowly turned his hungry eyes on Sarah. "How long will it take?"

"The app says 20-30 minutes if we order right now. I'm ready to eat too." She made a gesture of showing the phone to Lester. He quickly

walked over to get a better look, oblivious to how he was invading her personal space.

Dan stood there dumbfounded at the contrast between the two of them. Even at 35 and sticking around the apartment all day, Sarah looked like she could be on the cover of a women's fitness magazine or magazine-like maxim posing in her underwear. Toned muscles, tanned skin, and those high cheekbones should have graced the cover of one of the magazines Dan discovered as a teenager.

And here standing next to her, breathing down her neck, looking at her phone was Lester. He looked like he couldn't care less about taking care of himself and didn't give a shit about what others thought. He had probably given up on life and was content to look at women like Sarah on his computer screen forever. It was probably driving him nuts having her around.

Dan's breath was shallow again and he had to subtly turn and adjust himself. Seeing them together like that got him rock hard and thinking again about the naughty texts and scenarios they've been playing with.

"Dan, what do you want me to order," Sarah asked.

Dan turned, she was looking up at him and Lester was still looking at her phone. "You know me, I'm good with anything. Their sweet and sour chicken was pretty unreal last time I had it."

"Okay..." she pulled the phone closer to her, looking at the menu. Lester couldn't see the phone any longer and seemed to take the cue to step back away from her. "Sweet and sour chicken, got it. Anything else?"

"Honestly I can't think of anything else right now. My brain is still a bit fried from work" He lied. "I trust you."

"Yeah, no worries baby." She looked up at him. "Why don't you go get changed and shower or whatever and I'll get this ordered. By the time you're done it should be here."

Leave Sarah alone, again with Lester. "That sounds good. I'll be quick."

He moved down the hallway, undoing the tie on his deck. As he entered the bedroom to get changed he heard Sarah say "Lester what do you want to eat?"

And he shut the door to change.

Twenty minutes later, Dan emerged from the bathroom. He'd showered and changed into some nice loungewear. Nothing fancy but a comfortable pair of shorts and a fitted black t-shirt. Most important of all, they were clean and stain free unlike his roommates'.

Walking back towards the apartment's living room, Dan was still beside himself at the situation. He felt bad leaving Sarah alone again so soon after getting home but a thrill rose from another part of him.

For a long time, Dan had harbored a fantasy about seeing Sarah flirt, tease, and more with another man. It was a frequent theme they played with in the bedroom and now Sarah was an expert at saying the right things to push his buttons.

Thinking about Sarah with Lester and seeing them standing so close together and ordering Chinese food caused this fantasy to creep back up with force. The idea of Sarah giving someone so beneath her and Dan her attention just riled him up. It was such a taboo concept that Dan couldn't stop thinking about it. Lester was also

completely unthreatening to Dan which was a nice safety net for this fantasy.

As he made his way into the living room, Dan was a bit disappointed to see Sarah sitting by herself on the couch. "Where's Lester?"

"After he told me what he wanted to order, he went back into this room." Sarah eyed her husband's outfit approvingly. "Black suits you boo."

"Thanks." Dan smiled "I'm pretty sure you picked this out for me."

"I did." Sarah gestured for Dan to sit down next to her. "The app says the food is on its way, we ordered your sweet and sour chicken, I grabbed some Cantonese chow mein and barbecue short ribs and Lester wanted....."

While Dan's stomach was certainly hungry and making itself known, another organ was in the driver's seat.

While Sarah was still giving Dan the run down of what was coming for dinner, he blurted out "So tell me for real, what happened here today."

Sarah paused and eyed him. The look on her face made Dan think she was both annoyed at being interrupted and amused at his inability to be cool under pressure.

She stared at him silently for a few seconds and with a smile began to recite the day's events. Dan waited patiently as Sarah updated him on the phone call with her mother. She was deliberately giving extra detail about the phone call to torture him.

She then told him about her yogurt and how Lester had interrupted her in his birthday suit.

"I have never seen him walk around here naked. Granted I am at work most of the time but it's still weird."

"mmm-hmmm." Sarah nodded her head agreeing. Then she told him about the lovely shower she took and how when she was done she realized she was locked out of the bedroom and Lester had to help her get the door open.

"And you were wearing just a towel while this was happening?" Dan asked.

"mmm-hmmm," Sarah confirmed in a very manner of fact way. "Lester did offer to let me borrow some of his clothes but thankfully it didn't have to come to that."

Dan was speechless. Not only did Lester get naked in front of his innocent wife but he had also seen her just in a towel, standing inappropriately close to her. A million questions were running through his head and he didn't know which one to ask first. Which detail or clarifying question was most important?

Sarah was eyeing him waiting for a reaction. She didn't pick up on Dan spreading his legs to suitably adjust himself.

Dan opened his mouth to speak but was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Sarah gave him a teasing smile "I guess the food is here." She stood up making a show of swaying her hips as she walked towards the apartment door. Dan's eyes were glued to her ass swaying back and forth that he almost missed Sarah looking over her shoulder at him, catching him staring.

Shaking away the daze of Sarah's mesmerizing butt, Dan got up and moved to grab some drinks from the fridge. As he returned to the living room with two glasses of water he stopped in his tracks.

Across the room standing at the entrance to the hallway was Lester. He hadn't seen Dan, his eyes were looking intently at something. Dan followed his eyes which led to Sarah's butt as she finished up paying the delivery guy.

When he looked back at Lester, his roommate was staring back at him. Dan had his share of confrontations at school and in the workplace but this was different. He felt it in his gut. It felt primal. Like two lions on the savannah competing for a single zebra.

Dan confidently stepped forward into the room making his presence felt. He put the glasses of water down on the coffee table. Lester's shoulders were hunched and he appeared smaller. *That was easy.*

Dan strode across the living room to Sarah who was turning around holding two big bags of takeout as she shut the door. In his periphery, Lester seemed to melt back into the hallway. Dan took the bags of food from Sarah which were heavier than they appeared and brought them over to the couch.

"Food here?" Lester asked, as if he had just entered the room.

"Yes just getting it out now," Sarah said she opened each bag and started unloading its contents onto the table.

Dan laid out three plates and utensils on the table. He didn't love the idea of dining with Lester but here they were. One of the perks of having a roommate.

Lester began peeking under the lid of each dish Sarah unloaded. Eventually, he seemed to find what he was looking for. He grabbed the dish and walked away, down the hallway towards his room. There was an audible click as his door shut.

Sarah and Dan exchanged a confused look.

The couple sat down and began to get ready to eat.

"So I guess it's just us for dinner then," Sarah said when it was apparent Lester wasn't coming back.

"I'm honestly fine with that." Dan shoved a piece of sweet and sour chicken into his mouth. "I'm guessing he didn't offer to split the bill with us earlier?"

"Nope" Sarah took a bite of chow mein.

The thoughts of their earlier discussion were replaced by Dan's hunger. Now that the delicious smelling food was here, all he wanted to do was devour it. Sarah seemed to be hungry too as she reached over and took some of his sweet and sour chicken.

After several minutes of indulging himself and overeating, Dan sat back and said "I was thinking. Maybe we can cuddle up here on the couch tonight and watch a movie."

"Oh, that sounds nice. I can't even remember the last time we just sat and watched a movie together." She began clearing the dirty packaging and putting any leftover food in one container. "Any good movies you want to see?"

"Ladies' choice," Dan said, trying to gesture in a chivalrous way.

"Ugh you know I'm just going to be scrolling through Netflix for like an hour."

Dan stood up and took some of the dirty containers from Sarah's hands. "Well, you better get started looking then. Sit down, I got this."

"You sure?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, besides your the guest here in my place." He winked at her.

"This is very true. I hope you roll the red carpet out like this the next time I visit." She sat down grabbed the remote and turned the TV on.

"I'm just glad to hear there is going to be a next time, after all, you went through today." Dan tossed this out there trying to reengage the conversation from before.

"Oh, it wasn't all bad. Nothing I couldn't handle." Sarah answered. She didn't elaborate further, fully intending not to say anymore. She held all the power here and she knew it.

Dan continued to empty the table, putting dirty plates into the dishwasher, throwing out the garbage, and packing the leftovers away in the fridge between the towers of Lester's microwavable meals.

As he finished up and reentered the living room Sarah said "Found one."

"Yeah? What are we watching?" Dan asked.

"I think I found the perfect movie. It's based in World War Two about an American soldier who gets injured and is taken care of by a French nurse..."

Dan cut Sarah off "and they fall in love but he has to go back to the front lines and she writes him every day. Right? Something like that."

She eyed him with faux anger "Yes, something just like that in fact."

Dan shrugged "Alright cool, let's do it. As long as I get to squeeze you close while we watch it."

They sat down and began to play the movie when Sarah asked "Do you think that's the last we've seen of Lester tonight?"

Dan didn't take his eyes off the screen "well I assume he's going to come back out with his dirty dish soon."

"I wouldn't be so sure. When I was in there earlier he had old dirty plates all over...." she trailed off realizing she was opening the door back up to him.

He gave her a pass for now. "Well I'm not about to get interrupted here, I'll go ask him if he wants to watch the movie and grab his dish."

She laid a hand on his thigh and he went to get up. "No, what if he says yes? I want it to be just us."

Dan stood up despite her protests "He isn't going to say yes, trust me."

Sarah paused the movie as Dan headed down the hallway to Lester's room. He could hear some sounds emitting from inside but couldn't place them. He knocked.

No answer.

He knocked again, this time harder bordering on a bit aggressive. He winced hearing how loud it ended up being.

"Enter," said Lester's voice through the door.

Dan turned the knob and opened the door. It was dark and he couldn't see much. Lester was illuminated by the light coming from his computer screen. The light also showed Dan the mess that was Lester's room.

Dirty clothes were thrown just laying on the floor amongst piles of dishes and other objects Dan couldn't place. The bed behind Lester looked like it had never been made and Dan swore that he could see a bag of Cheetos tucked under the pillowcase. He was frankly

surprised no obnoxious smells hit him when he opened the door. *How the hell did Sarah take those pictures in here without breaking her neck?*

Having decided he got a full appreciation for this room and a new level of disrespect for his roommate, his eyes settled back on Lester who hadn't looked up from his computer screen. Dan stood there for a few seconds waiting for Lester to speak.

When it was clear he just wasn't going to, Dan cleared his throat and asked "Hey there Lester. We're going to watch a movie, wondering if you might want to join."

"Which movie?" Lester's hand was moving his mouse and he kept his eyes glued to the screen. Not acknowledging Dan's presence at all.

"'Letters to the Frontlines'. It's a World War Two action romance movie Sarah found." Dan stared at Lester waiting for him to look up.

But he didn't. "I'm raiding in WOW tonight."

Dan was starting to get annoyed that Lester wouldn't even give him the courtesy of looking up at him. He was completely different than the Lester who showed them this apartment, to begin with. "Okay cool. Alright well, have a great night then...."

Dan slowly began to close the door. Lester stayed silent and continued staring at his computer screen.

Dan shook his head and walked back down the hallway. *Little jerk.*

"We're good. He isn't going to be coming out the rest of the night." Dan sat back down putting his arm around Sarah.

She nuzzled into his frame, dragging a blanket across her bare legs. "How do you know?"

"He is deep into his world of warcraft at the moment." Dan smiled.
"I doubt even you could distract him right now."

"Don't be so sure Mr. I have a lot of tricks up my sleeve you know."
she pressed play on the remote the movie started.

"Oh I'm not saying you don't, I'm just saying he is in hardcore nerd mode right now." Dan looked down and saw a pouty look on her face.

"Not even these could distract him?" She brought her arms together, pushing her breasts against one another, threatening to spill out of their black tank top.

Dan cleared his throat. "I stand corrected."

"Good, that's what I thought." She turned her head back to the movie and settled in.

After about an hour it was clear to both Dan and Sarah that 'Letters to the Frontlines' was a bust. The movie dragged in all the wrong places and the lead characters made questionable decisions that no one, in reality, would do.

Even if the movie wasn't so bad, Dan's mind was preoccupied with the events of today. The worse the movie got, the more he kept running through them in his head.

Sarah shifted her weight to get comfortable, her hand grazing Dan's thigh. She felt the hardness of his dick. "Well, what do we have here Mr.?"

She looked up at him with a serious face and in a sultry voice said "Is this because of me or are you just really enjoying how bad this movie is."

"Oh, it damn sure isn't this movie." Dan started stroking her exposed lower back. "This just happens when I have my hot, sexy wife so close to me."

Sarah purred and moved her face close to his. Her hand now lightly caressing his dick through the fabric of his pants. "Mmmmm hmmm, good answer."

Her soft lips gently connected with his, their tongues slowly venturing out and exploring each other.

Dan cupped Sarah's face with his left hand as the other snaked around and pulled her body close to his. His fingers reached to the base of her neck where his nails slowly caressed the hair there.

Suddenly he tightened his grip on her hair and pulled her right on top of him.

His mouth opened hungrily, kissing her fast and hard. Sarah responded in kind, matching his passion and pushing herself down into him.

Dan could feel Sarah's tight shorts rubbing up against his dick as it strained against him. He knew her ass would look so good from the other side of the couch. He ran his hand down and grabbed one of her ass cheeks and squeezed as he pulled her harder into him.

Sarah moaned into his mouth and kissed him harder. She loved when he grabbed her ass and he pulled her harder onto his dick. It was pressing right into the inside of her thigh. She could feel how warm she was getting down there and the heat from Dan's dick was making her grow hotter.

She stuck her tongue into Dan's mouth and slowed down their kissing. She explored his mouth. His tongue darted out and danced with hers, moving to a long, slow open kiss. She continued kissing

him like this as she reached down and slipped her hand beneath the waistband of his shorts.

Fumbling to get beneath the boxer, Sarah eventually found her prize when her hand made contact with the rigid hardness of Dan's dick. He broke their kiss and took a sharp intake of breath as she wrapped her fingers around his dick and slowly began to stroke it.

Dan leaned his head back in ecstasy. Her touch was electric. He had been so pent up all day that the sudden attention was sending him into overdrive. Sarah added fuel to the fire by licking and kissing his neck while she stroked his dick.

After about a minute she got tired of the awkward angle and how difficult his short's waistband was making things. "Take these off."

She sat back as Dan raised his hips and began lowering his boxers and shorts simultaneously. She helped him pull them the rest of the way off.

Dan's dick sprang into view at full attention. Sarah enthusiastically began stroking it with her hands and she kneeled between Dan's legs on the couch. She locked eyes with him. The way she looked at him gave him no doubt where things were heading tonight. She wanted him and his dick badly and she wasn't about to take no for an answer.

"Do you want to move to the bedroom?" Dan whispered. Not because he was scared of making too much noise but this is just how it came out. It sounded like a confession and that he was pleading for the opposite of what he asked.

Sarah continued to stare at him with her burning eyes of desire and she slowly lowered her head towards his dick. "I. Don't. Care."

She engulfed his dick with her mouth, running her tongue along its underside and her hand continued to pump his shaft.

The words made Dan go crazy. He bucked his hips up as soon as her mouth made contact. He held his hands to his head and groaned in pleasure.

Sarah took her mouth off his dick but she never stopped pumping his shaft with her hand. Her mouth found one of his balls as she gently sucked it. Her tongue began swirling around it, tasting and caressing. Dan left out another low groan and she moved and began working on the other side and she switched to gently caressing and teasing his shaft.

Dan was in ecstasy. This woman knew what she was doing. He would do anything she asked as long as she never stopped sucking his dick the way she was.

Dan reached over and grabbed the remote, pausing the movie. Sarah didn't bat an eye and continued to lick and suck all over his balls, slowly and deliberately. Dan could hear the muffled music and action sounds coming from down the hall. Lester was still in his room playing World of Warcraft.

Holding his dick in her hands, Sarah began licking and kissing her way from his balls, up his shaft. Her beautiful face puckered and kissed every inch of his dick until she made her way to the head of his cock where she twirled her tongue around it, sending little shocks through his body. She kissed the head of his cock in the same intimate way she had kissed him earlier.

Dan watched all of this, transfixed and immobile at the pleasure he was feeling. He couldn't move a muscle, except for his mouth. "Did...did you really see Lester naked today?"

Sarah's eyes opened. Her concentration was broken. She looked up at Dan for the first time since she started on his dick. She didn't smile. She just continued to suck on his cock, looking at him with those eyes that read pure sex.

She slowly removed her mouth from the tip of his cock and began planting soft kisses on his shaft and she stroked him "mmhmm. I did....."

She stopped stroking him and slowly licked his dick from the base all the way to the head where she swirled her tongue around again. "Is that going to be a problem? That your sexy wife saw your roommate naked?"

Dan gulped. It was one thing to play this game with Sarah on the phone. It was another to do it live and in person with her. It was an entirely different thing to do it while she was kneeling in front of him looking at him the way she was.

He didn't respond so Sarah leaned back away from him and began tugging at the tank top tucked into her shorts. She peeled it off over her head, slowly revealing Dan's favorite white lace bra underneath.

Her soft perfect breasts were held perfectly in place for him to stare at. "So is this going to be a problem, Dan?" She threw her shirt to the side and began to crawl her way back up to his cock. "Are you going to punish me for being bad?"

She began to lick his dick again. Slowly. Her eyes not breaking from his, waiting for a response.

He whispered, "Did you see his dick too?"

Sarah stared into his eyes, her tongue coming off his dick as she slowly wrapped her hands around his shaft. She grabbed onto it hard and began stroking it. "You mean his cock?"

Dan was speechless. He always loved the dirty talk from his wife but this was on another level. *What was she going to do next?*

"Uughh..." Dan started and then stopped. Blanking on how to respond.

Sarah broke eye contact to look down at her hand stroking his cock. Her breathing was fast and the way she was positioned made her breasts press together like they were on display.

She continued looking down, enjoying the sight of her hand making Dan hard as a rock. Looking at his dick full of cum that she desperately wanted.

"I didn't see a dick today." She continued watching her hand rising up and down. She looked up at Dan with her sex-starved eyes. "What I saw today was a cock."

She whispered to him "a thick cock."

Dan groaned and reached forward grabbing the back of her head and pulling her down onto him. She obliged, removing her hand and letting his dick disappear into her mouth. He held the back of her head gently and she sucked his dick.

A few more minutes of this and Dan would be cumming. *She called it a cock.*

She knew just how to get him riled up.

Sarah suddenly pushed herself up and stood next to the couch. Dan was surprised and sat up, he wasn't sure what was happening. She bent over and peeled off her tight-fitting sports shorts and underwear all at once and moved towards him.

"I need you to fuck me." She mounted him, grabbing his dick and guiding it towards her opening.

Dan pushed himself up from the couch and they connected, his cock sliding deep into her wet pussy in one shot.

She moaned loudly and gripped his cock, never intending to let go.

Dan grabbed her hips in his hands and began to eagerly thrust up into her. Sarah forcefully pushed his shoulders down, to stop his thrusting. "You just watch right now."

He stopped and sat there as Sarah rode his cock. He looked up at her beautiful face, eyes shut, contorted in pleasure as she slowly brought herself up and down on his cock.

He watched as her breathing quickened and her bra-clad breasts began to rapidly rise and fall right in front of his face. He could feel her pussy strongly grabbing onto his cock, milking it for all it was worth.

The games she had been playing today with Dan had her waiting for this. Longing for it. She ground herself on his cock so that it kept hitting the right spots to get her to cum. She loved when Dan took charge and he was great at what he did but sometimes a girl she has to do it her way.

She wanted to tease Dan and rile him up some more but right now she wanted to get lost in her impending orgasmic bliss.*So close...*

She opened her eyes and looked down at him and immediately locked eyes. He was staring up at her. His hands were casually behind his head like the stud that he was looking at her with a self-satisfied grin.*He is so fucking hot right now.*

As he stared at her, he slowly raised his hips off the couch, pushing himself deeper into her.

Even though she told him to sit back the slow controlled move he just made turned her on. She bit her lip and his smile grew knowing she wasn't going to fight him. He was touching the right spot.

He slowly dropped his hips and then slowly raised them again. Over and over. Completely in control of what he was doing. What he was doing to her.

She gripped him tighter as his hands found their way back to her hips holding them firm, not intending to let go.

The way he took back control. The look of confidence and cockiness in his eyes. That smile. The way his cock was touching everywhere at once set her on fire.

It came quickly and washed over her entire body. She gripped his cock even harder as she came.

"Ohhh fuck Dan" she breathed as she came hard. Dan didn't stop but kept up with his slow deliberate pace, his cock rubbing against the sensitive spots again and again as her orgasm washed over her.

As she was beginning to come down from it, he picked up the speed of his thrusts as his hands moved to her ass, pulling her deeper into him. She felt it begin to rise again. Another orgasm was on the horizon.

"Oh shit. Fuck." she said louder than she intended to.

"Cum for me baby. Cum." he whispered. "Give it to me."

That encouragement was all she needed, as she came for the second time that night. Her nails digging deep into his shoulders.

Her pussy was gripping his cock so hard that he had to stop thrusting into her. He felt her cum on his cock and had to control his breathing or else he was going to cum with her.

Both of them were breathing hard now. They could still distantly hear the sounds of video games coming from down the hall but it

didn't register in their brains. All that mattered was what they were feeling.

Sarah wanted another orgasm but needed a second to catch her breath. She wanted to stay in this position so she kept herself firmly planted and tried to regain control.

He looked up as she slowly began to ride him again.

"I was waiting a long time for you to respond." She whispered. "I don't just send those pics to anyone, you better show your appreciation."

He grunted as he flexed his cock, making her moan. "Mmmmmmm....I guess that means you liked them?"

"They were hot," he said as his hands began to explore her back and legs. "I can't believe you took them. You know, in there."

She grinned and resumed slowly riding him, setting the pace for him.

"I was feeling naughty today," she whispered. "You make me do bad things."

"I'm just glad you didn't get caught." He challenged her. He let it hang there not elaborating, waiting desperately to see what she would say.

She leaned close to his ear. "I don't know what I would have done."

"What do you think Lester would have thought if he found me naked in his bed like that?" she purred and bit his ear lobe.

Dan didn't respond but she could tell he was thinking about it by the way his hips bucked and his cock flexed after she said it. God, was

he really thinking about Lester walking in, seeing her like that in his bed? What did Dan imagine she would do?

She loved seeing him like this. The face he makes when he is insanely turned on. He makes this face when she sucks his cock in their house and tells him pretend stories of her adventures with other men or during their roleplays. It was such an intense, lust-filled face.

Seeing him look at her like that always turned her on. He looked so animalistic like nothing would get in the way of him getting what he wanted.

She could feel another orgasm building. This one was coming on quickly. The taboo nature of their roleplay, his face and the way his cock felt inside of her was sending electric shocks through her body. It felt like a giant wave of an orgasm coming in, getting ready to crash down on her.

"This is much better than that movie I bet."

Dan and Sarah turned their heads. A figure was standing a few feet between the couch and hallway. They only now noticed the sound of unmuffled sounds of video games.

The figure's pasty white, hair-covered skin was illuminated by the movie on the television.

Dan's brain took a few seconds to register what he was seeing. He was so focused on Sarah and fucking her that the shapes that made up this figure's body looked strange and alien to him. His eyes were drawn immediately to a familiar motion.

The motion of someone slowly stroking a cock.

It was Lester. He was naked, stroking his cock just a few feet away from them.

Dan quickly looked away and back at Sarah. The image of Lester's dick burned into his mind, subconsciously noting its size.

Sarah took an extra half second to appraise what was happening before she too turned and looked back at Dan.

Neither one of them moved, still connected to one another. Both of them on the cusp cumming.

"Don't stop on my account." Lester took another step into the room. "It's okay, I'm just going to watch."

Dan and Sarah looked at each other. Trying to read the expression on each other's faces to decide what to do.

And then Dan's body did something that would alter the course of their lives forever. The situation was too much for Dan to process. Lester is here, watching them have sex. Seeing Sarah in just her bra.

His cock twitched and Sarah felt it. She gasped as it sent a bolt of electricity down her legs.

Her body responded by gripping him tighter. He let out a soft moan and pushed his hips slightly off the couch.

Sarah closed her eyes, her mind racing. *Fuck Dan feels so good but Lester is watching us. Watching me. Watching us have sex.*

Something that had always been private and just between them was now being shared with a spectator.

It was so bad and unlike her. She shouldn't be doing this. She should grab Dan's shirt and wrap it around herself and run into the bedroom, leaving Dan to figure it out. But it felt so different. So foreign and so base to be watched.

Their bedroom fantasies have often touched on them being watched and the idea always intrigued Sarah. She never knew how she would actually react if it ever happened and couldn't even fathom how it could happen.

Sarah realized she was slowly fucking Dan.

While lost in thought her body had taken the lead and was gripping his cock she rode him. Dan was looking up at her in amazement. This was happening.

Consequences are for tomorrow.

Dan was beside himself. One of his fantasies was actually coming true. Sarah was on display for another man, while she was fucking him no less. She wasn't stopping and seemed to be just as into it as he was.

He watched as she bit her lip and threw her head back. Her hands left his shoulders and moved into her hair.

Her pussy gripped him tightly. Her breathing grew rapid. Her breasts rose up and down in quick succession.

"Oooohh fuuck." she tried to whisper but failed.

Dan looked over at Lester, trying to avoid the sight of him and his cock. The spot where he was standing was empty. *Where the fuck did he go?*

Had Lester got bored and gone back into his room? Dan was surprisingly disappointed by this and his eyes continued to scan the room. He wasn't in the other chair. He was nowhere to be seen.

"mmm, that's right. Cum baby." Lester said from behind Dan.

Dan looked up and around but still couldn't see Lester from his vantage point. Lester was standing directly behind the couch out of Dan's view.

Sarah came down from her orgasm and immediately felt another begin building. She opened her eyes and saw her husband's odd roommate standing right in front of her on the other side of the couch.

He was looking at her with the same animalist lust-filled face that Dan would make. The look that turned her on so much. Lester's was more intense somehow. And it was because he was looking at her. There was no fantasy or roleplay attached to it, it was just because of her.

She could tell by his arm movements that he was stroking his cock. She couldn't see it from behind the couch but the fact that someone was touching themselves while looking at her....

She ground herself into Dan harder. She kept the same slow, deliberate pace as she recovered from her last orgasm but tried to push down onto Dan to take him further into her.

Dan looked up at her surprised. At first he didn't think she heard Lester's voice but she just opened her eyes and looked at him. At Lester. She knew he was there and was pushing into him harder. *She must like showing off.*

Sarah only looked at Lester for a split second before her eyes snapped down and locked with Dan's. Her mouth hung open as she breathed, her eyes needful. She's getting ready to cum again. Her face also wore an expression of concern.

Dan could read the look on her face. Without speaking she was looking at him for reassurance. Was this okay? Should they stop or keep going?

She was still grinding on him as she waited for some kind of indication from Dan. The situation was surreal, Dan didn't know how to process it or his thoughts. He wanted to shield Sarah and protect her from Lester's hungry eyes...

But he wanted Lester to see her. He wanted to see how Sarah would react. Where would she draw the line and how would she react to all of this?

He hadn't thought this through, he didn't know what he really wanted. All she knew was that Sarah's pussy was grabbing onto his dick harder than ever before. The way her chest was rising and falling and the look on her face, it was intoxicating. He didn't want to stop.

Without breaking their intense eye contact, Dan's right hand found the bra strap on Sarah's shoulder. He slowly pulled it down her arm until her bare shoulder was on display. On display for Lester.

Sarah gasped, surprised and turned on by Dan exposing her. They exchanged a look --*this was happening*.

Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the feeling Dan's dick was giving her.

One of this fantasies was actually happening, albeit not as he thought it would. Definitely not with who he had expected. His hips rapidly lifted off the couch as he met Sarah's rhythm in earnest.

Lester stood there looking at Sarah. They knew he was there and they weren't stopping. This spot behind the couch gave him a great view of Sarah. He didn't have to look at Dan at all. He actually liked how it must have set Dan on edge, not being able to see him. He wanted to get closer but he had to be patient.

She was still riding her husband with her eyes closed. Lester's eyes feasted on the smooth skin of her breasts, rising and falling. He

focused on her face, watching it contort in pleasure as she went along with the situation.

Lester licked his lips. "Mmmhmmm."

The couple didn't stop. Lester wanted them to know he was a part of this. He continued to slowly stroke his cock, not wanting to cum too quickly.

He heard Dan whisper something but it was too low to hear. Sarah made no reaction, she hadn't heard it either.

"Look at him." Dan croaked. Shame and arousal colored his voice.

Sarah rode Dan, not reacting to what he said.

Her hands moved to Dan's chest, briefly settling there before she placed them on the top of the couch above Dan's head. With her newfound leverage, she continued to push down to meet Dan's thrusts. Sarah slowly opened her eyes and met Lester's gaze.

She didn't break eye contact. And she didn't look down at Dan. She knew how much this would drive him crazy and wanted to make his fantasy come true.

Lester kept stroking himself slowly, matching the pace the couple was setting. Sarah's eyes burned into his. It felt like they were sharing something, but he didn't know what. He hadn't experienced this with any of his other conquests. She was getting fucked and staring at him. Her husband's dick might be in her but she was focused on him.

She looked at him lustfully with the bedroom eyes that so far had been reserved for Dan.

And then she did it. While staring at him she slowly licked her lips. He heard Dan quietly groan.

Lester took a step forward, closing the ground between them. He was close to touching the back of the couch with his cock, inches away from where Sarah's hands were.

Sarah flinched back ever so slightly but quickly recomposed her sexy demeanor.

Dan could feel himself getting close. He knew he had to hang on a bit longer, for Sarah but also to get the most out of this moment. *Who knows if it will ever happen again?*

"Blow him a kiss."

Sarah kept rolling her hips on Dan's cock. Without breaking eye contact with Lester, she slowly puckered her lips and mimicked a kiss.

Lester was beside himself. He involuntarily started stroking his cock faster, his breathing quickening. The thoughts of everything that happened today began to flood his brain. *I played this perfectly.*

"Mm-hmm did you like that baby?" she asked while finally closing her eyes.

"Fuck yes" Dan breathed. He looked up at her as his sweet and loving wife was fucking him in front of this stranger. She always went along with his fantasies in the bedroom and would often surprise him with the things she would say.

This sweet and loving woman could turn on a dime and become a sexy vixen between the sheets. He always knew she was doing it just for him, getting him riled up to get off but he never imagined she would actually do something like —

"I wasn't talking to you." Sarah's eyes were back down looking at him as she rode his cock.

Just like their game earlier, she knew exactly what buttons to press to get him off. The look she gave him made him question everything he knew. She seemed like this unpredictable character who just happened to look like his wife.

Lester grunted from somewhere behind Dan. "Oh yeah, baby I liked that. I bet you could do a lot more with those lips of yours."

Sarah looked up at Lester and bit her lip. "Mhmm, I don't know what you mean."

"I mean those lovely lips wrapped around my big cock." Lester said impatiently.

That comment was too much for Dan. The heat of the moment, Lester talking to Sarah like that, her exposed here in front of him and the way she was milking his cock. It was all too much.

With a sharp inhale of breath, Dan came. His cum shot out load after load of cum, drenching the inside of Sarah's pussy.

The feeling of Dan's cum inside her started to put her in overdrive as it always did. She ground into him harder, taking as much of his dick inside her as possible as she squeezed every last drop of cum from his cock.

"Sorry big boy." she breathed. Her eyes playfully looked Lester over. "These lips are just for my husband."

Fuck patience. Lester quickly moved from behind the couch until he was standing next to its arm, right next to the couple.

"Stay the fuck there Lester. No touching." Dan said, trying to rise from his elbows but Sarah's hard pounding kept him seated in place. She was getting close to cumming herself and wasn't about to lose this one.

"Don't worry Dan, I won't do anything Sarah doesn't want," he smirked, still stroking his cock. The real Lester coming out on display. "Besides, I just wanted to make sure she got a good view of this."

He gestured to his cock and both Sarah and Dan involuntarily looked at it.

Sarah gasped, taken aback. She saw it earlier in the kitchen when it was soft and from across the room before. But now, here so close to her, it looked massive. Lester's cock was long, girthy, and looked as hard as a steel pole. And it was hard because of her.

It jutted out over the arm of the couch, a drip of precum running down the bottom of its shaft before Lester's stroked it away.

Dan blinked. The cock he was looking at did not compute with the mental image he had of Lester. This shy, meek loser he shared an apartment with was packing. Dan was above average and Sarah always considered him well endowed but Lester's cock was something else.

"She can't take her eyes off it, Dan." Lester grinned.

Sarah immediately blinked. Her eyes darting to Dan's, then back at Lester not knowing where to look. She closed her eyes to escape the situation and focus on the feeling of Dan's cock inside of her. But behind her closed eyes, the image of Lester stroking his impressive organ was seared into her brain.

Dan was spent but the situation was keeping his cock hard as a rock. Sarah continued to ride him with desperation. She was going to cum soon.

"Hey wait" she heard Dan say.

Suddenly she felt her other bra strap being lowered. Her eyes flicked open, looking down to see Lester's finger looped under the left strap of her bra. The back of his fingers grazed her soft exposed skin as he slowly and deliberately pulled it down to rest on her bicep.

She looked up at his lust-filled face as he licked his lips.

"I'm going to cum for you Sarah," he said in a commanding voice. He didn't sound like the Lester she spoke to earlier in the day. This was someone different.

That's when it hit her. The orgasm that had been building inside of her exploded, radiating across her entire body. It hit fast and hard and didn't stop. Pleasure washed over her. Dan could feel Sarah's pussy clench into his cock, holding it tighter than he had ever experienced before.

"Ohhhhhh fuck." she groaned through gritted teeth as her face contorted in pleasure. "Fuck."

Her eyes involuntarily closed. Her breasts were rapidly rising and falling, her nails dug into Dan's shoulders. He was trapped beneath her as her legs clamped down.

Dan sat there speechless at the events in front of him with post-orgasm clarity. *How did this happen?*

"Mmm, that's right. Come for Lester baby." Lester growled while stroking his cock with abandon.

Mid-orgasm Sarah looked up at Lester. His balls tightened.

"Fuck." Stream after stream of Lester's white hot cum shot from his cock, hitting Sarah square in her chest. His cum soaked into her white bra and ran down her cleavage.

Sarah had never seen a cock cum so much. Her orgasm hit another crescendo as another stream of Lester's cum sprayed across her bra. Her legs and pussy tightened even harder onto Dan as she looked into Lester's eyes.

Dan's favorite view in the world was watching Sarah look at him as she came. The beauty and vulnerability in it was such an erotic private secret she shared with him. And now Lester was looking down and taking in one of Dan's most prized treasures.

Lester shot his last load of cum but it dropped onto the arm of the couch without hitting Sarah. He took a few steps back, breathing hard looking at the site of debauchery in front of him. A shit-eating grim spread across his face.

With her chest covered in Lester's creamy cum, Sarah finally broke eye contact. She stopped moving and tried to catch her breath.

Dan sat there, unknowing how to react. What he did know was that his cock was still hard.

Sarah's eyes opened and she looked at Dan. Both of them sat there for a moment trying to read the other's face. This was the craziest thing that the couple had ever done together and both were terrified of how the other would react.

Dan could see the guilt spreading onto Sarah's face. She needed some reassurance after what had just happened. "I love you, Sarah."

"Holy fuck Dan that was crazy, I don't know how that happened." She said pleading.

"It's okay, it's fine." He looked at her cum soaker chest. "Let's get things cleaned up and then we can talk about it."

Sarah looked down at her chest and gasped. "Jesus....I'm a mess."

"Yes, yes you are. But you're my mess." He smiled up at her, trying to keep his best poker face.

He didn't know what to think of everything that just happened but she had to know that he wasn't mad and that they were okay.

Sarah smiled back at him. "I love you, so much Dan."

" I love you too boo."

They both realized their tender moment was being observed by Lester. Sarah and Dan both turned their heads to look at him but he wasn't there. The muffled sounds of video games down the hall meant that his door was shut. At some point, he had disappeared without a word.

Sarah dismounted Dan. "Well you're right, I better go get cleaned up."

She leaned forward to kiss him but then thought better of it. *I don't want any cum dripping onto him.*

Dan watched Sarah's ass bounce away as she went down the hallway towards Lester's room, but turned into the bathroom. The light came on briefly before going out as she shut the door.

He was left there stunned and alone. He was naked on the couch and just saw his odd roommate paint his wife's chest with his cum. *What the fuck just happened.*

He moved to stand up, pushing off the arm of the couch when he felt something sticky. He stood and looked at the couch and back at his hand. "That mother fucker."

Lester had retreated without cleaning up his mess.

The sounds of video games muffled Lester's movements. He wasn't going to miss a golden opportunity twice in one day.

He held up his ultra-high definition camera to the pinhole in his closet. He watched from the viewfinder as Sarah got into the shower with her naked breasts exposed and covered in his cum for the second time that day.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 03

Tying a double Windsor knot used to be a challenge for Dan, but it had long become second nature to him. Standing in front of his apartment's bathroom mirror, he effortlessly finished with his tie while thinking back to that eventful evening a few weeks ago.

His mind all too often drifted to what had happened in his apartment's living room on the couch. Thoughts of that event had started to consume a lot of his work hours and had even begun to seep into his dreams at night.

The act of having sex with Sarah in front of someone had been such a turn-on for both of them. They'd talked about doing it in the past and even did some role-playing with the topic, but the real thing had felt like opening Pandora's box.

The fact that their watcher had been Dan's roommate, Lester, had led to some thought-provoking revelations about themselves. Dan didn't care for Lester, but he couldn't help but find the thought of him seeing Sarah incredibly erotic; someone so utterly beneath them seeing her, touching her -- fuck, even cumming on her...

Sarah and Dan had briefly discussed what had happened that night and the next morning, but it centered on how crazy things had gotten and reassuring one another that they were okay and that their marriage was still solid.

With Dan landing the new client at work and leading that project, while Sarah was busy back at home balancing her own work-life/mom-life with the kids, their life had quickly forced his fantasy to take a backseat. He yearned to talk to Sarah about it, but their conversations always consisted of daily updates without getting much deeper.

However, he was determined to talk to her about it this weekend. Heading back to Middleton tonight for the first time in what seemed like forever, Dan would finally be able to spend some time with Sarah and the kids.

Finishing with his tie, Dan undid his belt and lowered his zipper quickly to go pee.

"What the fuck, man." Dan looked down in disgust at the toilet.

Sprayed across the seat and onto the floor was a copious amount of urine. Even before Dan was domesticated by Sarah, he was never this bad.

Since that night in the living room, Dan's tolerance for Lester had continued to degrade. His roommate had put on a good act when they first met, but his true colors were slowly beginning to show.

"I'm not fucking cleaning this again." Dan relieved himself straight into the toilet without hitting the seat.

As he finished and was washing his hands, he heard his cell phone ring from the bedroom. He quickly ran over and saw that it was Sarah. He smiled and quickly accepted the call.

"Hey, baby! What's up?" Dan said as he began to look himself over in the bedroom mirror.

"Well, I just wanted to call and say I love you and to have a great day at work," Sarah said. "And I can't wait for you to finally come home tonight. I'm going to make use of that package you sent me."

Dan smiled. Last week he had ordered a black silk robe that ended mid-thigh for Sarah. He got the notification that it had arrived the night before.

"Oh, I can't wait to see you model it." Dan smiled. "I have lots of plans for you and that robe."

"Then hurry up and get home, big boy. I can't wait to --"

"Shit! Sorry, Dan, I have to take care of something here; text me updates on your way home, okay?" Sarah said.

"You got it, honey. I love you and I'll see you soon." Dan finished looking himself over, satisfied that he was ready to take on the day.

"I love you, too, boo." Sarah mimicked a kissing noise. "Bye."

"Bye, Sarah."

Dan grabbed his bag and headed to the kitchen to get his lunch. He looked sideways at the pile of Lester's dishes in the sink. *I think I liked it better when he would just leave those in his room.*

Ignoring the dishes for now, he grabbed his lunch from the fridge, put it in his bag and headed out the door.

As soon as Lester heard the apartment door shut, he sprang into action.

He opened the messaging app on his phone and typed "Go time" to Ned, one of his DnD and WoW buddies who did whatever Lester needed him to.

Today, that involved making Ned take the day off from his board game store and helping Lester with the next part of his plan.

Checking his watch, Lester waited impatiently for Ned to arrive. He didn't invite people into his domain. Not ever. But sometimes new opportunities require evolution.

Lester heard a limp knock rattle gently on the door. He rolled his eyes and opened it.

"Come in, I need to get going," Lester said, annoyed. He took a second to glance over Ned. Disgust flashed across his face.

Lester looked and behaved the way he did by choice. Ned was the opposite; life just seemed to happen to him. Sure, he was more outgoing and friendly than Lester, but he looked like the ultimate man baby.

Ned was around his height and sported the quintessential dad body. He was probably close to his own age, but Lester didn't know for sure. He had never bothered nor cared to ask.

Today he was wearing baggy cargo shorts and an oversized, faded t-shirt that read 'The Cake Is a Lie!' His eyebrows were just as bushy and unkempt as his beard and his face was framed by thick, horn-rimmed glasses. He was also failing at masking the bald spot starting on the top of his head.

His shoulders were perennially hunched and his short neck gave him the appearance of a turtle staring down an 18-wheeler truck, unable to do anything but stare back as the headlights got closer.

"T-thanks for asking me to help Lester," Ned said excitedly. "I won't let you down."

"Of course you won't, Ned, a monkey could do this." Lester waved him to follow as the smile disappeared from Ned's face. Lester led Ned down the hallway to his bedroom.

"In the next 20 minutes the junk guys will be here. They are to take everything on the floor and the bed. Don't let them touch the chair or desk - got it?"

Lester eyed Ned.

Ned gulped, "Got it."

The floor of the bedroom was covered in filth. Dirty clothes and dishes piled everywhere. There were only a few spots open on the floor between the door, computer, and closet. It seemed like Lester had recently thrown more objects and clothing on the floor - almost like a dumping ground for unwanted things.

"Is there a problem, Ned?" Lester asked with a pointed look on his face.

"N-no, no problem. I just didn't know why I was coming here." Ned replied.

Lester had no intention of letting Ned in on his plans. He liked to keep his business and his social life completely separate. Still, he did feel the need to brag to Ned to ensure word got back to his group. "This is all for a woman, Ned."

Ned's eyes grew at the mention of a woman. This was a detail Lester had never shared before as members of their group were not usually in position to boast about the opposite sex.

"Now, they need to hurry up and clear all this shit out as fast as possible. At noon some house cleaners are coming to tackle this room and the rest of the apartment." Lester began to walk back to the door. "Make sure the guys take the bed and mattress, too. Another one and some furniture is coming that I'll need you to assemble."

Lester put on his shoes. "Oh, and all this furniture in the living room goes as well. Nothing stays. Got it?"

"Got it, Lester." Ned paused. "Is she hot?"

Lester smiled. "A total smoke show."

Ned gleamed "The guys won't believe this, I can't wait to hear what they say."

"Do a good job today, Ned, and maybe I'll show you a picture." Lester left to attend to his busy day.

"Dan, I just got off the phone with Marcus at the Lincoln Group," Walt shared as he paced back and forth in his office. "They love the direction we're taking them in and they're confident we'll be able to deliver on our promises."

Walt stopped, looking at Dan, and smiled. "Great work son, you really outdid yourself."

"Thanks, Walt." Dan said, "It was really a group effort here. You've built a great team, and they pulled this all together just as much as I did."

Walt moved behind his desk and sat down "They are a great bunch, you're right about that. But none of them are willing to step up and lead an unknown account like you did, Dan. You're really the missing piece to the puzzle. I just wish we'd found you sooner..."

"Well, I'm glad to be here now. If there is anything else you need -- aside from the Lincoln Group -- just let me know. I'm eager to contribute." Dan said.

"No, you focus on them for now. I need this one to go well." Walt eyed the closed door. "Dan, can I tell you something in confidence? It stays here in this office."

"Yes, of course. I can be discreet." Dan was unsure what was coming next, but he didn't like the direction this conversation was heading. It was great that Walt would trust him with something like this, though.

"Some of our other clients haven't been overly enthusiastic with the work that has been delivered lately." Walt made a gesture with his open palms as if laying bare all his secrets to Dan. "A few of the other team members have dropped the ball, and it's hurt us."

Walt leaned forward, "I really need this project to go well." He removed his glasses and looked Dan right in the eyes, "The Lincoln Group can mean a lot of repeat business if we get this just right, followed by a lot of referrals to other firms. In our industry, one both lives and dies by those referrals."

Dan paused and thought about this revelation. It seems like Walt was looking at the Lincoln Group as a golden goose while some of their employees and -- by extension -- other clients were faltering. His gut twisted at that news.

Dan tapped down his emotions and smiled warmly, "I'll make sure this project exceeds their expectations, Walt. You don't have to worry about it."

He leaned back slightly in his chair, "And you also don't need to worry about me. I won't say anything about the other projects. My job is to make sure we shine with the Lincoln Group so you can keep an eye on other issues."

"That's a relief to hear, Dan." Walt had a faint smile but looked exhausted. "I know they are in good hands with you."

Walt paused with his eyes on the office door, seemingly lost in thought. Looking back at Dan, he let out a breath he had obviously been holding. "Actually, I wanted to ask you a favor."

Dan groaned internally. *Alright, what did I accidentally set myself up for now?*

"Sure, Walt, name it," Dan answered.

"Some of the other issues we've been having..." Walt let the words sit there in the air for a moment. "There have been some assumptions and missteps by one of our junior team members, Jesse. I know you haven't worked with him directly, but he was in the meeting on Saturday a few weeks ago and sat next to you, I think."

He knew exactly who he was. Dan was pretty sure Jesse had seen the sexy pictures on his phone that Sarah had taken for him in Lester's room. He never did get the chance to bring that up with him, and it seemed like the time for that confrontation had passed.

Walt sat back down and continued, obviously a little uncomfortable. "Jesse's made some mistakes, and it cost us. I'm not sure how many people even know what I'm about to tell you, so I'd like to ask for your discretion here as well. You see...Jesse is the son of a family friend who I'd promised to help out, and I really feel like I will be failing them if I have to terminate him. I was hoping you could take him under your wing and help mentor him."

Dan was flabbergasted. If he had asked him to do this a few months ago it wouldn't be a problem, but Jesse had obviously been avoiding Dan and the unresolved issue of the pictures still sat over his head like a storm cloud.

"Yeah, Walt, that's no problem." Dan tried to figure out a way out of this. "But are you sure you want him working with me on the Lincoln Group project? If he messed up other accounts and this one is so important..."

"I know, I know." Walt put his hands up defensively "But he'll have you to look after him and double-check things. I'm confident you can handle this."

Dan shrugged, pretending nothing was wrong. "I got this, Walt. Don't worry about it."

"Good. Great!" Walt stood, extending his hand to Dan. Dan rose and shook it. "Now, Dan, if you'll excuse me, I have some things to attend to. Oh, and have a great weekend with the family."

"Thanks, Walt. If I don't see you again before 5:00, have a great weekend." Dan left Walt's office, closing the door behind him.

Dan's thoughts were all over the place. He had been happy to avoid Jesse and pretend like nothing ever happened, but now he was going to have to work directly with him. *Better put that pin code on my phone soon.*

More disconcerting, though, was the news that some clients were unhappy with the firm's work. That was a red flag that Dan would need to delve into further. If there was a chance of layoffs, he wouldn't be caught off guard again.

It was getting close to noon and, needing a breather, Dan headed to the break room.

The room was empty, so it looked like he was the first one there. On Friday, most of his colleagues went out for lunch, a luxury Dan couldn't afford at the moment.

He retrieved his lunch pail from the fridge and got ready to microwave some Chinese leftovers from the night before. "What the hell?" he murmured.

The Tupperware containing his Chinese leftovers was missing. Dan now vaguely remembered seeing the container in the sink filled with dirty dishes this morning. "That fucking guy..."

"Arrrggghh, FUCK!" Lester bellowed as the wax was ripped from his nostrils, extracting his nose hairs with them. "That fucking hurt."

"Shall I do your ears as well?" the polite, little woman asked.

"Do it." He gripped the arms of the chair, bracing for pain.

Ten minutes later, Lester exited the waxing parlor and strode across the mall floor. His nose involuntarily twitched and his eyes watered as he made his way to the barber across the hall. It was time to update his appearance and remove barriers that could dissuade Dan or Sarah from succumbing to his machinations.

"Honey, I'm home!" Dan called out as he dropped his bag by the front door. Seconds later his daughters ran up and hugged him. Since he didn't have any lunch to eat, he worked through the lunch hour, managing to duck out and head home early.

"I've missed you guys." Dan embraced his girls. He couldn't get used to not seeing them every day. As such, once he finally held them, he really didn't want to let them go.

"We missed you too, Mr. Chicago." Sarah was leaning against the door frame to the kitchen. Her hair was pulled up in a bun, likely because she was busy cooking dinner. Her tight-fitting, white t-shirt with the plunging v-neck was tucked into her jeans.

Dan smiled up at her. "Get over here."

She smiled back brightly and almost skipped across the floor before giving him a bear hug, sandwiching one of their daughters between them. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you, too." He planted a long kiss on her lips.

"Hmmm...and I've missed that." She whispered.

Sarah stood back and looked him over. "Well, I've got dinner on the stove, chicken cacciatore. The girls have some stuff they want to show you. I'll call you when dinner is ready, boo."

"Mmmm chicken cacciatore, my favorite," Dan said.

"Why do you think I'm making it, Mister?" Sarah smiled playfully.

Dan let his daughters guide him over to the living room where they showed him all the things they had been up to in his absence. He was shown their schoolwork, new art they had worked on, and the games they'd been playing. Each one was talking over the other, excited to get as much of their father's attention as possible.

Dinner arrived quickly and Dan savored every bite of his chicken cacciatore. As he was enthusiastically scarfing down mouthfuls of his favorite dish, he'd occasionally catch Sarah watching him with an amused smirk.

After dinner, he spent more time with Sarah and the kids before getting them ready for bed. Reading the girls several more story books than usual, he then tucked them in for the night, turned out their light and closed their bedroom door.

With their daughters safely sound asleep, he made his way back downstairs to the living room where Sarah was waiting for him with some red wine. Her glass was already half empty.

Taking the wine, he sat down next to her and sighed, "God, you don't know how much I've missed this."

She sipped her wine and looked at him. "Me too, baby. I've missed just sitting here talking with you so much."

She stretched her legs over his lap and leaned back. "We'll figure this all out soon, but for now we just need to get through it. As long

as you keep crushing it with that new client, I'm sure things will turn around."

"Ugh, yeah," Dan replied.

"What is it?" Sarah asked.

Dan laid out that conversation he had earlier with his boss. She was glad that Walt was impressed with him and was now relying on him to strike it big with the Lincoln group, but she became worried as he also told her about mentoring Jesse and some of the issues he'd caused with their other clients.

"Well, that doesn't sound great." Sarah paused, mulling over the news. "Do you think things are okay for the company? Financially, I mean."

"I'm not sure, but I am definitely going to find out." He replied as he studied the wine in his glass.

"What about this Jesse guy? What's he like? He better not mess up your project." Sarah asked.

Dan took a long sip of wine in order to delay his answer. He hadn't told Sarah about Jesse probably seeing her pictures -- he wasn't even sure he wanted her to know. A part of him wanted to tell her, but it had been so many weeks now that it might appear as if he was keeping such an exposure a secret from her, which, in fact, he was. Having just gotten home after a relatively long time away, though, he didn't want to risk any kind of fight. "I don't know, really. I haven't worked too closely with him. He kind of seems like a weasel, though."

Dan noticed a look of concern on Sarah's face. "A harmless weasel, who is apparently incompetent. I can handle it."

"I have no doubts, my love." Sarah smiled. "What else is new in Chicago? Things are pretty boring here."

Dan sighed. "Nothing much. I really just go to work and then come back to the apartment each day. Rinse and repeat. The only highlights are when I get to talk to you on the phone."

"Awww, that's sweet." She leaned forward and planted a kiss on his lips and then sat back. "So nothing else new, then? No good restaurants or anything?"

This could be the opening Dan had been waiting for to work the conversation back to that night. "Nope, no new restaurants. There has been some weird stuff going on at the apartment, though..."

Sarah raised an eyebrow. "Weird stuff? Like what?"

"It's Lester..." Dan trailed off, trying to gauge Sarah's reaction.

To her credit, her face showed no emotions at hearing Lester's name. Sipping her wine, she asked, "What weird thing is going on with him?"

"I don't know. It just seems like ever since the last time you visited..." Dan paused to look at Sarah again. "He seems to have become more of a shitty roommate than before."

"How so?" Sarah asked.

"Just annoying things, like leaving dirty dishes in the kitchen for days. He certainly hasn't been helping clean or taking care of the place...and I'm pretty sure he ate my lunch today." Dan breathed out in a huff.

"What a dick." She eyed her wine glass, which was now getting dangerously empty.

Dan didn't respond. He was momentarily stunned by Sarah saying the word dick in reference to Lester. *Last time she called it a cock.*

She finished her drink and then gestured to her empty wine glass, holding it out to Dan, "Could you top me up?"

"Of course." Dan took her glass and made his way to the kitchen. As he refilled it, he tried to think of a subtle way to broach the topic of that night.

He made his way back to the living room and handed the refilled glass to his wife.

Sitting back down on the couch, Dan pondered aloud, "So...that last night in Chicago was a little crazy, huh?"

Real subtle, dumbass.

Sarah cocked an eyebrow and sat up. "Oh, whatever do you mean?"

His wife was clearly toying with him now. She had seen the angst on his face as Dan asked the question.

"You know damn well that I'm talking about. Lester and him watching us."

Sarah smiled and eyed him while she took another slow sip of her wine. "It really was crazy. I still don't know how it all happened."

"Yeah, exactly." Dan said. "I know we talked a bit that night and the next morning about it. I know that we're good and that we both felt like we got carried away with how tense and taboo the situation was, but..."

"But?" Sarah asked pointedly. She was looking at him with that expression that Dan could never fully interpret. The look implied that

Sarah would either give Dan everything he ever wanted, or tell him off and completely shut down the conversation.

"But," Dan emphasized. "We've been going about the last few weeks like nothing ever happened. And I am fine with getting back to normal, I like normal -- I like it a lot. I just wanted to, I don't know - - see where we both are."

Silence hung in the room for a moment. Dan looked at Sarah, waiting to see her reaction while he did all he could to control the verbal diarrhea that was ready to explode from his mouth.

Sarah swirled her wine and took a small sniff. "How much do you think about it?"

"What?" Dan asked. *Shit, this isn't going as I expected.*

"Over the past couple of weeks with things being normal, how many times have you thought about that night?" She continued to shift her position on the couch, now fully facing Dan. "I know it hasn't been ideal with the distance between us. And I know that the longer you go without some kind of relief from me, the more you start thinking with other parts of your body."

"I'm not going to lie, Sarah. I have thought about it quite a bit." Dan admitted. "I can't help it, replays of that night just pop into my head both when I'm at work or alone in the apartment. It was just such an intense experience."

"Mmmhmm, it was pretty intense as far as things go. Do you regret it?" She asked.

"Yes and no, I guess. You know how we've talked about a situation kind of like that before, but it was just when we were playing around. Being there and actually seeing it in person...it's just a lot to process." Dan sighed and took a large swig of his wine.

"Your...our fantasy about someone watching us. Seeing me exposed like that. Having someone else there with us in the room. Does thinking about it still turn you on?"

Dan paused, briefly trying to figure out the right answer to the question. He didn't want to seem overly eager or too regretful, but he also didn't know where he wanted this conversation to go; at least, that's what he was trying to tell himself.

"Yeah. Yeah, it does." Dan almost whispered. "And I sort of hate that it does. It's just so wrong and weird, but it's also exciting and unpredictable and feels like we're playing with fire."

He raised his eyes to look at her. "A part of me feels ashamed for even putting you in that situation, but another part loves that we did it. When I realize I'm getting turned on by it, I can't stop beating myself up thinking about how not normal I am."

"Oh, baby." Sarah laughed and closed the distance between them, putting her hand on his forearm. "You *are* normal and your thoughts aren't weird at all. Everyone has their own triggers and things that turn them on."

She looked at him reassuringly, "And I'm a big girl, okay? You didn't make me do anything. I could have gotten up off that couch and walked back into the bedroom anytime. You even asked if I wanted to and I told you no, remember?"

Dan looked down into his wine glass. "Yeah, but you did that because of my fantasy. Because of having another guy --"

"I did it for us, Dan. Not just for you, alright? If I didn't like where things were heading, I would have stopped it. The idea of getting caught, I've always found that hot. Don't feel guilty, I probably wanted it just as much as you did." Sarah squeezed his arm.

The conversation was getting a little too somber for Dan's liking. "You did look pretty damn hot riding me like that."

"Did I, now?" She raised an eyebrow at him, "Which part of the night did you like the most?"

"When I asked if you wanted to go to the bedroom and you basically said no and just jumped me on the couch. That was pretty hot."

The mischievous look had returned to Sarah's face as she eyed Dan over the rim of her wine glass. "Oh it was, was it?"

"The way you talked to me, while he was there watching..." Dan felt the floodgates in his mind open and he couldn't stop. "The way you talked to him was even more erotic. I have never seen your face when you orgasm while looking at someone else."

Dan shifted in his seat and Sarah noticed.

Her free hand moved from Dan's forearm to his crotch. She was not surprised to feel that Dan was already hard. "I see that just thinking about that night seems to have brought you to attention."

Dan groaned. His cock liked how things were progressing, but he had wanted to ask her one last question. "It has. That night was crazy, but it was so hot, too. I just really want to know your thoughts about it being him who saw us. In all of our fantasies acting that scenario out, I never imagined it being someone like him."

Sarah's hand stopped moving over his crotch, but she left it there. She half smiled. "Me neither, to be honest. He's not my type at all."

Dan could sense there was something left unsaid. "But?"

She looked at him, realizing she had unintentionally left herself open. "But...maybe him being what he is made it even hotter for

me. He isn't good looking or really much good at anything it seems, so having someone like that watching us... Watching me..."

Sarah trailed off, but Dan stayed silent and waited, giving her a chance to compose her thoughts.

"We both work hard, right? We both have good careers, and we do what we are supposed to do. We do things by the book. We work out, we eat well and take care of ourselves, and I think we both enjoy each other's hard work in and out of the bedroom."

She paused. "So having someone participate in our fantasy who isn't like us in any of those ways, just... God, it sounds like I'm a huge bitch for saying this, Dan, but having someone who is beneath us or who isn't on our level seeing me exposed like that must be a trigger of mine. For someone like that, who doesn't take care of themselves at all and is completely undeserving, but still gets to experience something they aren't supposed to... The idea of that just gets to me."

Dan smiled. "No, you're not a bitch. I get what you are saying, and I've always thought that idea was hot. It's like beauty and the beast, or the nerd and the cheerleader sort of thing, right?"

Sarah blushed, "Exactly. The cheerleader and the nerd or loser type, I've always liked that."

"Oh really?" Dan raised an eyebrow. "Weren't you a cheerleader in high school?"

"I was," Sarah said. Dan opened his mouth to speak but before he could Sarah added, "And before you ask, no, there were never any losers or nerds I got with in high school. I would catch some of them looking at me, and yes, it did give me a little thrill knowing what they might be thinking but would never get."

"Well, that is a role-play scenario I am going to have to add to our list." He smiled.

She laughed and her hand slowly began to trace along the length of his still erect dick. "What about you, Dan? What do you think about it being Lester who was the one who saw us?"

Dan took a moment to appreciate Sarah's touch. "I get all the reasons that you said, and I can see how it being someone like him added a little fuel to the fire. For me, it's much the same, but also somewhat different, especially after that night and over the past few weeks."

She stared at him seductively. "Different how?"

Dan sighed. "Well, at first he was just this little, inconsequential kind of guy who kept to himself, but starting that night I became aware of how he looked at you and then the smug sort of way he would look at me. I don't quite know how to describe it. And lately he has just been such a pain in the ass around the apartment. He is just getting on my nerves, he's inconsiderate, he's a crappy roommate who just doesn't give a shit and --"

"And this guy who is pissing you off has watched us have sex and came all over my chest."

Dan's cock twitched at Sarah's words. Sarah felt it and could feel Dan grow even harder.

"Fuck," Dan groaned.

Sarah's fingers continued to dance along the outline of Dan's dick. "So my loving husband likes it when someone he considers beneath him, who doesn't treat him with respect and is just an all-around shitty person gets to see his wife on display?"

"Ugh," Dan hesitated. He didn't want to admit it to himself, let alone Sarah. He had wanted this conversation, but it was becoming all too much, too quickly. "What about you?" He countered.

Dan leaned over and began planting kisses along Sarah's neck, working his way up to her ear lobe. "You, almost fully naked like that, sitting on display in a strange place in front of a strange man. I think you liked it, maybe even a little too much."

Sarah's hand worked its way into Dan's pants until it made skin-to-skin contact with his dick. "It was hot. What made it hotter was having you there with me, showing me off like that."

She abruptly pulled away from him and downed the last few gulps of her wine. She reached over and started tugging on his pants, pulling them down to his calves. "What made it even hotter was seeing the look on your face."

Her hands pulled down his boxers and she eyed his dick. She reached out and began to caress it. "Seeing the way you looked at me on display for him... God, you were so sexy. I love seeing you that way."

She leaned forward and licked him, from the base of his shaft up to the head. "Now tell me, did you like Lester watching me?"

She slowed her strokes, waiting for him to answer. Dan was staring down at her, riled up beyond belief. She was playing chicken with him. He had to answer, or else she might deny him what comes next. "Yeah...I did."

She knelt forward and took his dick into her mouth while her hand continued to stroke him. After a few seconds she backed off and looked up at him with an intense gaze. "Is that all you want, Dan? For Lester to just watch?"

Dan was stupefied. He knew what she meant, but he didn't know how to respond. "What do you mean?"

A half smile spread across Sarah's face. "I mean, did you like it when Lester took down my bra strap? God, the balls he must have to do that. You know his hand touched my skin."

She took off her shirt to reveal a black lace bra. Slowly reaching up, she pulled down each strap and let them hang loosely over her arms. She looked just like she had that night. Her hand snaked its way back to his dick and began to slowly pump him again. "Why didn't you stop him, Dan?"

"You had me pinned down, I couldn't get up." Dan lied.

"Maybe. Maybe." She took a long look at the hard dick in her hand. "But you could have put the strap back up. You could have swatted him away."

"I want to go upstairs with you soon, Dan, but I want to hear it first." She slowly stopped stroking him and looked up into his eyes. That lust-filled face that turned her on so much was looking back at her. "Do you want Lester to touch me, Dan? Does that turn you on?"

Dan couldn't comprehend how to respond. *Is this some kind of trap? Why is she asking me this...*

"Ugh, God." Dan breathed as Sarah gently tightened her grip on his cock. "The thought of Lester touching you, it just drives me over the edge. I don't want him to even be in the same room as you, but when he was there while you were exposed like that...fuck."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at him and slowly let go of his cock.

Dan sat there stumped. *Did I just fuck things up? Shit.*

She stood up and straddled his lap. Dan's hands found her thighs just as her lips found his ear. "Do you want it to happen again?"

Dan gulped.

"Do you want Lester to see us like that again?" she whispered huskily.

Conflicting emotions ran through Dan. His angst, anger, and jealousy mixed together with his overwhelming lust. "I want to see it again. I want to see you again."

Sarah pushed off Dan's chest and stood up, moving towards the stairs. She turned her head to see Dan still sitting there frozen on the couch. "I'm going to go upstairs and put on that special present you got me..."

"Wait 10 minutes and then come up." She started to ascend the stairs.

"Oh and Dan, it won't be you I'm fucking tonight." She smiled at him mischievously. "I think Lester might just creep his way in before you."

With that, she disappeared out of sight leaving Dan alone in the dark living room. He went to the kitchen to top up his wine glass and check the time.

The elevator doors opened and Lester stepped into the hallway, breathing hard. He hadn't expected the clothes he bought would weigh so much. Carrying several large bags, Lester finally arrived at his apartment.

Setting the bags down inside the door, he was greeted by Ned who was sitting on the floor of the living room assembling a piece of

furniture.

"Hey Lester, everything is taken care of. All that shi...your stuff in your room is gone. And they took your bed and everything in here, too."

"Great." Lester looked around at the state of the living room. Ned had clearly gotten everything set up for him. Mounted on the wall was a new LED TV along with a coffee table, brown leather couch and ottoman, two other comfy-looking leather chairs, and a new rug that ran between the furniture.

Lester had hired a virtual interior designer to help him choose the apartment's new decor carefully. He wanted it to evoke a certain emotion in Sarah. For inspiration, he had given the designer photos from Sarah's Pinterest page that she kept for her own home.

He wasn't about to paint the walls or do any big changes, but swapping out furniture was easy and a small expense for him.

Before purchasing anything he reviewed the video he had taken of Sarah in the shower to determine how tall she was. While the new furniture created the aesthetic he wanted, it was also the perfect height. No matter which seat Sarah sat in, her eye level would always be directly in line with Lester's crotch when he was standing.

The couch and ottoman also had a large enough base to accommodate the couple having sex comfortably and then some. The couch and chairs also had lower backs than the previous set. This ensured that if the events of the last night Sarah was in town repeated itself, she could see his cock the entire time.

Everything was also placed strategically to give Lester a prime line of sight from his bedroom.

Lester moved around the room taking pictures of the setup to send to the designer for confirmation. "How's the bedroom?"

"The bed and mattress are all set up. I did have to move your desk a bit since it's a king bed." Ned said as he finished assembling the side table. "So, do you want to --"

Ignoring whatever it was Ned was about to say, Lester made his way to inspect his bedroom. It still smelled like his room, but it looked quite different.

Gone was all the waste and refuse that had cluttered the floor. Dishes, dirty clothes, and uneaten food were things of the past. There wasn't even a single Cheetos bag in sight.

Lester had ordered more than one maid company to come today, giving each specific instructions on what to tackle. Each surface was now dusted and polished. His floors were bare apart from a couple of stains that must have been impossible to get out, likely from something he'd left there for a long time. *Note to self, get another rug to cover that.*

A brand new king size bed took center stage in his room now, topped with luxurious Egyptian cotton sheets that boasted a 1,000 thread count. *I'll have to throw some starch in with Dan's sheets to make them more uncomfortable.*

Like the furniture in the living room, the bed frame was the perfect height so Lester could comfortably stand next to it while thrusting into someone lying on it.

The only remnants of Lester's old room were the desk and chair. Even though the chair was ratty, it was *his* chair and the cornerstone of his command center. He'd ordered a slip cover to go over it that matched the bed frame which would be arriving that night.

The maids were given explicit instructions not to touch the desk or anything on it. That was especially the case for the locked drawers, which contained his most prized possessions - trophies of his conquests.

Lester's phone vibrated in his pocket. He opened it to see a notification saying his last package would be arriving soon.

Ned meekly appeared in the doorframe, peering in from the hallway but not daring to enter the room. "Is there anything else you need, Lester? I really need to get to the store, tonight we're hosting a group of --"

"Yeah, one last thing." Lester didn't look up from his phone. He had opened Instagram and was scrolling through the latest updates from Sarah, who had posted a picture of herself with Dan in their home. The caption said something about how happy she was to have him back home.

"I need you to patch that. There should be some drywall and mud in the front closet." He pointed towards the yellow, cum stained drywall beneath his peephole. *I'll have to cover that, too.*

Ned hesitantly stepped into the room towards the section of wall Lester indicated. He made a face and asked, "What is that?"

"I dropped some food there and the cleaning stuff made it yellow." He pinched the screen on his phone, zooming in on Sarah's face. *Soon...*

Dan watched the clock on the microwave with a raging hard-on. *Are we really going to role-play about Lester? God, that's fucked up.*

After ten minutes had finally passed, Dan finished his wine and headed for their bedroom upstairs.

As he ascended the stairs, he could feel his erection straining against his pants. He began to disrobe until he stood outside his bedroom in only his boxers. He placed his hand on the doorknob and quietly turned it while opening the door.

Holy shit.

Sarah's hands were firmly planted on the end of the bed as she stood there, pushing her ass out on display for whoever walked through the bedroom door. She was wearing the black silk robe that he had bought for her which barely covered her beautiful ass in her current pose.

Dan's eyes feasted on her toned legs on full display and quickly shifted his attention to how good her ass looked, even with it being covered by the robe. *That woman's ass would look good in whatever she wears.*

He stood there a few moments, just taking in the sight before him.

Sarah was gently swaying her ass back and forth, inviting Dan to step up and take it. "Oh, Dan, I've missed you so much. I just had to come and surprise you in your apartment."

She never turned around to look at him but kept gently swaying her hips, as if slowly dancing to inaudible music. Dan finally took the hint and crossed the room, stepping up behind her. He grabbed her hips with both hands and pressed his still boxer clad dick into her backside.

"Oooh, it seems like someone is happy to see me. Did you have a *hard* day at work, baby? I'm going to take good care of you." Sarah pushed her hands into the bed as she grinded herself back on Dan's dick.

Dan groaned as he felt his dick being enveloped by the silk of Sarah's robe as it pushed between the tops of her thighs.

"We have to be quiet, Dan, I don't know if Lester is home or not. I think he is probably out, though." Sarah whispered.

Dan, as Lester, stayed silent.

She shuddered as his hands began to explore her body. His left hand snaked its way inside of the robe and massaged her breasts. His other hand parted the slit in the robe and pressed against her panty-covered sex.

"Mmmmmm" Sarah moaned. Feeling Dan's hot cock on her backside and his fingers pressing into her was getting her going.

Dan's hands began moving again. The fingertips of his left hand began to trace along the line between the lace bra and her bare skin before moving upwards. His fingers danced between her cleavage as it rose to her neck.

When his fingers got close to her face, Sara instinctively turned her head and took his index and middle finger into her mouth and sucked on them.

Dan shuddered at the feeling. Sarah grabbed the back of his hand to pull his fingers deeper into her mouth as she alternated between sucking them and running her tongue along them.

His other hand found her panty line and gently eased inside. His fingers made contact with her bare pussy, making Sarah take a sharp intake of breath. She only had a second to pause before Dan continued to thrust his fingers into her mouth.

Dan found Sarah's clit and began to slowly massage it. His fingers pressed gently on it as he moved them in a circular motion.

She moved her head away from his fingers, eyes shut while she concentrated on the sensation.

Dan's fingers dropped down even farther, sliding along Sarah's smooth slit until they found their prize. As he gently put one finger inside of her, he felt her go up on her tippy toes and push her ass back into him.

"Ugh, Dan, that feels so good." Sarah moaned.

Dan wanted to fuck Sarah. The way her body was reacting to his touch was making his heart beat faster. In his mind, it wasn't his hands touching her, but Lester's. Lester had snuck into the room and was taking advantage of the situation without Sarah knowing. He was the one causing her to respond like this. *God I'm fucked up, but I need to do this.*

He wanted to get deeper into her. This position and the fact that her panties were still on were preventing his finger from fully pushing into her. He quickly removed his hands from their current spots and placed one on her hip while he used the other to apply pressure on the back of her neck.

Dan pushed and bent her down fully until Sarah was on her elbows, her head bowed and resting on the bed's comforter. With one hand keeping her firmly in place on the bed, the other reached under the robe and pulled down her panties.

Feeling her panties fall down her legs made Sarah moan, "Ooooooh."

Dan used one hand to pull his boxers down and did an awkward, dance-like motion to slip them off and step out of them. His cock sprang out, hard as a steel rod as he looked down at Sarah in front of him. He raised the back of her silk gown up and rested it on her hips, pausing to admire his wife's gorgeous, bare ass.

"God, I can't wait to fuck you." He growled.

One of Sarah's hands reached back and she turned her head with a well-acted look of alarm, "L-L-Lester?"

Holding her hip firmly with one hand, Dan lined himself up and pushed his cock head into her entrance. "Damn right it's me, baby."

"Nooo, Lester, stop! I thought you were Dan." She kept trying to reach back with her hand in a seemingly valiant effort to push him off of her.

Dan put his hand on her back once more as he pushed her down again and slid more of his cock into her. "You don't have to pretend anymore, Sarah. Dan isn't here, and I know you've been curious to feel my cock."

Sarah shuddered as mental images of her last night in the apartment flooded her mind. There was no way she could have forgotten *that*.

"I saw the way you looked at me that night, the way you looked at my cock. Do you know what the look on your face said?" Dan said in his best Lester voice.

"Whaaat?" Sarah asked as she gripped the comforter in both hands.

"Hunger!" Dan said loudly as he pushed himself entirely into her. He pounded several strokes into her, causing her to shriek. Sarah inadvertently edged herself further onto the bed.

Never disconnecting, Dan followed her forward until his knees were resting on the bed. "You were hungry to experience my cock."

"Nooo, that's not true." Sarah moaned.

Dan took his hands off her hips and watched as Sarah continued to push back onto his cock over and over. "Then why are you still fucking my cock?" he said, mockingly.

Sarah didn't stop. She pushed back into him harder. Lester, er...Dan's cock, she corrected herself with a little shame, was filling her completely and hitting all the right places. Her first orgasm of the night was approaching rapidly and she wasn't about to stop now. "God, just shut up and fuck me."

"I thought you'd never ask." Dan grabbed Sarah's hips with both hands and started hammering into her.

Sarah loved when Dan fucked her hard like this, the way he held her and wouldn't let up no matter what she did.

Dan growled. "I knew I had you the moment I walked into that kitchen naked."

The mental image of Lester's bare cock swaying in front of her popped into her mind again. The way it had twitched when he caught her looking at it set her off now.

"Ooooh, Fuck! Fuck!" Sarah screamed as an orgasm quickly rose and washed over her. Her arms got weak and she sunk into the bed, laying down on her stomach. Her pussy clenched down on Dan's dick, slowing his movements as he tried to keep thrusting into her.

Suddenly, she felt her robe being pulled off of her. Dan tossed it next to the bed and momentarily pulled his cock out as he flipped her over. He wasn't sure if she would continue to pretend to put up a fight or not. *God, I need to fuck her more.*

He pulled her legs apart and pushed in again as he laid himself down on top of her. Instinctively, her legs wrapped around him, pulling him even deeper into her.

Dan thought of that night in the apartment again. He remembered the shit-eating grin on Lester's face as he came on Sarah's chest. *That fucker...*

He did his best to mimic that grin and said, "I knew you'd like my cock. Tell me how much you love it."

"Oh, I love it so much. Lester, don't stop fucking me." Sarah moaned.

Lester. She said his name. She had said his name while Dan was fucking her. "Lester, don't stop fucking me."

Hearing Sarah moan Lester's name sent his body into overdrive. He started rapidly thrusting into her, his cock quickly sliding in and out of her soaking wet pussy.

"Say my name again," Dan panted. *Holy shit, I'm going to cum soon.*

"Lester." Sarah groaned. She looked up into the eyes of the man she loved. "Lester, fuck me."

Dan looped both arms under her shoulders and pulled himself as deep inside of her as possible. He was like a man possessed. The look on Sarah's face had always driven him past the point of no return, but this time he imagined she was looking up at someone else, up at Lester. *Fuck, she said "Lester" again.*

Sarah closed her eyes and Dan's face was immediately replaced with that of Lester and the animalistic hunger he'd had on his face as he watched them have sex. She had certainly planned on doing this role-play for her husband, but she hadn't intended to actually imagine having sex with Lester. She now couldn't stop picturing his face from the apartment looking back down at her as she felt his cock rapidly fucking her.

She bit her lip and felt another orgasm beginning to swell inside of her. "Don't stop, don't stop."

"I don't have a condom on, Sarah," Dan whispered. He knew from past role-playing sessions that unprotected sex always turned her on.

"Don't stop, Lester, don't stop." She moaned.

Fuck, that was hot.

Dan kissed Sarah hungrily on the lips, his tongue pushing into her mouth. Sarah grabbed the back of his head and pulled him in closer. Her tongue danced with his as they both fantasized that it was Dan's odd roommate, Lester, who was actually between her legs in bed with her right now.

This was it. "Fuck, I'm going to cum Sarah," Dan grunted as he pulled back from the kiss while hammering into her as hard as he could.

"Fill me." Sarah moaned, her fingernails digging into his shoulder. "Fill me, Lester."

"Fuck, I'm going to knock you up." He bellowed as he felt his cum beginning to boil up in his balls.

"Oh, do it," Sarah said breathlessly as she felt the sheen of sweat cover her body. "Do it, Lester."

Dan roared as he exploded into Sarah. Hearing her say Lester's name and telling him to cum inside of her made him explode harder than he ever had before. Dizzying thoughts of Lester being in this position on his marital bed, with Sarah screaming out Lester's name from underneath him, filled his head as pure pleasure rocketed through his body.

The second Sarah felt his cum hit the back of her pussy, her mind flashed back to the experience of Lester painting her chest with his cum a few weeks ago. She could still almost feel the warm goo running all over her breasts. That same cum was now drenching her unprotected insides. The cum of someone so base and beneath her was violating her most protected treasure right now. She had begun to confuse her fantasy with reality as her climax approached.

Sarah's nails dug farther into Dan's shoulders as her legs wrapped tighter around him in a vice grip. The feeling of cum inside of her had set off the ticking time bomb of her orgasm as she came. Waves

and waves of pleasure radiated out from her sex. She arched her back, her bra-clad chest pushed up into Dan's body.

"Holy fuck..." she wailed through gritted teeth as her orgasm washed over her.

She collapsed, breathless, as Dan let out one final grunt as he fully emptied himself inside of her.

After a few moments of labored breathing, Dan rolled off of Sarah onto his side of the bed. "That was...intense."

Sarah didn't even open her eyes; her total and complete exhaustion wouldn't let her. "Mmmm, Lester..."

Dan's tired brain tried to tell him he should be bothered that the role-play with Lester was continuing after sex, but he had just climaxed harder than ever before, fantasizing the entire time that it was his roommate who was pounding away at his wife in place of him.

His eyes were also closed as he summoned one last, Lester-like grin to face. "Just wait until I have you back in my apartment, Sarah..."

"Mmmm..."

Without saying another word, both Dan and Sarah, still coming down from post-orgasmic bliss, drifted off to sleep.

"Okay Lester, I think I'm done here," Ned said, looking at Lester for approval. "I really do have to get going, they are probably already there waiting for me."

Lester eyed the patched drywall. It looked like crap. Ned obviously wasn't a handyman and had needed to refer to YouTube several

times while doing this small job. Still, it was better than years worth of cum stained into the wall. "Can you come back tomorrow to sand and paint it?"

"Well, Saturday morning I usually do inventory, and then..." He caught the look on Lester's face and stopped himself. "Yeah, I can come back tomorrow, no problem."

"Good." Lester walked back to the living room and began unboxing the packages that had arrived. As he opened the first box, he felt Ned's presence behind him trying to get a peek inside. *Always lingering.*

Without turning around Lester asked, "Are you still here?"

Ned gulped. "I'm about to go, Lester, but, uh I was, uh just wondering. You, uh, mentioned earlier that you might show me a picture of this woman you were doing all this for."

Lester sighed. He really wished Ned would just leave already, he had more shit to do. But he did like the idea of showing Ned the picture. He knew Ned would talk and tell all the other guys in the group about it. He always liked to have one up on the others.

He sighed and stood up. "Fine, fine." He thumbed through his phone, debating whether to show Ned one of Sarah's pictures from Instagram or one of the more racy photos she had taken for Dan when he first moved in. "But don't tell anyone about this."

He didn't want Ned looking up anything and finding Sarah's Instagram, so he opted for one of the boudoir pictures. He pinched the screen a bit so it just showed off her face and a bit of cleavage.

He held the phone up to Ned who instinctively reached for it. Lester pulled his arm back and gave him a stern look. Ned nodded and Lester extended his phone again, giving him a chance to see a side

of Sarah meant only for her husband. "Wow, Lester, how do you know her?"

"Soon-to-be girlfriend," Lester bragged and turned around to go back to his packages. Ned just hovered there for several seconds, like a lost puppy looking for someone to guide him. "You can go, Ned."

"Right, right. I'll see you tomorrow. Bye, Lester. Have a good night." Ned paused by the door, waiting for a reply from Lester. It never came.

Lester heard the door shut behind him and finally opened the package in front of him. He took out several other boxes and laid them out on the table. There was a DVD player, a few wall plug night lights, and three empty wall socket covers. Each box was labeled with a variation of '4k,' 'spycam,' 'security cam,' and 'wi-fi enabled.'

Lester spent the next hour installing these throughout the house. There were now some in Dan's room, the bathroom, the kitchen, and, of course, the living room. Satisfied that they were all working as intended, he threw out the packaging and headed back to his command center.

After a few minutes of tweaking the settings, he was able to pull up all the camera feeds on both his computer and his cellphone. The next time Sarah came to visit, he would be able to track all her movements. He wouldn't be surprised if she decided to take more nude selfies for Dan in Lester's room again, and he wouldn't let another golden opportunity like that pass him by.

He would also now be able to monitor any calls Dan took in the apartment. *I'll have to set these cameras up to auto-record if it detects voices, somehow.*

Lester laced his fingers as he leaned back looking over the camera feeds. He had good coverage of the entire apartment. He pursed his lips and thought about his next move.

How would Sarah and Dan react the next time she comes to visit? Will they have sex in the apartment again? If they do, will it be in their room or back on the couch? If it's the couch, do they want him to come watch again? If it's his own room, how can he take advantage of that?

He pressed a few keys on the keyboard, exiting the camera feeds. He pulled up a folder labelled 'Sarah Williams' and scrolled past the various note files and pictures until he clicked on a video file.

The screen filled, playing a video of an empty shower. After a few seconds, Sarah made her entrance, completely naked and with reams of Lester's baby making batter covering her chest. He watched expressionlessly as he studied the video.

Sarah let the water hit her and wash the cum off her chest. She probably didn't realize that the water would cause his cum to run down the rest of her body, likely even over her vagina. He watched as she rubbed her breasts, trying to remove any remaining trace of Lester's potent seed from her skin.

When she was satisfied that she was clean, Sarah stood there with her eyes open, looking at the wall in front of her. She stood like this for several minutes, just letting the water wash over her as she appeared to be contemplating something.

Lester had come to watch this video every night, studying her face and trying to discern what she was thinking. He needed to know what was running through her head and how he could exploit it.

Lester grabbed his cell phone and dialed a contact from his address book. After a few rings, someone picked up.

"Hey Lizzie, it's Lester." Lester rolled his eyes and put his feet up on the desk. "Yes, I know we agreed I wouldn't contact you again, but I have an offer for you. A favor, you might say."

Lester grinned evilly. "No, it doesn't involve anything like that, but you know I am always here if you change your mind."

He laughed. "Yeah, right. I know you still think about me."

"Okay, okay, calm down." Lester switched tactics and tried to sound reassuring. "I was wondering if you wanted to earn back the hard drive."

"Yes, that hard drive." Lester listened as the person on the other end of the line spoke.

"You'll have to come back to the apartment. No funny business, I promise, but there are a few things I'll need you to do for me."

Lester took off his pants and sat back in the chair. He took out his cock and began to stroke it, listening to the person in his ear while watching Sarah's shower on his computer screen. "Do you still have that little red dress?"

Toxic Attraction Ch. 04

Back and forth. Back and forth.

Dan couldn't help but be mesmerized by the subtle sway of Sarah's hips as she walked down the hallway toward his apartment. He knew she was saying something but her words never reached his brain.

The only thing it could process was how great her ass looked in her tight denim jeans. It didn't matter which pair of pants she wore, her ass always made them look better.

"What do you think?" Sarah said, looking over her shoulder. She raised an eyebrow and smiled, catching him checking her out.

Even though he was married to this goddess, he still found himself at a loss for words. "Yeah honey, whatever."

"Stop staring and start listening." She playfully chided him. "Dinner tonight. Did you look at any of the places nearby that I sent over?"

Dan sighed. "Honestly no, I never got to look at them in depth. Today was a little crazy with our client changing some stuff and Jesse not delivering some of his tasks on time."

"But I'm sure you have a preference?" He caught up to her as they approached the apartment door.

"I do, and I'm sure you are going to like it. But right now let's check out this new apartment of yours." She stood patiently on the door frame waiting for Dan to unlock the door. She had her own key but it was likely packed away in her carry-on luggage.

"You've already seen the pictures," Dan said as he put his key in.

"I know, but it just seems like an entirely different place," Sarah responded.

"Well, here it is. Home sweet home." He pushed the door open and stepped back, letting Sarah take a good look.

It was still the same space as before, but everything about it looked different. A few weeks ago when he had been in Middleton, Lester had redecorated. While Sarah loved the look, Dan was still a little peeved that Lester had done it without consulting him. It was their shared space after all. It made Dan feel like he was just a guest in Lester's home, not a roommate.

"Holy shit." Sarah stepped in and took a look around. "You weren't kidding, it's like a completely different apartment."

She left her bag by the door and sat on the new couch. "I love this couch. It's so comfy."

Dan smiled, closing the door and joining his wife on the couch. "I hate to admit it, but yeah, it is pretty nice."

"Don't be such a downer. It's like you got an apartment upgrade for free. We're just lucky that we're locked in at the current rate." Sarah's hands moved over the material of the couch. She gave Dan a mischievous look. "Do you think anyone has broken in this couch yet?"

"You mean...." Dan eyed Sarah who raised an eyebrow to confirm his suspicions. "No, I don't think so."

She got up and sauntered over to her husband, leaning over to whisper in his ear. "Well, maybe we'll just have to break it in tonight."

Dan was flabbergasted. Sure, they had played with the idea. They've talked about it often since he returned to Chicago. After their last

night in Middleton, Dan had hoped to repeat the events in the living room, but now it was really going to happen again. His heart was beating quickly, he couldn't contain his excitement. His nerves were going crazy. "Are you sure? What about last time?"

Sarah stood up and stretched, her breasts straining against the material of her t-shirt. "Well, maybe you're right. It was pretty intense last time. You'll just have to get me liquored up at dinner and see what happens after that."

Dan could feel his heart beating in his chest. His face must have telegraphed what he was thinking because Sarah gave him a knowing smile. She had him wrapped around her finger.

"I'm going to get changed quickly and then we can go. Say, 20 minutes?" Sarah retrieved her luggage and moved backwards towards the hallway leading to the bedroom without breaking eye contact. She mouthed, "Is Lester here?"

"Who knows. Haven't seen him since before I left for Middleton." Dan replied.

Sarah made a surprised face and disappeared down the hallway to Dan's bedroom.

The sharp crystal clear image of Dan and Sarah in the living room illuminated the dark room.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

Lester stared at the screen from his well-worn chair, one hand diving into the Cheetos bag on the desk beside him. He grabbed another handful, absentmindedly dusting himself with cheetos as he put them in his mouth. He was too fixated on the screen to notice such trivial details.

He couldn't quite make out the entire conversation, they were whispering after all, but he gleaned what it was about. They were going to fool around in the living room again tonight. *Perfect.*

That means things didn't go too far last time. Maybe they wanted a repeat performance. He would ensure they got it and more.

Dan never spoke to Lester since that night, other than complaining loudly to himself about the mess around the apartment. It had been weeks since Ned helped redecorate his apartment and each day waiting on Sarah's return was hell. Why couldn't she have come back sooner?

Sure, the maid service that came in after Dan left for work helped, but they weren't allowed in his room. Cleaning up, and walking the trash to the garbage chute were such annoying activities. He still hadn't worn any of the clothes he purchased yet because he didn't want to have to figure out how to keep them presentable.

Lester watched as Sarah made her way down the hallway to Dan's bedroom. He pulled his hand from the Cheetos bag and sat forward intently. He pressed a couple of keys and his monitor switched to another view.

This one was low to the ground, one of the power outlets he had replaced in Dan's bedroom.

Initially, he was worried Dan would notice the substitute but after a few weeks, he was confident it had gone unnoticed.

On the screen, the door to the bedroom opened. Sarah walked in, pulling her luggage behind her. She quickly set it in its place and began to go through her things.

Lester watched Sarah's ass as she bent over, pulling out clothes and setting them aside. His hand was slowly stroking his growing cock through his sweatpants.

His lips formed into a wicked smile as Sarah began to disrobe. She peeled her t-shirt off, revealing her magnificent breasts clad in a boring, beige bra. The smooth tops of her breasts jiggled as she undid her belt.

Lester got an eyeful of her chest as she lowered her jeans, her juicy ass coming into full display on his monitor as she stepped out of her discarded pants.

Something wasn't quite right. He was salivating watching his roommate's wife on his monitor, but it felt different.

He stood up and quietly marched over to the wall. Lester carefully removed the picture revealing his hidden peephole. Pressing himself up against the wall, he simultaneously closed one eye while lowering his sweatpants.

His hand found his cock and his eye found Sarah's alluring form standing before him. She slowly unclasped her bra and pulled it off, revealing her bare chest. Lester licked his lips and gripped his rock-hard cock as his eyes roamed over her.

"I can't wait to fuck you." He groaned into the wall.

Sarah slowly lowered her panties and wiggled out of them. She moved to her suitcase and bent over, giving Lester the perfect view of her voluptuous ass cheeks. He realized how quickly he had begun to stroke his cock and slowed down. He didn't want to stain the new drywall Ned installed. *On the other hand, he can always come back and fix it again.*

Lester watched as Sarah slid her slender legs into a pair of turquoise panties that accentuated her magnificent ass. She pulled a matching bra out of her suitcase and began to put it on. He cursed under his breath that her bare breasts were hidden from his sight but marveled at the way her chest looked. The bra pushed her breasts up, putting them on display and was low cut enough that it looked

like they could spill out at any moment. It was truly a marvel of modern engineering.

He didn't have long to take in the sight of her in her underwear. He stroked his cock rapidly as she put on a textured, form-fitting white dress with sleeves that extended to her wrists. It was a crime against humanity that the dress didn't show off any cleavage with its high neckline. The dress stopped mid-thigh, leaving plenty of her legs on display.

Sarah approached Lester's peephole to look at herself in the mirror. The dress was sexy as fuck. Even though it didn't show off her breasts, it hugged them tightly, showing off the impressive work of her bra. She looked stacked and the dress would have every man she encountered imagining what they would look like underneath.

She turned around and looked over her shoulder. Lester's mouth hung open as he continued to stroke himself, staring at how snug the dress was on her hips and ass. It seemed to be the same material as a pair of yoga pants judging by the way it made her ass look.

Sarah moved to the bed and pulled a pair of long, high-heeled rose-coloured boots out of her luggage. She slipped her flawless legs into them and stood up. The boots went high on her legs, a few inches below the hemline of her dress.

She looked at the outfit again in the mirror. Even though her skin was mostly covered, Lester thought it was one the sexiest outfits he had ever seen. It simultaneously accentuated all of her best features, putting them on display in a subtle way.

Lester watched as she retrieved a matching rose coloured clutch and left the bedroom, her heels clicking on the ground as she walked.

He stumbled back to his command center, almost stepping on a paper plate he had left on the floor earlier. Lester sat down and

cycled through the camera to find her. She was in the bathroom applying makeup.

She didn't need much makeup. She was already a knockout. Still, Lester watched her, fascinated.

After a few minutes, she had finished and made her way back to Dan in the living room. They spoke briefly and left the apartment, presumably heading out to dinner.

Lester stared at the apartment door on his screen. He made a steeple with his fingers as he rocked back and forth in the chair. Would they have sex again in the living room? On the new couch built for three? Does that signal they want him to come out and watch them again? Maybe more?

Lester contemplated this as he slowly began to stroke his cock.

A night out in Chicago always felt like a mini-vacation to Sarah. Getting away from the stresses of work and home life was a welcome change.

So when Dan suggested they grab a few drinks after dinner, she was more than happy to oblige. One drink turned into three, until the couple stumbled into the elevator of the apartment building, giggling.

Dan began kissing Sarah's neck while he pressed himself into her ass. "You looked so damn hot tonight baby. Everyone couldn't keep their eyes off of you."

Sarah pushed herself back into his crotch. "The only one I care about watching is you."

A wicked idea popped into her mind; she loved to toy with her husband, after all. "...and maybe Lester."

She heard the sharp intake of his breath and a small groan escape his lips as his hard cock pressed into her backside.

"You are such a bad girl." He whispered.

"I'm your bad girl, baby." She responded while gyrating her hips against him.

To their disappointment, the elevator door opened. They stepped out into the hallway but Dan made sure to keep holding Sarah's hand, his finger caressing the back of it.

With a bit of liquid courage, Dan asked, "So, were you serious earlier? Did you really want to do it again on the couch?"

Sarah glanced sideways at him and smiled. "Well, that new couch does seem pretty comfortable..." She stopped in her tracks. They were in the middle of the hallway, likely out of sight from any door's peepholes. She reached out and gently touched the fabric crotch of Dan's dress pants.

His eyes momentarily rolled back in his head before he composed himself.

She got up on her tippy toes and whispered in his ear. "Isn't that what you wanted, big boy? To let your weird roommate see your sexy wife? Watch us together, to touch...." She trailed off as she slowly backed away towards Dan's apartment door.

He gulped and followed her.

Before the door to the apartment was fully open, Dan was on her. He pulled her into him, his lips hungrily kissing hers.

Kicking the door closed, Dan grabbed Sarah and pulled her towards the couch. His hands and lips never left hers. He could feel how hot her body was through her dress and she could feel his throbbing erection through his pants.

Sarah's hands found Dan's belt and began to unbuckle it.

He kicked off his shoes as his belt came undone. Sarah reached in and found his hard dick and grabbed it. Dan moaned. Gravity helped his pants fall to the floor.

His lips were back on hers as his tongue explored her mouth. She continued to stroke his cock as he pulled her close into him. His lips moved across her cheek and down her neck until they found the edge of her dress.

He grunted in frustration that he couldn't go further. He wanted his lips to dive into the depths of her breasts. He sharply grabbed the hem of her dress at her thighs and pulled the tight-fitting material up.

Sarah's perfect ass bounced out of the dress and into view of the waiting living room. Not far away it also filled the monitor in an otherwise darkened bedroom.

She continued to stroke his hard cock under the waistband of his boxers. Dan pulled more of her dress up, past her midsection and just over her bra-clad breasts. She let go of his cock as he tore the dress over her head.

Standing there in just her bra and panties Sarah made a move to pull off her thigh-high boots but Dan spun her around and pushed her into the couch. She arched her back as Dan's hungry lips began kissing her neck.

His mouth was sending electric shivers down her body. He hungrily dragged his wet lips down her back, unclasping her bra as he

continued downward.

She pushed her ass back into his mouth as his tongue started drawing circles on her ass cheeks. His hands worked to unzip and remove her boots from each leg.

Once the boots were discarded across the floor, he rose back up and lowered her panties. Sarah drew in her breath as she knew what would happen next. His boxers joined her panties in a pile on the floor.

Dan's hard cock was free. He held it with one hand as he lined it up with his wife. Grabbing the hair on the base of her neck, he pushed her down onto the top of the couch. She braced herself with her hands, but he was too strong and they just collapsed under her as she was draped over the couch facing the TV.

With one quick thrust, Dan pushed himself into his wife.

"Oooh," she moaned as she felt her husband's hard cock slide into her wet and waiting vagina.

Dan kept his hand on her neck, the other on her hip as he pushed into her like a man possessed. Would Lester come out again? If he did, what would he do? Where would he stand?

Dan had purposely decided to take Sarah in this position. The last time in the apartment he didn't like that Lester stood back here out of his field of view. It felt like Lester was trying to dominate him by pulling a power play like that.

Dan wouldn't be manipulated. He would be the one standing here, able to see everything when Lester came out. *Who knows what he'll do.*

Sarah could feel herself getting close to an orgasm. It must have been the anticipation, the build-up to the moment. She loved when

Dan took her roughly like this, it was something he seldom did. Each thrust driving into her was like setting little fireworks off in her body, all building towards that glorious eruption of an orgasm.

She felt Dan's fingers making a fist with the hair on the back of her neck. He roughly pulled her up off the couch by her hair. The pain at the base of her neck was overridden by the pleasure of how dominating he was. His torso leaned into her. She felt his hot breath next to her ear.

"You think your friend is going to come join us?" He breathed.

"Join us or watch us?" She countered. She felt his cock twitch inside of her at that.

He quietly moaned as he continued to thrust into her. Both of them looked down the hallway towards Lester's bedroom.

In his dark room down the hall, Lester sat pensively watching the scene unfold on his monitor.

He leaned forward as he heard the couple talking about him. Talking about him watching them again. They both stole glances down the hallway towards his bedroom, wondering if he would come out.

Lester glanced at his bedroom door. It would be so easy to get up and walk out there. To be there in the room with her again. To show her his cock and how hard she made it.

He was absentmindedly stroking his cock through his pants again. His eyes shifted from the door, back to the monitor and down to his pants. *Fuck.*

The Cheetos dust from his fingers had transferred to his new sweatpants. *Fuck.*

Despite the new stains on his pants, he never missed a stroke as he continued to watch the couple.

He yearned to throw open his door and stomp down the hall holding his raging hard cock in his hand like the weapon it was. But he had a plan.

He sighed. *Be patient, Lester.*

Lester knew that the couple was excited about being watched again. He knew they wanted his attention. How bad would they want it if he denied it to them? How far could he push things then?

"What do you think he'll do when he comes out?" Dan grunted into Sarah's ear. "Where do you think he'll go?"

Sarah could feel Dan's thrusts quickening. She wanted to turn the screws a bit and tease him. "He'll probably stand right here in front of me to show me that big cock of his."

"Oh fuck, Sarah." Dan released her hair. His other hand found her hip and he gripped her tight, hammering into her. "Shit, I'm so close."

The fireworks were just beginning to crescendo inside of Sarah. She could feel they were building towards a big orgasm. "Don't stop, Dan, don't stop."

"Fuck!" Dan exclaimed as he thrust into her hard. He came. His cum shot out of dick and exploded into Sarah.

She felt it hit the walls of her insides, washing over them. Sarah felt fuller than she had a second ago. The cum helped to quicken the onset of the orgasm, but Dan's thrusts quickly came to a standstill.

The increasing tempo of her impending orgasm slowly began to recede.

She had to cling to something. Her body wanted to cum. She flexed all the muscles she had and gripped Dan's cock hard, not letting it go. She pushed herself back onto him as his cum continued to spurt out. She thought of Dan's roommate walking down the hallway towards them and standing there in front of her. She could imagine the hungry look in his eyes as he stroked his cock that was right in front of her face.

She stood up on her toes and she came. "Ohhh fuck, Dan."

Her body was rocked by a tsunami of an orgasm that caused her arms to give out as she collapsed back onto the couch.

Dan's hot breath was bathing her neck. His body weight pressed into her and she was pressed into the couch.

After a few moments, Dan withdrew his cock and stood straight up. Sarah stayed there briefly before turning around and looking at her husband.

She gave Dan a warm smile. "God, I missed doing that with you."

He closed the distance between them and held her in his arms. "I've missed you, too."

Both Dan and Sarah were still breathing heavily. He let her go and began cleaning up the mess of their discarded clothes. Sarah picked up her turquoise panties and put them on.

She reached down to grab her matching bra when she heard Dan speak. "I dare you to walk back there just like that."

She paused for a moment before letting the strap of the bra slip through her finger, back onto the floor. She stood up and glanced

over her shoulder at her husband. His wide eyes slowly raised from her ass to meet to gaze.

She held his stare with a level gaze. Her face showed no reaction to his challenge.

Then, without a word, she walked towards the hallway. Wearing just her turquoise panties, she swayed her hips to tease him. If Lester were to open his door he would be met with her naked breasts fully on display for him. He would be the only man other than her husband to ever see them bare.

The attractive couple on screen were breathing hard. They had just cum simultaneously and the afterglow of orgasmic bliss was beginning to fade from their faces.

Lester leaned back in his chair, spent. Not only were his new sweatpants stained with Cheeto dust, but they were now soiled with his cum as well. *Oh well.*

He stood up and peeled the sweatpants down around his ankles so he could step out of them. He grabbed the sweatpants and used them to wipe the leftover cum off his pale flabby leg. Making a face of disgust he tossed them into a small pile across the room.

He would decide later whether to wash them or throw them out. Sure, he had spent money on them, but he hated washing his clothes. The laundry room was down in the basement of the building and he couldn't get reception down there. *I'll probably just throw them out.*

The new clothes and furniture were just one part in his plan to take Sarah. It didn't matter whether she liked them or not, the purpose was to remove one barrier from the path of their copulation. He didn't want her to see him as gross, he just needed to be neutral.

Once he had her, it wouldn't matter how he dressed or what he did after that. She would be his.

Still, it was a waste of money to just throw those pants away. Lester looked sideways at the paper plates on the floor. His true nature was still battling with this latest scheme. Hopefully, he wouldn't need to keep this act up much longer.

He glanced back at the monitor. The couple were grabbing their clothes when he heard Dan say something.

"I dare you to walk back there, just like that."

Lester stopped breathing, his heart suddenly beating a million miles a minute in his chest. He felt like one of the xenomorphs from the movie alien was about to burst out.

He watched as Sarah seductively walked down the hallway towards him, like a meal being presented to a king. She never looked back at Dan. Instead, she was focused on her destination.

Dan watched Sarah's sexy ass sway as she walked away from him. Sweat was glistening off her back as she made her way down the hallway, topless. She passed the bathroom door and then, to Dan's surprise, she passed his bedroom door as well.

She walked a few more feet until she was standing there half-naked in front of Lester's door. She took half a step forward and reached towards the door knob. Her finger barely grazed it as she finally broke from her trance and looked back down the hallway at her husband.

She smiled seductively as she saw his slack-jawed expression. She raised an eyebrow at him, waiting for his reaction. It was almost like

she was challenging him on what he wanted her to do next. She had already upped the ante on his dare.

Dan was transfixed and didn't know how to react.

Lester was standing frozen still, his gaze alternating between the door and his monitor.

She was right there, holding the doorknob and staring back at her husband. If he opened the door now, how would they both react?
Fuck it.

He started to move towards the door, his cock sporting a tent in his ratty boxers sweatpants where the Cheetos smudge was. Movement out of the corner of his eye stopped him in his tracks.

Lester glanced at the monitor as Sarah let go of the doorknob and slowly stepped away from the door. She never broke her husband's gaze as she made her way to the bathroom and shut the door.

Sarah smiled as she closed the bathroom door, chuckling to herself at the reaction she was able to get out of Dan. She knew exactly how to push his buttons and win their game. She always won.

Still, what if Lester had opened his door and seen her right there? Part of her was disappointed he hadn't caught her and Dan out in the living room. Another part of her was relieved; not knowing how things would play out was anxiety-inducing.

She had no idea how she or Dan would have reacted if Lester had opened his bedroom door with her standing right there. She probably would have screamed and run into the bathroom.

Still, it was an exciting night. *I wonder what tomorrow night will look like.*

Sarah quickly cleaned up the mess Dan made inside of her, did her business, cleaned the makeup off her face and left the bathroom to head to bed.

"You fucking idiot." Dan said aloud as he looked down at his phone.

He knew he shouldn't, but he was reading his work email as he waited for Sarah to return from the bathroom. He had taken her out to a hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant that Walt had recommended. So far, it was everything he wanted for tonight. It was private, romantic, and had an extensive wine list to go along with the drop-dead gorgeous bombshell date he had in Sarah.

Unfortunately, Dan had to check his work email and saw the latest fuck up from Jesse. The moron had jumped into an email thread to try and look like a superstar by supplying the Lincoln Group with an answer to a question they sent at the end of the day on Friday.

The spreadsheet he attached was a couple of weeks out of date and the numbers were no longer accurate. "You were just CC'd on the email, Jesse, why the hell would you even respond?"

As Dan was visibly rolling his eyes at the email, he noticed things grow quiet on the other side of the restaurant. He looked up and noticed several heads subtly, and some not so subtly, turning to look at something.

His eyes followed theirs until a dark, red shape came into view. A beautiful woman in an intoxicating red dress was moving amongst the sea of tables towards him. The dress had a plunging neckline that went down to the middle of her chest, revealing the tops and

sides of her breasts. The dress was flowy but still hugged her breasts, accentuating and drawing attention to them.

Her bare legs were on display as the dress came to an abrupt stop at her upper thigh. If she were to bend down to pick something up, everyone in the restaurant would get an eyeful. Dan's eyes roamed down her perfect legs to find her feet bound in gold stiletto heels.

It was Sarah.

As she approached their table, he saw several women turn to see what their dates were looking at. Many men seemed to be engaged in heated conversations of denial and apology.

She was careful about concealing the hem of her dress and she sat back down at their booth.

"You sure know how to get attention." He said slyly to her.

"Oh, yeah? What about you? Do I have your attention?" She asked as she looked down at his phone and back up at him.

He smiled and held his hands up in surrender in front of him. He quickly put the phone away in his jacket pocket.

She smiled triumphantly. "So, what are you thinking? Desert here or back at the apartment?"

She eyed him mischievously.

"Well, that depends on what's on the menu," Dan replied suggestively.

"Everything." Sarah quickly responded before taking a long sip of the white wine in front of her.

Dan didn't know what to say. She was always so much quicker at this than he was. How could she be so perfect, so modest, so prim

and proper, yet so sexy and naughty at the same time? He was like putty in her hands, she could do whatever she wanted to him.

He knew when to admit defeat.

"Jesus christ, Sarah, you are so fucking hot," Dan whispered.

"I know." She batted her eyelashes at him and smiled. Her hand moved under the table until it found his crotch. Her fingers began tracing gentle circles on the material of his pants, careful not to come in direct contact with his dick to give him any stimulation.

She could still feel the material of the pants constrict as his dick began to rise.

"You better stop that, or I won't be able to walk out of here." Dan didn't stop her but he sat up straighter like he was pretending she wasn't stroking his dick under the table. "As it is, I'm probably going to have to sit here for 20 minutes until I can get up without anyone noticing anything."

"Well, if you take that long I might just have to go back to the apartment by myself." Her fingers pressed into his crotch a little harder, purposely running up the outside of his length. "Whatever would I do there while I waited for you to come back?"

"Hmmm." Dan softly moaned as Sarah continued to trace around his dick. "Sit tight and wait for me on the couch so we could have a repeat performance of last night."

Her eyes lit up. She could continue to toy with him or take the teasing in other obvious directions. "Last night was pretty great."

She paused, looking up at the man she loves. "Would you want it to be exactly the same as last night, or is there something else you'd want?"

It was getting hot in the restaurant. Or maybe that was just Dan. "Similar to last night, but maybe we can introduce that other new element into things."

"Oh, really?" She withdrew her hand from his crotch. "It didn't seem like they were interested last night. Just what do you have in mind?"

She sat back and drank the remainder of her wine. Dan didn't call attention to the fact that she had just finished her third glass of wine.

Dan leaned over to whisper in her ear. "Well, did you bring that present I bought you? The black robe?"

He leaned back into his seat with a smirk.

"As a matter of fact, I did." She eyed him suspiciously. "What exactly do you have in mind?"

Judging by the look on her face, Dan may have finally won a skirmish with his wife. His smile widened as he diverted his attention to their passing waiter. "Check, please."

Enemy trolls filled the screen, but they were no match for Lester and his party. Ned was incessantly droning on about what to expect in the next chamber, trying to rally the team toward the dungeon's boss.

Lester's character slashed through an enemy orc. He reached for the open Cheetos bag in front of him when an alert popped up on the screen. He clicked it.

Suddenly the world of Azeroth disappeared and was replaced by the view of his living room. Entering through the door was Dan followed by his beautiful wife Sarah in a very alluring red dress.

Lester caught his breath as his eyes roamed over her smooth, tanned legs and the way the dress cut down, exposing her cleavage for anyone to admire. *Hello mommy, you went out like that? Bad, bad girl.*

"Darkspire!" An annoying voice rang out from his ear. "Lester! We're pushing ahead into the next chamber, I need you to run up the middle at the center and draw the attention of --"

Lester disconnected his headphones and with a few quick keyboard clicks shut down World of Warcraft. He didn't bother responding to Ned or apologizing to the party of nerds he was leaving behind. He had business to attend to.

Sarah made her way over to the low couch and ran her hand over the leather. She turned to her husband and asked "So, what's the plan, big man?"

He had been silent almost the entire way back to the apartment. After getting the check, neither liked to talk in front of their uber drivers and he had been so quick to walk down the hallway that she hadn't had a chance to ask him.

Dan smiled back at her. She could tell he was hiding something. Sarah could also see that he was excited, maybe more than she was.

He walked up to her and slowly raised his hands to her arms. His fingers traced up from her elbow, over her shoulders until they began to slowly play with the straps of her dress. He ignored her question and focused his gaze on the dress's thin, red straps.

Sarah stayed silent. After a few moments, he looked her in the eyes. "Go put on that present I gave you."

She gave him a coy look over her shoulder as she slowly walked towards the hallway to their bedroom.

Subconsciously, Lester noticed that Dan had begun to disrobe, but his eyes never left Sarah as she walked through the apartment. The cut of the dress was mesmerizing. His 4K camera could track each bounce of her ass cheeks through the dress's thin material.

Tonight was his night. If the couple wanted Lester to watch them, they would get it. And more.

As Sarah made her way to the bedroom, Lester slowly stood and pushed his chair back. He backed away from the monitor without looking away. When he reached the shared wall, he finally broke his trance and turned, finding the hidden peephole.

From his secret vantage point, he watched the leggy blonde wife enter the room. He didn't notice it on the camera before, but she was clearly moving in a looser manner than normal. She must have had a few glasses of wine at dinner.

Sarah walked into the middle of the room, her hands finding the hemline of her dress. In one fluid motion, she stopped and pulled the dress over her head.

It was one of the sexiest things Lester had ever seen. Within a few seconds of putting his eye up to the peephole, this busty mother of two was standing in front of him clad only in her high-cut lace underwear and a bra that held everything together perfectly, while somehow also revealing more cleavage than normal.

Lester could feel his hard cock pushing into the drywall. He wanted to take his sweatpants off and stroke his meaty member right there, but he had to wait for what came next.

Without wasting any time, Sarah dug into the bottom of her suitcase, pulling out a thin garment that looked like a small square. She unfolded it until Lester saw that it was actually a silk robe.

She put it on and tied the delicate belt in the front. Turning, she appraised herself in the mirror. She kept the belt loose enough that the top of the robe still flowed freely, allowing her chest to come into view from the right angle. She couldn't do anything about the bottom of the robe, it stopped at her upper thigh - not leaving much for the imagination.

Somehow, the robe made Sarah look even sexier than she did just a few seconds ago in her bra and panties. It must have been the promise of something more, something that was hidden just underneath the black silk. There was a hint of modesty to the robe, but it mostly just screamed sex.

Lester was breathing hard and felt a pang of disappointment when Sarah turned and left the bedroom.

Dan wanted to sit. Instead, he was pacing back and forth in the living room. He didn't know what to do with his nerves or excitement. After stripping down to just his boxers, his body decided it had to move around and burn off some of that energy.

He stopped dead in his tracks when Sarah came back into the living room wearing the sheer robe he had purchased for her. Dan remembered how damn good it had looked on the model online. He also remembered how much better it looked on Sarah the last time he was home and they were roleplaying. But seeing it on her now, in this place with his fucking weird roommate just feet away - she looked like something else entirely.

She seductively sauntered into the room, making her way over to him. Her face was emotionless aside from the bedroom eyes she

was flashing him. "Is this what you wanted, dear?"

She turned at the last second. Instead of walking into his arms, she pressed her ass into his crotch. "The little black robe you bought me?"

Dan groaned as he felt his cock swell and rest between his wife's firm ass checks. She gently swayed back and forth.

"Fuck. Yes." He whispered. "God, Sarah, you look so fucking hot."

His hands found her waist and he pulled her into him, more of his cock pressing into her. He leaned forward and started to plant soft kisses on her neck. He knew kissing her neck would drive her crazy.

Sarah grabbed the back of his neck for support and began swaying more. His cock pressed into her, and with how hard he already was - it just felt so good to her. And the kisses on her neck. Each one was like a little shock. She could feel the hair on her arms begin to rise.

"Hmmm." She moaned. "So, I'm in your robe."

She paused, taking a second to focus on how hard Dan's cock felt against her. "What do you want me to do now?"

This was the point of no return for Dan. They had talked about being watched again the last time he was home and even played with the idea of things progressing further than that. But this was uncharted territory. He didn't know what he wanted or where they were headed. All he knew was that he wanted it. He wanted to see what would happen when worlds collide.

He just wasn't sure how he would react or if he would end up regretting it. He always did things by the book, which is what led him here to this apartment and living away from his family in the first place. Maybe it was time to roll the dice and see what happened.

"I want you to go back down that hallway and get him." He finally whispered into her ear.

Sarah slowed her swaying, taking an extra second to process what Dan just said.

"Get who?" She teased.

"Lester." Dan breathed hoarsely. "Go get him."

Sarah took a step forward and turned to look at her husband. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

Dan couldn't muster any words. They all flew past his brain faster than his mouth could process them. *'Yes', 'No', 'I don't know.'*

He nodded.

Sarah's hands nervously played with the robe's belt. This was actually going to happen.

She turned on her heels and walked back down the hallway, past Dan's bedroom until she found herself standing in front of Lester's door. She could hear some faint sounds coming from within.

Dan watched as Sarah gently knocked on the door.

After a few seconds, she knocked again. Then she turned the doorknob and opened the door.

Weak light from the room bathed Sarah's figure. He heard Sarah speak but couldn't make out what she said. A muffled voice spoke from the bedroom.

And then Sarah stepped into Lester's room.

Lester sat at his command center, trying to look busy. His heart was beating fast and he could feel his forehead getting clammy. She was coming to get him.

He watched her approach on the cameras but the soft knock on his door made him stiffen. The cameras and his monitor would never be a substitute for real life.

She knocked again, this time a little harder.

"Yeah?" He said loudly.

Without looking up from his screen, he saw the door swing open.

It took all of his willpower not to look toward the door. He needed to seem disinterested, to make her pursue him. For her to want to pull him into this situation.

He could see her form at the corner of his eye, beyond the monitor in front of him.

"Lester," Sarah asked seductively, clearly trying to get his attention.

He continued to focus on his screen, switching his screen off the camera feeds and back over to World of Warcraft. Several cursing but polite messages from Ned greeted him. It looked like the entire party got wiped out without him.

Lester clicked his mouse randomly on the screen. "Come in."

Sarah hesitantly took two steps into the room and was taken aback by its transformation. Just like the rest of the apartment, Lester's room looked completely different. The pile of plates, clothes and other refuse on the floor were mostly gone. She still spied a few hidden paper plates and bags of chips, but this was a dramatic change.

His grimey, little bed had been replaced by a luxurious-looking king-sized bed. Lester still didn't seem to know how to make a bed, but it looked large in his room.

After her swift appraisal of the room, she refocused and looked at Lester. He was sitting in his chair silently looking at her. He wasn't hunched over like before. Now, he was sitting back, his bare gut protruding from his torso. He was wearing just a pair of boxers and his tube socks.

Sarah's heart jumped. His silent attention on her was so overwhelming. *Why wasn't he saying anything?*

Just when Sarah couldn't take it anymore and was about to turn on her heels and leave the room, Lester spoke.

"What can I do for you, Sarah?" He eyed her.

Breath Sarah, Breath. "Dan and I wanted to see if you'd like to join us.

A faint smirk spread across Lester's face. He had his hands on both arms of his computer chair to assist in pushing his mass up to the standing position. Without replying, he slowly walked over until he was standing just a foot in front of her. "Join you doing what?"

"If you wanted to..." She couldn't believe she was standing here on display in front of him like this. "Watch us again...like the last time."

"Hmmmmm," Lester said while obviously looking her body over. "I don't know, I'm pretty busy right now. Lots going on here."

"Well, we thought it --" Sarah was cut off by what he did next.

Lester interjected while closing the distance between them, grabbing the robe's belt. "Let's see if it would be worth my time."

Before Sarah could react, Lester tugged on the belt, causing Sarah's robe to open.

Sarah's black lace bra and panties were now on full display for Lester. The robe hung limply on her shoulders. Sarah was standing there half naked in his bedroom without her husband.

Her breasts were rapidly rising and falling, matching her breathing. Lester licked his lips as he watched them.

Every time Sarah was in this apartment, she always had this unnerving feeling that she was being watched. That feeling was in hyperdrive right now, the hairs on the back of her neck were standing up.

"Not bad," Lester mumbled as he began to walk around her. "Not bad at all."

She didn't know what to say or do. She had no basis for how to react to this situation. Sarah just stood there, frozen in place. Her mind screamed at her to think of something clever to say, but nothing came out.

Lester was now out of her field of view. She looked straight ahead at his king bed, thinking back to that day a few weeks ago when she laid down completely naked in this room and took pictures for her husband.

Then she felt Lester's fingertips on her shoulders, his hands coming to the rest of them.

Sarah felt his warm breath on her neck.

"Let's see the rest, shall we?" he growled into her ear.

His fingertips slowly grazed her bare shoulders until they found the edge of her robe. Without any resistance, he pulled the thin fabric

until the robe dropped to her feet.

"Oh, that's nice." Lester was admiring how Sarah's supple ass was framed by the high cut of her panties.

He had just been admiring this ass and the rest of Sarah's body through his peephole. Now she was in his lair willingly. He knew this would be his most delicious conquest yet. *Fuck Patience.*

Lester stepped up behind Sarah, placing his hands on her waist.

Sarah shuddered as Lester's hands made contact with her bare skin in such an intimate way.

Then she felt it.

Lester's cock pressed into her perfect backside, just like her husband did a few minutes ago. It was pushing against her ass cheeks, the thin fabric of his boxers and her panties were the only thing separating them. She tried to ignore the fact that she could feel that he was bigger than Dan had felt pressed up against her. His pouch touched her lower back as Lester pushed his cock onto her ass harder, his hands holding her in place.

He was subtly grinding his cock into her backside. She felt his hot breath on her neck again as a tingle ran down her spine and she shuddered slightly.

"Okay, lead the way, princess." And his breath and his cock were gone. She turned around to see Lester standing by the door, waiting for her to walk out. She noticed his cock jutting out from his boxers.

She bent forward to pick up the robe.

"Leave it," Lester commanded. He wasn't asking.

Sarah didn't know why she obeyed, but she stood back up and quickly composed herself before walking past Lester, working hard not to look at him. She felt completely flustered after he had completely dominated their interaction. Unlike with her husband, she didn't feel any confidence in coming out ahead against the strange man in the teasing game.

Dan was restlessly sitting on the couch.

He was trying to distract himself, but all he was thinking about was what Sarah was doing in Lester's room. It was agony waiting and not knowing. It was also exhilarating. His boxers were sporting a tent with a touch pre-cum dotting the top.

Finally, there was movement in the hallway. For a moment it was just shadows cast by the light from the room and were too distorted for Dan to interpret what was happening.

But then Sarah appeared wearing just her bra and panties, walking down the hallway towards him. *What the hell happened to her robe?*

Before Dan had time to ask any questions, Sarah quickly crossed the room and joined him on the couch. She saw how hard he was and straddled him. He wasted no time in grabbing two handfuls of her ass and desperately pulling her down onto his dick. He needed relief.

"What happened in there, Sarah?" He whispered.

Sarah rolled her eyes. "Your roommate wanted a look under the robe to see if it was worth his time."

"What a prick," Dan said. He noticed that despite her nonchalant answer, she was more flushed than she had been when she left the living room. She even appeared to be breathing a little heavy. He pulled her down onto him and started kissing her, feeling slightly

guilty at thinking how hot it was that she had apparently been on display for Lester in his own room. She quickly opened her mouth to reciprocate, her tongue darting out to dance with his.

Dan noticed movement out of the corner of his eye. A dark, shadowy figure was lumbering down the hallway.

It was Lester, of course. Wearing just his boxers and tube socks, he made his way toward them. Dan watched as he crossed the threshold into the living room, strangely aroused at the thought that this repulsive, little man had been alone in his bedroom, inspecting his angelic wife's body clad in only her lingerie.

Lester stared at them as he made his way over to one of the chairs on the other side of the coffee table. He plopped himself down and leaned back, causing his hair-covered gut to protrude.

Sarah had stopped kissing Dan and just sat there with her eyes closed, leaning her against his shoulder. She didn't turn around to look at Lester, though she had heard him sit down.

The couple sat there, frozen, not knowing how to react to his presence. Did they actually want this or was it just the idea of it that turned them on?

Lester was content for the moment. He didn't understand why the couple was just sitting there, but he was enjoying the view of Sarah straddling Dan. It caused her ass to push out toward him. He liked being this close to her bare skin without a monitor or wall in between them. Her scent still lingered in his nose from her time in his bedroom. *I'll have her back there soon.*

Dan's hard dick was the one that put events back in motion, just as it had the last time. It was straining against his boxers, being so close to Sarah's pussy was too much of a tease. It involuntarily twitched. Dan sighed and slightly raised his hips off the couch. His

hands began to roam up from her thighs until he was softly kneading her ass.

With a soft intake of breath at his touch, Sarah finally opened her eyes. She looked straight into Dan's soul as their eyes met and saw the conflicting emotions of angst and desire. The hungry look was also back on his face and she could practically feel her panties get wetter as she took in his expression.

Sarah's brain was still trying to process what had happened in Lester's room. She didn't know how she felt about it yet. But she did know that the look on Dan's face was a trigger for her.

She slowly resumed gyrating on his hips. Her thighs guided his dick to press against her panty-covered vagina and she felt it press into her. A low moan escaped her lips.

Dan was growing hungrier. He gripped her ass tighter, pulling her further onto him. He grabbed her hair and kissed her neck and shoulders.

His kisses were drawing Sarah's mind away from the events of the last half hour and back to the erotic scene, she found herself a part of. To the sensations of Dan's expert lips on her soft skin.

She pressed her breasts into his chest, wanting to get as close to him as she could.

Dan couldn't wait any longer. He lifted one of his ass cheeks off the couch and tried to pull off his boxers. Without taking her lips off of his, Sarah knew what he was trying to do. She moved off his lap and with one hand helped Dan slide his boxers down his legs onto the floor.

In an instant, Sarah had her panties off, accidentally giving Lester a quick flash of her vagina. She got back into position on Dan's lap. Now nothing was separating the loving couple from one another.

Sarah wanted to feel his dick ride up and down her slit. Much to Dan's disappointment, she didn't immediately mount him. Instead, she ground against his dick while it pressed up against her. His shaft was stimulating her clit.

She moved her hips in circles, using Dan's dick to pleasure herself. It wasn't long before his dick started to get slick with her juices.

Lester was staring at her perfect ass as she moved back and forth on her husband. *How am I going to interject here? Let's see how things play out.*

Sarah suddenly stood up on her knees, Dan knew what this meant. He shifted down and lined his cock up. Sarah slowly lowered herself onto it.

"Uh," she involuntarily said as Dan's cock head stretched her opening.

Dan was in ecstasy as his bare cock began to slide into his wife. He knew Lester was watching but he didn't want to look his way. Somehow he preferred when Lester was behind him so that he wouldn't actually have to look at him or his body.

Curiosity got the better of him. He opened one eye as Sarah continued to carefully lower herself onto him. He couldn't see much from his vantage point. Sarah's shoulder was blocking his view. He could see the top of Lester's head with his thinning hair and one stupid tub sock-clad foot. *Is he jerking off again? No way to tell....*

"Ohh" Sarah lowered herself completely onto Dan's cock. She took a second to just breathe and adjust to how full she felt. She opened her eyes and looked at Dan. He was staring at her shoulder, staring past her shoulder. At Lester. His attention snapped back to her, he met her eyes.

She felt him thrust up and it felt so damn good. She gripped his dick with her vagina. This position always made her feel powerful. And that's what she needed right now. Lester had caught her off guard back in his room, she didn't know how to react to that. It wouldn't happen again. She needed to regain that power.

"Hmmm what are you looking at, lover," she quietly purred into his ear.

"Wanted to see what our friend was up to over there." he whispered back.

Sarah continued to slowly move her hips back and forth. "I can imagine what he is doing."

"Why don't you take a peek and see?" Dan said. Sarah was barely able to hear him.

Sarah leaned back, continuing to rock her hips on Dan's dick. Looking directly at her husband she bit her lip and slowly turned her head.

She was surprised by what she saw. Lester was sitting in the chair wearing just his boxers and socks. She could see his cock running down the leg of his boxers but he wasn't jerking off. *Why isn't he jerking off to this?*

She decided to turn things up with Dan and regain some of her power back from that creep.

"Like what you see?" She looked right into Lester's eyes.

Dan groaned from behind her. She knew her dirty talk turned him on. He admitted how much her verbal foreplay with Lester last time put him over the edge.

That fat fuck just sat there and shrugged. "It's okay."

"Okay?" Sarah was getting irritated with him. After subjecting her to his review a few minutes ago and his indifference to being allowed to watch her have sex with her husband. *It was only okay?*

Dan and Sarah had found something here. Something they both enjoyed that let them grow closer and share this. They had talked about this and worked up to doing it again and this little man was going to ruin it.

Right before she was going to give him a piece of her mind, Lester said. "You guys did it like this the last time you put on a show for me. Don't get me wrong, I could watch your ass bounce up and down all night. I was just hoping for something new."

Sarah slowed her hips. Dan had heard what Lester said. *The fucking nerve of this guy.*

"What exactly did you have in mind, buddy?" Dan challenged him.

If only you knew what I really had in mind, jerk off. Your wife bent over my bed while I cum in her unprotected pussy as you watch from the peephole in the wall. Lester's heart was beating faster. He felt like he was turning beet red. "I don't know, I was thinking maybe a different position.....What about on her side?"

Dan was unsure how to respond to Lester's demand. He felt Sarah's hips begin to escape his grasp as she began to dismount him. He looked up at her surprised.

"Let's put on a show and show him who's boring," Sarah huskily whispered.

Lester couldn't make out what the couple was saying but it looked like his plan was working. Sarah had gotten off her husband and had laid down on the couch, her front facing Lester. She didn't look at him.

Dan got into position behind her, his left knee was bent behind her ass and his other leg was fully extended onto the floor. One of Sarah's legs was wedged beneath Dan's while the other straddled his leg. From this position, he had perfect access to completely bury his dick into her.

Sarah and Dan loved this position but like the last time, this was their first experience in exploring it with someone else present. Sarah loved when Dan fucked her this way. It made him feel so dominant, the way he would hold her hips and she had to lay there and hold on. The angle of his dick also hit all the right nerves inside of her.

She closed her eyes and her nails dug into the fabric of the couch, Dan lined himself up and started to push himself into her.

"Mmmmm" Sarah moaned as inch after inch of Dan's dick once again pushed inside of her.

Dan loved looking down at Sarah in this position. He watched her chest rise and fall as she breathed. He loved how her breasts looked in that black bra, laying on her side caused them to push together, almost spilling out. He decided not to try to take it off. He liked how it looked, plus he wasn't ready for Lester to see all of Sarah or expose her like that without her being okay with it. He wasn't sure he ever would do that.

His eyes traced up to her slender neck to her beautiful face. Her eyes were closed. He could tell she was enjoying herself. *What are you thinking about, Sarah? This is crazy.*

Even though Sarah's eyes were closed, all she could picture was the situation unfolding in that living room. Dan held her, thrusting into her while his creepy roommate watched them. Watched her. His eyes were probably running all over her body. *His hands....*

She shuddered at the thought.

She kept her eyes clamped shut. She wasn't sure she wanted to see what was actually happening.

"I knew you'd like getting fucked in that position," a hoarse voice said from nearby.

Sarah's eyes shot open looking directly across the room at Lester. At some point, he had taken off his boxers. He was now leaning back in the chair stroking his big cock. He caught her staring at it for a second too long and a shit-eating grin spread across his face.

Dan didn't like the way that Lester spoke to Sarah. In the course of living together, he barely spoke to him. Now, this guy, this older stranger was staring openly at his young wife during an intimate moment and he had to talk to her like that.

But he was conflicted. Having her on display like this, and him speaking to her in such a manner was such an unpredictable thing out of his control. He couldn't help but feel turned on by it. It was just so crass and forward, two traits he knew Sarah disliked.

The fact that she disliked that behavior somehow made it even more enthralling for him.

He saw Sarah's eyes momentarily open and then close. She had been looking in Lester's direction. Dan spared a glance Lester's way and made a face of disgust. His roommate was naked, except for his tube socks and was stroking his cock. Lester's eyes were firmly planted on Sarah, but when he noticed Dan looking his way they made eye contact.

Lester had that shit-eating grin on his face and raised an eyebrow. Dan didn't know how to interpret that or what it meant.

He shifted his gaze back to Sarah who still had her eyes closed.

Dan began to involuntarily pick up his pace. The situation was becoming too much for his brain to process.

Still, something was missing. He liked the way Sarah acted last time, and how she confidently held her ground against Lester and the situation. He wanted more of that, to hear more of what she would say.

"Open your eyes, Sarah." Dan said in a low voice. He wasn't sure if Lester could hear him, he didn't really care.

She slowly opened them and looked at her husband. He could see what she was trying to conceal. Lust, shame, arousal. She was a powder keg of emotions and he held the match.

"God, you are so sexy, baby. I love you." Dan said.

That seemed to reassure her a little bit. Dan couldn't exactly tell but she seemed to relax a little bit. She continued to hold his gaze, one of her hands reached out to hold onto his forearm as he thrust into her.

Dan mouthed "Look at him."

Sarah stared at him for a moment before turning her head with her eyes focusing on his roommate.

Lester seemed to take the hint. "See anything you like?"

Sarah knew what he meant. Her eyes flicked down to look at his cock. It wasn't so much about the size, but the fact that it was there, hard and erect because of her. Knowing that it was her and her body that was causing that reaction made her face flush. Part of her wanted to make sure that she could make it cum, just as she had last time.

Her eyes flicked up to look at the body that the cock was attached to. Nothing about it was attractive. On a normal day, she wouldn't even give it a second glance. But that was part of the reason she found this entire situation so intoxicating.

Lester slowed his stroking, almost holding his dick at full attention for Sarah to appreciate.

"I have everything I need over here." Sarah fired back.

Just the fact that Sarah was talking to Lester while she was having sex was making Dan get harder.

"Hmmm, I'm sure you do...," Lester said contemplatively. "But just tell me one thing honestly, while your eyes were closed - did you think about my cock? Even just once?"

Sarah's face seemed to grow a shade redder and it wasn't just from Dan's actions. She was tired of Lester's games and decided to go on offense.

"What about you, Lester? Do you see anything over here you like?" she said seductively. Her face quickly morphed from being embarrassed to becoming very seductive. Her bedroom eyes, which were normally reserved for Dan, were now fixed on Lester.

God, she said his name again. Dan tried to recompose himself as he listened to their back and forth.

Sarah pulled her arms together, pushing her breasts against one another. "Anything over here catching your eye?"

Lester sat silent for a few seconds and then resumed stroking his cock. "I want everything I see."

"Mmmm" Sarah moaned slightly. "That's too bad, everything over here is just for Dan."

She slowly licked her lips without breaking eye contact with Lester. "You get to watch while my husband fucks me, but all of this is just for him."

"Oh," Dan was now powerl thrusting into her, his fingers digging into her hips. His thrusts were coming quicker.

We'll see about that. Lester rose from his chair, his left hand helping to brace himself. His right hand never left his cock. He continued to stroke it as he stood there watching the couple.

No one spoke.

Sarah watched as Lester took a step closer until he was standing just on the other side of the table.

"I don't believe either of you," Lester said. He was slowly stroking his cock, almost emphasizing every word with a stroke.

This is where Lester would finally cash in his patience and show his hand. "You came into my room begging me to come and watch you and your husband fuck."

Lester took another step closer, this time around the table. "As much as you don't want to admit it to me right now, I know you've both been thinking about what happened last time. Thinking about me stroking my big cock to you."

He took another step until he was on their side of the table. "I know you both love the idea of me watching you, of me stroking my cock and cumming all over you like last time. This isn't just for you, it's for me too."

Dan had begun slowing his thrusts watching the situation play out. Lester was now right next to them, just like he was the time before. This time he was towering over Sarah, his meaty cock pointing right at her. "Just stay in your lane, Lester, and we can all enjoy this."

Lester looked at him and nodded.

"If I remember right," Lester breathed huskily. "You both seemed to like it the last time I did this."

Lester slowly reached toward Sarah's shoulder. He did it slowly enough that either one of them could have stopped him.

Sarah watched as Lester extended a finger and hooked it around her black bra strap and slowly dragged it down to her bicep. She inhaled sharply.

She knew how dangerous the situation was becoming. It was startling how much having another cock so close to her was turning her on. This wasn't like her. She teased Dan and played into this fantasy, but it was all happening so fast now.

Lester stood back up and continued stroking his cock over Sarah. His gaze was fixed on her face. She was staring straight ahead at his knees.

Dan groaned. "No more touching Lester, I mean it."

Without looking at him, Lester held two fingers on his left hand up. "Scout's honor."

"How's the view from down there, Sarah?" Lester asked.

"It could be better." Sarah said flatly.

"Really?" Lester asked. He reached back and pulled the coffee table closer to the couch and sat down on it. His cock was now directly in front of Sarah, and she watched as he continued to stroke it. "Better?"

Sarah stayed silent.

She didn't close her eyes. She didn't want to bend to his challenge. As a result, her eyes were fixated on the stroking motion of Lester's hand as he pumped his cock in front of her. She watched in fascination as his hand went up and down his length. *What would that feel like in my hand?*

Dan was beginning to unravel at the situation in front of him. His pace picked up and he began thrusting desperately into his wife. Sarah almost cursed him, his cock was rapidly hitting the perfect spot over and over.

"Ooh" she moaned as she felt an orgasm building inside of her. She turned her head away from Lester and focused on the love of her life, Dan. She looked up at him and saw the lust on his face. She saw how strongly this situation was affecting him.

That look on his face always sent her over the edge. She felt his cock continue to pound against the sensitive bundle of nerves in her pussy. Her muscles contracted and she gripped his cock hard as her orgasm began to rise up inside of her. Her right hand grabbed onto his forearm hard and her left hand dug into the couch.

Just as her orgasm was beginning to start, she felt an unfamiliar hand on her wrist. She broke eye contact with Dan. They both shifted their gaze to Lester, who pulled Sarah's hand to his cock.

He just broke Dan's no touching rule, seconds after he agreed to it.

Sarah's orgasm continued to build as Lester wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft and began to stroke himself with her soft hand.

He picked the perfect moment to make his move. Sarah's orgasm exploded as she came.

She felt a blanket of sparks wash over her whole body, radiating out from her sex while simultaneously covering every inch of her. She

curled her toes and tightened her grip on Dan's arm and Lester's cock "Ah Fuck! Fuuuck!"

The orgasm continued to wash over her, overloading all of her senses and thoughts. As she began to come down from her orgasmic bliss, she slowly got her bearing on her surroundings. She opened her eyes and looked back up at Dan whose jaw was hanging open as he breathed rapidly.

She followed Dan's gaze and then came to a stark realization. Her hand was still wrapped around Lester's cock. She had been stroking it freely while Lester sat back with his arms on the coffee table.

She looked back at Dan who seemed to have woken from his trance. She didn't know how he would react. They had talked about and played with the idea of touching, but this was real. She was stroking another man's cock outside of her marriage.

Dan looked at her lustfully and began to frantically thrust into her. She subconsciously began to stroke Lester's cock to match the pace of her husband's thrusts.

"Ohh yeah," Lester growled. "That feels good baby, don't stop."

Sarah continued to look at the hungry expression on Dan's face. The orgasm that she just came down from was quickly building back up. The hard cock in her hand and the taboo nature of this illicit scenario was driving her crazy.

Dan began to push harder into Sarah, over and over until he let out a loud moan "Oh fuck, Sarah!"

Dan came and his cock exploded within her. She felt his cum wash over her insides, dancing across all of her sensitive spots. Unfortunately, he stopped thrusting just as her orgasm was building. His spasming cock inside of her helped keep the momentum going, but it wasn't enough to get her across the finish line.

Dan leaned over into the back of the couch as he caught his breath, his hands still firmly holding Sarah's hips.

Sarah's stroking of Lester's cock had slowed but she still gripped it softly.

Lester saw that the situation was quickly evaporating in front of him. It was time to gamble.

He grabbed a hold of Sarah's hand and tightened his grip, ensuring she didn't let go of his cock.

She looked at him bewildered.

"Dan," Lester said in a low voice. "I haven't finished yet. Tell Sarah it's okay to finish me off."

As Lester said this, Dan slowly withdrew from Sarah. His softening cock immediately felt a jolt of energy at Lester's words.

Holding Sarah's hand tightly, Lester began to guide it up and down his shaft.

Sarah looked from Lester's cock to Dan's face trying to read the situation. She saw that hungry look reappear in Dan's eyes. He gave her a slight, almost imperceptible nod.

This was the point of no return that would change things forever. Sarah knew the sight of her doing this would be seared into her husband's mind forever. She wanted to regain some of the control back from Lester. She would give them both a show and make sure her husband never forgot this.

"Let go of my hand." Sarah began to sit up. Lester released her from his grip and her delicate hands left his cock.

She looked over at her husband one last time and gave him a wink. Then she moved off the couch and sank to her knees on the floor between Lester's legs. The feeling of her husband's semen dripping from her vagina as she knelt before his naked roommate gave her a heady rush of arousal at the naughtiness of the situation.

Her manicured nails came to rest on his knees and slowly scratched their way up his hairy thighs until they reached the base of his cock.

"So you want me to finish you off, Lester?" She spoke in a low seductive voice. She looked up at him with her bright green fuck me eyes.

Lester looked down at her heaving chest, the one bra strap was still wrapped around her arm. The beautiful face he had jerked off to countless times was now less than a foot away from his cock.

"Yeah." He mumbled. "Finish me off."

The fingers of Sarah's hand slowly began to glide up and down Lester's shaft. Teasing him with her touch.

"Just this once, I'm going to stroke your cock until you cum for me." Sarah breathed.

"You're going to sit there on your knees and stroke me right in front of your husband? You're a bad girl." Lester couldn't take his eyes off the pretty housewife.

Sarah looked over her shoulder back at Dan who was now sitting watching the events play out intently. His cock was hard again.

"He's sort of like you in that way, Lester." She paused to look at Dan's hungry eyes. "He likes to watch."

Sarah's fingers closed around Lester's cock as she began to sensually stroke him. The nails on her other hand found his balls

through the forest of pubic hair and began to tease them.

"Are you going to cum for me soon, big boy?" She asked, looking up at him. "Just like you came for me last time?"

"Mmmm." Lester moaned. "If I'm taking too long, maybe you can do something else with that pretty mouth of yours."

Sarah eyed him suspiciously. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean." Lester was starting to breathe hard. "Wrap those lips around my cock."

Sarah smiled and raised an eyebrow at Lester. "Did you already forget what I told you last time? These lips are just for my husband."

"Heh" Lester groaned. "So you have been thinking about our last encounter."

Sarah wanted to get this over with. She knew that if she leaned into the dirty talk, he would come faster and she knew it turned Dan on too.

"What can I say?" She continued to stroke his cock. She broke eye contact with Lester and looked down at his cock. "Certain things seem to keep popping up in my mind."

Looking down at his meaty cock in front of her, Sarah began to wonder. Thoughts involuntarily flooded her mind. *Could I make this thing cum with my mouth? What would it feel like? What would it taste like? How would Dan react? What a rotten man. God, this is so bad.*

Sarah unconsciously bit her lower lip at the thought of getting closer to Lester dick. It was so unorthodox for someone of Sarah's caliber to be kneeling between a misfit like Lester's legs, with his monstrosity of a cock pointing right at her.

She could see the precum begin to glisten from Lester's cockhead.

"I knew you have been thinking about my cock since I walked into the kitchen naked." Lester had that smirking grin on his face. "I saw the way you looked at it then."

Sarah continued to run her hand up and down his shaft, gripping it tightly. Her hand accidentally ran over some of the precum oozing out of his cock, but she didn't bat an eye and continued stroking him. Lester's cum disappeared into her hand as she continued to watch his cock, transfixed by how different it felt from her husband's.

"Oh yeah?" She challenged. "What look was that?"

"Curiosity." Lester fired back. "I think you were wondering what it would taste like if I slid it past those pretty lips of yours right there in the kitchen. Or what it would feel like if I fucked you with it."

That last line took Sarah and Dan aback. That seemed to be a bridge neither was willing to entertain crossing.

Even though Dan had a raging hardon watching the scene play out in front of him, Lester's words still stung. He was about to say something, but Sarah beat him to it.

She had stayed composed and in character. "It's too bad we'll never find that out, big boy. Like I said, this is just for Dan only."

Lester looked disappointed. "Well, how about a little more skin then? Why don't you lower that other bra strap like last time?"

Sarah didn't stop stroking him, but looked over her shoulder at her husband. "What do you say, Dan? Should I lower the other strap?"

"Do it," Dan croaked. He was now slowly touching his cock from the other side of the couch.

Sarah turned back to Lester and let go of his cock. She reached over and slowly slid the other bra strap down her upper arm. "Better?"

"Much better," Lester groaned as Sarah's hand found his hard shaft again. He reached out and began toying with the loose bra strap. "Seeing your bare shoulders is very sexy."

Sarah's eyes were glued to Lester's cock, looking for any indication that he was going to cum soon. She missed what he did next.

"What would make it even better would be...." He quickly leaned forward, his gut thrusting towards Sarah's face. He reached behind her and with one quick motion unclasped her bra. As he sat back down he looped his finger into her bra strap and pulled it down her arm.

The falling bra exposed Sarah's magnificent breasts for the first time to the living room, and as far as either Sarah or Dan knew, the first time to any man outside of their marriage.

Dan sat up watching the events unfold. He couldn't decide if he was sitting up to interject or get a better look.

Lester sat back with that stupid, toothy grin on his face as he watched Sarah's bare chest begin to quickly rise and fall as her breathing quickened.

Surprisingly, it didn't outwardly seem to faze Sarah. "You're a bad boy, Lester." She let go of him to pull the bra off and toss it on the floor, completely naked now and on her knees before her husband's roommate. The sexual thrill from the exposure seemed to give her a boost in her boldness.

She made a show of licking her lips and looking at his cock. "A big, big bad boy."

She looked up into his eyes "I bet you'd love to touch these, wouldn't you?"

Her left hand found her breast and she slowly started massaging it while the other hand continued to stroke Lester. "I bet you'd love to pull on these," she teased him as she gently tugged on her nipple. "And then put that big cock of yours right here."

She traced a line up and down the middle of her chest, between each of her supple breasts.

"To fuck... my chest?" Sarah didn't break eye contact with the large man in front of her.

Lester was beginning to thrust up into Sarah's pumping hand. He wasn't talking anymore. She knew she had him. She knew she could take control and satisfy his unfamiliar cock in front of her.

Lester's breathing was growing ragged. He was going to cum soon. He felt the familiar sensation of his balls beginning to tighten. *Just one more thing...*

"Is that what you want Lester?" Sarah said seductively. "To take that big cock of yours and fuck my --"

Lester stuck his index and middle finger into Sarah's mouth before she had a chance to react. She was caught off guard and stopped stroking his cock, but Lester's hand quickly found hers and began to rapidly increase the tempo of her strokes.

Sarah's first reaction was to suck on the fingers like she had done a million times before to her husband. Her tongue instinctively ran under the palm of his fingers as her mouth gently sucked on their tips. She tasted something salty and familiar, but she couldn't place it.

An instant later her mind caught up with her body and she pulled back from his fingers in shock.

The feeling of Sarah's mouth sucking on his fingers was too much. His balls tightened and exploded, sending a stream of cum up his shaft and out of his cock head.

Rope after rope of cum shot out at Sarah. She continued to stroke the mighty,, spasming cock in front of her.

Her naked chest was peppered with Lester's cum. Line after line of cum sprayed across her neck and breasts. Some dripped out and down his shaft until it was interlaced with Sarah's manicured hands, drenching her wedding band.

"Fuuuck." Lester fell back as one last powerful stream of cum erupted from his cock and hit Sarah square in the chin and bottom lip.

He sat back on the table gasping for air.

Sarah held her hand out in front of her and slowly looked down at her bare chest covered in Lester's cum. It confused her that her first reaction to the situation was pride. She had once again conquered his cock and was again covered in the proof of her conquest. It took her a moment to come down from the rush and appraise the situation with a look between Lester and her husband.

Without thinking, she stuck her tongue out and tasted Lester's salty cum on her lips. The moment her taste buds registered that she had another man's cum in her mouth, a mortified expression spread across her face. She had not meant to do that. *What the fuck, Sarah?*

She quickly grabbed her bra off the floor and jogged down the hallway to the bathroom, her breasts bouncing as cum continued to slide down her naked body.

Lester watched her perfect ass jiggle as she went. Without looking at Dan, he got up and walked back down the same hallway and entered his room.

On his monitor, Lester watched with a wicked smile as Sarah stood naked in front of the bathroom mirror for several minutes, meeting her own eyes for a second or two and then taking in her practically pornographic state of being covered in cum.

She seemed to come back to herself with a start as she jolted upright and shook her head with a slightly guilty look on her face before quickly cleaning herself up. Dan had already tidied up the living room and made his way back to their bedroom to wait on her.

Sarah had stared at herself in the mirror for a few minutes before eventually opening the bathroom door and peeking out into the hallway before tip-toeing to their room.

The couple had a hushed conversation while laying in bed that Lester's new cameras couldn't pick up.

It was clear from the motion of the bodies under the sheets that Dan and Sarah had eventually fucked again quietly before falling asleep.

Lester switched off the live video and clicked into his recordings folder. He pulled up the latest file and a video player popped up. On the screen was Lester's cock spurting out cum all over the pretty housewife.

He chuckled as he opened the locked drawer at the base of his desk and retrieved a hard drive labeled 'Sarah Williams'.

He plugged the hard drive into his computer and began to transfer the file.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 05

Taking time to just sit and relax was something that Sarah tried to schedule for herself as often as possible. Having completed all the chores and errands the previous day, Sarah now had the luxury to enjoy a quiet afternoon by herself and read the latest thriller novel that had been assigned in her book club.

Her parents had picked up her daughters for the afternoon, giving Sarah a rare, child-free home for once.

I wish Dan was here.

It had been a few weeks since she had last spent the night with Dan in Chicago. They talked almost everyday, but things still weren't the same without him around. He was also distracted with work, and she could tell his mind was always elsewhere during their conversations.

She had her own career to focus on as well, along with the added pressures of running their household and ensuring each dollar spent didn't further deplete their stagnant savings account. The only times she really felt truly connected to her husband was when she had him alone, either at the house or in his apartment.

Those were the only times she was able to truly take her foot off the gas and let go of some of the tight control she kept on her life.

Then again, things can sometimes get a little out of control...

Her mind drifted back to her last night in Chicago as she relived not only the passionate love making from Dan, but also the combustible new element in their sex life: Lester.

She truly did not find herself attracted to her husband's roommate at all. Nevertheless, his mere presence seemed to add fuel to the fire of Dan's fantasies.

Dan had always held some dark fantasies about her involvement with another man, but until recently they had been just that: fantasies. Sure, she had also enjoyed teasing her husband and playing along. Part of her even reveled in the thought of being truly wild and fulfilling her husband's deepest desire.

She still couldn't believe that she had actually touched another man's cock and had even been alone with him in his bedroom.

Sarah sighed and closed her book. She hadn't comprehended a single word she had read for the last ten minutes. Her mind was constantly drifting back to Dan and his roommate.

What would happen the next time she went to Chicago, and how far were she or Dan willing to take things? The thought of teasing Dan and surprising him by bringing more of his fantasy to life turned her on.

Maybe it wasn't just his fantasy anymore. She absolutely loved the look that appeared on his face when she acted so out of character. Maybe next time she visited she'd see how far Dan was willing to push things.

And then there was Lester. Weird, lewd Lester. He clearly was not the same person they had originally met when touring the apartment. It was also obvious what his intentions were.

Sarah would have never given him a second glance if not for Dan's fantasy, but she had to admit that she found the idea of lowering herself to touch someone below her gave her a certain thrill that she didn't quite understand.

Sarah shook her head to try and clear away the distracting thoughts as she reached for her book again.

The familiar chime of her cell phone rang, and she grabbed it instead. A smile spread across her lips as she saw that it was Dan.

She sank back into the couch with a smile and answered the phone.

"Hello there, dear," Sarah beamed. "I was just thinking about you."

"Oh yeah? Hopefully, they were some R-rated thoughts." Dan replied with a smirk.

"I'll never tell." Sarah extended her legs out onto the couch in a long stretch. "How much do you miss me?"

"Baby, I miss you every second of the day. I can't wait until I see you again." Dan wasn't just saying that; she could feel the longing and loneliness in his voice.

I'll have to go and see him soon.

Sarah's smile slowly faded from her face as she was reminded of their situation.

"I miss you too, baby. Do you think you'll be able to come home soon?"

She heard Dan sigh on the other side of the phone.

"No, probably not. Walt's worried about our new client. They are super demanding and keep changing their minds on things. He even mentioned I might have to fly out there and get them to sign a new agreement."

Sarah frowned. The idea of her husband going even farther away upset her. It felt odd for him to be going on a plane without her and the girls, almost like he was going on vacation without them. It wasn't logical, so she pushed the thoughts aside.

"Well, you can worry about work tomorrow," she said firmly, trying to change the subject to something lighter. "Today's still Sunday, though. What are you up to at the moment?"

"Ha. Well, you actually wouldn't believe what I'm doing right now," Dan said. "It's really out of the blue."

"What is it? Now I'm curious." She raised an eyebrow, intrigued. Maybe he was looking at the pictures she had left for him when he first moved into the apartment.

Dan cleared his throat. "Our mutual friend asked me to take him to a doctor's appointment today."

"Lester?" Sarah whispered.

"Yep." Dan sounded like he was on the verge of revealing a big secret. "Guess what kind of appointment?"

"What kind?" Sarah asked.

"Vasectomy." Dan replied.

"What?! No, really?" Sarah gasped.

Why the heck would Lester need to get a vasectomy. It just seemed so random.

"Yeah, for real," he assured her. "I'm sitting here in the parking lot waiting for him to come out."

"So he just got up this morning and said 'Hey, Dan, I know we don't really talk, but can you take me to get a vasectomy?'" Sarah wondered out loud.

"Not in so many words." Dan said. "He asked if I could drive him to an appointment. He was all weird about it and didn't tell me what it was for. When we got here he went inside and said he'd be out in an hour. I googled the place and that's what they do: vasectomies."

"That's so weird." Sarah said as she pondered the story. "So random, too."

"I know, that's why I had to call you. I needed to tell someone and you are the only other person who knows Lester..." Dan trailed off.

Sarah caught a hint of words left unsaid in his voice. It was obvious what had suddenly popped into his mind.

She had been increasingly frustrated by their separation, and her longing to be with her husband was becoming overwhelming. Smiling to herself, she decided it was time to be a bit playful.

"Oh, am I now?" she teased in an innocent voice. "You know, I guess I do know Lester pretty well..."

She paused, waiting to see if Dan would respond. He didn't. She did, however, begin to hear him breathing heavier now.

Even though Dan wasn't with her in person, she couldn't help but run her hand along the neckline of her sweatshirt.

"I guess you could even say that Lester knows me pretty well, too. I mean, he has seen me naked after all," she said in a husky voice.

"Do you remember that, Dan? The last time I was there with you? When Lester snapped off my bra and your wife was naked and kneeling before him?"

"Yes," came the barely audible reply from Dan. He was probably overwhelmed.

"Did it disappoint you?" Sarah asked innocently.

"Did what disappoint me?" Dan asked back breathlessly.

"When I was kneeling there in front of your roommate, did it disappoint you that I stroked his cock until he came on me?" she purred.

Seconds felt like hours. Dan didn't respond at first. After a shuddering breath, he finally began to try and reassure her.

"No, no, not at all. It was hot. Too hot, it--"

Sarah leaned forward with a wicked look on her face, interrupting him.

"No, Dan, I meant did it disappoint you that I stopped where I did? That I just stroked him until he came? Are you disappointed I didn't put his cock in my mouth?"

She sat there with a playful grin on her face, knowing the inner turmoil that she was causing to her husband.

She heard him groan through the receiver. "You are so bad. You're too much sometimes."

"Mhmmmm, I bet Lester would disagree," she responded mercilessly.

"Ok, Ok, that's too much. Jesus christ, Sarah, you know just how to fucking turn me on, but I'm going to get caught sitting here in the parking lot with a hard on like some pervert." Dan laughed, warming Sarah's heart as she had forgotten how long it had been since she heard that.

"Well, maybe we can pick this conversation up again next time I'm in Chicago," she said seriously, all playfulness and teasing gone from her voice.

After a brief pause, Dan finally responded to her bold statement.

"Is that...Is that really something you would consider, though? Something you would actually do?" he asked, matching her seriousness.

That wasn't just banter anymore. It was a real, honest question.

Without hesitation, Sarah answered her husband.

"Dan, I would do anything for you."

Greasy streaks were left on the screen as Lester thumbed his phone.

He was reading through the latest raid reports from the previous night on Discord. Ned had provided a long wall of text analyzing what the group could have done better. After a brief scan, he switched to his private server where he had cultivated a small following of like-minded individuals. A few clients had asked for rare photos or videos, which he was happy to oblige for the right price.

He frowned at a couple of requests, though. Someone was requesting videos that Lester had recently boasted about, but those were from his private collection which he didn't care to share.

As he began typing a response, a shadow fell over him.

He looked up to see the curvaceous receptionist standing a few feet away looking at him questioningly.

"Can I help you?" she asked with a small, polite smile.

Lester slowly looked her up and down, taking in her ample curves.

"No, I'm just waiting for a friend," he said dismissively.

Confused and a little disturbed by his lingering gaze, the receptionist turned and walked back towards her desk. Lester's eyes watched her ass as she went.

She'd be great on camera...

As she disappeared behind the desk, Lester finally pulled his eyes away from her and looked out the large, bay windows down toward the parking lot where Dan sat in the car, pointlessly waiting for him.

He sneered as he imagined the asshole thinking himself clever for "discovering" what Lester was having done at the office.

All part of the plan.

"Oh, I see you got the good stuff!" Sarah exclaimed as Dan brought her favorite bottle of red wine to the couch.

It had been a few weeks since Dan had sat in the parking lot waiting for Lester. Still, he couldn't get the conversation he'd had with Sarah out of his head. The idea of her doing more with Lester seemed to be creeping into his thoughts with startling frequency.

He blamed a lot of it on the physical distance between him and his wife and how horny he was becoming without Sarah around to satisfy his needs. Sure, he would take care of himself, but nothing replaced Sarah's touch or seeing her turn into the sexy vixen she did during their lovemaking.

And now he finally had her back in the apartment. Even though he was calmly pouring his wife a glass of wine, his heart was thumping with anticipation.

"Thanks, honey." Sarah took the wine from her husband and brought it to her lips. Dan sat back next to her and took a sip of his beer.

"So, what do you have planned for me this weekend?" Sarah asked. "Should we get out and see the town, or spend some quality time here?"

"Why not do a bit of both?" Dan suggested. "I'm sure we can find somewhere in the city to eat, but then again, I'm sure we can find plenty to do around here."

"Oh?" Sarah feigned innocence. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

"Well, for starters, you have thirty minutes max to enjoy that wine before I take you to the bedroom and rip off your clothes."

Sarah almost choked on her drink but recovered quickly. "I like the sound of that, but you're not even going to serve me dinner first? You used to be a gentleman. Chicago has obviously changed you, mister."

Dan leaned in playfully. "I just know what I want, and I've been wanting you for weeks. And we should take advantage of the time we have now, because you-know-who isn't here."

"He isn't?" Sarah leaned in, making sure Dan would have a great view of her cleavage. "Well, that is reason enough to celebrate. I've been craving you, too..."

Her fingers began to crawl up Dan's thighs. "But won't you be disappointed that your roommate won't watch us? Shouldn't we wait for him?"

Dan could feel his cock growing in his pants. Sarah's delicate fingers were just inches away from discovering it. He wanted to take her right there on the couch, but he also wanted to draw this out and hear her tease him with his fantasy.

"I don't know. If he isn't here, it's his loss," he said before giving her a small, wicked smile. "Besides, if he were in my shoes, do you think he'd wait?"

Sarah leaned back and took another long sip of her wine. "If he was here and I was like this with him, he probably would have cum already."

"Jesus," Dan said breathlessly. "Don't even tease me like that."

"What?" Sarah asked seductively. "You don't think I could make it happen that fast? Make someone...make Lester cum so quickly?" She licked her lips while staring into Dan's eyes.

Dan gulped as Sarah closed the distance between them. Her hand found his erection and she whispered in his ear, "You don't think that I could make that cock cum with my mouth?"

She pulled back and stared into his eyes. "I guess I'll just have to prove it to you."

Sarah abruptly sat back, removing her hand from Dan's crotch. She grabbed her wine and, stifling a smile, took another drink.

Dan looked at her, flabbergasted. How, after all this time, did she still manage to surprise him and turn him on as much as she did? He put his beer down on the table and stood up.

"Fuck that, let's go to the bedroom now," he said in a tone that brooked no argument.

Sarah blushed at his enthusiasm and got ready to follow her husband.

They both froze when they heard the sound of keys engaging the front door's lock.

The incandescent glow from the hallway lights flooded into the living room, casting a stocky silhouette onto Sarah and Dan.

Lester's short frame entered the apartment. He was clearly wearing new clothes to look nicer, but they didn't fit properly. The pants and shirt looked to be a size too big, and they hung awkwardly onto his chunky body.

It was what followed Lester into the apartment, however, that made Sarah and Dan's jaws drop.

A beautiful, young woman a few years younger than Sarah trailed behind Lester. She had shoulder-length red hair and walked with the confidence and poise of someone a few years older. Her lithe form was wrapped in a tight red dress that looked like it was painted on.

Dan blamed his heightened state of arousal for the fact that he immediately noticed the young woman's impressive bust size. He quickly composed himself before Sarah had to pick his jaw up off the floor after she had picked up her own.

"Hi, I'm Lizzie," the red headed beauty greeted them with a warm smile.

Dan was still too shell-shocked to comprehend what was happening. Sarah glanced at Dan out of the corner of her eye before turning back to their new guest. "Hi, Lizzie. I'm Sarah and this is my husband, Dan."

Lester locked the front door and gently grabbed Lizzie by her elbow, leading her towards the hallway. "Well, it was nice to meet you," she said as she was pulled along behind him.

With that, the odd couple disappeared down the hallway, closing Lester's door behind them.

Dan looked down the hallway and then back to his wife. "What the hell was that?"

Lester plodded into his room and stood there, surveying the scene before he heard the door click closed behind him. The idea of letting Lizzie walk in first hadn't occurred to him. He was too focused on tonight's outcome and moving on to the next phase of his plan.

He had purposely been limiting his interactions with the couple in order to frame himself in a singular light. Now, he wouldn't be seen as a passive loser confined to his video games. They would come to see him only in a sexual context, subliminally framing him in that light.

His ultimate outcome was for Sarah's panties to grow wet at the mere mention of his name.

Tonight was a crucial piece of the puzzle. Everything had to go according to plan. Lizzie had to play her part to perfection.

Lizzie...

Lester turned on his heel to appraise his former roommate. She had managed to escape his grasp, or so she thought. Yet here she was, back in this room that held so many memories for them both.

He quickly fell back into his old dynamic with her. He stared at her, making her uncomfortable until she was the first one to speak, surrendering her power to him. He scanned her up and down, nodding his head.

Despite it being a few years since they'd seen each other, or at least since she'd seen him, Lizzie hadn't changed much. Her fiery red hair framed her confident and poised face. He was especially happy she had worn the red dress as requested as he knew how it looked on her. How it amplified her impressive bust and hugged at her hips.

No doubt both Dan and Sarah would have noticed all of this and would have many questions running through their minds.

All will be revealed shortly, or at least what I want you to believe.

Lizzie shifted her weight uncomfortably, a chink showing in her otherwise seamless armour. She clearly didn't like being back here.

"This room actually doesn't look as bad as it did before," she said stiffly before waiting for Lester to reply.

I guess I should at least be civil to help keep her in line.

Lester sighed and looked around exaggeratedly. "I've upgraded a few things."

"It's clean," Lizzie observed as she took one tentative step into the room while still keeping her distance from him.

"It is," he stared at her flatly. "I have a maid service now."

Lizzie crossed her arms, finally sensing an opening. "Really?"

"Yes. Really," Lester said in a monotone voice as he met her gaze.

He saw the fire behind her eyes that matched the color of her hair, the anger that wanted to lash out at him. After so long, she would no doubt have thought she had moved past the things that haunted her, only to discover that she hadn't.

His lair had that effect.

"So, what exactly caused you to decide to get a maid service? It was never a problem before when --" Lizzie had started to raise her voice before Lester cut her off.

"Let's focus on why you are here." He opened a cupboard in his desk and extracted a hard drive with the label 'Lizzie.' The sight of it quelled Lizzie's growing rebellion.

Lester had planted the hard drive there earlier. There was no point in giving Lizzie any advantageous information. He didn't want her to know where he really kept the hard drive or where the key to the drawer was, much less how many others he had stored away.

"You know what's on here," Lester stated flatly. He let his words hang in the air.

When it was clear he was waiting for a response, Lizzie replied meekly, "Yes."

"Tell me," Lester said.

The fire rose up in the redhead's voice once again.

"I'm not here to play this game with you, Lester! Let's just get this over with," she demanded.

Lester took a step towards her. It made her uncomfortable, but she didn't move. She didn't waver in front of his forwardness.

Careful Lizzie, I may just have to break you again.

"Tell me," Lester whispered. Sometimes women were more forthcoming when they felt like they were telling a secret.

Lizzie averted her eyes and stared at the new king bed. "Me."

A smile spread across Lester's face. "And?"

Lizzie shifted her gaze back to him, clearly doing her best to hold back her rage. "You."

Lester triumphantly took a step back, turned and placed the hard drive onto his desk. He prodded it with one finger. "How's Isaac?"

"What?" Lizzie asked, astonished.

"How's Isaac --"

This time Lizzie cut him off. "Don't! Don't talk about him, okay?"

"Fine," Lester conceded. "But where does he think you are tonight? I can't imagine you told him the truth."

He turned back to look at her. She still had her arms crossed and was staring daggers at him.

"Don't worry about it," she replied. "Let's just get done what we have to do so I can take that hard drive back."

Lester smirked. She had clearly learned not to divulge too much information to him. She had learned that lesson the hard way, after all.

He walked over to the small mini fridge under his desk and opened it. "Want a soda?"

Lizzie eyes him suspiciously. "I'm not an idiot. I won't drink anything you hand me."

Sounds from the other side of the wall distracted Lester. He heard hushed voices and the unmistakable sound of the door shutting. Dan and Sarah were retiring for the night. It had been several weeks since they had seen each other. No doubt they would be having sex soon.

He quickly crossed back over to Lizzie. His speed caught her by surprise and she backed up against the wall. Lester continued moving forward until his gut was pressing against her taut stomach.

Her nervousness was apparent by her increased breathing. Her calm and cool exterior was crumbling at his proximity.

"Tell me." He raised a hand and clutched a lock of her hair. "What the plan is for tonight."

She took a second to compose herself before slapping away his hand.

"The plan," she said in a harsh whisper, "is for you to stay the hell away from me while I work."

Lester smirked and backed away from her, raising his hands in surrender.

Muffled sounds of sheets moving and weight shifting came from beyond the wall. It looked like the night was proceeding right on schedule.

He gestured to the bed. Lizzie raised an eyebrow at him and didn't move. He smiled and moved to his closet. There, he retrieved a foam fold out mattress that he laid out on the floor. He took a blanket out of the closet and one of the bed's pillows and set them up on the small mattress.

He gestured again to the bed as he struggled to get down onto the floor.

The sounds of quiet moans began emanating through the wall from Dan and Sarah.

Lizzie gave him one final glare before crossing to the bed and lying down on it. Then, she started her performance.

Sarah was finally back where she belonged: in Dan's warm embrace.

After the odd couple of Lester and Lizzie left the common space, Dan was eager to pick back up where things had left off. They didn't

want to chance being interrupted on the couch; the night had been weird enough as it was. Instead, they snuck back to the bedroom to quietly make love like teenagers under their parents' roof.

Her legs were wrapped around Dan's waist as he slowly thrust into her. He gently pinned her wrists to the bed and kissed the inside of her neck. His tongue was driving her crazy. A quiet moan escaped her lips.

Dan drew back and looked at her. They had said they'd be quiet, but she couldn't help it. He gave her three quick thrusts, eliciting another small moan that escaped her lips.

He wouldn't deny that he had done that on purpose to get a response out of her.

She tightened her grip with her thighs, trying to pull more of her husband into her. God, he felt good. Now he was picking up his pace, seeing how far he could push her, and how long she could stay quiet.

"Oh, Dan," she moaned, a little louder than a whisper. He smiled at his ability to have this effect on her, even if he was playing with fire by making her moan loudly when they weren't really alone.

"Fuck me," she whispered in a sultry voice.

As Dan was about to respond, they both grew still at a new sound. Moaning was coming from the other side of the wall.

They both shared a look with one another. In all the time Dan had lived in a shared space with Lester, he had never once seen him bring anyone else into the apartment. They didn't understand who Lizzie was or what she was doing here.

Initially, Sarah suspected she might be a prostitute when they had both walked in the door earlier, but she didn't really have that look

about her. Besides, if Lester was desperate for some kind of satisfaction, he would have known Sarah was coming to town this weekend. Wouldn't he have tried to press his luck again like last time?

"Ooooooh." They heard a female voice moan through the wall. "Ahhhh, fuuck!"

Accompanying the moans was the rhythmic sound of something hitting one of the walls over and over again. It didn't take long for Sarah to realize it must have been the bed's headboard. This was what listening to Lester having sex sounded like.

Dan stirred and began to thrust into her again. Something had changed, though. Instead of the quiet fucking from a few minutes ago, he was now pushing into her with a determined look on his face, almost like he was rising to meet some kind of challenge.

"Oh," A soft moan escaped Sarah's lips. "Mmmm, fuck!"

Dan's renewed speed quickly brought her close to the brink of her first orgasm. "God, Dan, don't stop!"

He didn't.

Like a man possessed, he continued to pound into her. He let go of her wrists to give himself more leverage on the bed. Her hands found his back and she pulled him into her.

"OOOOOHHHH!" A scream reverberated through the wall. "LESTER!"

The unmistakable sound of someone cumming reached their ears. Lester had actually managed to get Lizzie off before Dan had gotten her off. Who knows what they had been doing beforehand, though.

Dan continued to thrust into her. His thrusts now seemed off tempo against the continued rhythmic banging coming from the other side

of the wall.

"Oh fuck, don't stop, Lester. Don't stop!" Sarah could hear Lizzie's desperate pleading loud and clear. Her mind was subconsciously painting a picture of what that scene must look like. What position was Lizzie in to get that kind of reaction?

Sarah could feel herself about to cum. "God, Dan! Oh, fuck!"

She came hard and gripped his cock with everything she had. Dan somehow pushed through it and continued to thrust into her. Sarah could feel that stimulation inside of her. She was quickly building towards another orgasm.

"Oh, fuck me!" she heard through the walls. "Fuck me!"

And then Dan came. His cum shot into her over and over as she felt him pulse inside her. Sarah lay there and held onto him. She pushed her hips up, desperate for more of him, desperate to cum again. Dan didn't move, though as she tried to fuck him back.

She only now realized he was panting. He collapsed down onto her, slowly withdrawing himself from her and rolling over onto his side.

Sarah looked into Dan's eyes and gave him a smile, content at what she had received tonight, but wishing for just a bit more. Dan's hand found her cheek. "I love you, Sarah."

"I love you too, Dan."

Their tender embrace was broken by the continued sounds coming from the other room.

"Ahh! Oooh," they heard a feminine voice moan, accompanied by the sounds of thuds, this time even harder against their shared wall. "FUUUCK!"

Sarah and Dan just looked at each other, unsure how to react to what was happening in the next room. After several more minutes of listening to a woman in the throes of pleasure, they heard one final loud, long moan and then silence.

They both drifted off to sleep shortly after the noise had ceased and silence had returned to the apartment.

Lizzie sat up on the bed with her arms crossed, looking defiantly at Lester. He had moved to his computer chair during her "performance" and had been silently providing her instructions like some kind of conductor.

Even though she had only faked that performance, she was still breathing hard afterwards. She hated the fact that she was now helping Lester manipulate someone else, but she had to look out for her own interests.

She also didn't like the way Lester was looking at her right now, as she could tell her face was flushed.

"Time for bed," she whispered tersely to him. She grabbed the blanket and lay down, turning away from him. After a few seconds of him probably trying to ogle her ass, she heard his weight shift from the chair and settle across the room on the makeshift bed.

As she held her eyes closed, she couldn't help but think of the performance she had just given and the sounds she'd made. Hearing herself moan his name again had given her chills. She had thought she could come here and do this without it affecting her, but being back in this room and saying those things was stirring up things inside of her that she had thought were long dead and buried.

Lizzie didn't like what was being dredged back up to the surface. She needed to get out of here. She needed to get back to Issac.

The only problem was that she had agreed to stay until morning. That was the condition for Lester to give her the hard drive.

The hard drive!

She peeked her head up to look at Lester's desk where he had left it. Gone.

Damn! I'll have to stay here all night.

Lester lay silently staring at the ceiling of his room. It was a different perspective than he was used to. His body should be ready to sleep, but his mind was alert, not willing to miss this opportunity.

Based on Lizzie's breathing, she had fallen asleep a couple hours ago. He reached for his phone to check the time. 3:00am.

Perfect.

Lester slowly and quietly threw off his blanket and rolled off the mattress, careful not to crush his throbbing erection. It was time for relief.

Sarah hadn't gone to the bathroom after fucking Dan. Based on their past encounters that he had studied, she either cleaned up right away or drifted off to sleep. When she did fall asleep first, she would usually wake up a few hours later in the middle of the night.

She hadn't stirred yet, so Lester speculated that it was only a matter of time. He wished he could check his computer to see what was going on next door. He'd have to review the footage in the morning. Turning on the screen might wake up Lizzie, and he didn't want her to know more than she had to.

He crept to the bedroom door, being careful to avoid the creaking floorboards. He opened his door slowly, its well greased hinges opening without a sound. He peeked his head out.

Just as he thought, no sign of Sarah yet. He was tempted to try their bedroom door, but he assumed it would be locked.

Time for him to enact the next part of his plan, that he hadn't divulged to Lizzie. The one where he got two birds with one stone.

He turned back to his room, leaving the door open. Moonlight from the window illuminated Lizzie's form beneath the blanket. Part of her white shoulder was exposed to his eyes.

Lester licked his lips and began to cross the room, carefully listening for sounds of Sarah stirring. He pulled one side of his shirt up and then awkwardly grabbed it with the other hand, pulling it off and over his thick frame. He tossed it aside onto the floor without a care.

He stepped up to the foot of the bed. Keeping his gaze on Lizzie, he lowered his pants. His legs were pale and matted with hair, blood was rushing into his erect cock as he bent over.

Now he was naked in the moonlight, staring down at a beauty practically begging to be uncovered. This was a familiar feeling for him.

Lester's eyes flicked up to check Lizzie's face. Still asleep. She had wisely not accepted his drink, but Lester did enjoy his challenges. From his notes, he knew she was somewhat of a heavy sleeper.

He slowly pulled back the blanket. Lizzie's red dress had ridden up her thighs, and she was sleeping on her side, giving him a great view of her legs.

Lester leaned over her, careful not to disturb her with his gut. His hand found the zipper to her dress, and he carefully slid it down to

the bottom. Trying to take her dress off now would be a rookie mistake. That would come later. For now, he was preparing the scene, the way a great artist would lay out their brushes and paints first before even touching the canvas.

The king bed really was a great investment as he now had plenty of room to work with. Lester stealthily set himself down onto the bed and smiled. No creaking. The reinforced bed frame had been another great investment.

Lester's hands didn't caress Lizzie's legs as he longed to, but instead they reached up for the hem of her dress and gently hiked it up until her panty covered sex was exposed.

He expertly hooked his thumbs around the sides of Lizzie's red panties and began to gently tug them down her legs. Once they were off, Lester bunched them up and tucked them between the mattress and the frame of the bed, adding another trophy to his collection.

He gently rolled her hips so she was lying on her back before he slithered up the bed until his head was between her legs. He inhaled slowly through his nose, taking in the familiar and intoxicating scent of her pussy and smiled.

It's been too long.

Hooking one arm around her thigh to keep her in place, he slid his other under her ass, lifting it slightly to give him a better angle. He cocked his head to the side and listened one last time for sounds from the other side of the wall.

Nothing.

Reassured that he had plenty of time to lay the trap for Sarah, he lowered his head and began to run his tongue along Lizzie's bare slit.

Her body squirmed at his touch, but Lester held her still. She didn't wake up.

People made assumptions about Lester when they saw him. Generally, none of those were positive. One assumption people never made about him was that he was skilled in the bedroom. Given his appearance and body type, this would be a logical assumption to make.

However, Lester had dedicated lots of time to perfecting his craft. One of the tools he had honed over the years was being particularly attentive to the female body. Giving a woman the most pleasurable experience of her life made it that much harder to deny him the next time.

Lester's tongue continued to dance up and down Lizzie's slit. He could taste her beginning to become wet, and he smiled when he felt her hips involuntarily push up off the bed towards his face.

His tongue found her clit and began to slowly draw circles around it. He chanced removing his arm from around her thigh and brought one of his fingers towards her opening, slowly inserting the tip into her.

His finger gently traced the inside of Lizzie, matching the circular motion of his tongue. He remembered from one of the instructional videos he had studied long ago how the entrance to a woman's vagina had a ton of sensitivity.

He continued his oral assault as he pushed his finger farther into his former roommate.

"Mmm," Lizzie moaned in her sleep. "Mmmmmmm."

Lester stifled a smile. He knew he had her now. He slipped a second finger inside of her and rotated his palm to face up, beginning to make a 'come here' motion with the two digits. The tips of his

fingers ran over Lizzie's sensitive g-spot as he did this, bringing out an even greater reaction from the sleeping redhead.

Each time his fingers ran against that spot, Lester sucked hard on her clit. Lizzie's hips were bucking up against his face, wanting more.

"Oh," she moaned dreamily. "Mmmmmmmmm."

He could tell by the way her pussy was clenching his fingers and the increasingly desperate movement of her hips that her body would come soon.

He increased the tempo of his sucking and his fingers followed the faster pace he was setting. It didn't take long before she finally came.

"Oh, oh," Lizzie's hand found the back of Lester's head and pulled him into her as her hips pushed up against his face. He could feel her nails digging into the back of his scalp.

She'd definitely be waking up soon after that one, so Lester shifted positions, removing his fingers from her vagina and looping both arms around her thighs to hold her in place. He drove his tongue deep inside of her, doubling the intensity of his oral assault.

"Oh, fuck," he heard from her sultry lips. His eyes flicked up to see her magnificent breasts pushing up against her red dress as she arched her back.

His tongue spun around inside of her, alternating between licking the walls of her vagina and driving into it in a penetrative movement. Lizzie's hand stayed on the back of his head while the other had moved to grip the headboard.

Her back slumped to the bed as her orgasm subsided and her eyes opened, looking lazily down at Lester. She blinked a few times as she seemed to be slowly getting her bearings.

Her hips lifted off the bed, trying to roll to the side, but Lester held her tight. She opened her mouth to protest, but Lester stuck his tongue in deep and licked back alongside the roof of her vagina, hitting her g-spot.

Lizzie's head fell back against the pillow while her hand stayed planted on Lester's head. Her hips continued to rise off the bed, no longer trying to get away.

"Lester," she moaned unintentionally as she tried to speak. "You shouldn't, we didn't agree to --"

Lester picked up his tempo, cutting her off.

"Mmmmm," she moaned again. "This is wrong. You fucking tricked me. Mmmmm."

Lester could feel another orgasm building inside of her. She raised her hips yet again, trying to get as much of his tongue into her as possible.

"Oh fuck," she moaned. "Right there, don't stop. Don't stop."

Lester slowed down the pace of his tongue, withdrawing it so it only teased the inside edge of her pussy.

"Fuck, don't stop. Please," Lizzie moaned. "Don't fucking stop."

Lester continued to slow his assault, though, purposely not matching the desperate pleas of her body. She wanted to cum again, her mind was rushing with endorphins, looking for that sweet release.

In one fluid motion, Lester unhooked his arms and crawled up her body. Before Lizzie realized what was happening, he was on top of her. His cock was in one hand, pressing against her sex as her hips were still lifted up, looking for contact from his tongue. His thighs

bent her legs back until they were resting on his hips, her body automatically responding by softly wrapping them around his waist.

He rested on his forearm, his hand going under her neck to grab the hair at the base of her head in a fist. He didn't forget how much she loved that.

She turned her face away and didn't meet his gaze. He continued to rub the head of his cock up and down her entrance, slowly pressing into it without diving all the way in yet. Lizzie's hips continued pushing up, seeking out more contact with him.

Lester tightened his grip on her hair and turned her head to face him.

"Mmmmm," she moaned desperately. Her eyes eventually opened up to look at him.

Lester still saw that fire of defiance behind her eyes, but they were clouded over by something even more powerful: Lust.

He didn't dare smile like he wanted to, as this was the moment of truth. He just stared into her eyes like a hungry animal, matching the intensity of the lust in her gaze. He held his cock steady against her opening, pressing the cock head to her entrance, but not initiating penetration himself.

Then he felt it. Lizzie's legs tightened around his waist, pulling him forward. Her hips lifted off the bed again, this time pushing against his cock instead of his tongue as more of his shaft disappeared inside of her. He didn't break eye contact.

"Oh!" As more of his cock slid into her, she opened her mouth in pleasure.

The fire in her eyes subsided, consumed by pure lust now. He let go of his cock and pushed a little deeper into her. He wanted her to be

the one to bring him all the way inside. Her hands came to rest on his arms, her grip tight.

Her legs pulled at him, trying to get more of his cock. Her hips were continually pushed against him, desperate to cum.

He had her. Checkmate.

Lester sunk down, burying the entire length of his bare cock inside of her. She was lost in bliss. In the past, Lizzie would always insist on condoms, but in her sleepy stupor she must have forgotten.

"Ohhhh, fuck," Lizzie moaned loudly. With the door open, the sounds would be more noticeable than before. "Oh shit. Mmmmm."

Lester pinned one arm down and pulled her head up towards him, his lips mashing into hers. Without thinking, she returned his kiss as his tongue invaded her pretty mouth while his bare cock explored every inch of her behind her lower lips.

"Mhmmmm," she continued to moan into his mouth. Her hand found the back of his head, and she ran her fingers through his thinning hair as she pulled him down onto the bed with her. "Mmmhmhmmmmmmmm."

Sarah stirred and sat up in bed. She blinked her eyes trying to get her bearings.

Dan's apartment. Right.

Her brain was still fuzzy, caught in that post-dream haze. Her mind was trying to piece together reality as it processed her most recent memories and the events of her dreams. She remembered her passionate night with Dan and realized she had probably fallen asleep right after. The pressure in her bladder confirmed it.

She stood up and made her way towards the door, briefly catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror. For waking up in such a state, she still thought she looked pretty damn good. Her mind registered that she was naked, though, so she quickly grabbed one of Dan's discarded dress shirts on the floor, threw it on and lazily did up a couple of buttons.

The last thing she wanted was to put on a show for Lester without Dan being present for it. As she thought about her husband's weird roommate, her mind clicked and she remembered that Lester had been part of the dream she was having.

The details were still mostly vague, though. As she shuffled out of the room and into the bathroom, she seemed to think the dream had something to do with Dan leaving her alone at the apartment with Lester. There were images in her mind of Lester and his body, but she couldn't make a solid connection of what the dream had been about.

She finished her business in the bathroom, and as she washed her hands, more details of her dream popped into her head. Walls shaking, screams of pleasure, and loud noises seemed to be the focus of what her subconscious mind had created.

Sarah shook her head, trying to discard the memory, but it seemed like she couldn't fully wake herself up. Her mind must be playing tricks on her, as it felt like her dream was creeping into her reality. She was sure she could actually hear the moaning sounds.

Wasn't I the one making those sounds?

She flicked off the light, opened the door and stepped out into the hallway. To her surprise, the sounds were louder out there. She stood in the middle of the hallway for a second getting her bearings, her brain fully waking up from its fog.

Those sounds are real...

Sarah tried to hone in on where the sounds were coming from. Everything looked normal in the living room, so she turned her head and looked in the direction of Lester's room. The door was ajar.

The sounds were definitely emanating from there. She took a step towards his room as her curiosity was getting the better of her.

God, is he watching porn?

Sarah took one step more than she had intended, and was now standing fully in front of the threshold to his bedroom. She squinted her eyes, peering into the dark abyss that was only dimly illuminated by his dim computer monitor.

Lester wasn't in his chair. No porn on his computer, then. She shuddered at the thought of him sitting in that chair, the same place he sat when she had entered his room wearing her black robe the last time she visited.

My black robe, does he still have it --

Her train of thought was interrupted by movement on the bed. Her breath caught in her throat as she realized what she was seeing.

The beautiful redhead girl from earlier was completely naked, bent over the side of the bed. The loud moans were coming from her.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned as her breath was coming in short gasps.

Sarah's eyes grew wide while she watched the woman thrash about on the bed, her head hanging limp as she braced herself on her forearms. She was trying to get leverage to push back onto the dick inside of her, trying to get as much of it into her as possible.

"Oh, fuck! Don't stop," the girl screamed. She collapsed onto her chest, her hands grabbing the sheets as she came. "Fuck me!"

The assault against the woman never stopped. Sarah's eyes briefly locked onto the point where the tanned, fit girl was connected to the cock giving her such pleasure. It was only then that Sarah's brain caught up with her eyes and registered that the younger woman was connected to someone with pale, hairy thighs.

Sarah's eyes inexorably drifted upward. A large stomach sat on top of this woman's perky butt, hands gripping her hips. Her eyes ran across the broad shoulders, the out of shape chest, and the fat on the arms that jiggled relentlessly as his body pounded into this woman.

She saw the unshaven cheeks and neck, partially hiding the double chin and pockmarked face underneath.

It was Lester.

She took a step back as she realized he was watching her. Lester's eyes were trained on Sarah. They held each other's gaze like that for several seconds. Sarah was frozen in the hallway, her body unable to move. She didn't know what to do.

Lester never looked away, but he seemed to pick up his tempo. It was almost as if he was thinking about Sarah in the redhead's place.

The girl was thrashing on the bed, screaming for more. "Oh, fuck. Fuck me, Lester! God!"

Sarah's eyes darted to the girl and the bliss she was clearly experiencing. "Mhmmmmm, oooooohh."

"God, Lester," the girl moaned. "Don't stop. I'm so close!"

Sarah watched as Lester deliberately slowed down his pace despite the cries of desperation that came from the young woman. The redhead tried in vain to push back harder onto Lester's cock to speed him up, but it didn't work.

Lester was the one setting the pace.

Sarah's eyes darted back up to Lester, who still had his gaze transfixed on her. Sarah remembered how little she was wearing and how much of her legs she was showing off.

Lester puckered his lips and blew Sarah a kiss. Without breaking eye contact, he increased his tempo again, much to the delight of the girl on the bed.

That snapped Sarah out of her daze. She crossed her arms in a futile effort to conceal her state of undress before she quickly fled out of Lester's line of sight and back to Dan's bedroom.

She closed and locked the door. Lester must have continued his quickened pace, because Sarah could hear the girl's increasingly loud moans again through the wall like she had earlier.

She made her way back to the bed where Dan was still asleep. She kept his dress shirt on, trying in her mind to make up for her lack of modesty a few seconds ago.

Why am I suddenly concerned about modesty with that creep? He's seen me completely naked while I jacked him off.

She stared up at the ceiling as confusing thoughts swirled through her head, making a quick return to slumber unlikely. Instead, the sounds of Lester pounding into the redheaded girl in the next room kept her awake for the next fifteen minutes until they finished with an explosive, loud climax.

As Sarah darted back into her room, Lester shifted his gaze back to Lizzie who was thrashing underneath him. He faintly heard the sound of Dan's bedroom door closing as Sarah hurried back to bed.

He grinned triumphantly. His plan was working perfectly. Not only would he be invading Sarah's thoughts based on his display tonight, but he also had his bare cock inside Lizzie again. He remembered the last time he saw her and the harsh words and threats she delivered to him.

And now here she was, bent over his bed with her pussy squeezing and milking his cock.

He tightened his grip on her hips. His fingers dug into her flesh, keeping her in place.

He salivated at the magnificent sight before him. He loved that he had broken this fiery head red again.

I wonder how she is going to explain this to her boyfriend.

That thought made him increase his pace. Lizzie moaned in response. He'd make sure she had a night she would never forget and would have trouble explaining away to Issac. She'd be limping home after the fucking he was giving her tonight.

Lester ran his right hand up her back, the pressure causing her body to press into the bed. He found the base of her neck and gripped it tightly, forcing her down as he relentlessly pounded her.

Lizzie reached out, trying to grab onto something for support. Her hands bunched up the bedsheets, but she couldn't find any leverage with just her arms. She raised her legs instead, her knees finding purchase on the edge of the bed frame. Before she could get accustomed to the new position, however, Lester pushed her forward and crawled onto the bed above her.

Her feet now dangled off the bed as he perched on top of her. His cock was still sliding in and out of her from behind as his weight pushed down onto her hips. She could feel his hot breath on her cheek as he leaned down towards her.

Lester's wet tongue began to dance around on the back of her neck. His old notes on Lizzie that he had read earlier mentioned how kisses on the back of her neck turned her on greatly, but that particular reminder wasn't necessary as he hadn't completely forgotten everything from the time they had been together.

He continued licking and kissing the base of her neck, eliciting primal groans from Lizzie.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned into the mattress.

Lester kept up his oral assault as he changed positions. His breathing was growing ragged from both his efforts and arousal, but he could tell his prize was close at hand. He shifted his weight onto his forearms that were near Lizzie's head. His left arm was directly in front of her face.

Seemingly on instinct, Lizzie reached out with her tongue and began licking Lester's arm, swirling her tongue around his forearm like she would his cock. Her hand grabbed it and tried to pull it closer.

He could feel her pussy was absolutely soaked for him as it gripped him tightly. Her tongue left his arm as her breathing grew more and more shallow. Lizzie's hips were pushing back against him much faster than before. Lester knew what was coming.

He stopped his oral assault and one of his hands grabbed her hips. He could feel her body growing desperate, pushing back to try and coax out another orgasm.

"Fuck, Lizzie," Lester whispered in her ear, "I'm going to cum."

"You...can't," she grunted out as her hips were still pushing back against him. "You have to pull out now."

A sly smile spread over Lester's face. "Why's that?" He noted with amusement that despite her token protest, the intensity of her

thrusts onto his cock were still increasing.

"You just have to," Lizzie moaned. "Issac and me, we're..."

Lester kept his pace steady as he had her right where he wanted her. He had no intention of letting her impending orgasm slip away until she gave in.

"You can stop me anytime you want," he told her calmly with a smirk that she couldn't see.

"Oh," she moaned with the bedsheets balled up in her fists again. "It's not safe, you have to --"

Her body began to tremble as orgasmic bliss began to wash over her. Lizzie's toes went numb as she clenched them tightly. "Oh, fuck! Lester, don't stop."

Lester's shit-eating grin reappeared as his brow dripped with perspiration. He could feel her body begin to come down from her orgasm, but he knew he had her right where he wanted her.

"I won't," he growled into her ear. He felt her body respond to his voice, and the waning tempo of her thrusts picked back up.

"Oh fuck," she said breathlessly. "Oh, uh."

Lizzie moaned desperately under Lester's weight as her body started to respond to him again before she had even had a chance to recover from the orgasm she had just experienced. He tightly gripped her hip and shoulder, pushing them down as he pushed into the young bombshell harder than he had before.

"I'm going to cum for you, Lizzie," he groaned into her ear.

Her body began to frantically push back into him, desperate for his cum. Whatever her brain might have wanted her to do, her body

wasn't listening.

"I'm going to cum in you, Lizzie." His cock pushed deeper into her as his ball began to empty.

"Take it!" he grunted as he exploded inside her.

"Oh, shit!" Lizzie screamed as she pushed back onto Lester's cock with a final thrust. She was frozen in place as she felt his illicit seed flooding into her. Her body was rocked by another orgasm as her vagina clenched down hard on Lester's cock, coaxing more of his cum deeper inside.

She finally collapsed onto the bed, her arms giving out.

Lester held himself in place, ensuring every drop of his cum emptied into his old roommate. When he was satisfied there was nothing left to give her, he pulled himself out and rolled off of her. Lizzie didn't move as he settled into place next to her.

Maybe she was in shock over what had just happened. She had vowed that he would never see her again, let alone touch her. He had probably just broken her self image by making her body betray her like that. He didn't really care either way.

He heard gentle snores coming from the other side of the bed, and a satisfied smile spread across his face. Lester had fucked her so hard that she had actually passed out.

Lester groaned and rolled over the next morning as sunlight filtering in through the slits in the closed blinds of his window managed to shine right onto his face. He scooted himself over to the side of the bed and carefully sat up as his eyes adjusted to the room.

He looked down and saw his feet sticking out from beneath his gut. He couldn't see his cock, but he could feel that it was matted with Lizzie's juices from the night before. He grinned, thinking back to the way she had thrashed under him as he came. More importantly, he remembered the transfixed look on Sarah's face as she had watched them from the doorway.

Lester looked around the room. No Lizzie in sight. He groaned softly as he pulled his thick frame up off the bed and shuffled his way over to his desk, checking to make sure the bottom drawer was still locked.

He retrieved the key from its hiding place, unlocked the drawer and smiled at its contents. The hard drive labeled "Lizzie" was sitting there at the top. He took it out and set it down on the desk.

Lester found his discarded clothes from the previous night and put them on. As he was pulling up his boxers, his door opened and Lizzie slid in. She was taken aback to find him in his state of undress. Her eyes flicked down to his cock before she quickly looked away and composed herself.

"Morning," Lester grunted as he pulled up the waistband of his underwear.

Lizzie ignored him. She was dressed in her red dress from last night, but she had clearly showered. Her hair wasn't wet, but it looked more put together than the state he had left it in the previous night.

She crossed the room without looking at him. It was only then that Lester noticed the leather strap peeking out from under his bed. Lizzie grabbed it and pulled out her purse. She turned around and froze, her eyes locking onto the hard drive on his desk with her name on it.

She moved quickly and grabbed it, spinning around with a look of triumph on her face. "Fuck you, Lester. This is mine. I'm done with

you."

Lester didn't say anything as she moved towards the door. "I'm going to ruin whatever it is you have going on here and tell them what a fucking creep you are."

As she opened the door Lester finally spoke. "Are you sure about that?"

The door only opened a crack, Lizzie holding it in place. Her body stiffened like she had just seen a ghost, and she didn't turn around to face him. Lester closed the distance between them, placing a hand on the door and gently pushing it shut.

He was now standing right next to her, clearly invading her personal space.

"I have the hard drive," she said before turning her head and locking eyes with him. There was a fierce expression on her face as she spoke through gritted teeth. "This is over."

Lester smiled at her condescendingly.

"You're right. You do have the hard drive, and you can walk out of here right now and never look back." He could tell that his unconcerned demeanor was unsettling her. "You could even warn my new roommate and his wife about me, but I don't think you will."

The confidence in Lizzie's face wavered. "Why not?"

Lester reached a hand up, caressing her cheek. "For one thing, I could give Issac a call and let him know about last night. After all, I am completely wracked with guilt over what we did, and I think he ought to know what you allowed me to do with you."

Lizzie flinched back from his touch, but he held his hand firmly against her cheek. "And the second thing is, yes, you do have that

one hard drive. It is yours to do with as you please. Throw it out, destroy it or secretly keep it to relive the good times we had together. That was the deal, after all: stay the night and the hard drive is yours."

Lester narrowed his eyes. "But the thing is, do you really think that hard drive is the only place I keep your videos?"

Lizzie's face reddened, her breath catching in her throat. "You fucking bastard. I'm going to --"

"No," Lester said firmly. "The only thing you are going to do is go out there and do what we planned and then leave. Got it?"

Fires of defiance burned behind Lizzie's eyes. He could tell she wanted to strangle him. Instead, she gave him a slight, almost imperceptible nod before turning the doorknob to leave.

Lester kept his hand firmly planted against the door, though, while his other hand was still on her cheek. "One last thing before you go: Give me a last kiss goodbye."

Before Lizzie could process what was happening, let alone try and stop him, Lester had pushed her up against the door jam. His hand slid to the back of her head, pulling her face towards him. He smashed his lips into hers, his tongue taking her by surprise and forcing its way into her mouth.

His hard cock pushed up against her dress-covered sex as his other hand grabbed a handful of her ass and pulled her tightly against him.

"Alright, I got us a reservation for seven at this hole in the wall Italian place some of the guys at work have recommended. The food is supposed to be great, and they apparently don't charge an arm

and a leg for the wine." Dan handed Sarah a mug of hot coffee as he sat down next to her on the couch.

He took a sip of his own before continuing. "But until then, I'm thinking we can do some touristy stuff. Maybe a bus tour or hit some of the sights around town."

"Mmmmm," Sarah hummed in agreement as she deeply inhaled through her nose over the steaming cup. She gripped the mug in both hands, taking in its warmth along with enjoying the rich scent of the dark roast blend Dan used at the apartment.

"I think that sounds perfect," she said after taking a small sip. "For all the times I've been here to visit, we haven't really seen much of the city."

She leaned forward, puckering her lips for him. Dan moved in and kissed her chastely before he tilted his head and darted his tongue out slightly. Sarah smiled as she felt that the kiss was a prelude of what their night could hold. Just as she was ready to kiss him back, they heard a door shut.

The couple leaned away from each other reluctantly, both of their heads turning to look down the hallway. The beautiful, mysterious redhead from the night before sheepishly walked towards them with her purse hanging off one shoulder. Dan covertly gave her a quick once over.

As she entered the living room, her eyes darted to the door before turning to them.

"Hi," she greeted them shyly.

Dan decided to let Sarah respond. It was never wise to appear too eager to talk to a stunning woman in front of your wife.

"Hey," Sarah said warmly. "Like I said last night, I'm Sarah and this is my husband, Dan. Dan is Lester's roommate."

"Lizzie," the redhead reintroduced herself. "I'm Lester's, well...it doesn't matter. It's nice to meet you both. I'm actually late," she gestured towards the door. "So, I'm just going to run."

"Oh, no worries. It was nice to meet you." Sarah reassured her. "I guess we'll be seeing you around?"

Lizzie smiled. Her eyes looked down the hallway and then back to the couple. She stepped away from the door and walked halfway towards Sarah. "Actually, no, probably not. Lester and I aren't a thing anymore. Last night was a mistake."

Dan could tell Lizzie had more to say. Sarah must have picked up on it as well as she stayed quiet, too.

Lizzie glanced again at the door before turning back to the couple on the couch. "Just be careful."

"Careful?" Sarah asked, her brows furrowed in confusion.

"Be careful with Lester," Lizzie clarified. "He doesn't look like it, but he just has this way of getting you hooked and before you know it, he'll break your heart."

"Okay, thank you for the heads up," Sarah said, mostly hiding her bewilderment, though Dan picked up on it as he was baffled by what the girl was saying.

Lizzie gave Sarah a parting smile and a half wave towards Dan before turning on her heel and walking out the door.

The couple exchanged puzzled looks as soon as they were alone.

"What was that about?" Sarah asked.

Dan shrugged his shoulders and shook his head slightly. "I have no idea. It's definitely weird, though. I can't imagine Lester with..." Dan caught himself and quickly continued. "Anyone, really. That's just strange."

Dan took a big sip of his coffee and set it down on the table. "Anyway, if we want to go and see some stuff, we should probably get going."

The couple hurriedly drained their mugs and began to get moving. When they were finally ready and about to head out the door, Lester emerged from his room.

"Is Lizzie still here?" he asked. His voice was soft, very unlike his usual, abrasive tone.

"You missed her. She left like, half an hour ago." Dan said.

"Oh, okay." Lester began to slink back towards the hallway.

"What's the deal with you two?" Sarah asked as she put on her shoes. "She seemed a little upset when she left."

Lester turned around with his shoulders still hunched over. "We used to be a thing. On again, off again, sort of thing. I think this is the end, though. When she found out I got that operation done, she said that was it. She really wanted to have kids, and even though she knew I didn't, she always thought I'd come around one day. It's over now, I guess."

He shrugged his shoulders. Dan and Sarah didn't respond, so he turned and went back down the hallway.

"Really?" Dan asked as he held open the door for his wife. "That girl and Lester were a thing? I don't see it."

A sly smile spread across Sarah's face as she moved past her husband into the hallway. She looked back at him.

"Well, she did say she was hooked on Lester. Maybe that meant she was hooked on his big..." She paused, watching Dan's mouth hang open. "Personality."

"Oh, you're so fucking bad." He made a move to try and tickle her side, but she jogged a few steps away. Dan locked the door to the apartment, and the loving couple set off to see the sights.

Dan's key scratched his apartment door handle for the fifth time as he tried to find the lock. He blinked his weary eyes and tried to focus. Dan had kept his promise to Sarah, and they had stayed out of the apartment all day, taking in the sights of the city.

As this was their first time together in weeks, they had indulged and splurged more than they should have. They had eaten lunch at a nice restaurant and had both ordered a couple of drinks. Dinner followed after they had visited some famous landmarks, and the couple made sure to order off the wine list again.

It was only after a couple of nightcaps at a classy Al Capone themed speakeasy that the couple had finally Ubered back to his place.

Dan closed one eye as he tried to concentrate. The door seemed to be swaying side to side until warm hands ran up his waist and over his torso, steadying him.

"Hurry up," Sarah whispered loudly. "It's freezing out here! Let's get inside so you can warm me up."

Dan grinned and pushed his hand forward, the key finally finding the hole.

The couple stepped into complete darkness. It was late...really late. Dan knew that he would regret all of the alcohol in the morning, but for tonight he just wanted to have fun with the love of his life.

Light assaulted his eyes and he squinted in confusion.

"Oops," Sarah snickered. She had flicked on the bright ceiling light. She turned it back off and crossed the room, turning on a dimmer lamp.

Dan blinked his eyes, refocusing. It didn't look like anything had changed since they had left. He didn't see anyone in the living room, so he assumed Lester was asleep already, or maybe he was out with that girl...

"Hey, big boy," Sarah's sultry voice called from the other side of the room.

The room spun as Dan turned to look at her too quickly. It took a second to register, but as she came into focus, he saw Sarah looking at him seductively as she slowly peeled her t-shirt up and over her head. His wife's magnificent breasts were on display for him now, clad only in a lacy, white bra.

I always love that color on her.

Despite Dan's inebriated state, he could feel the blood rushing to his dick, pushing against his jeans. He placed a hand on the back of the couch as Sarah made her way back towards him, unbuttoning her pants as she walked.

"You ready for a repeat of last night?" she asked when she was standing only an inch away from him. Her hands abandoned her pants and started tugging on his belt.

"God, yes," he whispered. Or at least, he had meant to whisper it. He wasn't entirely sure how loud he was being. "I've been wanting

to take you all day."

"Oh, yeah?" Sarah raised an eyebrow at him. "Why didn't you?"

Sarah's hands completed their task, and Dan's pants fell around his ankles. Next, she began working to get his shirt off.

"It's not like we had an opportunity," Dan grunted as she pulled it over his head. "We've been stuck in tourist spots and restaurants all day."

"Hmmmmmm, excuses, excuses." Sarah turned around placing one hand on the couch as the other lowered her pants. She pushed her white panty clad ass out for Dan to ogle. "Those restaurants had bathrooms, you know."

What?

She was teasing him, obviously. But would she actually have done that? In public?

Dan reached out and ran his hands over Sarah's ass before stepping out his jeans and pressing himself against her. "You'd want that? Having this inside you in public like that? That could be dangerous..."

Sarah pushed her ass back into his crotch. "Only if we get caught...." she murmured before pausing. "Or maybe that would make it more fun: someone catching us...watching us."

"Watching you," Dan whispered into her ear. "They wouldn't be watching me, that's for sure."

He licked her ear and spun her around. He grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her in for a passionate kiss. His dick pushed into her, trapping her against the couch. She returned the kiss in force, her tongue pushing into his mouth and swirling around.

They stood there making out for several minutes with their hands exploring each other's bodies. Sarah wanted to reach down and feel his dick, but it was nestled perfectly against her pussy. She could feel the heat coming off of it, though, and she couldn't wait to have it inside of her.

She angled her arms up between them and pushed Dan backwards, harder than she intended. He stumbled backwards slightly, clearly caught off caught. The alcohol was also clearly affecting his balance.

She didn't break eye contact, though, and she slowly backed away from him towards the hallway. "You forgot one thing."

Dan's dick was straining against his boxers, jutting straight out towards his wife. He followed after her at the same, sedate pace she was setting. "What's that?"

"You said tourist traps and restaurants." She made it down the hallway and opened the door to Dan's room. "You forgot about the Uber ride. I'm sure the driver would have loved to see me, too."

With that, she disappeared into the room. Dan quickly followed after her.

He kicked his boxers off as he entered the room and shut the door behind him. Sarah lay on the bed, looking at him with lust filled eyes.

God, I'm going to fuck her so hard.

He quickly crossed the room and was on her, lips smashing into hers. His bare cock running up her thigh toward the prize. Her nails dug into his back pulling him into her, even though she was still wearing her white panties. She started kissing his neck, slowly working her way down towards his chest.

"You'd want me to fuck you in the back of the Uber and let the driver watch?" Dan breathed out hoarsely. His fantasies were crashing back into his mind, melding together with the events of their night.

"Who said it was you I would have fucked in that Uber?" Sarah purred in her ear.

She looked up at him with her striking, green eyes. She knew just how to push his buttons. He couldn't wait any longer. He had to have her. He kissed her again as his hand found her panties. He wanted to rip them off. He tugged at them, but they wouldn't budge. He tried again. Nothing.

Sarah gently pushed his torso up. Right, he was lying on top of them.

As he raised himself up and Sarah began to lower her panties, a door slammed loudly in the hallway. Lester was awake.

The couple froze, unsure what was happening. Dan tried to remember if he had shut the door. It looked shut. Had he locked it? Lester wouldn't dare try to come in here. He wouldn't cross that line. Would he?

They listened as heavy footsteps shuffled past the door down the hallway. Something was odd about this, but Dan's alcohol fogged brain couldn't quite figure it out. Whatever it was, it was so close, but he just couldn't comprehend it.

The TV in the living room suddenly roared to life. It was obnoxiously loud. Even though they were in another room, it felt like the speaker was pointed right at the wall. Loud laughter reverberated from the wall, followed by half a second of silence, and then loud voices talking about the Chicago Bears.

Dan finally looked over at Sarah and caught her eye. She wasn't happy. His dick was still desperate for her, but this noise was just too much. He fell back into the bed in frustration, contemplating his next move.

"Dan, go tell him to turn it down," Sarah said with a frown. Her arms were folded across her torso under her breasts.

The room was spinning slightly, though, and Dan's eyelids were getting heavy. He was going to go deal with it, but he needed a moment to gather himself.

"Heh, why don't you go tell him to turn it down?" He joked, trying to buy time until he could see straight again. "I can't go out there until my cock goes back down a bit."

Sarah eyed him closely before a slight smile spread across her face.

"You want your innocent wife to go out there like this?" She moved her arms closer together, pushing out her breasts.

"Don't you think that would give Lester the wrong signal?" she asked before widening her eyes dramatically. "Unless...that's what you want: Your wife on display for that creep. Maybe you really do want me to explore a little further with him than I did last time."

Dan's breath caught in his throat. He was stunned and incredibly turned on at the thought of what might happen if she really went out there. Did he really want to see things progress beyond what had happened last time? She was teasing him, obviously, but did he really want to see Lester alone with Sarah again? His alcohol-addled brain told him that he very much did.

"You wouldn't dare." Dan met her eyes as he tried to figure out how serious she was.

"No?" she asked with raised eyebrows before slowly rolling off the bed and standing up, one hand reaching out to steady herself. It looked like he wasn't the only one feeling the effects of their last few nightcaps. He watched her perfect round ass sway side to side as she moved to the door. She turned her head around to look at him as she extended her arm and placed her hand on the doorknob.

"You still think I won't?" she asked as she pushed her ass back towards him.

Her eyes were almost burning a hole into his with the intensity of her gaze. His cock was already about to explode from all her dirty talk, and now the ball was in his court. He didn't know what would happen if she were to actually go out there, but he couldn't deny that he wanted to find out.

She stood there waiting for what felt like an eternity for him to finally respond.

"I dare you," he whispered, embarrassed to say it any louder. It had come as a shock that he was finally willing to admit to himself that he wanted this, let alone admitting it to her.

Sarah never backed down from a challenge, as Dan well knew when he threw down the gauntlet. She gave him a look of defiance before opening the door and moving quickly into the hallway. The door closed behind her.

Dan just lay there for several long moments, stunned and unable to move. He couldn't hear Sarah's footsteps in the hallway because the TV was so damn loud, but he knew he needed to sit up as he was getting more tired by the minute. His cock and thoughts of what his wife was doing willed him up into a sitting position.

Through the haze of his drunken state, he tried to calculate how long it had been since Sarah left. Was it just a few seconds, or had it been minutes already? He hadn't drifted off accidentally, had he? She

was probably standing just outside the door and would be back in soon, he thought.

Dan's confused thoughts were interrupted by his brain finally noticing a change in his surroundings. Something was different. It was now silent in the apartment, he realized. He couldn't hear the TV anymore.

Sarah exhaled in a huff as she stood in the hallway in just her underwear, closing Dan's bedroom door firmly. He didn't think she would do it? Well, she would prove him wrong. It wasn't as if Lester hadn't seen her in much less than her bra and panties before, anyway. She'd go out there and get him to turn down the TV before hurrying back to Dan.

As she walked down the hallway, her mind drifted back to the night before. Seeing Lester having sex with Lizzie had caught her off guard, and she hadn't gotten the opportunity to bring up what she had witnessed with Dan today. She hadn't wanted to distract them from the great day they had planned in the city.

At least, that's the reason she gave herself as to why she hadn't brought it up with her husband. The sightseeing and restaurants had done a good job of distracting her from last night, but now she couldn't help but remember the way Lester had looked at her while he was fucking Lizzie. It was almost as if he was imagining that it was her lying there as he pounded Sarah from behind.

She shook off those thoughts with a reluctance that confused her as she walked into an empty living room. The TV was blasting an infomercial about a set of revolutionary frying pans, and the lamp she had turned on earlier was the only other source of light in the room. Lester was nowhere to be found.

She stood in place, still a little unsteady from the alcohol and looked around. The TV had been loud in Dan's bedroom, but out here it was almost unbearable. It surprised her that the neighbors weren't already knocking on the door and demanding that the volume be turned down.

Moving to the back of the couch, she surveyed the living room and located the remote which was sitting conspicuously in the middle of the center couch cushion. She leaned over the back of it and reached for the remote.

"Yum," a deep voice growled out from behind her. She quickly turned her head and looked towards the source of the voice, realizing it must have actually been fairly loud for her to hear it over the noise of the television. Lester was standing only a few feet away near the kitchen door.

And he was naked.

Sarah froze in place while fully bent over the couch, one hand bracing herself on the seat cushion. She hadn't expected him to be naked. She stared at him, but his eyes didn't meet hers. They were feasting on her backside that was currently draped over the back of the couch. Her eyes unconsciously drifted down to look at his cock before she quickly refocused them elsewhere.

She retrieved the remote and quickly pushed herself up off the couch, scrambling back into a standing position. As she moved, she felt more than heard the heavy footfalls of Lester crossing the distance between them. With the remote in hand, she stood up straight and turned around. Lester stopped in his tracks only two feet away. If she had been slower, would he have kept moving toward her?

He just stood there and silently looked her up and down as he licked his lips. She hated when she caught him doing that.

"What are you doing?" Lester asked, still casually inspecting her nearly naked form.

Sarah thought of herself as a proud and strong woman, and she quickly worked to regain her composure and push past the fact that this man now leering at her had just caught her in a somewhat compromising position.

"Dan and I are trying to sleep, and your TV is too loud. I came out to get you to turn it down." She stated confidently, trying to hold her ground.

"Well, I'm watching it and I'm hard of hearing, so I need it that loud. So, no. Besides, I was sound asleep until you and your hubby came back in here like barnyard animals, making all kinds of noise." He raised his eyes from her chest and met her gaze. "Unless..."

"Unless what?" Sarah asked as she thumbed the volume down on the remote. She was going to have things her way, regardless of what Lester wanted. Also, this was the first time he had claimed to be hard of hearing and she wasn't buying it.

"Unless...are you telling me that you came out here dressed like that to tell me to turn it down? Why wouldn't you put something else on before coming out here?" he asked as he looked back down at her sexy body.

"Well, I would have worn something, but you neglected to give me back my black robe. Where is it?" Sarah asked in a slightly shaky voice. Memories of the last time she had put on the silk gown were now flooding her mind in spite of herself.

Lester grinned and stepped closer. He could smell her sweet perfume now and could have reached out and grabbed her if he wanted.

"Nice deflection. It doesn't change the fact that you came out here in just your bra and panties," he stated as his eyes inspected said

undergarments. "Did you want to get me alone? Did Dan fall asleep and now you want some company?"

"No, and Dan's not asleep --"

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as Lester suddenly stepped forward, his large frame lining up right against hers. He wasn't pressing up to her completely, but she could feel his hot breath on her. He was certainly invading her personal space as she could feel his gut pushing against her stomach.

"So, Dan is awake, and he asked you to come out here dressed like that?" He eyed her with a conspiratorial grin. "And you said yes?"

Sarah was going to deny his disturbingly accurate depiction of what had led her to the living room when an unexpected stimulus brought her up short.. She felt something touch her leg and immediately knew what it was. Lester's naked cock was growing and pushing steadily against her thighs. They stared into each other's eyes as she felt it grow larger, inching its way up her until it was pressing against her panty covered sex.

Lester ever so slightly pushed his cock closer against her. Sarah's breath hitched slightly as she felt him rubbing slightly against her pussy, just on the other side of her lacy panties. She was caught between staying still and holding her ground, or trying to move away from him.

Lester raised his hand and extended a finger as he began to draw little circles on her bicep. It pleased him that she wasn't rejecting more contact from him, even if he did have her pinned in place. "Did Dan really send you out here alone, expecting a repeat of last time? Is he watching us right now?"

Sarah's eyes darted toward the dark hallway, but she didn't see Dan down there. Lester ran his finger up her arm to her bra strap and gently lowered it. Sarah shivered slightly at his touch as her eyes

shifted back to Lester. She noticed the smug look on his face, but her facade of indifference towards him was rapidly crumbling.

"I've been thinking about it," Lester mused. His finger left her bra strap and slowly up and across her shoulder towards her neck. "I think I can help you two out."

"Help us how?" Sarah asked in a quiet, meek sounding voice.. Sarah was breathing more quickly now, and her breasts were putting on quite the show for Lester as they heaved in time with her respirations. This whole taboo situation along with Dan revving her engine earlier were having a dramatic effect on her.

Lester's finger dropped down until it was tracing lazy circles on the tops of her breasts. "This whole fantasy of yours," he murmured.

He dropped his head and whispered right in her ear. "If Dan is watching us right now, I'll help you put on a show for him. Bring your fantasies to life."

Sarah shuddered at the thought. Her mind flashed back to Lester's treatment of Lizzie the night before.

Sarah couldn't see it, but Lester grinned as he closed the small distance between them, pushing his body fully into hers as his lips began to taste her neck. His flabby arms encircled her, one hand going around her back pulling her into him. His other hand dropped down and grabbed a handful of her luscious ass, squeezing it and pulling her crotch even tighter against his throbbing cock.

Dan quietly turned the doorknob to his room and stepped out into the dark hallway. He could hear voices speaking in low tones coming from the living room in the now dead silent apartment. He walked a couple of feet forward before freezing in place.

Lester was butt-naked and had Sarah pinned up against the couch. He was feasting on her neck as his hands ran all over her body. Dan was spellbound as he watched Lester release her ass only to grab her thigh instead, hoisting her leg up off the ground to give his cock better access to her pussy.

From what he could see, she at least still had her bra and panties on. He realized with shock that he was almost disappointed at that discovery.

His mouth was dry, and the alcohol caused him to stumble slightly. He used one hand to brace himself against the wall as he watched his wife act out one of his deepest, darkest desires. Lester's head moved down and started licking and kissing Sarah's chest. She turned her head, hands resting on his shoulders. She opened her eyes and made eye contact with Dan, raising her eyebrows in surprise at finding him already watching her.

They held each other's gaze for a few, long seconds. The same lust-filled expression Sarah had worn on her face earlier was looking back at him again. He knew, or hoped at least, that it wasn't Lester causing her excitement, but the situation as a whole along with their fantasy coming to life. It also didn't hurt that he was sure his face had that "hungry" look that she loved so much.

She kept looking at him for reassurance or some kind of communication before she let herself give in to Lester's advances. As he hadn't really moved since he started watching, it was pretty clear Dan wasn't going to step into the room and stop it. Sarah's eyes flicked down. It was only then that Dan realized he was unconsciously stroking his cock. She met his eyes again.

Dan nodded his approval to her, his lust drowning out any concerns he might have had at surrendering his wife up to Lester in this way.

With that, Sarah looked relieved and turned back to give Lester her full attention.

Lester had touched her some before, it's true, but this was a completely different animal. She wasn't lying beneath Dan or riding him on the couch this time. Instead, she was locked in a lover's embrace with Lester as he pawed her all over. Sarah still wasn't completely sure how to act in this situation, but with her husband's nod of approval, she was determined to put on a good show for him.

Focus on making this hot for Dan.

Lester's tongue started licking between her breasts, running up and down the middle of her cleavage. Sarah braced herself against the couch and held the back of his head, pulling him towards her. Her fingers laced into his thinning hair.

She extended the leg Lester held in the air and bent it around his back, pulling him even closer into her. He smiled in triumph at her enthusiasm.

Finally! She's willingly going along with this now. Time to push things a bit further.

Lester's hand found the back of her bra, expertly flicking the clasp, he let it fall open. He withdrew his tongue from her chest and slowly stood back up, keeping a firm grasp on Sarah's thigh. He pushed into her again, his hard cock jutting up against her pussy which was protected only by her thin, white panties.

As he rose to look into her eyes, he noticed her quickly glancing down the hallway. Lester shifted his beady eyes and saw Dan standing there, stroking his dick. Lester remembered how Dan had tried sizing him up all those weeks ago when he had wanted to move in behind Sarah as she got the chinese food at the door.

Now it's time to really claim her and see just what Dan does.

Lester raised his hand to Sarah's shoulders and slowly pulled her bra free, looping down one arm and then the other one. Her bare breasts started to rise and fall quickly, a clear indication that she was becoming turned on. He was pleased to see her nipples were also already quite hard after all the attention he had been giving her body.

Sarah's eyes left Dan's to focus on him, waiting to see what would come next.

With one last smirking look at Dan, Lester grabbed Sarah by the back of her head and slowly pulled her lips towards him.

Dan's heart panged with jealousy. Lester's lips connected with Sarah's as he looked on, mesmerized. She stood there frozen for a moment, unsure what to do, but she soon relaxed and tentatively returned Lester's kiss. It was soft, polite kissing at first until Lester started to grind his bare cock against her panty-covered pussy yet again.

He turned his head and seemed to finally work his tongue into her mouth. He held the back of her head, controlling how she moved. Sarah's arm eventually encircled Lester's neck, returning his embrace.

Dan had wanted to see Sarah do things with another man. He had wanted her to be naughty. But actually seeing her kissing someone else, especially someone so beneath her like Lester, was difficult to handle. It was just such intimate behavior that it made it seem like Sarah was giving herself fully to Lester, body and mind.

Even though Dan's brain was still fighting to comprehend and accept what it was witnessing, his dick was harder than he could ever remember it being.

Lester's tongue darted around in her mouth until it made contact with her own. Sarah reluctantly returned the kiss, her tongue eventually running into his and swirling around it. She was momentarily shocked at how far his tongue had actually gone into her mouth.

Sarah hadn't expected his tongue to be big just like his cock. It was a novel experience having it in her mouth as she obviously hadn't kissed anyone but Dan in years. The size difference just added to the new sensations she was experiencing.

He used his grip on her thigh to pull her closer towards his cock. She felt the heat and strength of his cock pressing up against her womanhood. Sarah was slightly embarrassed that there was no way he wasn't feeling the moisture leaking through her panties onto his cock.

Lester was slowly beginning to thrust up and down on against the front of her underwear, mimicking what it would be like to actually fuck her in this position. He was grateful she was already leaking like a sieve as the friction on his cock against the lacy material was a little abrasive.

Out of nowhere, it seemed like Lester suddenly lost control. He pushed her ass back hard into the couch before using two hands on her ass cheeks to lift her up until she was sitting on the back of the couch. He slid his hands down her thighs and wrapped her legs around his waist.

Sarah was taken aback at how seamless the transition between their positions had been. It was as if this couch had been purposefully made for this.

Both of Sarah's legs tightened around Lester, her ankles crossing and locking against his bare ass. He continued kissing her passionately,

invading her mouth and playing with her tongue. He also continued thrusting up and down and against her drenched panties. He slid one hand under her ass and grabbed a handful of her cheek, enjoying the silky smooth skin under his fingers.

Lester used that hand to subtly begin pulling her ass up and then letting it drop back down again. Sarah hadn't consciously realized what was happening as her mind was on fire from so much new stimulation. Lester diligently kept manipulating her ass and hips to meet his thrusts. As his cock pushed up against her slit, he would pull her ass down towards it.

After a couple minutes of working at it, Lester's efforts finally paid off. He was delighted to find that Sarah was now rolling her sex against his cock on her own, even meeting his thrusts with anticipation.

Dan stood there in a daze, transfixed by the sight before him. Sarah and Lester were dry humping each other with enthusiasm on the back of the couch. The only thing protecting her from penetration was the pair of thin, white panties she was still wearing.

He couldn't deny that he had enjoyed watching her bra being taken off earlier, but he now wondered if that small bit of fabric covering her pussy was next in line for removal. She looked completely lost in his embrace as they made out, and Lester looked like a man possessed as he thrust himself against her.

She wouldn't let him go all the way, right? Lester's not about to fuck her, is he?

Lester eventually broke their kiss. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at him a few moments later, breathless. He grinned as he observed

the effect that he was having on her.

You're mine now.

He looked over at Dan and smirked before he leaned in and began licking Sarah's earlobe.

"Do you feel that, Sarah?" he whispered. "Can you feel how hard I am for you?"

Sarah held the back of his head for stability, but she didn't answer. She just wanted to focus on the sensation of his cock rubbing against her clit.

"Tell me," he whispered. "How does it feel?"

"Good," she murmured absentmindedly. "Hard."

"You did that to it. You made it hard, Sarah. God, I knew the first time I saw you that one day I would make you feel my cock as I slid it into you."

Dan stayed in the comfort of the dark hallway, watching. He didn't want to step into the light. That felt like he would be exposing his dark fantasy to the world.

Lester was whispering something to Sarah. She whispered back. Something hidden from Dan's hearing. His cock was growing painfully hard as his fantasy came to life before his eyes. But it was becoming too much. He slowed his strokes, not wanting to cum and have all this crash down around him.

He leaned against the wall and watched, slowly teasing his dick.

Lester apparently thought he was in complete control. He was holding Sarah close and whispering in her ear about fucking her. She was becoming overwhelmed by the situation and all the new stimulation, but her mind was screaming for her to get some control back over this.

After all, she could tease and control Dan seemingly without effort. There wasn't any reason she couldn't do the same with Lester. She had seemingly forgotten that the last time she underestimated the man, a certain black robe had been surrendered to him in defeat.

"I'm...not going to let you fuck me, Lester," she panted out in a firm voice.

He pulled back, meeting her gaze in surprise. Clearly, he thought he had her under his thumb. She gripped the back of his neck and braced her other hand on the couch. She started thrusting her hips back against his cock again, taking control and using him to pleasure herself.

"I'm only doing this with you for me and Dan. It turns him...us on," she corrected herself.

"I know you've been watching me. Thinking about me. Touching yourself to me, even. But you need to get this through your head, because I'm only going to say it once."

She was thrusting back against his cock now, faster than the pace he had previously set. By changing the tempo, she was challenging him to keep up with her. "This is just for me and Dan. There is no you and me. You're here because of your convenient proximity, and yes, you just so happen to have a big cock."

Lester glared at her with a blank face, seemingly unperturbed by her diatribe. "Is that so?"

He moved quickly, far faster than Sarah would have thought possible for someone his size. He took a half step to the side, his cock pressing against her inner thigh. His hand snaked between them, his arm twisting a little awkwardly as he slid his hand underneath her panties.

Sarah was about to protest when she felt his hairy knuckles disappear as they moved towards her most private area, an area that until now had been reserved only for Dan. Lester twisted his hand so his palm rubbed against her skin as he moved downwards. His fingers slid towards her slit, briefly touching and stimulating her clit.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as Lester's finger nestled between her labia until it found its target. His fingertip pressed slightly into her opening. He stared at her intensely, eyes ablaze as if he was waiting for her to challenge him.

However, just when she had mostly composed herself and opened her mouth to speak and reject his advances, he pushed his entire finger inside her vagina.

Sarah gasped loudly and arched her back in pleasure. She would have fallen off onto the seat of the couch if she hadn't been holding onto the back of Lester's head. He forcefully and confidently started thrusting his finger in and out of her as his cock rubbed up and down her thigh, leaving a messy trail of precum in its wake.

She tried to look back at him defiantly, but Lester could see the simmering lust and desire that was just barely masked behind her brave front. He continued his assault, moving a second finger alongside the first one, pushing even more of himself into her.

Sarah threw her head back and let out an involuntary moan, any thought of protest now long gone from her mind.

Lester groaned with her, his thick cock waiting for release. He leaned forward, his tongue lapping at her bare breasts.

Gravity slowly started to pull them backwards. Sarah braced one arm on the seat of the couch as Lester followed her down, over its back. His fingers didn't leave her even once.

Dan watched as Sarah pulled Lester over the couch with her. The last thing he saw were Lester's big, hairy balls swaying before they both disappeared from his sight. He had a choice to make now.

For one bizarre moment, he actually felt the urge to give them some privacy. He shook his head quickly, trying to rid himself of that strange feeling as he pushed off the wall and left the hallway.

Dan stepped out and walked quietly into the living room. He heard familiar noises before he made it to the corner of the couch and froze at the sight before him. Sarah was lying on her back, one hand gripping the pillow above her as the other pulled on the back of Lester's head, burying it into her chest.

He was alternating between kissing, licking and sucking on Sarah's breasts. As Lester moved his head, Dan saw that her perfect tits were covered with his slick saliva. He watched in awe as her left nipple was caught between his lips, and he heard his wife moan in response.

His dick twitched when he heard Sarah yelp softly a moment later. He recognized that sound; she only made that particular noise when Dan gently bit her nipples.

His eyes then caught a different motion, and his captivated gaze moved to Lester's hand which was still connecting with Sarah's crotch. Two fingers were expertly thrusting into her while his thumb was drawing slow circles on her clit.

Dan noticed that her panties had slid down slightly and were bunched up just under her ass cheeks. Sarah's hips were raising themselves voluntarily off the couch to meet his roommate's fingers as they continued to penetrate her deeply.

Lester's fingers were curled slightly, stroking over her g-spot with each thrust and igniting the spark of an orgasm within her. She was holding onto the back of Lester's head, not wanting to let him go as she was afraid this new sensation might die and she would lose all progress towards her impending climax.

She could feel his fat fingers driving into her again and again. As he slid them deftly over the ridges of her g-spot, she clenched down on them hard, her eyes closing as she focused on the feeling inside her.

So close...so close.

"Don't stop," she whispered through gritted teeth. "Don't stop, I'm so close..."

"Do it," Lester growled. "Cum for me, Sarah. Cum on my fingers. I knew I would have you begging for me to not stop pleasuring you. I want to feel what it's like inside of you when you cum. I want to watch your face as you cum right in front of your husband."

Sarah opened her eyes at that. Dan was sitting on the chair across from them, his cock hard as a rock and twitching in sync with his heartbeat. And that face...

His face was painted with that intense, lust filled expression that always got to her. He was only staring at them, though, just watching them as Lester had done on the previous occasions.

The last time the three of them had found themselves here, Lester had been the one sitting in that chair, watching and stroking his big

fat cock as she and Dan had made love.

Now it was her husband in the chair, watching as his weird roommate lay on top of her and worked to bring his own wife closer and closer to a powerful orgasm. She saw Dan carefully touch his dick, probably worried he might cum too quickly.

His eyes met Sarah's, and she had never seen him look so intense. She maintained eye contact with her husband, but gasped as Lester's fingertips pressed hard into her g-spot as they slid out of her pussy, stimulating all the nerve endings focused there.

Lester's tongue moved to lick her right nipple this time, circling the outside of it until he finally claimed the prize. His lips covered it tightly, sucking it inside his mouth.

She clutched Lester's balding head with both hands now, nails digging into his hair and skin, likely close to drawing blood. Dan's eyes stayed on her, watching them. Watching where he should be as his own cock pointed straight at her with an almost painful intensity. His eyes were filled with longing, lust and arousal as he witnessed another man make his beloved wife cum hard.

"FUCK...FUCK!" Sarah screamed as her body was wracked by a mind-shattering orgasm. She closed her eyes to ride it out, the image of Dan's face burned into her mind. Her pussy tightened around Lester's fingers, holding them in place as if trying to keep them in there forever. "GOD....."

As her first orgasm began to wane, she could feel another slowly beginning to build, ready to take its place next in line and crash down onto her. She started gearing up for it, ready to be welcomed into its sweet embrace.

Lester's mouth suddenly released her nipple, and he quickly crawled up her body, his hand snaking smoothly behind her neck. His lips

descended towards hers and she opened her mouth to his invading tongue, willingly accepting him.

She could feel the weight of Lester's gut on top of her. As his fingers slid past her g-spot again, she involuntarily moaned into his mouth. Part of her brain was embarrassed that Dan was hearing all of these noises from her.

Not only was she moaning for a man like Lester, but she could faintly hear the sounds of squelching as his fingers slid in and out of her very wet vagina. If she could hear that, no doubt her husband was listening to it as well.

The other part of her brain that was hooked on this pleasure, though, quickly buried all those "extraneous" thoughts and focused on the new sensations of his fat fingers in her pussy and the large tongue exploring her mouth.

Sarah let out an audible groan of frustration as Lester slowly pulled his fingers out of her. He didn't stop kissing her, though. If anything, he stepped up the intensity of his oral assault. The lack of sensation in her vagina was driving her crazy, and she realized her hips were rising up off the couch, looking for Lester's fingers.

She felt his cock brush lightly against her leg before she felt it rub against her more firmly. She opened her eyes to look, but Lester held her head in place, restricting her vision. She let go of his head and moved her arm down to investigate.

Lester was stroking himself with one hand just inches away from her pussy. The head of his cock was sliding against her inner thigh.

He was slowly working his cock closer and closer towards her pussy. She knew that any second now, he would shift his weight on top of her and try to press his luck. With her panties slightly pulled down, she felt he would have a pretty good chance of success in penetrating her in one shot.

Dan must be watching, she realized with a start. How did it look from his angle? He must be able to see what Lester was up to, but maybe he couldn't.

Or maybe, he would be okay with Lester actually fucking me right in front of him..

Sarah shuddered at the thought. The idea of actually having sex with someone like Lester, of letting him inside her was too intense with his cock so close to her opening. She couldn't stop herself, though, from briefly imagining what it would feel like to be bent over his bed like Lizzie had been the night before.

Lester shifted his weight, getting ready to line up his cock. Sarah came to her senses and quickly disengaged, pushing herself to the side. She glanced over at Dan who was still wearing the same lust filled expression, and she couldn't tell what exactly he had seen nor what he wanted her to do.

She still wanted to please him, though, and he hadn't asked her to stop what she was doing. Before Lester could pull her back to him, she shuffled down the couch until she was face to face with his cock.

Lester seemed to get the idea and rolled over, making himself comfortable on his back. Sarah stole another glance in Dan's direction, noticing his eyes seemed to be popping out of his head. He also seemed to get the idea, and by the way his dick was twitching, she could tell he really liked it.

"Mmmmm," Sara moaned. Her fingernails ran up Lester's thighs until she found the base of his cock. She then moved her fingers around, lightly tracing around his very sizable girth. "Hello again, big boy."

Sarah stared at Lester's cock, licking her lips in a very familiar way to the man in question. "Lester...you remember what I said before, about my lips belonging only to Dan?"

"Yes..." Lester hissed out through clenched teeth.

"Well," She lowered her head, closer and closer to his cock. It pulsed and shook, just inches from her face. "I'm thinking of breaking my rule tonight and giving you something that is supposed to be just for my husband. What do you think?"

"Do it," Lester hissed again. He was perched up on his elbows, watching her closely.

Sarah's finger began to trace a vein upwards on Lester's shaft until it reached the head of his cock, pausing to play with the sensitive skin there. She lowered her head until Lester's cock was right in front of her mouth, close enough that she could stick out her tongue and lick it.

Just as he thought she was going to take it into her mouth, Sarah's eyes flicked up to look at her husband. From Dan's perspective, Lester's cock was in between him and his wife's beautiful face.

"What do you think, Dan?" Sarah whispered sultrily. "Should I suck Lester's big cock?"

He was speechless as his fantasy continued to unfold before his eyes. Sarah continued staring at him as Lester stared at her in turn. Dan wanted to see this more than anything in the world, if he was being honest with himself. He slowly opened his dry mouth to speak.

Before he could utter a word, though, Sarah extended her tongue and licked the underside of Lester's cock. Dan's mouth hung open as he watched his wife seemed to forget about him and focus only on the cock she was tasting. Lester's body jumped at the sudden stimulation.

Sarah licked up along the entire length of Lester's cock until her tongue found its head. She swirled her tongue around it before

slowly lowering her mouth onto his cock. Her hand closed around his shaft and began to stroke it.

"Fuck yeah, baby," Lester moaned. "God, I knew you would be a good cocksucker."

Dan frowned slightly at the comment, but his dick almost exploded as his wife was talked down to like a whore as her mouth was filled with another man's cock.

Sarah continued to pump Lester's shaft as she took more and more of his cock between her lips. She abruptly pulled her mouth off of him and stared at him with her piercing, green eyes. "Mmmm, you like that, Lester? Do you like the way I suck your big cock?"

"Yeah, I want your lips wrapped around my cock all night," Lester grunted. "Fuck, that feels so good."

Sarah flashed him a wicked grin. "I think my husband likes watching this, too."

"I really don't give a shit." Lester reached out and grabbed the back of Sarah's head, pulling it down back towards his cock. She didn't protest and quickly opened her mouth to let his cock slide back in. Lester kept his hand there, grabbing a fist full of her hair. He pushed her head down and pulled it back up, setting the tempo of her blowjob.

Sarah obliged him and even sped things up. Her hand wrapped around the base of his cock and quickly stroked it up towards her mouth each time Lester pushed down. He eventually let go of her and lay back to watch the show.

Dan felt like he was in a dream as he watched Sarah's beautiful mouth being filled with Lester's cock. Pre-cum dribbled out of Dan's dick onto the chair. He wasn't touching it at all now, fearing that he would cum right away.

He wanted to watch the entire show, though his stomach dropped as he heard Sarah moan around Lester's cock. The mix of jealousy and lust inside him was making this whole experience feel like a strange hybrid of bliss and agony. He saw her pretty lips sliding back and forth along his roommate's cock, the very same lips she had kissed him with when they had both said 'I do.'

"Balls," Lester groaned. "Lick them."

Sarah opened her mouth wide, extending her tongue out. She backed up and off Lester's cock, licking the entire underside of it. Once her lips had passed his cock head, she tilted her head to the side, tongue still out as she ran it back down his shaft until it was buried in Lester's hair-covered testicles.

Her tongue started tracing circles around them, switching between one ball and the other. Lester was in heaven seeing this beautiful woman servicing him like this. It was especially enjoyable as she was doing it willingly in front of her husband. He grinned at the thought.

I am going to take her from you, dumbass. You won't recognize Sarah by the time I'm done with her.

He grabbed the back of her head again and pulled her harder into his balls, putting pressure on her as he guided her to do longer licks up, down and across his sack. Sarah didn't miss a beat and started slurping on Lester's balls with enthusiasm. Her hands reached up and started stroking Lester's shaft, both hands running up and down its length, moving faster and faster and she sucked and licked every inch of Lester's scrotum.

She felt her pussy tingling at the sheer naughtiness of what she was doing. Her thighs started grinding together without conscious thought. She couldn't believe that she was actually getting off on sucking Lester's balls.

I'm probably still just horny from before, I never got that second one after all...

Sarah suddenly raised her head back up and put her lips around Lester's cock again. "Mmmmmm," she moaned in pleasure at the now familiar sensation.

She knew that at some point, Lester was going to cum, though she had decided she wouldn't take it in her mouth or swallow it. As silly as that might seem, considering everything she had done so far, it still felt like it would be a step too far as she considered it to be a very intimate act. Sarah would sense when it was about to happen and pull her mouth off his cock, letting him cum all over himself.

Lester, meanwhile, was lost in ecstasy. Of all the women who had sucked his cock in this apartment, Sarah was by far the best at it. He wanted even more, though.

"Tell me what you think of my cock." It sounded more like an order than anything else.

Sarah slowed down and looked up at him. Without breaking eye contact, she kept her lips wrapped around him as she slid up and down its length. After a long half a minute or so, she released it from her mouth and started to plant kisses up and down his shaft.

"Hmmm," she pondered, looking contemplatively at the cock in her hand. "You know, your cock is pretty amazing. It's so big and thick. It's just so...powerful that it's affecting me on a whole different level."

"Bigger than your husband's?" Lester grunted. Sarah looked up at him and nodded.

"Tell him," he commanded. "Tell Dan."

Dan gulped and felt his dick twitch in anticipation as he watched Sarah look back down at Lester's cock before glancing over at him. "God, Dan. Lester's cock is just so much bigger than yours. Something like this really makes a girl think...it's just too bad that it's connected to someone like him."

"Someone like me?" Lester challenged.

Sarah looked back at him. "Yes, someone like you. Someone who looks like you do and acts the way you do. No offense, but you're not a catch or anything. This cock, though...I can see why Lizzie was so interested."

Her words were meant to hurt him, to challenge him. But Lester didn't really give a shit. She was pushing at a button that didn't exist. "Just wait until the day that I slide this cock into you and take you the way I took Lizzie last night."

Sarah licked Lester's shaft again and resumed stroking him, her bare breasts jiggling slightly as she laughed at his words.

"You're very confident, but I don't think that's ever going to happen," she said defiantly as she continued to use her tongue on him. "Besides, you might have a great cock, but I don't think you could handle a woman like me. I'd hate to be disappointed after just a couple of minutes of pleasure."

"We'll see," Lester groaned as Sarah twirled her tongue around the head of his cock, pushing into his opening. "You said before that those lips were only for your husband, right?"

A line of saliva and pre-cum trailed from Sarah's tongue to Lester's cock as she backed off. She leaned forward and licked from the base of his cock all the way back up to the top before responding. "That is what I said before, yes."

"And where are your lips now?" he asked.

"On your cock, Lester."

Hearing her name escape his lips caused a jolt to run through his body. He was surprised he didn't come right then and there. "Then do something for me. Kiss my cock the way you kissed your husband on your wedding day."

Sarah raised an eyebrow and glanced at Dan. Aside from the lust on his face as he watched her mouth, he didn't give any indication that he had heard Lester.

"Kiss my cock the same way you did for him at the altar. I want to see what your lips looked like back then, especially now that I get to enjoy them, too."

Sarah leaned forward and pursed her lips, giving a very conservative, lingering peck right on top of Lester's cock.

He grinned. "Now, kiss it in the same way you kissed Dan on the night of your honeymoon."

Sarah looked over at her husband again, seeing him sitting there with his hard cock pointed right at her. It was encouraging to her that he seemed to have heard his roommate this time. What's more, he nodded his head repeatedly for her to go on following Lester's instructions.

This is really turning him on, isn't it? I should focus on making this as hot as possible for him.

She lowered her head and began to passionately kiss the tip of Lester's cock. She planted kisses all over it, her tongue eventually extending to french-kiss it thoroughly. Sarah could feel her thighs rubbing together again; she was on fire with lust now.

Lester had noticed it as well. He shifted his weight, briefly pulling her to one side of the couch as he slid his leg in between hers. As

she continued to kiss his cock, he raised his thigh and pressed it firmly against her pussy. Her sex had found the contact it had been longing for, and Sarah unconsciously began to grind herself against his hairy, pasty white leg.

Sarah stopped kissing his cock momentarily and looked up at him in shock. Her body was already going into overdrive, riding Lester's thigh as she pressed forcefully into him. His leg was stimulating her clit and outer labia which were peeking out the sides of her bunched up panties. She hadn't realized just how quickly she would be able to get back to the edge of an orgasm. She was so close.

The overwhelming feeling of her pussy's stimulation was matched by the strength and hardness of Lester's cock in her hands. She could feel it pulsating, the power radiating from it was adding fuel to the fire of her orgasm as it continued to build. She felt like the dam was about to burst.

"Say my name, Sarah." Lester groaned. He was now thrusting his hips up off the couch, his cock pushing towards her face. "Say it."

"Lester," She whispered. "Lester."

"Again," he demanded.

Sarah closed her eyes. "Lester."

The thought of her in Lizzie's position beneath Lester on his bed flooded into her brain. She tried to fight the image, but the pleasure center of her brain was overriding all rational thought. "Lester!"

She started grinding her hips into him with a frenzy. Sarah was so close to cuming, nothing would stop her now. It was right there, it was so close.

Lester suddenly grabbed the back of her hand and pulled it down towards his cock. Sarah instinctively opened her mouth and took in

as much of his cock as she could. She was stroking it frantically in time with her grinding, willing its contents to cum up and out of the shaft.

Having Lester's cock in her mouth pushed her over the edge. Her thighs clamped down on his, pushing down hard as her body started to shake from the mind-numbing orgasm washing over her. She grimaced at the force of Lester's fingers digging into her hair, and she felt the familiar pulsating of Lester's cock in her hands and mouth as he arched his hips up and came hard.

"Arrrggh, FUCK!" Lester growled as his cock exploded in Sarah's mouth. He held her head down, ensuring she didn't miss a single drop.

Lester's cum shot like a rocket straight to the back of Sarah's throat. She tried to pull back, but he held her firmly in place. Cum flooded into her mouth, coating every single one of her taste buds. The shock of the whole situation served as the catalyst for another orgasm to blow past her previous one, eclipsing what she thought possible in terms of sexual pleasure. Waves of bliss radiated out from her pussy, spreading out to her entire body.

Sarah curled her toes, tightened her lips around Lester's cock and swallowed.

She knew she shouldn't. She hadn't planned to. She'd told herself that she didn't want to, but it was the only logical thing she could do in her current situation. Sarah swallowed load after load of Lester's cum without any hesitation after the first one. It seemed like it would never end.

As Sarah finally came down from her orgasm, she released his leg from between her thighs and slowly disengaged from his cock once he let go of her head. She stared at its wet length, slightly dazed as she watched his shaft twitch before one small, last bead of cum gathered on the tip of it.

As the reality of her current situation set in, she couldn't believe that Dan's fucked up roommate's cum was inside of her now.

Dan!

She had been so lost in her own orgasm that she had momentarily forgotten about her husband. She looked over at him, worried he might be furious with her. Instead, Dan was leaning back, breathing quickly as his eyes seemed to be slightly glazed over. He seemed to be looking at her mouth that he had just watched guzzle down loads of his roommate's semen.

Sarah was surprised that there wasn't even a hint of anger in his eyes. Instead, excitement and lust were still the dominant emotions displayed on his face. His cock was pointed straight up in the air as cum was slowly drizzling out of it, running down onto his stomach and the chair.

That's what I had wanted to do to Lester: make him cum on himself...

She blinked and forced those thoughts from her head before turning to look back at Lester who had a stupid grin on his face. He was like the fat kid at school that had somehow just beaten the jocks in a race. Any anger she might have had toward him faded quickly as she just wanted to collapse now. Her energy was thoroughly drained, but she couldn't just fall asleep on the couch in Lester's lap.

She stood up, wiped her mouth and headed towards the hallway.

WHAP!

A sharp pain spread across her ass with a jolt. She jumped and looked back in shock. Lester had turned in his seat and slapped her butt with his full force.

"Thank you, Sarah. That was fucking great. Can't wait until the next time." He grinned as she turned and walked to the bathroom with a huff, his red handprint clearly visible on her flawless ass cheek.

After Sarah had finished cleaning herself up, she made her way back to Dan's room, hoping to avoid encountering Lester again so soon. Thankfully, she made it across the hall without incident. Closing the door behind her, she found Dan waiting for her as he leaned against his dresser, cock still hard even after she had made him cum without touching him.

It was at that moment that Sarah realized she still really wanted a cock inside of her, even after the multiple orgasms she had experienced.

Dan strode over to her with that lustful look on his face that turned her on so much. He grabbed her and pulled her towards the bed, hands already running all over her body.

Almost immediately, she was on her back and Dan was on top of her, pushing himself inside her.

There was no foreplay. Both Sarah and Dan just started fucking each other, desperately racing to an orgasm together.

Dan wanted to cum inside of her. He felt a need to do so, to reclaim Sarah.

She loved the feeling of Dan's cock inside of her, looking up at his intense, concentrated gaze. As her hands reached around his neck, she couldn't help but remember how they had felt when she had wrapped them around Lester's cock. She was enjoying the pleasure her husband was giving her, but she couldn't stop her mind from drifting back to all the events that had occurred a few, short minutes ago.

Dan's pace was increasing, and Sarah wrapped her legs around his waist in response, pulling him tightly against, matching the speed of his thrusts.

"Fuck," Dan groaned, pushing into her hard. His balls began emptying themselves inside of her. Sarah moaned as she came for the fourth time that night. Her body was tingling from head to toe.

Dan stayed in her until he was empty before rolling off to the side, panting. They both just lay there, naked and panting until they eventually caught their breath and drifted off to sleep.

The sunlight rising over the parking lot forced Dan to squint as he and his wife made their way to her car. He had zipped up his coat as soon as they'd stepped outside, unprepared for the chilly Chicago morning. The majority of his attention was not on his current condition, however, but on the events of the previous night that kept replaying over and over again in his head.

He could still hear Sarah moaning in Lester's embrace as his hands ran all over her naked body while he kissed her. A pang of jealousy wracked his heart. The kissing seemed like the worst part to Dan. It was so intimate. He could still remember the first time he had kissed Sarah, how he had finally worked up the courage to initiate it and the joy he felt when she had accepted and returned his kiss. It had felt like fireworks going off in his brain. And now she had kissed Lester without any kind of courting whatsoever.

She did it for you, dumbass.

He held Sarah close as they moved across the windy parking lot. Logically, he knew why she had done it, but the thought of it was still bothering him. He took a long step, attempting to adjust his growing cock into a more comfortable position.

And then she had put his cock in her mouth...

Sarah had given Lester a blowjob. Not just any old blowjob, but an insanely sexual blowjob with extensive ball-sucking, magnified even more by how very dirty her talk with Lester had gotten. His wife had even talked dirty about Dan at his roommate's prompting while she was servicing him.

His body shivered. Not because of the cold, but at the thought of what she had said. Dan had always loved hearing his wife's dirty talk, but he had never expected that hearing her talk like that to someone else would drive him so crazy.

There had also come a point where Lester's naked body had been positioned right over hers. His naked, unkempt cock had been poised just inches away from Sarah's sweet spot.

I wonder what would have happened if Lester had tried to.....

"Dan! Earth to Dan. Open the car! It's freezing out here," Sarah pleaded.

Dan shook his head to clear it of the memories. He hadn't realized they were already standing by Sarah's car. He'd been so lost in his thoughts that he hadn't comprehended anything she had been saying. "Right, sorry."

He quickly unlocked the car and climbed into the passenger seat, handing her the key fob he had been holding. Sarah got behind the wheel and quickly slammed the door shut. She turned on the car and started the heater, clasping her hands together and blowing into them until it warmed up inside. "I almost turned into a popsicle out there waiting for you."

Dan sighed and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. "Yeah, sorry, my mind was just drifting back to last night."

Sarah eyed him curiously and then glanced down at his dick. "Well, do you want to share with the class? What exactly were you thinking about?"

"Mostly just how wild and crazy things got in the living room. I knew what might happen when I dared you to go out there dressed like that, but seeing it unfold right in front of me..." Dan rambled, still a little groggy from all the alcohol he had only partially slept off. "It's just a lot for my brain to process," he finally admitted.

"You know that everything I did with him last night, I did for you, right? I wouldn't have done those things otherwise." Sarah looked at him reassuringly.

"I know. I do know that, and that's the fucked up part. It's like I made you do those things like I forced you into it." Dan's shoulders were slumped.

"Dan," she said firmly as she stared at him intensely. "No one made me do anything I didn't want to do. Got it?" She smiled mischievously after absolving him of his misplaced guilt.

"Besides, I did enjoy myself," Sarah said with a wink.

"You did?" Dan looked up at her, his cock stirring slightly at her admission.

"Of course," she assured him. "I loved seeing the look on your face and your reactions to what I was doing. God, that was hot! I also enjoyed making love to you afterwards and seeing how relentless you were, as if you were reclaiming me. That turned me on a lot."

"What about Lester? I can't imagine..." Dan wanted Sarah to fill in the rest.

"Well, about Lester..." She glanced at the vents that were finally pumping out warm air. Moving her hands right in front of them to

thaw them out, she sighed at the sensation before turning back to look at her husband.

"He isn't much to look at, and I do find him very irritating...and weird. Irritating and weird," she smirked before letting her bedroom eyes come out as she held Dan's gaze. "But he does fit the mold for our 'beauty and the beast' thing, and I know it turns you on like nothing else to see someone you generally don't like have their hands all over me."

"Jesus," Dan muttered.

"His large cock in my hands," Sarah added, emphasizing the word "cock."

Dan held his hands up in surrender. "Okay! Alright! You're about to drive home and leave me here alone, so don't try to get me worked up before you go."

Sarah laughed softly. She could always get him going and loved her ability to do so. With his fantasy no longer limited to bedroom roleplay, it was almost too easy to rev him up.

"Can I ask you a question?" She leaned over toward him, unable to resist a little more teasing before she left. "What was your favourite part of last night?"

"Having sex with you," Dan replied, almost too quickly. "Obviously."

"Obviously," Sarah rolled her eyes. "I meant when we were in the living room."

"All of it was amazing and unpredictable," Dan answered after a moment, his eyes glazing over slightly in remembrance. "Watching you being pinned against the couch as he felt you up, then being under him as he fingered you was unbelievably hot. Taking him in

your mouth and even sucking on his balls...fuck!" he growled as he looked at her lips, arousal blazing on his face.

"The words you said and the dirty talking you did with him also turned me on," he paused for a moment, dropping his gaze slightly before continuing. "Especially...when you talked about me. I don't know why, but it almost made me explode right then and there when he had you talk to me."

Sarah raised an eyebrow, having noticed the bulge in his pants twitch at his admission. "I thought you might like that," she purred. "I'll remember to up the intensity a little more next time..."

Dan's eyes snapped back up to his wife. "Next time?"

Sarah smiled and gave him a seductive look. "Well, I assume you want to see a repeat performance after gushing about it so much."

Dan gulped. "I don't know. Yes? Maybe..."

"Well, next time I'm here, we'll just have to see what happens," Sarah paused. "Can I ask you another question?"

Dan groaned. "Have mercy on me, Sarah, I have to go back upstairs with this." He gestured toward his growing erection.

"I'm sure you know how to take care of that by now." She eyed his crotch briefly before continuing. "Last night, when Lester was on top of me. After his fingers were in me...did you notice him try to drop his hips as if he was trying to line up his cock with me?"

"Not exactly," Dan shook her head. "It did feel like I was frozen in place, though, and seeing things in slow motion. I didn't notice him doing that precisely, but I saw how close he was getting to you. I wondered if he would try something, but then you took control and blew him instead."

"I did. I felt he might try it, so I switched things around before anything could happen," she admitted. "I just know that if we keep going like this, he will eventually try something or expect something more than what we've already done. What do you think about it?"

She let the question hang in the air as the car windows were fogging up from the cold air outside and their breathing inside along with the heater.

"I..." Dan paused, trying to compose his thoughts. "I don't know if we are ready for that. I don't know if I'm ready for that yet. The idea of it...picturing you two together. It just seems so obscene in my mind. I can't lie, though. When you asked me that just now, my dick got even harder as the idea undoubtedly turns me on, but my brain is still fully in control right now." Dan shifted in his seat as he laid out his thoughts. "It seems like that is a bridge you definitely can't uncross. I don't know, though. What do you think?"

Sarah had listened to his thoughts carefully and was glad they seemed to be on the same page on this issue. She had been slightly worried he would only be thinking with his dick from now on.

Well, any more than he already does...

"I agree, it would be like opening Pandora's box. Hard to walk back. The thought of doing that with Lester himself doesn't do much for me. Sure, the idea of submitting to someone beneath me does get me going. I do like that fantasy, but it's playing with fire," she explained.

"I won't lie, though," Sarah said as lowered her voice to a husky whisper. "When I had Lester's cock in my mouth last night, I felt powerful knowing I could make it cum. After that moment, I wanted you inside me. If he had tried anything when I was in a state like that, though, I just don't know if I could have resisted. We'll have to be careful. I don't think that is something we should explore until we both thought long and hard about it."

The image of Sarah screaming out in pleasure while under Lester with his cock buried deep inside of her became lodged in his brain. "I agree. It's dangerous."

"Okay, good. That's settled for now, then." She smiled at him before glancing at the clock. "Oh, crap! Dan, I hate to cut this short, but I need to get back home and you need to get to work."

Dan followed her eyes and sighed when he saw the time. If he didn't leave soon, he would be late for work. "Crap. Alright."

He leaned over and cupped her face with his hands and kissed her. He let his lips linger, clinging to every last second he had with the love of his life. "I love you."

"I love you too, baby," she whispered.

Dan broke their embrace and moved back into his seat as Sarah put on her seatbelt and checked her mirrors. "Okay, boo," he said, "Have a safe drive. I love you, and tell the kids I love them and that I'll see them soon."

"I'll Facetime you after work with the kids and you can tell them yourself." She looked warmly at him.

Dan exited the car and shut the door, backing up several paces to let her pull out. She waved to him, indicating she wanted to see him heading back into the building.

He stood his ground, waving to her and made it clear that she should leave instead. He watched as the mother of his children pulled her car out of the parking lot and started the long drive back to their home.

He shivered as he turned to walk slowly back towards the apartment building.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 06

With her eyes closed, Sarah rested her head on Dan's shoulder as the stewardess pushed the drink cart down the aisle. "I can't believe we are actually getting away."

"Yeah, it's nice. Feels like things are actually going our way for once. Even if it is just a short work trip," Dan flipped through the magazine he had grabbed at the airport kiosk. Walt had asked him to meet with the Lincoln Group at their Minneapolis office.

Minneapolis in the fall wasn't his first choice for a vacation destination but the fact that the hotel and his flight were covered made it easier. All they'd had to do was pay for a cheap ticket for Sarah, enabling her to tag along. The plan was for him to try to attend a couple of meetings and resolve things quickly so he could spend a fair amount of his time with Sarah. Luckily her parents had wanted to take the girls, otherwise, this trip would never have happened.

Sarah wrapped her arms around his arm and encircled his fingers with hers. "So, what's the plan when we land? You go take care of business things while I wait alone in the hotel room, dressed in my sexy lingerie?"

Even as he pretended to be engrossed in the magazine, she was still able to drive him crazy.

"Or I could just skip out on all the business things and spend a few days in our hotel room with you." Dan closed the magazine, realizing the conversation was too distracting for him to comprehend anything.

Sarah opened her eyes and sat up. She adjusted the collar on his shirt. "As much as I would love that. Especially getting alone time

with you, without anyone else around.... I am guessing that would be frowned upon by your work."

Dan shrugged. "Who knows, maybe Jesse will hit it out of the park and handle all the meetings on his own."

"Jesse...he's the one who keeps dropping the ball?" Sarah asked. "He's on the trip, too?"

"Yeah." Dan said, rolling his eyes. "Walt still wants me to teach him the ropes and keep an eye on things. He is supposed to be my backup and just to show that we have more than one person working on their account."

"Well, I just hope he doesn't mess anything up for you. I don't want you stressed out while we are out and about."

The rest of the flight was uneventful. Dan and Sarah deboarded and grabbed an Uber to the hotel. Dan did notice the Uber driver trying to catch glimpses of Sarah in his rearview mirror several times.

When they arrived at the hotel, Dan was a little taken aback by how luxurious it looked. He knew that the team at the Lincoln Group had recommended it to Walt. It was close to their office and there weren't many other hotels nearby. Walt had probably felt obliged to take their recommendation and hadn't wanted them to perceive his firm's financial hardships by booking Dan and Jesse elsewhere.

After catching the Uber driver taking one last eyeful of Sarah's sweet ass, Dan grabbed their bags out of the trunk, and the couple went inside to check in.

"Hi, checking in, Dan Williams," Dan said, laying his driver's license and Visa card on the counter while he waited for the young receptionist to pull up his reservation.

"Thank you, Mr. Williams." The woman clicked her mouse a few times, smiled and extended a keycard toward him. "It looks like you are all set, your partner checked in earlier."

Dan shared a confused look with Sarah, who shrugged. "Partner?"

"Yes," the receptionist said, still holding out the keycard. "A Jesse Thompson. Two queen beds."

"There must be some mistake, can you check again?" Dan asked.

After a few minutes, the receptionist confirmed that her information was accurate. Dan's firm had only booked one room for Jesse and Dan to share.

"This is ridiculous," Dan said as he pinched the bridge of his nose. He was holding his phone up to his ear, waiting to get connected to the lady at his company who did their travel booking. Meanwhile, Sarah asked about booking an additional room but was told that the hotel was at capacity.

After a brief exchange, he regrouped with Sarah who was holding the keycard from the receptionist. "Yep, those cheapskates booked us in the same room. God, I don't know what to do."

Sarah placed a calming hand on his chest. "We'll figure it out. Sure, this might put a damper on all the sexy underwear I brought along, but we'll make it work. Besides, once you're all done with your meetings, we'll spend most of the time out of the hotel room anyways."

Dan sighed and nodded. This was nothing like what he had planned. The couple rode the elevator up to their room. With a sharp intake of breath, Dan opened the door with the keycard.

Aside from the suitcase hastily thrown on the chair in the corner, there was no sign of Jesse to be found. Dan opened his phone and

sent Jesse a message as he got ready to head over to the office. Sarah started to organize their things and settle in.

Thirty minutes later, Dan was dressed and ready to go. He checked his phone, still no response from Jesse. *Typical.*

"Alright, hon, I'm heading out," Dan said to the closed bathroom door. After a few seconds of silence, Sarah opened it looking absolutely stunning. She smiled as he had trouble picking his jaw off the floor.

"Ugh," Dan was flabbergasted. "And what, er, where are you going?"

"Well, I figured I'm not going to just stay here in the hotel room and wait for you. I'm going to go down to the nice restaurant downstairs and wait at the bar until someone tries to pick me up." She smiled devilishly.

Dan shook his head, trying to get his brain to work. "You what?"

"I need to find someone to keep me entertained while you are gone. After all, you're leaving your poor wife all alone in a strange city..." she said, looking at him with her sexy bedroom eyes.

When it was clear that Dan couldn't put a coherent thought together, she laughed and gently slapped him on the arm. "Relax, killer, I'm just trying to decide which outfit to wear tonight when you take me out to dinner."

Dan exhaled. "That sounds good. I can't wait. You had me going there for a second." "I always do," she winked at him and went back to looking over her outfit. "You be safe, okay?"

"I always am," Dan said as he leaned forward and kissed Sarah before heading out of the hotel room.

A few hours later, Sarah received a text message from Dan.

> Hey, so the lead guy here wants to keep going over things. He suggested dinner at a place near the hotel. I know this sucks and isn't what we planned. Are you game to come? Jesse just ghosted today, I could use some backup at dinner.

That asshole, just leaving Dan on his own.

It wasn't the mini-getaway she had planned but at least she could get her dinner paid for by Dan's company. It was the least they could do after messing with their arrangement.

> Of course, baby. I can't wait.

The incessant pinging of the Discord alert was distracting Lester from his task at hand. He was transfixed at the image in front of him, Sarah grinding against his leg with his cock in her mouth. He was listening intently to her moans of pleasure from his computer speaker.

Ding. *What the Fuck!*

Lester removed his hand from his cock, grabbed his mouse and opened his discord app that was running in the background. He quickly scanned the channel that kept interrupting his Sarah time.

Surgebinder: @All we are starting the raid in t-minus 10 minutes!

Surgebinder: Ready to go, waiting on you, Darkspire!

Surgebinder: Darkspire, are you still raiding tonight?

Surgebinder: Darkspire, come conquer this dungeon with us and share in our fortunes! Our names will be etched in eternity.

Surgebinder: @Darkspire

Surgebinder: Lester! Where are you?

Lester narrowed his eyes and muted Ned for 24 hours. An unread direct message caught his eye.

Anon34: I'm ready for more videos. Do you have any married women?

Lester shifted his eyes to the window with Sarah's mouth wrapped around his cock.

No, she is mine. At least for now.

As they entered the restaurant, Dan was still marvelling at how stunning his wife looked. The bottom of Sarah's dress was a hip-hugging pale pink that went past her knees with a slit in the middle exposing a little of her thigh.

The top made her look like she was covered in nothing but rhinestones, but the rhinestones were mounted on some kind of fabric that matched her skin. It gave the illusion that all her interesting parts were just waiting to be uncovered beneath a sequence of small gems. The rhinestones stopped at her wrists and just below her collarbone. The bejewelled top did wonderful things for shaping and accentuating her natural figure. The back of the dress was completely open, exposing her naked back. Dan wondered about the physics of the dress: her chest looked amazing despite the absence of any bra strap across her back.

Even though it was a chilly Chicago night and the restaurant was a short walk from their hotel, Sarah had still managed to prioritize her appearance.

After a brief exchange with the hostess, she led them towards a booth in the back of the dimly lit restaurant. The eyes of the booth's sole occupant scanned Sarah up and down as the couple approached. He stood up and extended a hand across the table.

"Sarah, this is Byron. He's my counterpart over at the Lincoln Group," Dan gestured.

Sarah shook his hand, noting that he held it a few seconds longer than expected.

"Dan failed to mention that his wife was such a stunner." Byron grinned as the couple slid into the booth next to him. "Frankly, Dan, I am impressed you managed to get into the office with us at all today, knowing that your wife was waiting for you in the hotel."

He winked. "It just shows how extra committed you are to us."

Dan and Sarah both chuckled politely.

The group continued to make small talk while reviewing the menu. Byron took the liberty of ordering a couple of bottles of wine for the table, even though it had been implied that Dan was taking him out.

After the wine arrived and everyone placed their orders, Byron enthusiastically poured for the table. He paid particular attention to Sarah's glass, filling it beyond a normal restaurant pour.

Byron began to tell a story about a recent issue that had happened at work. His voice was getting loud, and drawing looks even with the background noise of the restaurant. He was clearly building to some kind of punchline but Dan wasn't paying close attention. He was watching Byron's eyes as their focus kept seeming to shift and stay on Sarah.

Byron smacked the table, laughing to accentuate whatever joke he was making. Sarah laughed enthusiastically while her husband

marvelled at her social acumen.

She sure does a great job wining and dining folks.

Dan laughed as well, not wanting to offend Byron. He was working after all, and he needed to get Byron to sign some amendments to their contract.

The table suddenly got quiet. Dan glanced at Byron who seemed to have been interrupted mid-sentence and was now looking up toward where Dan presumed the waitress was standing.

Instead of the waitress, it was Jesse. No one said anything for a second. It dawned on Dan that no one at the table had actually met Jesse yet in person.

"Byron, this is Jesse, my work associate. He wasn't able to make it to our meetings today and just got into town. Jesse, I don't think you've met my wife yet. Sarah, this is Jesse."

Jesse gave the group a limp wave. "Hi, nice to meet everyone."

Out of courtesy, Dan had forwarded the dinner details on to Jesse, but he had assumed the asshole would simply ghost him, just like he had done all that day. Word about that had probably already gotten back to Dan's boss, which might explain Jesse's sudden appearance.

There wasn't room in the booth for Jesse, so he just awkwardly stood there.

"Excuse me," the waitress said from behind Jesse. He moved to the side as she scooted past him, her arms carrying three plates of food that she set down in front of the group. "Are you joining the group here?"

"He is," Dan said flatly, unable to feign much enthusiasm for his coworker's presence.

"Great, I'll go get you a stool." The waitress returned, toting a stool from the bar and placing it at the outside edge of the table. "Can I get you something to drink? Here's a menu."

"I'll take a beer, whatever you have on tap." Jesse perched himself on the stool that was clearly only meant for the bar counter. Dan suppressed a groan. It would have been better if Jesse hadn't shown up at all. His belated appearance had instantly killed the flow of the conversation and he was now sitting on a stool that was too tall for the table. He looked like some kind of comedian about to entertain the booth.

The conversation shifted to how good everyone's food looked and thankfully some semblance of normalcy returned. Byron noticed that Sarah's wine glass was getting close to empty and took the initiative to refill it.

Dan eyed the glass. Sarah smirked at him, knowing what he was thinking. He could already see the telltale signs that his wife was going to get tipsy.

"So, Byron, I've gone through the new changes to the design of the project that your team outlined today. I have to say I'm impressed by the number of sustainability goals you've added. It does change a lot of the scope in a few areas. I've drafted what those changes will look like. I just need to get you to sign off on the approvals," Dan said before biting into a piece of his steak.

As Byron was about to respond, Jesse cut in, "Sustainability goals? Personally, I feel like a lot of those things are meaningless. It's always just a way for a company to virtue signal to their friends and other investors how woke they are."

Byron's face grew beat red at the accusation. Dan cringed, trying to think of some way to salvage what had just happened. In a matter of a few sentences, Jesse might have just tanked all the changes Dan had been working on all day. Even though these sustainability

changes were a pain in the ass, they still meant more revenue flowing into his firm.

What the fuck, kid!?

"Byron, I love that you and your company place such an importance on sustainability. I think it really shows leadership. Dan hasn't told me about the changes and I'd love to hear about them. Which ones are the most significant?" Sarah smoothly interjected.

God bless her.

Dan took another sip of his wine as he watched Byron's side eye at Jesse transition over to a glowing enthusiasm directed towards Sarah.

For the next several minutes, Byron went into great detail explaining why his company was leading in this space, what changes were being made to the project and the wide-reaching impacts they would have. During this time, Jesse's food was served to him while the waitress picked up the plates that the others had finished with. The group politely waited for Jesse to finish his meal, allowing Byron to top everyone up and then order another bottle of wine.

After everyone had wrapped up their dinners, it was suggested that they move things to the bar for a last round of drinks. Dan and Sarah were enjoying themselves, even if this was more than they would normally partake in.

The waitress set the check down in front of Byron. Without looking at it or breaking from his animated conversation with Sarah, he slid it across the table to Dan.

With a bemused smile, Dan gave his credit card to the waitress to settle up. Sarah excused herself to use the ladies' room.

"Dan, I think we're good. I'll call you soon, maybe tomorrow morning, and we can get that amendment signed." Byron clapped Dan on the back and shook his hand. It looked like this trip and this large bill would pay off.

"Hey, have a good night. I see a couple of folks over there I want to catch up with. Let's connect in the morning. Give your beautiful wife my best, and let me know if you need me to keep her entertained while you are in town working so hard." He winked at Dan and made his way toward a group of men drinking at the other end of the bar.

Before Dan had an opportunity to grill Jesse about where he had been today, Sarah returned and the trio left the restaurant.

"Jesse, did you know that Walt booked us all in the same room?" Dan asked as he shuffled down the street. He had given his coat to Sarah to keep her warm, so his hands were stuffed in his pockets.

"No, not until I checked in and they asked if the other guest was present. I didn't realize there would be two other guests..." Jesse trailed off as his eyes made a quick appraisal of Sarah. Both Dan and Sarah were too intoxicated to notice the subtle look.

They rode the elevator in silence. When the doors opened onto their floor, the trio awkwardly stepped out with Dan and Sarah taking the lead toward their hotel room. Even though Jesse had checked in first, he loitered a few paces behind the couple, oblivious to his third-wheel status.

After Dan opened the hotel room door and let Sarah in, he gave Jesse a flat look. "Let's just crash tonight, okay? Tomorrow, I'll go down and talk to the receptionist and see about getting another room. Your stuff is already over by the window, so you take that bed. We'll take the other one."

"Got it," Jesse slurred as he barged past Dan. He immediately headed to the bathroom, much to the displeasure of Sarah who seemed intent on changing in there.

Dan locked the door and the couple sat in silence as they waited for Jesse to finish up. Sarah yawned and blinked her eyes several times. They were getting heavy and she would have to crash soon.

As Jesse finished up and exited the bathroom, Sarah sat on the edge of the bed behind Dan, unwittingly using him as a physical barrier between herself and this young stranger. She wasn't too impressed with what Dan had said about him in the past and his lack of decorum at dinner hadn't improved her opinion of him.

Jesse immediately walked to the far bed and flopped down, pulling the covers over himself. Sarah took the opportunity to carry her small bag of toiletries and a stack of clothing into the bathroom.

She wasted no time completing her bedroom routine. She sighed as she examined the pajamas that made up the stack of clothing. She had brought a new pair of lacy pink underwear to surprise Dan with. They would just have to wait until their return to Chicago.

Once Dan wrapped up business in Minneapolis, they would fly back to Chicago where she would spend one night before driving back home. It looked like fate would keep her and Dan apart until then. She just hoped that she could spend at least one night with Dan before she had to leave him. If it had to be back in Chicago, so be it. She would just have to keep her husband's expectations for extra participants in their sexual activity low and not allow his roommate to intrude on them this time.

Shaking her head, she pushed away thoughts of sexy, bedroom fun so she wouldn't be too disappointed when she stepped out the door and rejoined her husband. There was no point working herself up as Jesse's presence precluded any chance of sex with Dan.

Sarah slipped out of her dress and into the pajama set. She hadn't planned on having a third party in their room when packing. Her pajamas weren't meant to be sexy, but she still appreciated how nice they looked on her. The snug pajama shorts with a tight, matching t-shirt definitely accentuated her figure.

Sarah yawned again and rubbed her eyes before exiting the bathroom.

Dan was already dressed for bed. Either he was desperately tired or he just didn't care that his co-worker was sharing the room. Loud snores were emanating from Jesse's bed already. He was clearly asleep, which was some relief to Sarah.

The couple pulled the comforter off and slid under the covers. Neither of them wanted to do too much talking in the same room as Jesse, lest he overhears their private conversation. He seemed to be asleep, but they still really didn't feel comfortable discussing anything there. Dan turned the light off and leaned over to give Sarah a lingering kiss before whispering goodnight to her.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

Dan reached out to the bedside table, his sleep-deprived brain fumbling to find his phone.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt.

He finally found it. Without opening his eyes he thumbed the button to answer the call and whispered, "Hello?"

"Hey! Danny boy. What's up? It's Byron. Hey, I have a change of plans for tomorrow." It seemed like Byron was screaming over the phone. Dan could hear lots of background noise and realized he must still be at the nearby bar.

"I now have another business meeting I need to attend, a round of golf, you know how it is. Do you think we could get those amendments signed off tonight? I want to wrap this up and get out onto the course early tomorrow. You can make that work, right?" Even though it was technically a question, it felt more like a command.

Shit.

Dan sat up blinking his eyes.

"Uh, yeah. Sure. Give me a couple of minutes. Where are you?" Dan tried to sound awake and alert, ever attentive to a client's needs.

"Same place you left me. Hurry up, it's gonna be the last call soon." Byron abruptly hung up.

Talk about a Hollywood hang-up.

Dan reached over and grabbed Sarah's shoulder, trying to shake her awake.

"Sarah," he whispered. "Sarah."

She mumbled something in her sleep but didn't stir. She was out cold.

Dan stared out the outline of Jesse's body in the other bed. He was still snoring, likely also out cold from the alcohol he had ingested with dinner.

I'll just quickly get this signed and hurry back. No need to wake her, I guess.

He quietly moved across the room and got dressed in the clothing he had worn earlier that night. He crept to the door and slowly opened it. The ever-present hallway light streamed into the room. Dan

closed the door, took the elevator back down to the lobby, and walked as directly as he could to find someone to open the business office so he could print out the contract.

Jesse's eyes snapped open at the sound of Dan's muffled phone conversation. It was late. Or it was early. All he knew was that it was dark outside. He could hear that jackass Byron asking Dan to sign the contract tonight.

"Sarah." He heard Dan whisper. "Sarah."

After a few moments of feigning sleep, Jesse heard Dan moving quietly around the room getting dressed. When he heard the door click shut, Jesse felt his cock swell in his shorts.

I'm in here alone with Dan's sexy wife.

He shifted in his bed, lying there for a minute while he listened to the sound of Sarah breathing, and for any indication that Dan was returning. Where would Dan manage to acquire the revised version of the contract at this hour? Would he head back to the Lincoln Group's office to print it? How long would he be gone for?

Jesse nervously shifted his weight again as he sat up on the bed. His eyes were glued to the alluring shape of Sarah in the other bed. She was lying on her side facing away from him. The sheets had shifted enough that he could see the back of her t-shirt pajamas. The exposure was enough to jolt his cock erect.

He stood up and stepped over to the other bed, hovering above Sarah, unsure of what to do. His eyes flicked in the direction of the door then back to the sleeping beauty. He hadn't forgotten about the sexy pictures he'd seen of her on Dan's phone. He had thought about those often. He had wished that there had been some way that he could have copied them. Tonight, he'd met her in person and

she had turned out to be even more stunning in person than in the photos. The way she talked at dinner was so confident, she just seemed so in control. He found that sexy.

An idea sprang into his mind and before he fully comprehended what he was doing, he pulled the sheet back from Sarah's body and gently eased himself down into Dan's place, lying next to the most stunning woman he had ever seen.

It took Dan a few minutes to find the front desk attendant and convince them to open the business office after hours for him. After logging into the computer, he was able to pull up his email and retrieve the amended contract for Byron to sign. While waiting for it to print, Dan pulled up his cell phone and called Byron.

It continued to ring until it went to voicemail. Dan checked the time, it was late. He quickly stapled the pages together and in a split-second decision, decided it was best to run back down to the restaurant and hope that Byron was still there.

Jesse just stared up at the ceiling, trying to control his breathing. Nothing had changed. She hadn't stirred or woken up now that he was in the bed with her. After composing himself, he gingerly turned on his side so that her back was now facing him.

God, she smells good.

He reached out and grazed her arm with the back of his hand. Nothing.

Sarah was completely enveloped by the dream she was having. Dan's hands were holding her tightly against him. They were in their bed at home and everything was as it should be. Everything was

finally normal again. She could feel how hard Dan was in her hand. They kissed and started making love. Dan was so gentle and yet so strong.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned.

Jesse quickly withdrew his hand, terrified he had woken her.

"Oh," she moaned quietly again. Her hips moved a little bit.

Is she having a dream?

Jesse didn't know quite how to react, but his dick sure did. It strained against his boxers for contact. Without thought, Jesse shifted himself over until he was right behind Sarah, just shy of pressing himself up against her. At the restaurant, he never would have dreamed he would get so close to her.

In her dream, Dan was beginning to thrust into her. Her legs were wrapped around his waist and he was gently kissing her neck. She raised her hips to meet his thrusts.

Jesse was flabbergasted as Sarah began to rock her hips a little more noticeably. She closed the distance between them on her own. Her perfect ass moved and pressed up against his rock-hard cock. As she pushed back into him, she emitted a soft moan, "Mmmmm."

Even if she was dreaming, she had felt his dick and liked the way it felt. Jesse reached out and firmly placed his hand on her hip, pulling her back into him as he gently began thrusting his cock against her pajama-clad ass.

Back in her Middleton bedroom dream, Dan turned her over and took her from behind. His cock felt so good in her, his hands holding her down as he thrust into her. She screamed into the pillow, her nails digging into the sheets. But now, something was calling her attention. Something was wrong. She looked towards the doorway

of her bedroom. She saw herself standing there in horror, watching Dan fuck her from behind. What was wrong with what she was seeing? Why did she look like she'd seen a ghost?

Jesse had worked his cock out of his boxers and had pressed his naked flesh up against his boss's wife. His hand snaked up from her hips and found the hem of her shirt. He recklessly slipped it under, grazing her soft tummy on its way to touch those magnificent breasts of hers, the ones he couldn't help but drool over during dinner. He found them. His hands began to dance over the lace material until he found the soft flesh of the tops of her breasts. His cock grew harder.

He thrust himself into the sleeping wife and her hips pushed back. Jesse held her chest firmly and an audible moan escaped Sarah's lips. "Oh."

Jesse leaned forward, his head right next to Sarah's. He kissed the base of her neck while fondling her chest.

Dan ignored the hostess, his eyes scanning the bar and lounge area. He didn't see Byron anywhere.

"I'm meeting someone," he said dismissively as he walked past her and strolled through the restaurant. He thought he recognized some of the faces at the end of the bar. Maybe they were the guys Byron had left to go talk to earlier.

"Hey, do you guys know Byron?" he asked as he made eye contact with one of them. The guy was clearly still dressed from work, likely drinking with his co-workers before going home.

"Yeah..." the guy said, looking him up and down, trying to place him. "You're that guy that was in here earlier with that sexy blonde, right?" He looked around at his buddies smiling.

"Yes, that's me. Is Byron still here?" Dan said, trying to keep these drunk idiots focused.

"He might have left?" The man said, appearing like he was searching through his recollections. "He said he had some business to take care of."

Dan grimaced at the idea. He had no idea where Byron could have gone. Maybe back to the office.

"I saw him go to the bathroom, but I dunno after that." Another one shouted a little too loudly.

"Thanks." Dan left the group and stalked away, eyes looking around. Before he knew it, he decided to make for the bathroom just to check.

Sarah's dream was becoming hazy. She kept looking back, trying to see what the other Sarah in the doorway was looking at. Her perspective shifted. She was no longer under Dan, she was standing in the doorway watching Lizzie being fucked from behind by Lester. He was holding her down by the base of her neck, but staring back at Sarah as he powerfully thrust into the girl.

Her perspective shifted again. She was on her elbows staring down at her bed sheets as someone thrust into her from behind. It was her that Lester was holding in place instead of Lizzie. She could feel his weight on her back. His cock was sliding in and out of her. She was quickly building to an orgasm and didn't want him to stop.

"Don't stop," Sarah mumbled in her sleep. Jesse took this as a sign. He slid both his hands under the back of her shirt and unclasped her bra. He shoved his boxers down and held his erect cock in his hands. He knew better than to try anything serious, but his lust-filled brain still convinced him to begin peeling Sarah's pajama shorts down to

just below her ass. Her hips were still moving backwards, seeking contact. Jesse wished he had a better view of her panty-covered ass, but it was too dark in the room. He'd have to go by touch. He reached out and explored the material of her underwear. It was so soft. His fingers found her naked asscheeks. He wasn't blind, but working in the dark made it feel that way. If he had been blind, he would have still recognized that he had found a flawless ass with smooth skin.

His fingers lingered on her ass for a second before they trailed down and found her panty-covered sex. She was wet. He thought about playing with her for a second but his cock had other ideas. He held it in place as he gently eased it between her thighs, pressing up against her pussy. She rolled her hips back against him.

Jesse and Sarah moaned in unison. Sarah's pussy had finally gained the contact it had been seeking. As she pushed her hips back against him, her thighs and the bottom of her ass encased Jesse's hard cock.

This is what it must feel like to fuck her.

As he began thrusting between the thighs of his boss's perfect wife, his hand shot back up and began fondling her bare chest under her shirt. He held her perfect breast in his hand and squeezed while he began kissing her neck.

The bathroom door clanged shut behind him as Dan rounded the corner into the men's room. He sighed, relieved at the sight in front of him.

"Danny boy!" Byron shouted, looking at him through the mirror as he washed his hands.

"Hey, Byron, how's your night going?" Dan tried to let go of his frantic feelings and shift back into smooth operator business mode.

"It's good. The boys out there are keeping me company. But how is your night going?" He winked at Dan. "I bet you're having a much better night than I am, what with that wife of yours."

Byron made an exaggerated face and mouthed 'wow' before grabbing some paper towel to dry his hands.

"Yeah," Dan said, unsure how to proceed. "Speaking of, she is going to kill me if I don't get back there soon. I brought the contract, are you ready to get it going?"

Byron shrugged. "Sure, whatever. Let's do it."

The pair exited the bathroom to go find a table.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester relentlessly fucked her from behind. He pulled himself free and powerfully flipped her over onto her back. She wasn't in her Middleton bedroom anymore. She was back in the apartment in Chicago. In Lester's dirty room, on his unkempt bed. She surrendered herself to him and he slid his cock into her. He was staring down at her with that lust-filled look before she pulled him down for a sloppy kiss.

To a bystander, it would have looked like Jesse and Sarah were fucking. Sarah was lightly moaning as her body pushed back against Jesse's cock. She squeezed her thighs together, pressing her drenched panty-covered sex against his naked cock.

Jesse was in bliss. His boss's wife was arching her chest into his waiting hands. He was sure that his kisses on her neck were sending her into overdrive. He was confident he knew how to play this

woman's body. He thought he could probably even pleasure her better than her husband. Her body was so warm against his cock.

Sarah's tempo was picking up. Would he actually make her cum while she was asleep? He matched her pace, ecstasy spreading across his face as his cock slid against her smooth skin. Her ass was so firm and bubbly that it felt like he was really fucking her. Even if Dan came back now, he didn't think he could stop.

Lester was picking up his pace. Her hips were wrapped around his waist as he had her arms pinned down above her head. She had never been fucked this well before. She wanted to kiss him, but he held her still, just looking down at her with that intense expression. That look that said everything: Strong, Determined, Conqueror.

She needed to kiss him. She couldn't reach his lips, so she began kissing his chest. Her tongue danced along whatever it could find. She was getting close. Lester was going to make her cum. And then he was next to her head, his lips against her ear. She sloppily kissed his neck as he whispered, "I'm going to knock you up."

"Mmmmm, fuck," Sarah moaned loudly in the hotel room. Jesse felt her body tense up and her breath caught in her chest as she came. He felt her sex push hard against his cock, her thighs somehow clasp him tighter than before. It was too much for him.

"Ugh," Jesse groaned into her ear. Warm cum shot from his cock, spraying the bedsheets, Sarah's thighs and her panty-covered pussy.

They lay together like that for a few minutes with Jesse just spooning his boss's wife. His eyes were getting heavy. He knew he couldn't fall asleep in this bed, but he wanted nothing more than to keep holding this woman in his arms. Her breathing was steady, she was sound asleep. As he began to drift off, a small part of his brain started screaming at him. It was the rational part that had just woken up from his post-nut bliss.

He groggily grabbed a handful of the bedsheets and pressed them against Sarah's thighs and underwear as she slid out from behind her. He tried to soak up as much of his cum as possible so it wouldn't be noticeable.

He gingerly pulled her sweat shorts back up and re-clasped her bra. He stared down at her and froze in place as she turned onto her back. It just felt right to lean down and kiss her. So he did.

Her lips were soft and part of him longed for her to wake up like sleeping beauty and fall in love with him. It seemed like that was possible at the moment. After all, they just shared something, hadn't they? She must have felt something for him. Then he remembered she had been asleep the entire time and his fantasy crashed down around him.

Jesse shook his head and chastised himself. He got off the bed and pulled the sheet back up over her. He surveyed the scene for a second and felt confident nothing looked amiss. Tiptoeing back to his bed, he began to drift off with a shit-eating grin plastered on his face. Hopefully, Dan didn't come back and see it.

"Alright, so here, I've outlined the change order requests," Dan said, pointing to one of the pages in the contract. Byron and Dan were seated at an empty table that was still cluttered with someone's dirty dishes. "If you take a look throughout there, I've highlighted each of the sustainability initiatives that you are ---"

Byron flipped to the last page and quickly signed and dated it, almost by instinct.

"Want another beer?" Byron asked with a sly smile, likely testing Dan to see if he would partake and foot the bill for him and maybe his group.

Dan's patience was running thin. He gathered up the contract and stood up. "No, thanks. Like I said, I have to get back to my wife."

Byron laughed. "Yeah, that's right! Sure, I don't blame you at all. Hey, what about a nightcap? Maybe I could come back up with you - _"

"Sorry, Byron, gotta go. I'll call you tomorrow, alright?" Dan shut him down as he reached out and shook Byron's hand and headed towards the door.

After speed walking back to the hotel, the elevator took an eternity to reach his floor. He quietly made his way down the hall, slid his room key into the door and entered the pitch-black hotel room. Dan quietly got undressed and surveyed the scene. Jesse was still snoring and Sarah seemed to be out as well.

Good, everything is just as I left it.

With the contract amendments signed and Byron unavailable to meet with them again, there wasn't any point to staying in Minneapolis. The hotel room was paid for another night, but with Jesse opting to stay, Dan had called the airline to see if they could catch an early flight back to Chicago. There wasn't one available until that evening, but at least they could spend a night alone at his apartment if they took it.

After a relaxing day of visiting a few tourist spots in the city followed by a decent late lunch at a nice restaurant, Dan and Sarah finally found themselves sitting alone in the back of an airplane. It was a later flight back to the windy city, set to touch down around 9 pm. They had lucked out and had the whole row to themselves. The plane was only sparsely populated with other passengers.

"I'm sorry this trip was such a bust," Dan said, looking over at Sarah. Somehow, after all these years he was still taken aback at how beautiful she was. "I'm pretty pissed that Walt and the company screwed us over like that."

"I know, honey. It sucked. I guess they didn't know you were going to sneak your wife onto the trip with you, but still, it's a pretty cheap move by them." Sarah rested her hand reassuringly on Dan's forearm.

Dan fidgeted with the blanket that was covering their laps. They were only half watching the latest Oscar-nominated movie playing on the screens in front of them. "Sometimes, I worry about what the company's financial situation is like. Maybe it's good and they are just cheap, but things like this set-off alarm bells in my head after all we've been through."

"I know," Sarah said. She didn't like thinking too much about the financial situation they were just pulling themselves out of, but it was time to shift gears a bit and stop being so depressing. "I just feel bad for you, baby. I had lots of things planned for you on this trip that I didn't get to make happen."

Sarah hid an impish grin and she pretended to focus back on the movie, blatantly ignoring Dan as he stared at her.

"What plans, Sarah?" Dan asked in a hushed voice. He took a tentative look around the cabin, but there were no flight attendants in sight and it didn't seem like anyone around could hear them.

Sarah shrugged nonchalantly and kept her focus on the movie. "Oh, nothing special."

As Dan was about to respond and press for more information, Sarah turned to him. Her face had transformed from a regular movie-watching airline passenger to that sexy, vixen wife with bedroom

eyes. He stared at her like a deer in headlights. He knew he was in trouble, but he was unprepared for whatever she was about to do.

"I had planned on having my way with you," she informed him, her hand sliding onto his blanket-covered lap, deliberately moving over his crotch.

Dan looked around again to see if anyone was watching them. Sarah was enjoying this too much.

She continued to stroke his growing cock through the blanket. "I brought a few sets of underwear I was planning to model for you. I was especially interested to see your reaction to this black, lacy set with white trimming. It came with the whole stocking and garter set up, too."

She flashed him a devilish smile. Her eyes made him think she might just straddle him right there on the plane in front of everyone. Instead, she moved her hand under the blanket and began to caress his cock over his pants.

"We really shouldn't be spending money right now on fancy stuff like that..." Dan had to stifle a groan at Sarah's manipulations.

"Mmmm," Sarah whispered in his ear. Her hand was now fighting with the waistline of his sweatpants. He knew what she wanted. He raised his hips gently off the plane seat and she tugged his pants down until they were sitting about mid-thigh. It was just enough for Sarah to pull Dan's boxers up his leg and expose his shaft to her hand.

Dan sucked in his breath as her delicate, manicured fingers made contact with his naked dick. "It's not polite to turn down a gift you know," she said softly, her hand gently stroking him. She couldn't put her mouth on it at the moment for lubrication, so her touch took a gentle and teasing approach.

"That kind of leads me to the other idea I had." She was staring at him now. Dan didn't dare make eye contact in case he spontaneously ejaculated just from looking at her. "But if you don't appreciate the present I got you," she said, lowering her voice and adding a ton of sexual inflection to it, "maybe someone else would."

Dan turned his head to look at his wife and realized how dry his mouth was. She squeezed his dick, causing him to close his eyes in pleasure.

"I was thinking. You've been working so *hard* and working such *long, hard* hours that you deserved a little reward." She shifted her eyes so that she appeared to be staring at the screen in front of her.

Her mouth was still next to his ear and she whispered, "Do you remember the last time we had sex in our bedroom at home and the roleplaying we did that I know you love so much? We were going to do some more of that on this trip. I was going to let someone else besides my husband enjoy my new lingerie."

"Fuck," Dan whispered. He wasn't staring at the screen but shifting his eyes all around the cabin. Dan loved role-playing with Sarah, especially when he got to pretend to be someone else fucking her and seeing her reaction and listening to her say their name. If it wasn't for that idiotic coworker, he could have had that. And it had been so long since his last time with Sarah, too. Jesse hadn't even contributed anything on this trip, as expected. He had been just a waste of space, except in one regard. He had managed to be an excellent cock block. "Fucking Jesse..."

"Jesse?" Sarah said seductively. "I had expected a new, different character, or maybe your roommate, but not him. Would you really want the guy that wrecks your work day to wreck your wife, too?"

That thought had never occurred to Dan before, but it seemed like his cock liked the idea. Dan shook his head, unsure how to respond. He didn't know where this was going.

"Hmmmm, maybe. Maybe not." Sarah's hands continued to graze and tease Dan's shaft. "What about Byron? Is that who you wanted to play with me? Or maybe it was some random person from the hotel? Tell me, baby, who would you have been?"

Sarah smiled wickedly. She knew she had him wrapped around her finger. He must be close to cumming. She just had to keep playing their game. She might not be able to join the mile-high club today, but she could damn well make sure it was a memorable experience for her husband. At the very least she could wring something positive from this trip.

"I'll tell you what, since you've been such a good boy, I'll give you a redo for this trip. Tonight in the apartment, I'll show you my new outfit and you can be someone else for me."

"Ugh," Dan closed his eyes; he didn't care about the people on the plane anymore. He was focusing on Sarah's hand jacking him off. She rolled her fingers over the tip of his cock sending a wave of electricity through his body. Part of his brain managed to ask, "What about Lester?"

"What about him?" Sarah was now staring at him. If anyone walked by it would be very noticeable what they were doing. The blanket was rising and falling. Their only saving grace was the loud background noise of the airplane in flight.

"What if he tries something tonight?" Dan looked at her again, and his heart skipped a beat.

God, she is so fucking sexy.

"I. Don't. Care." Her hand squeezed his dick with each word for emphasis. "It doesn't matter what Lester wants. You and I will decide what happens, and tonight I want to give you this." She bit her lip as her other hand pulled down the neckline of her shirt, revealing the tops of her breasts. "All of me."

"Jesus," Dan muttered and closed his eyes again. He could hear talking farther ahead in the cabin. The stewardess was pushing the drink cart towards them, but he could feel Sarah's hot breath on his neck.

"Who are you going to be tonight, Dan?" Sarah asked huskily. "Who is going to be the one to fuck me?"

"Lester," Dan whispered, unable to beat around the bush anymore now that she was asking him so directly.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned lightly, trying to send him over the edge. "Lester, huh? Do you want Lester to fuck me in your apartment? In your bed? I told him my lips were only for you, and yet you still let him stick his cock in my mouth. He took what he wanted. I can tell he has been dying to fuck me by the look in his eyes. Is that what you want, Dan? Is Lester going to fuck your wife tonight?"

His dick was twitching almost nonstop in her hand, so she knew she was on the right track. Just a bit more and he was going to explode.

"You know he doesn't deserve it," she continued. "I mean, just look at him. He is so far beneath me, but you want your wife to open her legs and let that man fuck her? You want to see me writhing in pleasure as he pounds into me while I moan his name over and over. Do you want him to fuck me so hard that I forget all about you? Will you let him cum inside me?"

"Fuck," Dan whispered harshly as he came. His cum shot out and hit the inside of the blanket, dribbling down onto his naked thighs as she pumped his shaft. Sarah's hand continued to squeeze him as more cum shot out, drenching her own hand as stroked him.

Dan closed his eyes, spent. That was one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever experienced. The dirty talk from his wife had been next level and sent him completely overboard.

"And what can I get you two?" The stewardess asked as she rolled her cart up to their aisle.

"He's asleep," Sarah whispered loudly. "Can I please get a diet coke?"

"Of course," the stewardess replied, opening a drawer and taking out a can before pouring it into a plastic cup with ice. She didn't give Dan a second glance. If she had, she would have noticed the wet spot forming on the blanket over his crotch.

"Anything else?" the stewardess asked as she placed her hands on the cart's handle, ready to push it away.

"Oh, could I get a few napkins?" Sarah asked, holding back a naughty smile.

Dan and Sarah rolled their carry-ons through the doorway and set them down inside the apartment. There had been an issue at the gate which delayed their deboarding.

"I can't believe I'm going to say this, but I am so happy to be back here," Dan said as he stretched and took off his jacket.

"I'm just done with airplanes for a while, that was brutal." Sarah already had her jacket off as she headed towards the kitchen. "Let's see if you have anything to drink in here."

"I thought we weren't drinking after last night? You were dead to the world this morning." Dan chuckled as he followed her. As he entered the kitchen he found his wife's beautiful ass on display for him. She was bent over looking in the fridge.

"That was this morning. After that long wait I wouldn't mind a glass --oh," she felt Dan press himself up against her backside. "Hello,

there."

"Hello to you too." Dan grinned.

"No, hello to you," Sarah stood up brandishing an unopened bottle of white wine.

"I may have picked that up for you." Dan smiled.

"My hero," Sarah found a couple of glasses and began pouring. Dan slid up behind her, crotch against her ass and his hands encircling her.

"I love walking in on you like that. Bent over. It's like I'm walking in on something private." He breathed into her ear.

"Oh, I know you do. Just you wait until later tonight. I'll be bent over like that for you when you come to take a peek at my surprise for you." She slowly gyrated her hips back and forth, feeling Dan's dick begin to rise.

"Surprise for me?" Dan whispered. "I thought you were going to be spending the night with someone else."

"Mmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Dan's dick pressing harder into it. "Of course, how could I forget."

She broke away from her husband's embrace and handed him his glass. They both took a sip, staring into each other's eyes. They could read each other's expressions. Longing, desire and imminent satisfaction were apparent on both of their faces.

"Got some for me?" A voice said from behind Dan. He turned towards the interruption to find Lester standing in the doorway, looking like a wild dog. Unkempt appearance and clad only in a pair of sweat shorts. "I thought you were coming home tomorrow."

"Change of plans," Dan said, not taking his eyes off Lester as he strolled into the kitchen.

He walked right up to the couple, invading their space. Lester slowly reached out and grabbed the glass in Sarah's hand. He held his hand over hers as he moved the glass to his lips and took a sip.

"That's sweet," he said as he stared into her eyes, ignoring Dan completely.

Sarah yanked herself out of his grip. "And it's mine. Was mine. Here, take it."

She gestured the glass towards him until he took it, then filled another glass for herself. "Dan and I are going to have a bit of wine before heading to bed for the night."

Sarah pushed past him and led Dan out of the kitchen toward the couch in the living room. Dan noticed his heartbeat quickening at seeing Lester interact with Sarah. This creature had somehow crossed paths with his beautiful wife. In reality, their worlds should have never collided, but here they were. *What the fuck is wrong with me?*

Dan followed his beautiful wife over to the couch. She sat herself in the middle, so Dan took up the spot directly next to her. He looked over his shoulder but his roommate still hadn't emerged from the kitchen.

They heard sounds coming from the fridge, like Lester was rummaging around playing for time. Sarah rolled her eyes.

"I can't wait for later," Dan said under his breath.

Sarah took a sip of wine. "Me neither. Let's finish up this wine and ditch your roommate."

Lester walked into the living room holding his glass of wine. Apparently, he hadn't found anything else while he was making all that noise. His hairy belly hung over his shorts and he eyed the couple as he moved behind them. He stopped on the other side of the couch and stared at them, as if he was trying to read the situation.

"Can we help you?" Dan asked.

"Just wanted to see if your wife here wanted to join me in my bedroom," Lester said plainly as he took a seat across from the couple. The same seat Dan had sat in the last time Sarah had been in the apartment and she'd given this creature a blowjob.

Sarah turned and raised a suspicious eyebrow, "And what exactly would we be doing in your room? Did you want to show me your World of Warcraft character?"

The confident smile disappeared from Lester's face as he narrowed his eyebrows. "No, I would strip you down and lick every inch of you."

"Easy there," Dan said. "That's my wife you're talking to, alright. I'll admit we have had some fun in the past here but this isn't something that just happens every time she comes to town because you want it to. We're tired and we've had a long trip. Nothing is happening here."

"You sure about that?" Lester quipped. "The tent in your pants says otherwise."

Shocked, both Dan and Sarah looked down at Dan's crotch. His dick was clearly visible against the fabric of his sweatpants.

"If you really need to know, I was just admiring my wife's beautiful behind when you interrupted us in the kitchen." Dan looked confidently at his roommate.

Lester held up his hands defensively. "Hey, you don't need to convince me. Convince her. I'm content just to sit here, sip on my wine and take in the scenery."

He made a point of slowly looking Sarah up and down, briefly licking his lips. She shuddered.

Dan was about to say something but Sarah put a hand on his chest and stood up. She downed the rest of her wine and winked at Dan. She turned and strode over to where Lester was seated. She put one knee on the bottom of the chair, directly between Lester's thighs and leaned forward over him. She took the drink from his hand and downed its contents as well.

"Tonight it's just going to be me and my husband. Got it?" Sarah stood back up and made her way back over to her husband.

"Whatever you say," she heard him say behind her. She could feel his eyes on her ass as she moved. She bent over to whisper in Dan's ear, making sure to give Lester a full view of her spectacular behind. She shifted her weight between each leg, moving her ass in time to tease Lester. She took hold of Dan's wrist and checked the time on his watch.

"Wait five minutes and then come join me in the bedroom '*Lester*'," she whispered to her husband. Dan gulped and nodded.

Sarah gave him a deep kiss on his mouth and then spun on her heels turning around. She gave a pointed look to Lester, retrieved her carry-on and walked toward Dan's bedroom.

"What, no kiss for me?" Lester asked crudely, his eyes glued to her ass until it disappeared from view.

After hearing the bedroom door close, Dan and Lester sat there awkwardly for a few seconds. Thankfully Lester went back into the

kitchen. Dan double-checked the time on his watch and set a five-minute timer to make sure he didn't miss anything.

Lester returned holding the wine bottle. He stopped next to Dan and, without asking, poured more into his glass before sitting back down and refilling his own. That was the first time that Lester had done anything nice for Dan. More importantly, he did it unprompted. Dan didn't like it.

"This wine sucks," Lester complained after taking a sip.

"Oh yeah?" Dan leaned back and looked his roommate over. What a slobby-looking guy. The idea of him with Sarah was just ridiculous, but Dan did notice that his own dick hadn't gotten any softer since Sarah left. "And what do you usually like to drink?"

"Coke," Lester took another sip of his wine, "Maybe some Redbull."

"There's plenty of your Coke in the fridge." Dan said, "If you don't like the wine, why didn't you grab one?"

"Because," Lester was clumsily swirling the wine around in his glass, "I want to get you drunk."

Dan leaned forward, "It'll take more than this wine to get me drunk Lester. What's your angle?"

Lester looked up from his drink and stared at Dan intently, "I heard what Sarah said before she left the room. Wait five minutes and then you go in there pretending to be me. Well, I want you to let me go in there and I thought a little more wine might help you see things my way."

Dan could feel his heart beating rapidly in his chest and his dick straining against the material of his pants. He was trying to formulate a response while thinking through all the potential outcomes.

His thoughts were interrupted by a buzzing on his wrist. His five-minute timer was going off. It was time. Sarah was waiting.

Dan stood, clutching his glass. Lester mirrored his movements, standing up and downing the rest of the wine in his glass before setting it down on the table.

Lester took a step towards the hallway, without breaking eye contact with Dan, "I know you are curious about the idea. Just give me a couple of minutes and then come in." He continued to move towards the hallway.

"Lester," Dan said in an authoritative tone, "You can't fuck her."

Lester held up a hand beside his shoulder and extended two fingers. "Whatever you say, boss. Scout's honour."

Dan stood in the living room paralyzed as Lester turned and stalked down the hallway toward his wife.

Lester grinned as he placed his hand on the doorknob to Dan's room. He remembered all the times he had stood here with Sarah on the other side, only to find the door locked. This time the knob turned all the way as he pushed the door open.

Light broke into the hallway. Lester took one last glance towards the living room and then stepped into Dan's room. He closed the door behind him and quietly engaged the lock.

Click.

As Lester walked into the room, he was greeted with a most magnificent sight. Bending over the bed in front of him was Sarah, dressed only in a new set of lingerie. The black bra and panties were trimmed with white lace. Lester's hungry eyes were drawn to Sarah's

stocking-clad legs that ran up to that perfect ass that was pushing itself out toward him.

"Hmmm," Sarah moaned as she moved her hips back and forth seductively. "Who's there?"

Lester beamed and he quickly lowered his shorts and stepped out of them. He looked at himself naked in the mirror attached to the wall. He smiled knowing where his peephole was hidden. It felt great to finally be on this side of the wall.

Lester held his cock firmly in one hand as he approached the beautiful wife who was unknowingly bent over before him. He reached out with one hand and grabbed her hip.

"Dan, is that you?" Sarah said seductively. "Or is that Lester?"

To answer her question, Lester lined his cock up with her panty-covered sex and pushed against it. His cock pressed against her opening but was held in place by the material of her panties. He could feel how wet she was.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned. "It must be you, Lester."

She was still playing her role-play game with Dan, not realizing it was actually Lester pressing between her legs.

Lester continued to push against her. He shifted so that his cock was no longer pressing up against her opening but running up the entire length of her slit, between her thighs. *I could take her right now. I've done it like this before. I don't know how they will react. I don't want to ruin this long-term. It almost happened last time. Patience, Lester. Wait for your moment.*

He thrust between her legs, holding onto her hip while his other hand held the base of her neck.

"Mmmmmh," Sarah moaned, feeling Dan's dick sliding between her thighs. She pushed back against it. Dan must be leaning forward over her, she felt extra pressure on the top of her ass. "Did Dan let you in here, Lester?"

Lester stayed silent. He wanted to wait for the perfect moment to reveal himself. Instead, he snaked his hand around to the front of Sarah's neck and pulled her up into a standing position.

"Ugh," Sarah moaned at the unexpected move. Dan continued to thrust between her legs, running up and down her soaking vagina. Suddenly, Dan turned her head to the side and held it firmly in place, so that she was staring up at the corner of the ceiling. Dan's lips began kissing her bare neck and shoulders as his other hand aggressively started to maul her chest.

God this feels so good. Dan is so hungry for it. I need this. I wish I could see his face. Sarah tried to turn her head to see the look in Dan's eyes, but he held her in place. He must really be getting into character and taking this seriously. She decided to play along, 'Ugh, Lester, fuck, this is so wrong. We can't. I can't. God, your cock feels so good.'

Dan released her neck and pushed her back down onto the bed. Sarah gasped and braced herself with her arms. Her body tingled as she felt Dan's hands trace down her body until they found her panties. Dan expertly unclasped her stockings from the garter and lowered her panties. He kissed her ass and thighs as her panties were lowered to her ankles and she stepped out of them. Dan's tongue traced the inside of her right leg over the stocking, up her bare thigh until it was dancing on the edge of her sex.

Dan shifted behind her. She felt his head moving between her thighs and his tongue made contact and began licking her slit. He was under her now, between her and the bed. His hands were holding

her ass tight, pinning her against his face. She couldn't move to look or to reach down and run her fingers through his hair.

His tongue quickly found her clit and began drawing circles around it with his tongue. "Uh, mmhmm," Sarah moaned as she ground her hips against Dan's expert oral assault. She could feel the prickliness of his stubble. His tongue began flicking back and forth over her stimulated clit.

Sarah could feel an impending orgasm begin to build up. "Oh, don't stop, baby, I'm close."

Lester shifted focus; he dragged his tongue off of her clit and down her slit until he found her soaking pussy waiting for him. He pushed his large tongue inside of his roommate's wife and began lapping up her juices.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned from above him. Lester brought one of his hands down and got access to her clit. He gently rubbed the nub with his thumb as his tongue continued to explore every inch of Sarah's most private area. He quickly darted his tongue in and out, simulating his cock, fucking her with his tongue. He could tell she loved it. It felt like she was humping his face. Her thighs and the bedsheets were muffling his ears but he could hear her moaning. He switched tactics and began creating large 'Os' with his tongue, dancing across every side of her.

Sarah was getting frantic. Her body was convulsing, pushing against Dan's face as his tongue drove into her over and over. His thumb pressed slightly against her clit and drew slow delicate circles over it. It was all too much for her, Sarah bucked her hips and came. Lightning bolts shot from her vagina and spread across her entire body. She found herself on her tiptoes as her body was wracked by an orgasm she had been waiting to have since she boarded the plane with her husband.

Collapsing onto her arms, she croaked, "God, put it in me, Dan. Fuck me."

Dan was slowly walking down the hallway listening to the sounds emanating from his bedroom. As he reached the door and turned the knob he heard Sarah moaning loudly from the other side. She was cumming.

"God, put it in me, Dan. Fuck me," his beautiful wife demanded from the other side of the door. Dan knew he better get in there. He turned the knob and it stopped halfway. *That fucker locked the door!*

Lester pulled his tongue out of the young mother and he heard her take a sharp intake of breath.

He stood back up and got behind her. He looked down and saw her ass pushing backwards seeking contact. He grinned as he lined up his cock and began teasing her entrance with the head of his cock.

"God. Fuck me, Dan...er...Lester. Lester, fuck me," Sarah moaned in ecstasy.

Lester stood there with a shit-eating grin on his face. He held his naked cock in his hand as Sarah began pushing herself back. He stood still as Sarah's pussy opened for him and Sarah pushed back onto his cock. The head of his cock started to disappear into her fertile pussy.

"Ugh," Sarah moaned, feeling her husband's cock starting to push into her.

"Sarah!" She heard Dan's voice muffled from behind her followed by several loud knocks at the door. She quickly spun her head around

and looked over her shoulder.

In the mirror, a large man with unkempt features was beginning to push his large cock into a beautiful toned blonde woman. It was Lester's naked cock that was trying to invade her.

As she felt Lester begin to push forward into her, Sarah found her footing and pushed away, scrambling up the bed. She turned onto her back, breathing hard. Her bra-clad chest was quickly rising and falling.

Lester stood, looming over her stroking his cock that was now glistening in her juices.

"What's the matter?" Lester asked, "You told me to fuck you."

"I didn't...", Sarah's eyes were drawn down to Lester's hand stroking his large angry cock. It was pointed right at her with intent. "I thought you were Dan."

"Yeah, I know," Lester smiled as he stepped closer. "Thought it was Dan who was pretending to be me. You know, other people might think this game you are playing is kind of sick, right? But I am happy to play along and help you guys out."

Lester took another step forward, he was now directly next to the bed where Sarah was staring up at him. He was stroking his cock at her. "Your husband is going crazy out there, wondering what is going on. He is going to come in here soon with a raging hard-on."

Lester leaned forward and grabbed Sarah's hand. He felt slight resistance from her as he brought her hand up to his cock and wrapped her fingers around it. "We both know you were just moaning for me, why don't we put on a show for him? We don't want him to be disappointed, right?"

Sarah's hand was stroking his cock. She looked away from Lester and found herself staring at the purple head of his cock. "We're not...we can't...we're not going to have sex today, Lester."

"Fuck," Lester breathed. He watched as he released his hand from hers and she didn't stop stroking his cock. "It's called fuck. That's what we'd be doing. What I did to Lizzie the last time when you couldn't stop watching us."

A flash of contempt flared across Sarah's face as she looked up at Lester in defiance. "I know what it's called, thank you. You should count yourself lucky you're getting this much from me."

Sarah couldn't help but feel the wetness grow between her legs. This was all so wrong on so many levels. This dishevelled, arrogant man had the nerve to talk to her like this. The mix of his appearance and personality was so abrasive to her. But, at the same time, giving in to someone like that was tantalizing. Especially since it was someone who her husband disapproved of, the illicit allure of it was almost overwhelming. And the fact that he had started to actually enter her.....

Lester heard the sound of rushing footsteps in the hallway. "I'm going to get this and more from you tonight, Sarah."

"Oh yeah? What exactly --" Sarah was cut off as Lester grabbed the back of her head and pushed his cock into her mouth. "Mmmph."

Lester held the back of her head as he pushed into her. Her hands pressed against his thighs trying to control his movements.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned unintentionally. Her body was responding to Lester's forcefulness with complete disregard for her opinion. The size of his cock in her mouth, the fact that she was able to make something like that hard, it all gave her a sense of validation and accomplishment. "Mmmmmmm."

Sarah's hands weren't pushing as hard against his thighs. Lester took this as an indication to loosen his grip on her head. As he did, Sarah's mouth didn't leave his cock. One of her hands found his shaft and began to stroke it. She was setting the pace now.

Lester reached down and began fondling her breasts as he heard the door open behind him.

Lester had locked the door.

Dan quickly glanced down at the knob and recognized its type. He'd need a small paperclip or bobby pin and he would be able to pick it open. He scrambled into the bathroom looking for Sarah's toiletry bag. It wasn't there, it must have been with her suitcase in the bedroom.

He ran into the living room and opened his suitcase. He looked through it. The contract with Byron was stapled, no paper clip there. He threw open his padfolio looking for something that might work. And then he found it. A stack of his business cards held together by a paperclip. Dan ripped it off and ran back towards his room.

He unfurled the paperclip and inserted it into the small hole in the doorknob. Nothing. He must have missed. He tried again and this time he felt it engage. He turned the doorknob and entered the room.

The sight before him would forever be burned into his memory. Not only was Sarah not fooled by Lester's ruse, but she was laying on the bed in her sexy new lingerie set with Lester's cock in her mouth. *He saw this outfit before I did...*

Lester's hand was fondling his wife's chest as his other hand rested on the back of Sarah's head. She didn't even look up and notice him, she was so concentrated on pleasuring Lester.

Lester noticed him though and grinned. This was different than the time before. The last time that Sarah had Lester's cock in her mouth it had really been for him. To tease her husband with the fantasy they both enjoyed. But here she was behind a locked door with Lester's cock in her mouth. Just the two of them alone.

The implications caused him to take a step back and steady himself. Then he noticed Sarah's discarded panties on the floor. He looked up and realized her pussy was exposed to the entire room, glistening with her arousal.

Lester on his own had turned his wife on. So much so that she was sucking his cock with abandon.

"I told you he couldn't keep away," Lester growled at Sarah. "He wants to watch us together."

"Mmmmmfff," Sarah groaned as she pulled her mouth off Lester's cock and looked around the barrier of his body. Dan was standing there with his jaw hanging open and a clear erection stretching his sweatpants.

"Dan, I..we --," as Sarah was about to explain to her husband, Lester pulled her head forward, sticking his cock into her mouth again. Sarah rested a hand on Lester's thigh in protest but soon she was back to sucking Lester's cock on her own. She glanced at Dan, who had now backed up and was leaning with his back against the wall for support.

"See what happens when you leave her alone?" Lester grinned as he was face fucking Sarah, "She was moaning my name earlier."

Dan stood there staring at the scene unfolding in front of him. His mind was screaming at him to interject himself into what was happening, but his body was frozen in place. The debauchery in front of him was almost too much to process. He had experienced Sarah like this, in her wanton lust. But watching her from this angle,

with someone who wasn't him, was intoxicating. He just wished there was a chair in the room so he could sit down and take it all in.

"Touch yourself," Lester growled quietly, "Touch yourself and then you can talk to your husband."

Without any protest, Sarah ran her hand down her body until she found the familiar place between her legs. Her fingers began to gently roll the nub of her clitoris around. The manual stimulation was overdue: after all the prior teasing that Lester had done and how far he had pushed it, she needed to do this. The large cock in her mouth only added to her heightened lust.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock.

Lester leaned forward and whispered in Sarah's ear. It was too quiet for Dan to hear. "Your husband is on the verge of exploding. I know he'd like some of that famous dirty talk your sweet mouth is so good at delivering."

Lester leaned back and withdrew his cock from Sarah's mouth. Her hand stayed wrapped around his cock, stroking it sensually.

"Dan, I'm sorry this just.... happened. I thought it was you," she said with pleading eyes. Then she remembered Lester's words. Dan got off on this and was clearly enjoying it. "But then when I felt his cock.....I knew it wasn't you, but I just couldn't help myself."

She saw Dan's hand lower and began to touch himself over his sweatpants. Her words were clearly working. "Is this okay, Dan? Is it okay if I keep sucking your roommate's cock?"

"Tell him how it tastes," Lester murmured. Once again his suggestion was too low to be heard by Dan.

Sarah kept staring Dan in the eyes as she leaned forward and extended her tongue to the base of Lester's cock. She slowly licked

up the entire underside of his shaft until she reached the head of his cock. It disappeared into her mouth for several seconds before she backed off of it again. "Mmmmm, so good. It tastes so good, Dan."

"Switch hands," Lester said in a harsh tone.

Sarah shifted her weight and repositioned herself. She lowered her right hand to continue touching herself and her left hand up to Lester's cock.

Dan caught the glint of light running up and down Lester's shaft. Sarah hadn't taken off her wedding ring. The symbol that represented their love and commitment to one another was now running against the vile cock of his roommate.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned as she took her mouth off Lester. She needed to catch her breath. She could feel an orgasm beginning to build inside of her. She desperately needed to let it out. Being on display in front of her husband was driving her crazy.

"God, your wife is a good cocksucker," Lester sneered. "She can't get enough of me. Tell him how much you love my cock." This time he didn't bother to lower his voice.

Sarah's eyes were closed. She was getting close to cumming. Just a few more seconds and she could get it. "Oh," she crooned.

"Tell him," Lester growled. He withdrew his cock from her mouth and gently slapped it against her cheek. "Tell your husband how much you love my fat cock."

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's cock sliding up and down her face. She could feel the veins protruding from its thick shaft on her cheek. She was about to feel bliss. "I love it. I love it so much. It's so fucking good."

Dan watched as Sarah's body tensed up. Her thighs clenched around her hand. She stopped stroking Lester's cock and just held it tightly.

"Oh, fuck, fuck," Sarah moaned as her body was rocked by another orgasm. "Oh, uh."

Lester held her head tightly as she came, pressing his cock into her face. She held the base with one hand as it stretched up and over her beautiful features. As she came back down to earth, she opened her eyes and was greeted by a very up close and personal view of Lester's hard cock.

Something in her had changed. She didn't quite know why, but she was determined to make this cock cum. She pulled back from it and it dropped down, pointing right at her. She wasted no time diving forward, back onto it again, wrapping her pretty lips around Lester's cock. She took it as far into her mouth as possible until Lester's public hair tickled her nose.

"Mmmm, yeah, that's right, suck my cock, Sarah," Lester beamed. "Suck my cock right in front of your husband."

Lester let go of Sarah. She continued to suck his cock on her own, while her other hand continued to play with herself. He pulled down her bra straps as he had done so many times before. He grinned at her lack of protest as his hands ran slowly along her back and unclasped her bra.

Sarah shivered as she felt the material fall away from her. Without missing a beat she quickly wriggled her arms and hands to free herself from the bra. Lester grabbed it and chucked it at Dan's feet.

His wife was lying on the bed, clad only in her stockings and garter. And her wedding ring.

"Look at your husband," Lester said boastfully.

Sarah's eyes shifted seductively to her husband while she kept Lester's cock in her mouth.

"Tell him what you are going to do the next time you visit." Lester said.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned in disappointment as Lester's cock slid out of her mouth. "God, Dan, the next time I'm here, I'll probably drop to my knees right away and suck this monster cock. I can't get enough of it."

"That's right," Lester jeered. "I'm going to take your wife into my room next time and feed her my cock....And I'll make sure my door stays locked that time."

Dan was speechless. He didn't know how to respond. He wanted to get involved in the back-and-forth. He wanted to say something but he just couldn't figure out how to get his brain to make his mouth work. Finally, he croaked out, "Sarah....are you going to let Lester do that? Lock his door?"

Sarah slowly peeled her lips off Lester's cock as she continued to tease her pussy. "God, Dan, I don't know. Maybe I'll be the one to lock it....or maybe I'll just be too focused on this cock to care and leave it open."

"Anything can happen behind a locked door, Sarah..." Dan knew what he was playing at but he didn't want to fully admit it to himself.

"Lots of things have already happened today behind this door," Lester laughed. "Do you want to tell him or should I?"

Sarah started to speak. The admission she was about to make caused her to speed up her fingers on herself. As she opened her mouth, Lester began dragging his cock on her cheeks. She could see Dan out of one eye while the other was covered with Lester's cock as he drew a line of precum on her.

"I thought it was you in here with me, Dan. But you let Lester in instead. He put his tongue inside me and made me cum," Sarah paused and stared at her husband. Lester slapped his cock across her face. "I thought it was you. I thought it was you behind me that....Lester put his cock inside me. Inside my pussy. Just the top, but I felt it. Felt him, in me."

"How did it feel?" Dan was taken aback. He didn't know if it was serious or if it was just more bedroom talk. The room felt like it was spinning. His cock yearned for more, wanted more details, but his mind knew he had to play it safe and not escalate things too far. He needed to have a level-headed conversation with Sarah without Lester here.

"Mmmmmm, it felt good, baby. Really good. It's a good thing you knocked at the door or I might not have realized it wasn't you." Sarah purred.

Dan worked the waistband of his pants down and began stroking his cock, watching as his beautiful bride worshiped Lester's cock.

"Lie back," Lester murmured. Sarah didn't bat an eye but just did as he instructed. Lester followed her onto the bed, keeping his cock close to her mouth. He pulled it out and scooted down until he was straddling her chest. "I'm going to fuck these. I've been watching your tits since day one."

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester placed his rigid member between Sarah's large breasts. His cock almost disappeared between them but it protruded up towards her neck. "Dan, he has been fantasizing about me since the first day. Did you know?"

"Every guy you meet fantasizes about you, Sarah," Dan breathed sharply. "None of them ever got more than that...."

Lester used Sarah's spit on his cock as lubricant as he started thrusting against her chest. Sarah wanted to hold her chest together

for him, to make it more pleasurable for him but Lester had her arms pinned down. All she could do was keep stroking herself.

Lester's massive hairy thighs were holding her breasts together for him. Sarah could feel her nipples pressing up against his hairy legs. Each time he thrust she could feel her already erect nipples rubbing, being further stimulated. She quickened her pace with her hands, playing with her gushing slit. Another orgasm was fast approaching.

Lester scooped a hand under her head and grabbed it, pulling her face up slightly. Sarah extended her tongue and tried licking the top of Lester's cock as thrust up between her chest. She licked and made contact, tasting his salty precum.

"Whose cock do you like more?" Lester growled. Sarah looked up at him and saw lust and a look of dominance plastered across his face. That look turned her on. It looked more intense than Dan's. More desperate and wanting. A want she could fill.

"Mmmm, oh, oh, uh," Sarah tried to respond, but Lester was fucking her chest hard and pushing her to the brink. Finally, she managed, "I love my husband's, but yours is different.

"Different how?" Lester commanded.

"Don't make me say it," Sarah pleaded. Half playing the part but half not wanting to admit it out loud.

"Dan wants to know," Lester said. "Tell us."

"God, mmhmm," Sarah moaned. "I love your cock. It's so fucking big. It just feels powerful. There's something primal about it when I have it near me. I just need to have it."

"Do you remember our first night together? In the living room?" Lester said to Sarah but he was looking at Dan.

Sarah nodded her head as she kept trying desperately to lick Lester's cock. The feeling of it sliding between her breasts and of his thighs pressing against her nipples was driving her crazy.

"I blew my load on you and you licked a bit of it up and ran away. Then last time I made you swallow my load. Now you're lapping up my cock like a good little wifey. Where should I put my cum this time? Where do you want it?"

"Ugh," Sarah moaned at the thought. "Give it to me Lester. I don't care, just give it to me. Cum all over my chest."

Lester could feel Sarah's hips rising and falling behind him.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned. Lester's cock between her breasts and her fingers playing with herself had her teetering right at the edge. Finally, she felt it rise inside of her and come crashing down on every nerve ending in her body.

Sarah came and screamed, "Give me your cum, Lester. Fuck. Give it to me."

Lester let out a long moan and she felt his cock begin to convulse between her breasts. He suddenly pulled back from her. Sarah's head rose, instinctively following his cock and, as a tidal wave of pleasure rolled over her body, one of her hands shot up to her chest to add to the sensation she was feeling.

Streams of white hot cum began shooting out of Lester's cock. The first strand fell onto Sarah's perky white breasts. Its warmth on her skin caused her orgasm to crescendo, to come crashing down and rising higher than before as another one rocked her body. "Uh, fuck. FUCK."

Lester roared as strand after strand of cum shot out of his dick. The wads of cum splattered across Sarah's chest and began impacting her face. Cum shot directly into Sarah's waiting mouth and she

swallowed it without hesitation. Another shot across her lips, her tongue instinctively lashing out and licking it off. Her hand massaged Lester's come into her chest, across her nipple, over and over again.

Sarah's wedding ring was covered in gobs of Lester's cum. Sarah was too distracted by the warmth of Lester's illicit seed to notice.

Lester grinned down as the last bit of cum he had shot out landed in Sarah's hair. He looked down at the masterpiece in front of him. Dan's sexy wife was covered in his cum. Sarah was breathing hard as she continued to play with his cum on her chest. Lester watched as Sarah's wedding ring was drenched in his cum. She licked her lips clean and looked up at him, amazed at the amount of cum he had produced.

Lester bucked his hips forward and thrust his cock at Sarah's face. He rubbed his cock across her cheek, smearing the cum into her. He dragged it across her face as she tried to follow it, opening her mouth to take him in but Lester didn't give her the satisfaction. Instead, he ran the length of his cock down the other side of her face and with a flick of his hips gave her a light slap with his cock.

Dan stood there, staring in silence at the devastating portrait in front of him. Tonight was supposed to be a rekindling for him and Sarah. Instead, he'd allowed his lust to consume him; allowed a snake into the garden. Lester had taken his place and dominated his wife so thoroughly that he'd never seen Sarah so hungry for cock before. She looked like she was possessed. He couldn't imagine how Sarah would reconcile this after everything that happened.

Dan watched as Lester backed away from the bed, holding his erect cock in front of him. He was smiling from ear to ear. Sarah was still trying to catch her breath as she came down from the powerful set of orgasms. She was staring at Lester with the bedroom eyes that Dan had seen so many times before, but mixed with a sense of disbelief.

Lester strode towards Dan. It was only then that Sarah seemed to register he was still there. Her eyes quickly regained their focus as she tried to compose herself.

Lester bent over and retrieved Sarah's panties and bra, the sexy new set she had purchased as a surprise gift for their trip. Lester bunched them in his hands and used them to clean off his cock, wiping up Sarah's saliva and his cum. He dropped them in a pile on the floor at Dan's feet and walked out of the room.

Sarah felt a sudden sense of anger and hurt at the way that Lester had just walked out of the room without a second glance at her. The way he had discarded her clothing, discarded her. She didn't know what it was she wanted, but something felt missing. She felt Dan step closer to her. She looked up at her husband and smiled, "Well, was that everything you wanted?"

Dan stared into Sarah's eyes trying to ignore the gob of cum that ran across her forehead. "I...don't know what to say. It was wild and crazy."

"Amazing," Dan said to himself as he shook his head. "You were amazing. I can't believe all that just happened."

"Neither can I," Sarah said as she rose from the bed. She was trying to wipe Lester's cum off her face and chest with a kleenex.

"Is it true?" Dan asked, "Did Lester....did his cock actually get inside you?"

Sarah turned to look at her husband, saying, "I didn't mean for it to happen, but it did. I thought it was you behind me. I should have known. I'm sorry."

Dan said, trying to console her, "It's not your fault. It's my dumb ass that let him come in here. I knew what could happen, but I never thought that it actually would."

Sarah sighed as she found more cum on her chest to wipe off. "I don't know what happened. He just played me. My body was on fire. I can't believe how out of control things got just now. All I could think about was making him cum...."

Dan wanted to embrace her, pull her close to him. Kiss her. Reclaim her. But he didn't want to get Lester's cum on him. He thought it was foul. Lester had marked his wife and for tonight, she'd be his. "I think we're starting to play with fire here. I didn't know things would escalate like this. We need to be careful."

Sarah looked up at him guiltily. "Do you want this to happen again? Maybe you should visit us instead next time."

"Maybe," Dan said, lost in thought.

"Maybe, what," Sarah asked. "Maybe you want it to happen again?"

"God, Sarah, I don't know. Today was a little much, but it's like I'm still craving to see it. I can't explain it. I did enjoy watching you....hearing you talk about it. I think we found our line, though. The line we don't cross unless we both agree to it."

"No sex," Sarah said. She was relieved but part of her couldn't help but feel disappointed. The whole time she had been sucking Lester's cock, her body had been aching for it. Her brain wondered what it would feel like, how Lester would feel when he fucked her. "I think that's smart."

"Alright," Dan said, surveying the scene around him. The room was a mess. The bed sheets were ripped off and in bunches, covered with sweat and cum. Sarah's new bra and panties were wadded up, all stuck together with Lester's spunk. His wife was covered in his roommate's cum and Dan still had a raging hard erection that he couldn't take care of. "I'm going to grab the suitcase and some water, why don't you take a quick shower and then we can figure this out."

"A hot shower sounds great," Sarah said. As she held up her hand and pulled her fingers apart, strands of Lester's cum hung between them. Sarah left the bedroom in just her stockings, not bothering to put on any clothing. She entered the bathroom and turned the hot water on.

Dan stood in the empty room by himself. "God, what the hell have I done?"

Lester triumphantly sat back at his command center with a smug look on his face. He had just come buckets and plastered it all over Dan's wife while she begged for it. His roommate had just stood there and watched as he used and abused the mother of his children.

He double-clicked on his computer screen, bringing up the video files from Dan's bedroom for the last hour. He saved it to his hard drive. *Might as well save everything from tonight.*

He made a note to go back and review the conversation that Sarah and Dan were having. Hopefully, there would be something useful in there he could use.

Lester could see several discord notifications from Ned and his raiding party. Lester booted up WoW and logged in, ready for his second raiding session of the night.

"Darkspire!," Ned bellowed in his ear. "You're here! We've needed you. Okay, so here is what we are doing --"

Lester's attention drifted from the game as he heard the shower turn on. He crept over to his closet and looked through the peephole. Sarah was standing there in a trance letting the water hit her and wash his cum off her body.

Leser smiled evilly as he noticed the lovely wife's hand begin to drift down to her vagina and begin to lightly tease it.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 07

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as he sunk back into his seat on the plane. He tried to drone out the noises around him and concentrate on catching some sleep. These past few months had been a whirlwind of stress and tonight was no exception.

It was the end of the week and he was supposed to be heading back to his apartment. He wanted nothing more than a nice quiet night alone where he could watch Netflix and order in some food. Instead, the incompetence of his company had him back on a flight to personally smooth over some issues with the Lincoln Group's project. It seemed like whatever he didn't directly touch on this project turned to shit and Walt had insisted that Dan and Jesse immediately go and fix the issue. Walt had apparently held off informing them until close to the end of the day, which really pissed Dan off.

Dan opened one eye and peeked at his coworker. Jesse was sitting next to him, face down in his phone. Dan rolled his eye before closing it again. Walt had been impressed with their last outing and seemed to be under the impression that Jesse and he were becoming a great team. Having Jesse around was just one more thing Dan would need to manage. Jesse had almost insulted the client last time, who knew what he would do on this trip.

Dan pried his eyes open and checked his watch. It was 6 PM. A quick flight to Minnesota, meet Byron again, fix the issue and catch the first flight back tomorrow morning.

"So uhmm, what's the game plan when we get there?" Jesse had noticed Dan checking his watch.

"We check in and go meet with Byron. You follow my lead." Dan said looking at the younger man. "And this time, don't try to insult the client. Just nod your head and smile. Got it?"

"Easy enough, I guess," Jesse said as he turned back to his phone.

Dan sighed and realized he might have been too hard on the kid. "So, do you know if they booked us separate rooms this time?"

Jesse scoffed. "I doubt it, Walt seems cheap as hell."

Dan knew it was more complicated than that. Walt had alluded to the company being in a precarious financial position. He really didn't want to but perhaps he should polish up his resume this weekend and start looking elsewhere. It had just taken him so long to land this job, how long would the next take? Things weren't great right now but they were at least stable; looking in from the outside, there was just no way to know how a new job would turn out.

"Ummm," Jesse was trying to verbalize a thought but seemed to be struggling with it. "Is, er, your wife coming on this trip again?"

Dan looked at him blankly and then feigned a look around the crowded cabin.

"Jesse," he said mustering all the patience he could. "Walt just put us on this flight at the very last minute. We literally took a taxi right from the office and barely made this flight. Do you see my wife here anywhere? No, she isn't coming."

It was only then that Dan realized he had been in such a hurry to get to the airport and clear security that he'd neglected to update his wife on the situation. He reached into his bag under the seat in front of him and fished out his phone.

"Oh, right, right, that makes sense," Jesse mumbled. "She just seemed nice. I liked her last time, ya know."

Dan gave him a thin smile and nodded. *I bet you did.*

Dan pressed the button to call Sarah, leaning as close to the window as possible, trying to put as much distance as possible between himself and his coworker.

"Hey!" Sarah's angelic voice said from his phone. "You've reached Sarah Williams, unfortunately, I can't get to the phone right now. If you leave your name and number, I'll get back to you as soon as I can."

Dan hung up and decided to send her a quick text message instead. She was probably busy cleaning up after the kids' dinner and getting them ready for bed. A ding rang out from overhead, followed by a gruff voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain Hopper from the flight deck. Pacific Airlines welcomes you on board this non-stop flight to Minnesota. We're going to depart a little early here to get ahead of this winter storm rolling into Chicago. It's supposed to be a bad one. We should be touching down at approximately 7:15 PM."

"At this time, please make sure that your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position and that your seat belt is correctly fastened. Also, your portable electronic devices must be set to 'airplane' mode until an announcement is made upon arrival. Thank you."

"Flight cabin crew, please prepare for gate departure."

Dan finished sending the message to his wife and then slumped back into his chair as the plane started taxiing on the runway.

Sarah heard her phone ringing but didn't take her eyes off the road. Her phone was somewhere in her purse but she didn't dare look down. Both her hands were clenching the steering wheel as her car was battered by snow.

Normally when she drove up to visit Dan, it was a fairly leisurely trip. This time she felt like she was on an episode of ice road truckers. As she'd dropped her kids off with her parents, her father had warned her that the weather was supposed to get bad and suggested that perhaps she should reconsider.

But at the time, things had looked clear and she thought she could make it ahead of the storm. She had really wanted to surprise Dan with a visit. It had been weeks since she had last been able to sneak away into the city. Her mind began drifting back to the unplanned events of that night after their little trip. To what had happened when she'd realized it wasn't Dan who was behind her.

Things had gone further than she intended. She hadn't even planned on involving Lester that night. But then Dan had sent Lester to her to secretly take his place. She couldn't believe what happened. Lester had played his part perfectly, never letting her know it was actually him behind her. She felt butterflies in her stomach at the thought of doing those naughty things on front of Dan.

Lester just took her, right in front of Dan, he wanted her so badly, he threw caution to the wind and just went for it. That drove her insane with lust, knowing she has turned on a guy so much he was willing to be that aggressive and want her so much. She knew Dan would love it, Lester was insane with lust and wanted it, and she was fulfilling her deepest fantasy in pleasing two guys at once who were both delirious with desire for her.

Rubbing her thighs together her breath caught as she thought of their conversation after that incredible evening, about how Lester entered her bare and almost fucked her. She still didn't fully know where she landed on the idea. It should never in a thousand years even be a consideration. But after so many times involving Lester in person and in their role play, of course she now thought about it. How could she not? But it seemed like it would cross an invisible line of no return. She didn't know what the consequences would be. The

only thing she knew for sure was that she and Dan needed to be on the same page about it --

Sarah's thought snapped back to reality as she passed another SUV that had gotten stuck in a ditch. It was the third she had seen already. Sarah turned her windshield wipers up to full speed to combat the barrage of snow blanketing her vision.

As she reached down to turn on her four-way signals she heard a ding from her phone. A text message. Whoever it was would just have to wait.

Sarah could barely see in front of her. She could faintly make out the headlights of the oncoming cars on the other side of the highway. That road looked much rougher than the lanes she was driving in.

One thing was for sure. She couldn't turn around now. It would be too dangerous. She was already halfway to Dan's apartment. Soon she would surprise him and he would warm her up.

Dan tried calling Sarah again in the taxi from the airport but it went to voicemail again. He texted her 'Everything okay?' and then switched apps to look at the latest exchange with Byron. Another colleague of Dan's had failed to include sustainable design specifications in the latest project update to the Lincoln Group. Dan had naively assumed that people would do their jobs correctly and he wouldn't have to micromanage them. Now Byron was questioning whether Dan's company had the expertise to lead a project with these ambitious goals.

Dan had quickly created the necessary material but Walt had insisted he go present it in person to rectify the situation.

After tipping the taxi driver and retrieving their bags, Jesse and Dan made their way into the hotel lobby. Dan felt a bit crestfallen at

being back in these familiar surroundings without his wife. As they were halfway to the reception desk, his phone began to ring.

"Go check us in," Dan said to Jesse as he fished his phone out of his pocket. "I'll be right there."

Dan anxiously looked at his phone and frowned. The incoming call was from Byron. He sighed and answered it.

"Byron," he said, feigning as much enthusiasm as he could muster. "How's it going? We just landed and are checking into the hotel. We'll meet you at the office in twenty minutes."

"Don't bother," Byron said loudly, speaking over significant background noise. "I already left the office for the night. I'm out with a few co-workers around the corner at a bar. Come here. okay? You can present the changes here."

"Present the changes at a bar..." Dan trailed off as he stared out across the lobby. "Yeah, sure. We'll be there soon. What's the name of the place?"

As Dan took down the details and finished his call up with Byron, Jesse waved him over. Dan approached the reception desk, ready to solve yet another problem.

"What's up?" Dan asked, looking back and forth between the receptionist and Jesse.

"Uh, they need a credit card for..." Jesse looked back at the receptionist.

"For the incidentals," she said, smiling.

Dan rolled his eyes at Jesse and took out his wallet. "Of course."

He handed his wallet to the receptionist and eyed Jesse with contempt. *Useless.*

After a couple of minutes, they retrieved their room key. The receptionist confirmed that their company had only booked one room again. On the way up the elevator Dan said "Byron asked us to meet him at a bar a couple of blocks away."

"Okay," Jesse said while staring down at his phone screen.

Dan led the way down the hallway and opened the door to their room. He walked in dragging his suitcase behind him, not bothering to hold the door for Jesse. The door began to close on Jesse who was still looking down at his phone.

Dan appraised the room. Standard hotel room, with two queen beds. Dan threw his suitcase on the bed furthest from the door and headed into the bathroom.

Twenty minutes later, Dan and Jesse were walking into the bar.

"Hey!" A slurred voice shouted out. Byron was waving them down from the back of the dimly lit room. Dan walked over holding a stack of papers outlining the changes to the project. He slid into the booth next to some of Byron's colleagues and exchanged pleasantries with them. Jesse thankfully followed his cue and did the same.

As Dan was preparing to present the changes to Byron, the man cut him off, "Dan, we can order a round of drinks for the table, right?"

We? Dan shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Of course."

He flagged down a waitress and ordered a round of drinks. He grimaced, knowing how much drinking might lie ahead of him to satisfy his client.

As Sarah pulled into the parking lot of Dan's apartment and turned off her car, an enveloping cold crept into the vehicle. She quickly grabbed her purse and overnight bag and braved the blistering winds outside.

Despite wearing a coat, the cold seemed to bite into her immediately. She hurried across the frozen parking lot, past mounds of snow that hid cars underneath. She couldn't believe how quickly the weather had turned or how intense the storm had gotten. Thunder rumbled somewhere behind her, beyond the wall of downpouring snow.

Her teeth were chattering as she finally reached the building. She fumbled as she searched for her key to the building, her hands shaking. Once she found it and let herself in, the warmth of the apartment lobby hit her immediately.

On the ride up in the elevator to Dan's floor, she remembered that her phone had been ringing earlier during her drive. She located her phone in her purse just as the elevator doors opened. Her heart skipped a beat as she read a message from Dan.

"Walt sent me to Minnesota last minute. Fucking sucks. I'll try to call you when I land. Love you."

Dan had tried calling a few more times. Another message read, "Everything okay?"

Shit. Dan wasn't here and Sarah couldn't go back out into that weather. She would have to spend the night alone in Chicago.

Not alone. Lester is going to be in the apartment. Sarah grimaced at the realization that she was going to be alone with Lester for the first time in a long while. So much had happened since then, he had grown so much more bold. Hopefully he wouldn't even know she was there and be too immersed in whatever it was he was doing on his computer.

The lights in the hallway flickered off for a few seconds. Sarah froze in place. It didn't matter that Lester was there. She needed to get inside and warm up. Dan would be back in the morning. She could just ignore Lester until then.

She walked down the hallway determined not to let the situation get the better of her. She opened the door to Dan's apartment and was enveloped by darkness.

A blinking notification drew Lester's eyes away from the battle on his screen. Ned was rallying his group in a fierce battle against Kil'Jaeden the Commander of the Burning Legion. Ned's voice in his ears began to be drowned out by the beating in Lester's chest.

Sarah Williams had just entered the apartment. Alone. Dan had never returned from work today.

Lester raised an eyebrow and quickly exited his game. Ned and their crew would have to wait.

The heroine had entered the monster's lair.

Byron wouldn't even look at the papers that Dan had brought. He kept telling Dan he would look at them after the next round of drinks, which he heavily implied that Dan ought to be the one to order.

With the drinks flowing and the group becoming a bit more lively and rambunctious, Dan was trying his best to keep the papers safe. Beer was spilled on the table several times along with some sauce from different shareable plates. Dan had tucked the papers down into the seat next to him for safekeeping.

Dan hadn't drunk a drop of alcohol since the last time he'd been in Minnesota. He found his tolerance to be quite low these days. After just a few beers, he was already feeling the effects. He looked around at the others in the group. They seemed to be handling things much better than he was. Dan suspected that Byron took this group out regularly after work, though he probably didn't have someone like Dan buying the drinks for them.

Jesse was clearly feeling the effects of the beer but didn't look too worse for wear.

Byron was preoccupied with telling an elaborate story to the table, so Dan took out his phone to see if Sarah had responded to his earlier messages. His mouth almost hit the floor when he saw that he'd missed a call from her. Her text message read:

> Sorry I missed your call. I was driving to Chicago to surprise you tonight. Couldn't check my phone because the weather is crazy bad outside.

Dan thumbed back a response.

> You're in Chicago? Where are you? Are you at the apartment alone!?

The group around him laughed uproariously, but Dan was too distracted to notice. Sarah had to be at the apartment. She was alone there with Lester. After what had happened last time, the idea made him light-headed. Or maybe that was just the alcohol rushing to his brain. Either way, he was going to go crazy sitting here. He was about to thumb the call button when Byron called him.

"What's the matter Dan?" Byron called. "Don't you think it's funny?"

Dan covertly slid his phone back into his pocket and focused his attention back on his client. "Sorry, Byron, got distracted with some home stuff. I missed what you said."

Byron looked deflated for an instant before recovering. "Well, how about a round of shots to make it up to me?"

Before Dan could respond, Byron hailed a waitress.

"Jager," he said loudly over the thumping music. He mimed a circle around the table and then pointed at Dan while miming writing a check on a piece of paper. She got the message and left for the bar. Before long she returned with a tray laden with shot glasses filled with dark liquid. The waitress started handing them out to the table and everyone did a shot, including Dan and Jesse.

Dan checked his watch. It was getting late and he wasn't sure there was a flight back to Chicago tonight. But maybe he could still wrap this up in time to catch an earlier flight. He leaned toward Byron, "Hey! Can I show you what we've put together for you now?"

Byron clapped him on the back and took a swig of his beer. "Later, man. We're still having a good time here. My team needs time to unwind after a stressful day, especially after the fuck up on your end."

"Right," Dan replied. "Makes sense."

All Dan wanted to do was take out his phone and call Sarah, but he didn't want to get on Byron's bad side before he got him to sign off on the updated paperwork. He gratefully grabbed the pint of beer in front of him and took a long drink.

> Yeah I'm here in Chicago at the apartment. I think Lester is here but I haven't checked. I'm just settling into your room before I grab a quick shower. When are you coming back? Tomorrow or later? I have to head back Sunday morning latest.

Sarah sat on the bed waiting impatiently for Dan to text her back. She suspected he had to entertain Byron again which would explain his slow responses. She shivered.

She was still wearing her clothes from the drive, hoping to connect with Dan before jumping in the shower to quickly warm up. The bite of the snowstorm seemed to have permanently emplaced goosebumps on her skin. She couldn't wait to get in the shower.

It had been almost ten minutes since she had texted Dan. She couldn't wait any longer. Sarah stood up and began to peel off her sweatshirt but was interrupted by a knock at the door. Lester.

She pulled the hoodie back down. She glanced quickly at her phone. Still no response from Dan. Reluctantly, Sarah crossed the bedroom and opened the door. Lester stood there looking dishevelled. He was wearing only an oversized beige t-shirt, likely once white, and a pair of boxers. She had clearly arrived before he'd had a chance to put himself together. At least she had surprised someone with her visit, she smirked.

"Where's Dan?" Lester breathed at her.

Sarah was unsure how much detail it was wise to share with Lester, but after her harrowing drive, she wanted to mention the situation to someone. "He had a last-minute flight for work but he'll be back soon. I just got in. Got caught in that snowstorm outside.

"Snowstorm?" Lester asked. Evidently, he hadn't looked outside in the past couple of hours. Probably playing little games on his computer.

"Yeah, it's pretty bad out there." Sarah did not elaborate further, trying to end the conversation. Lester stood there awkwardly, not saying anything. Clearly, he had other motives than just talking about the weather. Sarah knew what he was probably thinking.

"So," Lester started. "What are we going to be doing tonight?"

"We?" Sarah crossed her arms. "Lester, there is no 'we' without Dan. Got it?"

Lester took one step forward. "Are you sure you don't need help warming up after that snowstorm?"

Sarah stood her ground and planted a hand firmly on Lester's flabby chest. "I'm good, Lester. Goodnight."

Lester didn't move. Sarah still held her hand firmly against the man who had entered her the last time they were both in this room. He wouldn't try something right now, would he? Sarah ran through a list of vulnerable areas in her head. Throat, eyes, ears, crotch.

Her eyes automatically flicked down to Lester's crotch; her gaze was greeted by his rising cock straining against his boxers.

Lester smirked. "He missed you."

Sarah eyed him and then applied extra force to her hand pushing Lester back. She caught him off balance and he stumbled back. She stood there in the doorway, squaring her shoulders. "Like I said, I'm good, Lester. That goes for him too. Goodnight."

Lester seemed shocked at her strength and narrowed his eyes. "Goodnight."

He looked at her for several more seconds before shuffling his feet into his room and closing the door behind him.

Sarah closed her own door, locked it and took a deep breath. After slowing her heart rate, she walked over and grabbed her phone.

> I'll be back in the morninh. If I can get Byroon to look over these dambn papers. We're out again and he is making me buy drinks.

Pretty sure he's fucking wit me. I just want to get out of here and back to you. Whats Lester doing?

Part of her wanted to tease Dan and toy with him but she felt he was probably under enough stress in Minnesota. The number of errors in his text also led her to believe he'd had a couple of drinks and might not pick up on her subtle torture.

> Nothing to report here. Lester tried to flirt but I shut it down and made it clear nothing was happening without you around. I'm going to take a shower soon, I'm still shivering from the drive-in. The roads were bad and it's freezing.

Sara waited a few minutes but no response came. Dan was probably engaged with Byron again. It was time for a shower. She gathered her things, peeked out into the hallway and then crossed into the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

Lester slowly stroked his cock as he peered through the peephole in his closet. Sarah Williams was standing in the bathroom disrobing. She peeled off her hoodie to reveal a loose-fitting white t-shirt. Her black bra was clearly visible underneath.

She began to unclasp the button on her jeans and shimmied her legs until they dropped to the floor, revealing matching black panties. Sarah stepped out of them and pulled her t-shirt off over her head.

Lester groaned into the drywall and shifted his feet, his boxers dangling around both of his ankles. He quickened the pace of his strokes, staring at Sarah's perfect ass and chest. He thought back to the events of the last visit, how he'd painted her chest and face with his cum and how much she'd enjoyed it. But before that, how he'd finally gotten a piece of that delicious ass, rubbing his cock over it

and pulling it against him before pressing himself into her. He needed to feel his cock inside of her again.

Anger flashed on his face as he thought of how easily she'd just dismissed him. He would need to find some way to insert himself between her and Dan so that her husband wasn't a barrier anymore.

As Sarah was about to unclasp her bra and let her heaving breasts loose for Lester's eyes to feast on, she stopped and grabbed her phone. She tapped on the screen like she was texting someone.

She placed her phone back on the counter and unknowingly turned to Lester and unclasped her bra, letting it slip down her arms. Lester slowed his strokes as he felt ready to cum watching her perfect breasts sway in front of him.

Sarah lowered her panties and kicked them off before stepping over to the shower to turn the water on. Lester thought he could smell her angelic musk from where he was. She was so close to him.

After testing the water, Sarah stepped in and just stood there letting the hot water run over her body. She hadn't brought any shampoo or soap in. She seemed content to just let the water wash over her. *Like she had my cum wash all over her last time.*

Lester couldn't take it anymore. He needed release. When Sarah edged herself closer to him and her tasty tits were right in front of the peephole, he came and added another deposit to the yellowing stain that ran down the drywall in his closet.

He heaved his boxers up from his ankles and headed back towards his desk to check in on how the raid was going.

Dan blinked his eyes, rereading Sarah's message. He tried to make coherent sense of what he was reading but the alcohol in his system

was making it difficult. The one takeaway he got from reading her message was a graphic image of his wife in the shower. He thumbed a response.

> Good and i like thinkign of you in the showaer so sexy. wis h i was there with you to warm you up. glad you go in safely. can't wait to be back with you tomorrw.

Dan couldn't wipe the stupid grin off his face as he looked around at the assembled group. Byron made another joke that Dan didn't catch but he laughed on cue. He felt his phone buzz from his pocket and checked it again.

> When you get here tomorrow you better warm me up or else. You be safe there, okay? Don't drink too much. Get that asshole to do what you need him to do and cum back to me.

Dan's drunken horny brain took over and he typed.

>Or elese wat? Gonna geet Lester to warrm youu up?

Dan noticed someone getting close to him, so he tucked the phone back into his pocket. Byron draped his arm across Dan's shoulders.

"Danny boy!" Byron bellowed. "You are a rockstar tonight. Where are those papers you need me to look at?"

"Byron-boy!" Dan smiled as Byron laughed. The alcohol had clearly smoothed over any ill will between them. They both had the friendly glaze over them that only a few drinks could provide.

Dan looked around trying to remember where he'd put the papers. He ducked his head under the table and found them scattered on the floor. He quickly gathered them up while he took a few accidental kicks from unknowing drinking mates.

Once he resurfaced, he plopped the papers down in front of Byron. Without even reviewing them, Byron quickly initialled each page and signed the last one. Mission accomplished.

Bryon stood up. "Alright, alright. Settle down. Your fearless leader is turning in for the night. I'll see you all bright and early Monday tomorrow. Dan, Jesse, good work. See you back on Zoom, I guess." He laughed at his own joke, drawing another round of laughter from the table before he departed.

After waiting a few moments to make a strategic exit, Dan yawned and nudged Jesse. "Hey we're done here. He signed everything. Want to head out?"

Jesse nodded. He had been struggling to make conversation with the group all night. The duo bid everyone farewell and Dan settled his tab before they headed back to the hotel.

As soon as they got back to their room, Dan kicked off his shoes and began to disrobe. He was fighting to keep his eyes open. He turned to say something to Jesse but the kid had immediately headed into the bathroom.

Dan shrugged. Normally he would brush his teeth before he went to sleep, but tonight the bed just looked too inviting. He hadn't had time to grab much before running to the airport so he decided to just sleep in his undershirt and boxers.

He threw back the comforter, laid his phone down on the nightstand in the middle of the room, and got into bed. The room was dark and it wasn't long before he fell into a deep sleep.

Sarah finished drying her hair, enjoying the heat from the blow dryer. Normally she would let it air dry, but she planned on heading to bed and didn't love the idea of sleeping on wet hair.

The shower had helped warm her up and shake off the nerves of the long, arduous drive. She removed the little makeup she was wearing. She was blessed with a natural beauty that didn't require much. Sarah took one last look at herself in the mirror and smiled at herself. Despite the long drive and circumstances, this mother of two still looked damn sexy draped only in a towel.

She gathered her things, exited the bathroom and headed to Dan's room. Her heart skipped a beat as she reached for the doorknob, wondering if it would be locked. She recalled being locked out in a towel, trying to pick the lock while Lester hovered over her.

Thankfully, this time it wasn't and she quickly entered Dan's empty room. She was relieved she didn't need to pick any locks this time. If she had, a naked Lester probably would have come out to 'help' her while ogling her the whole time.

Sarah had just engaged the lock and put her things down when she noticed another message from Dan.

>Or elese wat? Gonna geet Lester to warrm youu up?

A bemused expression spread across her face. Dan was clearly drunk and a little horny. She wondered if she should tease him a bit now.

> Hmmm well that depends on how fast you close that deal and get back here. I don't know if I can wait all night to be warmed up....

She smiled at their innocent little game. She checked the time; it was getting late. She just wanted to crawl under the covers and sleep after the exhausting drive, but she was a little concerned that Dan was still out. His job was keeping them afloat but she didn't like it. It demanded too much of him and put him in situations, frankly, below his station.

As she predicted, Dan didn't immediately respond to her text message. He was probably preoccupied. She was about to drop her

towel and get changed into her fleece pajamas when her screen lit up.

Dan responded.

> What are you wearing?

Sarah shook her head. Naughty boy.

> Just a towel, big boy.

This time Dan wasted no time responding.

> Send a pic

Sarah arched an eyebrow, then held her camera up at a flattering angle and snapped a picture. While she normally didn't like to include her face in such risqué shots, this time the photo captured it as well as her cleavage from the pushed-up towel.

Sarah put the phone down and finished drying herself off. Another message quickly came in from Dan. It looked like he wasn't so preoccupied anymore. Maybe he was back at the hotel.

> Let's see what's under that towel.

Dan was a little demanding tonight, but she didn't hate it. She enjoyed taking these pictures of herself and being on display for him, it always turned her on knowing she was getting her man excited with her body. She bit her lip and snapped another picture. This time her face wasn't present, the photo was a close-up shot of her flawless breasts.

He was working her up. Maybe they could do a little dirty talk over the phone before bed. She pressed the call button but it immediately went to voicemail. A message from Dan came back in right after.

> Sorry, still out with the client. Can't talk yet.

Sarah typed a response.

> It's too bad, you're working me up here.

Lester fought the urge to go look through the peephole at Sarah changing in Dan's bedroom. Instead, he kept a live video feed of her going in the corner of his screen as he navigated his avatar through the legion of Kil'Jaeden's horde of enemies. Every so often, his eyes flicked down to Sarah's window and caught something of interest.

She was taking naked pictures of herself for someone. Likely Dan. He made a mental note to add this to his working file on her. He intended for her to do the same for him one day soon.

Jesse lay in bed trying to sleep. The snores from Dan were making it difficult. Even though he had several drinks in him, he hadn't consumed as much as Dan had. No one seemed to notice or care about him at their outing. The waitress hadn't even brought him a shot when she served a round of them for everyone else.

Still, he didn't mind the free drinks and he'd enjoyed himself. He liked working at a company that would pay him to fly somewhere and get free food and drinks. Even if that place was just Minnesota.

Jesse's eyes were closed and his mind started drifting. The dark room was a perfect place to fall asleep and there was nothing to disturb him like at home. A white light flashed behind his eyelids. He opened his eyes and squinted, trying to make sense of why the ceiling was suddenly illuminated. It took a few seconds before he realized Dan's phone had received a notification.

Jesse looked over at his sleeping colleague. Dan was still snoring and his head was turned away from the phone. It seemed like he'd

been having trouble holding it together with all the drinks in his system. When Jesse was confident that Dan wasn't going to budge, he reached over and snatched Dan's phone from the nightstand between the beds.

Jesse swiped up on the device's screen and it unlocked. Dan still hadn't put a PIN or other kind of security measure on it. His cock immediately swelled when he saw that the notification was from Dan's sexy wife Sarah.

> Hmmm well that depends on how fast you close that deal and get back here. I don't know if I can wait all night to be warmed up....

Jesse quickly thumbed a response back.

> What are you wearing?

While he waited for a response he looked back through their message history. Who was Lester and why would he warm Sarah up? It seemed like some kind of game Dan and Sarah were playing. Jesse made a mental note of it as another message from Sarah came in.

> Just a towel, big boy.

Jesse could feel his cock pushing against the material of his boxers. He took a quick glance at Dan to make sure he was asleep and then typed a response.

> Send a pic

Jesse lowered his boxers and started to stroke himself with one hand while waiting for the lovely wife to respond. A picture came in, showing what a smoke show she was. Jesse wanted to slap his cock onto that beautiful face of hers and run his cock in between those huge tits.

> Let's see what's under that towel.

Would she really send him a picture of her naked breasts? He had seen some risky photos of her before. She probably would send them, seeing as how she thought he was her husband after all.

After a few minutes of patience, another photo came in. Sarah's naked breasts filled the phone screen and Jesse started stroking himself faster.

Dan's phone started vibrating, an incoming call from Sarah. *Fuck!* He couldn't answer or else the game would be up and he wouldn't get any more pics and she would likely tell Dan and he would get fired for sure.

Jesse sent another text.

> Sorry, still out with the client. Can't talk yet.

Sarah wasted no time in responding.

> It's too bad, you're working me up here.

Jesse gulped. He was unsure how to respond. He'd barely talked to this beautiful goddess the last time he'd seen her, even though he'd managed to feel her up and hump against her in the middle of the night. He tried to think of something confident to say that would keep this going.

> You want my cock badly, don't you, baby?

Lester could hear Ned calling for him over his headset, but it seemed a world away. He had left the world of Azeroth behind again. He couldn't help himself, he was back at the peephole in the wall watching Sarah Williams.

Part of him knew his character was going to get slain and that his crew would lose the battle, but all that was muted by this beautiful creature on the other side of the wall. Lester licked his lips and adjusted himself, his cock growing hard despite his having cum just minutes before.

Here she was, finally alone. *Not alone. Alone with me.*

> You want my cock badly, don't you, baby?

Sarah bit her lip as she read the last message from her husband. This was going exactly where she had hoped. She was lying in bed in her pajamas staring at the screen. Even though her body was screaming for sleep, she couldn't let her man down.

> Mmmmm yeah baby I want your cock. I wish you were here right now so I could ride it.

Sarah was unknowingly conversing with her husband's colleague Jesse, who responded with a request.

> I don't believe you. Send me a video telling me you want my cock.

Sarah raised an eyebrow at the last message. Dan was never this demanding with pictures and videos. She made a mental note to give him back some of the same medicine.

She sat up and framed the camera close to her face and then recorded a video. "I want your cock so bad, baby. I wish your cock was here so I could put my lips on it and ride it all night long."

She pressed the send button and then began to think of ways to give her husband the gears with her next message.

Jesse played the video over and over while stroking his cock. It felt just like Dan's wife was speaking to him, telling him how much she wanted his cock. Maybe she really did, he'd felt a connection when he was in bed with her, she just hadn't realized it fully yet. His brain was trying to think of another request to make of her, but his cock was too busy wanting to be pleased by the video.

He apparently took too long to respond, as another message from Sarah came in.

> Hmmm where'd you go, big boy? Did you leave me alone again just like you are leaving me alone now in Chicago? Maybe I should go and find another cock to play with tonight.

Jesse almost came all over himself. Not only was Sarah stunningly sexy but she also seemed to be incredibly sexual. Was she really teasing her husband about another man? Another person's cock? Who was she talking about? Would she bring Jesse up?

He thumbed back a response.

> Who did you have in mind?

Jesse waited with bated breath, wondering if his name was about to pop up on the screen from the pretty wife. But what she wrote back just confused him.

> Well, Lester is in the other room. Maybe his cock can warm me up. Would you like that?

Jesse stopped stroking himself, more than a little confused. He decided to quickly scroll back up through the conversation again to see if he could figure out who this Lester was.

Sarah lay on her side in the bed, fighting to keep her eyes open. If it wasn't for the text exchange with Dan, she would already be passed out. She enjoyed this little game, it was a fun way to tide things over until Dan got back, but her body was craving sleep.

The screen lit up as Dan sent another message.

> I would. I think you should do it.

Sarah's fatigue immediately vanished. She couldn't believe what Dan had just sent back. This was usually the part where he conceded and gave up, realizing that he would never win. When things got too much for him to handle, especially if he was in a public setting, he would always tap out. This time he seemed to be escalating the situation. She wanted to see exactly what he was thinking.

> Should I now? And exactly what is it you are suggesting I do, mister?

A response came back faster than Sarah had anticipated.

> I think you should get dressed in something sexy and go visit my roommate. I'm sure he could use some warming up, too.

Things were starting to get interesting. Dan was being much bolder than she was accustomed to. She decided it was time to call Dan's bluff.

> I don't know, baby. Last time things went a little too far with Lester. I'm afraid if I go over there now, I might just let him fuck me.

Sarah smiled, confident that she would be reading a message from Dan any time now telling her that she'd won, that he loved her, and that he would see her in the morning. Instead, the next message she got caused her jaw to drop open.

> I want you to. I want you to fuck him.

Sarah sat up in bed and again tried to call her husband. It rang several times before going to voicemail. She didn't bother leaving a message. She typed a response back to him.

> Okay let's pause the game for a minute. Are you serious?

Sarah watched as the typing bubble with the three dots appeared in the corner of their chat. She watched with bated breath until her husband's response finally arrived.

> I want you to do it. I was going to talk to you about it the next time you visited. It's all I've been thinking about. I want to see you and Lester together. Will you do it?

Sarah stared at her phone, mouth agape. The last time they'd broached this subject, they had agreed nothing would go further than what had already happened without them both agreeing to it first. It seemed like Dan was finally laying his cards on the table and telling her what he wanted. She didn't find Lester attractive, but that very lack of attraction seemed to strike a certain chord within her that she was just beginning to realize. Could she really go through with it? What would she do, call Lester over or would she just go over there? She was still trying to formulate a response to her husband when another message came in.

> I hope you aren't mad, I just felt like it's something we both want and we're moving towards. If you do go over, maybe you could wear something sexy and take some pictures to hold me over tonight?

> What do you think?

Sarah's mouth was getting dry, but she felt a light dampness gathering between her legs. She hadn't seriously thought about actually going through and having sex with Lester. Even though part of him was briefly in her before. Sure, she had lightly thought through the idea in her head. Wondering what it would be like.

It was likely to be relatively safe since she knew that he'd secretly gotten a vasectomy. She would still make him wear a condom though. But when she'd pictured this scenario, Dan had always been present and watching. Keeping her safe. It would be just like all the other times out in the living room on the couch. But now she was actually contemplating going to Lester's room and serving herself up like a meal.

Sarah chewed on her lip while she looked down at the phone, weighing things in her head. Finally, she made a decision and thumbed back a message to Dan.

> Okay.

She was really going to go through with this. After all these months of teasing and flirting with that line, she was actually going to go have sex with Lester. She shook her head thinking that no respectable mother would do what she was doing, but then she realized that she and Dan had a very healthy, active sex life based on truth -- something most other wives probably lacked.

She went over to her suitcase and began rifling through it until she found what she was looking for. A special lingerie set she had meant to wear for Dan this weekend. Sarah stripped out of her pajamas and began donning the lingerie. It was a black lace set with a tasteful floral print pattern adorning a sheer material that slightly obscured her skin. You would have to do a double take to realize it was a special material that barely hid her naked skin underneath it. The small V of the panties traced up her waist until it reached her hips where they connected with a band that circled her waist. The band connected to flimsy lace garters that were more for decoration than any practical purpose. The garters hung loosely at her sides, running down to her hips. The band of the panties continued around, joining just above her ass cheeks. From there, the band turned into a very narrow thong back or g-string which narrowed as it dove down the crease of her ass.

Sarah looked herself over in the mirror, thinking that she looked like she should be on the cover of Playboy in this outfit. If Dan were here, she was sure the temperature in the room would already have risen by a couple of degrees. She took a picture of herself standing in front of the mirror in her outfit and sent it to Dan for his approval.

> How's this?

Dan responded immediately.

> You look so fucking sexy. I'm jealous.

Sarah grinned broadly biting her lip, his words were just what she needed to see, this confirmed she was doing exactly what he wanted to. She sent one last message to Dan, giving him a chance to back out.

> Are you sure you want this? Once this happens there is no going back.

What felt like an eternity later, Dan responded.

> I want you to fuck Lester tonight. I want you to send me pictures and videos of it. I love you.

Sarah let out a long breath as she felt her nerves beginning to take over.

> I love you too, baby. I'm going to go over there and screw your disgusting roommate. I'll send you what I can.

After pressing send, Sarah Williams unlocked the bedroom door. She took a deep breath to calm her nerves and stepped out into the hallway.

Lester stepped back from the peephole. He had been watching Sarah in bed as he had numerous times in the past but something had changed. Instead of drifting off to sleep, she had put on one of the sexiest outfits he had ever personally laid eyes on and walked out of the bedroom. She was texting someone while doing it.

What was she up to?

His breath caught in his throat as he heard a soft rap at his door. He felt his cock stir. Lester quickly moved over to his computer, exited his game, and typed in several short commands. He left the monitor on to provide some light in the room and went over to open the door.

As Lester slowly opened it, Sarah Williams was standing just on the other side of the threshold looking like the embodiment of sexuality. She stood there confidently with one arm against the door frame, chest thrust out towards him. The only thing she had in her possession outside of her lack of dress was her cell phone, which she held in one hand.

From his peripheral vision, he could see her chest rising and falling quickly. She was nervous but her face told the story of a calm, in-control woman. Lester knew the game. He had already seen a sneak peek of this outfit from his peephole. As much as he wanted to look down and ogle her body, drop to his knees and start lapping at her breasts, he stayed stoic. He didn't so much as glance down at her cleavage. He knew Sarah was coming over here dressed like that to get a reaction out of him. If he denied that to her, she would be put off balance, which would give him an opening.

"Lester," Sarah started but, before she could continue, he cut her off.

Lester stepped aside and gestured with his arm into the room, "Come in."

Sarah walked confidently into the center of the room. Only when her eyes were off of him did Lester give her body an appreciative once over. His cock swelled when he saw her g-string as she paraded into his room.

She did her best to remain calm and composed but inside her stomach was turning in knots with anticipation. A million thoughts were running through her mind, battling for supremacy. She still wasn't sure this was a good idea but Dan wanted it. The idea of exploring a new level together was something she wanted. But they weren't together. It was just her, alone with this creature. She was back here in Lester's room, part of her hoping nothing would ultimately happen while the other side of her longed for the decision to be made for her.

Lester didn't bother closing the door. Instead, he quickly closed the distance between them until he was directly behind her. Sarah turned around to address Lester, expecting him to still be by the door.

She was taken aback by how close he was.

"What are you doing here, Sarah?" Lester said as he slowly circled her. "I thought you said you didn't need any help getting warmed up."

Lester was behind her. He leaned forward and sniffed her hair, breathing in her intoxicating scent.

Sarah shivered at being on display once again. This was similar to how she had come in with her black robe months ago. That black robe that Lester still had in here somewhere. "I've been talking to Dan and we've come to a decision."

Lester ignored her and breathed close to her ear, "You didn't need help getting warmed up. What is it you need, Sarah? I think I know. You need this."

Lester took Sarah's petite hand behind her and rested it on his hard naked cock. Her fingers instinctively closed around it. Sarah didn't know when Lester had managed to take off his boxers. but he had been very quiet about it. She felt how rigid and hard he was. She could feel his heartbeat in the palm of her hand through the veins on his cock. Sarah was always taken aback by how large Lester's appendage felt her in hand. If she didn't know better, she would have thought someone had slide a heavy piece of deli-meat into her hand.

Sarah's planned speech evaporated from her head. She felt Lester's warm breath on her bare shoulders as he stepped up behind her. She still held his cock but now she could feel his body push into hers. She felt his gut bulging into her back.

She felt a tinge of disgust at a body like Lester's being so close to hers, but it was matched by a thrill of excitement. The idea of of being taken by someone who was not only so undeserving, but also someone who her husband disregarded. She shivered as Lester slowly ran his fingertips along her bicep.

Sarah decided that she would simply give in and enjoy whatever this night would bring. No more fighting against it. She had Dan's permission. He wanted this. She wanted to explore it. As she was about to tighten her grip around Lester's cock and turn around, he released her.

The sensation he was stoking inside of her still smoldered but he had taken away the gasoline, leaving her frustrated. She turned to look at him. He sauntered over to his computer chair and sat down, spinning the wheels to face her.

Lester had long since disposed of the slipcover he had originally put on the chair for Sarah's benefit. It felt wrong to him. "Come here."

Lester licked his lips as Sarah slowly strode over to him. She looked at him with an intensity he hadn't seen from her before. She stopped

directly inside of his spread legs, her knees almost touching his dirty computer chair.

He leaned forward and began stroking the outside of her thighs. He looked up at her face past her breasts that were heaving directly in front of him. "What is this decision you and Dan came to, then?"

Sarah looked down at Lester's plump frame. The way he was bent over, his chest pressed against his gut. She couldn't help but think of a hairy toad squatting, mimicking a human sitting in a chair. "Dan and I decided we want to try something new."

Lester grabbed her hand and gently pulled her down onto him. Sarah's legs fit perfectly between the arms of the computer chair as she straddled his lap, his hard cock pressing against her covered pussy.

"I want to hear you say it," Lester said, one hand grabbing a handful of Sarah's ass while the other worked its way up her back. "What are we going to do tonight, Sarah?"

Sarah looked down at the brute beneath her, directly into his eyes. "We're going to fuck, Lester. Just one time. Just for tonight. I'm going to let you have me."

Sarah watched as Lester's gaze deepened, his brow furrowed in intense concentration. Passion radiated from his features. He licked his lips. Sarah found herself increasingly turned on by the way he was staring at her. Like a warrior readying himself to conquer.

Sarah was breathing quickly now. "We have to take some pictures and videos for Dan."

Without saying a word, Lester's hand traced up her back until his fingers intertwined with the hair on the back of her neck. He pulled, eliciting an involuntary moan from Sarah. Without letting go, he put pressure on her neck, pulling her face closer to his.

Sarah had thought Lester would jump all over her right away. She'd imagined bending over the bed and letting Lester take her as he had done with Lizzie. She didn't anticipate him trying to intimately kiss her. She closed her eyes as her lips finally made contact with Lester's. His tongue snaked its way into her mouth and lapped at hers. She moaned again, her body melting into his.

Lester began thrusting his cock up against Sarah. Her body responded by pushing down into it, seeking it. Wanting to feel it against her. Lester's hands were running all over her body until they settled on her ass, one hand on each cheek. He mauled them in time with his thrusts. Lester's lips were devouring Sarah's, they were making out hard with each other.

It was exciting for Sarah, like the first time she had been with her husband. There was a naughtiness to what she was doing, but also the excitement of something new. Something different. She was still trying to reconcile how she was feeling with that fact that it was Lester making her feel that way.

Lester cracked one eye open and glanced at the webcam affixed to his monitor. The lights were off but he was confident it was recording.

Lester abruptly broke the kiss and forced Sarah off of him. He grabbed her phone from her hand and opened the camera app. "Let's take a few of those pictures."

Lester snapped one of Sarah standing here in her lingerie set, breathing hard and looking hot and bothered. He switched to video mode. "Tell your husband what you're going to do tonight, Sarah."

Sarah bit her lip, "Dan, I'm going to let Lester fuck me tonight."

"Fucking right," Lester mumbled. "Get on your knees, Sarah, you hurt my cock's feelings earlier when you said you didn't want it. Time to make amends."

Sarah obediently sank to her knees in front of Lester. She subconsciously noticed the stains on the chair but her mind was too preoccupied with Lester's cock pointing directly at her. "Hmmm, we can't have that now."

She slowly started stroking his cock with her fingers tips. Lester aimed the camera at her. "Put my cock in your mouth and I'll take another video."

Sarah eagerly opened her mouth and started to lick Lester's shaft. Her tongue swirled around his skin and pubic hair until it reached the head of his cock where she lowered her mouth onto it and moaned.

"Mmm, that's right, Sarah," Lester said to the video. "Suck my cock, wifey."

Lester sat there for several minutes while Sarah worshipped his cock with her mouth. It wasn't lost on him how quickly she had sunk to her knees in front of him compared to all the coaxing and setup that was required previously.

As Sarah's tongue crested the top of his cock, Lester held the back of her head and guided her lips down to his balls. Sarah took the hint and started lapping at his sensitive area with her tongue.

Sarah could feel the skin of Lester's ball through the matting of public hair covering them. Normally she liked Dan to be clean shaven or at least trimmed down here. She didn't love the experience of excess hair but it seemed to work with Lester and his general not-giving-a-fuck attitude.

Sarah's tongue continued to draw little circles around his balls. She alternated between licking them and sucking on them, careful not to pull too much public hair into her mouth.

When she felt Lester's hand release its pressure on the back of her head, she continued to lick the underside of her balls, wanting to please him even without his direction. A thought flashed in her mind, disturbed at her admission of wanting to please Lester in such a subservient manner. The thought quickly vanished as she looked up at Lester and saw his cock towering before her.

Sarah's thighs were grinding against one another. She could feel herself growing wet with anticipation. Sarah's mouth started to water as she stared up at the bulbous cock in front of her. She had to have it.

She licked her way up his balls until her tongue found the base of his shaft. Sarah remembered how much Lester had liked the way she kissed his cock, so she started planting long, lingering kisses on his shaft as she worked her way up.

Sarah licked and kissed every inch of Lester's shaft. She was in awe of how much cock there was for her to work with. When she reached the head of Lester's cock she just sat there and stared at for a few seconds as her manicured hands danced along his shaft.

When a drop of precum oozed out of Lester's cock, Sarah smiled and without thinking bent forward and licked it up. She quickly swallowed it, feeling its warmth travel down to her belly. The warmth was replaced with emptiness. She wanted more.

Sarah gripped Lester's cock with both hands and opened her mouth. She descended on Lester's dick like a woman possessed.

With the phone still in hand, Lester stood up. Sarah never disengaged, her mouth was still attached to his cock, her tongue running along the underside of it as she sucked as much as she could fit into her mouth.

Lester pulled his cock out, much to her disappointment. He pulled her up by her arm and led her over to the bed. She was standing in

front of it when Lester pushed on her shoulder until she fell back onto the bed. She propped herself up on her elbows as she watched her husband's roommate climb over her like some kind of wild predator.

He tossed the phone to the side. It landed a few feet away on the bed. Lester lowered his weight onto the young wife, pinning her in place.

"I told you I was going to lick you all over one day," he whispered in her ear as he extended his tongue and began to run it up and down her neck. Sarah's body responded, trying to twist out of his grasp, overwhelmed by the sensation. But Lester's gut held her in place. Instead, the only thing she managed to do was rub her pussy against his hard cock.

Lester pinned her arms over her head as his tongue continued to trail down her shoulders and dance around her collarbone. When he reached her breasts, he let go of her hands and started massaging each one as his lips lapped in between them.

Sarah continued to grind herself against Lester's cock. It felt so close, she desperately wanted to take off her g-string and feel it against her naked pussy. Her hands held the back of Lester's head, her fingers raking against his thinning hair, pulling him closer into her chest.

"Let's take this off," Lester said as he pulled her partially up and expertly reached around and unclasped her bra with one hand. He ripped it free and discarded it onto the floor, making a mental note of where it had likely landed.

With the most magnificent set of breasts he had ever seen now free in front of him, Lester dove back in, taking a nipple into his mouth and swirling his tongue around it.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned as she closed her eyes, losing herself in the sensation.

Lester took turns feasting on Sarah's breast, sucking and licking over every inch of them until they were covered in his saliva. Satisfied that he had fully tasted her breasts, he worked his way down to her panty line. He tugged on her panties with his hands. He paused and looked at Sarah, waiting for her to check why he'd stopped.

She opened her eyes and looked at him. He wanted to see her face. To see her surrender, knowing what would come next as he removed her underwear from her body. As he began to slide them off, she didn't move. She didn't protest. She let him remove her last line of defense.

Without breaking eye contact, Lester lowered his head in between her legs and began to lick Sarah's pussy lips. His large tongue seemed to stimulate every sensitive part of her body. It found her clit and began to gently flick it with the pressure of its weight.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned, one hand still holding Lester's head. The other covered her eyes in disbelief. "Mmmhmmm."

Sarah's hips were rising to meet Lester's face as he lapped at her clit. He dropped his chin and pushed his tongue forward into the young mother's soaked pussy.

Sarah groaned at the intrusion. Lester began by slowly licking circles around the inside walls of her pussy. He reached his hand around her thigh and put his thumb in contact with Sarah's clit as he gently rubbed it.

"Mmmmmm, fuck, Lester," Sarah wined as she tried to close her thighs around his head. "That feels so good."

Lester's tongue began to push deeper into Sarah. Then he retracted it. Pushed it back in. Retracted it. Lester repeated the process as

Sarah's hips pushed against his mouth, seeking his tongue. He mimed fucking her with his tongue.

Sarah felt her legs go numb and her toes curl in as a surprise orgasm exploded from her pussy and enveloped her entire body. "Shiiit, uuhhhhh, fucck."

Sarah extended her arms to the side, fingers digging into the luxuriant material of Lester's bedsheets. She gripped them as her orgasm continued to rock its way through her body, trembling with each tongue lashing Lester continued to give her.

Lester's face felt soaked with Sarah's juices. He knew she was ready and he didn't intend to miss this window of opportunity he'd worked so hard to create. It was time to finally throw patience to the winds and be rewarded for the expertise with which he'd played this game up to this point.

Lester withdrew his tongue and stood up. He looked down at the sight before him. The proud and confident Sarah Williams, lying naked on his bed, withering with the heat of the pleasure he'd already tormented her with, ready for him to fuck her.

Lester stepped forward and got ready to mount Dan's beautiful bride. Sarah's mind began to clear from her orgasm, finally taking in her surroundings again. She noticed Lester climbing on top of her. "Lester, do you have any condoms?"

Lester wanted to snarl at her. She had to 'know' that he'd had a vasectomy. He desperately wanted to slide into her bare, to experience her free of any impediment before filling her with a load of his potent seed. It appeared patience had reared its ugly head once again.

Lester hid his scowl and backed off, quickly moving over to his nightstand. He opened the bottom drawer, looking at two different packs of condoms. One had an orange 'X' written with a sharpie on

its box. Lester grabbed the other box and tore open one of the condoms.

He quickly put the condom on and then snatched Sarah's phone off the bed and started filming a video. This one was from his point of view, trained on his cock as he moved to the bed and then panned up to Sarah on display before him, lust painted across her face.

"Tell me what you want," Lester said as he moved onto the bed between her legs. "Tell Dan."

Sarah squirmed, her body shifting, trying to find Lester's cock. He lined his cock up with her pussy, positioning its head against her entrance. Lester pointed the camera up to her face. Her lovely tits and beautiful face filled the frame of the phone.

Part of Sarah screamed at her to go back to her room. She couldn't believe where she was, laying on her back in Lester's bed, legs parted for him with his cock pointing right at her. She looked up at creep standing between her legs, at his filthy body and the lust painted across his face. She felt his large cock head pushing up, teasing her entrance. Her body was on fire, needing release. Her mind might be screaming at her to leave but it was drowned out by the needs of her body. She couldn't believe what she was about to say.

"I want your cock, Lester," Sarah moaned, feeling his cock head at her entrance. "I want you to fuck me, I want UH OH FUCK"

Lester pushed his entire length into the pretty wife, cutting her off in mid-sentence. He sat there triumphantly with his cock buried deep within Sarah Williams.

The way Lester thrust his entire cock quickly into Sarah hurt, but it was a good hurt. In its simplistic form it was the hurt of a primal man taking a woman without any other care in the world. Sarah felt herself stretched to the brink by Lester's cock. She had never felt so

full before. Thankfully Lester had warmed her body up, it didn't take long before she felt like her body had a handle on his massive organ. She could feel Lester touching places within her that had never been explored, stimulating virgin nerves. It felt amazing.

"Mmmmmm," She moaned looking at him with a lust-filled expression. He held his cock still as she rolled her hips on it, trying to coax him into fucking her. Lester stopped the video and quickly found his number in her phone.

Sarah groaned under him, frustrated, wanting more of his cock but also taking a second to grow accustomed to his size. Lester enjoyed the way Sarah's pussy was milking his cock. He quickly sent himself all the videos, then deleted the evidence that he'd done so. Then he begrudgingly sent the videos to Dan's phone.

Lester tossed the phone onto the floor and moved over Sarah until he was face-to-face with her. "That's enough fucking photos and videos. You're mine, now."

Before Sarah could reply Lester pulled his hips back, pulling almost all of his shaft out of Sarah and then slamming it back into her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as her arms gripped Lester's biceps.

Lester slowly pulled back slightly then thrust firmly into Sarah again, driving yet another couple inches deeper than the last thrust, forcing a deep guttural grunt from her with each powerful thrust into her yielding canal. He slowly repeated the same move and over, making slow steady thrusts into her. Sarah's legs involuntarily wrapped around his waist, pulling Lester's cock deeper into her. Lester could feel Sarah's pussy gripping his cock tightly.

"Uh, uh, uh," Sarah's moaning was growing more frantic. She was going to cum again. She was astonished at how quickly her body was giving her another orgasm.

"Do it," Lester growled in her ear. "Cum for me, cum on my cock."

The words sent Sarah over the edge. Her world exploded with pleasure as her pussy tightly gripped Lester's cock as she came. Her body was racked by an orgasm that seemed to never end.

Even though her pussy held onto Lester tightly, he continued to push through her contractions, fucking Sarah right through her culmination for all he was worth.

As Sarah finally felt her orgasm begin to subside, Lester pulled back until just the head of his cock remained inside her, then with an evil grin, he drove into her as hard as he could, finally driving balls deep into her tight pussy. Sarah felt a rush as another tsunami of bliss quickly rose up to take its place, eclipsing it altogether. "Uh, fuck, Lester. Fuck."

Sarah's nails dug into Lester's bicep, her feet clamped so tightly together behind his ass that she threatened to cut off his circulation. Lester took his opening and pressed his lips against Sarah's.

In her orgasm state of bliss, Sarah accepted Lester's tongue like she would have a passionate embrace from Dan. She tenderly sucked on it, her tongue running into Lester's foul mouth. Their tongues ran over each other, massaging one another, both eliciting and giving pleasure.

Lester continued his slow deliberate pace.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned around his tongue, not fully realizing how openly she had embraced Lester. She turned her head to the side and Lester started to nibble on her neck. "Ugh, god, Lester."

The perverseness of the words leaving her mouth struck her. Moaning the name of this vile man while he was inside her. After she was willingly accepted him into her most precious place.

Sarah had something in mind she wanted from Lester. "Uh, uh, oh, uh."

She was just having trouble getting the words out. "Lester," she moaned as his cock continued to invade her sweet pussy. She felt fuller than she ever had before, she was having trouble reconciling the stimulation with her need to articulate her desire. "I want you to fuck me from behind."

Lester grinned. He knew she had been thinking about his encounter with Lizzie. *Checkmate.*

Lester quickly withdrew himself from her and scurried down the bed, pulling her legs with him as he went. When her hips reached the edge of the bed, he tried to turn them over. Sarah got the message and obliged, turning her hips until she was lying on her stomach, resting on her elbows, her perfect ass standing in the air.

Lester licked his lips. He had Sarah Williams bent over his bed ready, begging to be fucked. He looked in awe at her delicious ass as he lined his cock up with her pussy. He thought about ripping off the condom and sliding into her bare; he didn't think she would object, but he knew tonight needed to be perfect to ensure the next one.

He started to push his cock into her, his head only part way in. "How's my cock, baby?"

"It's, uh.....FUCK" Sarah moaned as Lester slid another inch into her the moment she started speaking. "Good. So good."

She groaned as he slowly stretched her out. She felt like she was watching from outside her body, watching as her husband's disgusting roommate forced his exceptional cock into her married pussy, she could almost see Lizzie watching them from the doorway...the same way she had.

"I think Dan made a mistake letting you do this," he said as he pushed another inch into the blonde bombshell. Sarah gripped the bedsheets in her fists as she tried to push back onto his cock. "There is no way you'll have enough of this after tonight."

"Ugh, you really think highly of yourself... OH FUCK! UGH!," Lester slid the rest of his length into Sarah. He loved catching her by surprise and ruining whatever confident speech she was about to give him. It was time she learned her place after months of teasing.

Whap.

Lester slapped his hand across Sarah's perfect ass and watched it jiggle. He gripped her hips like a vice with his hands and pulled her back as far as she would go onto his cock. He slammed into her as hard and as fast as he could. He knew from his notes that she liked getting fucked hard, that she loved it when Dan was a little forceful with her. He also knew that Dan had nothing on him.

The girth of Lester's cock was immediately noticable to Sarah in this position. Maybe it was just the few seconds they were disconnected but feeling his cock as she was bent over in this position, it felt unlike anything she had ever experienced. Lester's cock felt like it touched every square inch of her very being. She felt herself growing even wetter just thinking about how much his cock was stretching her.

Lester took one hand off her hip and put it between her shoulder blades. He pushed her torso down into the bed with that hand as his other hand held her ass in the air. Lester held her down as he fucked her for everything he was worth.

Sarah's body was responding to the way Lester was treating it. His relentless pounding was driving her crazy. With Lester's hand on her back, holding her down, she felt like she was helpless to keep him from doing whatever he wanted to her. This savage man was plundering her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned into the bed, "Fuck, fuck fuck, shit. LESTER!"

Sarah screamed his name as another orgasm rocked her body. Lester continued his rapid barrage into his pussy: each thrust seemed to generate another mini orgasm that ran through her body and set her nerves on fire. "FUCK ME."

"Mmmm," Lester snarled from behind her. "I love hearing you moan my name. I just wish I'd bent you over this bed the first time you set foot in this apartment."

Sarah thought back to that first day in the apartment, checking it over with Dan. She would never have imagined that she would be in here, getting fucked from behind by the awkward man showing her the apartment. All that Sarah wanted was warm place for her husband to sleep.

Sarah stopped thrusting back into Lester and just lay there catching her breath. Her nerves were still awash with the after-effects of the orgasm Lester had just given her. She suddenly realized again just how tired she was. Then she felt pain. Pain at the base of her neck.

Lester had grabbed another handful of her hair and was pulling her up. Lester kept pulling her up until her arms were fully extended below her and her hands were on the bed. He held her neck in a tight grip to one side so he could see her face. His fat gut rested on her perfect ass as it bounced below it.

Lester put one foot on the edge of the bed as he pushed as far into his roommate's wife as he could get. "Say my fucking name again, Sarah. Scream it. Let the whole building know who is fucking Dan's wife."

"Lester!" Sarah panted. She opened her eyes and looked directly ahead at Lester's computer. "Uh, Lester. Lester....Fuck me, Lester. Uh."

"Louder! Louder! " Lester bellowed from behind as his cock pushed deep into a new sensitive area Sarah had never felt before.

Lester stood still, catching his breath. He stopped pushing into the toned young wife and watched as her beautiful ass kept pushing back onto his cock, seeking more it. His ass cheeks jiggle each time she pushed herself down it all the way. Lester had a shit eating grin plastered on his face as he watched Dan's innocent wife fuck herself on his hard cock, trying to take as much of it into her as possible. He was truly breaking her in, tearing down her mental barriers and making her his. And she didn't even realize it.

"Mmmmm, fuck, Lester. Don't fucking stop, Lester. Uh, Oh LESTER! LESTER," Sarah knew she was about to experience another orgasm. The idea of someone listening to them, knowing how bad she was being, hearing her get fucked by a creep like Lester sent her over the edge, "LESTER, FUCK. GIVE ME YOUR COCK. LESTER!"

"Aaaagghhh, FUCK," Sarah's head started spinning. An intense warmth spread out from her vagina and covered every inch of her body. It felt like it would extend into eternity. It required all of Sarah's strength to hold onto it so it wouldn't slip away. Sarah's arms collapsed from exhaustion.

Lester looked around at the mess they'd made of his bed. The lights in the hallway flickered briefly and then they were plunged into darkness. The power in the building had gone out. The silence was deafening. Sarah seemed to be spent, but Lester had yet to cum.

He pulled himself out of the young wife and moved to the other side of the bed. He felt around until he found her and scooped her up by her arms, depositing her on one of the pillows.

Lester climbed on top of Sarah and she willingly opened her legs for him. Lester took his condom-covered cock and pushed into Sarah's wet opening.

Sarah groaned once again feeling Lester's rigid cock slide into her. She still couldn't believe how big this asshole was. Each time he put his cock into her she felt stunned. She wondered how she would have originally felt about Lester had she known what he was packing at their first meeting. The heights his cock could take her to.

"Oh," Sarah moaned. Everything was catching up with her. Between the drive and now this incredible fucking from Lester, she was running on fumes.

As much as Lester liked to fuck women in a multitude of positions, missionary was his favorite and that's how he wanted to fuck Sarah when he finally came. There was something primal about the position, a woman fully giving in and submitting to him.

Lester sunk the rest of his length into Dan's beautiful trophy wife. The dark room was silent except for the wet sounds of their copulation. It seemed like the entire world had come to a stop except for the two of them. Like everyone else was holding their breath, listening to them as the storm howled outside.

Lester slowed but kept his deliberate pace. Never relenting. Giving no quarter to Sarah to recover her bearings.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned from beneath him. Lester leaned in and kissed her perfect lips as she gently kissed him back.

"Fuck, you feel so good Sarah," Lester whispered. "I can't wait to cum in you."

Lester noticed Sarah's body responding to his statement. It seemed to wake her up slightly, her hips raising up off the bed, seeking more of his cock.

"Ugh, do it," Sarah moaned in his ear. "Cum. Cum for me."

"Have you ever been fucked like this before?" Lester asked. He knew he had her now.

"No," Sarah whispered back. "Never like that. Mmmmmmm"

"You really think you'll be satisfied with just one night of this," Lester growled into her ear. "You'll want more of this cock."

"Uh," Sarah moaned "Oh. Uh. Maybe. It does feel great."

Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's hips. They fucked slowly in unison for several minutes, in perfect synchronicity. Sarah's hand rubbed Lester's sweaty back, pulling him down into her.

Lester dropped his hips a bit lower so that the top of his cock would run against Sarah's G-spot. He knew he'd hit it when he heard her purr into his ear.

"Mmmmm....yeah. Right there, Lester," Sarah moaned. With the lights out, she could concentrate entirely on the feeling between her legs. "Right there, don't stop."

Lester could feel her body getting close, he had to thrust faster into her to meet her pace. "Sarah, I'm going to fucking come soon. You're finally going to get it. All of it."

"God, Lester," Sarah moaned. She wanted to feel it. She needed to feel it. To know that she'd made something as powerful as his huge cock cum. To finally be conquered by a beast like Lester. "Cum, Lester. Cum for me."

Sarah's hips were pushing back against him rapidly now. Her pussy felt like a vice grip around his cock. She would milk all of the cum out of him. There was no stopping it now. They were both heading to the brink and Sarah was pressing down on the gas.

Lester was about to fully break her in while she begged for it.

"I'm gonna cum, Sarah." Lester breathed as his sweat dripped off his forehead onto her. Her hands gripped his hairy ass cheeks, her nails digging into them.

"Fuck," She moaned into his ear. "Cum for me Lester. Cum in me. Cum for me, Lester. Give it all to me."

As the words left her lip, Sarah felt Lester's cock begin to swell even larger. It began to throb inside of her. She felt the warmth of Lester's cum begin to shoot into the condom inside of her. Her pussy instinctively gripped onto him, trying to milk as much out of Lester as she could.

"Fuck," Lester let out a primal growl as he felt his balls begin to empty themselves.

"Oh fuck, shittt," Sarah held onto Lester hard as another orgasm rocked over her body. The feeling and thought of Lester cumming inside of her was too much stimulation. "Mmmmmmm, fuck, Lester."

Lester stayed connected with the young wife for several seconds before he withdrew himself and flopped over onto his side of the bed. He lay there triumphantly, knowing that all his plans had finally come together.

Sarah let the numbing bliss of her last orgasm continue to wash over her. It had felt amazing. More intense than anything she had experienced before. Her mind wanted to dig into that thought, but her exhausted body won out and pulled her down into sleep.

Lester listened to Sarah's breathing change. She was asleep. He had fucked her so well that she'd passed right out in his bed. She hadn't bothered to retrieve her lingerie or go back to her own bed. Another barrier down and one more step toward normalizing the idea of her spending the night in Lester's bed.

Lester grinned, staring up at the dark ceiling. This was his biggest triumph yet. All the planning, all the chess pieces he'd played so carefully, it had all worked. He wondered what the next day would hold and how Dan would react. He could probably go check Sarah's phone, but he really didn't care.

Lester pinched the base of the condom and threw it onto the floor, in the vague direction he thought Sarah's lingeire was scattered. With any luck, his cum would stain them, ruining them for Dan's future enjoyment or at the very least marking them.

He rolled over behind Sarah and backed himself up behind her sweet ass in a spooning position. He draped his arm and blanket around her and settled in to go to sleep. He planted his cock between the bottom of her ass checks and her sweet tasting pussy. He theorized that spooning and cuddling after sex might help build affection unconsciously somewhere in her brain.

As he slowly drifted off to sleep, one thought popped into his mind.

It's time to put Phase 2 into action.

Jesse lay in the hotel bed in Minnesota with blood-red eyes and a mess of sticky cum covering his hands, himself and his bedsheets. He had stayed up for hours jerking off to the videos of Sarah playing with the gross guy in her apartment.

He couldn't believe what he had been seeing: that such a high-class woman like Sarah would fuck around with a guy like Lester. He didn't know what was going on, but he wanted to learn more.

He sent several more messages to Sarah, but she didn't respond to any of them. She'd likely forgotten all about him as Lester had gone ahead and fucked her.

The sun was beginning to peek over the horizon and glow through the sides of the room's blackout curtains. Jesse needed to sleep. Dan would probably be up soon and trying his best to get back to his wife, not knowing the situation he would soon be walking into.

Jesse wiped his hand clean of his cum and thumbed through Dan's phone. He sent himself all of the videos and pictures and then deleted all evidence of the text exchange from last night. Dan would have no idea what had happened until he walked into his apartment.

Jesse set the phone back down on the end table and went to sleep.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 08

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she dreamed about her loving husband Dan. He was lying behind her in the bed, sliding his cock against the outside of her pussy.

"Put it in, Dan," she moaned into the pillow. She felt Dan's dick begin to push into her, stretching her.

An abrupt knock at the bedroom door caught her attention. Dan didn't seem to notice, he kept pushing his dick into her wet pussy.

"Sarah!," a voice on the other side of the door yelled. "Sarah, open the door, it's Dan."

Sarah looked over her shoulder to see the obese body of her husband's roommate. Lester, holding her tightly as he worked his bare cock into her fertile vagina. Sarah wanted to yell back to her husband, but as she opened her mouth her body was hit by a radiating orgasm, and the only sound to escape was a long moan into the pillow.

Sarah stirred in the bed, slowly waking. It was still dark and she felt like she had been sleeping for hours. She felt immediately energized, as if she had the most satisfying sleep of her life. The bed she was laying in felt luxuriously comfortable, the sheets felt like silk wrapped around her body. As she started to get her bearings, she noticed two things. The first was that she was already incredibly turned on. The second was that her entire body was warm, but she felt specifically warm between her legs.

She shifted her body and felt warm skin pressing up against her back. She reached down between her legs and felt the head of a cock pressing into her upper thighs and vagina. Dan was likely lying behind her, spooning her with his hard morning wood. She smiled at

the feeling and wondered whether the kids would stay asleep so she could have her husband.

Something isn't adding up. Sarah's sleepy brain began to wake up as she licked her lips, enjoying the warmth radiating out from the body behind her and the cock between her legs. She opened her eyes and, even in the darkness, she realized she wasn't in her room back in Middleton. She was somewhere else, somewhere new. The cock she held in her hand was much larger than it should be.

Memories of the night before came flooding back into her brain. Walking to Lester's room, Lester stripping her and taking her on the bed. Her groggy eyes flashed open with alarm. She slipped out from under the arm around her, removed her hand from his cock with a caress, and reluctantly left the warmth of the bed.

Coldness enveloped her. She turned around and looked down at the bed as her body began to shiver. A large mass shifted under the covers. In the darkness of the room, she couldn't quite make it out but she knew who it was. It was Lester.

She must have fallen asleep after she'd let him fuck her the night before. She hadn't intended to spend the entire night in Lester's bed, but it must have happened. She fumbled around on the floor, trying to find her phone and clothes, but it was useless. She debated getting back in the bed to at least be warm, but she didn't want Lester to take up with her naked next to him.

She felt goosebumps spread across her naked skin. Then she remembered the snowstorm, the power must still be out. Sarah quickly scampered out of Lester's room towards the bathroom. As she crossed the hallway, she noticed it was dimly illuminated from the window in the living room. Lester must have his blackout curtains drawn in his bedroom. She locked the bedroom door, stepped past her toiletry bag on the counter, and reached into the shower to start it.

She sighed in relief as she felt the hot water come on. Shivering, she stepped in and let the warmth of the shower envelope her body. She just stood there for what felt like hours, letting the hot water run over her tight body. Her mind just focused on the warmth, not yet ready to process the events of the night before.

She knew she had enjoyed herself. If she was honest, she had enjoyed what had happened quite a bit. It was like the culmination of months of teasing and flirting with a line that only existed for Sarah and Dan. She wouldn't have dipped her toe over that line if not for Dan's implicit trust and permission. She had just wished that he had been here with her last night, so they could have experienced it together. She had wanted to see the lust on his face and to have him scoop her up and take her back to his room afterwards.

She shuddered. She wasn't sure if it was the lingering cold or the flashbacks to how thoroughly Lester had fucked her less than twenty-four hours ago. Before seeing him with Lizzie, Sarah hadn't really expected Lester to be so competent in the bedroom. She hadn't believed she would ever be in the situation where he would have her alone, naked on his bed.

She tried to focus just on the warmth of the water. She'd figured out the rest of it later, especially after she found her phone and connected with her husband.

Lester embraced the cold as he plodded out of his room into the hallway. He grinned thinking about how lovely it was going to be to slide into Sarah from behind in the shower as hot water splashed down on them.

He envisioned her breasts jiggling in his hands as he took his roommate's wife in the shower. He reached for the doorknob to the bathroom and frowned. *Locked.*

Lester turned on his heel and stomped over to Dan's bedroom door. He reached around and locked it from the inside and pulled it shut. He tried it once to confirm before heading back into his room.

Lester thought back to the previous night, how delectable Sarah looked as she came into his room, how soft and supple her body felt in his hands. How smooth her skin was as he ran his hands over every inch of her. How tight she was as he feed his cock into her. The way her legs held him tight, how her hands clutched him. How her tongue tasted as it rolled with his.

The beautiful look on her face as she came on his cock, the feeling of cumming looking down at her. She was his best conquest to date. He wasn't sure if it was all of the build-up in the planning and execution and finally having it pay off, or if she was just one of those rare women who checked all the boxes for him.

All he knew was that he wanted more of her. He wanted all of her. He wanted her face contorting in pleasure as he came inside of her, her own orgasm pulling him deeper and deeper into her. He wanted that look reserved for him and him alone. He yearned to have her body next to his. He had never felt this before. Usually, once he completed his conquests the women became a means to an end for him. Something about this time was different.

With the lights still out, he fumbled in the darkness until he found a flashlight. He quickly located Sarah's phone and her clothing. Then he went to his drawer and pulled out a single condom.

As passengers continued to board the plane, Dan tried to call his wife again. He hung up when it went to voicemail. He sighed and leaned back, resting his head against the seat. He couldn't wait to just get back to Chicago.

When he had woken up in the hotel room this morning, Jesse was nowhere to be found. Dan had called the airline and managed to get on an earlier flight. It was a good thing, too, because it sounded like some of the later flights back to Chicago would be cancelled due to another storm front rolling in late in the afternoon.

Dan wasn't sure where Jesse was but he didn't particularly care. Jesse was an adult and could figure out his own arrangements. Dan was getting to his wit's end with Jesse, Walt and even the Lincoln Group.

Sarah's phone started ringing in Lester's hand. It was Dan. Lester grinned as he forwarded the call to voicemail. Then he turned the call volume all the way down.

In her haste to escape the cold, Sarah had neglected to grab any clothes to change into after her shower. She cursed at herself as she wrapped a towel around her luscious body in the dark bathroom. She had made that mistake before in this apartment and hadn't intended to repeat it.

She didn't know how long she had been in the shower. She'd lost track of time as the hot water washed over her and her mind wandered, mulling over recent events. She was still trying to reconcile everything in her mind.

Sarah gently disengaged the lock and opened the bathroom door. More light was streaming in from the living room. She turned her head and looked down the hallway. Lester's door was slightly ajar; she hadn't closed it as she left for the warm embrace of the shower. Dan's bedroom door was fully shut. She couldn't remember whether she had closed it last night or not.

She tiptoed across the hallway floor, trying to avoid making any noise that might wake Lester up. She really didn't want to have a conversation with him and have to deal with his smug face after having experienced her.

She turned the handle to Dan's room and pushed on the door but it didn't budge. It was locked. This door always seemed to have an issue with locking itself. She made a mental note to talk to Dan about getting the knob replaced.

Sarah tried the doorknob again to confirm that it was indeed locked. Her smooth legs felt cold, the power was still out and she needed to get clothed soon.

Then she remembered back to one of the last times this had happened. Clutching the top of the towel, she quickly dashed back into the bathroom and began searching through her toiletry bag until she found it.

She moved back into the hallway with a bobby pin in her hand. She wasn't able to do this last time but figured she didn't have much to lose. Sarah bent the bobby pin back and inserted it into the hole in the door. She tried angling it around but couldn't quite figure out how to unlock it. Feeling silly standing there, she knelt down in her towel, hoping the new position would help her be successful.

It wasn't long before she heard the heavy footsteps of Lester's fat feet in his room. She sighed and tried to concentrate on the task at hand: if she could just get into Dan's room she wouldn't have to talk to Lester. She was really hoping to connect with Dan first.

The footsteps grew closer and then stopped. Sarah could feel Lester's eyes on her. She tried not to acknowledge his presence, hoping he would be dissuaded and move on with his day. It seemed like a naive thought given the events of the previous night, but it was all she had to cling to. She felt Lester's presence beside her like she had so many weeks ago.

She stopped what she was doing and looked up at him. As her eyes trailed from the doorknob up to Lester's face, her brain quickly registered that he was standing there naked. Her eyes caught sight of his flaccid member dangling impressively between his legs and the hair matted onto his skin. He was looking down at her with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"Good morning," Lester said as he looked down at the young wife kneeling before him. His cock twitched at the sight and he was sure that Sarah noticed it. "How was your shower?"

Sarah didn't know why but she stayed there, kneeling in front of him. Her brain was still processing what to do, so she simply fell back on the familiar conversational rhythm, "It was good. I think the power is still out so I wanted to warm up."

Sarah knew she had to keep eye contact, not to look down at Lester's crotch or else she'd lose any power she had here. She tried to focus her eyes on Lester's unkempt eyebrows and to confine her attention to his unattractive qualities.

"You could have just come back into bed...." Lester reached towards her, attempting to tuck a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Sarah half flinched away, causing Lester to pause mid-reach before his hand went back to his waist, "I would have been happy to warm you up again."

He let the words hang there, waiting to see how she would respond. When it was clear she didn't intend to take the bait he added, "You seem awfully standoffish considering the amount of mind-blowing orgasms I gave you last night."

Sarah's eyes involuntarily flicked down to Lester's cock for a half second before returning to his face. That shit eating grin was still spread across his ugly features, but her brain was pushing her to look back down at what had given her those orgasms. If she was honest with herself, it wasn't just his cock, but the way he used it

and the way he had fucked her with it. It was unlike anything she had experienced before.

She could feel her body growing warmer, the cold of the apartment starting to dissipate. "Last night," she paused, trying to find the words. "Last night happened because it's something Dan and I decided, okay? I don't want you getting the wrong idea that it's open season now, because it isn't."

Lester took half a step forward, his flaccid member beginning to rise. "I just want to hear you say it."

"Say what?" Sarah looked at him incredulously. Absentmindedly, she was still trying to push the bobby pin around, fruitlessly trying to open the door.

"That you loved it." Lester said. "That you loved the way I made you feel, that you loved my cock inside of you."

Sarah gulped, she felt her face turning crimson with embarrassment as her gaze once again dropped involuntarily to look at Lester's heavy cock and meaty balls bulging out from between his legs.

Dan felt cramped on the airplane, but at least he had a window seat. He closed his eyes and tried in vain to sleep. He had tried calling Sarah again but still hadn't been able to get through. He would try again when he got back to the apartment.

For now, he kept reflecting on the night before, getting jerked around by Byron and being treated like his personal piggy bank. He felt good that in the end, he had managed to get the jackass to sign off on everything. He could go back to Walt and push this project forward, hopefully without any further visits to Minnelopis.

Even though things weren't going great at the moment, he tried to take a second to appreciate the win. He always tried to celebrate the little things which seemed to come around more often. He could barely wait to tell Sarah what had happened while he relaxed in her embrace. Her bedroom eyes always made him feel like he could get through anything.

"Lester," Sarah tore her eyes away from Lester's cock and looked up at her husband's overweight roommate, "Last night was fine, decent even but just remember this is a thing for Dan and I, okay? We're still figuring this whole thing out, but --"

Lester stepped forward, his cock hard, jutting out against the young mother. He pressed the head of his cock against her soft cheek, "But you are ready for round two right?"

"Ready for more of this," he said, thrusting his cock toward her pretty lips.

Sarah quickly stood up, dropping the bobby pin to the floor. She clutched the towel to her chest as Lester's cock poked into her thigh. Without responding, she turned and walked toward the living room. She tried to calm her breath as she walked. She couldn't even admit it to herself, let alone to Lester, that he had taken her to new heights last night. She had to get some distance between them so she could think straight. She felt warm and she could feel herself growing damp between her legs. *Since when did Lester have such an immediate effect on me?*

Acquiring some space to herself, away from Lester and his cock, would be good. She could figure out her next steps and maybe find her phone to call Dan. To ask him what he thought about all this. *To ask what he thought of round two.*

She shook her head at the thought. She couldn't believe she was so quickly considering the idea of letting Lester lay with her again. She still thought of herself as a faithful wife who had just gotten caught up in this sexual fantasy that was tearing out of the station like a speeding locomotive. Sarah could feel the fabric of the towel brushing against her nipples, she hadn't realized how hard they had become.

She'd go to the kitchen to get a glass of water, the cold would shock her system and help her think straight. As she moved past the couch, towards the kitchen, her next step was met with a surprising amount of resistance. Before she could process what was happening, she firmly finished her step and felt a pull on the bottom of her towel. It started to unravel and fall off her body. She grabbed two handfuls of the towel and clutched them to her chest.

Sarah looked down and realized the towel was hanging loosely in front of her, covering only her exposed heaving breasts. It dawned on her that her back and perfect ass were completely naked. She quickly turned around and saw Lester standing less than two feet away, smirking at her. She hated his dumb smirk but she was taken aback by the look in his eyes. That lustful look that Dan usually wore but that now seemed amplified on Lester's face.

"I asked if you were ready for more of this," he said, taking a step towards her, stroking his thick cock, and aiming it at her.

Sarah raised an eyebrow defiantly, looked down at Lester's cock and then back up at his face, "That all you got? With the way you are talking, I would have expected something a little more impressive."

A shocked expression momentarily ran across Lester's face but was quickly replaced by a smirk. He took another step closer as he stroked his cock, "This cock is what gave you, what, how many orgasms last night?"

Sarah stood her ground; she wasn't about to let herself be rattled by someone like Lester, "Orgasms? Honey, are you so sure that I --"

"It doesn't really matter," Lester interrupted, "All that really matters is that I gave you more orgasms last night than your husband has given you in months."

Sarah hadn't expected Lester to bring up Dan. What he said was technically true but she hadn't been keeping score to realize it until he said it. She tried to think of a witty response to put Lester in his place.

Lester stepped to her side and whispered, "Tell me that you didn't enjoy yourself last night."

He stepped behind her. Sarah froze in place, realizing by standing still she was exposing her naked back and ass to Dan's roommate. Then she felt his fingers lightly graze across her lower back, "Tell me that when you go back home, you won't be thinking of last night."

"The night you finally gave in," he continued to whisper as he came around Sarah's other side, "The night you finally knocked on my door wearing nothing but that sexy lingerie set."

He was standing directly in front of her, too close for comfort. Sarah's chest was rising and falling rapidly.

Lester took a slow look up and down Sarah's body before looking her straight in the eyes, "The night I finally fucked you."

Lester quickly reached up, grabbed the towel and ripped it free from Sarah's clutching hands. He threw it across the room behind him.

Sarah stood there shocked, trying to modestly cover her breasts. She was now completely naked standing in front of Dan's equally naked roommate. Lester reached out and delicately grabbed Sarah's wrists, slowly pulling them away from her breasts. She didn't stop

him: part of her brain screamed at her to, but the other part wanted to do what Lester wanted.

"Feeling you writhe under me," Lester closed the gap between them. He was standing right in front of her, looking up at her face. His large stomach pressed into hers, his hard cock pressing against her thigh. "How your legs wrapped around me, how your pussy gripped my cock so tight."

He raised a finger to Sarah's bottom lip and gently ran it across the plump roll of flesh. "The way your tongue tasted in my mouth when you kissed me."

Sarah's mind was taking a second to catch up. It was like sensory overload and she couldn't process it, but she was keenly aware that her body felt a magnetic pull towards Lester. His fingers left her lips and his hand snaked behind her head. His fingers ran through the hair at the base of her neck before he strongly gripped the back of her head and pulled her towards him. Before Sarah realized what was happening, Lester's fat lips were pressed against hers; his other hand grabbed a handful of her smooth round ass and pulled her against his flabby body.

Sarah's rational brain shut off and she melted into Lester's embrace. She opened her mouth and his large tongue quickly entered and began running against hers. The heat coming from his body was intoxicating, particularly from between his legs. She felt his hard, naked cock pressing up against her thigh. Lester manhandled her ass, sending shivers running up her body. She pressed her ass back into his hands, now familiar with where his large palms fit onto her cheeks.

The way he touched her felt so primal, so visceral, so full of passion and desperation. Desperation to feel and experience her.

Lester held Sarah and turned, walking her back until her ass was against the couch. He continued to kiss the blonde beauty while

running his hands all over her flawless body.

Sarah's skin felt like it was on fire, feeling Lester's fingertips roaming over her naked skin. He broke their kiss and looked deep into her eyes. A look of surprise flashed across her face: she hadn't expected him to stop kissing her. He smiled and tilted his head moving back towards her. Sarah closed her eyes and puckered her lips waiting for Lester's to come crashing down on her.

They never came, instead at the last minute he lowered his hand and began licking all over her breasts, running his tongue up and down her cleavage as he cupped her breasts in his hand.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she held his head to her chest, her fingers clutching his thinning hair. Lester's tongue began running circles around her sensitive nipples before pulling one into his mouth and sucking on it.

Sarah involuntarily lifted her legs off the ground and arched her head back. She could feel Lester's hot cock pressing dangerously close to her married sex. As Lester sucked on her nipple he started to gently thrust forward, pressing the head of his cock against Sarah. Her opening was soaked, Lester would find no resistance if he pushed into her with his naked tool right then.

That sparked a thought that came screaming out of her rational mind, forcing itself to the forefront. "Condom," Sarah said breathlessly. "Lester, you need to put on a condom."

Lester let go of Sarah's nipple, much to her disappointment and stood up straight, looking into her eyes with no expression. Without breaking eye contact he slowly walked behind where Sarah was to the other side of the couch.

He grinned thinking about Sarah's request for a condom. After months of planning and pushing boundaries, he finally had her at the point of accepting his cock. He wasn't sure what had changed

last night but he wasn't going to question it. If things proceeded along these lines, eventually she would be begging for him to fuck her.

Lester finally reached the other side of the couch and leaned down to grab the condom off the coffee table. He had left one here and one in the kitchen to cover his bases. "Come here."

Sarah felt her heart fluttering. Lester disengaging from her had given her rational brain a second to kick in. She could feel her breasts rising and falling as she worked to control her breathing. She took a few tentative steps around the side of the couch. Her brain was telling her this was the point of no return, she could just say no and walk away right now.

Sarah crossed to the other side of the couch and stood beside Lester. She shivered as she looked into his eyes. The way he was staring at her reminded her of how a predator would look at its prey. He gently maneuvered her onto the couch. Her body responded to his brief intimacy and she spread her legs for him in anticipation.

Lying on her back, she watched as Lester opened the condom and rolled it onto his cock. He took up position between her legs and started to line his cock up with her pussy.

Sarah's rational brain was still urging her that it wasn't too late to prevent this from happening. To go find her phone and try to call Dan, even if just for reassurance that what he had said last night still stood and he didn't regret it. She had meant to text him afterward but had passed out. Yet she didn't move - her eyes remained glued to Lester's cock, poised to enter her.

Lester started to push himself inside of her, the feeling of his cock pushing its way past her defenses was silencing Sarah's inner protests. Again she was stunned - at his size, at the fact that she had made a cock this enormous get this hard and that, in turn, she was aroused enough to accept it into her body.

As Lester pushed more of his length into Sarah's wet pussy, he groaned, "I've been wanting to fuck you on this couch for a long time."

Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the intense pleasure she was receiving from Lester's appendage. She could sense the path of each vein on his member, how they pulsed with his desire. The walls of her pussy slickened in response.

"The last time we were here, you knew I was going to try to fuck you and you stopped me," Lester gestured with his head to the empty chair on the other side of the table, "Dan was sitting right there watching. He knew what I wanted to do and didn't do anything to stop me. He wanted me to fuck you all those weeks ago."

Sarah moaned at the feeling of Lester's cock as it began to slide in and out of her. She gritted her teeth and looked over at the empty chair where Dan had sat. She knew what Lester was saying was true, she remembered the intense look on Dan's face, how his piercing eyes had stared at the action unfolding on the couch.

Lester grunted as she shoved his entire length into the loving wife beneath him. Sarah gasped and gripped onto his arms as he did. This couch was the one place where Sarah had consistently denied him, and had teased him for months. Now he wanted to symbolically break this place of denial by fucking her on it.

"Now I finally have you on your back with my cock deep inside you, I've been waiting to fuck you here for -"

Sarah cut him off, "Then shut up and fuck me, Lester." She reached behind his head and pulled him down towards her.

Before Lester could finish his monologue and process what was happening, Sarah's lips had found his and her tongue was in his mouth, entwining with his. Lester started to involuntarily hump her

faster, he was so focused on her lips smashing into his, the feel of her soft tongue slithering against his.

In all his past conquests and even last night, Lester had always remained methodically in control: but this time was different. This woman was different. Lester didn't feel in control right now. These were uncharted waters for him.

Sarah's nails started to dig into his back, her legs encircling his hips, urging him deeper into her. Lester thought back to his breathing techniques, the ones that helped him regulate his arousal so that he didn't cum too quickly. But the feeling of Dan's wife's lips on his was something he didn't want to break away from. He wanted nothing more than to be held here in her embrace. He had to regain control.

With all of his strength, he pressed away from her, pushing against the couch with his flabby arms. He stayed connected to her but leaned back from her enough to assume a sitting position. With Sarah's legs still wrapped around his waist, Lester pulled his entire length out of her before slowly pushing it back in.

"Mmmhmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her face contorted with pleasure as Lester worked inch after inch back into her waiting pussy. Lester powerfully grabbed onto her thighs for leverage as he continued to slowly work himself inside of her.

Sarah looked up at Lester in bliss. She hated to admit how good he felt inside of her. Part of her brain was disgusted looking up at the vile beast of a man between her legs. He resembled a bridge troll, not a handsome prince of the kind that should be paired with someone as desirable as her. But another part of her brain yearned for that coupling because it was so beneath her. The lustful gaze as he looked down at her, as she submitted to him, made her quiver.

Sarah could feel an explosive orgasm building. As long as Lester kept up his current pace and his cock kept grazing against every sensitive nerve in her pussy, her culmination was unavoidable.

"Play with your tits," Lester growled. "I want to watch you play with yourself."

Sarah's hands instinctively moved over her ample chest. She massaged and squeezed her breasts with the palms of her hands, running them in circles, stimulating herself. She had never pleased herself or played with herself in front of someone else before Lester had told her to. In all those times she had made love to her husband, she had always been focused on them, on their togetherness. "Mmmhmmm, like this?"

Lester grunted, "Yeah, yeah, just like that. How does it feel?"

"Good," Sarah mewed. She felt like she was on display for Lester. She'd felt like that every time Dan had watched her with him and now she was putting on a private show for Lester as his hard cock slid in and out of her.

As Lester's cock continued to stimulate her pussy, the embers of her orgasm were stoked into flame. Lester again withdrew his entire length from her and grunted as he abruptly shoved it all the way back inside her. Sarah felt his heavy balls smack against her asshole as he bottomed out in the depths of her pussy. The head of his cock explored areas within her that had been untouched until the past twenty-four hours. Her heels dug into his thighs, welcoming his cock's return to her newfound pleasure centers.

Lester increased his pace, each time he pulled almost his entire length out before slamming it back in. Sarah gritted her teeth and held tightly onto her breasts, stimulating herself, displaying herself for Lester, all while the feeling of his rock-hard cock sliding in and out of her was taking her to new heights. She couldn't wait to see the look on Dan's face when she told him about everything that happened. She imagined the lust spreading across it and his immediately having to take her, bending her over the couch to reclaim her.

Sarah felt something at her lips. She opened her eyes and saw Lester's forearm in front of her. She parted her lips and two of his fingers slid into her mouth. She immediately started to suck on them, her tongue rolling against them.

"That's right," Lester groaned. "Suck them."

He realized that his pace was quickening, any self-restraint he had was melting away. He wanted to cum; he wanted to see this goddess spasm on his cock. "Close your eyes and keep sucking."

Sarah did as she was told. Her body was being overstimulated and now she was imagining a cock sliding in and out of her mouth. She sucked on Lester's fingers with abandon, trying to tease out the cum that would never come. Wanting so badly to please this second phantom cock.

Sweat was running down Lester's forehead. He felt a single bead stream down his back. He ran his hands over Sarah's smooth legs, his eyes feasting on her body before him. Watching her suck on his fingers and feeling them being sucked on was putting him over the edge. He started to pump his vile cock into her faster and faster. He knew it wouldn't be long before he came.

Sarah's orgasm was roughly building inside of her, she couldn't take much more. She felt like all this pent up energy was about to explode inside of her. She withdrew Lester's fingers from her mouth for a second to say, "Lester, don't stop."

Lester grunted in response, "Whose cock are you imagining in your mouth right now?"

Sarah extended her tongue and licked her fingertips as her pussy tingled, "Mmmhmmm, does it matter? Does it matter whose cock this is? Do you want me to say Dan's? Like you've completely switched roles?"

"Ughhh," Lester groaned, hearing this innocent wife talk vulgarly to him, too. Seeing her corruption was sending him over the edge, "No, not his. Think of my cock, picture sucking on my cock."

Sarah grinned mischievously and her breath caught in her throat as she felt her orgasm rise to the point where it would detonate. She wanted Lester's cock in her mouth right now. She was going to put the fingers back in her mouth and suck on them, but first, she toyed with Lester, "If your cock is in my mouth, whose cock is fucking me then? Whose cock is making me-"

Her naughty line of play was quickly abandoned as she felt sparks begin to ignite, "Mmhmmm fuck, fuck Lester. Don't stop. Mmmmmmm. Fuck. Lester, Lester, uggghhhhh LESTER!"

Every nerve in Sarah's body seemed to turn on all at once, as a blistering hot fire washed over her body. Lester's fingers pushed into her mouth and she sucked on them for all she was worth. She felt her toes curl and her thighs tighten around Lester's waist. She held her breasts together as her entire body seemed to spasm.

Sarah's pussy gripped onto Lester's condom-clad cock. She held his cock so tightly that Lester could barely move; he continued to try to thrust into her, but the clutch of her pussy on his cock and the look of orgasmic bliss on her face were too much. Lester slammed forward one last time and fell onto his arms above Sarah.

"Ughhhh, fuck," Lester groaned as his balls emptied and his cock started shooting stream after stream of his potent cum. Sarah's imploding pussy grasped him as firmly as a fist. He heard the mewl in her throat as he set her off again.

As Sarah's orgasm rocked her body, she felt a new warmth expanding in her vagina. She could feel the heat from Lester's cum. She imagined it spraying out all over her insides. Somehow the orgasm that was wracking her body intensified. She bit down slightly

on Lester's fingers as she rode out the final tsunami wave that was washing over her body.

They stayed together, connected, and panting for several seconds. Eventually, Lester felt his arm strength begin to give out, his body was too much for him to keep propping up. With his last ounce of strength, he pushed himself up into a sitting position and began to slowly withdraw his cock from Sarah's amazing body.

Sarah whimpered as she felt his cock unsheathing itself from her body. As her orgasm subsided, the cold of the apartment crept back over her. She realized that at some point, while they were having sex, the power must have come back on. A light was now illuminating the kitchen, but the heat hadn't yet had time to warm the place up.

She eyed Lester as he stood up and started to remove the condom from his impressive cock. The condom was full of Lester's hot white cum. She was impressed it didn't collapse under the pressure. She couldn't believe how much cum was in there, hadn't she just made Lester cum a few hours ago?

Sarah looked over his body with its odd proportions and general lack of muscle tone. Her brain registered that it wasn't an appealing sight. But there was a part of her -- a part that she hadn't previously been fully aware of -- that felt strangely drawn to this sight.

Sarah wanted to sit and think about that part of her a little more, but it would have to wait. For now, she needed to deal with the creeping cold that was causing goosebumps to rise across her body.

"Lester," she said, trying to sound innocent. "Can you open my door so I can get some clothes? It's freezing in here."

"No," Lester said. He tied off the end of the condom and looked over at her, "I can't open it but I can get you something to keep you warm. On one condition."

Sarah raised a challenging eyebrow, "And what's that?"

"I want to hear you say how much you enjoyed last night and today," he insisted, a smile spreading across his face. "Tell me how much you enjoyed fucking me."

Sarah felt strange admitting something like this to him. Even though they had been together twice in the span of a few hours, it was one thing to talk dirty during the deed itself, but it was quite another to verbalize it when they weren't engaged in the act.

I've never cum like that - I didn't know I could cum like that.

She shivered and relented, "It was great, Lester."

She saw that he wanted more. He wanted to hear that he had fucked her better than Dan and that she didn't really know how good sex could be until she had experienced it with him. In some ways, that was true, there were things she hadn't known were possible until the last few hours and she knew she wanted to experience them again. But she didn't want to admit that to Lester; she didn't want him to think he had some control over her.

Sarah looked directly into Lester's eyes, "You are top-notch, Lester. A true renaissance man when it comes to sex. One day I'm sure they will write stories of your prowess and men will study your techniques hoping to emulate your abilities."

Lester gave her a flat look and flared his nostrils out. Without saying a word he turned and walked to the kitchen. She heard the lid of the garbage can open and close before his loud footsteps plodded across the living room floor towards the bedrooms. For a few seconds, she thought she had upset him enough that he was going to leave her there, naked on the couch. But eventually, she heard the sound of his fat feet walking back toward her. He put a pile of unfamiliar clothes onto the table and gave her naked body one last triumphant look before he returned to his room and shut the door.

Dan checked his watch. It had been twenty minutes since his plane landed at Chicago's O'Hare airport, but they were still on the runway. A few minutes ago the pilot had announced that there were mechanical issues with their gate due to the ice and snow from the previous day.

Now they were waiting for another plane to depart so they could enter their gate. Dan decided to try and call Sarah again but unfortunately, after several rings it went to voicemail.

Sarah yawned and stretched out her limbs. She blinked her eyes, realizing she had fallen asleep on the couch in Dan's apartment. It only took her a few seconds to reach the conclusion that she must have fallen asleep after Lester had fucked her for the second time.

She sat up and shook her head in disbelief. She couldn't wait for Dan to come home. Even though he had pushed her towards this, she still felt incredibly guilty about sleeping with Lester. Last night had been a huge moment that she had built up to. This morning had caught her by surprise and she was somewhat ashamed at how quickly she had given in to it. Especially since she hadn't discussed the second time with Dan prior to succumbing to it.

Still, she knew deep down that he was going to enjoy hearing all about it. The part that worried her more was how easily she had let herself go, how easily she had given in to someone like Lester. It felt like her entire marriage to Dan she had strong walls up around their marriage and fidelity. Ever since Dan had moved in here, it seemed like Lester had slowly been dismantling those walls until he could get inside. She didn't fully understand why she seemed drawn to him. She knew it had something to do with him being her polar opposite and being entirely unworthy of her attention. That disparity in itself seemed to be a trigger for her.

Sarah rubbed her legs together, realizing that, if she kept on this train of thought, she might become excited all over again.

She stood up and made her way into the kitchen to make herself a coffee.

As the pot began to brew, she heard the familiar sound of the apartment door unlocking.

Exhausted, Dan entered his apartment and immediately dropped his bag on the floor next to a discarded towel. He shut the door behind him and looked around.

"Hey there, sexy," an alluring sound mewed from the kitchen. His loving wife Sarah was sauntering towards him with a big smile on her face.

Dan scanned Sarah up and down, doing a double take. She was wearing a pair of baggy sweatpants and a faded oversized t-shirt that read 'I'd Rather Be Raiding.' "Er, hey honey. How are you?" He cocked his head and asked, "What's going on?"

Sarah gave him a big hug and then a lingering kiss on his lips, "Mmmhmm, just making a big cup of coffee, I didn't get much sleep last night."

"Couldn't sleep after that long drive?" Dan asked, befuddled.

"Funny boy," Sarah playfully poked him on the nose, "No, I had something much more exciting keeping me up last night."

She was clearly teasing him about something, but Dan wasn't quite putting the pieces together. He didn't want to lose their verbal sparring match, though, so he tried to change tactics, "Funny, I

didn't realize you liked to raid. I don't recall seeing that outfit in our closet at home."

As Sarah was walking back to the kitchen, over her shoulder she said, "That's because this outfit is Lester's."

Dan felt a twinge in his heart and his cock immediately began to swell. Trying to hide his growing erection, Dan awkwardly followed his wife into the kitchen. She was beginning to pour her coffee into a mug.

"Want one?" She asked innocently.

"Lester's?" Dan said, breathlessly. "Why are you wearing Lester's clothes?"

She turned and leaned on the counter, "Well, the door to your room locked me out again. I tried to pick it but I just couldn't get it. I was standing there soaked in just a towel after my shower. With the power out it was cold. Your roommate, thankfully volunteered to warm me up by letting me borrow these clothes. I'll admit, they aren't my favorite, but it was freezing in here."

"Oh," Dan chuckled to himself, "That's funny. For a minute there I thought Lester had tried something on you."

Sarah gave him a confused look. She put her coffee mug on the counter and walked up to him. Her facial expression changed to something more mischievous, "Well, he did try something last night but I turned him away..."

Dan was about to speak but Sarah beat him to it, "But then I got your text messages. I will say at first I wasn't fully on board, but you convinced me. I did what you wanted. God, Dan I can't even believe it. It was so wrong. So bad. I really wish you had been here with me, but I hope those videos helped you relieve some pressure last night."

Dan stood there confused. Slowly, however, he understood what Sarah was implying. That is, he thought he understood what she was saying, but it just seemed too out of left field to be true. "Sarah, what are you talking about? What videos? What happened?"

Sarah stepped back, cocking her head. She was trying to read his expression to see what kind of game he was playing. "Last night, you were texting me. Were you drunk? I know you were drinking a bit, but I didn't think --"

"Sarah," Dan cut her off, "What happened last night? What are you talking about?"

Sarah's face was getting beat red, "You told me you wanted me to sleep with Lester, Dan."

"What? No," Dan raked his hand through his hair, "I didn't do that. I don't remember doing that."

He fished his hands into his jacket pocket and pulled out his cellphone, he opened his message app and scrolled down to the last exchange with his wife. "Alright, very funny. No, look here, the last message says 'Or else what? Gonna get Lester to warm you up?' ha ha, good one Sarah. I'm guessing you were pissed, I fell asleep on you?"

Sarah took his phone and looked at the screen. "No. No, there is more. We talked way past this, Dan. Where did the rest of the conversation go?"

"Sarah," Dan said lightly, "I don't remember sending anything else. I remember texting you from the bar with Byron and then, I think...after I just went back to the hotel and crashed."

Sarah stared at him blankly for a moment, trying to process what he was saying, "Hold on."

She walked past him and left the kitchen, moving towards the bedrooms. Dan watched as Sarah walked past his room and turned the handle to Lester's room and walked right in. Dan stood there paralyzed, he felt his cock aching. It was strange that Sarah would just open Lester's door without knocking. To him, it implied a level of comfort that he hadn't thought had been earned. Had something really happened last night? Images flashed into Dan's mind of Sarah underneath Lester's grotesque body, moaning in pleasure.

Dan's thoughts were cut short as Sarah exited Lester's room, holding some things in her hands. She stopped at Dan's door and threw something in front of it, then walked towards him, head down looking at her phone. Dan needed to sit, so he moved to the couch and sat down. Sarah joined him.

"Here," Sarah said, "Look, I'm not sure what's up with your phone but we had an entire conversation." Dan took the phone and scrolled through the conversation. He saw the last message he had sent and then quickly got confused with the rest of the messages. He didn't remember sending these. As he continued to scroll, he began to realize that he hadn't sent these at all. He stopped and opened up the videos.

He sat there mortified watching Sarah and Lester together. He felt his breathing become shallow. Lester really had fucked his wife last night.

Before Dan realized what he was doing, he was marching down the hall toward Lester's room. His blood was boiling and he was ashamed to notice that his cock was also stiffening. He tried the doorknob to Lester's room as Sarah had done but it was locked. He started to bang on the door with his closed fist. "Lester! Lester! Get out here, now."

He continued to bang on the door but no response came from the other side. He felt someone grabbing onto his arm before he could

bang on the door again. Sarah was pulling on him. Reluctantly he let her pull him back toward the living room. Dan was still breathing hard, the image of a bull puffing air out of its nostrils before rushing the matador popped into his mind.

"Dan," Sarah said, sitting him down and holding his hand, trying to calm him down. "What the hell is going on?"

"I don't know," Dan said, looking into her eyes. His loving wife was sitting there, patiently looking at him, trying to reassure him. She looked so loving and tender. He loved this woman with his entire being. The image of her face contorting in pleasure ran through his brain. "I don't recognize those messages. I definitely never saw those...videos. I don't think I sent those messages, Sarah."

Sarah removed her hand and scrolled through the phones, "What are you talking about? These came from your phone? What do you mean you didn't send them?"

"What times does it say on there? What time did the messages get sent?" Dan asked.

"Late. After 11 pm, going on until close to midnight." Sarah was looking between the phone and Dan. He could tell she was starting to get worried.

"I left the bar shortly before that, I think," Dan was thinking out loud, trying to piece things together. "I had my phone with me, it was there on the nightstand when I woke up. When I left the bar we walked back to the hotel. I think I just crashed immediately."

"We?" Sarah asked, "Who else did you leave the bar with?"

"Jesse....." Dan said. The pieces began to click into place in his mind. He thought back to that time when Jesse had clearly looked at his phone while he was giving a presentation. He had seen those pictures Sarah had sent in Lester's room. He had felt comfortable

enough looking at his phone then, what was to stop him from doing it when Dan was passed out next to him.

"Dan, did your company put you and Jesse in the same room again?" Sarah asked. He looked up at her and could tell she was also putting things together.

"Yeah, they did. I think Jesse was in the bathroom when I hit the mattress...he," Dan breathed out hard, trying to control his emotions. "He must have opened my phone after I fell asleep. Fuck, Sarah, I think it was Jesse who texted this shit to you."

Sarah stared off across the room for a few minutes, trying to process what she was hearing. Eventually, she said, "So Jesse knows about Lester, he knows what we've been doing here. That is so fucking embarrassing."

Sarah put her face into her hands, "Dan, I thought it was you. I wouldn't have gone to Lester last night. I thought this was something you wanted. You kept pushing for me to go, I wanted to do this for you. For us. Instead, it was just some slimeball little jerk who was getting off on manipulating things."

A disgusted expression spread across her face, "Ew, god, Dan, he probably, he probably jerked off to the videos I sent you."

Dan nodded his head, agreeing with everything she said. He noticed that he could see his wife's nipples poking through the t-shirt she was wearing but he didn't want to bring that up. The idea that his wife might on some level enjoy being put on display like that wasn't something a wise husband brought up at a moment like this.

"Sarah, did you actually go and sleep with Lester last night?" Dan whispered.

"I did. I basically served myself up on a platter to him and Lester didn't hesitate," Sarah said. She was still staring at the phone,

transfixed like she was trying to focus on one thing before the world came crashing down on her. "Dan, how the hell did Jesse get on your phone?"

Dan sighed. This isn't the conversation he wanted. He wanted to hear more about her time with Lester, "He must have gotten on to it somehow. I don't know...last night, how long did, er, you and Lester, you know, how long did it go for?"

"Dan," Sarah said, the tension growing in her voice. "You don't have a lock on your phone, do you?"

"Lock?" Dan said inquisitively. He knew what was about to happen. He was ashamed he hadn't taken the time to set one up. He always liked to just get right into his phone when he wanted to.

"A lock, Dan, like a PIN or a swipe code. I know you didn't use to have one. Do you still not have one on your phone, Dan. Is that how Jesse got in? God, come on, Dan, that's so basic."

Dan deflated as Sarah chided him, "No, you're right. There isn't anything like that. Shit, I'll set one up. Fucking hell."

They sat there silently for several minutes, both processing the new information. All Dan wanted to know was what had happened with Lester, but he knew better than to push right now.

The ringing of Sarah's phone broke the silence. Dan glanced at it and saw that it was Sarah's father calling.

She answered, "Hey, dad...No, everything is fine..Yeah, Dan is here next to me..How are the kids?...Okay...Really?...Yeah, yeah, okay, that's probably a smart idea...yes, give me a little bit and I'll head back...okay, yes I will...I love you, too.. Bye, dad."

"What's going on?" Dan asked.

"That was my dad. He says hi, by the way," Sarah gave him a few sparing glances. "He said that I should head back. He saw on the news that another big storm front is going to roll in tonight and hit both Chicago and Middletown. It's supposed to be a big one again that might last all of Sunday. The roads have supposedly been cleared, but if I don't leave soon I'll get stuck in it and might not be able to get back safely in time for work on Monday."

That all made logical sense to Dan. She should go and get back safely, but they couldn't end the conversation like this. There were too many unresolved issues.

He closed the space between them and took the phone out of her hands. He held her soft hands in his and looked into her eyes. "I'm sorry this happened. I'm sorry things happened this way. I shouldn't have put you in this position."

"Dan, what are we going to do? Your co-worker knows about what is happening here. He has seen videos of me. God, Dan he might have even sent them to himself. This could ruin me, if things get out --"

"They won't," Dan said confidently. A righteous anger was boiling in him. "I'm going to take care of it, okay? No matter what, on Monday I'm going to get Jesse alone and take care of this. Don't worry, okay? I'm going to put him in his place and end it."

His words seemed to reassure her. She looked up at him with tears in her eyes, "Dan, I should have known, though. I should have known that wasn't you texting me. I never would have, I wouldn't have done what I did if I had known."

Dan encircled his wife with his arms and held her to his chest, "I know. I know you wouldn't have. It's fucked up Sarah, I'm so sorry."

Sarah eventually sat up and looked at her husband, then put a hand on his chest. "I need to tell you this. I went over to Lester's room wearing a new lingerie set, he was obviously happy. He wore a

condom, Dan. We had sex on his bed and I accidentally fell asleep. When I woke up in the morning the power was out. I took a shower and, when I came out, the door to your bedroom was locked. I tried to get it open, but I couldn't. Lester came out of his room, naked. He followed me into the living room where..." she looked down at the couch where they were sitting, "Dan, he followed me out here and things happened again. We had sex again here, on this couch."

Dan was stunned, he looked down at the couch, "You had sex with Lester twice, Sarah?"

"Yes," She whispered. "Dan, I wish I could take it all back. I was excited to share it with you. I thought this was for us, for the fantasy, and something that you wanted. I'm so sorry, I feel so ashamed. I love you, I wouldn't have, you have to know that. I thought something like this might happen one day, especially after what happened last time, but I always thought you'd be here with me when it did. That we would do it together. When you, when Jesse suggested it, I had thought it was something you really wanted. Maybe you were a little drunk when you suggested it, but I thought it would get you off...."

Dan hated to see his wife like this. She was spinning and racked with guilt. He knew it was ultimately his fault that this happened, that she was pushed towards Lester. After all the things they had been through over the past couple of months, it made sense. *Fucking Jesse.*

Jesse's messages had come at the exact right time and seemed to have tipped the scales here. Dan was going to go nuclear on him on Monday. Still, he hated seeing Sarah like this. He had to reassure her. She couldn't drive in this condition, it would be too dangerous.

He held her hands and Sarah's breath seemed to catch in her throat. "It's okay, Sarah."

She looked up into his eyes bewildered and vulnerable.

"It's okay," Dan struggled to find the words. "It's not something I expected, and I completely get why it happened and how you were led into it. Things have been crazy over these past few months, we've done things together I never thought we would. It's been amazing and scary and confusing but, through all of it, we've explored it together. Who knows, maybe this would have eventually happened like you said. I mean, I've obviously thought about it, right? But I just hate that you were put into this situation where you were by yourself. I promise we will figure this out and work through it, okay? I love you, that doesn't change. We are good. Okay? We'll figure it out."

Sarah leaned in and kissed him, then she put her head on his shoulder, "I love you, Dan. I love you more than anything. I'm sorry."

"Shhhhh," Dan comforted her, rubbing his hand along the back of the t-shirt she was wearing. "Don't be, it's okay, it's okay. I love you. We are good."

Dan held her like that for a long time.

"Dan," Sarah whispered, "I don't want to leave you. I don't want you here in Chicago alone right now, but I think I need to get going. If this storm wasn't coming back I would stay tonight, but.."

"It's okay," Dan said comfortingly, "It's okay, this is out of our control and just shitty timing. You need to get back and take care of our babies. I'll be fine, don't worry. Like I said, I got this."

Sarah sat up and looked at him. He could feel the love and affection in her eyes. "I love you so much," she leaned forward and planted a lingering kiss on his lips. All Dan could think about was whether or not she had kissed Lester like this.

Sarah let out a long breath, "Okay. Okay, we'll talk more when I get home. Can you help me get into the bedroom so I can pack my

bag?"

It only took Dan a few tries to pick the lock on his bedroom door. He did it while ignoring the sexy underwear that Sarah had discarded in front of it. It only took Sarah a few minutes to change into her normal clothes and get her bag packed. She folded and left Lester's clothes in front of his door.

Dan's raging hard-on hadn't subsided. If anything it grew more noticeable as he had watched his wife disrobe. Seeing her wearing Lester's clothes may have been innocent enough but it was like part of Lester was enveloping her. He had always loved the way she looked in Dan's oversized t-shirts. Seeing her find it acceptable to wear Lester's clothing, even if it was due to convenience made him jealous. Knowing that the same man had taken her, pushed Dan to action.

He slid up behind his wife and pressed himself into her without saying a word. He wanted to reclaim her. Sarah let his touch linger for a few seconds before moving away. She apologized and said she would if it wasn't for the incoming storm. Dan had unfortunately missed his window. His wife was going to leave him, having spent the night with someone other than him, her husband.

Soon Dan was riding down the elevator with his wife. He walked her across the bitter cold of the parking lot to her car. They didn't say much but held each other's hands the entire time. Dan put on a brave face of reassurance, but all he could think about was Sarah's naked body entwined with Lester's.

"I love you, honey, you better drive safe," Dan said as he leaned forward and chivalrously buckled his wife into her seat. "Now get going and warm up."

"Not without another kiss," Sarah said as she sat behind the steering wheel. The car was starting to warm up. Dan wished he could get into the passenger seat and drive back to their life, but he had to

stay and take care of things here. He leaned in and planted his lips on hers. Her hand rested on the back of his head, holding him there. He wished he could live in this moment forever, but eventually, their lips parted and the cold Chicago air replaced the warmth of his wife's embrace.

"I love you, baby," She smiled, tears still in her eyes.

Dan wiped them away, "I love you too. Now stop crying, it's not safe for driving."

They both shared a chuckle before Sarah mouthed 'I love you' one last time. Dan shut the driver's side door and stood back to watch his wife drive away. She motioned to him from the window, pointing towards the apartment building. She wanted him to go back inside so she knew he had got in safely.

Dan shook his head and pointed to her and then the road. A sad smile appeared on her face, but she followed his instructions and drove off, back toward their home.

It had been a few hours since Sarah had left him. Dan was sitting on the couch in the apartment's living room with his laptop on his lap. He checked his phone to see if Sarah messaged him, hoping that her drive home had been uneventful.

The screaming wind of another storm front had started a few minutes ago. Hopefully, though, she should be clear of Chicago by now.

As much as Dan wanted to relax and wallow in his own self-pity, he knew he didn't have time for that. Monday morning was coming and he would have to come face to face with Jesse. He had underestimated him and was only now just beginning to see the kid for what he was.

It was time to do what Dan did best. Plan ahead and figure a way out of the mess he found himself in. He started to Google about the default ways iPhones and Androids backed up photos and videos. Was it possible to delete things permanently off of iCloud? He was going to figure all of that out and see what his options were, as well as try to anticipate what Jesse would do.

Jesse may have gotten one over on him and caused a series of events Dan couldn't have predicted, but he was still the same kid who was out of his depth and generally sloppy with his work.

After nearly two hours of Googling, watching YouTube videos and reading Reddit posts, Dan felt confident he knew what to do. He closed his laptop and grabbed his phone.

There was a text from Sarah that read, "I'm home, baby. I love you. The girls miss you. I'll call you later and we can keep talking, okay?"

Dan quickly responded and then swiped into his phone's settings. Ashamed, he finally put a PIN code onto his lock screen. If he had just done that months ago, things would have been very different.

With his immediate tasks done, creeping thoughts began to torment him. He'd heard what Sarah said earlier but he hadn't seen any of it happen. The idea of her with Lester his mind started filling in the blanks. Images of Sarah and Lester together. Lester grunting triumphantly as Sarah moaned in pleasure beneath him.

Lester's cock entering Sarah. Where were her hands? How did she look at him? What did he say to her? How had she responded?

He needed a change of scenery. He put the laptop on the table and stood up, ashamed to realize his cock was now erect. Just thinking about Lester and Sarah together had caused him to get hard.

Dan tried to reconcile the fact that the idea turned him on by reasoning that it was all still just part of his fucked up fantasy: that if

push had come to shove, he wouldn't have let things cross that line. He didn't feel all that confident about that line of thought, but it was what he was sticking to for now.

He knew that the thought of Sarah giving herself to Lester would torment him. Filling in the blanks with his own thoughts wasn't a useful activity. He wondered if he had actually seen them together, if it would still be this torturous.

"Darkspire! Advance!" Ned shouted over the headset.

Lester was smirking as he went through the motions, destroying all the creatures in his path. He sat at his computer chair, satisfied and triumphant at his latest conquest. It had been the sweetest and most fulfilling yet.

But he was just getting started. He had more in store for the lovely wife of his roommate. Soon he would corrupt her further and make her learn more about what it was she really wanted. He'd tap into her desires and fantasies in a way her husband never had.

As he navigated his avatar through the dungeon, his thoughts drifted to Jesse. He had overheard Sarah and Dan's entire discussion. A frown spread across his face. He didn't know who Jesse was and he didn't like how close he had become to Sarah. Sure, he was only Dan's coworker, but Lester had used less leverage to get everything he had wanted out of women in the past.

Lester was threading a tight needle here, pushing Sarah just enough to break boundaries without freaking out. If Jesse applied too much pressure on Dan and Sarah, that thread could snap, ruining the rest of his plans.

He'd have to keep a close eye on things. He made a mental note to see what he could discover about Jesse after he finished this raid.

Still, he had to thank Jesse in some ways. He had helped to expedite Lester's timeline, though now Sarah had an element of guilt that Lester would have to overcome.

Dan sat at the desk in his office, waiting patiently to see what Jesse would do. The sun outside his window was cresting over the building in the distance like it did every morning.

He had racked his brain all night, thinking of what Jesse's next move would be. Getting to know him over the past few months, Dan narrowed it down to two options. Either Jesse would secretly hold onto those photos and videos of Sarah to use for his personal enjoyment, or Jesse might grow a pair of balls and try to blackmail one of them. Jesse would have to come to the conclusion that Dan and Sarah would discuss things and that the truth would come out. So Dan was leaning toward the blackmail option.

His suspicions were confirmed when he heard a knock at his door.

"Come in," he said, shifting his attention to his computer, feigning doing work on the Lincoln Group file.

"Hey, Dan," Jesse peeked his head in, "Got a minute? I have something I need to talk to you about."

Here we go. Dan turned his gaze to his younger coworker, "Sure, Jesse come on in."

Jesse shut the door behind him and walked in until he was standing directly in front of Dan's desk, but then he didn't sit down. He was attempting to position himself in a domineering way.

"How's your wife doing?" Jesse asked.

"I'm sure she is doing great, Jesse, thanks for asking." Dan countered. He wasn't going to make this easier for him. He wanted to keep Jesse off balance and think that he had the upper hand.

"Ugh, did she have a good weekend?" Jesse asked, looking around Dan's office.

"I'm sure she had a great one. Now, Jesse, what do you want?" Dan focused his attention completely on Jesse.

"Well, I er, I thought you might be interested in something I have." Jesse said. "Something you're going to want to see."

"Oh yeah? And what's that," Dan asked him plainly, trying not to show any emotion.

Jesse slid his phone out of his pocket, tapped on the screen a few times and then held the phone screen towards Dan.

Dan leaned forward squinting, he wanted to appear like he was trying to get a better look. On the screen was Sarah, lying on her back as Lester lined his cock up with her entrance.

"Here's how this is going to go, Dan," Jesse started, "From now on when your wife visits you I want --"

Dan snatched the phone out of Jesse's hands and stood up to his full height, towering over the young man in front of him. Jesse immediately shied back, bumping into one of the chairs.

"Sit down, Jesse," Dan commanded sternly.

Jesse deflated and sat down in the chair closest to the door. Dan kept his eyes trained on the phone in front of him. He pointed his finger at Jesse. "What was it you were going to say? Next time my wife comes to town, what? What was it you wanted?"

Jesse stayed silent. Dan continued to tap on the screen. He quickly deleted the conversation between himself and Jesse. It was clear from this side of the conversation that Jesse had sent himself the videos from Dan's phone and then deleted the conversation where it happened. Thinking back to his googling last night, Dan moved over and deleted the files from the phone's gallery and download folders.

"Huh, Jesse? Speak up! What is it you wanted, huh?" Dan stayed on his side of the desk. He wanted to keep out of arm's reach of Jesse in case he tried something.

Jesse seemed to crumble, his fake facade of confidence crumbling under Dan's aggression. He reached out in Dan's direction, "Give me my phone back, that's mine."

Dan stopped what he was doing and stared daggers at his young coworker. "You want this back? Why the fuck would I give this back to you? You betrayed my trust over the weekend. You accessed my private property and coerced my wife into a compromising situation. You illegally copied content that wasn't yours and now you are trying to illegally blackmail me into what? Letting you fuck my wife? Is that your ultimate goal, here? Jesus Christ, kid, the police are going to have a field day with you. You left all this evidence right here. I hope you're good and ready to become someone's bitch in prison."

Jesse withdrew his hand. Dan could see tears forming in his eyes. "Please don't call the police. I'm sorry, okay? It was a dumb idea. She is just so pretty and amazing and I just thought that -"

"You didn't think," Dan said firmly. He accessed Jesse's iCloud account and deleted the pictures and videos there. Then he opened the recently deleted album and permanently deleted them there as well, just like his googling had said to do, "You let your dick do the thinking and now you are in over your head in a world of shit. Do you know that guy in the video? He is at your place right now, going

through all your things, going on your computer and hard drives to find all the evidence you left behind."

"What?" Jesse sat up alarmed. "There isn't anything at my place! I don't have anything else!"

"What do you mean?" Dan said angrily. He is going to find it all anyways, you idiot. The next step is turning it all over to the police as part of the report we opened this morning."

"No, no, no," Jesse sunk into his chair, tears streaming down his face. "There isn't anything at my house, it's all there on the phone. Dan, please don't go to the police. My life will be over my Dad will kill me."

"You should be more worried about what the guys in jail are going to do to you." Dan finished with iCloud and opened up the general settings screen. He quickly found what he was looking for. He tapped 'Erase All Content and Settings.' The phone screen turned black and a few seconds later the Apple logo appeared as it rebooted. "You've just ruined your life, buddy."

Jesse wept in the chair as Dan watched with disdain. It was pathetic how quickly Jesse had crumbled. This kid's dumb actions had sent his wife into Lester's arms and changed the trajectory of their lives. The phone screen illuminated showing the default iPhone 'phone set up' screen. Dan had bluffed about Lester going to Jesse's apartment. He had wanted to see if Jesse had backed the files up anywhere, but now he was confident based on how Jesse had reacted that the kid hadn't had the foresight to do that.

"So you're saying everything is here on this phone, nothing else is anywhere else?" Dan demanded. Jesse nodded and looked up, avoiding meeting Dan's eyes. "Good."

Dan dropped Jesse's phone onto his desk. Jesse eyed it, clearly about to make a move to grab it. Dan was faster, he grabbed the

lead paperweight on his desk and smashed it down on Jesse's phone. Jesse recoiled in shock as Dan continued to smash it.

Satisfied that the phone was broken, Dan threw it in his garbage can and then emptied the content of his coffee onto the top of it.

He looked up at Jesse to see his mortified expression at the destruction of his property. "What are you still doing here? Get the fuck out!"

Jesse scrambled to his feet and almost tripped over the chair as he dashed towards the door. He didn't look back as he pulled the door open and rushed into the hallway beyond.

Dan sat down and glowered at the phone in his trash can. He knew that he had cut Jesse's plan off at the head. Now that he seemed to have broken Jesse's spirit, he didn't know what would happen next. Hopefully, the kid wouldn't be crying at his desk, drawing unwanted attention.

Dan grabbed some Kleenex and fished Jesse's phone out, drying it off. Just in case something unexpected did happen, Dan took the phone and left his office. He wanted to get rid of the evidence as soon as possible.

It was late.

The sun was setting over the towers of Chicago but Dan was still sitting in his office. Walt and the last of his coworkers had left over an hour ago. Dan was looking forward to going home and having a nice glass of whisky to settle his nerves after the confrontation with Jesse earlier.

Reading the riot act to Jesse hadn't been what was keeping Dan at the office. Knowing he had to go back to the apartment where his

odd roommate had fucked his wife, not once but twice, was turning his stomach into knots. He pictured Lester's face and oddly shaped body crawling over his wife's toned, tanned legs, exploring up her breasts and licking around her neck. Sarah turning her head as his tongue reached into her mouth, then her reciprocating the kiss. Sarah grunting in surprise as Lester pushed himself into her, her arms holding his, her legs wrapping around his flabby waist as he fucked her. Sarah moaning Lester's name as she came on his cock.

Dan stood up, trying to get away from his desk, to get away from those intrusive thoughts. He wasn't surprised to see that his cock was pressing against the front of his dress pants, forming a clear tent for anyone to see. He was ashamed of it. He shouldn't enjoy these thoughts, his wife had just been coerced into having sex with someone under false pretenses. But he couldn't stop thinking about it and he couldn't help but get aroused at the idea.

His heart was beating quickly. He tried to push the images out of his head but it was impossible, they kept flooding back in. Thoughts of moans, grunts, screams, his wife urging someone else on.

He left his own office and walked across the dark floor of the outer office. It was time to finish his plan, the reason he had stayed so late. He looked around, but no one else was here.

Dan walked over to Jesse's workstation. Looking around one last time, Dan sat down at Jesse's desk and turned on the monitor. As he'd expected, Jesse hadn't bothered to lock or shut down his computer. At Dan's last employer, their IT team had a policy where the computer would lock automatically after five minutes of inactivity. Nothing like that existed here, given that they didn't have an IT team to begin with.

Dan quickly navigated around Jesse's computer, looking through the cluttered desktop until he found the Outlook icon. He opened it and dozens of Jesse's unread emails popped up. Dan shook his head at

the lack of inbox management on Jesse's part, but he wasn't surprised. He did a quick search and pulled up the latest thread from Byron at the Lincoln Group.

Dan hit the reply all button and started to transcribe a message addressed to one of the other younger team members that Jesse was friends with. He typed up a brief but disparaging message, making fun of Bryon and the Lincoln Group's sustainability goals and other specifications. This email would raise hell over there, he knew Byron would be furious and Walt would have to shit can Jesse.

Dan used Outlook's scheduling function and set this to send the next morning. He didn't want the timestamp to show it coming after hours, that would be too unbelievable and raise suspicion.

Satisfied that he was finally going to be done with Jesse for good, Dan finished scheduling it, exited the program and powered off the monitor.

Dan went back to his office to gather his things. He rode the elevator down and stepped out onto the cold streets of Chicago, thinking that his troubles were behind him.

After Sarah had settled back in at home and put her girls to bed, she still felt the cold chill of the winter air in her bones.

Pouring herself a glass of red wine, Sarah moved upstairs to her en suite bathroom. She quietly disrobed and turned off the warm water filling the tub. She slipped into the water and closed her eyes.

The dangerous drive back home had seemed to pass in a blur. Her mind racing as she thought about everything that had occurred over the past twenty-four hours. She was angry with Dan for letting Jesse push her toward Lester. It was mortifying to know that some kid that

Dan worked with had seen her exposed like that. Not knowing what he would do with the videos drove her mad.

She felt her thighs rub together, thinking that she knew of at least one thing that Jesse was likely to do with the videos while he watched them. The idea of someone seeing her, wanting her.....

Sarah reached out from the tub and grabbed her phone. She hadn't yet deleted the videos that she and Lester had created. She thumbed through, searching for one in particular. The video started playing, showing Lester's point of view as he lined his cock up with her pussy and started to enter her.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as she watched her face and body convulse in pleasure at receiving Lester's cock. She held her thighs together tighter, her nipples felt hard as her breasts started to rise and fall to match her erratic breathing. She remembered what Lester said earlier, about who she would be thinking about when she returned home.

With a force of will, Sarah turned off her phone screen and set it back down next to the bath. She shouldn't feel as aroused as she was, it wasn't right. That whole situation had been an entire misunderstanding, she should be furious. She wouldn't have ever gone to Lester's room alone dressed the way she had been under normal circumstances, would she?

She lay there with her eyes closed, trying to think about anything other than Lester and his hard throbbing cock. After a few minutes, she sighed and opened her eyes. Sarah reached out and grabbed her phone; tapping the screen, she quickly found what she was looking for.

She sunk down further into the tub, her eyes glazing over as she stared at her phone screen.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 09

Walt held his face in his hands as he composed himself in front of Dan. "Dan, I have some bad news here. We're letting Jesse go. I'm sure you probably saw the email that he accidentally sent to the team over at the Lincoln Group. Well, they called me this morning, all irate, and questioned whether our team was actually serious about helping them complete their project the way they planned. It wasn't a good conversation. Anyway, Jim is breaking the news to Jesse now and security is on standby. I wanted you to hear it from me."

Dan sat in silence, feigning a concerned look, nodding his head along with what Walt said.

"I know how close you two have grown handling this account together. I hope you can still keep it on track without him. I was actually wanting to speak with you about that. I need you to go back to Minnesota. I know, I know you were just there, but we need to get ahead of this and smooth things out with them."

Dan sat back and looked at Walt. Worry and stress were apparent on his face. Hearing Walt mention Minnesota made his cock stir, thinking back to what happened the last time he had gone on a work trip. His wife got fucked by his creepy roommate Lester, thanks to Jesse's deception.

He was at work and he couldn't let these thoughts overwhelm him. The only thing he knew for sure was that this job was impacting his life and he was done playing ball.

"You know," Dan started, looking Walt in the eye, "Byron and the team there called you, not me. They clearly wanted an executive presence from here to respond. Do you think it would send them a reassuring signal if I were to go? It might make more of an impact if

you and one of the other directors were to go and show a unified front."

Walt sat back in his chair pensively, his fingers connecting as his hands formed an arch. "That's probably a good idea. You're right, Dan, they need to be heard by the senior team after this. Thanks! That's a good idea, do you think --"

Dan stood up, cutting Walt off before he could invite Dan to join him on the trip, "Let me head back to my desk, I'll prep a summary of the recent trips and where the project is at and all the good things you can point to that we are doing."

Without waiting for permission to leave, Dan was out the door walking back towards his office. He stopped as something caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. Two burly security guards were walking alongside a meek young man holding a banker's box with his shoulders slumped forward. His eyes were focused on the content of the box as they arrived at the elevator.

Dan watched as the trio stepped in and the elevator doors closed behind Jesse. *That's probably the last time I ever see that kid.*

"He tried to save himself by lying through his teeth," a voice said from behind Dan. Dan turned to see Jim standing close by, taking a sip from his coffee cup as his eyes watched the elevator. "He said he never sent that email but, come on, the evidence was right there, everyone saw you did. Kid needs a lesson in accountability."

"Yes, he does," Dan agreed. Jim gave him a nod as Dan walked back to his office. He closed the door behind him and let out a sigh of relief. The Jesse problem had been solved.

He rounded his desk and sat down in his chair. Dan started to compile the report for Walt, but the photo of Sarah on his desk distracted him. His beautiful, loving wife. An image flashed into his mind of her beautiful face in agonized pleasure as Lester started to

put his cock into her. The image was burned into his mind after watching the videos on Sarah's phone.

His heart ached. Seeing those videos, knowing that someone else, especially someone like Lester, had fucked his previously faithful wife filled him with jealousy and hurt that he was trying to process. He probably needed to go see a therapist to get his head right.

Dan realized his breathing was short, he sat back in the chair trying to relax. As he did his pants felt tight against his growing erection.

"Ugh," Dan groaned out loud to no one. "What the fuck is wrong with me?"

Dan felt an enormous amount of guilt and shame for allowing this situation to unfold the way it had. He thought back to that first trip to Chicago looking for apartments. At the time he and Sarah could never have predicted that they would wind up in a situation where his bride would let a strange man like Lester crawl between her legs, but here they were.

He didn't understand how his cock always became hard thinking about this. His mind felt shame but his body obviously wanted more. It was intoxicating to think about. He felt his heart starting to beat faster, imagining what the morning after sex was like. Lester and Sarah hadn't recorded that one. The not knowing, the not seeing was almost like an unresolved trauma in his brain.

He wondered if Sarah had deleted the videos or if she had kept them. It hadn't been that long, but she was probably already back in mom mode and had forgotten all about them. He wished he'd kept copies of them just so he could see them again, but there was no way he could ask for them, not after where they had left things. Besides he would probably delete them out of that same arousing combination of shame and guilt.

He looked at his computer screen again. There was no way he was going to get any work done anytime soon. His Jesse problem was solved and now it was time to figure out what to do about his Lester problem. But first, he needed to talk to Sarah.

Dan fished his phone out of his pocket, quickly found her contact and called her.

Sarah's heart skipped a beat as her phone started ringing. She reached across her desk and turned it over to see a photo of her dedicated husband Dan. She smiled and moved around the desk to close her office door, quieting the hustle and bustle of the hospital beyond.

"Hey, honey," she smiled as she answered her phone. "What's up? Everything okay?"

"Hey, babe! Yeah, everything is good, nothing to worry about. Just calling to say I miss you."

Sarah sighed and sat back in her chair. In response to her husband's voice coming through the phone, she tore her eyes away from her monitor and its list of things she needed to do. "I miss you, too, baby. I feel like I didn't really get to see you this weekend. I'm sorry I had to leave so soon after you got back in."

"Don't worry about it," Dan paused, "You had a good reason, besides I think it was good to get you out of the apartment..."

Dan's words hung there for a second, while Sarah debated how she wanted to respond. It was clear what he was referring to, but she still didn't know quite how to address what had happened.

"How's work today?" Sarah asked instead. She was nervous about Dan calling during his workday. Normally they just texted during the

day and he would call in the evening. She wanted to know if that weasel Jesse had said anything to Dan or done anything. It made her skin crawl that he had seen videos of her, that he had pushed her towards Lester. She was still trying to come to grips with how she felt about her two encounters with Lester over the weekend. "Did he, did Jesse say anything to you?"

"I took care of it," Sarah could hear her husband smiling through the phone. "It won't be a problem anymore."

"Details, Dan! What happened? What do you mean it won't be a problem anymore?" Sarah asked.

"Yesterday he tried to come into my office. He acted like a big shot and was talking like he was going to blackmail me. Well, I quickly shut him down and got hold of his phone. I deleted everything, cleared out his icloud and broke his phone. Walt fired him this morning, so he won't be around anymore."

"Wait, what? Did Walt fire him because of the videos? Did Walt see them? God, Dan, this is so fucked and it's getting out of control." Sarah slunk back in her chair, the walls of her office suddenly feeling like they were closing in on her.

"No, no, no, don't worry, Sarah! No, Walt has no idea about them. He didn't see them. We are good. Jesse got fired because of a dumb email he sent to the Lincoln Group team. Well, he didn't actually send it but everyone thinks he did. I told you, I would take care of it."

Sarah initially felt a wave of guilt wash over her, learning that Dan was responsible for Jesse being fired. Fired on her behalf. But that feeling quickly disappeared, replaced by a feeling of the action being justified. If Jesse wanted to take such bold risks, he also had to be responsible when they backfired. He deserved it after the shit he'd pulled. He'd fucked around and been found out.

"Tell me exactly what happened," Sarah said to her husband.

"Last night after Jesse tried to blackmail me, after I nuked and destroyed his phone, I stayed in the office until everyone left. Once I knew everyone was gone, I sent an email from Jesse's computer to a friend of his in the office, making fun of the Lincoln Group but I left them all in the TO: field. I delayed it in Outlook to go out this morning. When it did, it caused quite an uproar. Walt had no choice but to let Jesse go. Security is walking him out now."

"Dan, I...", Sarah hesitated, trying to find her thoughts. "Is it wrong that I'm kind of turned on by how diabolical you are? I haven't been able to sleep since I came back, I've been so stressed about what would happen next. I'm glad to hear it's over. Hopefully."

"It is," Dan said in a reassuring tone. "Jesse is taken care of."

"Are you sure he still doesn't have access to those videos? He might be even more pissed now and would try to get revenge." The thought terrified Sarah, what kind of mess Jesse could cause to their life.

"We're good. I'm sure. I made sure he hadn't backed them up anywhere, I deleted them from his phone and iCloud before locking him out. I smashed his phone and poured water on it, Sarah. And as for the email, he doesn't know it was me. Sure, if he was smart he might be able to figure it out based on the timing alone, but I'm not worried. Even if he wanted to get revenge right now, I'm not sure what he can try to do. He has nothing on us."

Sarah let out a deep sigh of relief that she didn't realize she had been holding onto for the past several days. "Good. That's amazing Dan. I'm glad we won't have to deal with him anymore."

"Now we just need to figure out our other problem," Dan said as Sarah shifted in her seat. She clicked a few things on her mouse,

getting momentarily distracted by urgent issues arising in the hospital." We have to figure out what to do about Lester."

"Lester shouldn't be a problem," Sarah said as she read an email marked with an exclamation mark from her boss. "I told him that what happened doesn't mean future things will happen."

"And you think that's just going to make him go away," Dan shot back. "Lester isn't going to just stop trying. Now that you let him fuck you, he probably won't be able to stop thinking about it." Dan explained this last part slowly, trying not to get too heated about the topic.

Sarah angrily clicked off the email she was reading, "I only let him fuck me, Dan, because I thought it was you telling me to. I did it for you, for us. Do you really want to point fingers here? We're supposed to be in this together. It's 2023, how don't you have a PIN on your phone, especially on a work trip when you are sharing a room with a coworker? How did that not work its way across your mind? Maybe you didn't have to drink so much that you passed out and forgot all about me!"

Sarah realized that she was short of breath and her heart was racing. She had been so frustrated with Dan's role in what had transpired but thought she had successfully stuffed it down inside herself: she hadn't realized it would bubble up to the surface like that and just explode.

The phone was silent.

"I'm sorry," Sarah said, holding her forehead. "That wasn't fair. I mean it's true, but I didn't mean to snap at you. It's just been a tough few days and things are on fire here adding to my stress."

"No, you're right," Dan said in a quiet voice. "You are right about all of it. For the record I do have a PIN on my phone now and some other security features. But you are right. It should never have been

possible in the first place. I never stop thinking about you, Sarah, you know that."

Dan paused for a breath, "But we do need to figure out the Lester situation. You're right we are in this together. Maybe it's best if you stay away from Chicago for a little bit."

"Dan, how are we going to figure it out together if we're apart?" Sarah asked. "My parents felt terrible we had to cut our trip short and offered to watch the girls again next weekend. I haven't answered them yet. The weather looks good, no snow storms in route. What do you think? Should I come?"

"I don't know," Dan responded. "I mean, yeah, of course I want to see you. I want to see you more than anything. But I just don't want to put you in a situation here that gets, well, awkward or Lester says or tries something."

"I can handle Lester, Dan. We can handle him." Sarah was drawing circles on her notepad with the pen Dan had given to her a few years before. "We can make it clear that there won't be any funny business this time."

"This time?" Dan asked, "What do you think we do, going forward? I agree we can probably keep things under control if you do come this weekend. But what about the next time or the time after that?"

"Dan," Sarah said, putting the pen down. More flurries of emails were coming in, she couldn't ignore them forever. "As far as future visits are concerned, we'll cross those bridges when we get to them. Remember, we decide what happens, if anything. We're in control here. Remember?"

"Yeah," Dan responded. "You're right. I shouldn't worry about it. We'll just have to remind him of that fact." He sighed and their connection went silent for a few moments.

Sarah could tell there was something Dan wasn't saying. "Dan? What is going on in that head of yours? I can tell there is something you're thinking about."

"It's that last weekend. I can't seem to stop thinking about what happened." Dan admitted. "I just keep picturing you and him in my head. And the fact that it happened twice, I just can't get past it. It just keeps playing over and over in my head."

"Your mind is just filling in the blanks." It was suddenly feeling quite warm in Sarah's office. "It's not like it isn't anything you haven't seen before, just a little more intense. But seriously it isn't something you need to worry about or keep thinking about."

"I know. I know, Sarah," Dan breathed. "It's just I have like thousands of questions about how it all happened. What did you say when you went over there? How did Lester react? How did it, er, start, I mean? Did he want to wear the condom? What were you thinking while it was all happening?"

She could hear Dan rapidly breathing into the phone. "And the next morning? Was that in the bed again? How did Lester manage that?"

A thought occurred to Sarah. "Dan, can I ask you a question honestly?"

"Sure," Dan said.

"Are you hard right now? Thinking about it."

It was several seconds before Dan replied, "Ugh, yes. Yeah, I am and I hate that I am. It's so messed up."

Sarah smiled. "Well, I love that even though we are so far apart, you can still get hard just thinking about me."

It was time to tease him. "Even if it's picturing Lester that is also getting you hard."

"Ew, Sarah you know that's not, you know that's not it."

Sarah laughed, "I know, I just like messing with you."

"Ugh, you do that so well," Dan laughed. "Bu, uh, what do you think we should do, going forward? So far we've pushed the boundaries on everything but sex. I'm not saying we do that but what do you think? If we were to start up again, where would we go?"

Dan was dancing around the question he really wanted to ask. Sarah watched as more emails came in that needed her attention. "I'm not sure, Dan. We've been playing with fire for a while now. We could even just stop entirely, if that's what's best for us. I'm still not sure what I think of this past weekend." She paused. "What do you think? Is that something you'd want to have happen again? Lester and I?"

Sarah could hear Dan breathing into the phone. "I don't know. I don't think so. I know we kind of were pushing ahead with things, sometimes too much before either of us could process it. I mean, I've thought about it, more than once, but that's not how I pictured it happening. I'm not saying I wanted it to happen at all, but if it did, then I just thought I would have been there to keep you safe. The way it happened kind of sullied things for me."

"But you're still hard, thinking about it," Sarah added.

"Yes! It's frustrating. I can't control it, it's like the idea makes my blood boil but at the same time, I'm just drawn to it. I don't know, Sarah, but I do think we should try to put that genie back in the bottle, at the very least until we figure things out for ourselves."

"Agreed. I think that's smart." The light on Sarah's desk phone started blinking. She had the ringer off but could tell if someone was calling, "Hey, Dan, I have to run. I'm sorry, I know it's bad timing,

but things are nuts here today. But I do need to give my parents an answer... This weekend, do I come?"

"I'd love to see you. I didn't get enough of you last time. If you are sure it's not too much for your parents and that the girls will be okay, I'd love to take you out."

"Sounds good, mister, I'll hold you to that. Okay, I'm going to run. I love you. More than anything." Sarah closed her eyes, blocking out the demand of work for one more second.

"I love you, too, boo. I can't wait to see you." Dan's words filled Sarah with the warmth she needed to go and tackle the challenges awaiting her outside her office.

As Sarah hung up the phone she felt a sharp cramping pain in her abdomen.

"Great," she muttered. "If that's not all I need right now."

She opened a drawer in her desk and located a box of tampons. She fished around and pulled one out and put it in the pocket of her pants. She closed the door and reached out to answer the phone.

Dan hung up and leaned back in his office chair. He wanted to go out and see what his colleagues were saying about Jesse being let go, to try to get a gauge on the rumor mill and to see if there was any blowback coming his way.

That would have to wait. Dan needed to make sure his raging hard erection disappeared first. The last thing he wanted to do was get fired after Jesse for walking through the office sporting a tent in his pants.

Hearing Sarah's voice had made him instantly hard. During their entire conversation, he couldn't stop thinking about that voice screaming out in pleasure while under his roommate.

His brain was fucked and he knew it. He couldn't stop thinking about the two of them together.

Dan was a mess of emotions. He didn't know which way was up. All he knew was that he needed to get a handle on things before the situation swallowed both of them.

Dan stayed at work a bit later than he'd intended to. Walt wanted some extra prep before he and a few of the other senior directors jetted off to Minnesota to save face with the team at the Lincoln Group. Dan was relieved he didn't have to go. He loathed the idea of boarding another airplane.

He watched the illuminated floors of his apartment elevator ascend until the door opened and he stepped out. It had only been a few months of living separated from his family, but things were changing faster than anything he could have expected. He and Sarah were in a bit of a sexual renaissance that he wanted to explore. Getting out of their house and away from the kids had done wonders for them.

As he walked down the hallway to his apartment, he started to think about what he really wanted. Ultimately it was to be back with his wife and daughters. He finally felt like he had a stable footing at the company he was at now. Money was coming in and his family's finances, while not great, were at least better than they had been in some time. Perhaps it was time to take a breath and start exploring new options to bring his family back together.

Dan opened his apartment door and stepped in, dropping his bag to the floor. Getting the win with Byron felt like he was on the right

track; nailing Jesse tied up one more loose end that he no longer needed to worry about. He finally felt like he could breathe.

A sound from the kitchen interrupted his train of thought. Seconds later his short, overweight roommate emerged wearing a pair of oversized basketball shorts and a new-looking t-shirt that had orange stains up the front. Lester was holding a cup of Ben and Jerry's ice cream and was spooning a large portion into his mouth.

"Lester," Dan said as he nodded to his roommate.

"Dan," Lester replied, standing there, spooning another portion of ice cream down his gullet.

Dan really didn't want to talk to Lester: just seeing him shoved his thoughts right back into the inescapable loop of the events of the past weekend. How Sarah could even have done that was hard to fathom, given Lester's appearance. Dan turned and started towards his bedroom.

"How's Sarah doing?" Lester said from behind him.

Dan froze in his tracks. He slowly turned and looked at his roommate who seemed preoccupied with his ice cream.

"How's Sarah doing?" Lester repeated himself as he licked a chunk of ice cream off the spoon. "Did she make it home safe?"

"Yeah," Dan said. Desperate to extract himself from the awkward conversation, his lips tightened into a line. "She made it home safe and sound. No issues, even with all the snow."

Dan started to turn toward his room.

"Good, I was afraid she might fall asleep at the wheel. She looked exhausted after the marathon fucking she had over the weekend."

Lester was intently scooping more ice cream out of the cup, scraping the bottom of the container.

"What?" Dan said, turning back to his roommate, "What did you say to me?"

Lester shrugged, "Just stating the facts."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, his patience wearing thin. "What the fuck are you trying to do right now? Trying to get me riled up or something?"

Lester smirked as he spooned the last bit of ice cream into his mouth, "I just wanted to thank you for encouraging your wife to come pay me a visit. It was a lot more fun than playing WoW."

"I didn't, that's not --" Dan started.

"Did Sarah tell you about our time together?" Lester put the empty cup of ice cream and spoon down on the back of the couch. "I'm sure she told you we had sex, twice I'll add. But did she tell you how many times I made her cum? How I had her screaming my name as I slid my cock in and out of her? She drained every ounce of my cum out of me and if she hadn't driven home I think she would have milked me dry."

Dan stepped forward and squared his shoulders the same way he did with Jesse the day before. "Listen, Lester, I need you to hear me. I get what little game you are playing at, but it isn't going to work. The only reason Sarah went to you is because she thought that's what I wanted, but it wasn't. In no other situation would she ever have willingly fucked you. Got it? It happened under false pretenses and it isn't going to happen again."

"Are you sure about that?" Lester challenged, holding his ground. Despite their height difference, Lester didn't cower to Dan the way

that Jesse had done. "Who knows, I think Sarah wanted someone to keep her warm that night and you weren't here to do it."

"Like I said," Dan met Lester's eyes. "It was a mistake and it won't happen again."

"I hear you," Lester stepped forward, getting close to Dan's personal space, "But you are forgetting one thing."

"And what's that, buddy?" Dan wasn't sure what he would do if Lester stepped up and tried to square off with him here, but he was interested to find out.

"I fucked your wife twice in less than twenty-four hours. Now she knows what it's like with me. What I feel like inside of her. There is no way she hasn't been thinking about that every second since she left here. She is going to want it."

Dan rolled his eyes. "As if, Lester. You must think really highly of yourself to believe you could have that impact on her."

"I guess we'll see, the next time she comes to visit, which bed she spends the night in." Lester started to move past Dan' but didn't break eye contact until he was out of his field of view.

Dan stood there silently.

"Oh, and Dan," Lester added from behind him. "Next time, maybe I'll let you watch."

Dan turned around and watched as Lester moved down the hallway toward his bedroom, "That's not going to happen, Lester. I already told you, it's done."

"I doubt that. You know why?" Lester twisted his door knob and opened the door to his room.

Dan rolled his eyes and crossed his arms, "Why's that?"

"Because you're going to want to see it. Going to want to hear her cum on my cock. Or else why would you have a hard-on right now?"

Dan glanced down and was mortified that Lester was right, his cock was hard as a rock.

Lester smirked, crossed the threshold into his room, and closed the door behind him.

"Goddammit," Dan muttered as he grabbed his bag and headed for his bedroom. He knew sleep would be hard to come by.

Hours after his encounter in the living room with Dan, Lester sat ensconced in his command center. Ned was sending him incessant messages about getting the group together for another DnD session. His party had their own Discord server and Ned was trying to find when everyone was available.

But that wasn't why Lester was so focused on his computer. He had been busy exchanging Bitcoin for pictures and videos of past conquests with strangers on the dark web when he received a notification from his most prolific buyer.

He opened the chat.

Cronos: What new stuff do you have for me?

Lester paused trying to think of a good response. Cronos paid well but he was demanding. He could be quite prickly, especially when he messaged Lester in the evening.

Lester began typing.

Darkspire: You're up to date on what I have.

Cronos: Bullshit. You're holding out on me.

Darkspire: Why would I do that? I like your money.

Cronos: Then who were you looking at in that last video with the redhead? Your blurred face was looking towards the door at someone. There were clearly sounds coming from that direction.

Lester stirred in his chair. He hadn't anticipated anyone picking up on that. He reminded himself to be careful with Cronos - there was very little the buyer didn't catch.

Darkspire: It wasn't anyone important. Nothing yet at least.

Cronos: Tell me about her.

Darkspire: Blond, young mother, beautiful, great chest, amazing ass. Tanned and toned. Smart and confident. A white whale if ever there was one.

Cronos: Send me what you have so far.

Lester wasn't about to share. Sarah was his, she wasn't like the other girls.

Darkspire: No.

Cronos: I'll send you 50k right now. I know you have something good.

Darkspire: Goodnight, Cronos.

Lester changed his status to offline and navigated back to the DnD server to see if he'd be playing DND this weekend. Cronos's demand stayed in the back of his head, though. Cronos had paid well for everything else Lester had done in the past. While Lester had many other regulars and other one-off purchasers, Cronos seemed to have the means to afford Lester's extensive library. He often wondered

who Cronos was. Given the sensitive nature of the videos, the precautions that Lester had taken and the anonymity, he would never know.

Lester exited Discord and logged into his private server. He scrolled through a screen meticulously filed with neatly labeled folders for each conquest. Each folder was filled with the best images and videos he had. Essentially backups of the hard drives in his drawer. It was much more efficient to send files to clients from here without having to hook up a hard drive each time for specific requests.

He exited the screen and then swiveled his chair to the side. Using his secret key, he opened his desk drawer and retrieved the hard drive titled 'Sarah Williams'. With care bordering on reverence he connected it to his computer. He clicked open the drive and began to lower his gym shorts for tonight's entertainment.

Sarah turned off the ignition to her car and glanced down at the mileage. Driving back and forth between Middleton and Chicago was putting serious miles on her vehicle. She sent Dan a quick text telling him she'd just arrived.

She opened the door and was hit with the cold Chicago winter air. She hurried and shut the door, then opened the trunk to retrieve her overnight bag.

She didn't waste any time crossing the snow-covered parking lot before reaching the relative warmth of the apartment lobby. She caught a glance of herself in the mirror and noticed how rosy her cheeks were from the cold. She thought she looked cute despite all the winter layers and the unflattering winter hat she wore.

As she crossed the lobby toward the elevator bank, Sarah's heart skipped a beat thinking about getting more time with her husband. Since their last conversation, her heart had been aching to see him,

to be held in his warm embrace. She was thankful that her parents were able to take the kids but she really wished Dan would find a way to come back home soon, so they could all be together.

As the elevator ascended, Sarah ran her hands over her arms in an attempt to disperse the lingering chills from her body. As she walked down the hallway, she fished in her purse for her set of keys and thought about how warm it felt whenever Dan held her, particularly under the covers of their bed in Middleton. It had been a long time since that had happened. Perhaps on this trip, they could just take some time to lie together in that warm embrace.

All of the work stress was piling onto her, in addition to essentially being a single mother. Sure, she got a ton of support from her parents, but the day-to-day of it all was still on her. She wanted so badly for Dan to just hold her, for the world to just stop so her worries could wash away, even if just for a minute.

As Sarah opened the door and walked into the apartment she was quickly taken aback. She was disappointed by what she found, or the lack of what she saw. The apartment was dark, the lights were off. She had expected Dan to be anxiously waiting for her arrival seated here in the living room waiting for her. Instead, all she found was a dark, empty space.

As she turned to close the door she felt movement behind her. Before she could fully process what was happening, she found herself being enveloped by a set of arms and wet lips pressed against her neck. Her eyes instinctively shut, her arm going momentarily limp as she let her bag drop to the floor.

The lips moved across her neck until they pressed hard against her lips. She immediately returned the kiss without thinking.

She registered the sound of the door being her clicking closed but her mind was too busy processing the sensations of the warm body

pressing up against her, the soft tongue beginning to push into her mouth.

Sarah raised her arms to encircle the back of Dan's neck. Her arms didn't need to stretch as far as they usually did. As she slid her tongue back into what she assumed was her husband's mouth, she opened one eye and realized it wasn't her husband at all.

It was Lester.

She pulled back from the kiss but his body was still pressed firmly against hers. "Lester!"

"Yup," Lester said before snaking his hand behind her head and pulling her face back towards his. His mouth found hers in a passionate embrace. Sarah was shocked and froze for a moment.

Her body was heating up, all traces of the cold Chicago winter had been wiped away. Her body was responding to the physical sensation while her mind played catch up. She opened her mouth and allowed Lester's tongue to invade it. She felt him press himself up against her; she could feel the heat radiating from his crotch as he slowly turned her and backed her up until her supple ass was pressing against the couch.

Lester's hand was roaming her body. It tore off her winter hat and had begun to expertly unzip her jacket. Once he had it open, his hand started to massage her breasts over her sweatshirt. He found her hardened nipple and tweaked it.

Lester continued to ground his cock against her as his hands ran over her body and his tongue battled hers. Sarah yearned to feel him touch her bare skin.

Dan flushed the toilet and quickly washed his hands. He thought he'd heard the sound of the apartment door a second earlier. He had just finished responding to Sarah's text that she had arrived, so it must have been her.

He dried his hands and exited the bathroom. As he moved down the hallway toward the living room he abruptly stopped in his tracks, taken back by the sight in front of him. His loving wife was pinned against the couch by his short ogre of a roommate. Lester was pressing his crotch against hers and he was kissing her. No, they were kissing each other. Sarah was responding, her arms were around his neck and her hips were firmly pushing back against him.

Dan stood there for several seconds trying to process what was happening. Wondering how this had happened. She had just texted him and now Lester was already mauling her. Given that she still had some outerwear on, Lester must have beaten him to the punch and grabbed her just when she opened the door.

Still, it was a little distressing how she was responding to his touch, especially given their conversation. Maybe it wasn't the best idea that she had come so soon.

"Sarah!" Dan said as he finally found it in himself to walk forward towards the obscene coupling.

Sarah disengaged from Lester's kiss and with some effort pushed against him until he let go. Within seconds she closed the distance between them and gave Dan a strong hug. His eyes closed as they rekindled their intimacy and he returned her embrace. When he finally opened his eyes, he saw Lester still standing there, staring at them.

"I missed you so much," Sarah whispered into his ear. "I don't know what just happened, it all happened so fast."

Dan kept one eye warily on Lester. "I missed you too. Don't worry, we'll figure it out. I don't think this was your fault."

Sarah pulled back to look at him. He wanted to kiss her and could tell she wanted to kiss him. Both hesitated since her lips had just been engaged with Lester's. She gave him a reassuring smile and nodded her head, understanding without saying anything.

"I need to freshen up," she said so both of them could hear. She turned and went back towards the door, avoiding looking at Lester. She grabbed her bag from the floor and walked back towards Dan. As she passed him, she gave his hand a strong squeeze before moving past him into the bathroom.

Dan heard the bathroom door shut and the lock engage. He stood there at the threshold of the hallway as if on guard. Lester hadn't moved from his own position, he was just standing there. Waiting. Eventually, he seemed to get bored and turned towards the kitchen, disappearing from sight.

Dan's body felt full of adrenaline. It finally dawned on him that he was breathing quickly, even though he was just standing still. His heart felt like it was beating a million times a minute. As he was trying to comprehend how he was feeling, it dawned on him that he felt an incessant need to stand there and protect Sarah, but that he also harbored a sense of disappointment.

Disappointment that both Sarah and Lester had left the living room empty. He couldn't want them back together, could he? Dan leaned against the wall to catch his breath. Only then did he notice that his hand was absently touching his hard cock through his pants.

Sarah stared into the bathroom mirror for several seconds, trying to regain her composure. She splashed water onto her face as she processed the rapid succession of events that had just occurred. She

had wanted to be embraced by Dan so badly, that she had responded to Lester's touch.

On the trip here, she had planned to stay as far away from Lester as possible but he had intercepted her before she had time to try. She knew one thing for certain, she wasn't going to have sex with Lester again. Partially because she had promised herself, but also because she was on her week and she didn't like doing that. Her cycle should be ending soon but for now, it was still ongoing.

She didn't know what waited for her on the other side of the bathroom door, but it was time to find out. She relieved herself after the long drive and freshened herself up. She stripped down and changed out of the underwear and panties she had driven here in. No matter what happened, she wanted to look good for Dan. She put on a lacy turquoise bra and matching pair of panties. The panties were the same color, but they weren't an exact match, they weren't part of the same set. They had a wider cut that allowed Sarah to put on a new pad without it being too noticeable.

Sarah drew her hair back in a ponytail and looked at herself in the mirror: even though she knew it was vain, she did still find herself quite striking. She allowed herself to acknowledge that she looked pretty damn hot. With all the stressful things happening in her life, she was proud that she hadn't let herself go.

She put her black v-neck tee shirt and hip-hugging jeans back on and left the bathroom. She dropped her bag off in Dan's room before she found him with his back to her, standing at the end of the hallway.

Sarah slid up behind him and embraced him from behind; she rested her face between the back of his neck and shoulder and her hands reached around to hug him. They stood together like that for a few seconds until she wanted to see her husband's face. As she moved

around him, she let her hands fall and her right hand casually brushed against his crotch.

Sarah gasped as she felt Dan sporting an erection, "Dan? What's going on here?" Her voice was more playful than concerned.

"I don't know," Dan whispered from in front of her. "It's like I can't help it. It just happened, I didn't even realize it until you were in the bathroom."

Sarah felt her body tensing up and getting warm again. She held him and kissed his shoulder. Feeling her husband's erect cock had turned her on immensely. She hadn't felt it at all in what seemed like forever. Now she deliberately lowered her hand over the outside of his pants and explored his throbbing hard cock. She heard Dan's breath catch in his throat.

They stood there unmoving, save for Sarah's hand stroking her husband from behind. She wanted to feel it, to touch the bare skin of it, so she pushed her hand past the waistband of his pants and boxers until she got a firm grasp on his dick.

She started stroking it. Dan's hips subtly began thrusting into her hand. He rested his head on the wall and she gently jerked her husband off.

Both of their attentions snapped to the shape moving across the room. Lester had emerged from the kitchen and was standing there, staring at the couple. Sarah didn't stop stroking her husband.

"Dan," Sarah asked quietly. "What are we doing here?" The playfulness in her voice was gone, replaced now by concern.

"I don't know," Dan responded. He sounded conflicted and full of turmoil.

Lester just stood there, watching them with predatory eyes. Eventually, he stepped further into the room. He awkwardly peeled off his faded t-shirt with a picture of the death star on it and let it fall to the floor.

Dan and Sarah watched as he shimmied out of his oversized basketball shorts until he was standing there in nothing more than his white underwear. Soon those were on the floor also and Lester was standing there in front of the couple, naked.

His cock was jutting out even though it was only half hard. Lester started to stroke himself while he stared at them. It was difficult to tell but Sarah knew that he was staring at her, remorselessly, deep into her piercing eyes.

"Think I can get a hand, too?" Lester muttered from across the room. Within seconds Lester had ratcheted up the sexual tension in the room.

"What do we do?" Sarah whispered to Dan, too low for Lester to hear. "Should we go back to the room?"

Dan didn't respond for several seconds. Sarah could feel his chest rise and fall quickly as he breathed. Finally, he responded, sounding conflicted, "No."

"Dan?" Sarah whispered, "Are you sure? We can still walk away. What do you want to do?"

Lester continued to stroke his cock, holding his ground. Dan struggled to find the words, saying them out loud was painful. Admitting them was painful. He just wished it could happen without him having to fully commit to the course of action. That he could watch the inevitable play out in front of him.

Dan grabbed Sarah's hand that was stroking his cock and intertwined their fingers. Then he gently pulled her along as he took

a step forward. Dan led Sarah into the living room. He directed them toward the chair across from the couch.

"Dan," Sarah whispered as she noticed Lester moving behind them. "Are you sure this is what we should do?"

Dan looked her in the eyes. She could see the lust plastered across his face, she could feel the heat radiating from her thighs.

"No," he finally said. "But I can't help it, Sarah. I need to see this."

Sarah rested a hand on his strong chest "Dan," she said, "I'm not going to have sex tonight. I can't, it's not a good time. What do you want me to do?"

Dan looked at Lester, who was sitting relaxedly on the couch, stroking his cock, seemingly in anticipation. "Go to him."

Sarah stood there as Dan slowly eased himself back down on the chair. She looked over her shoulder at Lester. If she wasn't already so turned on, she'd find Lester's looks and his action of stroking his cock utterly disgusting. But in her current heated state of mind, the thought of his eyes on her body, while he calmly and confidently stroked himself, was causing butterflies to dance around in her stomach. Her breathing sped up, and she felt the beginnings of lightheadedness.

She looked back at Dan, who seemed to be in a trance. His lustful expression appeared tinged with guilt. For some reason that she couldn't quite figure out, the conflicted look on his face turned her on a lot more than what Lester was doing. Dan sat there looking up at her, staring at her body but with his gaze somehow unfocused. She glanced down at the tent in her husband's pants. His obvious arousal told Sarah what to do next.

Sarah bit her lip and looked between the two men as she reached down and grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and peeled it off over

her head until she was standing there with her turquoise bra and impressive bust on display. She faced her husband, seeing the lust-fueled conflict in his eyes as she presented herself to the men in her lingerie. She pushed her chest out, accentuating her curves, and widened her eyes. Dan understood she was again asking him for permission, wordlessly seeking his approval. He nodded. A smile formed on Sarah's lips as her gaze turned from her handsome husband to his squat troll of a roommate. The roommate whose impressive cock was now slick with precum, his stroking never having ceased.

She turned to face Dan and stared into his eyes. Without breaking eye contact she bent over at the waist and started to lower her pants, giving Lester the perfect view of her shapely ass. Lester emitted an audible groan from behind her.

Once she had lowered and stepped elegantly out of her pants, Sarah snapped up to her full height and looked over her shoulder at Lester. "See anything you like?"

"Get that sweet ass over here," Lester growled, sitting on the couch with his legs spread as he stroked his cock.

Sarah looked back at her husband and raised an eyebrow. This was the point of no return and they both knew it. Dan subtly nodded.

With Dan's implied permission, Sarah turned on her heel and seductively walked towards her husband's overweight roommate. Dan watched as her perfect ass shifted from side to side like that of a runway model.

"Mmmmm, what's that you're playing with? Is it for me?" Sarah said as she stood directly in front of Lester with a hand confidently placed on her hip.

Lester grinned, "It's a called a cock. But you should know that already. Heh, maybe you wouldn't since you've been married to Dan

for so long and had to put up with what he's packing." His cock swelled as he finished his sentence as if to underline his point.

"And yeah," Lester continued, "It's for you. I'm going to slide it inside you and make you scream." His dark eyes told them both how much he meant this.

Lester reached for Sarah's thighs to grab her. She took a half step backwards, only his fingertips able to make contact with her supple skin. He tried to reach forward but couldn't: his gut was pressing against his thighs, preventing him from leaning over further. He grimaced from the effort.

"Not tonight, big boy," she said, looking down at the creature in front of her. "It's not a good time for that. Tonight I'm going to give you the best blow job you've ever had. Got it?"

"We'll see," Lester said, trying in vain to find a grip on her flawless body with his fingertips.

"This isn't a negotiation," Sarah said, bending over at the hips. She lowered her face until she was looking directly into his eyes. His fingers still barely touching her tanned skin, "This is how it's going to be --"

Lester suddenly stopped trying to grab her thighs; instead, he shifted his focus to her head which was now within reach. He grabbed the beautiful wife by her head and shoulders and pulled her towards him.

The maneuver caught her off balance and she stumbled forward. Lester's lips were on hers before she knew it. As he pulled her down he raised his hips up and directed her body onto her back, lying across the couch.

For someone so overweight, Lester was suspiciously nimble when he wanted to be.

Lester's weight was pressing down onto Sarah's frame; as she opened her mouth to breathe, Lester's large tongue invaded her mouth, searching for hers. She was taken aback: one minute she was dictating terms to Lester; the next he had her on her back with his tongue in her mouth.

Dan watched as his creepy roommate sandwiched his wife against the couch. His pale hair-covered skin contrasted with her tanned, toned body. He watched in fascination as Lester closed his beady eyes and his tongue pushed into his wife's pristine mouth. Lester was still stroking his cock but now his cock head was pressed up against Sarah's thigh.

Angst, jealousy and lust coursed through Dan's veins. He felt his cock jump as he watched Sarah's hand against Lester's chest. At first, it was tense, pushing back on Lester's quick maneuver but then it relaxed, showing Sarah's willingness. Her hand rubbed him gently, an intimate lover's caress. Dan's heart sank as his cock throbbed.

Dan knew that Sarah said no sex would happen but he couldn't help but stare as he thought about the possibility. About watching his wife as another man entered her; watching her face contort with pleasure. He was fascinated and aroused by the idea, knowing that it had already happened but that he had been unable to witness it was tearing him up inside. He also felt a great deal of shame for his desires and for his wife's willingness to engage in his fantasies for him.

Sarah could feel the heat of Lester's cock as he rubbed it against her inner thigh, inches away from her married sex. The tension in her body slowly melted away as she felt Lester's skin upon her own. The heat from his body mixed with hers.

She finally relented and gave in, running her tongue against his. His large tongue dominated her mouth and clashed with hers, their two

tongues dancing and sliding against each other. Their saliva mixed together, each experiencing fully what the other had to offer.

Sarah let one hand slide up the couch until it rested on the back of Lester's head, her fingers lacing through his thinning hair. His other hand ran down his body, feeling its softness until she reached the hard cock between his legs.

"Mhmmmmm," she moaned into Lester's mouth as her fingertips found the large member. Lester's hand retreated as Sarah's took over. It was an awkward angle but she still managed to obtain a firm grasp on it, stroking it. She would stop and use her fingertips to run over his cockhead, then she would slide her fingers down and allow her nails to gently graze his balls. This elicited a guttural groan from Lester.

Dan watched as Lester's hands began to explore Sarah's body. Running over her ample chest. Sarah yelped as he squeezed her tits hard before his hand moved down to her perfect ass. He snaked his hand under her and grabbed a handful of it and pulled her body towards his crotch. Sarah's hips involuntarily bucked, pressing against his manhood. The couple groaned together, both of them remembering what it felt like when there were no clothes to prevent penetration.

Lester slowly removed his tongue from Sarah's mouth. Dan noticed how hard she was breathing, like she was gasping for breath. Lester started to lick down her neck, causing her body to writhe against him. His tongue continued to descend downward until it traced the depths of her cleavage. He started lapping at the exposed skin of her breasts.

Lester's tongue ran against the fabric of her bra and, becoming dissatisfied, he used both hands to pull her up into a semi-sitting position. He quickly reached around her and with one hand undid her bra clasp. As the clasps hung there limply, he let Sarah fall back

to the couch as he grabbed the front of her bra, pulling it off in one masterful move.

Dan was unnerved at just how deft a maneuver it was. Perhaps he had been underestimating Lester this entire time. His wife now lay topless beneath this ogre of a man, her naked breasts rising and falling rapidly with anticipation. Lester brought Sarah's exquisite turquoise bra to his face and inhaled her scent for several long seconds while Sarah continued to stroke his unkempt cock. Both men's eyes lingered on Sarah's magnificent chest - her breasts never failed to distract either of them.

Then with a smirk, Lester tossed the discarded bra towards Dan. It landed in his lap, directly on his shorts that were concealing his throbbing dick. Lester kept eye contact with Dan as he lowered his head to Sarah's chest and started to play with her nipples. He ran his wet lips around her pert swollen nipples, avoiding direct contact with each one, and then alternated biting and sucking each one. He paid attention to the mewls coming from Sarah, mauling and devouring her breasts, changing his actions depending on the responses from his roommate's wife.

Sarah closed her eyes and thrust her chest up to Lester's mouth eager for the stimulation. Her free hand held the back of his head firmly to her chest, while the other massaged his throbbing cock. Already large in her hand, she felt Lester's cock stiffen, enlarging even further. Her surprise at this development only served to further fuel her own arousal.

As Lester's tongue danced around Sarah's perky nipples and drooled saliva all over her heavenly chest, his other hand started to tug at her panties. He snaked his finger under the hem and started to pull.

Dan watched as Lester tugged at Sarah's panties. He was doing the calculus in his head. If those panties were removed, Lester's cock was right there.

Before Dan could see too much, Sarah stopped stroking Lester. Her hand left his cock and quickly tried pushing Lester's hand away, "No, Lester, not tonight. Please." She said this carefully, as if she didn't want Lester to think she wasn't aroused by his persistence.

Lester continued to tug, focused on his goal. Sarah pushed his hand more forcefully and sat herself up into a sitting position where she could swing her legs out from under the beast on top of her.

"Rhhmmm," Lester sounded momentarily disappointed by this turn of events. Sarah slid off the couch onto the floor as Lester sat up. Sarah knelt between his legs.

"I told you," she said seductively, "that I was going to give you the best blow job you've ever had tonight. Just sit back and relax."

Lester looked down into Sarah's beautiful green eyes and then his gaze shifted back to Dan. He smirked and said, "As long as it's a better blow job than you've ever given Dan, let's do it."

Sarah turned her head and looked back playfully at her husband, "Mhmmmm, I think I can do that."

She turned her head back around and lowered her waiting mouth onto Lester's large member. An electric shiver went through the married woman's body as her tongue connected with his cock.

Dan sat there in stunned silence as he watched his beautiful wife, the mother of his two children, begin to bob her pretty mouth onto Lester's cock. Her lips stretched to accommodate his size. The same lips he had stared at as they said 'I do' on their wedding day, just before he kissed them and sealed the commitment to their life together. Dan saw her savor his roommate's cock as she swirled her tongue around its tip.

While neither Sarah nor Dan was strongly religious, her voice from their wedding came back into Dan's head. Her words were as clear

as if she was saying them right now: "I do promise and covenant, before God and these witnesses, to be your loving and faithful wife in plenty and in want, in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health, as long as we both shall live."

He watched as the woman who had pledged to be his loving and faithful wife took another man's cock into her mouth while she emitted moans of pleasure around it. She was now trying to get as much of it into her mouth as she could, but much of Lester's glistening shaft was still visible.

Ashamed, Dan began to lower his pants and boxers until they were discarded on the floor. His hard dick pointed towards the ceiling and he started to stroke it. Sarah's lacy bra was sitting on his thighs. The feeling of the material on his bare skin added to his stimulation.

Lester broke his stare away from watching the beautiful woman engulf his cock. He looked up at her husband and a shit-eating grin spread across his face. "Hold on, let's get in a better position." Lester was at his ugliest when he smiled, as he did now.

He lightly pushed on Sarah's shoulders until she reluctantly let his cock slip from her lips. Lester scooted back and over so that he was lying propped up against the arm of the couch. Sarah, insatiably, crawled up the couch after him. As she felt him settle into position, she propped herself up on her arms in between his legs and stuck her tongue out to lick the entire underside of his cock.

"There," Lester said, as Sarah's tongue trailed down and started to trace circles on his hairy ball sack, "that'll give old Danny boy a better view of the festivities."

Sarah looked up at Lester. "How thoughtful of you," she murmured. Her mouth went right back to his left nut, engulfing it in a deep kiss.

"Heh," Lester grunted, pumping his dick into the air as Sarah hit a particularly sensitive spot on the underside of his balls, her tongue

grazing across the little bumps and imperfections. "Thoughtful has nothing to do with it."

Lester cast a glare at Dan, saying, "I wanted to prove to him that I was right earlier."

Dan watched as Sarah's tongue reappeared from Lester's nether region. She looked momentarily confused as she looked first at Dan and then back up at Lester. "Right about what?"

"That you crave my cock. After getting fucked by me, I know you haven't been able to stop thinking about it." Lester sneered at Dan.

Even as Sarah had to admit to herself that Lester's large cock did feel amazing in her hand, knowing that she was the one causing it to react that way, she still wasn't about to let Lester walk all over her and Dan.

"Lester," Sarah said while looking between the two men in the room, "last weekend, that was a mistake. It won't happen again. There was a miscommunication and I thought Dan was on board. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done what we did."

Lester grinned and grabbed Sarah by the back of her head and pulled her face down onto his cock. He thrust his hips off the couch.

"Ughh, mhhmmmm," Sarah moaned, as she braced herself for the large cock invading her mouth, her tongue running underneath its length. His large cock pistoning in and out of her mouth, the way Lester just took control over her that way: even as her eyes began to water from discomfort, she hated to admit that it turned her on.

"Mmmhmmm," she moaned around his cock as it slid in and out of her pretty little lips, as it bumped up against the entrance to her throat. "Mhmmmmmm."

Lester looked at Dan and winked. Then he abruptly pulled his cock from her mouth.

Disappointed, Sarah intuitively tried to wrap her lips back around Lester's fat cock but felt pain in the back of her head. Lester held her ponytail firmly in his grip, keeping her desperate mouth off of his throbbing cock. Dan's mouth was open in shock as he watched his wife's obvious attempts to continue fellating the loathsome slob.

"That's great Sarah, but that's not what I said," Lester grinned as he looked down at her. "Look at your husband."

Sarah looked visibly confused, why wasn't Lester letting her suck his cock? She looked from Lester to Dan.

"Now tell your husband honestly that you haven't thought about me and my cock once since last weekend." Lester was looking between Dan and Sarah, blissfully taking in their facial expressions. Even as he engaged in casual conversation, his cock didn't waver at all. Sarah had noticed this and her mouth watered even as she began to speak.

Dan shifted in his seat and Lester swore he saw Dan's dick twitch at his words. Sarah's face was masked with lust but her eyes still betrayed her. It was clear to everyone in the room that it would be a lie if Sarah denied what she wanted.

Lester lifted his hips off the couch and pressed his cock against Sarah's cheek. He held her head in place by her ponytail. Sarah opened her mouth but Lester kept his cock against the side of her pretty face.

Dan watched as Lester slid the entire length of his meat against Sarah's face, resting it against her in a domineering fashion.

"Tell him," Lester said from a few feet away. "Tell Dan the truth. Tell him how much you've been thinking about this cock."

Lester slid his legs up and between Sarah's so that his fat thigh was pressing against her panty-covered pussy. He ran the length of it up and down several times, trying to stimulate her clit. "Tell him."

Sarah closed her eyes, getting lost in the feeling of having Lester pressing up against her sex and his hard hot cock pressing against her face. She opened her eyes and looked directly at her husband, the rest of the world and her worries melting away. The debauchery of this lowly man's giant organ on her face was turning sex upside down for the married mother.

Dan looked into his wife's eyes. The only emotion he was able to discern from them was lust.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned. "Dan. I'm sorry, I just can't keep replaying last weekend over in my head. He's right. Fuck, this bastard is right. I keep thinking about him and his cock."

"That's a good girl," Lester chuckled. He released his grip on the back of her hair, turned her head, and brought it down onto his cock. Sarah broke eye contact with her husband as her lips pressed against the fat cock in front of her.

Dan's heart skipped a beat. The admission plus her breaking eye contact with him to focus on Lester's cock made his heart and his cock ache. He stopped stroking himself for a second, afraid he was going to explode.

Sarah felt Lester's dirty salty precum begin to ooze out of the slit in his cock head. She pulled back and made sure to swirl her tongue around the head of his cock, locking eyes with Lester as she did. The taste danced across her tongue, stoking a fire deep within her.

She glanced at her husband, he was staring at them with wanton lust plastered all over her face. Sarah knew from past experiences that the dirty talk really inflamed Dan's desires and turned him mad with lust. She just hoped she wasn't getting too carried away.

Having licked up the last of the precum, Sarah dragged her lips to the bottom of Lester's cock and started planting soft kisses along his shaft while she stared seductively at her husband. She took her time, making sure each kiss allowed her tongue time to run over each of Lester's veins.

"How are you doing over there, my love?" Sarah queried between kisses. She wanted to make sure Dan was okay, that he was still on board with all of this. She knew that the dirty talk would turn him, so she planned to lean into it for him.

"Good," Dan croaked out. "You look so fucking hot."

"Stop talking to him," Lester commanded, "You're mine right now. If you really want to talk to him, use that pretty mouth to tell him how much you love my cock."

Sarah looked up at Lester with annoyance and then rolled her tongue up the base of his cock until it flicked over his cock head, "Mhmmmm, Dan. Lester is right, I can't get enough of his big cock." She took the head right back into her mouth, showing Dan the truth of it.

"Tell him you love it," Lester grunted. "Look in your husband's eyes and tell him how much you love my cock."

"Fuck," Sarah said as she used her hand to start stroking Lester's slickened cock, her heavy breasts bouncing as she did so. She turned her head and looked at her husband. "I love it, Dan. I love this cock. I hate that it's attached to someone like him but I can't stop thinking about it."

She bit her lip and stared into Dan's eyes as she lowered her head. "I crave it," she said, little louder than a whisper. Her eyes returned to the swollen object of her lust.

"Ugh," Dan moaned from his chair. He had resumed stroking his cock and could feel his balls beginning to tighten. The view in front of him was too much but Sarah's dirty talk always set him off.

Lester pulled Sarah up by the armpits until her chest came up over his groin. He put his cock between her breasts as they pushed against his fat frame.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's large cock sliding between her breasts. Sarah's sensitive nipples brushed against Lester's naked body. She unconsciously ground herself against Lester's thigh, stimulating her clit against the fabric of her panties.

"That's it," Lester moaned. "I may not get to fuck you tonight but I'm going to fuck that chest of yours."

"Uhhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling an orgasm building up inside her. "Do it. Fuck my tits. Fuck them hard."

Lester started to piston his cock in and out of her breasts. Sarah held the side of her breasts tight, keeping them pressed together to milk Lester's massive organ. Dan could see the sheen of sweat, saliva and pre-cum coating his wife's breasts. He watched in horror as his wife humped herself against Lester's leg like a dog in heat.

His roommate really did have his wife in the palm of his hand.

"Your husband wants to know what it was like to fuck me," Lester said as his cock hit Sarah in the chin before disappearing back between her breasts. "I know you haven't told him how much you enjoyed it yet. Time for some honesty. Look at him, he wants to hear it. Tell him."

"Ohhhhh," Sarah moaned, it was all too much. The feeling of the cock between her breasts, riding Lester's thigh. Feeling how large and veiny Lester's cock was against her smooth skin, the taste of his cock and fluids lingering in her mouth. Being on display for Dan and

seeing the conflict in his face, talking so dirty about Lester to him. Sarah was on the brink of exploding.

"Ohhh, fuck," Sarah moaned as her orgasm started to slowly wash over her. "Fuck. God, Dan, Lester fucked me soo good. Soo fucking good. He made me cum so many times I lost count and just passed out. I've never experienced anything like it before." She was quaking with bliss as she spoke slowly, her impending explosion obvious to both men.

Sarah's words cut through Dan's heart as his cock pulsed, wanting Dan to release his cum filled balls. They made eye contact just as Sarah's lips formed an O. Dan watched as his wife's body was rocked by an orgasm.

Sarah's nerves were on fire, as pleasure detonated deep within her body. She could feel every hair on her body stand on end: her toes curled as she jolted, coming hard on Lester's thigh. She made a sound that was half scream, half moan as she rode the wave of her pleasure.

Her body still reeling from the mind-blowing orgasm, Sarah realized how hard she was breathing. She looked up at Lester lustfully. His face was painted with a lust that matched the intensity of her own. Two polar opposites who never should have been together, matched in a searing look of desire. Lester's face wore a tinge of triumph, as well.

Sarah knew why. He had fully conquered her the weekend before and despite her best efforts, she couldn't stop thinking about it.

"Tell me how bad you want it again," Lester growled. He reached forward and pulled her body fully onto his, his lips kissing her sloppily. Sarah's hand instinctively found his cock and started to stroke it.

"Tell me," Lester whispered. "I want to hear you admit it."

Sarah broke their kiss and stared at Lester's chest as she focused on stroking his cock.

"I want it," she whispered. "I want to feel it again."

Dan couldn't quite make out what Lester and Sarah were saying. The fact that they were having a private conversation, whispering together like lovers, was like a dagger to his heart.

"Kiss me," Lester said, his hand gesturing down his neck and towards his cock, "and then suck my cock, but tell your husband what you just told me at the same time."

Sarah had been kissed by Lester many times at this point, but now she was being asked to begin a kiss with Lester in front of her husband. She didn't hesitate at all to push her tongue deeply into the older man's mouth, knowing how hot this was for Dan and how much it was igniting her own lust, but not sure which was the greater factor at the moment. Dan watched as Sarah initiated a kiss with Lester, her tongue darting into his mouth first and then swirling seductively around.

"Mhmmm," Dan heard Sarah moaning into Lester's embrace as her hand continued to stroke the large cock between them. Dan was still flabbergasted that Lester was packing a cock like that. It seemed patently unfair that someone so inferior to him dwarfed him in this one embarrassing respect. He knew there were things that Sarah could experience with Lester that she never could with him. There were things the obtuse couple across from him could share, that Dan could never share with his own wife. Heights they could hit that would leave Dan below, only able to watch.

Sarah broke her kiss with Lester and started planting light kisses along his neck. Her tongue flickered out and licked him intimately, running over the folds in his skin. She widened her eyes, looking at Dan intensely.

Dan watched as Sarah stared into his soul, all while she continued to grind herself gently against Lester.

"Mhmmmmm," she moaned, never breaking her gaze from her husband's. She planted soft succulent kisses along Lester's neck, lover's kisses that were usually reserved for him. "I want it, Dan. I want to feel this cock again."

She emphasized the word cock by quickening the pace of her strokes on Lester's cock.

"I can't believe I'm saying this but it was just so fucking good. I need to, baby." She bit her lip playfully. Lester couldn't see it, so Dan knew that gesture was just for him. He hoped it meant that this was all a show for him, that she wasn't so far gone. But he knew that their dirty talk and roleplaying always contained an element of truth.

Sarah didn't break eye contact with Dan as she intently kissed and licked down Lester's chest and stomach until she reached Lester's throbbing cock. Her gaze finally broke with Dan's at last as she looked down at Lester's cock in front of her. Without looking back at her husband, Sarah licked her lips and took Lester's cock into her mouth. She paused with as much of Lester in her mouth as she could get, her enjoyment in performing this act apparent.

Lester worked her mouth using the back of her head, setting the tempo. He looked over at Dan, smirking. "I told you. I told you she wasn't over it. She may love you, buddy, but your wife loves my cock more."

"Isn't that right?" Sarah raised her head to speak but Lester held her down on his cock by the back of her head.

The only noise she could respond with was, "MMhmmppfffff."

Lester lay back in heaven, luxuriating in the feeling of this beautiful wife and mother milking his cock with her mouth. She really did give

a better blowjob than he had ever received before. As much as he wanted to fuck her, he was enjoying her sucking him off. He especially loved how she was doing it for him right in front of her husband, loved making her admit and say all the nasty things she had.

Lester enjoyed the power. He had never had power over two people at once before. That new level of power was intoxicating.

Sarah's expert mouth was working his cock too well. Lester could feel his cum beginning to throb in his balls, getting ready to explode. He had one more thing up his sleeve before that happened.

Lester pulled Sarah off of him; she bobbed her head trying to reach his cock with her mouth but he didn't let her. Lester stood up and walked towards Dan.

Confused, Dan and Sarah looked at Lester, unsure what was happening. Sarah's mouth felt empty and she craved the feeling of his leg between hers, grating against her throbbing clit.

Lester only stopped when he stood directly in front and above Dan. He looked down at him and for the first time in Dan's entire time living in the apartment, he felt small. Even though Lester was a head shorter than him, right now Lester was towering over him as Dan sat here with his pants off and his hard cock in his hand. It was an extremely vulnerable position. Lester's musty smell was intensified by his proximity. If the situation hadn't been so combusive, Dan would have been utterly revolted.

"Come here," Lester said to Sarah.

Uncertainly, Sarah stood and walked over to the two men in her life. She stopped, standing directly in front of Lester wearing nothing more than her turquoise panties. She was breathing rapidly, her chest was rising and falling in anticipation. She didn't know what

was going to happen next, but she couldn't wait to find out what it was.

Lester looked between Dan and then Sarah, before commanding her to, "Kneel."

Dan was surprised at how quickly and obediently Sarah complied. She knelt complaisantly, face to face with Lester's cock, clearly comfortable with the intimate proximity.

"I want you to touch yourself, Sarah. One hand in your panties and the other playing with your tits." Lester looked down at Dan's wife kneeling before him. He knew that, under that confident exterior, she had a streak of submissiveness.

Sarah looked briefly at Dan before dropping one of her hands down into her panties. Her fingers found her clit and she started to roll it between her fingers. She bit her lip as her other hand started to massage her own chest. Lester's musty aroma wafted into Sarah's nose as well. She breathed it in like a heady cologne. She hadn't been a fan of it when she had first met the man, but now it played on her senses like an aphrodisiac.

Lester held his cock in one hand and took half a step forward, pushing it towards Sarah's face. Dan watched as she obediently opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. Lester pressed the tip of his cock onto her waiting tongue. He watched as his wife took the initiative and leaned forward to take Lester's hard cock deeper into her mouth.

Lester looked at Dan and smirked. He noticed that Dan had resumed stroking his dick, watching what was unfolding right in front of him. Lester grabbed Sarah's ponytail tightly, "You both said I couldn't fuck her tonight but you were both wrong. Dan, I'm going to fuck your pretty wife's face and you can't do anything about it."

With that Lester held Sarah's head tight and started bucking his hips wildly, rapidly thrusting his hard cock into her mouth. Sarah sat there receptively, touching herself, feeling more turned on than she ever had been in her life. Not only was she touching herself in ways only she knew how, but she also had Lester's big cock inside her mouth, stretching her lips. He was fucking her face the way he'd fucked her pussy last weekend, without a care in the world for her comfort, for her enjoyment. She remembered what it felt like to get felt that way, the raw animalistic abandonment of it. She knew Lester's complete lack of concern for her was exactly the thing about him that made her cum harder than with anyone else.

And she was doing all this right in front of Dan. Knowing he was watching and pleasuring himself to her but even more aware of how she was being used right in front of him, made to display the full measure of her submissive desires. She hadn't realized that it would turn her on but she felt like gasoline was being poured on her. The loop of her enjoyment fueling her husbands, her husband's obsessive engagement then driving her to enjoy herself even more, all of it combining, building on itself, and threatening to make her pass out from sheer sensation. She felt as if she was losing herself to an all-consuming lust and it frightened her a little that she didn't want to stop.

Her body was hot and she could feel another orgasm rapidly approaching. She already knew this one would be bigger than the last.

Lester wasn't gentle as he fucked Dan's wife's mouth. He was using his wife for his personal pleasure. Dan could only stare as Sarah played with herself right in front of him, her hips gyrating against her hand as she tried desperately to get herself off. Lester held her firmly as he fucked his cock into her mouth, causing her to gag.

Dan didn't realize how quickly he was stroking his cock until he felt his balls tighten as his cock exploded. He shot several ropes of cum

into the air and they landed on his thighs, some soaking into his wife's discarded bra. He felt a small triumph that he had marked some part of her outfit this time. He continued to stroke the last bit of cum out of his cock before he slumped back stunned, his nostrils flaring as his breathing slowed.

Neither Lester nor Sarah noticed.

His lust-filled mind began to clear as he sat there, still watching his loving wife being dominated by his creepy roommate. He wanted to put a stop to this entire thing and get Sarah back. He was about to interject but Lester spoke first.

"Dan," Lester said without looking at him, "I am going to fuck your wife again. Feel her under me as she screams as we cum together." Dan's words died in his throat as his spent cock stiffened again.

Lester could feel his balls begin to tighten. He was going to cum soon. He looked down at Sarah in front of him. "Isn't that right Sarah?"

"Mmmhpm," she responded, Lester's cock still invading the back of her throat as he face fucked her.

"What was that? Tell us. Isn't that right, that I'm going to fuck you again?" Lester pulled his cock from Sarah's mouth.

Saliva dripped down her chin as she struggled to catch her breath, "Yes," she breathed, "You're going to fuck me again with... this cock." She paused, looking at it in awe. "Soon." Dan couldn't remember ever finding Sarah more attractive than she was now, sweaty, disheveled, her submissive eyes locked on Lester's, his fat cock resting on her bottom lip.

Lester tightened his grip on Sarah's blonde ponytail and shoved his cock back into her mouth.

Sarah felt her body begin to tense up, her orgasm couldn't be held back any longer. With Lester's big cock fucking her mouth, the fuse was ignited. She came, the sound gurgling up from her filled throat, "Mmmmmmmhphhh."

Pure pleasure rippled through her body, stretching to fill every inch of it. It pulled against her very soul as it washed across her body. She squeezed her breast firmly in her hand and pressed hard against her clit as her entire existence revolved around this one moment.

As Lester heard the loving wife kneeling in front of him cum, his balls unloaded. Streams of cum exploded from his cock and launched to the back of Sarah's throat. Sarah didn't so much as gag as she began to swallow Lester's hot vile cum.

As she felt Lester's cum flood her throat, Sarah's orgasm hit a new height. Her neck bobbed convulsively as his hot spunk coursed down her throat into her stomach.

Lester suddenly pulled back and his cock shot another rope of cum onto her face, marking her as his own. Sarah felt several more frothing ropes of cum strike her. She stuck her tongue out as one landed right on it. She quickly swallowed and began licking around her lips, lapping up whatever cum was in reach.

Lester's spray splashed over her chest, and Sarah continued to massage her breasts. Massaging his seed into the pores of her breast flesh. Sarah licked and touched herself, feeling like she was covered in Lester's cum, luxuriating in it.

Lester let go of her ponytail and Sarah felt her knees go weak. She fell back onto her elbows, thick streams of white cum painted across her chest and face. Sarah lay back with a satisfied look on her face as she wiped a glob of cum off her eyelid. Without thinking, she popped her cum covered finger into her mouth and sucked it clean.

Lester looked at Dan triumphantly. Dan wasn't able to take his eyes off of his young, beautiful wife in such a debauched state.

"Soon," Lester said as he walked toward his room. "She'll be mine again."

Dan mentally noted that Lester had left the room but all he could focus on was Sarah, lying on the floor, covered in Lester's vile seed. He was shocked at just how much cum there was: he'd never seen so much before, even though he felt he produced a healthy amount.

Sarah licked her lips with a satisfied look on her face. She blinked and opened her eyes, looking around at her surroundings as if she was just seeing them for the first time. Her eyes focused on her husband, seated before her.

"Come on," Dan said, as he stood up and reached for her. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Dan was careful to pick Sarah up by the arms, trying to avoid getting any of Lester's pungent cum on himself. It was bad enough that his most prized possession in the world had been covered in it.

"I don't know what happened," Sarah said as Dan led her to the bathroom. "Things just got really carried away."

"I know," Dan muttered as he opened the bathroom door. "I'm not sure how things just escalated like that. I swore when you were coming up here that it would just be you and me this weekend. That we would cut Lester off completely."

"I think we need to come up with a better game plan next time," Sarah said as she removed her panties.

Dan started the shower and made sure the temperature was just right for Sarah.

"Dan," Sarah said as she looked at herself in the mirror. She couldn't wait for the shower, as she turned the sink's water on and splashed it on her face, beginning the process of washing the cum off. "You know that all those things I said. All that dirty talk in there, I was doing that especially for you right? Even though I was with.. him ... it was still meant for you."

Dan wanted to hold and console her but her chest was still covered in Lester's cum. "I know. I know. Believe me, I know. You looked so damn sexy doing it and it turned me on to no end. I just can't believe how out of control it got, I should have put better guard rails up."

Sarah stepped past him and entered the shower, letting the warm water cleanse Lester's markings from her skin.

"Get cleaned up," Dan said. "We're still good, we just need to get a better handle on this and be better prepared for next time."

"Okay," Sarah said as she returned to the water running over her body.

Dan stayed in the bathroom, his back to Sarah as she showered. He felt like he had to keep watch, like he'd failed her before by letting things get out of hand. He stood there like a sentinel, but his thoughts kept drifting.

He wanted nothing more than to take Sarah to bed with him, but he knew it wasn't a good time for her.

As the water turned off behind him, he turned his head and saw Sarah wrap a white towel around herself. *God she is so sexy.*

"Are you ready for bed?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah," Dan said. "Let's go get changed and turn in."

Everything seemed perfect at their house in Middleton. They couldn't have asked for a better day, the sun was shining and the weather was perfect. Birds chirped in the treetops. The girls were playing in the backyard and Dan was having a beer sitting on the back porch while Sarah had a glass of red in her hands and her feet propped up on his lap.

He felt a sense of calm and fulfillment that he hadn't felt in a long time. Everything seemed perfect. Then he started to hear a faint buzzing. Dan dreamily looked around to figure out where the sound was coming from.

He stood up and walked onto his back lawn. The sound seemed to be coming from everywhere at once. He shielded his eyes and looked up at the sky. The sun wasn't shining so brightly anymore; it was completely concealed by dark thunderclouds.

Dan turned back to Sarah but the porch was empty. Her empty wine glass sitting alone on the ground next to where they'd been sitting. Dan turned, looking around the yard, his daughters were nowhere to be seen.

Confused, Dan started to walk back inside, each step feeling heavier than the previous one. He opened the back door and walked into his kitchen. Long shadows seemed to creep from every corner of the room, drowning out the light coming in through the windows.

The buzzing was louder in here. He moved through the house, the buzzing growing louder and louder. As he walked toward the stairs, the shadows seemed to follow him. He could have sworn they were stretching out towards him when he wasn't looking.

As Dan ascended the stairs the buzzing intensified even more. Through the noise, he heard something else. Something familiar. He

tried to focus on what it was. It sounded like a woman screaming. No, not screaming exactly.

A woman in the throes of pleasure, begging for more.

Dan reached the landing and started towards their bedroom. The buzzing and the sounds of enjoyment were growing louder. It sounded like Sarah was behind the door. Sarah was moaning.

The buzzing was starting to hurt Dan's ears. He needed to open the door and see what was on the other side.

He grabbed the doorknob and turned it.

A bright light shone into Dan's eyes. He blinked and raised his head to look around.

"Dan, get that," Sarah purred with her eyes still closed. They were lying in his small bed in the apartment in Chicago.

Dan blinked again and got his bearings. His phone was buzzing incessantly. He tried to shove down the memories of the night before and how twisted things had become. He focused on his phone.

Dan reached out to his end table and grabbed his phone, disconnecting the charger. He silenced it and looked at the number that was calling him. It was work.

He answered the phone with a groggy, "Hello?"

An automated message played. Some company-wide announcement. It asked him to log onto a Teams' call at 9:15 am.

"Fuck off," Dan said as he hung up and put his head back down on his pillow. He really wanted to see what was going on behind that door in his dream.

Sighing, he held the phone up to his face and checked the time. It was 9:10 am. Walt and the rest of the team really shouldn't be asking them to jump on a call on the weekend. They'd really been pushing what was acceptable lately.

Dan sat up and looked over at Sarah's form. God, she was sexy. He shuddered as he thought back to Lester plastering Sarah with his cum last night. His mind kept going back to Lester and his wife together.

Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Dan swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood up. He grabbed his laptop out of his bag, along with his set of AirPods and walked out into the hallway. He made sure to close the door behind him.

He walked into the living room and froze. He had planned to sit on the couch to take the call but it just dawned on him that he really didn't want to sit there. Not yet. Lester's recent triumphs had rendered the area almost radioactive to Dan. Strangely, he wouldn't sit in the area, but he always became rock-hard if he thought about the reason for his avoidance.

Dan made his way into the kitchen and started to brew a coffee as his laptop turned on. Within a few minutes, he was seated and logged into Teams. He was stuck in the meeting lobby until 9:20 am when the meeting finally started. As Dan glanced at the attendee list, it looked like the entire company was there.

Dan expected to see Walt as he usually ran the company-wide meetings. His spider-sense started to tingle as he recognized the head of HR as one of the four windows given the spotlight.

"Thank you all for coming on short notice and on the weekend. It is appreciated," the woman said. "The senior leadership team wants to start this off by saying what an amazing job you all have been doing this year and that we couldn't be prouder. We know you are all loyal and dedicated to the company and that each and every one of you

would bend over backwards to help it succeed. That is how we know you are going to help us achieve the immediate goals in front of us right now."

Dan tentatively sipped his coffee. He thumbed his cell phone and started to scroll through his work email.

The woman continued, "As we look at our business, we realized we have opportunities to position our company better and be much stronger going into the future. But it will take all of us to put our heads down, do the work and make sacrifices to create this better future together."

Dan clicked on an email from the previous night from Walt. He had sent it to several senior members of the team, but he had included Dan on it as well. The timestamp was around the same time that Lester had begun defiling his wife on the couch.

Walt and the other directors had failed to appease Byron and the Lincoln Group. It sounded like they thought Byron was taking them for a ride, trying to get them to pay for expensive drinks and there was a bit of an argument. This coupled with what had transpired with Jesse seemed to hit a breaking point.

The Lincoln Group had dropped Dan's company and planned to withhold their outstanding payments. The company's cash cow was gone.

"That's why starting Monday we are going to undertake a new compensation policy, company-wide," the woman continued. "Going forward, in order to position us to be nimble and adaptable to market changes, we are going to examine new ways to find efficiencies and streamline our operations. As part of this, we will be recalibrating everyone's monthly compensation by a reduced forty percent. We know you are all willing to make this change to help put us in the best position going forward as we build toward our goals

together. If you have any questions about this, please speak to your manager or an HR team member this coming week."

Forty percent. Dan sat back shocked. They were going to cut his wage by forty percent. He started to do the math in his head, trying to figure out their mortgage payments, rent, groceries and other expenses. Things were already way too tight.

"Thank you all for logging in, I speak on behalf of the entire management team when I say, I hope you all have a great weekend and we'll see you on Monday."

Forty percent pay cut. It wasn't going to be enough for them to survive.

Lester had watched Dan leave his room from the peephole. His initial plan was to slide into bed next to Sarah and see if he could push his luck and see what Dan's reaction would be. The previous night had gone easier than he expected. Lester had thought Dan would stand up to him like he had earlier in the day but it appeared he was just a passenger to events when his lust to watch his wife took over.

When Dan grabbed his laptop and headphones, Lester decided to pause his plans to see what happened. As he listened in through his computer on Dan's work call in the kitchen, he couldn't have been more pleased with what he'd learned.

As he watched Dan on the monitor sitting back in disbelief, Lester sat back and contemplated the new opportunities this development presented. Lester's face split into a grin as he thought through some of the same calculations that his roommate was probably making.

Lester's planning was paying off in ways he couldn't possibly have predicted.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 10

It felt like it had been hours since the impromptu Saturday morning company meeting ended. Dan just sat there in his apartment kitchen, dazed, staring at the black computer screen. It had long since powered down due to inactivity.

No matter how many times Dan went over the numbers in his head, there just was no way to make the financials of the new situation work. He still couldn't believe his company was cutting his salary by 40% and expected him to react with a smile for the good of the company.

He was going to have some words with Walt when he saw him on Monday. The hard truth of the matter was that his family had just reached some level of stability. With the pay cut, there was no way they could afford their mortgage payments and the rent on the apartment. If Dan moved back to Middleton, then they'd eventually lose the house. Back home, there simply wasn't any work to be found in his field or any other jobs that he would be qualified for.

He sat there in what felt like a catatonic state, his brain trying to process and find a solution. Perhaps he'd have to find a second job to try to make ends meet. He couldn't believe, at this stage in his life and with the experiences he had behind him, that this was something he even had to consider. It felt like he was backsliding and the walls were closing in. The idea of him standing behind a counter taking a fast food order from a group of teenagers felt utterly humiliating to him.

Dan unconsciously ground his teeth together at the realization that his sabotage of Jessie could have very likely tipped the scales. Without the regular cash flow from the Lincoln Group, it seemed like the company couldn't make ends meet.

He continued to sit there in his near catatonic state until he heard stirring from the other end of the apartment. Sarah must be getting up. He could keep sitting here, eventually, she would come to find him.

What if Lester intercepted her first? That was the last thing he needed, his creepy roommate trying something this morning. Dan knew he'd played a fairly passive role the previous night, just allowing the events to unfold, but he wasn't sure he would be able to hold back his frustration and rage if Lester crossed his path today.

Dan was relieved when he heard the bathroom door close. After a few minutes, he finally stood up, shut his laptop and left the kitchen. As he started to cross the living room, his radiant wife stepped out of the bathroom and turned to look in his direction.

An alluring smile spread across her features as she made eye contact. Even in her pajamas and her messy hair she still looked better than most of the women Dan encountered on a regular basis.

"Morning, baby," Sarah said as she walked towards him. "How did you sleep? I was thinking maybe we can grab dinner tonight and talk about what happened yesterday. I brought that black dress and I was thinking --"

Sarah stopped in her tracks as she entered the living room. She could tell something was wrong with him. "Dan, what's the matter?"

Dan felt his shoulders involuntarily slump forward as he exhaled a long breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. It felt like the walls of the apartment were closing in around him. "Let's sit." Sarah eyed him warily, knowing that something was amiss but unsure what it could be.

Dan motioned toward the couch and sat down. It dawned on him that he had avoided sitting here earlier but he just needed to sit anywhere other than in front of his laptop screen.

Sarah sat across from him, her body turned in his direction with a mask of worry on her face. "Dan, what's going on, you're scaring me. Did things go too far last night? I thought they kind of did at the end. It's always about you, I'm trying to turn you on."

Dan held up his hand, causing Sarah to stop talking. He focused his eyes on the couch between them. "No, it's not that. I mean, yeah, we need to talk about that, I still can't believe it, but no, this is something else. Work sent a message this morning asking everyone to jump on a call."

He took a breath and continued, "Anyway, most people in the company got on there and the head of HR started talking about the company and our loyalty to it but in the end, she announced everyone in the company was getting their wages reduced by forty percent."

Dan finally looked up and met his wife's gaze.

"Forty percent," Sarah said angrily. "Forty percent? They can't do that, Dan! That's huge! We can't....that's a lot of money. Dan, I..I don't know what to say. Fucking bastards - that's going to kill us."

"I know," Dan sighed. He had worked so hard over the past few months to keep his company afloat and now he felt like the boulder he'd been carrying was finally about to crush him.

"Why?" Sarah said, her voice now sounding more scared than angry. "Why did they do that? What reason did they give?"

"Business is a lot slower than expected and they've lost a few clients lately." Dan omitted that the pull-out by the Lincoln Group had likely played a big part in all of this.

"Okay...okay," Sarah said, as she leaped from the couch and ran into the bedroom. A minute later, she returned with her phone along with a pen and notepad. She sat back down and immediately started

writing on the notepad. Dan stayed silent, knowing she was likely doing the same calculations he had been running through.

Finally, she looked up at him. "Dan...I don't know how we make this work."

"I don't know either."

"This is bad timing. Really bad timing. I just registered the girls in swimming lessons and the fee isn't refundable. I was banking on paying off the card with your next paycheck before our mortgage gets taken out. Fuck, what do we do."

"We'll figure something out," Dan mumbled, his eyes unfocused. They had always figured something out, right? He tried to tell himself this would be just like all those other times, but he was having trouble convincing himself.

He felt warm hands on his. He looked down and saw Sarah's tender hands encircling his. The image of her hand around Lester's cock from the previous night flashed into his mind.

Dan looked up at his wife. She had closed the distance between them and was sitting right next to him. She was looking up into his eyes with a determined smile on her face. He knew she wasn't really feeling brave but was putting on a confident front for his sake.

"You are right," she said firmly. "We will figure it out, that's what we do. We'll look for some areas to cut back and see what other moves we can make. I might have some stuff in the basement I could put on Facebook marketplace to help cover some bills. We'll figure it out."

The sound of a door opening caused the couple to pause. Lester emerged from the hallway, wearing only a ratty pair of boxers that caused his naked stomach to bulge out, "Hey, there..."

"Not now, Lester," Sarah snapped at him. She turned her attention back to Dan.

"Hey," Lester said, throwing his hands up in frustration. "What did I do now? Buyer's remorse for all my cum you drank last night?"

Dan watched Sarah's face turn beet red. She turned back to Lester, "No, Lester, not everything is about you. Got it? Dan just got some bad news from work and we are working on figuring it out, okay?"

"Okay, okay," Lester said, trying to walk back his previous comments, "That sucks. What was the news?"

"Pay cut," Sarah said with her back to him. She was focused on the figures on the notepad in front of her.

"Ouch," Lester said as he walked backwards out of the room. Dan heard his door shut.

Sarah sighed and put down her notepad. "I'm sorry, I just wasn't expecting this."

"I know," Dan said reassuringly. "Neither was I."

"Well, the good news is, I can already think of a few ways to cut some expenses. It's going to hurt but we can manage it. It still won't get us all the way but maybe I can pick up some extra hours or figure something else out. But there is one thing I want to ask you and just see what you think."

"Shoot," Dan said.

"Do you think we should update your resume?" Sarah asked. "It's been months since you started here, maybe there are some new things out there."

Dan sat back, closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. The last time he had applied for jobs had been a grueling endeavor. Hundreds of applications, dozens of resume tweaks, dead-end interview after dead-end interview. He hated the process and didn't want to go through it again.

"Yeah," he finally said with a sigh. "Yeah, we probably should do that. You're right, there might be something better out there and we aren't even looking for it."

Sarah smiled reassuringly. *God, she is beautiful.*

"Okay," Sarah said, grabbing her phone. "Let's do this. We'll look at jobs and when we get a bunch of them, you apply and then I'll look at our expenses." The worried look was gone from his wife's face and Dan felt a little better about their outlook as well.

Dan and Sarah spent the next several hours camped out in the living room. Dan was on his laptop going through LinkedIn, noting jobs in Chicago that he would apply for and even some remote opportunities. He wasn't qualified for everything, but he would take a shot anyway. He reached out to old colleagues to start a dialogue, hoping their companies might have openings.

Sarah was on her phone across from him, looking at open jobs in Middleton. Dan was overqualified for all of them and none were in his field. She expanded her search and noted down a few in Chicago.

Dan smiled as he watched Sarah scribble something down on the notepad. She was like a bloodhound on a mission. He loved how she immediately threw herself into figuring a way out of their problems. He loved her tenacity.

As he watched her work, he knew that eventually, everything would end up okay.

"Darkspire!" Ned croaked through Lester's headset. "We need to pull back, we lost our tank. That stupid 3lReuns guy isn't healing us, we're gonna get screwed."

Lester absentmindedly began moving his avatar after Ned's. They were playing with some lower-level members of their guild. Their Chicago-based players in their usual crew weren't on tonight. Lester was much more interested in what was happening on the small screen in the corner of his display.

He enlarged it to get a better sense of what was going on. The network traffic on the apartment's wifi was busier than normal. Aside from Lester's usual activities, there was a ton of traffic going to LinkedIn, Indeed, other job boards and what looked like company websites.

Lester reached out and grabbed a pen along with a stained paper towel he had been using to clean his Cheeto fingers. He started to scribble down some of the company names he was noticing, putting an asterisk next to anywhere he noticed traffic going to an application or thank you page.

It looked like the Williamses were trying to get Dan a new job. That tracked after what they'd told Lester earlier. He grinned as he thought about the news that Dan had received a pay cut at work. He could almost smell the desperation emanating from the young couple in the living room.

Desperation was an element Lester knew all about. Especially where best to push to exploit it. Lester chuckled to himself. *It's too easy.*

If there was a god, Lester didn't think he was what people normally imagined. He must be some kind of deviant given the gifts and opportunities that kept falling in Lester's lap.

He barely registered Ned whining in his ear, "Darkspire come on, what are you doing? We're going to die here. I'll leave you if I have to. Lester! Come on."

This news presented a new angle for Lester, one he hadn't considered before but which could fit perfectly into Phase Two of his plans. He needed to isolate Sarah while simultaneously keeping his thumb on Dan's fantasy, making sure he stoked the fires just enough for Dan to submit. It would be like walking a tightrope, but he was confident. More than that, he loved the chase.

Lester decided to accelerate his timeline and put a new plan into motion. Part of him whispered caution but he decided to push forward anyway.

"Lester? You there, man?" Lester finished his ruminations and realized at some point his character needed to respawn.

"Yeah," Lester answered. "I just got distracted."

"Okay, just let me know next time, okay? We didn't both need to die there." Ned almost sounded apologetic. "Hey, I was talking to PhilWizard earlier today."

"Why do you still talk to him?" Lester rolled his eyes as he quickly switched over to Discord. He noticed several unread messages next to Cronos' conversation.

"Well, he is our DM for one. Anyway, we're going to try to get a game on the books for next month. Just wanted to confirm if you can come."

Lester looked at the unread messages and closed the browser. He didn't want to deal with those issues right now. Focusing on what Cronos wanted was something he'd handle later. "I'll be there, just tell Phil he needs to wrap up this dumb campaign soon."

Ned said something else but Lester noted a few more sites coming across his wifi network that he had to write down. Putting the pen down, he opened one of the drawers in his desk and pulled out a scrunched-up black silk robe. He brought it to his nose and inhaled the delectable scent of Sarah Williams. His boxers strained to hold in his swelling erection.

"What about this one?" Sarah leaned over and showed Dan her phone. It was a job listing that was in his field but something much more specialized than he was used to. He smiled and shook his head, idly stroking her back in appreciation.

Sarah leaned back over to her spot on the couch and kept scrolling. He loved how dedicated and committed she was to solving this problem even though she really didn't understand his industry. Still, he appreciated that he wasn't doing this alone. He hated searching for jobs and dreaded the entire process.

He realized he was gripping his laptop too tightly. He relaxed his hands, remembering it wasn't his computer that was jeopardizing the future of his family. It was Walt and the other execs, but Dan couldn't help but wonder if some of the blame fell on him also. *They were in trouble well before this incident. It's not your fault.*

He tried to remind himself that he wasn't solely to blame. It made sense but he still felt a pit in his stomach.

The sound of plodding fat feet growing closer broke Dan's concentration. Dan didn't look up, hoping that Lester was just going to the kitchen to stuff his face. To his dismay, however, the sound of the fat troll's trajectory kept moving towards them.

Dan's eyes flicked up from his computer screen in time to see Lester's weak arms snaking their way over the couch, his hands

moving over Sarah's shoulders. His wife flinched at his roommate's touch, but not as much as Dan would have hoped.

"Lester, what are you doing?" Sarah said as she tried to pry herself free of his grasp.

"You looked tense earlier," Lester grinned, "I was just thinking of a few ways we could relieve that for you."

Dan watched as his roommate took liberties with his wife, his skin connecting with hers. He felt himself being pulled back down into that trance-like state of their previous few encounters. The pit in his stomach started to grow, getting warmer. His rage and frustration were bubbling up.

Before Dan fully realized what he was doing, he was on his feet. His laptop was pushed off his lap onto the couch next to him. He quickly closed the distance to his wife and Lester. Lester looked shocked and took a step back, releasing Sarah from his grip.

"Not today, Lester. It's not a good time," Dan barked, his finger pointed at his roommate. "And besides, you don't just get to do that! Get that through your head. This isn't some weird arrangement now where you can just come onto my wife anytime you like, got it?"

Lester put his hands up defensively, feigning innocence. "I just thought I'd be helpful, is all, you know with all the money woes and everything going on."

"That," Dan paused, gritting his teeth and looking to the side trying to find the right words, "...that isn't any of your business."

"Well, it is my business if my roommate can't make the rent." Something had changed in Lester's demeanor but Dan couldn't quite place it. He didn't seem like his meek self. "I'd hate to have to tell the landlord we're going to miss the rent this month."

"That's not going to happen," Sarah chimed in, now turning to face Lester as well. "We're going to figure it out."

"No doubt, no doubt," Lester said, pacing the room and shaking his head, putting more distance between himself and Dan. "I'm sure you guys will figure it all out and this will just blow over."

"We will," Dan said, turning away from Lester. He wasn't in the mood for whatever game this guy was playing. But he was unable to completely block out the thought of the way Lester had positioned and spoken to his wife the previous night. Dan felt the nudging of desire, to see that happen again. If he just relaxed and let things play out, who knew what could happen right now?

But Dan couldn't listen to that voice. If he had stopped listening to that earlier they might not be in this mess. Jesse wouldn't have seen the conversation and pushed Sarah into Lester's flabby arms.

As Dan grabbed his computer and started to sit, Lester said, "Of course, I could help."

"Help us, how?" Sarah asked, narrowing her eyes as she tried to figure out what Lester was up to. Dan set his computer to one side and looked up at his roommate.

"Spit it out, Lester, what are you playing at here?" Dan felt tired and impatient. He wanted to get back to putting out new resumes.

"Hey, if you guys are in a position to turn away help right now, that's fine. Sorry that I offered." Lester started to walk back towards his bedroom. Dan didn't budge, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of making him stop.

Sarah looked quickly at Dan and then back over at Lester. "Hey, wait. What do you mean, help?"

Dan could have sworn he saw another grin appear on the side of Lester's face. When he turned fully around, though, it was gone. "I was just thinking that I could help you out. With rent. I could cover your half until you figure things out."

"And why would you do that?" Dan asked. He felt his blood begin to boil, thinking about where Lester could be taking this. He also felt his arousal flaring up, trying desperately to pull him back down into that chair and watch. He was grateful his tee shirt was draped over his crotch, hiding whatever effect this interaction might be having on him.

Lester, for once, looked uncomfortable. "Can I talk to you for a second? Privately? Sorry, Sarah, I need to speak to your husband man to man."

Sarah waved him off, returning to the job hunt. She knew her husband would share whatever Lester told him.

Lester went with Dan into the kitchen area and spoke softly, "I hate to see my roommate in a pinch. It's just not good for the morale of the apartment, it's bad energy." Lester's eyes flicked briefly in Sarah's direction, confirming Dan's suspicions. "And, of course, there are some ways you could pay me back."

"Like with a loan agreement and some interest?" Dan asked sarcastically. He wasn't buying Lester's delicate manner.

Lester smiled. "That's not exactly what I had in mind."

Dan responded flatly. "If you think I am going to pimp my wife out to you just so you can cover my half of the rent, you have another think coming. That isn't going to fly, I'm not going to let you fuck her like an escort just to cover our ass. Not happening." He'd made his anger clear. In response, Lester turned slightly away from the living room to ensure only Dan heard him.

"Listen, I didn't want to say this in front of your wife, but you could really help me out here. Lizzie... that girl really broke my heart - she was gone so quickly. We had so many plans. And Sarah, you've gotta feel like an incredible stud when you're out and she's next to you. People must think you've got it all figured out. I admit, I got a little of how that could be with Lizzie. And with all this fantasy play, I thought maybe you'd be open to share a bit of how you feel when she's out with you. Would that be too much? I really don't like talking about my feelings or asking for help."

Dan stood in the small kitchen thinking the proposal through. He knew in his bones this was a bad idea that would only invite this odd troll further into their lives. He tried to quiet his lustful urges - he knew where that direction led. But they needed help and Lester was offering. Dan decided that the best course was to make the decision with his wife. He didn't trust himself to handle this correctly. Dan turned to the living room.

"Sarah, baby, Lester, uh, wants to take you out on a date."

"Dates," Lester corrected, now facing Sarah.

Sarah's eyes grew wide, knowing now what the catch to Lester's help would be. She frowned and crossed her arms over her chest, trying to conceal her curves.

"It isn't like that," Lester said, holding his hands up in front of him. "I don't want this to seem crude.."

His body language shifted again, his shoulders hunched forward and he stared at the ground. "I mean, yes, I enjoy my time with Sarah and I've enjoyed helping you two with your fantasy and all. But that's not what I'm offering." Lester paused, trying to approximate how what he said next should sound. He spoke haltingly. "Ever since Lizzie left me, I've just been sort of lonely here. I was hoping that if I helped with rent, I could take Sarah out once in a while."

Dan knew he shouldn't stand for this, but that darker part of him got the better of him. He asked, "What do you mean 'out'?"

"Like on a real date?" Sarah said, raising an eyebrow.

The thought of Lester leaving the apartment seemed preposterous to both of them.

"Exactly," Lester said, looking Dan's wife in the eyes. "Just a normal date with no expectations for anything else. Only some companionship."

Silence hung in the air as the three of them stood there. Dan narrowed his eyes at Lester, trying to figure him out. He had sorely underestimated Lester during their earlier encounters. He'd done the same with Jesse. Now he was trying to read the angles a little better.

"So?" Lester finally broke the silence, looking at Sarah, "What do you think?"

"I, uh," Sarah said, looking between Dan and Lester. "We'll talk about it."

Lester nodded and stalked back to his room. As Dan heard the door shut he looked at his wife, his eyebrows raised.

"Are we really considering this?" Dan felt tired. "We can't trust him, do we even know if he has the money to cover it?"

"I feel like he does, but we can always ask him to prove it," Sarah said. "This is just not what I was expecting. I thought we would just spend the rest of the day applying for jobs, not entertaining an offer from Lester."

"An offer to pimp you out," Dan muttered.

"He did just say 'date'. I don't really like it either. I know I can handle him, but just the idea of leaving you here to go out with him... it feels icky." Sarah sat back down, trying to distract herself with her cell phone.

"Let's go over the numbers again," Dan said. "If we keep all the bills the same, minus the areas you think we can cut, how long before we have to dip into our savings?"

Sarah sighed and looked up at him. "Honestly, we were barely keeping our heads above water before. I was going around the house like a hawk keeping the lights off to try and keep the bills low. I feel like we'll be dipping into what's left of our savings by next month."

One month. That's all the time Dan had before they started to deplete their meager savings. If he somehow got a miracle job interview this week, it would still probably be a while before they hired him, and who knew for how much? If he took Lester's offer they could take his reduced paycheck and build their savings back up, little by little. Enough to buy themselves some time.

He looked at Sarah. The expression on her face made him think she had done the same calculus.

"If," Dan said, raising one finger, "if we were to entertain Lester's offer. It would buy us some time. We would only do it for a little bit until we figure out our next move here."

"Not everybody gets a chance like this," Sarah added, "I bet a lot of your colleagues are going to be in worse off shape. We can make this work, we'll figure it out."

"Okay, fuck, I don't like it, but okay," Dan said as he stood up and passed Sarah on his way toward Lester's room. He knocked on the door and after a few seconds, Lester cracked it open.

"Yes?" Lester said, almost like he was pretending to have forgotten their last conversation.

"Sarah and I talked about it and we might consider taking you up on your offer. Can you really afford it?" Dan asked.

"One second," Lester said, closing his door. Dan stood there waiting around like a jackass. Lester opened the door and handed Dan a wad of cash. "Here, that should cover your half of the rent."

Normally Dan just paid his rent through his bank. Seeing the actual dollar bills in his hand made him pause for a second. It was a lot of money to hold in his hand, especially with how tight things had been the past four years.

"You," Dan started, "you...just keep stacks of cash lying around your apartment?"

Lester narrowed his eyes at him. "I try not to advertise it, thank you."

"Okay, got it," Dan said, breaking his gaze on the cash in his hand. He looked up into Lester's beady eyes. "I guess we have a deal. But remember, it's just dates. No funny business."

"If that's what Sarah wants," Lester smirked. "Oh, and I forgot one thing. The first date is tonight."

"Tonight?" Dan said. "That's too soon."

"I just gave you a bunch of cash to cover your rent, I'd say I earned it. Besides that covers this month's rent and you could have Sarah stay back home the rest of the month."

"Tell her we leave at eight." Lester shut his door, effectively ending the conversation.

Dan stood there facing the closed door. This offer felt too good to be true. As he walked back to the living room he wondered which of the predicaments he found himself in was worse.

"This feels weird," Dan sat on his bed, watching Sarah as she got dressed.

"I know," his wife said as she stood in front of the full-length mirror, wearing just a sheer black thing with lace trim that framed her ass perfectly and a strapless bra that unclasped in the front. For a strapless bra, Dan was impressed with how well it pushed her breasts up, creating an impressive cleavage. She was applying her lipstick, one of the last phases of her makeup routine. "Like you said, it's only for the short term while we figure things out."

"Yeah..." Dan said, staring at his wife. She looked incredibly sexy as always, but he just couldn't imagine her out with Lester in public. For so long this situation had been contained inside this apartment where he felt he had some level of control over it. There hadn't been many times when he had just left Sarah alone with Lester either. "Do you have to get all dolled up? You look really sexy right now, I just feel weird you are doing all this for him."

Sarah turned and looked at him. "Are you implying I don't usually look this sexy?"

She started to walk toward him with her sultry bedroom eyes, the ones that meant he was either in trouble or about to get lucky.

"Uh, you know what I mean," Dan said, trying to hold her gaze.

"This isn't for Lester," Sarah continued, closing the distance between them. "This is for me. As much as I'd love to just throw my hair in a bun and go in my sweatpants, I like looking somewhat presentable

when I go out. I don't particularly like anyone looking at me and thinking I look like a mess."

"You've never looked like a mess one day in your life," Dan added.

"Exactly," Sarah said as she sat down on the bed next to him. "I'll have this little 'date' with Lester. It's kind of sad, really. Anyway, when I get back, I'm all yours. I think I finished up earlier today."

"Finished up, meaning.." Things finally clicked for Dan. "You are off your week?"

Sarah nodded. "So let's have Lester pay for rent this month and pay for whatever it is we are doing tonight. And then when I come back, you get to take me to bed while he listens in from the next room."

Dan smiled at that. "You're evil."

Sarah laughed and the sexy, mischievous look returned to her face. She got up from the bed and grabbed the dress that was hanging up waiting for her. She'd already ironed it. As she began to put it on, Dan felt his erection growing; it looked incredibly sexy on her, even though on the hanger it had masqueraded as conservative formal wear.

The black dress exposed Sarah's bare shoulders and the top of her chest. The neckline sat right on her breasts, just covering the strapless bra underneath. There was a single sequined strap that was part of the dress before it changed into a gold chain that ran over her shoulders. The dress hugged her midsection and hips before draping down and falling past her knees. Somehow the subtle lines of the dress kept the focus on her curves.

"Can you zip me up?" Sarah asked, turning her back to him. The tight material of the dress stretched over her ass. Dan knew that men would be drooling over her tonight and he wouldn't be there to protect her, or even to watch it happen. The dress had a small slit in

the back between her legs that exposed the backs of her knees and a bit of thigh.

Dan adjusted himself as he stepped over and zipped up the back of her dress. "God, you look amazing." Dan pressed himself into his wife's covered backside, showing her how hard she'd made him.

Sarah smiled as she reached over and grabbed her earrings. "Mmmhm, thank you." She pushed her ass back into him, signaling her anticipation for their post-date fun.

She slipped on a pair of black heels and then applied the final touch to her outfit, sliding her wedding ring onto her finger. "Going to miss me?"

"Terribly," Dan said. "I still can't believe we are going through with this. This isn't how I expected today to go."

"I know," Sarah said, stepping up to him and cupping his cheek. "Me neither. But we've always figured out how to move forward in the past. This is just a little speed bump before we get back on track."

Dan sighed, "You're right." He took a second and then asked. "Hon, do you still have the videos of you and Lester? That you made... that night?" He tried not to sound too plaintive, but his eyes belied a hint of desperation. "Maybe they'd help get me going so I'll be ready when you get back."

"Oh, no baby, I'm sorry. I deleted them. That it happened was a mistake and I didn't feel right with them still on my phone." Sarah's eyes were downcast as she gave her husband a peck on the cheek. She'd deleted the videos Thursday night, afraid that her bath time ritual of watching what she'd done with Lester was becoming too routine.

Dan nodded, an understanding look on his face. He seemed ready to accept that the moment was lost. "Alright, let's get on with this

then."

The couple exited the bedroom and walked out to the living room, Sarah's heels clicking on the hardwood floor. It took ten minutes before Lester emerged from his bedroom, finally ready. Dan scoffed, thinking back to the rule that you never make a good-looking woman wait.

Lester had obviously tried his best to look nice but was still a mess. His clothes appeared new but the proportions looked off; the black pants and button-up navy dress shirt looked too big on him, like he was trying to hide his shambling body. Lester had tried to slick his hair to the side, but it looked unnatural and oily. He'd neglected to shave his stubble which covered part of his face and ran down the length of his neck. Dan almost felt sorry for the guy.

"Ready to go?" Lester asked, wearing his patented shit-eating grin. For a little bridge troll, this guy sure did have an outsized level of confidence.

"I am," Sarah responded, stepping up to Dan and purposely planting a long kiss on his lips. Dan knew the kiss was meant to reassure him but was also a deliberate play in front of Lester, signifying her love and commitment to her husband.

"Where are you going?" Dan asked.

"Dinner. Italian spot in Little Italy. Very romantic." Lester said.

Dan rolled his eyes, continuing to hold Sarah in his arms. He looked into her eyes and then whispered into her ear, "Have fun, and hurry back."

"I will, I love you." Sarah smiled. She grabbed her clutch and walked out the door that Lester was holding open.

As the door swung shut on its own, Dan was standing in the apartment alone. "I love you, too."

He stood there for a few seconds, his brain catching up with his immediate problems, trying to sort through them. *I need to keep moving forward.*

Dan grabbed a glass of water from the kitchen and sat down in one of the living room chairs. He'd remembered to avoid the couch this time. He opened his laptop and began looking through the job boards again, trying to find any new openings he might've missed earlier. Given that it was the weekend, no new jobs were popping out to him. He shifted tactics and reached back out to some old colleagues, seeing if anything was open or was about to open up at their firms. He tried to stay preoccupied and tried not to think about his wife out with his roommate, but his thoughts inevitably betrayed him.

The idea of Sarah and Lester walking into a restaurant and people assuming that she was his made his skin crawl. Though the predictable erection still began to form in his pants. He needed to get this fantasy under control.

He pictured Lester's hand on her bare back as he guided her towards their table, his eyes on her perfect ass as she slid into her seat. Standing next to her as she was seated, her face at the same level as his crotch. Lester pulling her into a back room...

Dan set his computer aside and went back into the kitchen. This time instead of water, he poured himself a glass of whiskey. He downed it in one gulp.

His thoughts drifted back to the previous night and his inaction; he had just sat there and watched as Lester did what he wanted with Sarah. This wasn't the first time he'd reacted this way, like a passive bystander watching events unfold in front of him. He'd known for a long time now that he'd wanted to see Sarah in a situation like this.

Part of him felt like if he said anything, he would risk ruining the fantasy playing out in front of him. The other part of him just wanted to stay in the shadows and watch how his wife reacted without him there, seeing her fully give in to her lust.

Dan poured himself a second glass and headed back to his laptop. He had to keep moving forward.

Sarah and Lester rode down the elevator in silence. It was awkward but Sarah barely noticed, her thoughts dominated by the new financial reality that she found herself in. She just wanted an opportunity to take a breath away from the stress they'd experienced the last couple of years.

It felt like the hits kept coming. Not only was Dan away from them, but now the job he had taken as a compromise was cutting his pay. Their income was already less than they were used to; she wondered how they were going to dig themselves out of this hole.

The elevator doors opened and Lester held them open as she exited. Sarah clasped her coat tightly as they walked across the windy parking lot. Lester led her to a black SUV tucked behind the side of the building. He fumbled opening the passenger door and then let her in. At least he was trying to play the part of the gentleman.

Sarah slid over the leather seat as Lester closed the door. She noted that the car's interior needed a good cleaning, it was dusty and there were some fast food wrappers in the backseat; the cupholders were filled with receipts and old fountain drinks.

She'd have to talk to him about cleaning out his car before they went on their next date, otherwise she would insist on taking an Uber. *Why am I thinking about there being another date?*

"So where are we heading, again?" Sarah asked, trying to break the silence as Lester started the car.

Lester began backing the car out of its space. "A nice little Italian restaurant called the Rosebud."

"What's good there?" Sarah stared out the window as they began their drive. Despite all the times she'd visited Dan, she hadn't seen a ton of the city. She had spent most of her time in the apartment. Sure, they'd gone out a few times and seen some sights, but she still felt like she was just beginning to discover this city.

"Uh, everything," Lester replied without any further elaboration. Normally Sarah would try to engage in small talk, she hated awkward silences, but this time she was fine with it. Her mind was preoccupied with turning over ways she and Dan could try to remedy their current situation. It would be hard for her to pick up any extra shifts and she'd already asked her parents to watch the kids a bit too often for her liking.

Maybe there was something she could do on the side from home, or something that Dan could do in his off hours. She hated the idea and also hated that thinking about a way out of this was dominating her mind.

Her trips to Chicago were supposed to be a little break from the everyday worries and stress of her life. Now all she was doing was focusing on her stress.

She closed her eyes and let out a long breath, trying to focus on the present and not let her stress control her. *Just try to have a good time this weekend, your issues are still going to be there tomorrow. Deal with them then.*

Sarah sneaked a glance over at Lester as he drove. She had to admit it looked kind of funny seeing him behind the wheel of a vehicle; it just wasn't something she had imagined before. Normally she'd have

thought someone like him driving a large SUV was likely compensating for something but, in this case, she knew that wasn't true. Still, he looked out of place behind the wheel, as if driving wasn't entirely comfortable for him.

He had come through with a band-aid solution to their problem. Covering Dan's rent this month bought them some time. He talked like he could do it for a longer term, but could he really afford that? Sarah didn't exactly know what he did but she knew that he barely left the apartment.

Still, the extra cash for rent made their financial situation less dire than it otherwise might have been. Dan coming back to the room with the stack of cash from Lester had been such a relief. If little dates with him were the price to pay, so be it. But she wasn't stupid - she knew what a man usually expected after a date.

Eventually he is going to want more. Despite what Lester said about not having any further expectations of their arrangement, she knew that would eventually change, if it was ever true in the first place. He had explicitly stated his expectation the night before and she had gotten carried away with her dirty talk and agreed to it. Sarah suddenly felt the tension in the car, remembering her lustful urges and her unrestrained responses to Lester's demands.

She noticed her nipples growing uncomfortable against the fabric of her dress. She had been mortified earlier when her nipples had gotten hard as Lester was laying out his proposal to them. She had crossed her arms and covered them, hoping Dan and Lester hadn't noticed.

It was bad enough that she hadn't immediately felt repulsed by Lester's touch as he'd started to massage her shoulders. It hadn't felt terrible -- luckily Dan had intervened on her behalf. Lester was becoming a regular presence in her life - he wasn't her husband, but he was helping. It made sense that she'd warmed to him a little.

Lester pulled into a small parking space on the street in front of an old-looking restaurant. The place must have been here for decades and seemed to embody the charm of a bygone era. As she undid her seat belt, Lester reached for her thigh as if to stroke it. But Sarah got out of the car, not having seen the gesture, much to Lester's dismay as he plodded around attempting to open the door for her.

As they entered the restaurant and were shown to their reserved table, more than one person turned to look in their direction. Sarah pretended not to notice but she felt eyes running over the curves of her body. She felt herself begin to inadvertently heat up at the attention. She'd subtly watched the expression on several men's faces. They'd look at her and their mouths would hang open, their elevator eyes going up and down as they looked over every inch of her. Their eyebrows would furrow in confusion as they finally saw she was with Lester, wondering what she was doing with someone like him.

Normally men were more tactful and would just perform a quick scan, looking away again before their dates realized. This time their eyes lingered. They probably thought that if Sarah was with a man like Lester, then they stood a better chance with a woman like her, too. She smiled unassumingly as they finally made their way to a cozy booth tucked in the back corner of the restaurant.

Do they think I'm a prostitute or maybe that Lester is my sugar daddy?

Admitting it made her feel guilty, but she was enjoying the extra attention she was receiving. The restaurant was dimly lit by candlelight, it had old furniture and extensive woodwork throughout: the kind of character you just didn't find in modern restaurants. Their booth was leather and it was probably the most private and romantic seat in the restaurant. Sarah imagined this place and even the booth where they sat were imbued with a lot of history. As Lester piled into the seat across from her, she realized how close

they were sitting. Their knees brushed against each other. With her legs crossed, her foot rested against Lester's lower leg. Although she thought it was intimate, she decided to leave her foot where it was. They'd regularly been closer than this, after all.

"Good evening." A skinny waiter with a tight mustache was suddenly standing at the edge of their table. "My name is Claude and I'll be serving you this evening."

He handed them two menus each. "Here are the menus for tonight and a wine list. May I ask, are you celebrating anything special tonight?"

Lester looked at Sarah and smiled. His eyes flicked down to her wedding band, "It's our anniversary."

"Oh, that's wonderful," Claude said. "Congratulations."

"Thank you," Sarah said. Claude had been looking at her with a smile so Sarah decided to play along. Her foot rubbed against her date's leg as if to agree with the premise.

"So a night out away from the kids then?" Claude added making a bit of small talk.

"No," Lester replied. "No kids but don't worry, we are practicing quite a bit in that department."

Sarah blushed at the comment and noticed Claude smiling awkwardly, not sure how to respond.

"Wonderful, I'll be back in a few moments to take your drink order." Claude turned to leave but Lester interrupted him.

"How about this bottle of cabernet sauvignon?" Lester said, pointing to the menu.

"Excellent choice, sir," Claude said, "I'll bring a glass for you to taste."

Lester held up his hand. "No need, just bring the bottle."

"Right away, sir." Claude's head bowed slightly and he left the table.

"Anniversary, huh?" Sarah said, eyeing Lester.

He grinned, adding, "Sometimes you get free stuff if you say that. Besides, when we are out on these dates, we can act out whatever story we want. Let's have some fun with it."

"Fun is relative," Sarah told him. "You know the only reason I agreed to this is because of Dan's pay cut right?"

"Sure," Lester agreed, looking at her. "I get that but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy yourself. I do expect you to at least pretend to have a good time, otherwise, I might call this whole thing off."

"Easy," Sarah said. "I didn't say I wouldn't be fun to be around, I just want to set the proper expectation."

"And I expect that when we are out you will play the part," Lester added. "And in this case, tonight the part is that of my very loving wife." Lester had put his hand on her knee, grabbing it for emphasis as he finished speaking.

Before Sarah could respond, Claude returned with a tray full of drinks. He set the bottle of wine and two glasses on the table and then passed a flute of champagne to each of them. "Here, some champagne to celebrate your anniversary. Do you need more time with the menu?" Both of Lester's hands were now in view, on the table.

Sarah and Lester each ordered different pasta dishes. Lester took the liberty of pouring a large amount of wine into Sarah's glass. He

poured some for himself as well but didn't seem to enjoy the taste. Sarah took a large gulp of wine to help relax herself.

"So," Sarah said looking around the room, "what do you like to do for fun, Lester?"

"I mostly play video games on my computer. Sometimes I'll get together with some folks and play cards or other games," Lester said, staring at her, his eyes flicking down to the cleavage her bra was creating.

Sarah rolled her eyes but she had grown accustomed to his leering. Despite his pretending to be a gentleman, he was anything but. "So cards, huh? Like poker or something?"

She watched as Lester took a small sip from his glass. He wasn't really drinking it. It seemed to be more for show than anything else. Another concern off her list - she wouldn't need to worry about him driving afterwards.

"More like Magic the Gathering," Lester said. He was looking around behind her, probably just realizing that they were still being observed by the other patrons.

"I don't think I've heard of that one. It's nice that you have a group of friends that you can play with." Sarah was trying to make some kind of small talk.

"Calling them friends might be going a little far," Lester said, taking a sip of his wine. A disgusted expression spread across his face at the taste. "I play DnD with a group of guys but I wouldn't really say they're my friends."

"What's d and d?" Sarah asked, following the trail of whatever conversational breadcrumbs Lester let fall.

Lester shifted in his seat; she wondered if he had ever talked to a woman about this before. "It's a role-playing game where we each have a character and play their role through an adventure or quest. We sit around a table and take turns rolling dice that impact whether our actions are successful or not. The DM, dungeon master, leads us through the campaign and crafts the story ahead of time for us."

"Sounds like fun...," Sarah said. "Is it just you and a bunch of guys or do you have any women in your group too?"

"Just guys," Lester said, taking another sip of his wine.

"Are women not allowed or something?" Sarah asked.

"No, it's not that, we just don't have any girls in our group. It's pretty rare to find a girl that wants to play and hang out with a group of nerds." Lester said.

"I get that," Sarah responded. "I was just wondering if that's where you met Lizzie."

Sarah had a gift for turning any conversation around and steering it where she wanted it to go. In this case, she wanted to know more about Lester's past flame Lizzie, who looked much too attractive to have ever been with someone like him. She supposed everyone in the restaurant was probably thinking the same thing about Lester and her tonight. She casually rubbed her foot against his leg, subtly persuading him to answer.

Lester wasn't responding to Sarah's question. He took another large sip of wine. She let the silence fill the conversation until Lester responded and was surprised to notice that her wine glass was already empty. Lester noticed too and started to refill it.

"Heh," Lester chuckled. "No, they wouldn't know how to act if Lizzie was there," Lester finally said as he finished filling her glass well beyond a typical restaurant pour.

"So where did you meet her?" Sarah gently pressed.

Lester smiled and looked at it, "She used to be my roommate. After a little while she fell for my charm and couldn't get enough of me."

"Then why did she move out?" Sarah took another sip of her wine.

Claude arrived with their food and set it in front of them. He announced each dish and made some brief pleasantries before departing.

"Her boyfriend made her," Lester said before sloppily digging into his pasta.

Sarah mulled the new information over in her head as she started to carefully spin her fork around her pasta. The buzz from the wine was dulling the edges of her stress. Lizzie had been his roommate and she'd had a boyfriend at the time; this was new information that she wanted to share with Dan. She wondered if Lizzie and her boyfriend had made an arrangement similar to what she and her husband were experiencing. She wondered if that was a cause for concern, but the thought didn't linger.

Sarah took another long sip of her drink as she looked at Lester slurping up his linguine. The way he ate was embarrassing, but Sarah couldn't help but feel a little sorry for him. His unmannerly way was probably due to a lack of social opportunities.

As she set her glass down and shifted back to her food, she noticed that the effects of the wine had taken a firm hold. The subtle buzz she'd felt earlier was a little stronger now. It was probably best that she slowed down and stayed in control tonight.

After several more minutes of silently eating, with no real attempts by Lester to make conversation, she tried for more information. "Lester, what exactly do you do for work?"

"IT," Lester briefly looked up at her but continued to focus on the food in front of him.

Sarah wasn't a technology expert but she knew enough to know that IT was probably a very broad field. "What kind of IT? Like managing servers?"

Lester chewed his food, seeming to think over his answer. Finally, he responded, "More like managing networks, overseeing an exchange and the transactions that happen on it. Making sure it all runs smoothly and people get what they want."

There was something Lester wasn't saying. "What's the name of your company?"

"I'm an independent contractor," Lester said as he devoured another mouthful of pasta, speaking as he chewed. "I have lots of clients. I work for myself."

Before Sarah could ask a follow-up question, Claude reappeared and noted the empty wine bottle. "Would you like anything more to drink?"

"She'll take another glass," Lester said, pointing his fork in Sarah's direction.

"I'm fine, no thank you," Sarah insisted, smiling at the waiter.

The couple sat and ate in silence. Claude came back over and set a wine glass down in between them, clearly siding with Lester's wishes over hers. Lester gestured to it. Normally she would be fine having another, but she was already cautious about her growing buzz. She took a sip of the new glass but had no intention of finishing it.

Sarah looked around the restaurant and noticed several heads turn away, not wanting to get caught looking in their direction. She couldn't help but enjoy the intrigue that was being drawn by their

odd coupling. She thought about her fantasy of letting herself be taken by someone unworthy of her, but in her mind that had always been something done in private. Being on display with Lester in public was having an odd effect she would have to reconcile later. Her right foot was stroking the inside of Lester's calf. She wasn't sure how long she'd been doing that. Telling herself not to be awkward, she let her foot continue to lazily rub against him.

She finally realized she had been looking around the restaurant for longer than intended. As it registered that she had lost track of time, she suspected that the alcohol had her more firmly in its grasp than she had thought.

When she turned back to Lester, she was surprised to find that their plates had already been cleared. Their waiter strolled back up to the table.

"Any dessert for this evening?" he asked, silently appraising them.

"Oh, no," Sarah said. "I couldn't. I'm far too full from that delicious pasta."

"Just the check, then?" He asked, looking at Lester.

"Yep," Lester said, not engaging in the banter.

"I'll be right back with it," Claude said, moving off towards the back of the restaurant.

"If I'm paying for that, you should drink it," Lester said, nodding towards her wine glass.

"I didn't want another glass, you should take it up with the waiter." Sarah stood her ground. She already knew the alcohol was hitting her harder than she'd expected.

Claude returned with the check and placed it in front of Lester. Lester opened it and looked at the total and then shifted his weight to one side to reach into his back pocket and pull out a thick wallet. He pulled out some cash and started leafing through the bills.

"So, your anniversary, that's exciting," Claude said. "Any big plans for the rest of the night?"

"Well," Lester said loudly as he laid down several bills on top of the check. "I think we are heading home where I'm planning to make sweet, sweet love to my wife all night long."

Sarah felt herself blush and noticed several people within earshot discreetly glance in their direction. She was mortified and kept her eyes focused on the table but couldn't keep from smiling at the extremely awkward situation she found herself in. She pressed her foot firmly into Lester's lower leg in response.

Claude coughed awkwardly and collected the cash from the table. "Wonderful. I'll be right back with your change."

"No need," Lester responded, starting to heave himself out of his seat.

"Thank you," Claude said. He looked at Sarah before quickly averting his eyes. "Enjoy the rest of your night."

Lester finished extracting himself from the booth as Sarah swung her smooth legs out and stood up. As they moved through the restaurant, Sarah almost jumped as she felt Lester's hand on her ass. She looked at him, mortified at the public display but he kept his eyes forward with a small grin on his face.

Sarah felt herself blush, knowing that many eyes in the restaurant would be tracking them like they had before. When they saw Lester's hand on her ass, any doubts about them being together would evaporate.

Out in the parking lot, as he opened the car door for Sarah, she again felt his hand on her backside. He had her right cheek firmly in his grasp this time.

"Thank you, Lester," she said and simply waited for him to remove his hand before getting into her seat. They stared at each other for a long moment. Then Lester relented and walked around to the driver's side. She sat calmly and folded her arms in front of her as they made their way back to the apartment.

Dan filled his tumbler glass with more whiskey. As he headed back to the living room, he found it difficult to walk in a straight line. He sat back down and blinked, his eyes trying to adjust to the computer screen. He knew better than to apply for any of the jobs in front of him in his current state, but he could at least keep looking at them.

This was his third glass of whisky for the night. Or maybe it was his fourth. Either way, it was helping him focus, dulling the stress of his pay cut and the fraught situation with Lester. Lester was out with Sarah. Alone.

Thoughts immediately began to swirl in his head. He scrolled through another job posting without comprehending anything it said. His mind drifted, thinking back to that night when he had been in Minnesota. Sarah had come into his apartment from the cold and Lester was there, pulling her into his bed. Her legs wrapped around his hips, her nails digging into his skin. Lester grabbing the back of her head and pulling her into a sloppy kiss. Pushing inside of her, causing her to moan. To say his name. To scream it.

Dan shut his laptop and took another swig of his drink. The alcohol seemed to be dulling his sense of control, allowing the pull of his fantasy to assert its spell over him.

He knew in his gut that he needed to see them together. It was like a missing puzzle piece; it continued to gnaw away at him. That element of the unknown that he knew had happened.

What were they doing right now? Lester had said dinner, but he really didn't know if he could trust that. He grabbed his phone and texted Sarah, asking for an update. Making sure she was okay. If she took too long to answer, was it because she was having a good time with Lester? Or maybe he'd put her in some other position where she couldn't reach her phone. Lester had claimed that this deal didn't entail anything other than a date. But Lester said a lot of things.

Dan paced around the apartment, sipping his whiskey. The silence of the apartment was deafening. He took another sip and was surprised to find that the glass was already empty.

"Fuck," he said aloud as the pull of his fantasy started to win out in his head.

Dan heard keys jingling from the hallway and the lock disengaging. He was surprised to find himself standing, waiting with bated breath. He'd given up any notion of pushing out resumes a while ago. Besides, with the amount of alcohol he'd had, any applications he submitted would be riddled with errors.

Sarah entered the apartment first, her eyes immediately landing on his and a wide smile spreading across her face.

"Welcome back," Dan said, favoring the glass of whiskey in his hand. "How was dinner?"

"It was okay," Sarah kicked off her heels as Lester trudged into the apartment behind her and closed the door, "The place was very nice,

my pasta was pretty good, too. We could go there next time you're feeling like Italian."

Sarah closed the distance between them and planted a lingering kiss, a kiss filled with implications, on her husband's lips. Dan smiled and whispered, "Everything good?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle," Sarah replied in a low voice. Dan knew that Sarah could handle a lot and wanted to press for more details.

"What about me?" Lester said from close by. Sarah turned to find Lester standing a foot away. He grabbed her hand and pulled her body into his, "Don't I get a good night kiss after our first date?"

Dan felt his heart begin to race, seeing Sarah in Lester's arms, their bodies pressed together. A whimper of rage tried to take fire in his stomach, but it was doused by his arousal as soon as it took form.

Sarah placed a firm hand on Lester's chest and pushed herself out of his grip. "I believe that is at the discretion of the woman."

You want to see it. Dan was standing there like a deer in the headlights. He was regressing back into his passive mode.

"Come on, you didn't have a good time?" Lester asked in a teasing manner. "I'll remember that for the next one. I'll pick something that will really appeal to you." A smirk was growing on his ugly face.

As Sarah stood her ground, Lester shrugged and headed to his bedroom. His exit lifted the tension in the room.

"Come on, lover boy," Sarah said to Dan. "Let's head to bed. You can help me get out of this dress and onto my back."

"I won't argue with that, ma'am," Dan followed his sexy wife down the hallway, trying to suppress the feeling of disappointment. His mind was betraying him once again.

As Dan shut and locked the bedroom door behind him, Sarah stood in the center of the room waiting for him. "Unzip me," she commanded.

The view of Sarah from behind was amazing. Waiting there in her dress, the top of her bare back exposed to him, the fabric of the form-fitting dress straining against her voluptuous ass. Dan felt himself getting hard as he slowly unzipped the back of her dress, revealing more of her gorgeous tanned skin. Sarah moved her arm around the strap and the dress fell to the floor, leaving his wife clad only in her black bra and thong.

On the other side of the wall, Lester's breath caught in his throat. From his peephole, he watched the dress fall from his date's body exposing a strapless black bra that cupped her magnificent breasts and a lacy thin little black thong. The way it ran up her ass and flared out near the top, made him begin to stroke his cock faster.

He was still wearing his good date clothes but now he didn't care if he soiled them. He had to find a way to interject himself into this situation. If he picked the lock would that be too obvious? They both knew their door sometimes seemed to miraculously lock on its own, but would they buy that it could unlock on its own, too? Did he really care either way what they believed? So long as he got what he'd earned, what he deserved, they could go on thinking the place was haunted for all he cared.

Sarah held Dan's hand and pulled him towards the bed, looking at him with her raw 'fuck me' eyes. He could tell she must have had something to drink at the restaurant.

Sarah pushed Dan down onto the bed; he lay there looking up at his beautiful sexually charged wife as she started to tug on his pants.

"So, everything was okay?" he asked again as Sarah discarded his pants on the floor. "No funny business?"

Sarah smiled wickedly as she straddled him and began working on removing his shirt. Dan leaned up and complied. With his shirt off she began planting slow kisses on his chest, never breaking eye contact. "Would you care if there was?"

"I don't know," Dan said, fighting what felt like a one-sided internal battle. "What happened?"

"Mmmhmm," Sarah said, beginning to kiss his neck, her hands drifting down until they felt his hard cock through his boxers. She wasted little time, snaking her hand under the waistband and wrapping her warm hand around his naked cock. "What do you want to hear? That Lester didn't try anything besides grabbing my ass at one point or that he had me in a private booth near the back of the restaurant and couldn't keep his hands off me?"

Dan's breathing was getting quicker as Sarah spoke. She stroked his cock slowly as she told him what he wanted to hear. She had maneuvered her body so that her pussy was pressing up against the side of his thigh, grinding herself on him as she kept him hard with her hands.

"His hands all over me. The waiter seeing all of it." Sarah closed her eyes and continued to lick and kiss Dan's neck. "His hand going under my dress and touching me, working me up until he put my hand on his cock just like this."

She started changing the tempo of her strokes and she was not as gentle as when she'd begun. Dan thought of her stroking off Lester at a restaurant the same way.

"It all happened so fast," Sarah whispered in his ear. "Before I knew what was happening, I was under the table on my knees, servicing that magnificent cock of his. It's soo big."

Dan grabbed her and flipped her onto her back, pressing his boxer-clad cock against her pussy.

"When the waiter asked what we wanted to order, I had to apologize and tell him I was very full," Sarah said, making an innocent sexy pout that caused Dan to dry hump his wife harder. She gripped the side of his waistband and tried to pull his briefs down, but she wasn't at the right angle.

"I wish I could have been there," Dan moaned dreamily, kissing her lips hungrily. His attention turned to kissing the side of her neck and then he sucked on her earlobe, a move he knew would drive her crazy. Her body responded, her hips thrusting off the bed to meet his thrusts. "To see you behaving so badly."

"I'd love that," Sarah said, staring into his eyes. "I'd love for you to watch me like that. Seeing how turned on you get, knowing you're letting someone else touch your wife. Touch me." They were both looking down at her nearly nude body imagining what she'd just said.

Sarah turned to Dan and whispered, "Lester told the waiter I was his wife, and that tonight was our anniversary." She licked his ear and continued, "Then he made sure everyone heard that..." she paused here for effect, as if she couldn't bear to tell him this next part, "... that he was going to fuck me all night long." She nipped his ear and swirled her tongue against his neck.

Dan didn't fully realize that one side of his mind had won the battle until he heard himself speak, "Why don't we let him? Let's do that right now." His face was now pressed against the side of her face, his suggestion whispered back into her left ear.

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked, feigning ignorance. "What do you want, Dan?" Her 'fuck me' eyes still glowed with desire, but now a light smile played on her lips.

"Lester is still here," Dan was sucking on her neck, trying to work her up. He hadn't realized he was purposely playing with her sensitive spots while he tried to sell her on his half-baked plan. "Why

don't you show me what I missed at the restaurant? Make what everyone expected to happen, happen."

"Ugh, god Dan, that's so bad," she moaned. "He's going to hear us through the walls anyway, why don't you show him what he can't have? Let him hear you take me."

"What if....," Dan's mouth was speaking faster than his brain could comprehend the implications of his suggestions, "what if he can have it, have you? What if he gets you in his bed tonight? What if you played along with what he said?"

Dan was pressing his face into his wife's heaving chest, his lips exploring every inch of her breasts.

"You mean..." Sarah trailed off as Dan's hands began to press against her shapely ass, expertly manipulating her body. "You want Lester to fuck me?"

Dan responded by moving up and kissing her hungrily, pressing his hard dick against her body, desperately mimicking what he wanted to see.

"Last time was a mistake," Sarah breathed, breaking their embrace. "Are you saying you want me to do that again? With him?"

"I can't stop thinking about it," Dan said as he stared into her eyes. "It's like I just need to see it for closure. Knowing it happened, but not really having seen it, it's just driving me crazy."

He planted his hungry lips on her again. Sarah pulled back and stared into his eyes.

"Dan, tell me what you want to happen tonight. We're here together right now in this bed. We haven't been together in weeks. What do you want?" Sarah was incredibly turned on. Her buzz had grown into

inebriation but she felt like this was something she should ask. This was a big step, she needed to get it right.

"I want you," Dan responded. "I really want to have you all to myself but I...I want, I need to see it."

"See what? Tell me." Sarah challenged, knowing where this was going.

"I want to see you with him," Dan whispered. "I want to see you fuck him." He looked at his hands as he said this, not meeting her eyes.

Sarah's hips rose off the bed and started grinding against her husband. "Baby, is this bedroom talk or is this really something you really want me to do tonight."

"Fuck...I don't know..." Dan replied, the seeds of doubt in his mind were being overshadowed by his lust. "I want you to go over there."

Dan slowed down and stared at his wife. Sarah saw that lust-filled expression she could never get enough of. Seeing him look at her like that, she was immediately aware of how wet she was. Dan nodded.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat, knowing full well what he was asking. Dan rolled his weight to the side. Sarah lay there for a moment, trying to run through the different possible outcomes. She slowly sat up and slid her smooth legs off the bed and stood up, giving Dan a perfect close-up view of her ass.

He couldn't imagine a toned ass like that walking over and being presented to and mauled by a creature like Lester. Just the thought of that alone drove him wild.

Sarah turned around and looked at her husband. She shivered again as his intense, lust-filled eyes ran over her body. "Last chance in

case you've had a change of heart."

She took a step toward the door, not breaking eye contact with the father of her children. Dan simply nodded at her. Sarah turned and unlocked the door. With one more look over her shoulder at Dan, she stepped into the hallway and approached Lester's door. She gently knocked.

After a few seconds, Lester cracked the door open. He was still wearing his oversized dress clothes from their date. He looked her up and down, his eyes lingering on her breasts and legs before rising to look her in the eyes. "Did you come for your goodnight kiss?"

"And more," Sarah whispered as she closed her eyes and leaned in to kiss this ogre of a man, pushing the door further open.

Lester pulled back before her lips reached him, "I don't know."

"What?" Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him confused. She was serving herself up on a platter to him. This wasn't what she expected.

"Does Dan know?" Lester asked. Sarah didn't understand, why would Lester care if Dan knew, she knew how badly he wanted her and he usually didn't give a shit about Dan. The idea of giving herself to someone like that, someone who completely disregarded her husband. *God that's messed up that it turns me on this much.*

"Yes," Sarah said seductively, trying to reestablish their lustful connection, "He's the one who sent me over here."

"I don't know if it's a good idea," Lester said. She could see the tent growing in his dress pants, she knew he wanted this. "Dan is all over the place and inconsistent. He may want this right now, but earlier he was getting ready to fight me. I think he'll have regrets, get angry and then try to hurt me. I don't want that."

"Okay...." Sarah trailed off, not sure how to react or what to do from here, "but he wouldn't do that."

"Maybe, but he has been pretty stressed out lately." Lester paused - Sarah could see he was thinking. "I do have an idea," he went on, trailing a finger over her bicep and licking his lips. "What if you come in here and we lock the door? That way I know he can't come in while I'm busy with other things."

Dan had crept up to the threshold of his door, not wanting to miss anything. He listened to Lester's proposal. The idea of hearing Sarah being taken, being pleased through the walls, was hot but he wanted to see it. Needed to see it happen.

"No deal," Dan said, poking his head into the hallway. Lester leaned out to look at him, his face so close to that of his wife's. "Why can't we just go back into the living room like before?"

"I don't think so," Lester chided, "I think you'll get buyer's remorse when you see how your wife reacts to having my cock in her. Feeling her grip me and cum on my cock will be too much and you'll lose it and probably attack me. You've never seen her like that."

"I'm not going to....fuck...I'm not going to attack you," Dan said, ignoring the backhanded insult, "What if I stay out here in the hallway and just watch from a crack in the door?"

Am I really negotiating the terms of how Lester fucks my wife? He should jump at the chance to be with her. Dan pinched the bridge of his nose in disbelief, he hadn't expected such resistance.

"Still not good enough," Lester said. "But I have another idea."

He left the doorway for a second and the couple heard him rummaging around his room before stepping back out into the hallway. He brushed past Sarah holding a long screwdriver.

"What are you going to do with that?" Dan eyed the screwdriver suspiciously but held his ground. Lester walked past him into Dan's bedroom which already felt like a violation somehow. Lester ran his hand over their adjoining wall like he was searching for something then raised the screwdriver to the wall and pushed it through the drywall.

"What are you doing?" Dan said, taken aback.

Lester swiveled the screwdriver around to increase the size of the hole. Neither Dan nor Sarah realized that this new hole was just a few feet down from Lester's hidden one. Satisfied with his handy work, Lester stepped back and looked at Dan.

"There! Your own personal peephole." Grinning, Lester handed the screwdriver to Dan, "Now you can watch. Don't worry, we'll get this patched up later. Or, y'know, maybe not."

Before Dan could respond, Lester walked past him back into his bedroom. Sarah followed Dan back to inspect the peephole. Dan closed one eye and leaned down to look into it. Sure enough, there was a view of Lester's bed, it looked much nicer than the one in his room.

Dan stepped back from the wall and Sarah bent forward to peer into the hole. Dan admired how sexy she looked from behind in her underwear. *Am I really going to serve this sexy woman up to Lester?*

Any further doubts were quickly suppressed by his overwhelming desire for this moment.

"What do you think?" Sarah asked as she turned around to look at her husband. Her eyes instinctively glanced down and noticed the hard cock pressing against his boxers.

"It works," he sighed. Dan felt a mixture of emotions. Shame, arousal, disappointment and a sense of achieving something he had

long sought after.

Sarah stepped up to him and kissed him, "Just tell me if it gets to be too much and we'll stop it."

"Okay," Dan said looking into her eyes. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Sarah replied with a smile. As she walked out of the bedroom she gave Dan a reassuring look over her shoulder before disappearing from sight.

Dan crossed the room to the wall and looked through the hole. Lester was standing in his room already naked. He looked like a squat, hairy troll with pasty white skin. Lester's door opened and he knew Sarah was in there.

"Lock the door and come here," Lester said. Dan heard the door shut and then Sarah emerged into his field of view. Seeing them both together framed by this peephole seemed wrong. Her tight, toned sexy body contrasted against Lester's, his body the opposite of hers in almost every way.

Lester licked his lips and grabbed her hand, leading her to pose right in front of the peephole. Sarah looked up at the hole in Lester's wall; she couldn't make out Dan but she could see shifting light coming through it.

Dan was relieved that Lester had positioned her this way, like he was assisting in fulfilling the fantasy. But to Lester, this was purely a power play, he wanted to make sure his roommate understood in detail how much better he fucked his wife. Sarah faced the wall and Lester began to plant gentle kisses on her shoulders.

Sarah's skin started to tingle as Lester's lips brushed her skin. His hands started to gently caress her arms before they dropped to the sides of her thighs. She felt him gently grab onto her hips as his

naked cock pressed against her perfect bubble butt. The veined skin of his cock rubbed firmly against the naked skin of her ass cheeks.

His flabby chest pressed against her back as one of his arms reached around her to begin massaging her breasts. Sarah pushed her hips back, grinding herself against Lester's cock. She eyed the peephole, wanting Dan to know this was all for him. She just wished she could watch his reaction, see the look of lust painted onto his face.

Her gaze on the peephole was broken as Lester turned her head towards him, his lips pressed against hers. She closed her eyes and returned the kiss, sucking on his lips, his tongue invading her mouth.

She unconsciously moaned around his tongue, she had forgotten how large it was as it danced with hers. The urgency of their sloppy kisses increased as Lester started to push himself faster into her backside.

Dan watched as Lester tore his wife's attention away from him, monopolizing her to himself. He felt his cock pressing against the drywall and couldn't hold back any longer. He dropped his boxers and started to stroke himself, already fully hard.

Lester broke off the kiss, leaving Sarah momentarily disoriented and breathless. With a sinister smile, he looked at the peephole and reached back down and ran his hand across Sarah's chest until it found the clasp of her bra. With an expert flick of his fingers, he undid the clasp and let the strapless bra fall to the floor.

Dan watched Sarah's bra fall off in slow motion, freeing her heaving breasts, displaying them for him. He watched his own wife through the peephole like some kind of perverted voyeur. He continued to stroke his dick, breathing quickly. He felt his mind slipping back to the familiar comforts of watching. Part of him yearned to take action and do something but his eyes were transfixed upon the toxic scene unfolding before him.

Lester's grubby hands started to grab at Sarah's breasts, roughly fondling them. Sarah's eyes were closed in pleasure, feeling the sensation of her sensitive breasts being manhandled and Lester's throbbing cock probing against her toned backside. Then she remembered she was being watched and she felt a new surge of wetness between her legs. She slowly opened her eyes and looked at the hole in the wall, staring at it, imagining Dan's face. She bit her lip suggestively, putting on a deliberate show for her husband.

She rubbed her thighs together and pushed back further against Lester's cock, feeling it against the bottom of her ass cheeks. Being locked in a room with another man while her husband watched, she hadn't realized what effect this would have on her. It was so depraved, so wicked and with someone like Lester, no less. The combination ignited something in her. She reached behind her and pulled Lester into a deep kiss, moaning her desire into his mouth.

Grabbing her breasts, Lester slowly pulled Sarah over to his bed. He sat on the edge and pulled her down onto his lap, his cock now jutting out between her thighs, firmly against her soaked thong-covered pussy.

Dan watched as Sarah closed her eyes and blindly lowered her hands and began to run them up and down Lester's shaft. She played with the head of his cock and pulled it against herself as if she were stimulating her clit. For Dan, there was a surreal aspect to the scene, his bride with a gigantic cock poking out from between her legs.

"Uhhh," a moan escaped Sarah's lips. This wasn't lost on Lester, who continued to use his fingers to tease her nipples while his tongue and lips were all over her shoulders. He sucked and lapped at the nape of her neck, knowing it turned her on, using what he'd learned from their times together.

Sarah sat on Lester's lap, stroking his cock against herself for several minutes. It was such a tease and she knew from that angle that Dan would get an amazing show. Lester's cock twitched as she rubbed herself against it and she watched it swell in size. Disengaging from her husband's roommate, she stood up and, before she could move, she immediately felt Lester's tongue on her ass cheek. She stepped forward, pulling away and then turning to face him, her eyes immediately dropping to his crotch.

"You want to suck it, don't you?" Lester was wagging his giant cock at her, an ugly grin on his face.

Sarah nodded and began to kneel, her mouth opening. If she tilted her head forward at this moment, she would begin to drool.

"Wait, wait. Before you suck it, tell me why you want my cock in your mouth. Why shouldn't I just shove it in your pussy?" Lester gripped his cock tightly, making the head bulge and fill with blood, taking on a dark purple hue.

Sarah seemed nearly put off by the question, but she'd played this game before. Her lips soon curled into a smile and her eyes sparkled as she spoke. Loudly enough for Dan to hear, she said, "Darling, it's our anniversary. Don't you want your special treatment?"

Lester was almost surprised at her callback to his role play in the restaurant. "Hah!" he barked. He adjusted his grip on himself and pointed his shaft towards the smitten woman. "Go on, then! Get to work, wifey!" Sarah made a sharp cry of pure pleasure as she engulfed his head.

"MMMMmmmm," she murmured, beginning as she had become accustomed, by swirling her tongue around his head before measuring his shaft in deep kisses. She was still awed by the size of it, and mid shaft she had to stop, wondering if she was going to cum solely from the sensation of his cock on her tongue. Lester's scent was sending her into a state of ravenous lust. She steadied herself

and continued her kissing ritual. When she got to his balls, she slowly and deliberately licked between them as far back as she could.

At the peephole, Dan eyed the scene in arousal and disbelief. He'd witnessed his wife suck his roommate's cock several times now, to his chagrin, but this seemed so much more intimate. Lester's legs were spread wide now and it almost seemed like his wife was tonguing him under his balls. The thought made Dan shudder in disgust but his hardness was unaffected. He could hear his wife whimpering with enjoyment as this trash person presented his musty crotch to her pristine face. It was almost too much.

Meanwhile, Sarah was lost in ecstasy, her tongue swabbed Lester's taint and his balls rested on her face. She took a deep breath of his musk and gasped in surprise as she felt an unaided orgasm gather and explode. Quaking, she pulled back and sucked Lester's meaty cockhead into her mouth, the squealing noises she made signaled her cumming to both men. She knew they could both see that she'd just had an orgasm from fellating Lester. She hoped it was hot for her husband.

Sarah slowly dragged her tongue up the length of Lester's shaft, staring into his beady eyes the entire time. *God, this is depraved.*

As she reached the head of his cock, she swirled her tongue around it and then swabbed it over his slit, tasting the salty precum that had begun leaking. She involuntarily moaned at the taste.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah's mouth began to draw Lester's cock inside her warm wet oral cavity. She held the base firmly as her lips stretched to accommodate Lester's appendage.

"That's right, wifey," Lester smirked. "Take it. Show Dan what a slut you've become for my cock."

Sarah felt a wall of inhibition fall within her. Had she really become a slut for Lester? For his cock? She felt how wet she was between her legs and thought back to everyone at the restaurant seeing them together. They'd all assume she was with him for his money, but how many of them would guess it was actually because of his cock and his skills in the bedroom?

Sarah lowered her head, taking more of Lester's cock into her mouth. She released her grip slightly on his cock and started stroking his shaft.

"Ughhh, yeah," Lester moaned. "I love watching your pretty face there with my cock in your mouth. I think about this every single time you have a smart comment to make me. Just shutting you up and shoving it in."

Sarah's eyes flicked up and looked at the troll in front of her. The angle was not flattering for Lester. His gut was pushing out towards her sitting on his thighs, his fat chest resting on his stomach. His double chins bulged out like coils of sausage as he looked down at her. She couldn't help but think of the difference between them and what Dan must be seeing through the peephole.

Sarah pulled her mouth from his cock and said, "Mmmm, then why don't you? When I talk back to you, why don't you just push me onto my knees and do what you want?"

Because I'm patient. Lester thought. *There is a bigger game at play and you don't even know you are playing it.*

"I will next time. Don't you forget it," Lester moaned as he grabbed the back of Sarah's head and shoved his cock back into her mouth. She eagerly obliged and kept furiously stroking his cock, "I'll shove my cock into your mouth just like this before I fuck your brains out and make you call me daddy."

Dan watched his beautiful wife's tight body kneeling before Lester's oddly proportioned one. The image of a frog sitting on its ass crossed into his head. That is exactly what he looks like, but with hair.

Seeing his wife lick Lester and the parts below his balls made him shudder but he felt his cock as hard as a piece of iron.

"Admit it," Lester groaned as Sarah rapidly sucked and stroked his cock. She was now using both hands in alternating motions, "You're becoming a slut for my cock. Don't deny it. Last night I fucked the shit out of your face and you loved every second of it."

Sarah thought back to the previous night and how Lester had mercilessly fucked her mouth in front of Dan. The way Lester took charge and just demanded that of her, and she went along with it. She'd never have imagined in a million years that something like that would ever happen, let alone that the memory of it would turn her on.

Sarah took her mouth off Lester's cock and looked over her shoulder at the peephole where she presumed her husband was. "Is that true, Dan? Do you think I've become a slut for Lester's cock?"

Suddenly she felt Lester's hands on the back of her head, in her hair. Thinking Lester was going to set the tempo, she readied to redouble her efforts to suck him off, and to have a second miraculous orgasm. She was confused as she felt his hands gripping her hair, holding her head away from his cock. He shifted his position and his hands were under her armpits, pulling her out of her kneeling position.

Lester awkwardly shuffled to the side as he dragged Sarah fully onto the bed, situated so that the peephole was opposite them on the wall facing the foot of the bed. He had her on her back as he kneeled by her legs. Lester glanced at the peephole behind him and smiled. Sarah followed his gaze and knew what was coming next.

Lester slowly and deliberately started to peel off her thong, her last piece of resistance. He pulled it down her tight thighs, across her toned calves and over her manicured feet, until it was fully off. He raised it to his nose and took a long sniff before tossing it in Dan's general direction behind him.

"Now it's time for your special treatment." He turned and winked at the peephole. "Happy anniversary, baby." Lester said, lowering his head towards Sarah's soaking pussy.

Sarah opened her legs without question, allowing the ugly man closer to her prized sex. When his lips made contact, she squealed. Lester started to use his tongue expertly and began teasing her clit, drawing circles around it.

Dan watched as Sarah's legs began to tremble and jerk, involuntary reactions to Lester's lewd touch. Her bare chest was rising and falling quickly, her hands gripped the sheets as Lester started to work her over. Her eyes were shut and she was faced away from him. Dan heard the smacking sucking sounds of Lester's oral ministrations.

Lester started to suck on Sarah's sensitive clit as two of his fingers snaked their way into her wet opening. As she felt Lester's digits enter her, she reached down and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him closer. He intensified his sucking on her clit, causing her to tighten her thighs around his head. "Oh, oh God. Ffuuh..."

Lester's fingers continued to piston in and out of the innocent wife. He made sure to graze his fingers over the ridges inside that formed her g-spot. He put pressure on it with each lash of his tongue. He could feel Sarah's pussy gripping his fingers as he probed it. He smiled internally at how soaked she was.

As he sucked down hard on her clit and rolled his fingers around inside of her, he felt the telltale signs of a woman about to cum. Her

hips spasmed forward and he stayed with her, his mouth never leaving her sex.

"Mhmmm, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling her orgasm quickly rise out of nowhere. "Right there...right there."

"Don't stop," Sarah hissed, lost to the world. All she could concentrate on was the feeling between her legs, "Right there, Lester, mmmh god, don't fucking stop. Don't stop. Ughh. fuck. Fuck. Fuck!"

Sarah came, and Lester felt her floodgates open around his fingers. He quickly withdrew them and stuck his tongue inside of her, licking and sucking whatever it could find.

"Mhhhhmmmm, fuck," Sarah sighed, coming down from her first orgasm. She knew it wouldn't be the last. It never was with Lester. His tongue felt amazing in her, she knew that with it he'd be able to coax another powerful orgasm out of her.

Dan watched as Lester withdrew his tongue and looked up at his wife. They held each other's gaze as Lester began to slowly crawl forward over her body, his cock pointing directly at his wife's vagina.

"Condom," Sarah said through her lust-filled haze. Lester knew by the look on her face that she'd let him slide into her bare if he ignored her. He'd been at this point before with many women. This situation was different and evolving and included variables he was still learning about, namely the man at the peephole. So he'd do what she asked, for now.

Lester quickly rolled off the bed and opened his drawer. He debated for a second but grabbed a condom from the unmarked box. He ripped open the package and slid it onto his impressive girth and then looked up at the peephole with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Alarm bells were ringing in Dan's head as he watched Lester get back onto the bed. He stood there immobilized as he watched Lester move between his wife's legs. Sarah's eyes were transfixed on Lester's cock inches away from her pussy. He had imagined she would look at him, look at the peephole during this moment, but she never looked up. Her mouth was slightly open and her eyes stayed with the massive organ poised to enter her.

She was lustfully focused on what was right in front of her. Dan felt a fire in his stomach, the resistance to his lust flaring up. His rational mind was trying to come back, screaming at him to intervene and stop this before it was too late. As his mind fought through the arousal and lust, Dan opened his mouth to object and say something to stop what was happening on the other side of the wall.

Before the words left his lips, Lester dropped his hips and pushed his cock into Dan's wife. Dan choked on his words as he watched Sarah's beautiful face contort in pleasure as another man's cock entered her. Her body stiffened and then relaxed as Lester grunted and pushed himself further in.

Her legs wrapped tightly around Lester's flabby ass, her nails still clutching the bed sheets. Dan's arousal rose back up and he stared, watching as Sarah's body responded to his vile roommate.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's shoulder. "Fuck."

For someone so large and out of shape, Dan was seriously taken aback by the upper body strength and stamina Lester was demonstrating as he continued to slide his cock in and out of Sarah's wet pussy.

"Give it to me, Sarah," Lester growled, "I know you're close. Cum on my cock. Cum for me. Let Dan see what it's like to watch you explode on my cock."

Hearing her husband's name snapped Sarah back to reality. She had momentarily forgotten about Dan. Knowing that he was watching, listening, seeing her get fucked...it was too much for her to bear. She felt another orgasm thunder across her body.

"Oh FUCK! Don't fucking stop, Lester," Sarah cried out as her nerve endings felt like they were on fire. A shimmering orgasm rippled across her body, causing her toes to curl and a mask of pure pleasure to spread across her face. "Oh God."

She opened her eyes and looked at the peephole. She seductively blew Dan a kiss before Lester started thrusting into her more quickly, causing her kissing lips to change back into a big 'o-face'.

Dan watched Sarah cum, hard. Watched the mother of his children cum screaming on another man's cock. Dan let go of his own dick, afraid it would start spraying all over the wall. Just thinking about what he was watching was causing his cock to twitch as if it was about to burst.

Lester slowed his pace and grabbed Sarah's face in his hand. He turned her towards him and kissed her. She immediately opened her mouth and let his large tongue snake its way back in, invading her mouth. She felt his wet tongue press against hers, and she pushed back on it, sliding across it, exchanging saliva with this beast of a man. Sucking his tongue and opening herself to him further, his cock driving her lust.

Dan watched the obscenity happening in the other room. Lester was making out with his wife and she was eagerly responding to it. His thrusts had slowed, taking on a more deliberate pace, showing her his level of control. Dan had never been more turned on in his life. His emotions were a mess but lust was in the driver's seat. He had been waiting over a week to see this, ever since it had accidentally happened last time. If he was being honest with himself, he had been waiting years to see this. To see Sarah with someone else.

Something unlocked in Dan's brain and he wondered if they'd ever be able to go back.

Lester's hand snaked behind Sarah's neck, the other on her hip. He rolled himself over onto his back, pulling her with him. Lester lay on his back with Sarah now straddling his cock. Dan had the perfect view of Sarah, she was facing the wall. If she looked up they'd be able to make eye contact. But she didn't.

She stared lustfully down at the creature below her. She rolled her hips and started to fuck herself on Lester's cock, "Mmmuuuummm, oh god." Her hands pushed her hair back from her face so Dan could at least make out her contorted expression.

Sarah moaned and pushed down on Lester's chest with her hands. The bastard put his hands behind his head and just stared up at her. He watched her tits sway as she fucked him, her breathing growing more rapid. She looked down at him with contempt and lust.

"Go on, keep fucking me' Sarah," Lester growled.

"Ugh, I will," Sarah said breathlessly, "Fuck that feels so good."

Lester's cock was pressing up against a very sensitive spot. She wondered how this position would feel without the condom.

"I would love to see the faces of those people in the restaurant now, seeing someone like me fucking your brains out," Lester grunted.

Sarah gritted her teeth, forcing out the words. "I'm sure they imagined it. Wondering what I was doing with someone like you. Wondering whether or not I'd actually debase myself and fuck someone like you."

"Maybe on our next date, I'll bend you over the table and fuck you right there in the restaurant so they don't have to imagine it." Lester emphasized the sentence with another powerful thrust into her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt his cock reach untouched parts inside of her. Thinking of being fucked in front of a room full of people, everyone watching her and seeing her in the throes of pleasure with a man below her station. She found that incredibly hot.

"Tell Dan how much you're enjoying this," Lester said.

She'd been so lost in the feeling between her legs that she had forgotten her husband again. Her eyes snapped up to the peephole.

"Uh, shut up, Lester, and just let me get another one," Sarah said through gritted teeth. They were both slick with sweat now.

"Tell him. Scream it. Tell the whole apartment building how good my cock makes you feel."

The idea of not just Dan but others hearing her and the pressure of Lester's cock stretching her out caused her to have a mini-orgasm, "Ohmmmmm." She was quivering, knowing the next one would be huge.

"You love it," Lester said with a shit-eating grin as he looked up at her. "Tell them."

Sarah's eyes held a mixture of lust and hatred looking down at him. "You bastard."

Lester raised his hips off the bed, pushing into her.

"Mhmmm, oh fuck," Sarah groaned at the sudden thrust.

Dan watched as Sarah's hips started raising and falling faster and faster. He was about to watch Sarah cum again. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fist on the wall. He was breathing hard from lust but also seething with desire. He wanted to take Sarah back into his room and reclaim her, erase whatever it was Lester was doing to her.

"So good," Sarah moaned. Biting her lip, she looked lustfully up at the peephole, "Give it to me, don't stop, mmmm, don't stop."

Sarah started to massage her breasts with her hands while staring directly at Dan's peephole. She was putting on a show for him. "Mhmm just like that."

Dan watched as Sarah stared at him, talking right to him. He started to stroke faster, his desire for his wife and lust for the situation mixing together like a combustible element.

"Lester, don't stop fucking me. Don't stop fucking your roommate's wife, you sick bastard," Sarah looked at the peephole and she ground her hips against Lester's thrusting cock.

The idea of being watched by her husband on the other side of the wall was pouring fuel on the fire of her lust as Lester's big cock stretched her insides. She pushed herself back down on his mammoth tool, feeling every inch of it slide across the sensitive nerves of her drenched pussy. His cockhead was deep inside her married pussy. It nudged against the area only Lester had been able to reach.

Lester grunted, holding her hips and pushing up into the beautiful wife. He knew he would get her again. Watching her ride him and be in control was mesmerizing. She was becoming completely broken by his cock.

The hairs on Sarah's neck began to stand on end. She could feel another orgasm slowly start building. Her pussy felt like it was on fire and the heat was radiating out from her body, the pressure behind the dam starting to build, waiting to explode out.

Sarah stared back up at the peephole. "Oh fuck. I'm going to cum. Dan, I'm going to cum soon. Keep stroking, baby, don't stop. Don't stop."

That was too much for Dan to handle. He needed to have her, to have Sarah back so we could fuck her. He pounded on the wall, "Sarah! Come back here!"

"Ohhh, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's cock press against her g-spot. "Lester slow down, stop. Fuck, I'm, I'm going back to Dan, uhhhh."

Sarah tried to raise her hips off of the monster member embedded in her pussy but Lester held her still, he started to increase the tempo of his thrusts.

Sarah stared helplessly at the peephole as she began to feel the dam inside of her about to burst. "Mmhmmmm, Dan, keep going, baby."

Dan pounded his fist against the wall again, yelling, "Sarah!"

Lester saw the sweat glistening on Sarah's chest, he held her hips firmly as he fucked his cock into her waiting pussy. She might be trying to disengage with the rest of her body, but the muscles of her pussy were firmly gripping his cock. He watched her face as she stared at the wall, trying in vain to include her husband in the festivities.

Lester gambled and let go of her hips. Sarah stayed connected, her pussy gripping his cock like a vise. Lester grabbed the back of Sarah's head as he continued to thrust into her. He pulled her face down slightly, breaking her gaze from the wall.

Sarah looked down into the beady eyes of her husband's roommate. She had been imagining the lust-filled gaze of Dan on the other side of the wall but was now staring directly into the dangerous greedy look plastered on Lester's face.

"Uh, uh, oh," It was too much, the walls inside of Sarah came crashing down as she stared into Lester's eyes. Sarah felt a tsunami

sweep across her body turning every nerve on. She felt the pressure and heat from Lester's cock begin to wash over every inch of her.

As her orgasm overloaded her brain, she felt Lester thrust in urgency and grunt. Then she felt it as Lester came. She pried open her eyes and looked down as pure pleasure mixed with the ugly features of Lester's face. The sight was intoxicating.

Sarah felt another, bigger wave of an orgasm overtake her, dwarfing the previous one as she watched and felt her unlikely lover begin to come. She wailed on top of the brute, not caring who heard that he'd conquered her again, even better than before.

Watching Sarah cum on Lester's cock was too much, Dan was barely holding his cock but it started to explode, cum streaking out and blasting the drywall in front of him.

"Holy shit," he muttered as he watched Sarah and Lester cum together. His tanned and toned wife straddling a large, pasty white hair-covered body. He'd never seen anything like it but knew that he had finally witnessed what he had been yearning for.

As Sarah began to come down from the mind-shattering orgasm, she was ready to begin riding Lester's cock again to milk out any last bits of pleasure she could get.

"Sarah," she heard from the wall in front of her. Dan was calling to her, as he had called to her just before she came. Her mind clicked back into place.

"Ohhh," she moaned as she heaved herself off of Lester's cock and rolled over onto the bed. Lester lay there in bliss, watching her smooth skin against his sheets as she shuffled off the bed and towards the door.

Sarah unlocked Lester's door and quickly rounded the corner until she was back in Dan's bedroom. She stopped, taking in a new sight

for the first time in her life. Dan was naked, his cock in his hand, breathing hard and fast. Cum stained the wall next to him, directly under the peephole.

Sarah pushed the door closed and locked it. She crossed the distance and was in Dan's arms, his lips on hers, their tongues dancing. Their bodies expressing their urgent need for one another, to feel each other.

She pulled him down onto the bed and he quickly took his place between her legs, pushing his bare cock into her.

"Oh, fuck," he muttered, feeling her warmth envelop him. "God, you were so fucking sexy."

"Fuck me, Dan," Sarah moaned. "Fuck."

The couple kissed hard and fucked furiously for several minutes, both feeling the build-up of their impending release.

"Dan, don't stop, I'm going to cum," Sarah moaned into his ear.

"Fuck. I'm going to cum too, Sarah," Dan groaned, bucking his hips with urgency as Sarah's pussy started to milk his cock. He thought he could smell a hint of his roommate's mustiness mixed in with his wife's sweat. The reminder of what had just occurred not ten feet away lurched his hips into a higher tempo.

With Dan's head buried next to hers, Sarah opened her eyes and they immediately focused on the peephole. Was Lester now watching them?

As she stared at it, she felt Dan begin to cum. His hot cum spurting and shooting inside of her. Sarah's body milked his cock as another orgasm hit her body, causing her toes to curl and her nails to dig into Dan's biceps. She closed her eyes briefly but opened them again, staring at the peephole as she felt pleasure washing over her.

She waited to feel the intoxication that had come with her previous orgasm.

Dan rolled off her panting, finally having reclaimed his wife, fucking her for the first time in what felt like forever.

Sarah was breathing hard as well. But she couldn't stop focusing on the hole in the wall.

The drive home from Chicago was fairly uneventful. The drive seemed to be going by faster and faster in her mind, even though the distance remained the same. Despite what she had initially thought, she had enjoyed the dinner with Lester. Maybe not so much for the company but the food and wine had hit the spot. She found his social awkwardness in that setting amusing, she could tell he was out of his element. It was almost like watching an inexperienced man on his first date, though Sarah was careful to not think too far in that direction. Lester was anything but inexperienced and while the situation may not have suited him, she knew how experienced he truly was.

She had been surprised that Dan had pushed her toward Lester again. Perhaps she shouldn't have been. All this time apart, his mind must have been running circles around what happened the previous week. Work was stressful and this was likely an outlet for that. Still, they were playing with fire.

Sarah loved that Dan had interrupted and 'taken her back.' Having him take such an active role and reclaiming her gave her goosebumps just thinking about it. She had unintentionally fallen into the role of having two completely polar opposite men competing for her attention. She knew she would choose Dan, every single time. But she couldn't help but enjoy how the threat of Lester's presence could enable her to work Dan up so much.

She tried not to think too much about Lester as she drove. She didn't find him visually attractive and felt his personality was rather grating. She didn't want to admit that there was something about him that she found alluring. Sure he was well equipped and knew quite well how to perform in the bedroom but it was something else. Something more basic that she couldn't quite put her finger on.

Yes, he checked the boxes on her fantasy of giving in to someone lesser than herself. Perhaps it was the fact that he was also someone Dan considered to be lesser but was 'winning' her in some of these encounters.

She shook her head and tried to refocus as she pulled onto her parents' street. After a brief exchange, she had loaded up her daughters and was heading home. Events of the weekend disappeared as she slipped back into mom mode, hearing all about the activities her girls had enjoyed with their grandparents.

At home, she easily fell back into the solo parenting routine of dinner, giving the kids attention and eventually putting them to bed. It didn't take long for her eyes to close as well, given how active she had been over the past few days.

The next morning was a blur of another well-practiced routine. Getting the girls ready and out the door to school before Sarah herself drove to the hospital to start her shift. When she arrived at the hospital, she quickly dropped off her things in her office and began checking in with staff on various floors, getting updates on anything critical she needed to know about.

As she left the nurses station in the maternity ward, she felt her cell phone vibrate in her pocket. She continued walking down the hallway as she grabbed and unlocked her phone.

There was one new text message.

Sarah stopped in her tracks, staring at the screen. Staring back at her was a picture of a large, almost angry-looking cock, fully erect, a sheen of moisture evident at its tip. She recognized it immediately. It was Lester's. Her eyes flicked back up to the previous message, it had been about confirming the time to come view the apartment way back when they had been searching for a place for Dan to stay.

Someone called Sarah's name from down the hallway. Her eyes were still transfixed on the screen in front of her. Sarah felt her cheeks getting warm, her breath was caught in her throat. She thought back to the last time she saw this cock, Saturday night, after the restaurant, in Lester's room.

As she stood there enraptured, her phone vibrated as another image popped up. After taking a second to render, she saw the same beastly cock as was in the first image, but this time it was adorned with a thong. It was the one Lester had removed from her Saturday night

That's part of my La Perla set. Dan bought it for my birthday last year.

In the image on her phone it was wrapped tightly around Lester's bulging cock, a full bead of precum having been pushed out its top. When she touched the image it went to live view becoming a looping short film. The massive cock twitched and throbbed as the thong tightened. The precum bead appeared and disappeared.

The voice from down the hall called for Sarah again, her brain barely registering it.

"I'm....coming....," Sarah whispered in response, absentmindedly biting her lip, "I'm coming...." Saliva flooded the distracted wife's mouth.

Sarah finally broke the trance and shoved the phone into her pocket before anyone noticed what she was looking at. She swallowed

before she spoke.

"I'm coming!" She said louder, waving apologetically to the man down the hall trying to get her attention.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 11

Dan groaned as he rolled over and reached for his phone from the nightstand. Blinking his eyes, he tried to focus on the time displayed on the screen. He felt Sarah's warmth as she stirred next to him. Looking up at the familiar ceiling above him, Dan smiled. It felt good to be back in his bed in Middleton again.

"Remind me to thank your parents for taking the girls last night," He groaned as he closed his eyes and settled back down into the bed, "I want to sleep all day."

"Hmmmmmm," Sarah purred as she rolled towards him, laying her hand on his chest, "It was nice just having the house to ourselves last night. I really enjoyed it."

Dan smirked knowingly, "So did I. It was amazing."

"It was," Sarah nestled into the crook of Dan's arm. "I'm glad you could come home."

"Me too," Dan said. Work hadn't been the same since his company announced the pay cuts.

Morale across the board was at an all-time low. Several colleagues had promptly left the company while some were quietly let go. Dan felt secure in his position but didn't take anything for granted anymore.

After a couple of weeks of the stressful and demoralizing work environment, Dan told his boss, Walt, he was taking a week off to go back home. Walt didn't give him a hard time about it, and he'd just nodded and turned back to his computer screen. He seemed to be in damage control mode lately.

Dan had spent the week at home settling back into his old routine with the kids, helping Sarah run the household and trying to work on projects that needed doing around the house. Sarah couldn't take the whole week off like Dan; on the days without her, he'd spent his time searching for new jobs.

He was beginning to see just how dire the job market was. Depression was starting to creep into his thoughts due to the lack of follow-up from the companies he was applying to. He tried to press ahead and not let hopelessness sap his motivation.

Dan rolled over towards his wife and smelled her hair. Sandalwood and strawberries.

"I wish you didn't have to go to work today. We could stay in bed all day together." Dan sighed.

"Mhmmm, that sounds great. I wish I could, too, but the extra hours will help us."

DING

Sarah's phone chimed from her side of the bed. She reluctantly disengaged from her husband and rolled over to check it.

"Ugh," Sarah said as she put the phone back down and took her place once more against Dan.

"Work?" Dan asked.

Several seconds of silence elapsed before Sarah finally answered, exhaling, "No, it was Lester."

Dan felt the blood immediately begin to flow towards his dick. They'd gone the entire week without mentioning Dan's roommate once. He tried to keep his cool, and he didn't want Sarah to see him get too excited nor let on how fast he'd been affected.

"I didn't realize you guys were on a texting basis," Dan said musingly, testing the waters.

"We aren't," Sarah said, "I mean, he texts me, but I don't respond to him."

"What does he want?" Dan wasn't thrilled that his roommate was going behind his back and contacting Sarah, but it wouldn't be the first time Lester did something for his own gain.

"Well, he hasn't said anything, but I think I know what he is getting at," Sarah's eyes were closed as she spoke.

"What do you mean he hasn't said anything? That doesn't make sense." Dan asked.

"He just sends pictures," Sarah answered.

"Pictures of what?" Dan paused, "Oh. Really? That's kind of gross. Just unsolicited dick pics?"

"And you don't respond to them?"

"No. I haven't messaged him back, but every now and then, he just sends another. He has even sent them while I'm in the middle of my work day. I open my phone, and a new dick pic comes in. I'd be mortified if someone saw them." Sarah laughed.

"Why don't you just tell him to stop? Why am I just hearing about this now?" Dan was not fully awake and turned to inspect his loving wife lying beside him.

Sarah looked up at him with gorgeous emerald eyes, "I'm afraid that if I start texting back, it'll send him some kind of signal. It's one thing to have things happen in the apartment, but this is starting to creep into other areas of our lives. And I didn't want to add to your stress, so I thought that if I just ignored them, he would eventually

stop on his own. That's probably a naive attitude given what happened last time in Chicago but that's what I was hoping for."

Memories of the last night in Chicago crept into his mind, watching his wife and Lester together from the other side of the peephole, watching Lester experience his wife. Sarah's eyes losing focus as she screamed in ecstasy.

"Maybe you should send him a picture back..." Dan said playfully.

Sarah leaned up on one elbow and looked at her husband, "Do you really think that's a good idea? I feel like it would only make Lester more bold. Besides, we need to figure out what we're doing here. When I drive back up with you to Chicago tomorrow, Lester will probably be expecting another of his dates. I don't want him to think it's just open season, and he can get away with whatever he wants."

"Yeah," Dan agreed, "You're probably right. That's smart."

Sarah eyed Dan suspiciously, "If I did send him a message back, what do you think I should send?"

"Hmmmmm," Dan contemplated for a moment before answering. "I guess that depends on what we're going for. You could continue to ignore him. You could message him and play it oblivious to the pictures he sent you. Or if you wanted to mess with him, you could send him a sexy picture."

"A sexy picture, hmm?" Sarah leaned in and whispered, "And just what would I be doing in this sexy picture? Showing myself off to your roommate?"

"Ah," Dan said, putting up his hands defensively, "That, I haven't thought far enough ahead on."

Besides, you usually seem to be the creative one when it comes to the sexy pictures that drive me wild. I'm sure you could come up

with something.”

Sarah’s playful expression turned serious, “That’s true. But again, what message are we hoping to send to him? What do we want here, Dan? What do you want? When I come back with you, do we tell him we are pausing things, and these dates are going to be strictly platonic? If not, what do we do? What are the ground rules, you know?”

Dan’s heart was beating out of his chest. He knew how his mind wanted him to answer, but his devious instincts easily betrayed it. He remembered how his mind would often drift, paralyzing him to the point of inaction to see the events between Sarah and Lester play out. An image of the back of Lester’s head shaking as he enthusiastically consumed Sarah’s pussy flashed quickly in his mind.

“I don’t know,” Dan lied. They’d talked about this in the past, but things had changed. He felt like they were moving fast, and he hated admitting what he wanted, “I haven’t thought too much about it.”

“Really?” Sarah challenged, “You saw me and Lester together last time, and you haven’t thought about it once? I’m not buying it, Mister.” She caressed her husband’s bicep, enjoying the feel of his skin.

“Listen, I’m not here to judge or give you a hard time. You know I am in this with you. I would be lying if I said I’m not at least partially enjoying this playful adventure we are on. I know you’ll always be there to catch me. I just need us to get on the same page so I know where we are heading and, more importantly, where we aren’t heading.”

“Okay,” Dan responded, “That’s...that’s good. Yeah, we should be on the same page. So, I guess, let’s see. So, with the dates. I think, yes, for now, they are probably okay to keep going on, at least until we figure out our financial situation. What do you think?”

"Agreed," Sarah said smiling, "The dates are the easy part. I can handle those, and I can handle whatever Lester throws at me. What about the other stuff? Like what happened last time?"

"I think we deal with that on a case-by-case basis," Dan said, "When you get back to the apartment, we can debrief and figure out what we want to do."

"Okay..." Sarah looked at him, "But you know there is more to that, right? Like on a date, Lester might try to put his arm around me, maybe try to touch me or get me to touch him. Things might happen on the dates that we need to figure out."

"You mean like Lester trying something with you when you aren't in the apartment?" Dan asked.

It hadn't occurred to him that the possibility existed that their nights wouldn't end up at the apartment with him being present. He remembered how his stomach had been in knots when he learned that Sarah had slept with Lester while he was in Minnesota, followed by an immediate rush of excitement over what he'd missed.

"I don't....I don't know." Dan finally said, "I mean, I want to be there, to know you are safe and to make sure everything is okay, but..."

"But?" Sarah asked after Dan had trailed off.

"But," Dan took a breath, aligning his thoughts, "But part of me gets excited, well, maybe not excited, but turned on just thinking about you doing things. The fact that it's an unknown thing, a thing I didn't witness where my mind kind of fills in the blanks, it's just a really erotic thing to think about. I don't know what we should do here."

"Okay," Sarah said, sitting up. She noticed that Dan was beginning to show signs of an erection beneath the sheets. "If I am out with

Lester alone, and he puts his arms around my shoulder, do you veto that or should I let it happen."

"I guess that is okay, all things considered." Dan shrugged.

"What if he tries to hold my hand? Or tries to kiss me?" Sarah asked.

"That feels almost too intimate," Dan's face was a mix of arousal and torment, "It's a hot idea, okay, but I'm not sure. Maybe. As long as you acknowledge it just being for show and part of this whole thing."

Sarah looked bemusedly at Dan, "Of course, honey, there isn't an actual spark or passion here.

It's just Lester, right." His wife wore a dismissive expression, as if the idea were beneath consideration.

"Right," Dan nodded, feeling reassured. "Okay, what's next?"

"What if Lester tries to touch me or wants me to touch him in a sexual way?" Sarah looked at her husband, trying to search his face for how he truly felt about this.

"Ugh," Dan said, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose. "These questions and answers are a super un-sexy way to go about this. I wasn't looking for a cold shower this morning."

"I know, it's tough." Sarah said, "But the past few times, we've gotten swept up in the moment and had to deal with things afterwards. I want us to be on the same page going into this so we can control what happens."

"That makes sense," Dan opened his eyes and looked at Sarah, "I know, it's just hard to talk about it and admit things, you know?"

"Admit what?" Sarah asked, "Do you want these things to happen with Lester? If I touch him?"

"Yes," Dan closed his eyes again, "I just want to hear about it afterwards. I'm okay with some touching, even if you....even if you, you know, even if you head downtown."

"You mean if I blow him?" Sarah asked, her face unconsciously falling into a seductive gaze.

"Yes," Dan said exasperated, "Even that." His mind was back in the Chicago living room. He held his exploding length as his wife sucked the cum from his roommate's cock.

"Okay," Sarah stared at her husband, "What about what happened the last time at the apartment? With Lester trying to go all the way?"

"That," Dan thought deeply for a second, "That is something I'm not sure about. I want to be there for that. To see it. I mean, at least you can use condoms, and we know he is fixed. That is good. I just want to be at least included in that decision, okay? I don't want to feel completely

powerless like all of this is just happening in front of me." Under his words, he could hear the echoes of his wife's ecstatic screams.

"I get that," Sarah smiled warmly, "I think these are some strong ground rules we can follow. I'm not going to initiate anything, but if things progress to certain points, I'll know what I should and shouldn't do. If things get pushed too far, I'll call you, and we will figure it out."

"That sounds good," Dan said, "And again, we play each of these events by ear and adjust if either of us wants to."

"A hundred percent, baby," Sarah smiled and nodded, "This is for us, something temporary we are just embracing. Living out this fantasy of yours."

"Of ours," she corrected herself. A sly smile spread across her face. She lowered her hands underneath the sheets and searched for Dan's growing dick, "I have a few minutes before I need to get up and get ready for work."

Sarah bit her lip, "Why don't I show you just how much I appreciate you coming home this week?"

With that, Sarah took a firm grip on her husband's dick and began to stroke it while she lowered her head under the covers.

When Dan felt Sarah's wet mouth engulf his growing cock, a sense of euphoria spread across his body. Dan laid his head back on the pillow, closing his eyes and focusing on the feeling of his wife pleasuring him beneath the sheets.

His mind kept drifting to their conversation about her date nights with Lester. He tried not to, but he couldn't help himself; he blurted out, "Is this what you're going to do for Lester this weekend?"

Sarah threw the sheets back, revealing herself as she licked up the length of her husband's shaft. She stared back at him intently, "We just established the date night rules. Who said it would be Lester I'd be sucking on?"

Dan groaned in response. Sarah always knew how to throw him off his game and surprise him in the most erotic of ways. Sarah winked at him, "I'm sure if Lester plays his cards right, he might be able to experience this. Is that what you want, Dan? For Lester to get his cock sucked by your horny wife?"

"Uh, yes," Dan croaked out, "God, you're so fucking bad."

"You haven't seen anything yet," Sarah smiled deviously as she lowered her head and began to feast on her husband's balls.

Dan was in heaven. Sarah was feverishly sucking and tonguing his nutsack, her tongue traveling almost behind it. His cock achieved its full erect size as Dan's memory focused on his wife doing the same thing to his roommate the last time she was in Chicago. "What, uhh, ooh, that's good, what do you like about sucking Lester's cock?" Getting the words triggered by the memory out and Sarah's tonguing of his balls was bringing Dan dangerously close to cumming.

Sarah ran her tongue across her husband's shaved scrotum as she considered the question.

"What do I like about it?" she stopped and looked into her husband's eyes. "Hmm, I guess there are a few things..." Her head dropped down, and she quickly kissed the tip of his hard cock.

Dan got control of his breathing. "A few, huh? Like what... things?" His eyes were wide, searching hers. She was deliberating holding back information, torturing him.

Sarah had grabbed his cock, slowly licking the tip and the bit of shaft sticking out of her fist.

After three excruciatingly long licks, she said, "Well, I didn't expect to enjoy the smell so much, but, I don't know, when his cock is in my mouth, I find his scent, so- so... primal."

Dan's cock twitched in his wife's hand. His opinion was that his roommate reeked, but his wife admitting to being aroused at the slob's scent excited him. He already knew his desires were the opposite of healthy; feeling this way about what his wife just told him made sense in terms of his fantasy.

"HHuuhh," Dan moaned involuntarily as Sarah sucked his cock back into her mouth and held it there, lazily slurping on it. "Wh-what else?"

"It's hot," Sarah answered immediately. "And not just, like, "sexy" hot. His cock is actually very warm. It's really nice feeling it in my mouth." Sarah returned to the cock in front of her as she finished speaking. She stretched her neck and let go of Dan, pushing her mouth as far down on his cock as she could.

Dan's hand moved quickly to the back of his wife's head, wanting to prolong the ecstatic sensation of being swallowed whole as his wife's fluttered back and forth along the underside of his dick. He felt her tongue extend out and push against his ballsack. He knew he wouldn't last much longer.

Sarah pulled off and sat back, pushing her arms together to put her breasts on display. She knew all of Dan's buttons and the right times to push them.

"Also, when I suck his cock, my pussy gets really wet. Like, I can feel myself actually dripping. I always know that I'm going to get fucked really well after blowing that monster."

Dan's jaw was now hanging open, and his cock was standing straight up, quaking slightly in its rigidity. He knew his wife loved to tease him. Not saying who would fuck her in that scenario

almost made Dan pop off right then and there. He stared at her wide-eyed, not knowing what she'd say next.

"But you know what I like best about sucking that creep's giant cock?" Sarah enunciated the last word, making sure to give the "ck" at the end extra emphasis. She dove back down on her husband's cock, sucking him frantically, focused on draining the cum from his balls.

Dan knew this was it, and he struggled to simply say "what?" but an unintelligible string of syllables left his mouth. His head pushed further back into the pillow. His eyes closed in bliss as he felt his wife's inspired performance.

Sarah stopped sucking for a moment and spoke down as if addressing Dan's cock directly.

"Lester's cock is fucking gigantic." She then sucked down his shaft, came back up and continued."

"It's gorgeous."

Sarah licked up his entire length in one achingly slow slurp.

"It's perfect."

Her tongue travelled back down his length, sucking lightly all the way. She paused dramatically,

"He chokes me with it."

She sucked on the tip of Dan's penis for a moment.

"He fucks my mouth without any consideration for my pleasure."

She slurped his head back into her mouth to taste her husband's cock. But only for a moment.

"And I love that."

Sarah went back to sucking on her husband's stiffened length for a full two minutes. She continued until she began to feel the telltale signs that her man was about to cum in her mouth.

The groans at the back of his throat had become frantic. As she sensed his shaking reaching the point of no return, she looked up at her husband, his cock falling from her mouth.

Dan looked down at his wife, who was staring at him, waiting for his attention.

"Because that's exactly how he fucks me."

Sarah bent her head down to continue the blow job. Just as she got her lips fitted around the head of Dan's cock, his cum shot out, spraying into her waiting mouth. She slowly milked her husband, appreciating how sensitive he was when he came. She swallowed the entirety of Dan's load and then, smiling, lay her head against his thigh. Dan looked at her in awe, amazed at how lewd she'd gotten, knowing it would get him off.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah said as she rose from the bed and wiped her mouth with her hand. "Thank you for that."

"Thank you," Dan said somewhat deliriously as he closed his eyes again, feeling completely at peace.

Sarah bent over and kissed him on his forehead, "Go back to bed. When I get home, we'll order dinner in tonight."

"Sounds good, baby," Dan said as he closed his eyes and let sleep take him.

Sarah stared lovingly down at her husband. It felt great to have him back in their home finally.

She hated that they'd be driving back up to Chicago in just a couple of days. Trying to be as quiet as possible, she grabbed the clothes she'd ironed the night before and put them on.

She appraised her wardrobe in the mirror. She loved the outfit, especially the white dress pants.

Sometimes she wished her butt was a little smaller so it didn't attract so much attention when she was trying to present a professional image. She undid the top button on her blue dress shirt and put the white blazer on over it. She looked smart and professional, just the appearance she wanted to cultivate at the hospital.

With one last glance at her snoozing prince charming, she gently shut the bedroom door and headed out to work.

It was a hectic day at the hospital, but Sarah was handling it without losing stride in her step.

When she walked in, she was greeted by her boss, the hospital CEO, who was having a meltdown. Their payment processor was not functioning, and they had backed up Medicare claims that needed to be addressed ASAP.

It took a quick call to her contact at the payment processor and some light flirting with the man on the other end to have their systems prioritized to be put back online once the network outage was over. The rest of it was out of her hands, so she tried not to focus too intently on the head of the hospital spiraling.

"Come on," Sarah said as she dragged her boss, Drew, by the arm, "Let our teams deal with that. We have a meeting to go to."

"What meeting? I don't have anything in my calendar," the exec said, looking at his phone as they stepped into the elevator.

"You do," Sarah said, "It's with a college out of state. We're talking to them about fast-tracking their nursing students with paid internships and the potential of future employment."

"What?" He paused, running his hand through his hair in panic. "The board hasn't approved any budget increases, Sarah, we can't go in offering paid internships. Besides, they are already breathing down my neck here. We need to cut expenses, not drive them up."

Sarah pushed the button to the tenth floor and looked at her boss. He quickly shifted his gaze from her chest and up to the ascending numbers on the elevator screen.

"Drew," she said softly as if she were talking to her children, "You need to read your emails. I've already gone over the details there. We applied for and received a federal grant that will cover the internship costs for at least five years. Our nurses are burnt out, and our doctors aren't far behind them. They need help, and you need them to keep doing well so our patient scores don't drop. If that happens, then the board will have a much bigger issue. You can take this program to them as the win that it is. And you know all of this."

"You're right," he said, perking up, "Okay, sorry I snapped, this day just hasn't started out all that well. I'll join you for this meeting, and we'll get it done. What else do you have going on today that I should know about?"

The elevator door opened. Drew stepped out first, and Sarah laughed to herself and followed,

"I'm meeting with a company to look into expanding our telehealth options to help us free up beds and deal with non-acute patients in a more streamlined way. Then I need to work with IT to develop another workshop or, short of that, an email to staff to educate them again on phishing and cyber attacks."

"Didn't we just do one of those recently?" Drew asked as they rounded a corner and headed towards the meeting room.

"That was last year, Drew, besides the IT guys keep saying we need to be vigilant, so I'm going to indulge them and keep them onside." Sarah checked her watch; they were right on time.

"Okay, let's go in there and get our team some extra resources. I'll lead it off, but jump in where you think it makes sense." Sarah opened the door and smiled warmly at their guests.

"I hate driving back here," Dan said as they turned the corner of his apartment building's block.

"I hate knowing that in a few days, you'll be gone, and I'll be stuck going to this shitty job that's now severely underpaying us."

Sarah put her hand on Dan's thigh. They were just finishing up their drive back to Chicago with only a few blocks left before they arrived at Dan's apartment, "Just remember, this is all temporary. Soon we'll get you out of there and into a new job, hopefully one closer to home."

"Yeah, you're right, let's change the subject." Dan said as he eased onto the car's brake as the light turned red, "Dinner tonight, what should we do? I was thinking maybe that Chinese place again."

"Oh, that sounds great," Sarah said, "I'm totally up for that. I want to get into some sweatpants, get a glass of wine in my hand and watch some trashy TV while we eat Chinese takeout."

"That sounds nice," Dan checked the clock. They were making great time today, arriving in the middle of the afternoon. "Maybe we should watch the show in the bedroom so we don't get disturbed."

"Oh yeah?" Sarah grinned at him devilishly, "Or do you want me to pour some of that sweet and sour sauce on my chest and let Lester lick it off?"

Dan looked at his wife in disbelief. She was staring at him with that sexy vixen look that made him want to jump her bones. He glanced back through the windshield and realized he was drifting into the other lane and quickly corrected himself, "Jesus Christ, Sarah."

Sarah laughed hard and then, through bated breath, said, "You are too easy, Mr. Williams. It's almost not fair."

"Yeah, yeah," Dan grumbled as he focused on the road while smiling ear to ear.

After a few minutes, the couple pulled into the apartment's parking lot. They quickly unloaded the car, with Dan carrying Sarah's carry-on bag for her. As they crossed the expanse of the parking lot, Dan's fingers naturally found Sarah's, and they held onto each other until they reached the door. As they rode the elevator up to Dan's floor, they started to devise a loose idea of what they'd be ordering for dinner.

"Do we ask Lester if he wants us to order him anything?" Sarah asked as they came up to Dan's apartment door. He remembered the last time they'd done that and how ungrateful Lester had been. Since then, things had changed dramatically between the trio.

"Nope," Dan said as he unlocked the door and entered the apartment.

It only took a few minutes of the young couple settling into the apartment before Lester decided to leave his lair. Dan heard the plodding of fat feet coming down the hallway towards the living room, where Dan and Sarah were talking on the couch.

Their conversation came to an abrupt end as Lester entered the room wearing a pair of boxer shorts and a faded, stained t-shirt with a red crowbar and the words 'Black Mesa' on it.

"Mmmmmm," Lester involuntarily groaned as his eyes settled on Sarah sitting on the couch.

Without looking at Dan, he made a beeline towards the young mother. Dan felt his heart start beating quickly as Lester loomed in front of Sarah, staring down at her.

"No, hello kiss for me?" Lester said as his eyes feasted on Sarah's chest.

Sarah looked to Dan, folded her arms and looked back up at Lester, "Hello, Lester. No kisses, you aren't my husband, remember? Besides, Dan and I were just talking about our plans for tonight."

Hearing Dan's name, Lester finally seemed to acknowledge Dan sitting next to her. He looked up and gave him a slight nod before his eyes settled back down on Sarah, "The plan is that today is a date night. Actually, we'll be leaving fairly shortly, so you better get ready."

"Tonight?" Dan and Sarah both said. They hadn't expected a date night to happen today, tomorrow, Saturday night would have made more sense.

"Come on Lester, be reasonable here, we just got in. Let us relax and settle in," Dan said defensively.

"You can relax but Sarah and I have places to be. I even have reservations, so we can't be late."

Lester said, "Besides, you two have had plenty of alone time this week. I've been here by myself alone and would really like to go out with a pretty lady tonight."

"Alright, Lester, listen –" Dan started to get up but stopped as Sarah held up a hand.

"It's okay, Dan," Sarah motioned for him to sit back down, "It's fine. I'll go out, and you can get to work on those applications like you wanted to."

"Great," Lester said as he started to retreat back towards his room, "We leave in one hour."

When Sarah heard Lester's door close, she turned to Dan, "I know it's not ideal, but we need to keep him happy, like you said, at least for now. Besides, I know that you didn't get as many applications

out as you wanted this week, so at least now you can do a few. I'll be back before you know it, and we can do Chinese tomorrow night, and we'll have Lester off our backs for a bit."

Dan held up his hands and sighed, "Alright, alright. But don't get mad if I watch some trashy TV

without you and Sarah....just remember what we talked about, alright?"

Sarah leaned over and gave Dan a lingering kiss on his lips, "Of course, baby, it's you and me, remember?"

"You and me," Dan repeated back, "Okay, go, go get ready. I'm just going to chill here for a bit and decompress from that drive."

"Alright, boo, let me know if I can get you anything," Sarah said as she rose and made her way to the bedroom, pulling her carry-on luggage behind her. Dan watched his wife's perfect bubble butt sway back and forth as she walked away from him.

Dan was annoyed at Lester's sudden intrusion into their conversation and the derailment of his plans with his wife, but he couldn't help but feel a bit excited and anxious about Sarah and Lester spending time alone together. He partially hated admitting it to himself, but the rise in his erection was all the confirmation he needed. I should really go see a therapist.

After thirty minutes, Sarah emerged from the bathroom, looking radiant. She wore a pair of tight-fitting hi-rise black jeans that tapered near her ankles, and a sleeveless leopard print halter top that showed a conservative amount of her upper chest. She also wore a pair of tan boots with a slight heel making her look a bit taller and accentuating the curve of her flatteringly ample ass.

"Do you have to look that sexy when you go out with him?" Dan asked as he ran his eyes over his wife's body again.

"Oh, this?," Sarah said as she gave a slight twirl and pumped her butt out towards Dan before straightening herself and smiling at him, "You know if I'm going out, I want to look good. I hate going out looking frumpy."

"I don't think you've ever looked frumpy in your life Sarah," Dan said.

A door closed behind Sarah, and Lester slowly came into view wearing the same t-shirt he had been wearing earlier, accompanied by a baggy pair of blue jeans and beat-up-looking sneakers.

He slid his arm around Sarah's waist, "Ready to go?"

"Where exactly are we going?" Sarah asked. Dan noticed his wife stiffening at Lester's touch, but she didn't try to disengage.

"You'll see," Lester said as he led them towards the door.

Sarah gently removed Lester's arm and walked back towards Dan. She leaned over the back of the couch, planted a firm, wet kiss on his lips, and whispered, "I love you, baby, more than anything. I'll let you know what the plans are and call you if anything comes up."

"I love you too," Dan said as he stared up into his wife's beautiful green eyes, "Be safe."

"I will," Sarah responded. She stood up and slowly turned around. Lester held the door open and ushered her through. Soon, Dan was alone with his thoughts of Lester and his wife together.

Sarah and Lester rode the elevator down in awkward silence. Sarah expected Lester to say something crass, to ask about the photos he sent, but he stayed silent. The thoughts running through Sarah's

head were driving her crazy, but she didn't want to concede defeat and be the one to speak first.

As the elevator doors opened to the lobby, Lester led her out to the parking lot. They passed her vehicle and rounded the side of the building to where Lester had parked his large SUV.

"After you," Lester said, making a show of opening the passenger door for her. Sarah braced herself, ready to sit in Lester's dirty, unkempt car as she had last time. As she got into the leather passenger seat, she did a double take and looked around the vehicle. It was spotless.

All of the garbage was gone. The car looked and smelled brand new.

Sarah was so caught up appraising the vehicle's state that she didn't notice Lester taking her seat belt and buckling her in until his hand gently ran across her chest. She looked back just in time to hear the seat belt clicking into place and Lester's face right in front of her. He paused to look her right in the eyes before pulling back and shutting the door.

Lester walked around the vehicle, got in and started the ignition.

"You got your car detailed?" Sarah said, making a show of looking around the vehicle, "It looks great."

A sly smile spread across Lester's face, "I made Ned do it."

"Who's Ned?" Sarah asked.

The smile quickly vanished from Lester's face, almost like he betrayed something, "Nothing, no one, just a guy I know."

Lester backed out of the parking space, drove through the parking lot, and out onto the street.

"So where are we going?" Sarah asked, watching the road, trying to ascertain their destination.

Lester looked away from the road and ran his eyes over the body of the young wife, "Shopping."

Sarah was used to being ogled by Lester at this point. She still thought it was gross, but it didn't give her cause to shiver anymore.

A few minutes later, Lester pulled his SUV into the parking garage attached to a mall complex.

Sarah had never been to this mall before but noted it looked like its better days were behind it.

They exited the car and walked through the parking lot to the entrance. Lester opened the door to the mall and held it like a gentleman. As Sarah passed through, he couldn't help but stare at her perfect round ass. He smiled eagerly, knowing what was about to happen.

Sarah was taken aback as Lester caught up to her and took her hand in his. It felt unnatural as his large, meaty fingers interlaced with hers. She didn't pull her hand back, though, determined to keep up the facade of them being a couple.

Several people turned and looked in their direction, obviously perplexed by the odd coupling in front of them. A tall blonde bombshell like Sarah holding the hand of a shorter, unkempt incel-looking man like Lester. Sarah met each person's gaze until they looked away but couldn't help but enjoy the attention on some level.

Lester led Sarah to the lower level of the mall, where the crowds seemed to thin out. Sarah stopped abruptly when she realized where Lester was taking them.

"Are you serious?" Sarah asked as she motioned towards the lingerie store in front of them.

"This is where we're shopping?"

Lester smiled and stepped up into Sarah's space. He ran his hand through a strand of her hair,

"I want to get you something nice. You're always wearing sexy lingerie meant for Dan. I want you to wear something for me."

Before Sarah could protest, Lester clutched her hand and walked into the store, forcing her to come with him. A disinterested worker attempted to intercede and offered to help them, but Lester waved her off. She shrugged her shoulders and went back behind the counter. Sarah looked around. It appeared the young woman was the only one working at the moment.

"Grab a few things," Lester said to Sarah, "I'm going to look over there."

Lester left Sarah to wander the store herself. She stopped and ran her hands over several different bra and panty sets, wondering if Dan would like them or not. It was a dumb question.

He would like her in and out of anything she wore. Her attention landed on a baby blue set with lace flower petals acting as the trim and running over the semi-transparent material that made

up the actual cups of the bra and parts of the underwear. She loved how the strap of the bra and the side-wings of the underwear looked more like pieces of ribbon. They were even adorned with dainty bows. She knew Dan would like it, which meant Lester probably would also.

As she bent over to grab her size from a lower rack, she felt something hard pushing into her backside. She glanced over her

shoulder and saw Lester standing behind her, with his crotch thrust up against her ass. She couldn't believe that just a few months ago, she might have decked him for behaving this way. Now, she was letting him openly sexualize her in public.

"Come on," Lester said. He held up a handful of garments he had collected, "Let's go try these on."

She smirked, "I don't think those are going to fit you Lester."

He stared at her blankly before turning on his heel and heading to the back of the store. Sarah followed him as they came up to the changing rooms. The worker was back there rearranging discarded items.

"How many items?" She asked, looking suspiciously at Lester.

"Five," He said, holding up what he had and pointing to the set Sarah was carrying.

"All the change rooms are open, just head down there and choose one." She gestured over her shoulder. Sarah heard noise from behind her. She turned her head to see a few groups of women entering the store. The worker sighed and wandered to the front of the store to help them.

"Try this one on first," Lester said as he opened the door to the furthest changing room. He held up a black set of lingerie. Sarah raised an eyebrow at him. She took the small set of black lingerie from Lester and walked into the changing room, pulling the door closed behind her.

She smiled, enjoying that move after it shut Lester out. The change room walls went up several feet but stopped short of the ceiling. The walls touched the ground, but there was a small gap at the bottom of the door where she could see Lester's wide shoes pacing back and forth.

Sarah took off her shirt and carefully hung it on a hook on the wall before stripping off her black jeans and gently laying them on the bench. She didn't want them to get wrinkled. She unlatched her boots and stepped out of them, standing there in just her white bra and panties. The pair she was wearing was one of Dan's favorites and very sexy. She held up Lester's pick, intrigued by what he chose.

She slowly peeled off her bra, stepped out of her panties and held Lester's ensemble up in front of herself while looking in the mirror. She had to admit, it looked interesting, and Lester seemed to have selected her size perfectly.

Within a couple of minutes, Sarah had the lingerie on and was admiring herself in the mirror.

The bra pushed up her breasts, creating ample cleavage, even though its cut was more like a sports bra, with it extending below the cups with a black cotton strap running across her ribs to her back. Just like the set she had selected, the cups were made of a sheer material that let her skin tone through but it was adorned with black lines, creating a distinct look.

The panties were more of a thong that went high on her waist and used a similar pattern of black lines and sheer material. The tops of the thong attached to what could barely be described as a belt. The same sheer material with black strapping ran across her hips but stopped to show off her ass and the front of her panties. The 'belt' came to rest just over her belly button, where the two sides of the material connected with a little metal ring. Black stockings showcased her long, slender legs. The garters stopped mid-thigh while flimsy straps attached them to the 'belt.'

Lester had chosen well. Sarah breathed in deeply, turned and opened the door. She stood there confidently, pressing her breasts out as Lester's eyes roamed her body hungrily. He took in her entire figure. He couldn't have imagined this lingerie would look so good

on her. The mannequin wearing it on the showroom floor had nothing on Sarah.

"We're definitely getting that one," Lester said while his eyes came to rest on Sarah's magnificent breasts. He pictured Sarah crawling up his bed to him, wearing nothing but that outfit.

"Good, I like it too," Sarah smiled as she quickly pulled the changing room door closed and locked it. She heard Lester try the handle. "I'm going to choose the one I grabbed and see how it fits." She enjoyed shutting him out of the room. At the same time, the nature of these clothes and how Lester stared at her affected her.

Sarah could hear more voices echoing in from the front of the store. It was getting busier. As Sarah lowered the straps of her bra, unclasped it and hung it on the hook, she heard Lester knock firmly on the door.

"What?" Sarah said to the backside of the door.

"Open it, for just a second," Lester said from the other side.

Sarah held one hand over her naked breasts as she used the other to unlock the door. She opened it slightly to not expose her bare chest to the rest of the store, "What is it?"

Lester grabbed the door firmly and swung it open. Sarah was standing there with one arm covering her breasts while her lower half was still gowned in the sexy stockings and underwear,

"Lester!" she whispered angrily.

She retreated a step so no one would see her. It was the opening Lester had planned. He stepped into the small changing room and pulled the door closed behind him, locking it. Just then, more voices emanated from the hall. Other women were coming into the changing room area.

"I just didn't want to make the other shoppers uncomfortable," Lester whispered as he sat on the bench, disregarding her black jeans. "Just pretend I'm not here. Let's see that other outfit you picked out."

Sarah continued to cover her breasts with her arms. It felt stupid, given that she had been exposed to Lester multiple times, but she still felt somewhat vulnerable. The close proximity to each other in a public setting like this felt very intimate, more so than being back at the apartment. She felt uneasy but slowly convinced herself to get over it.

She stared into Lester's eyes as she lowered her hand. His eyes immediately came to rest on her heavy breasts as he licked his lips. Sarah undid the ring clasp on the lingerie belt and let it drop to her sides as she put her foot up on the bench between Lester's legs. Without breaking eye contact, she slowly bent over and rolled the garter and stocking off. She switched legs and watched Lester's eyes dart over her shoulder, looking into the mirror behind it. He had the perfect view of her ass in a compromising position.

"Which one's next," Lester asked without taking his eyes off her ass.

"The baby blue one I picked out," Sarah lowered her leg from the bench and turned to appraise herself in the mirror, pretending to ignore Lester's presence. It was short-lived. Soon, Lester was standing directly behind her. She could feel his breath on her neck. She could also feel that he was happy to see her.

"Here," he said, holding the baby blue bra and panty set up, "Go ahead, put it on."

Sarah's breathing was getting quicker. It was obvious to both of them in the changing room by how quickly her breasts were rising and falling. Sarah could hear voices close by: other women in the changing room area and more women outside in the front of the store.

She took the blue bra from his hands. Lester was watching her in the mirror as she slid the straps over her shoulders and the bra cups over her breasts. She reached behind her back to clasp it, but Lester reached out and held her hands, "Allow me."

Sarah let go, and Lester deftly clasped the bra.

"I think you need to take these off," Lester said as his fingers traced down her back and played with the strings of her black panties. He hooked both sides under his thumbs and lowered them down her upper thighs until gravity took hold, and they dropped to the floor.

Lester held up the blue panties, offering them to Sarah. She took them and, as gracefully as she could, bent over to step into them. As she raised the panties up her legs, she felt Lester's crotch gently grazing her backside. She took a half step forward and pulled them up to her waist.

"How do they look," Sarah whispered as she turned to face her husband's roommate.

"Delicious," Lester said as he sat back on the bench, "Give me a spin."

Sarah slowly spun around in a circle, giving Lester the full, unrestricted view of her body in the lingerie she had chosen for her husband. Putting herself on display like this for Lester in such a public space was already beginning to affect the young wife. She could feel her body betraying her.

"Come here," Lester said loudly.

"Shhhhhhhh," Sarah demanded. The last thing she wanted to do was get caught and have to sort out any trouble with the mall.

"If you want me to be quieter, why don't you get a little closer," Lester whispered as he patted his thigh.

Sitting on Lester's lap in the middle of a changing room was not what Sarah had expected from today's shopping date with Lester. She made a mental note to better prepare herself for the next one. She crossed the distance between them and opted to sit sideways on his lap with her legs still touching the floor.

As her blonde locks fell onto his dirty shoulder, Lester snaked his hand around her back, firmly gripping her waist, holding her in place. He leaned forward and began planting kisses on her shoulder. Sarah closed her eyes, letting herself get lost. Lester's other hand began caressing her breasts.

Sarah squirmed on his lap, feeling his rough lips and hands groping her. This is what she feared would happen, Lester trying something with her while Dan wasn't present. Her thoughts were dashed as Lester took hold of her head at the base of her neck and turned her face towards him. His large tongue pushed itself into her mouth as he roughly kissed her.

"Mmmhmmmm," Sarah's eyes darted open at the sudden invasion but closed quickly as Lester's expert manipulations caused the young wife to melt into the kiss. His other hand left her breast and traced down her body until it began toying with her panty line.

Wet, sloppy sounds emanated from the changing room as Lester and Sarah's lips battled against one another. Lester dropped his hand into her panties, his fingers quickly finding her clit and rubbing against it. Sarah's thighs closed around his hand, shifting up and down, trying to stimulate herself. She moaned into his mouth as her tongue slid against his.

Lester's finger was expertly working on her clit. She could feel the stirrings of an orgasm beginning to build inside of her. Her legs kept pushing against his hand, asking for more.

Suddenly, Lester twisted his hand and pushed downward until two fingers found her opening.

He broke their kiss and grinned. He watched her face contort as he slid two of his digits inside of her.

She was already wet, letting Lester push the entire length of his beefy fingers into her. He noted that putting her on display must turn her on, as he'd suspected. Sarah closed her eyes, feeling his thick fingers pushing into her depths before retreating out and then driving back in. Lester curled his fingers, ensuring his fingertips pressed against Sarah's G-spot. With each thrust, Lester ran them against the sensitive nerve endings, stoking the fire within the young wife.

Sarah could feel it starting. Her orgasm was quickly approaching. She gritted her teeth to try and stay quiet. The last thing she wanted was to scream in pleasure for everyone in the store to hear. Just as she was about to cum, Lester withdrew his fingers.

The orgasm washed away, leaving her with a sense of emptiness. She looked at Lester with disappointment and confusion. Lester started to work on his pants, tugging the jeans down his legs.

"Take it out," Lester said hoarsely in her ear.

Without hesitation, Sarah reached into Lester's boxers and found his rock-hard cock waiting for her. She gripped it tightly and started stroking it as Lester shimmied out of his pants. Sarah adjusted herself to get a better angle and slid Lester's boxers down after his pants.

Lester's throbbing hard cock was standing at attention just a few inches away from her.

"Get on your knees," Lester whispered.

Sarah reached for her phone. She needed to text Dan to see if this was okay. She needed reassurance to feel like she could let go. That he would be there to catch her if things got wild.

She swiped open her lock screen and quickly opened her messages with Dan. She began to type a text, but Lester yanked the phone out of her hands.

"Get up," Lester said as he set the phone aside and pushed her into a standing position, "Get on your knees and suck my cock. You know that your hubby would love that."

She knew that it was true. Dan would like it, which made her feel validated for what she would do next. They'd already discussed this exact situation earlier in the week, and he had given her the green light. Sarah stood up between Lester's knees, looking down at his angry cock pointing up at her. She became aware of the firmness of her nipples against the unfamiliar new bra.

The voices of other women drifted into their changing room. Doors opened and closed from elsewhere in the store. Sarah looked at Lester and raised an eyebrow, "You want me to suck your cock right here in the store?"

"You better believe it," Lester grinned, "This is what happens when you give it up on the first date. Guys have certain expectations."

"God, you're so full of shit," Sarah said, but her eyes were glued to Lester's cock. He had begun stroking it. She wanted it in her mouth.

"Your mouth is going to be full of this," Lester jerked his cock back and forth, "It misses you, don't keep it waiting."

Sarah bit her lip and broke her gaze from the cock. She looked up at Lester and slowly began to lower herself down to her knees. Her tanned skin touched the floor's carpet as she came face to face with Lester's cock.

A pair of heels walked by outside their room. Sarah noticed them through the gap at the bottom of the door. If anyone were to peek

under, even from just a slight angle, they would see a woman's legs kneeling between a man's.

"Well, I don't want to keep him waiting," Sarah said playfully as she extended her tongue and licked up the entire length of Lester's shaft. Her tongue came to rest on the head of his cock and began to swirl around before her mouth lowered and started sucking on the slickened tip.

"Ughh," Lester groaned loudly as he leaned back against the changing room wall.

"Shhhhhh," Sarah said, removing her mouth from his cock. Lester responded by roughly grabbing the back of her head with one hand and pulling her mouth back onto his cock while he thrust his hips up.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned at the unexpected move, more of Lester's cock pushing into her mouth. Her hands pushed down on his thighs, trying to regain control. Lester held her head still as he raised and lowered his hips over and over. Sarah held on and started moaning around his cock, embracing his pace.

Satisfied she wasn't going to quiet him again, he let her go. Sarah continued with the same pace Lester had set, her head bobbing up and down on his cock. Her hands left his thighs and gripped his cock. She started stroking him with both hands as her tongue danced around the head of his cock. Fellating this pervert sounded so loud in the changing room. Again, she wondered how much could be heard outside these thin walls.

"Lick my balls," Lester said in a whisper. Sarah felt satisfied that she had gotten him to listen to her and speak quietly. A part of her knew it was the result of the work her mouth was doing on his cock.

She looked up into Lester's beady eyes as she extended her tongue and let it lick the length of his shaft downward until it met the hair covering Lester's balls. Unperturbed, Sarah dived forward, her

tongue drawing circles around Lester's nuts as her mouth sucked on them. She continued to lap and suck on them for several minutes, revelling in their size. She kept stroking his hard cock with one hand, feeling the veins running up and down his shaft.

Lester reached out and grabbed both sides of Sarah's head, pulling her mouth further onto his balls. He groaned as she sucked the sensitive area. Trying to silence Lester didn't even cross Sarah's mind. She was too focused and wrapped up in pleasing him.

When Lester let go of her head, Sarah immediately licked back up the length of his shaft as she stroked him.

"Mmmmmmm, god, this cock," Sarah whispered as she reached the top of his shaft and kissed it gingerly. "So fucking hot."

"I knew from the minute I met you that you were a good cocksucker," Lester chided. "I'm glad you proved me right." He pushed a stray hair out of her face as she readied herself to inhale his thick length.

Sarah smiled playfully, "Well, when you give a girl something like this, it's hard not to want to please it."

Sarah bobbed her head back down onto Lester's cock and took as much into her mouth as she could while using both hands to stroke the rest of his shaft. She swirled her tongue around him as she withdrew before pushing down and taking more of his cock into her mouth.

"I like to hear that you want to please me," Lester grinned.

"I said I want to please this," Sarah pulled herself free from his length and indicated his cock.

She gripped it tightly in her hands before holding it against her cheek, amazed at how hard and hot it felt against her face. "It's this

cock I want to please. You just happen to be attached to it.”

“Whatever you say,” Lester said, leaning back and closing his eyes. He put a hand on the back of her head and guided her mouth back onto his cock, “Get back to what you were doing.”

Sarah obliged and continued to suck Lester’s cock. She felt her knees scraping against the carpet, and her vagina got increasingly wet. She couldn’t wait to return to the apartment after this so Dan could finish what Lester started.

Lester peeked an eye open and stared down in wonder. A few months ago, Sarah wouldn’t give him the time of day. Now she was on her knees in public, sucking his cock in the changing room of some clothing store. She looked damn good in that baby blue set she had on too. He looked past her into the mirror. Her perfect heart-shaped ass was on display before him as she sucked on his cock.

He watched in fascination. Seeing her from behind as she bobbed her head up and down on his cock was intoxicating. He shifted his gaze back down to the young mother and found her looking up at him with those big, innocent eyes of hers. He suddenly felt his balls begin to tingle.

Having her so willingly suck him off like this in such a public setting was just too much for him to bear. His mind raced with how he would corrupt Sarah over their future dates.

“I’m going to cum,” Lester grunted as he began to thrust his hips up off the seat.

Sarah pulled her mouth off of Lester as her hands tightened their grip on the shaft as she kept stroking him, “Cum for me, Lester, Cum for –”

Lester used both hands to pull her mouth back down onto his cock.

"Mmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned in response. She felt Lester's cock suddenly stiffen and felt the familiar gush of hot cum spurt out of Lester's cock into her mouth. His cum blasted into the back of her throat, causing her to swallow instinctively. She wasn't ready for the next stream of cum and tried to pull away from his cock, but Lester held her firm. She sputtered and gagged, cum leaking out of her mouth.

Sarah quickly regained her composure. The third load of cum came with less intensity, and she quickly swallowed it while milking out the remaining stream from Lester's cock.

Completely satisfied, Lester let go of Sarah. She continued to suck the last drops of cum from his cock. Sarah slid her mouth off of Lester and wiped at her mouth. She was surprised to find cum had somehow gotten onto her chin and across one cheek. She quickly wiped herself clean and rubbed the excess cum onto her thighs.

Lester leaned back against the wall, his hard cock lying against his thigh. Sarah looked at him with a mixture of disgust and achievement. His body looked like a frog about to have a stroke, with a big belly protruding and his mouth hanging open, just a satisfied mass of a human being.

But she did feel an overwhelming sense of satisfaction at having made him and his cock cum.

Knowing she was feet away from other shoppers made it all the more victorious.

Sarah removed the heavily used baby blue bra and panty set and replaced them with her white ones. Lester watched as she shimmied back into her black jeans and put her leopard print top back on. Sarah checked herself out in the mirror, making sure she still looked presentable before putting her boots back on.

"God, you're something else," Lester lazily put his cock back into his boxers and pulled his pants back up. He gathered up the underwear that Sarah had tried on and all the ones she didn't, "My little slut."

"Hey," Sarah scolded him, "I'm not a slut."

"Heh," Lester said, standing up, "My cock says differently. Do you normally blow guys in store changing rooms?"

Sarah rolled her eyes, opened the changing room door and walked back to the front of the store. Lester followed behind her.

The worker from earlier eyed them suspiciously from behind the checkout counter. Lester headed in her direction and wordlessly purchased all of the lingerie. As they left the store, Lester's hand found hers again.

"She totally knew something happened," Sarah said as they made their way out of the mall.

Lester grinned, "Oh yeah, no doubt about it. She probably heard you slurping all over my cock, begging for my cum."

"Shhhhh," Sarah said, hitting him on the arm while looking around at the crowds of people around them.

Dan sat anxiously on the couch, trying to watch the latest episode of some police procedural drama. When the credits came on, he realized he hadn't been paying attention at all, his mind completely distracted with thoughts of Sarah. Not only was she out with Lester, but he realized that they never did decide on how she should respond to all of the lewd pictures he had been sending her.

Even though he was seated calmly on the couch, he could feel his heart beating quickly and his breathing coming shallowly. He was

anxious and needed to distract himself, but he couldn't help but wonder what was happening with his wife.

Dan abruptly stood up and turned the TV off before heading to his bedroom. He retrieved his laptop and headed to the kitchen to sit down. He needed to focus and do something productive.

Pivoting to his work dilemma would be a good distraction.

Navigating to LinkedIn, Dan pulled up a job posting he had looked at earlier in the week. It was a remote position at an engineering company that he felt qualified for. There were already hundreds of applicants. Still, Dan navigated to their website and noted keywords in the listing.

After a few minutes, he switched over and opened up Microsoft Word to tailor his resume to the company's keywords, an old trick to help get through the mandatory HR screening process.

Just as Dan was halfway through editing his resume, the phone rang. He quickly snatched it, hoping it was Sarah with some news, his productive streak over just as soon as it started.

Dan frowned as he read the caller ID. It was Byron from the Lincoln Group. Byron fired Dan's company, and there was no reason for him to call. Dan, being the consummate professional, decided to answer anyway and put on his courteous customer voice.

"Byron, how are you doing?" Dan said after accepting the call.

"Danny Boy," Byron exclaimed into the phone. There was a lot of background noise. Dan suspected Byron was in one of the usual bars he haunted in Minnesota. "Long time no talk.

How's it hanging?"

"Can't complain," Dan said, trying to limit his words purposely, "I'm surprised to hear from you after everything that went down between our companies."

"Yeah," Byron laughed, "Walt and the rest of your team really screwed the pooch when they came up here. That email your junior over there sent was bad enough, but those guys suck."

"They really should have just sent you back up here with that sweet wife of yours."

Hearing him talk about Sarah caused the hair on the back of Dan's neck to stand on end, "Well, that wasn't in the cards, Byron. So to what do I owe this phone call now?"

"Well, I'll get right to the point, Dan," the background noise on Byron's end became muffled. He must have gone someplace a little more private. "We've been looking at engaging other firms to pick up this project, but they just aren't cutting it. We don't want to go back with Walt out of principle, but it got me to thinking. You're the one who really understands this project and what we want. If we had you on board, you could help us liaise and deal with another firm and keep the project on track. We'd want to bring you in as a consultant."

Dan was silent for a few seconds, contemplating Byron's offer. While they hadn't even discussed salary, Minnesota was even further from Middleton than Chicago. He also didn't want to be dependent on Byron or the Lincoln Group.

"I'm not sure, Byron. It sounds like a great offer, but it might not be the best time here," Dan said.

"Oh, come on now," Byron exclaimed, "We need you to get this project done. Whatever you are making now we'll match it and then some. And you can bring that wife of yours along whenever you want, I sure know I wouldn't mind getting to know her better. She'll

love it. I'll make sure to show her around the city if you're busy working so she won't get lonely."

"You'd do that?" Dan said flatly into the phone.

"Of course, who wouldn't want to spend some time with a woman like that? I'm sure I could show her a thing or two...about Minnesota of course," Byron half laughed into the phone.

"Byron?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, Dan, what do you think? Send me your personal email, and I'll send over a contract, and we can get you up here toot sweet." Byron said happily.

"Get fucked, Bryon," Dan said, standing up. "I'm not going to be working with you. You can take the offer and shove it up your ass."

"Hey, what the fuck!?" Bryon yelled loud enough that Dan had to pull the phone away from his head. "I call you with a job offer and you respond like THISI? You ungrateful little piece of —"

"Fuck off, Byron, and lose my number. I'm never going to work for you or the Lincoln Group."

Dan smiled. It felt good to finally tell Byron what he thought without having to play nice for the client.

"You don't know the shit you just stepped in," Byron retorted. Dan imagined him frothing at the mouth. "You don't say 'NO' to me, you don't say 'NO' to the Lincoln Group, do you even have any FUCKING IDEA what we —"

"Bye," Dan said cheerfully as he hung up the phone.

Dan laughed as Byron immediately called again, wanting to finish threatening him.

"Loser," Dan said into the apartment air, satisfied.

After making a cup of coffee, Dan sat back down at the laptop and got back to work tailoring his resume.

Sarah used her spoon for another scoop of the tavuk gogsu from the plate between her and Lester. He had brought her to a charming little Turkish restaurant called Cafe Istanbul where the two had shared an excellent dinner. The restaurant delivered some of the best Turkish food Sarah had ever eaten. This was her first time trying the milk pudding, a tasty little Turkish dessert.

Lester ran his hands over the white tablecloth and looked at her, "What do you think of all the photos I've been sending you?"

Sarah almost choked on her dessert, "Photos?"

Lester smiled, "You know the ones. I've seen that you read them."

Blushing and realizing she had been caught, Sarah said, "Oh, those ones, yeah, they are okay."

"Okay?" Lester raised a conspiratorial eyebrow. "That's all? I thought you would have enjoyed them a little more, given how much pleasure the thing in those photos has given you."

Sarah looked around to see if anyone had heard him, "Lester, while I appreciate all that it has done. I am married, and those photos come in while I'm at work or I'm at home. It's not like I'm just going to drop everything and respond to them."

"Just knowing you're admiring it while you're at work is enough for me," Lester smiled. "I'm just picturing your face as you open it."

Sarah rolled her eyes slightly, "Okay, the next one you send, I will respond with a thumbs-up emoji."

Lester stared at her flatly. He was about to respond but was interrupted by the waiter coming by to ensure everything was okay. Lester asked for the bill, which the waiter produced then and there. As Lester and the waiter settled up, Sarah thought back to the events of earlier in the evening. She couldn't believe that she had sucked Lester's cock in a public changing room.

Anyone could have heard them or, worse yet, caught them. Still, she couldn't believe how incredibly turned on she was by the whole thing. Not only could she have been caught, but she could have been caught with Lester, someone so far beneath her.

Seeing the people's stares as they walked hand in hand through the mall or even as they were seated at this table. It was getting to her, knowing that someone like Sarah might be with someone below her station. She wished she could figure out why the idea turned her on so much. Like their previous date, her legs brushed against his ever so often.

She still felt hot and bothered by what happened. Lester had started to play with her before she blew him. She was right on the cusp of cumming, but he had stopped too soon. Now she felt like she was on the edge of a knife, waiting to be satisfied.

The waiter smiled, thanked the couple and left the table. Lester looked at her, "You know, this entire dinner, don't look, but there has been a guy sitting by the back window staring at you. I think he wonders why you are here with a guy like me and if he can steal you away."

"If only he knew the truth," Sarah said, her eyes on him over her glass as she took a last drink from her water.

Lester looked past her at whoever it was that was admiring her, then shifted his gaze back to her.

"I want you to stand up, come here next to the table, lean over and kiss me," Lester said, "It'll give him the perfect view of that sweet ass of yours while letting him know you are mine."

Sarah looked at Lester and rolled the idea around for a few seconds. She stood up and immediately felt the gaze of everyone in the restaurant fall upon her. She took a half step next to their table and then bent over at a ninety-degree angle, her black jean-covered ass on display for anyone behind her. She leaned forward and planted a sensual kiss on Lester's lips for several seconds before standing straight up again.

Lester stood up and joined her, walking out of the restaurant hand in hand into the Chicago night. They rounded the corner of the building, and Sarah could still feel the eyes of the restaurant's patrons on her as they walked past the window. Across a small parking lot, they found Lester's SUV.

He made sure to open the door for her and clip her belt in while his hand ran across her breasts a second time. Sarah ignored the seemingly unintentional groping and tried to think of the best way to tell Dan what had happened tonight. Lester got in the driver's seat, and they soon pulled out of the parking lot.

Sarah contemplated the night's events, knowing she would be reunited with her husband after a short drive back to the apartment. Breaking away from her thoughts, she looked at the SUV's surroundings and didn't recognize this part of Chicago, "Where are we? Where are we going?"

"It's time for dessert," Lester smiled broadly as he turned the vehicle into a dark alley. They arrived at what looked like a loading area of a dark building. Lester pulled up next to a brick wall, parked the car and turned off the engine. He looked at the young wife, "Get in the

back." A light from somewhere high above dimly lit the interior of the back seat.

"Excuse me?" Sarah said. She had been assuming that they were on their way back to the apartment. Lester had gotten a blowjob in the changing room, and dinner was over. That was the date.

"Like I said," Lester reached and caressed her bare arm. "It's time for dessert. You don't think I cleaned out the back of the car for no reason, do you?"

Sarah felt her breath getting shallow, and the soft hairs on her arm began to rise, "I...I need to call Dan. To make sure this is okay. We had a discussion and want to make sure everything is okay."

"Sure," Lester said, nonchalantly removing his hand, "Call him, but do it from the backseat."

Sarah reached into her purse and retrieved her cell phone. Then, feeling like a teenager, she turned her body towards Lester before reaching her foot behind their seats. Soon, the other foot followed as she moved from the front to the rear of the car, hunched over so her head wouldn't hit the roof. She felt Lester's hand on her thigh and then on her ass as she pushed herself past his chair. She turned and sat down on the wide leather bench seat.

Crossing the boundary into the backseat felt like the first time she stepped into Lester's room.

She couldn't quite place why it felt familiar.

She opened her contacts list and tapped Dan's number at the top of her favorites. From the driver's seat, Lester opened his door and stepped out of the car. Evidently, his body couldn't perform the same maneuver she just had. He stepped out and then opened the rear door to join her in the back seat.

With Lester's large body next to her, the SUV suddenly felt a lot smaller. His frame took up much of the backseat, just like it had earlier in the changing room. She felt almost suffocated like his body mass had her cornered, confined. Submissive.

Lester closed and locked the doors as Sarah pressed the call icon next to Dan's name. As the phone started to ring, Lester immediately closed the gap between himself and Sarah. He wasted no time putting his hands all over her body, diving into the cleavage of her leopard print shirt, running over the thighs of her black jeans. His hands ran quickly over her curves, but his touch was deliberate and began to turn the young wife on.

Sarah tried to concentrate on the phone. She held it up to her ear, waiting to hear her husband's voice. Lester's tongue was pressed against her bare neck, kissing and licking her there, driving Sarah crazy.

As her body was heating up and she began to lose herself to the physical attention, her husband finally picked up his phone.

"Sarah?" Dan said eagerly, "What's up, what's going on?"

"Err," Sarah said as Lester began to swirl his tongue around her collarbone, sending shivers up her spine, "We, ugh, we just finished dinner." Her breath hitched as Lester ran his hand up her thigh and touched her pussy lips through her panties, testing her warmth.

Sarah was finding it difficult to breathe and speak simultaneously, "Dan, I thought we were heading back to the apartment, but Lester pulled over somewhere. I'm calling because he wants me to be with him right here in the back of the car. Right now."

There were seconds of silence on the other end of the phone. Finally, Dan asked, "Sarah, are you already in the backseat of the car?"

"Yes," Sarah breathed.

"Where is Lester?" Dan asked hoarsely.

"Here's right here next to me," Sarah said as she looked down at Lester's body pushing against hers. His fat hand had burrowed inside the cup of her bra, caressing her naked breast and teasing her nipple.

"What's he doing?" Dan asked. Sarah wondered what her husband's facial expression would be at this moment were he here. She wished she could see it, to tell what he was thinking. She guessed by the sound of his voice that he was turned on by what was happening.

"He's..." Sarah took a sharp intake of breath as Lester pinched her nipple, "He's touching me, touching me everywhere. I still have my clothes on though Dan. It's not too late for us to stop."

She looked up at Lester's face as she spoke the sentence. He wore his patented smug grin, tinged with lust. "What do you think?"

Dan was silent so long that Sarah wasn't sure their call was still connected, "Hello, Dan? Are you still there?"

"I'm here," Dan said slowly as he deliberated every word. "I just don't know. I wish I was there with you."

"Me too," Sarah said as Lester began to tug at the straps of her top. He tore himself away from her neck and looked at her as he pulled her top up. Sarah immediately put her arms up, and her top was discarded onto the floor. Lester looked down at her heaving breasts before diving towards them. He started running his tongue between them and all over every inch of exposed flesh.

Sarah arched her back, pushing her breasts into Lester's face, "Dan. What should I do? What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know," Dan said quietly. She knew that he was still having trouble admitting what he wanted. He was wrestling with what he knew he should say versus what he really wanted. Or at least what his horny brain wanted at the moment.

"He's not man enough to admit what he wants," Lester chided as he continued to lap at her breasts.

Sarah held her hand over the speaker of her phone and shushed Lester, but Dan had heard something, "What did he say?"

"Nothing important. Do you want me to stop this and come back?" Sarah asked as Lester's fingers undid the button at the waist of her jeans. He started working on the zipper, and the sound of it lowering was so loud in the car she was sure Dan could hear it.

More silence from Dan. This was similar to when they were all together. Her husband might nod subtly but likely wouldn't vocalize his growing desire.

"Dan," Sarah whined as Lester disengaged from lapping at her breasts. He started to tug at her jeans, pulling them off her smooth, tanned legs. "I need to know what to do here. Please. If you want me to stop this, say something."

She let her last line hang in the air for several seconds, waiting for Dan to respond. When he didn't, she added, "If you don't, I'm going to get fucked by your roommate in the back of his car."

"Fuck, Sarah," Dan said from the phone. She thought she heard the sound of a belt hitting the floor from his end. "God, it's so wrong. I can just picture it, though. Jesus."

"I know, baby," Sarah said. Lester had successfully pulled off her pants. Sarah was sitting in the back of the SUV, wearing nothing but her underwear. "It's so wrong. So very wrong."

Lester lowered his head and started to lick up Sarah's legs, taking his time he licked over every inch of exposed flesh, taking particular time to lick her thighs, causing Sarah to grind them against each other. She looked down at the troll-like man in front of her and realized that he had shed his clothes. When had he gotten naked?

"Dan?" Sarah said as she closed her eyes and let her head fall back against the seat.

"Yeah?" Dan said breathlessly.

"Last chance here, honey," Sarah said as Lester's face got incredibly close to her vagina. She shivered, feeling his hot breath on her dampening lips.

"Fuck," Dan groaned into the phone. She wondered if he was touching himself, listening to them. "Godammit. I'm not going to stop it tonight, leave the phone on. It's the closest thing to me being there."

"Fuck baby," Sarah moaned into the phone as Lester pulled her panties to the side and began pushing his large tongue against her slit. "God, I can't believe this is happening. Keep listening in, baby. You're going to enjoy what you hear. I love you."

"I love you too," Dan said into the phone as Lester grabbed it from her hand and placed it behind him on the SUV's center console. He gripped her thighs tightly and pulled them towards him, causing Sarah to fall back onto the seat of the SUV, her blonde hair flared out around her on the black leather.

Lester gripped both sides of her panties and quickly pulled. Sarah yelped as she felt her panties being ripped off her body. Lester tore the material in two, letting them fall onto the seat beside Sarah's quivering hips.

"Those were from Dan," Sarah said, "One of his favorites."

"I can replace anything Dan gives you with something better," a grin spread across Lester's face as he lowered his head, looking at the pretty wife's face. She looked eager and willing for what was about to happen next, her tits rising and falling, betraying how aroused she truly was.

Lester lowered his thick head between Sarah's luscious thighs, his tongue searching for her clit.

Sarah groaned, raising her hips off the seat as Lester's tongue found its prize and began to swirl around one of her most sensitive spots. Lester's tongue continued to gently put pressure on her clit as his fingers began exploring the outer folds of the young wife's pussy.

Lester played with her labia, feeling how wet and coated with her excitement they already were.

He started to suck on her clit as he pushed two fingers inside of her. The heady feminine aroma of her sopping pussy was driving him crazy.

"Ohhhhh," Sarah moaned through the phone's speakers, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

Dan listened, wondering what was happening. He wished he could see what was happening or have Sarah give him a play-by-play of what Lester was doing, but he dared not speak. He didn't want to jinx what was happening and have it disappear before him. He was back in a familiar place, being silent and still, observing.

Last time in the apartment, he had found the will to take action, to call to Sarah through the wall.

But she wasn't close by this time. He couldn't hold her or reclaim her immediately. Part of him wondered if that was Lester's plan in taking

her in his car.

“Oh fuck, yeah, right there,” he heard his wife moan. Dan continued stroking his cock as he lay on the bed. He lightened his touch on himself, not wanting to cum before Lester did. He wasn’t sure if he could handle listening to them after he had cum and his brain had cleared.

Lester’s fingers were slowly and deliberately moving in and out of the young wife. He was resuming his corruption of the young wife from earlier in the changing room. This time he intended on making her cum for him.

The fat fingers inside of her and the sucking attention Lester was paying to her clit was causing Sarah’s hips to rise and fall with his thrusts. She gripped the leather seat as she closed her eyes, focusing on the sensations that her husband’s creepy roommate was delivering to her body. Her other hand went to her right knee, holding her leg aside as it hung in the air, ensuring that the fat man had nothing preventing him from devouring her pussy.

Never in a million years did she expect to be where she was. If her work colleagues could see her now, they probably wouldn’t recognize the lustful woman moaning in the back of the SUV.

Her thighs started to close on the sides of Lester’s head, trying to pull him closer into her.

She tried to lift her ass off the leather seat, to push herself against the invading fingers and tongue. The leather stuck to her ass, she hadn’t realized she’d been sweating. Finally, it detached and she ground her crotch against Lester’s face. She could feel an orgasm quickly approaching from the depths of her soul.

"Don't stop," Sarah moaned as her hands found the back of Lester's head, her manicured nails running through his wispy hair, scratching his scalp. "Don't you dare stop Lester."

Lester didn't respond but continued thrusting his fingers into the young wife, running them over her g-spot that he had been teasing earlier. He started alternating between sucking on her clit and licking in large, firm circles. Lester sucked gently on her clit and began to hum deeply in the back of his throat.

The attention was too much for Sarah to bear, her first orgasm of the night came crashing down on her, rocking her very being, "Oh God! Uh, Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm"

Lester continued his assault, keeping up the pace of his thrusting fingers and tongue as Sarah continued to ride out her orgasm. The vibration from Lester's humming upped the intensity of her climax. His continued attention to her pussy drew Sarah's orgasm out longer, her thighs tightening around his head.

"Ohhh," Sarah moaned as the bliss of the orgasm began to settle down her body. Lester took this as his cue. He withdrew his fingers and tongue and looked up the young wife's body, meeting her gaze.

Lester got back up on his knees, showing his engorged member to the panting wife. Sarah zeroed in on the exaggerated look of lust on Lester's face. He stroked his cock and stared into her eyes like he was studying her. He let his cock flop out, slapping Sarah's thigh near her right knee. The contact shifted her gaze to the brute's cock, which constantly seemed to grow in her presence.

"Dan, he's got it out. It's about to happen, baby." Sarah opened her thighs invitingly, "It's already so hard for me."

Lust was painted on Sarah's face as she looked up at him. He started to lower himself into her, but she placed a hand on his chest, gently stopping him. Lester knew he could push forward.

Her hand wasn't strong enough to stop him. Yet he waited.

"Condom," Sarah said breathlessly, "It's our rule, still."

Still. The use of the word wasn't lost on Lester. He was close to that rule being broken, but he knew the couple well enough not to push too hard on this just yet. His patience would bear fruit soon enough. Lester groaned and pushed himself off of Sarah, and turned towards the front of the car. His center mass strained to get between the front seats, but they finally allowed him passage.

He grabbed Sarah's phone in one hand, moving off the center console to open the compartment. He rummaged around and found the condoms at the bottom. He grabbed a strip of them and closed the console. As he placed the phone back down, he grinned and ended the call. He silenced the phone and placed it back face down before pushing backwards, attempting to pull himself free of the front seats.

When he finally managed to unwedge himself, he glanced and saw the area of the console that was under Sarah's phone screen light up. Dan was calling back. He turned around and saw Sarah staring at him lustfully, almost as if she was checking him out, looking at him as if he were the only source of sexual gratification in the world.

"Dan, I'm going to fuck your wife now, have her moan on my cock," Lester said as he moved onto the seat, "Last chance to back out, or you're going to have to listen to Sarah cum for me."

He quickly ripped open the condom package and rolled it onto his cock, dropping the rest.

Sarah greeted him with open arms. As he lowered himself onto her, her hands were immediately on his back, urging him forward.

"Fuck me," Sarah whispered in his ear, biting her lip.

Without any resistance, Lester pushed his cock forward. Sarah groaned, feeling the head of Lester's cock begin to push itself inside of her. Followed by the first inches of his hot, throbbing cock, filling her. As Lester continued to push his cock into her, the young mother couldn't help but moan.

Lester sank his hips down fully, pushing his entire length into Sarah.

"Uhhhhhh fuuuccckk," Sarah moaned as she gripped Lester's hairy back. She felt incredibly full.

The nerves across every inch of her pussy felt like there were on fire, all being stimulated at once. Then Lester pulled his cock out so only the head was still inside of her before slowly pushing his entire length back into her.

He repeated this over and over, much to Sarah's delight. She held on for dear life as Lester slowly and deliberately fucked her. Sarah arched her back off the leather seat, pushing her bra-clad breasts against Lester's chest. With each of his thrusts, his torso pushed against the fabric, teasing her nipples.

Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester's waist. She locked her ankles together and pulled Lester towards her as he thrust. She pushed her hips up at the same time, trying to take as much of his cock into her as possible. He ended each stroke by planting his cock deep within her, grinding firmly before fucking back into her again.

Sarah could feel heat enveloping her. The inside of the car was hot, but her body was on fire.

Every thrust threatened to make her boil over. She could feel another orgasm building from every inch of her body. It felt like it was everywhere at once, slowly simmering to the surface.

Her hands ran over Lester's back. She felt sweat running all over his skin. Sarah opened her eyes to see Lester's ugly face above hers. His

sweat-drenched forehead was furrowed and determined. Sweat dripped off his body, falling onto her chest. Her own skin was covered in a sheen of sweat.

The sight of his face above her caused her to start thrusting back against him more rapidly. She was now setting the pace, and her body urged Lester to keep up. He did, his breathing becoming harder. Sarah thought back to their illicit exchange in the dressing room earlier. How could anyone have overheard them or seen them. Other people were so close as she milked the last drops of cum out of his cock. People staring at them in the restaurant and at the mall.

Being the center of attention with someone like Lester.

Every inch of Sarah's body ignited at once. An explosion went off in her pussy as it gripped onto Lester's cock. Her orgasm surged out of her pussy and caused every nerve in her body to stiffen at once. Her pussy gripped Lester's cock harder, determined not to let it go. She felt her one leg involuntarily go straight as her toes curled.

"Mmmmmmm, oh, uh, Lester," Sarah groaned in pleasure as she threw her head to the side, her eyes rolling back as her orgasm seemed to drain the energy from her body.

Lester grinned while trying to catch his breath, "Say my name louder so Dan can hear it."

"Oh fuck Lester!" Sarah screamed, "Fuck me Lester. Don't stop. Don't fucking stop."

Hearing her say his name always got him riled up. He loved hearing it come from these pretty lips.

"Dan," Lester breathed, "Your wife is cumming on my cock, moaning for me. When was the last time you made her react like that, huh? She's my little hungry slut now."

Sarah knew it was fucked up, but the way Lester was taunting Dan was turning her on. The competitive nature of two men lusting over her. It felt primal. She knew it would probably turn Dan on, too, so she embraced it and let herself get lost in enjoying it.

Dan frantically hit the call button next to Sarah's name on his phone. The call had cut out just as things were getting interesting. What's happening?

He was picturing the phone ringing on the floor of the car, Sarah and Lester too engrossed in what they were doing to bother answering it. Sarah too consumed with pleasure to care.

The line kept ringing until it he heard Sarah's voice. It was her voicemail again.

Dan took a breath and steadied himself as he tried to dial his beloved wife one more time.

Lester was breathing hard. The car was like a sauna. As he felt Sarah beginning to come down from her orgasm, he needed to change positions. He pulled his cock from her and sat back on the seat. Sarah felt oddly disappointed at Lester's weight lifting off of her. The feeling of being fully enveloped by Lester's body, pinning her down now a memory.

"Get on top of me," Lester breathed, his mouth hanging open, trying to get as much oxygen as possible. Sarah wasted no time sitting up and crawling across the seat to Lester's position. She noticed beads of sweat and condensation running down the fogged-up windows of the SUV.

Sarah looked hungrily down at Lester's large cock sitting up from his lap. She put her legs on either side of Lester's and began to lower herself onto his cock.

"Oh, mmmhmm," Sarah groaned as the head of his cock passed once again by her outer lips.

Even though they had already been fucking, it still felt like he was stretching her out. She gripped onto the back of the leather seat and continued to slowly lower herself onto Lester's imposing cock.

Suddenly, Lester's large, fat hands were on her waist. He pulled her down onto the full length of his cock.

"Oh fuuucckkk," Sarah moaned, feeling the intensity of Lester's cock pushing into her all at once. They sat there, connected, but neither of them moving. Lester's hands reached up and undid the clasp of Sarah's bra. She moved her shoulders and let it fall forward. She removed it completely with one hand and threw it over her shoulder.

Her bare breasts were now on display to her husband's roommate. They glistened with sweat, her nipples brushing up against Lester's flabby chest.

Sarah stared into Lester's beady eyes, wondering what he would do next. He was unpredictable, and she found herself drawn to that. Lester stared back at her beautiful face, astonished that he was actually with Dan's wife. His hands snaked up her bare back until they found the base of her neck. He licked his lips and leaned forward while pulling Sarah towards him.

Their lips met, and they hungrily devoured one another. As Lester's large tongue began to push into Sarah's mouth, their bodies responded to each other. Lester pressed his hips against Sarah's as she rode his cock up and down, letting his length travel inside her.

Lester gripped the base of Sarah's neck. When she would pull herself up to the top of his cock, he would grip her harder and pull her back all the way down onto his cock. She moaned into his mouth each time. Lester knew she liked getting fucked hard like this, and he was happy to oblige.

A glow from behind Sarah caused Lester to open one eye. The phone was lit up again, Dan likely trying to call back again in vain. Lester smirked and resumed sloppily kissing Dan's wife, his tongue running over hers, tasting her lust.

She pulled back slightly and softly bit his lip. She looked at his face. His hard features seemed to soften while she was with him. His eyes were still intense, and he looked at her with that mask of lust that made her heart skip a beat. Like she was the only thing in the world, and he had to have her.

Both were breathing hard, sweat glistening off their bodies, mixing together where they touched.

They were staring into each other's eyes. Sarah felt an incredible sense of lust toward Lester, an attraction she never expected to find with him.

She broke off the eye contact, scared that he may be able to read what she was thinking. She closed her eyes and decided to focus on the feeling of his cock inside of her as she ground herself up and down it.

"Cum for me," Lester whispered, "I want to watch you cum. Watch you cum on my cock. See your pretty face contort as you cum."

Sarah opened her eyes and stared down at her husband's roommate. She bit her lip and nodded her head. His words flipped a switch inside of her. She felt another orgasm that seemed to have been waiting for her words. It was getting close.

"Cum for me, Sarah. Do it. Cum on my cock. Cum on Lester's cock." Lester urged.

"Uh fuck," Sarah increased her tempo as Lester continued to thrust up into her. Her orgasm started to take shape, it felt like a swaying wrecking ball trying to find its mark before everything came crashing down. "God, you feel so good. So fucking good."

"I can't wait until the day that I cum inside of you," Lester whispered. "I want to watch you cum while you feel me spread out into you."

"I bet Dan would like that too," Lester said louder, "Having my bare cock explode into you, filling you up. Isn't that right, Dan?"

Dan's silence spoke volumes. The mental image of Lester cumming inside of her, unprotected, was too much for Sarah to hold onto.

"OH FUCK," Sarah screamed as her defenses fell. She slowed her pace as her orgasm ripped through her body once more, the muscles in her pussy gripping Lester's cock as she slowly lowered herself onto it. Her senses seemed heightened, she swore she could feel every vein of Lester's cock through her pussy. She felt his heartbeat through his cock as a warmth enveloped her entire body.

"I'm gonna CUM," Lester bellowed into the car as he gripped Sarah's hips tightly and once more pulled her body down onto his entire length. His balls tightened, and he immediately began shooting load after load of cum.

Sarah was already riding out her orgasm. As she felt Lester begin to cum and the warmth of it inside of her, her mind immediately jumped back to his last comment. She felt the muscles in her vagina involuntarily tighten once more around his cock as another orgasm came out of nowhere and rocked her body.

"Oh God," She moaned, "Lester."

Lester's lips pressed against hers once more. Both of them were breathing hard, almost gasping for breath but neither one stopped. They hungrily kissed one another until long after Lester had stopped cumming. They sat there together kissing for several minutes as Lester's cock was still embedded in the young mother. The only sounds in the car were the couple's heavy breathing and the wet smacks of their tongues passionately crashing together.

Eventually, Sarah broke their kiss and pulled herself off of Lester's sweaty body. She found her bra, put it back on and looked with regret at her shredded underwear. Lester proudly tossed his rubber out into the alley, closing the window after hearing it land with another satisfying splat.

They both got dressed and got back into the front seat. Sarah checked her phone and saw several missed calls from Dan.

When had Dan hung up? Why? Sarah now started to worry that she did or said something that crossed the line with her husband. Maybe it was the talk of doing it without a condom. She

wanted to call Dan back to connect with him but didn't want to speak to him about this in front of Lester. She sent him a short message instead.

> On my way back. I love you. Be there soon.

Lester grinned as he started the car and drove off into the night.

Ned's going to need to clean the car again.

Dan was about to try and call Sarah again when he read her message. She was coming home; they could talk then. He stared at his phone for several seconds while sitting on his bed, picturing what he had heard the start of and how it had ended.

It felt like things were getting out of control again, but he couldn't help feeling the throbbing of his still-hard cock. It was waiting for release. The images his mind created of his wife's coupling with his disgusting roommate made him feel anxious and, as much as he hated to admit it, desire.

Desire to watch and see what had happened. Next time, he could tag along on one of their dates. Or he could follow them or Sarah could take pictures or videos for him. At one time, she wouldn't dare, but things had changed between them over the past few months.

He walked across his bedroom and turned off the light before grabbing a handful of tissues from the nightstand. He laid back and lowered his boxers, unable to wait. His throbbing erection demanded satisfaction.

He thought about Sarah lying on her back with Lester between her legs. That shit-eating grin of his looking down as her sheer lust-filled face looked up at him. Her sexy eyes betraying her desires, wanting him. A look only he had seen previously.

He started stroking himself faster. Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester's thick waist. Her wanting hands clutching her breasts, toying with herself. Lester's ugly face next to her head, whispering seductions he couldn't hear. Dan sitting in the front seat, looking back at them as their bodies entwined with one another.

Sarah moaning for his roommate. Lester breathing hard. Dan continued to stroke himself, feeling his balls begin to tingle. Sarah's nails digging into Lester as she came, Lester roaring as he came at the same time before dipping his head and locking lips with Dan's quivering wife.

Dan came into the tissues. His body was overcome with pleasure. As he came down from his orgasm, guilt and shame followed. He cleaned himself up, dropping the tissues to the ground.

Sarah would be home soon. He would just lay there for a few minutes while he waited.

Keys jiggled in the lock. The hallway light streamed into the dark apartment as Lester and Sarah entered.

"Thanks for the date," Lester said as he closed the door. His eyes ran up the young wife's body as she bent over to unzip her boots. As she stood back up, Lester was in front of her, his arms encircling her. "Time for my goodnight kiss."

Sarah was taken aback. She looked around for Dan, but her vision was quickly cut off by Lester's head lowering towards her face. His wet lips pressed against hers, and she felt her knees buckle, melting into the kiss. Her arms found his back as she returned the embrace.

Sarah was surprised Lester didn't stick his tongue in her mouth like he normally would. This kiss was almost tender, intimate even.

After a minute, Lester broke the kiss and stared into the young wife's attentive eyes, "Why don't you spend the night in my bed?"

Sarah thought about laying in bed next to Lester and what might happen during the night. She had already done so much with him today, but the idea felt so wicked. She needed to talk to Dan, though, to figure out where his head was at.

"It's a tempting offer," She used a consoling tone that was well practiced from her role at the hospital, "But I want to sleep next to my husband tonight."

'Suit yourself,' Lester said, backing away before disappearing down the hall.

Sarah steadied herself and went searching for Dan. She found him in his room, passed out on the bed. Sarah eyed the used tissue on the ground, concluding that he must have enjoyed overhearing her in the car. Maybe he hung up after he finished, not being able to handle listening anymore.

She smiled, looking down at the love of her life before stripping down. She couldn't believe she had just let Lester kiss her goodnight. What was she thinking?

She left the bedroom and walked into the bathroom for a quick shower. As the water hit her body, she realized how casually she had just walked across the hall. She laughed to herself, thinking how a few months ago, she'd wrap herself in a towel and tip-toe across the hall.

The hot water felt great on her naked skin, washing away the events of the night. As she finished and towelled herself off, she returned to Dan's room. She wished he was awake so they

could talk. She was disappointed he hadn't waited for her and perhaps had another session together.

She eyed the peephole in the wall, which was now covered on both sides. She wondered if Lester was still awake and what he was doing.

Sarah shook the thoughts from her head as she climbed into bed next to Dan and let the events of the night replay in her mind before letting sleep take her.

Lester sat at his command center, feeling a sense of pride and victory. Tonight's mission had been a success. Sarah had let him push her further than he had thought possible. Two separate sex acts outside of the apartment, away from her husband.

His meaty hand gripped the mouse while the other dove into an already open bag of Cheetos.

He revelled in the feeling of success, knowing what was next for the young wife. Slowly, he would continue to push her outside of her comfort zone, using his documented kinks of hers against her.

Before Sarah or Dan realized what was happening, he would entirely corrupt the young mother.

Lester checked his Discord message: a few more messages from Ned and the D&D group planning the continuation of their campaign. He wondered what the group would think of someone like Sarah showing up.

Closing the window, he navigated over to the camera feed from tonight. He watched Dan work diligently on his laptop before berating someone on the phone. Lester sped up the feed, watching Dan listen to Lester and Sarah in the car.

He chuckled under his breath as he watched Dan try to call back after Lester had hung up on him and then his little activity in the bedroom a short time ago. Lester opened the network log to see what Dan had been looking at on the computer, wondering if he had started to look at porn.

Instead, he found the websites on which Dan had been reviewing job postings. Lester quickly scanned the URLs until he found ones where it looked like Dan had submitted completed applications. He noted these down in a separate document.

He couldn't just let Dan get a new job and change the status quo of the apartment. Lester was the one who made the deals. Things were just getting good with Sarah. He couldn't let Dan jeopardize that now.

Lester found Dan's LinkedIn page and used the information to create a new resume and cover letter riddled with typos and inaccurate information. He would need to get a copy of Dan's real resume at some point soon.

Satisfied with his fake version of Dan's application, Lester submitted it to the same companies Dan had earlier in the evening. Hopefully, the second error-filled application would cause the HR

team to disqualify Dan from their hiring process.

Lester didn't like that he couldn't guarantee that. He would have to take other actions to sabotage his roommate.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 12

Dan adjusted his tie as he stared at the text on the computer screen. It said, 'Waiting for the Host to Start the Meeting.' He had already been sitting there for five minutes waiting for his scheduled interview with the Nexcom Corporation.

He looked around the living room as he waited. The updated furniture and decor made a much better background than the stark white walls of his room. He didn't want his bed visible during his interview as that seemed unprofessional.

He hated how nervous he felt. In the past, he would do interviews just for practice, graciously turning down the offers that always followed. Now he was in a more desperate position. The economy was much tighter, and the supply of open positions wasn't there. With his current company reducing wages and his devil's bargain with Lester, he felt more anxious than he cared to admit. He really didn't want that anxiety to be apparent in the interview.

Perhaps he shouldn't have been so hasty to have dismissed Byron's offer. Maybe he could have negotiated. It wasn't like Byron could have been serious about what he was insinuating regarding Sarah, could he? He regretted how he'd handled that, but Byron did have it coming. Perhaps there was some way to salvage the situation –

The text faded to black, and in its place, the screen was divided in two, with a man and a woman appearing on each side. The hiring team at Nexcom introduced themselves and made some small talk with Dan before diving into the interview.

"So, tell us about the most recent project you've been working on," the woman asked. Dan could tell from her demeanor that he wouldn't have to work hard to convince her he was qualified for the position.

He paused briefly before saying, "I'm working on this really great project based in Minnesota that includes a ton of challenging sustainability requirements. It's going to be one of the flagship buildings for our clients. With it, I'm constantly juggling new requirements that pop up from our client. And I'm coordinating our internal team as well as all the contractors to line things up so that we deliver on time and under budget."

"What would your clients say about you if we were to ask them?" the man added. He was terse, and his eyes betrayed his caution. This was who Dan needed to convince.

Dan smiled, "Well, I think they would say I have been very accommodating to them, listening to their evolving project and ensuring I've helped them realize their vision, but I'm also able to guide them and push back in certain areas that don't make sense and might compromise their project. Overall, I'm sure they would say I have been an invaluable asset to their project and that they'd retain our firm for future projects going forward."

"Do you have other past clients like that? I ask because powerful referrals like that could help build up our book of business. Do you think you have clients in your network that might follow you to a new company?"

Dan felt like he was sliding back into a well-worn groove, "Of course. Granted, these are my relationships. I've cultivated them for years, and my reputation with them is important. I would need to ensure their interests would be protected and respected by any new company, so I likely would need to evaluate that over my first few months before I commit them to it."

The interviewers nodded and jotted down some notes. The man looked up first and said, "Dan, before we continue, I wanted to follow up on one point here that I see in your resume. Overall, your resume looks excellent and is pretty much an exact match for what

we're looking for. Now I just want to clarify that we do take this hiring process very seriously, and as such we expect the same from our candidates."

"Of course," Dan replied, smiling.

"Great, great," the man looked down at a paper in front of him and then back up at Dan, "What I want to ask about here is the lack of certifications listed on your resume. The posting clearly stated we need candidates with certified training in project management, earthquake resistance design and other supporting fields. Are you certified in these areas?"

Dan took a second to collect himself. He was sure that all of his certifications were listed on his resume. "Yes, I am certified, and I double-checked what was required of the role to make sure I met each requirement before applying. Perhaps there was some mistake with my

application; all of those certifications should be listed. I can provide you with that full list if you give me a moment."

"Please do," the man said, "It's essential we have someone in this role with a keen eye for details. Is that you, Dan?"

"Yes," Dan said, feeling as if he was being led somewhere by the conversation. "I take pride in the fact that I double-check and often pick up on details that others miss."

"Then why," the man said, "Is your resume littered with spelling errors? Even when you mention your attention to detail on your resume, the word detail is spelled wrong."

Dan knew that was bullshit. His resume was impeccable, and there weren't any issues with it. He was ready to correct this man but reminded himself that doing so wouldn't do him any favors.

"Perhaps," Dan started, looking at the woman on the screen, trying to discern how she felt about him, "An old version of my resume was submitted incorrectly. For that I take responsibility and would like to send you an updated one to ensure we are on the same page moving forward."

"I think that's wise," the woman said, "Obviously, we like your experience and wouldn't be interviewing you otherwise."

Her tone suggested she was lightly scolding her colleague. "Dan, perhaps you can tell us some more about your background."

"I would be happy to. Again, I will get you that updated resume. Prior to my current role, I used to work at..." Dan's voice trailed off as he heard a sound in the apartment. Lester was awake, which generally didn't happen until much later in the morning.

He stayed focused on the screen and tried to keep his composure despite the background noise, "I used to work at a design firm, Entra & Peck, that worked on projects around the globe. I spearheaded many prestigious projects for dozens of clients, most notably was...."

Dan could hear Lester's door shut and some shuffling sounds around the apartment.

"It was an 80-story skyscraper in New York City. The project required us to coordinate a massive amount of contractors and work under tight budget --"

Dan stopped in mid-sentence as he saw a white blob move behind him on the camera. He watched in horror as the interviewer's eyes grew wide with shock. The woman put her hand over her mouth, and the man stifled a laugh with his fist. Dan watched in horror as Lester's naked form walked across his screen and paused behind him as he casually scratched his ass.

"Uh, I, uhh," Dan stumbled, trying to remember what he was just saying. He couldn't recall what the question had been. His eyes were glued to Lester's hairy, naked body.

"Okay, Dan," the man finally said, "I think we are done here for now. We'll be in touch."

The man's screen abruptly disappeared, followed shortly by the woman. Dan sat there frozen as his screen was filled with his own camera feed, displaying just himself as Lester walked past him towards the kitchen. Disappointment washed over him, and he became angry.

"God dammit, Lester!" Dan shouted, standing up. He marched towards the kitchen.

As he rounded the corner, he immediately regretted it. Lester was stark naked, bent over, rummaging around the refrigerator. Dan was treated to a view of Lester's hairy ass. His musty scent filled Dan's nostrils. Lester's shower was obviously not part of this morning's routine.

"Ew, fuck. Come on, man. Put some clothes on." Dan said.

"Huh?" Lester stood up and turned around, his flaccid cock dangling between his legs. "Did you say something?"

Dan ignored Lester's dick, "You just messed up my interview! Why did you have to get up early and walk around here naked? Come on, man."

"Oh shit," Lester shrugged, "I'm sorry. I thought you'd be at work already."

"Didn't you hear me talking to people out here?" Dan said, not intending to let Lester get off the hook.

"I just assumed you were talking to our girl Sarah. Were you on a video call?"

"Yes!" Dan said. He didn't like Lester calling Sarah ` *our* ' girl. "They both saw you come into the room naked. You ended the interview right there."

"I feel violated." Lester said, "If you had told me you had an interview, I wouldn't have come out until it was over. Why didn't you tell me?"

Dan closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. Lester had a point, as much as he hated to acknowledge it. Dan hadn't told his roommate. It hadn't even occurred to him. Somehow, he just expected Lester to have figured it out on his own.

"Just...don't do it again, okay? We've talked about the naked thing in the past." Dan returned to the living room and started packing his laptop.

"Where are you going?" Lester followed him, still naked. "We haven't finished talking about how you exposed me to strangers."

Dan looked at Lester flatly. He saw the bemused grin on the fat man's face. "I'm going to work. I told them I'd be late today. Pretty much a huge waste of time now."

Lester watched as Dan gathered up his belongings for work into a bag. He put one foot up on the arm of the couch, his cock dangling openly. "Hey, don't blame me."

"Dan slipped on his coat and put his bag over one shoulder. He turned to face Lester, momentarily stunned once again at his brazen nakedness. He held the door to the apartment open, "Why do you have to be the way you are?"

Lester smiled, "I am who I am. If you remember, I am a mother fucker after all, right?"

He chuckled, enjoying his own joke alone.

Dan stared at him coldly before walking into the hallway and letting the door slam shut behind him. He could still hear his laughter as he neared the elevator.

Sarah's fingers raced across her keyboard as she pursued her dream of having zero emails in her inbox. She was replying, forwarding and organizing her emails as quickly as she could before heading up to visit Dan in Chicago.

Sitting alone in her office, she had finished most of her work for the day. In her calendar, she had this time marked for cleaning up her inbox. There wasn't anything unusual today: typical approvals of department expenses, correcting an error made by Suzie in the billing department for the tenth time and putting off sales pitches by overly enthusiastic medical device salesmen who couldn't keep their eyes from staring at her chest. She paused on an email from the head of IT titled '*mandatory training*' so she could glance up at the time.

It was well past the time of Dan's interview. He should have had time to get to work by now. She pulled her phone out of the breast pocket of her blazer and called her husband.

"Hey baby," his warm voice greeted her. "How are you doing today? I miss you."

"I miss you too, baby. Work is work. It's going quickly. I can't wait to finish up so I can come up and see you. How did your interview go?"

"Ugh," Dan replied. "It was going alright, not the best by any means. They said there were some issues with my resume, but I know for sure there weren't. But it wasn't enough to stop them from interviewing me, so I handled it, but then Lester....god."

Lester walked by the camera naked, and it put them off, and they cut the interview early."

"Wait, what?" Sarah asked. "Did Lester walk into your room?"

"No," Dan said, "I should have known better. I did the interview in the living room and he walked by in the background. I wouldn't be surprised if he did it on purpose."

"Neither would I," Sarah said, "Though next time, maybe do it in your room. Or maybe put up a virtual background."

"Lesson learned," Dan said. "I just wish I could do these at home in our house. I can't risk doing them here in the office, so there are limited places I can have them."

Sarah clicked on the next email, "Well, maybe this weekend we can find a table and chair for your room so you can have a better setup to take these calls."

"I like that idea, I just don't know if we should be spending any money right now,"

Dan said.

"Then we'll figure something out, we'll look on Facebook Marketplace or something,"

Sarah replied. "Point is, we'll figure it out together."

"Yeah, okay," Dan said.

"We'll get you out of that apartment this weekend and find something to cheer you up," Sarah smiled. She wondered what their weekend together would hold. She missed spending time with her husband. It seemed like every time she went up to Chicago, she had been spending more and more of her time with Lester.

As if on cue, a small chime went off in her ear. She pulled back the phone and saw a new text message.

"Hold on a sec, honey," Sarah said as she opened the message. Lester's angry cock was staring back at her. Lester's grubby hand was gripping its base, pointing his cock head to the camera. It was captioned 'thinking of you.'

"Sarah? You still there?" Sarah shook her head, not realizing how much time had elapsed since she'd received the photo.

"Sorry, Dan, I just got distracted with a work thing here." She lied. "Is there anything I can do this weekend to cheer you up? Maybe I can bring a special pair of lingerie I could model for you?"

"I like the sound of that. Maybe that white set that makes you look so innocent," Dan said.

"I can do that." Sarah smiled. "By the way, you need to tell your roommate to stop sending me pictures of his junk. It's going to get me in trouble at work one of these days."

"God, I don't think Lester will listen to anything I tell him to do, but I'll try," Dan said.

"Have you responded to him at all?"

"No, I haven't," Sarah said.

"So, what? He just keeps sending you pictures of his dick. Like your text thread is just a wall of dicks, basically?"

"Pretty much," Sarah said quickly. She hadn't told Dan how many pictures Lester had sent her or how frequently she had looked at them. Knowing they were always there on her phone in her blazer was a constant thought throughout the day.

"Maybe you should just text him back and tell him to stop. Or block his number." Dan suggested.

"Maybe I should. Hold on." Sarah pulled open the thread with Lester again. She had been resisting texting him back. She wanted to keep her interactions with Lester contained to the apartment. Even there, it was starting to seep out into other areas of Chicago. But here, she could at least keep a firewall between herself and him while at work and home. She didn't want to give Lester access to her on a whim at any time through her phone.

Hesitantly, she typed a message.

> Lester, please stop. I'm at work.

"Okay," Sarah breathed, "I just told him to stop and that I'm at work _"

Bzzt

> What are you wearing?

"Ugh," Sarah said, staring at the phone, "He just replied, asking what I'm wearing."

Sarah waited for Dan to respond. He was silent for several seconds, "Dan?"

"Yeah, sorry," Dan said. "Just a little caught off guard, is all. I've been replaying the interview in my head, and the thought of what he said threw me off."

"Threw you off, like, did it distract you from what happened with the interview?"

"Yeah," Dan breathed into the phone. "It did."

"Really?" Sarah said, swivelling in her chair. "What do you think I should do? Should I tell him? What if I show him, Dan?"

"Fuck, Sarah," Dan whispered into the phone. She wasn't sure where he was in his office, but she smiled as she played with her husband.

"What? What's wrong, Dan?" Sarah could feel her body heating up, "Can't you imagine me sending Lester a picture of what I'm wearing? You don't even know what I'm wearing today. Maybe I'm in a sexy little nurse outfit. Or maybe I could show Lester what I have on underneath my outfit."

After several seconds of silence, Dan finally said, "God, you are bad, Sarah."

"I just like to hear you squirm, dear," Sarah smiled, loving the effect she was having on Dan.

"So what are you going to send him?" Dan breathed.

Sarah had just been toying with her husband. She didn't actually plan on sending Lester a picture of herself, let alone take one while at work. "Do you seriously want me to send him something Dan?"

Dan was silent for several seconds before whispering, "Yes..."

Sarah didn't say anything, hoping that Dan would elaborate. After more silence, he finally added, "I know it's messed up, but the idea of you messaging someone like Lester pictures....I mean I just had a bit of a fight with him this morning over what he did and knowing he'd get to see you today after all of that...I don't know."

"That is certainly messed up," Sarah swirled her chair to face the window in her office. She looked out at the parking lot and buildings further in the distance, "You wanting Lester to see me. See my body. He has already seen so much of me. I told you what happened in his car last time. Sending him pictures feels like I'm actually dating him or something. What should I send him Dan? Just a selfie? Or should I strip down here in my office and take a picture for him?"

"I.." Dan started, "I don't know. Just start with a selfie and see where it goes."

"Ahmmmm," Sarah thought of ways to toy with her husband. "Maybe. We'll see. I was thinking something a little more risque."

"What do you mean?" Dan breathed into the phone.

Sarah smiled, knowing she had gotten her husband sufficiently distracted from his interview woes. "Don't worry, my love. I'm just going to send him a few private pictures."

"What kind of pictures?" Dan asked.

"That's between a girl and her boyfriend, mister." Sarah smiled, knowing how worked up Dan would get at that line. "I'll show them to you when I get to Chicago, but for now, you'll just have to use your imagination."

"You're so fucking bad," Dan said into the phone, "I wish I were there so I could fuck you right now."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah mimicked a moan into the phone, "I'd like that. You better do that this weekend...unless your roommate beats you to it."

"Not going to happen," Dan declared, "I need you. You're going to be mine."

"Promise?" Sarah asked.

"Promise," Dan said confidently. "I love you."

"I love you too, baby," Sarah smiled.

"I have to run, honey," Dan said. "Walt called a meeting, and it's starting in two minutes. I can't wait to see you this weekend."

"I know, me too, baby. I miss you." Sarah wished the conversation didn't have to end but she knew she would have to get back to work soon too.

"I miss you too, baby. I'll text you when I get out of work. I can't wait to see you." Dan said.

"Love you," Sarah said one last time.

"Love you more," Dan replied before hanging up.

Sarah sat there looking over the parking lot, not feeling like pursuing a zero inbox any longer. She wanted to go for a walk instead and stretch her legs. She looked down at her phone and saw another unread message.

Again, it was from Lester.

> Show me what you are wearing.

Thinking back to her conversation with Dan, a small smile spread across her face.

She held the phone up in front of her and took a selfie of her body, and sent it to her husband's roommate. Sarah stood up and intended to leave the room when her phone buzzed again.

> I meant, what kind of underwear are you wearing Sarah bit her lip, toying with what to do. Before she could respond, another

message came in.

> I need to see what you have on.

Sarah raised an eyebrow and typed a quick response.

> And why is that?

> Because I've been stroking my hard cock to send you pictures, and now I need relief

> Why don't you watch porn or something then?

> Those girls don't compare to you. Come on. Show me something.

The thought of sending someone like Lester a sexy photo had intrigued her while she chatted with her husband. Knowing that he intended to jerk off to them, that even hundreds of miles away, she could get someone off just by looking at her. She could feel her breathing begin to change and found herself getting slightly wet between her legs.

Sarah unbuttoned several buttons on her blouse to expose her chest. She was wearing a simple black bra that still accentuated her breasts. She held the phone in front of her chest and with a moment's deliberation, snapped the picture and sent it to Lester.

> That's what I'm talking about. Those look great. I can't wait to see those in person this weekend.

> Who says I'm coming this weekend? Why do you think I'll let you see these?

> Your husband talks loud. And because of this.

Another picture of Lester's swollen cock appeared on her screen, still as hard as it was before.

- > Are you wearing matching panties?
- > Maybe
- > Show me
- > Lester, I'm at work. I can't just strip for you.
- > Show me

Sarah looked out the window. She was several floors up, and no one would be able to see in. She took off her blazer and gently laid it across her chair. Sarah undid her belt and kicked off her heels before lowering her white jeans down her legs. She walked in front of the mirror on her office wall.

She had never exposed herself like this at work before, even when sending Dan selfies of herself. There was a thrill knowing that on the other side of these walls, other people were working, and they had no idea what she was doing. She shivered at the thought. She held up her phone to the mirror, angling the camera to exclude her face and anything in the background that would identify the setting. Satisfied with the angle, Sarah turned to the side and pushed her ass out to give Lester a great view of it as well as her breasts that were still jutting out from her open blouse. The profile shot left little to the imagination without any other identifying information.

- > That's more like it. I can't wait to fuck that body of yours.
- > Tell me how much you miss this.

Another photo of Lester's angry cock appeared on her screen. This time it was leaking pre-cum.

- > Tell me how much you want it so I can finally cum for you

Sarah stood there, undressed, in the middle of her office, debating what to send. She realized her thighs were rubbing against each other, and her fingers had started to play with her panty line. She bit her lip and sent Lester a message.

> I want your big, juicy cock Lester. I crave it.

Lester didn't reply for several seconds.

> Fuck

A photo followed of Lester's hand wrapped around his cock. He must have been lying in a prone position. Cum was dripping down the length of his cock, running over his hands.

> You're going to have to clean up this mess this weekend.

Sarah stared at the photo, transfixed by the sheer amount of cum Lester had produced. Just seeing that made her remember the taste of it and how it dappled on her skin. Her body felt extremely hot, and she needed release as well. She turned and walked back towards her desk.

As she rounded the corner, she stopped in her tracks as she heard the door open.

"Sarah, did you see this email from IT? Who approved another training for –"

Drew, Sarah's boss, stopped dead in his tracks at the entryway to her office. He held the doorknob with one hand as he gawked at Sarah's state of undress.

Sarah covered herself with her hands as she scooted behind the desk, "Drew close the door!"

“Ughhhh,” Drew stepped into the room and closed the door behind him, spinning around, his eyes lowering to focus on Sarah’s exposed breasts.

“No! Not in here. Get out!” Sarah exclaimed.

“Right, right. Yeah.” Drew quickly opened the door, stepped back into the hallways and pulled it closed behind him.

Sarah stood there mortified for several seconds before quickly buttoning up her blouse and pulling her pants back on. She sat in her chair and held her head in her hands as her phone buzzed with another message from Lester. She ignored it. This is what she had been afraid of. Her games with Dan and Lester spilling out into the rest of her life.

Lester stared at his phone, waiting for a response from Dan’s hot wife. He wished she was here lapping up all the cum that he had splattered all over his cock. *Maybe I can get her to do that soon.*

He was leaning back in his chair with his legs propped up on his desk. The video of the first time he fucked Sarah was playing on his computer screen. Her moans of pleasure were like music to his ears. In all this time spent with the women in his apartment, nothing was sweeter than the sounds coming from Sarah as he finally conquered her and made her cum on his cock.

His eyes flicked down to the timestamp on the conversation. It had been a few minutes, and she still hadn’t responded.

“Fuck,” Lester said as he stood up and plodded over to the pile of dirty clothes on his floor. He reached down and grabbed a discarded shirt and used it to wipe his cock and thighs clean. Satisfied that he had cleaned himself up enough, Lester dropped the shirt back onto the floor. He surveyed the state of the room and how his clean

habits had quickly regressed once he had bedded Sarah. Around the same time, his maid service had quit, and Lester had yet to find a new one.

Lester put the mess out of his mind. He didn't like the thought that his old habits had returned. That meant he wasn't in control, and his tendencies had won out in the end. Lester didn't like not being in control. *It's simply that Sarah is hooked on me, and I have leverage on Dan, I don't need to keep up appearances any longer.*

Besides, I have more important things to do than laundry.

Sauntering over to his command center, Lester plopped back down in this chair. The chair's gas cylinder squealed in protest against his weight. He eyed the time again and pulled his computer chair closer to the desk. He fired up Google Hangouts and started the meeting.

Dan wasn't the only one with an interview today.

The video feed of a man popped up on his computer screen. He looked fairly forgettable, an average everyday background character you'd forget just after passing him by. Maybe late twenties. He introduced himself as Tim, his eyes nonchalantly looking over Lester.

"Tim, what did you think of the pictures I sent you?" Lester asked.

"Your girlfriend has a smoking body, man. I really want to see her face," Tim said excitedly.

Lester held up a hand to try and temper Tim's enthusiasm. He already wasn't enjoying Tim's energy. At one point, he had researched Dan's coworker Jesse, diving into his background and family. Ultimately, Jesse could be a variable Lester might not be able to control. His ties to Dan's professional life could have unforeseen

consequences Lester couldn't predict. Lester kept the file on Jesse archived for the time being.

"How many sexual partners have you had?" Lester said flatly.

"Uh, like three, man." Tim said eagerly, "Is your girlfriend there? When do I get to talk to her?"

"In good time," Lester scoffed, "I want to get a feel for you first. Are you clean? Can you pass an STI screening?"

"Yeah, I mean, I think so. I haven't ever been tested or anything." Tim said, confused.

"How big is your dick?" Lester said.

"Hey now, man," Tim said, "Where's your girlfriend? I'd happily show her what I have, you know? But I'm not so sure, man, this is kind of creeping me out right now."

Lester ended the call, and Tim disappeared from his screen. *Waste of time.*

He had been chatting back and forth with Tim for a couple of days, trying to set up this conversation to learn more about him. He'd have to try a different tactic going forward.

The cursor on his screen shifted between apps. Discord had several messages from Ned and his D&D group. Their next session was coming up soon, much less frequent than they used to be. There were also a dozen or so unread messages from Cronos that he continued to ignore. As he continued to scroll, a notification appeared in the screen's lower right-hand corner.

He reflexively clicked it, opening the post from a Facebook employee group for Sarah's employer. The poster was complaining about another mandatory IT training session.

Lester smirked. *What funny timing.*

Dan put his phone on the coffee table and hurried over to open the door. He poked his head into the hallway and heard the elevator chime. A few moments later, his loving wife Sarah came into view, pulling her carry-on luggage behind her. She looked great wearing a pair of sneakers, tight-fitting blue jeans and a t-shirt under a loose hoodie. Her blonde hair pulled up into a bun. When she saw him standing there waiting, a broad smile appeared on her face, and she quickened her pace to close the distance between them.

Without saying a word, she was in his arms, and his lips were on hers.

"I've missed you so much," Dan said when their lips finally parted.

"I've missed you too. I love you so much, baby." Sarah smiled, looking up into his eyes. For a second, the rest of Dan's problems seemed to melt away, and he just wanted to be in this moment with his wife forever.

When reality came back, Dan reached down, grabbed his wife's luggage, and led her into the apartment.

Dan shut the door behind them, and as if on cue, Lester's fat feet could be heard smacking against the wood floors as he marched down the hallway toward them.

Soon, the mass of his body shadowed the entrance to the living room as his eyes scanned Sarah up and down. With a grin plastered on his face, he started to walk with purpose towards the young mother.

Sarah froze, trying to reconcile the tender moment with her husband with his predatory roommate marching towards her, "Lester..."

Before Lester could close the gap to Sarah, Dan stepped in his path, holding up his hands. "Lester, take it easy. She just got in. Back up man."

Lester's eyes finally met Dan's, not bothering to hide his annoyance, "We have an arrangement."

"We do," Dan said, "And I've been thinking about that. You get a date but it doesn't mean you just get to come over and we do everything you say."

"Whatever," Lester said, relaxing his posture, "I can wait a few hours before properly greeting your wife."

"Yeah about that," Dan said, "I'm actually taking Sarah out tonight. It's been a long time since we've had a moment alone, just husband and wife."

"What?" Lester said, becoming visibly irritated, "No that's not the agreement. I get to take Sarah out."

Sarah came up behind Dan and hugged him from behind, her head resting on the side of his arm. "I'd really like some time with my husband. I just drove a few hours to be here with him, Lester."

"The agreement," Dan said, "Is that you get dates with her. We never specified when these dates happen, so tonight I'm having time with her. You can go on your little date tomorrow."

"Are you sure she wants that?" Lester challenged. "She's been alone for weeks, she's going to need something to satisfy her needs tonight."

Dan eyed Lester. He could feel his desire to see Sarah with Lester beginning to stir inside of him. He couldn't let it get the better of him this time. "Don't worry yourself about that. I, her husband, will take care of everything she needs, Lester."

"Are you sure about that?" Lester said, his gaze shifting to Dan's wife.

"Dan always leaves me very satisfied, thank you very much Lester." Sarah chimed in.

A bemused grin formed on Lester's face, "I'm sure he does. I'm sure he does a commendable job checking that box but we all know that you've never had those mind-blowing orgasms from Dan, like the ones you have with me. The ones that rock you to your core."

Lester stepped back, turning around, "Have fun with your little rendezvous tonight.

Dan, try not to overthink about how much Sarah is fantasizing about me while she is stuck under you tonight."

"Fucking asshole," Dan said as Lester retreated to his bedroom. He turned around and noticed Sarah's face was flush.

"So," Sarah said, putting her hands on Dan's chest, "Where are you taking me tonight?"

"I thought it would be a nice change of pace to get out of here and go walk around the Art Institute and then grab some dinner at the food truck festival a few blocks over. That sound good?"

"That sounds amazing," Sarah beamed. "When are we leaving?"

"As soon as you want, no rush," Dan said.

Sarah looked down the hallway towards the bedrooms, "Let me just go freshen up and we can head out. Maybe in like 20 minutes?"

"That sounds perfect," Dan said, kissing her forehead.

Sarah grabbed her suitcase, "I'm just going to change out of these car clothes, pee, and touch up my makeup."

"You look great already baby but do whatever you need to," Dan said.

"Muah," Sarah said as she pulled her luggage towards the bedroom.

Dan stood there with his hands in his pockets, listening intently to the sounds of the luggage rolling down the hallway. He heard a door open and the luggage roll into it.

He hoped it was his bedroom door but deep down a part of him longed for it to be Lester's. Sarah walking into his room to change right in front of him and Lester taking advantage of the opportunity.

He heard the sound of light footsteps next followed by a door shutting. Sarah walking across the hall into the bathroom.

Dan let out a long breath, "Get a hold of yourself."

Within half an hour, Sarah emerged from the hallway looking as radiant as ever. She was wearing a slim pair of black jeans with a tight-fitting blouse tucked into it at the waist. Her hair was down, and she accentuated her naturally beautiful face with light makeup.

"Looking fine, girl," Dan said as he opened the door and held out his hand for his wife. They left the confines of the apartment and travelled down to the ground floor before getting into an Uber and heading to the Art Institute of Chicago. They spent the next few hours just talking as they walked past paintings and sculptures. Dan felt grateful for the time to reconnect with his wife. It reminded him of some dates they'd had earlier in their relationship before they'd married.

Eventually, they found that both their stomachs were beginning to rumble, so they left the museum and headed up the few blocks to where the food truck festival was being held. A few dozen food trucks were stationed in the parking lot with makeshift tables and chairs in the center. Light bulbs strands were strung across the

entire lot, adding an air of intimacy to the ambience. Despite all of the options available, both Sarah and Dan gravitated towards one of the taco trucks. Both ordered steak tacos, margaritas and some Mexican fries to split. Afterwards, they both enjoyed an order of churros.

Their Uber home stopped in front of a hotel in downtown Chicago.

"Dan, I think he got the wrong address," Sarah whispered.

"Nope, we're here. Steve, thank you for the ride. Five stars from us, man. Let's get out honey." Dan said as he opened the door and ushered Sarah out his door onto the sidewalk.

"What's going on Dan?" Sarah smiled.

"A night alone, just for the two of us is what I promised. That does not involve going back to the apartment." Dan took her arm and guided her into the hotel lobby.

"But Dan, we can't really afford this right now." Sarah protested as Dan ushered them up to the check-in counter.

"Checking in, Dan Williams," Dan said to the clerk. He leaned over and whispered to his wife, "We don't get any time together when you are visiting or when I can get

home. We need to take advantage of the time we have together. Besides, I need to get to you first before you leave me and roll around with Lester in his car."

Sarah blushed, "It's not like that...but I am glad we are going to be alone tonight, even if we can't afford it."

Taking their key from the clerk, the couple made their way up to the fifth floor. As their hotel room door shut behind them, Dan was all over Sarah kissing her and mauling at her clothing. It wasn't long

before both of their clothes were strewn around the room and they found themselves on one of the queen beds in their underwear.

Dan was hungrily kissing his wife while his hands roamed her body. Her ass felt terrific in his hands, he was looking at it all night and loved feeling her bare skin in his palms.

"Oh, Dan," Sarah mewed, "I missed this so much."

"Me too, baby, I've been needing you so badly." Dan said as he began to tug at her panties.

As he pulled them off her ankles and threw them on the floor, he looked back at Sarah who was staring at him with her sexiest bedroom eyes.

"Get up here mister," she said.

Dan didn't even bother replying. He got back on top of his wife as she pulled his boxers down. Dan shimmied out of them, and his already hard dick sprang out.

Sarah's hand found it and guided it down towards her wet pussy.

"Uh, fuck Dan," Sarah moaned as he started to push himself into her.

Dan eased his cock inside of Sarah and felt her body grip him tightly, "Feels so good Sarah."

"Uh, Uh, I needed this so badly Dan." Sarah moaned as she licked his shoulder.

"God."

Dan was in ecstasy as he felt his wife's body respond to his touch, her hips pushing against his dick as her tongue began to tease his chest. "Sarah."

"Don't stop fucking me Dan," Sarah said as her hands found his ass and she pulled him further into her. Her large breasts were pushed up against his chest, a tantalizing view that was driving Dan crazy.

Sarah bit her lip and looked up at her husband's face. The lust written all over it turned her on, seeing his animalistic side begin to take over, his lack of control as he

fucked her. Without thinking, she said, "He's was wrong. You know just how to satisfy your wife."

Lester Dan thought. He gritted his teeth and pushed his head down beside his wife's.

She held onto the back of his neck and started to lick the side of his neck, sending shivers down his spine.

That's what Lester said before we left. Satisfying her. Images flashed into his head of all the times he had witnessed his wife with his roommate. The lustful way she looked at him. The way her hands looked wrapped around his cock. The way she moaned as he pushed himself into her, the way her body reacted as it orgasmed with him. The shit-eating grin Lester wore each time he did it. Could he satisfy his wife, the love of his life, better than her husband?

As these thoughts were racing through Dan's head, he unconsciously began to move his hips faster and faster, pumping his dick in and out of his wife at a rapid speed.

Her body responded, she was breathing quicker and her hips tried to match his pace.

Dan's aroused brain couldn't help but think of the sounds his wife was making now in response to Lester. Her making these same sounds, moaning and urging him on.

Her legs wrapped around his body, her hands pulling him closer. Her tongue on his neck.

"Ah fuck," Dan grunted as he came, his cum shooting into his wife. He gasped for breath and collapsed onto his forearms. Sarah's hips slowed until they stopped moving.

Catching his breath, Dan said, "Fuck, I'm sorry. I know you didn't finish, I just couldn't help it. It was all pent up. It was too much."

"Shhhhh," Sarah said, holding his face with one of her hands. "It was still wonderful."

You felt so good. I love you."

"I love you too," Dan said as he rolled off his wife. Sarah rose and went to the bathroom to clean herself up. Dan heard the water from the tap running as he laid in the bed staring at the ceiling, knowing that he hadn't satisfied his wife the way she wanted—the way she needed.

Tomorrow, she'd be with Lester. The thought was like a punch to the gut, knowing that Lester may very well make his previously innocent wife cum and satisfy her.

Sarah and Dan arrived back at the apartment in the early afternoon. The couple enjoyed a lazy morning at the hotel before extending their time together at a restaurant for lunch.

Dan was preparing himself for another confrontation with Lester as they entered the apartment. To his surprise, Lester didn't emerge from his room.

Dan wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Perhaps Lester was actually occupied today. The couple settled in on the couch and

Sarah put on the latest episode of a Netflix show she had started back at their house.

After thirty minutes, Dan started looking around, wondering exactly where Lester was. He wasn't about to go looking for him but it was out of character, especially given their last meeting.

Sarah reached forward, grabbed the remote and paused the show, "I'll be right back."

Dan watched his wife's hips sway and she left the couch and walked down the hallway. Her ass always made him stop and appreciate just how lucky of a man he was. She stepped into the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

When she came back out five minutes later, Dan was staring down at his phone. She threw a bundle of lacy material into his lap.

"What's this?" He said looking up at her.

"It's from Lester. He hung it in the bathroom for me." Sarah said.

Dan held up the lacy fabric in front of him, it unfolded itself, revealing a set of black bra and panties with sheer material and some kind of garter and belt, "Jesus."

"Lester bought that for me on our last *date*," Sarah said. "It had this sticky note on it."

Dan looked at the sticky note that Sarah was holding. It says 'Date starts at 3pm.'

"Well I guess he is taking a more passive approach this time," Dan said, still eyeing the black lingerie he was holding. He was wondering just what it would look like on Sarah.

Sarah grabbed the lingerie from his hands, "Guess so. I better go get ready for my hot date."

She smiled at the word hot, enjoying the reaction it got from him.

"You're bad," Dan said, he suddenly felt very alone on the couch. "I really wish you could just stay here and we could watch more trash TV."

"I know baby, me too," Sarah smiled, leaned forward, and kissed Dan. Her lips lingered on his before she broke her kiss and walked toward his bedroom.

Dan shouted after her, "I want to see pics of you in that outfit."

Just as 3 P.M. was approaching, Lester finally emerged from his dungeon. Dan stifled a smirk as Lester walked down the hall towards him. He was wearing oversized khakis that needed to be ironed and a short-sleeved button-up shirt that just didn't fit properly. It looked tight in all the wrong places and loose in all the others.

Dan had to remind himself that he probably shouldn't underestimate Lester. He had, within the course of a few months, managed to bed his faithful wife after all. While Dan certainly lit the match, Lester had taken it and was burning the whole fucking house down.

The idea of his wife moaning with pleasure due to this troll sent a shiver down his spine.

Before Lester could utter a word, the sound of another door opening caused him to turn around. Both men watched as Sarah emerged from the bathroom wearing a black, high-waisted, pleated tennis skirt that ran down to her mid-thigh. A dark green, crew neck, long-sleeve sweater sat on top of the skirt. It looked soft and loose, but her breasts still made their presence known. The stockings from the

lingerie set hugged her legs, but the garter was hidden under the skirt.

His wife was wearing the lingerie set that Lester had set out for her.

"So," Sarah walked into the room, clearly trying to break some of the tension. "Are we ready to go? I think there is too much testosterone in this apartment at the moment."

Lester twirled his keys on one of his fingers, "Yep, I'm all set. Let's go."

He headed for the door as Sarah approached Dan on the couch.

She bent down and kissed him before whispering in his ear, "I love you baby.

Remember, this is just temporary. And..."

She paused and, in a seductive voice, said, "I won't do anything you wouldn't approve of."

"Dammit, Sarah," Dan whispered, "I love you too, just don't stay out all night okay?"

"I'll try to be back before curfew," She winked at him and then walked towards the door. Dan watched as Lester smirked as he put an arm over her shoulders as they walked out the door.

Dan counted to thirty and jumped off the couch and crossed the room to the door. He grabbed his jacket and followed Lester and Sarah into the hallway. They were nowhere in sight. Dan sprinted down the hallway to the elevator and pressed the down button.

It seemed like it took forever but eventually, the elevator doors opened and Dan got into the empty car. He descended down to the first floor and poked his head out into the parking lot, looking for

Lester's vehicle. He couldn't see it, so he hurried across the parking lot to Sarah's car and started it up. As he was getting behind the wheel, he noticed a black SUV pulling out onto the street.

He hurriedly backed out of the parking space and tried to catch up to the other vehicle. He was several car lengths behind them and sped up a bit to close the distance between them. Dan felt like he was James Bond, pursuing a foreign spy, not a husband following his wife on a date with his roommate.

Dan was not three car lengths away from them. He hoped that it was actually Lester and Sarah and not some random stranger. The SUV tapped on its brakes as the light at the upcoming intersection turned yellow. Dan slammed on his brakes at the same time that the SUV's brake lights disappeared. The SUV accelerated and crossed the other side of the intersection as the light turned red.

A steady stream of vehicles flowed in across the intersection. Dan craned his neck to try to keep track of the SUV but lost sight of it as it got onto the Chicago Skyway.

Lester pulled into the parking lot and quickly got out of the car, hurried around the side to open Sarah's door for her.

"Thank you," Sarah said as she got out of the vehicle. Lester's hand eagerly found hers, and he directed them around the corner of the building and into the backlot.

Stalls and vendors were set up in rows for a weekend farmer's market. Lester had learned about Sarah's affinity for certain things by going back through years of her Instagram posts.

The couple strolled through the market. Sarah was enjoying looking at different stalls. Lester had thought a farmer's market was the perfect outing. Not only was it

something Sarah enjoyed but it was also easy to make conversation. He could just comment on the wares of each stall and ask her what she thought.

They received a lot of glances from other attendees, likely for their mismatched pairing. After ten minutes, Lester decided to lay the foundation for what he hoped would be a way to endear himself to Sarah.

"It's nice being back here," Lester said, plastering on a cheerful smile, "I don't think I've been here since before I broke up with Lizzie."

Sarah perked up at Lester, offering details about himself. "Would you guys come here often?"

"Oh yeah," Lester forced a show of enthusiasm, "Almost every other weekend. It feels like it's been years since I've been back here."

"Is it hard being back here with all the memories of her?" Sarah asked.

"It's a little easier today," He said as he squeezed her hand. "It's frankly been a little hard going anywhere, to be honest. It's easier just to stay in my room."

"I get that," Sarah said. "Breakups can be rough."

"Have you been through a lot of them?" Lester asked.

"No, not a lot. I only dated a couple of guys before Dan." Sarah said as she held Lester's hand. They turned a corner and headed down another aisle. The vendors here sold all sorts of knick-knacks and trinkets. "I've consoled a lot of girlfriends through bad break ups, though. I'm something of a therapist to my friend group."

"So what would you say is the best way to get over someone? To get out of the depress– the funk." Lester asked.

"Well, I would say, you know, just get out there, right? Don't hole up in your room and shut the world out. Get outside and do things, and try to find someone to share it with whether that's romantic or not. Being social is a huge driver of all sorts of chemicals in the brain that help you through a break up instead of wallowing alone with your thoughts." Sarah realized she had forgotten she was holding onto Lester's hand.

"I will say," Lester started, "That being out here on a sunny day today with a beautiful woman like yourself does make it easier."

"Okay, stop that." Sarah said, "See, Lester if you just get out more, it might be easier to lighten up."

"Lighten up?" Lester asked.

"You know," Sarah waved her hand, "Sometimes you can come across as pretty intense. Especially when it comes to Dan."

"Well, I think it's only natural to get a little intense when you're competing for a woman like yourself."

"It's not really a competition Lester," Sarah looked at him, "I'm married to Dan."

"Nobody's perfect," Lester laughed then turned serious. "I mean, who can make you cum the most times and scream their name at the top of their lungs."

"Shhhhh," Sarah slapped him on the arm, looking around mortified.

"Anyways, I'm just saying these dates have been nice. With the breakup, I either just threw myself into games on my computer or buried myself in work. I keep taking on more new clients than I can

handle lately.” Lester stopped to peek at a vendor selling vintage comic books.

“You said you work in IT right? We have an IT department at work so I know IT is kind of a broad category. What exactly do you do?” Sarah asked.

“Hey let’s go in here,” Lester directed her into a storefront. Sarah stepped inside and smiled. She loved cozy independent bookshops.

“Let’s grab a couple of books, my treat.” Lester said.

As they perused the shelves of books, Lester resumed their original conversation,

“Yeah I normally just say IT because people understand that and honestly don’t care to dive any deeper. I work in IT security. Basically, making sure networks are safe, doing penetration testing, and helping resolve issues companies have. Stuff like that.”

“And you can do most of that from home?” Sarah asked as she started to grab a few books off the shelf.

“Yeah I can do a lot of it remotely from my workstation in my room, but occasionally, I’ll have to go into a client’s office, especially if they have some kind of issue. I think I’m going to get this book.” Lester pulled a copy of *Flowers for Algernon* off the shelf.

“I love that book,” Sarah exclaimed, “It’s amazing. It’s heartbreaking and inspiring.”

“Yeah? Well, I’ll definitely get it then.”

Lester and Sarah walked back to the front of the shop and Lester purchased their books.

Dan was upset with himself at having lost Lester and Sarah. He uncorked his bottle of whiskey and poured himself a drink. He took a long pull from the glass and then looked down at it with disgust. *Alcohol is such a waste of money right now.*

Dan took another sip and moved to the living room. His wife was out there in the city doing god knows what with his roommate. If things got too serious, she would call, though, like she did last time.

He shouldn't worry. He loved her and trusted her completely, but they were in uncharted waters right now, which both thrilled and terrified him. He just wanted to know where she was, to see what she was doing.

His imagination was running while with scenarios. He couldn't wait for her to come home and confirm what had happened.

He opened his phone and dismissed a series of work emails. He wasn't in a good state to respond, neither should he given it was a weekend and the abysmal salary he was currently on. Dan pulled up Safari and typed, 'how to turn on iPhone tracking.'

As he scrolled through the pages, he learned about how he needed to add Sarah as a family member so he could track her. Dan wondered whether she thought that would be a violation of privacy, but the more he debated the more he was sure she would be okay with it.

He imagined following them to a secluded alley and watching as the windows team up on Lester's SUV. Dan noticed how hard his dick was. He needed to get control of his fantasies before it consumed him. He was losing his grip and with the work and life situation, it was like watching Sarah play with Lester was an outlet for his stress, letting him disassociate and just enjoy himself.

Dan continued to read the instructions and thought about what else he needed to do to regain some semblance of control.

Lester held the door to the restaurant as Sarah stepped out onto the nighttime streets of Chicago. The sun had set some time ago while they'd been eating. Sarah pulled her phone out of her purse and checked the time, it was getting close to 10

P.M.

"Are we heading back to the apartment now?" Sarah asked as they walked towards Lester's car.

He opened her door and held it for her, "Just one more stop and then we'll go back."

"Where's that?" Sarah asked.

"You'll see," Lester said as he closed her door. He walked around to the driver's side of the car, got in and started to drive.

After a few minutes, Lester pulled onto a quiet street with less frequent street lights.

"Lester, where are we going?" Sarah asked from the passenger seat. She could feel the anticipation growing between her legs. She hated to admit the hold Lester was beginning to have on her. He'd started this fire with his texts earlier in the week, and it hadn't been taken care of yet.

"Just up here," Lester said as he turned into a tree-lined driveway. The driveway opened up after about 20 feet into a large, dark parking lot. Trees seemed to line the exterior of the parking lot, blocking its view from the street.

Lester pulled the car into the corner of the lot and shut off the engine.

"Why don't you get in the back seat?" Lester said.

Gone was the seemingly gentle man she had strolled around the farmer's market with. Sarah could see the lust behind his eyes, threatening to envelop her.

"I should call Dan," Sarah said as she eyed the backseat.

"Why?" Lester said, "Are you expecting something specific to happen tonight?"

Sarah blushed at the comment. They both knew there was only one reason why she would need to call Dan. Sarah had telegraphed exactly what she was thinking.

Lester reached out and stroked the back of her neck, "How about this? We get in the back, and if things progress to that point, I'll even call Dan myself."

Without waiting for a response, Lester shoved himself out of the car and walked the short distance to the back door. He opened it and heaved himself into the back seat, waiting expectantly for Sarah to join him.

"Come on back here," Lester said, pointing down in front of him "I want to see you wearing the lingerie I bought for you."

Sarah rolled her eyes, let out a sigh and moved over the center console into the back seat. Lester sat in the middle of the bench seat and stretched both arms across the top.

"Come to daddy," Lester growled.

"Please, don't say that Lester," Sarah said as she moved to sit down in the seat next to Lester. In her mind the only daddy in her life was Dan, the father of her kids. The thought of Lester in that role, calling him daddy. It made her feel uncomfortable.

He grabbed her around the waist and pulled her down onto his lap. He slid his hand down onto her thigh and pulled her over him so that she was straddling his lap, her pleated skirt sprawled over him, concealing his crotch.

"Mmmmm, that's what I like," Lester said, "So, what are you going to do back here tonight?"

"You tell me," Sarah said.

Lester grinned, "You say that like you don't want to admit what you want," he leaned in closer, "But I could always take that as you'll do whatever I want."

Sarah shuddered as Lester leaned forward. His belly pressed against her stomach, so his hands found her back and pulled her closer. His face disappeared under the side of her hair as he audibly sniffed her neck.

"You smell sweet," Lester said as his hands ran down her back until they disappeared beneath her skirt. His grubby hands found her soft ass cheeks and he gripped both of them hard.

"Uh," Sarah moaned involuntarily. She hated to admit how much she enjoyed how rough Lester could be.

"In your text, you said you craved my cock. But when I saw you yesterday, you seemed so standoffish. Were you putting on a show for Dan?" Lester whispered into her ear as he began planting kisses on her neck.

Sarah rested her hands on Lester's flabby chest, feeling the lack of definition. She closed her eyes and focused on the sensation of Lester's lips on her skin. There was a time she might have disassociated and imagined Dan, pretending it was her husband's lips on her, but now there was no denying it was Lester. Her husband's creepy roommate. He was expertly playing her body like

an instrument. Try as she might to deny it, under the surface, she couldn't help herself. She was beginning to crave his touch.

"Tell me," Lester whispered, he pulled back from her neck and stared up at her emerald eyes. Moonlight shone into the car, framing her face. Lester couldn't help but marvel at how beautiful she was. Her eyes betrayed her thoughts, he could tell she wanted him.

"I just," Sarah started, "Don't like to be so blatant in front of him. It's different if we all have already worked ourselves up and things are happening in the moment but it's different during other times."

Lester made a mental note of this barrier. Perhaps in the future, they'd have to stay in for a date night. He wanted her to show him affection whenever he wanted. He would have to crush that if Dan and the apartment were a barrier.

"Hmmm, why don't you make it up to me by taking off that top and showing me the bra I bought you?" Lester said.

Playfulness danced in Sarah's eyes as she smirked at him. She reached forward and pulled the bottom of her sweater over her head, dropping it onto the seat next to them. Lester's eyes tracked down, staring at her heaving breasts rising and falling with her breath. He had forgotten how good this bra looked on her. His time with it in the changing room was all too brief. He cursed himself for not setting up recording equipment in the car to capture this. He'd have to make her model it around the apartment for him.

"Was it worth the money?" Sarah asked, running her hand seductively up the strap of her bra.

"Every penny," Lester smiled, licking his lips.

"Now it's your turn," a wicked grin spread on Sarah's face. She moved off his lap and began to undo the clasp on Lester's pants

before tugging them down. Sarah raised an eyebrow as she looked down at the ratty boxers underneath, "Let's take these off too."

Sarah pulled off the boxers, and Lester's hairy cock sprang free, "There it is."

"How about you put that sweet little mouth of yours on my cock and greet it properly,"

Lester sneered.

Sarah bit her lip, "Not today." Lester frowned, but that disappeared as she got closer to him.

She mounted and straddled his lap again, pushing her underwear-clad pussy against his throbbing hot cock. She began to move her hips, pushing herself back and forth against it.

"Mmmmmhmmmm," She moaned, feeling his large hard cock pushing against her most sensitive area, "You have a condom right?"

"I do," Lester said, raising his hips up off the seat to meet her movements, pushing his cock harder against her dampening panties, "But what if I didn't?"

Sarah didn't answer. Instead, she threw her head back and held onto her shoulders as she ground herself against his cock. Lester felt powerful when she opened herself up to him.

"What if I didn't have a condom Sarah? Would you let me slide it into you raw. Fuck you bareback? Let you feel all of me?" Lester grunted as he kept pumping his hips, matching the rhythm of her riding.

"I don't I...I..." The thought of feeling Lester bare inside of her sent tingles over her body. She didn't like condoms, Dan had stopped wearing them after he had been fixed, once they decided two kids

were enough. But Lester was also fixed. The condoms almost seemed symbolic at this point, of her keeping one last thing for Dan. In the car, at that moment, with Lester's cock between her legs, it almost felt silly, "Lester, I don't...I...Oh shit. Lester, someone else is here."

Headlights shone into the empty parking lot as another car entered. Lester turned and narrowed his eyes, wondering if Dan had somehow followed them. He smiled when he noticed it was a different car.

Lester knew there was a good chance another car might be in the parking lot. He had hoped this would be the case. From the research he had done, this area was quite popular with enthusiasts of outdoor sex and others who liked to watch them. He knew Sarah liked being exposed to others. He intended to exploit this to fuel the flames of her lust and have her associate it with him.

The car turned in their direction, its headlights illuminating the inside of their vehicle.

Sarah ducked down behind the seat, trying to conceal herself. Lester held onto her thighs, keeping her from disengaging.

"Lester!" Sarah whispered, "They can probably see inside the car."

"The windows are tinted," Lester said as the sound of the car's engines grew nearer.

Sarah slid his hands off her thighs and turned to lean over into the front seat. She reached over to Lester's door and pressed the lock button. The car's headlights shone into the vehicle. It was clearly headed in their direction.

With two hands, Lester pushed himself off the seat and raised the back of her pleated skirt into the air, exposing her ass to the unknown car.

"Lester!," Sarah hissed, trying to push herself backwards. He held her thighs firmly, his knees pressing into her calves. He quickly pulled down her panties down her thighs to her garters, making it hard for her to move her legs, "Lester move, please."

"Okay," Lester said and he bent forward and stuck his tongue into her tight pussy.

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned as she quickly grabbed onto both front seats for stability.

Lester's tongue swirled around her insides, touching every sensitive nerve ending.

The oversized appendage pushed deeper into her before Lester started to bob his head, thrusting his tongue in and out of her.

Sarah quickly tried to close her thighs to repel Lester's assault, but her legs stayed open. She felt her knees grow weak as Lester's large tongue pushed further inside of

her, lapping at the juices that were flowing out of her. The sounds of Lester devouring her crotch filled the small space.

"Uh, god, Lester. Please," Sarah said. Gravel crunched next to the SUV. Sarah opened her eyes and saw the dark shape of a vehicle pull in next to them, the headlights illuminating the woods beyond. "Oh fuck. Don't stop." Sarah bit down on her knuckle as her elbow rested on the front seat. She gasped as he continued to build the fire inside her.

The headlights turned off. Sarah closed her eyes as Lester's tongue continued to swirl around inside of her. He somehow began to expertly flick his tongue inside of her, against her g-spot, sending shockwaves of titillation throughout her body. She heard a car door shut from somewhere close by. She opened her eyes and craned her

neck to the side, but all she could see was the dark shape of the front of the car.

Gravel crunched softly over and over. Footsteps were moving around the other car.

The crunching was growing louder. The driver was walking towards their vehicle.

"Lester," Sarah whispered, trying to stay quiet. She wanted to stay quiet and not be discovered. Lester's hand rose up from her thigh, his fingers opening the lips of her pussy until they found her clit. He gently began to rub it with his index finger.

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned. She tried to make a fist and put it in her mouth to stay quiet. She could feel her body betraying her, as an orgasm was quickly building up, fueled by Lester's tongue and fingers. The presence of someone unknown so close, Watching them. Watching her.

"Oh god, Oh fuck Lester, Mmmmmm. Uh, fuck....fuck....oh right there....fuck.....don't fuck....Lester!" Sarah screamed as she came. Her body unleashed a flood of endorphins that washed over every nerve in her body. Her hips thrust back into Lester's face, pushing his tongue as deeply into her as possible. Her nails dug into the leather seats as her eyes rolled back in her head. The frustration of having held and teased this pleasure for most of the week had her shaking from the release.

Sarah was breathing hard, holding onto the seats for balance as she came down from her orgasm. Lester withdrew his tongue and pulled Sarah back onto his lap, his hard cock pushing up between her thighs. She laid her head back on his shoulder.

As she opened her eyes she noticed the features of a shadowed man standing outside the rear window.

“Lester,” Sarah whispered, “Someone is out there, watching us.”

She held her hands over her chest to conceal her breasts. Lester’s arms came up and gripped both wrists and pulled them toward him, exposing her bra-clad chest to the stranger.

“It’s dark, he doesn’t have a great view of us. Relax. Let him watch. I know you’ve always fantasized about something like this.” Lester relaxed his grip on her wrists.

Even though her mind screamed at her to cover herself, her body was growing hotter knowing some stranger was a few feet away watching her, seeing her exposed.

She had waited months before she let her husband see her like this when they were courting. Now, a stranger had the same intimate view within seconds.

Moonlight began to illuminate the parking lot once again. Sarah saw the beat-up pick up truck next to them and finally saw the rough-looking individual standing outside the window. He was older than both Sarah and Lester. Unkempt salt and pepper hair with a shaggy beard that matched. She couldn’t see much of his body, but he didn’t look athletic like Dan. His clothes reminded her of something a miner or an auto worker might wear.

The moonlight continued to sweep across the parking lot. Its edges illuminated Lester’s SUV. The man outside grinned as Sarah came fully into view. Their eyes locked.

Sarah’s breathing quickened. She didn’t make a move to cover her chest, even though she felt her breasts rapidly rising and falling. Lester was unbothered, looking down between them. He had begun to rub his cock against her bare pussy, using it to play with her clit.

Sarah gulped at the sensation of being on display while being played with and closed her eyes.

"Lester," Sarah said, "He's staring right at us."

"No, he's staring at you." Lester corrected her. "What's his arm doing?"

Sarah opened her eyes and looked at the man again. He was staring at her hungrily with the same lust-filled mask that Dan and Lester both wore when they wanted to fuck her. She broke eye contact and looked down at his arm. It was moving back and forth rapidly.

"He's touching himself," Sarah whispered.

"What's he doing," Lester said as he pushed the head of his cock against Sarah's clit. Pre-cum oozed out of his cock and dribbled onto her clit. Lester rubbed the cum back and forth against it.

"He's jerking off watching us," Sarah said through gritted teeth.

"Watching you," Lester's other hand rose up and started to caress the tops of Sarah's breasts, gently stroking her skin. He didn't want to maul her, he was trying to work her up, "What's he jerking off, Sarah? What is it? What's he got?"

"His cock," Sarah said loudly, "He's jerking off his cock watching me."

"Can you see it?" Lester asked.

"No, we're too high," Sarah said.

"Let's get a closer look then," Lester said as he used all of his strength to move Sarah off of his lap and over onto the seat next to the window.

Sarah stared at him with a look of lust and betrayal, "What are you doing?" Her voice was low, just above a whisper.

"Giving him a better view. Look at him," Lester's fingers quickly found her entrance.

He stuck in one finger and began to push it in and out of the young wife slowly.

"Ohhh, uuhhhh, Lester," Sarah moaned, closing her eyes, revelling in the feeling of Lester's fingers and being on display for this strange man.

"Open your eyes, look at him," Lester said as he put another finger inside of her.

"Ah, fuck," Sarah moaned as she opened her eyes. The man was hungrily staring down at her chest, his eyes feasting on her flesh. Sarah could see the dark outline of the stranger's first pumping his cock.

"I don't think he can hear us very well," Lester said. He reached over and pressed the window control switch on the door. The window lowered, and the cool Chicago night air blew into the vehicle. The cold air caused goosebumps to run over Sarah's skin.

"Fuck, Lester," Sarah moaned. The window stopped a quarter from the bottom, giving the man an unobstructed view of Sarah. The SUV was high enough that the man still couldn't easily reach in, but his face was inches from Sarah's. Lester continued to piston his fingers in and out of Sarah.

"Don't stop looking at him," Lester growled in her ear. Sarah's eyes met the stranger's. She saw his mouth hang open and his eyes hungrily staring back at her.

"Blow him a kiss," Lester said, remembering what Dan had made her do in the apartment several months back. Sarah puckered her lips and made a kissing gesture towards the man.

"God you're so fucking sexy," the man said.

"Talk to him," Lester whispered, his fingers curling and dragging against her g-spot.

Sarah could feel another orgasm building inside her. His fingers felt great but it was the lewdness of the situation that was pushing her over the edge.

Sarah didn't know what to say, this situation was all too much, too quickly. She took a deep breath and slipped back into her confident, sexy persona.

"Are you stroking your cock for me?" Sarah said to the stranger. Lester grinned.

Sarah's pussy was audibly gushing as Lester's fingers moved in and out of her. "Do you like what you see, big boy?"

"Ah fuck ye," the man said, "I'm stroking this big old cock I got for you. God, you look so fucking good. You're young enough to be my daughter. You're so goddamn sexy."

"Are you going to cum for me? What are you picturing right now?" Sarah moaned as Lester's fingering was bringing her close to an orgasm.

"I'm staring at those tits of yours wondering what they look like under that bra. I'd love to shove my cock in between them," the man's hoarse voice said.

Lester slowly withdrew his hands from her wet pussy. Sarah looked at him with a look of disappointment. He stared into her eyes as he raised a hand to her bra strap.

Lester gently held her chin with one hand and turned it back to face the man stroking his cock for her.

Sarah understood and kept eye contact with the man as Lester slowly lowered one strap off her left shoulder. Sarah felt her body tense as Lester's fingers looped around the other strap on the right and slowly pulled it down, exposing her bare shoulders to this stranger.

"Jesus Christ," the man breathed as he stared into the vehicle at Sarah.

Lester pushed his arm back behind the seat and Sarah's back until he found the clasp. His other hand held onto the bra cups as he pulled it off her body. Sarah's large, perfect breasts were unveiled to the parking lot.

"Hot damn," the stranger growled, "I ain't never seen titties that nice. Those are perfect. I wish I could get a taste."

"Mhmmmm sorry, you can watch but these are just for my man here," Sarah purred.

She'd had enough foreplay. She turned and looked at Lester, desire burning in her eyes, "Where're your condoms?"

"Center console," Lester said tersely. Sarah moved from her seat and bent over to look in the center console.

"If you think her tits are great, you should see her ass," Lester said as he raised the pleated skirt giving the man a full view of Dan's wife's behind.

"Fuck," the man said as he continued to stroke his cock. "Ass is perfect too."

"Girl, why are you wasting your time on a fat man like that?" The man said, "Why don't you hop your ass on out and join me in my car? I'll show you a real good time."

We can go right now”

Sarah grabbed a condom package and, reached up and undid the clasp on her skirt, letting it fall to her ankles. She turned and ripped open the condom package and rolled the condom down Lester’s large cock.

“Tempting...but Lester just gets me off so well. I’m not going to give that up. He may be big but he knows exactly how to please a woman.”

She was now naked in front of a complete stranger as she straddled Lester and positioned his cock at her entrance. She slowly lowered herself onto his dick, adjusting to fit his size.

“Fuck, well alright. I just can’t wait to see you get fucked,” the man said from outside the car.

Sarah pushed herself down until she was fully impaled on Lester’s cock, “Uh, oh fuck Lester.” Sarah loved how it felt when Lester pushed his huge cock inside of her. In her ecstasy, she leaned in to kiss him, her tongue ready to push into his mouth.

Lester stopped her, putting his hand on her chest, “Keep talking to our guest.” He smiled as he raised his hips and pushed his cock deeper into Dan’s wife.

“Uh, oh, shit,” Sarah moaned, feeling fuller than ever before. She looked over at the stranger with her bedroom eyes. “Mhmmm, it’s too bad you didn’t get here earlier.

Maybe it could have been you, here, in the backseat. Would you have liked that?”

“Fuck yes, I would have given you the night of your life,” the man said determinedly, his arm jerking himself faster.

"I don't know," Sarah breathed. She could already feel her pussy beginning to throb in anticipation of another huge orgasm, "Lester here has given me plenty of amazing nights."

"But how would you do it? Which way would you take me?" Sarah eyed him as her hands made fists with Lester's chest hair. She continued to ride Lester's cock as his large stomach pushed against her.

"Well, I'd bend you over that seat and give you a good what for," the man said, smiling like a hyena.

"Mhmmmmm, I, I like the sound of tha- Oh, OHHH, oh shit," Sarah looked at him as she bounced up and down on Lester's cock. "Maybe next time you should get her earlier, so I could be moaning like this for you."

Then she started fucking Lester in earnest, she gripped his cock with her pussy and started to push down onto his cock, harder and faster, "Uh, uh, uh, oh, uh, OHH, oh, OH FUCK Lester."

"Fuck Lester, don't stop, don't fucking stop!" Sarah moaned.

"I'm not going to, cum for me baby. Cum for daddy," Lester growled, thrusting his hips up to meet her. He bent his head forward and started to suck and nip at Sarah's nipples. His tongue swirled around her areolas. Lester gripped one of her ass cheeks tightly while he raised the other hand up and slapped her ass hard.

"Ah fuck," Sarah moaned, the pleasure and pain together cranking up her bliss.

He slapped her ass cheek again.

"Fuck, man, give it to her!" the man encouraged from the lot outside.

"Uh, oh god," Sarah's nails dug into Lester's chest. Her mouth was agape, and her head locked down so that she was staring directly into Lester's eyes. Her shocked look was accompanied by a high whine at the back of her throat. She came again for the second time that night, it felt as though she'd reached a new point of sexual delight with Lester's cock buried deep inside of her. Sarah held her breath and saw stars as his giant organ continued to drill her, it felt like every part of her body was on fire as a monumental orgasm continued to rock her body.

She finally let out a breath and slowed her pace on top of Lester, trying to catch her breath. Lester snaked his hand around her neck and pulled her down for a wet, sloppy kiss. Sarah's tongue ran over Lester's with wanton lust. She knew she would cum at least one more time that night. She sucked his tongue deeply into her mouth, telling him she wanted more.

"Get up," Lester grunted as he pulled at her thighs.

Sarah got off of him. As his cock snaked out of her, she felt the emptiness it left behind. Lester put a firm hand on her back from behind her and pushed. Sarah fell to her knees on the seat as Lester positioned himself behind her. She looked up and saw the stranger outside staring at her as Lester pushed his cock into her from behind.

"Ah fuck," Lester grunted, feeling Sarah's pussy walls gripping his shaft, "God, Sarah you feel so good today. Very tight, I need to fuck you more often."

"Uh, fuck me now Lester," Sarah moaned as she fell onto her elbows. She pushed her hips back onto his cock as it pushed deeper into her, "God, fuck me right here you creep."

Lester smiled and grunted as he pushed the entire length of his cock into Sarah.

"Holy FUCK!," Sarah moaned as Lester pushed deeper into her than Dan ever had.

A fleeting thought passed through her head, she had something she needed to do.

Something about Dan. Lester pulled his cock out to the tip and rammed it all back into her.

"Uhhhhhhh," Sarah was jostled forward, her head mashing against the inside of the car door. She focused on taking Lester's cock and the feeling of it inside of her. Any other thought a distant memory as Lester consumed her entire being. She never wanted his pounding to cease.

"Right there," Sarah moaned, "Right there Lester, don't stop."

"I'm not stopping til I make you cum on my cock Sarah," Lester grunted as he ran his hand up her back and grabbed a fistful of the hair on the base of her neck. He pulled her head up, sending pain up her neck as his cock continued to throttle her dripping-wet pussy. Again, a damp sucking sound filled the car, making the three of them aware just how soaked Lester had gotten her.

Sarah lazily opened her eyes to see the stranger a few inches away as he pumped his cock while watching her get fucked by her husband's roommate.

"That's it. Take it! Take it, baby!" the man said. "Ah fuck yeah, god you're so sexy."

"Ah, oh ffffuh- fuck me," Sarah moaned, staring into the stranger's eyes. At this point she really didn't know whether she was talking to him or to Lester. She just needed to keep feeling the sensation of getting fucked. "Fuck me."

This situation was too much for Sarah to handle. She was in the backseat of a car, in a strange city, getting fucked by her husband's creepy roommate while a stranger jerked off, staring at her. It felt like her sex was on fire. She could feel another orgasm getting ready to set ablaze and consume her, "Don't, uh, oh uh, don't stop, uh, uh, Lester...oh, uh don't fucking stop! FUCK MEEEE!"

Lester felt Sarah's pussy gripping his cock. She was close. He wanted to send her over the edge, "I'm going fucking cum Sarah. Give it to me. "

"Uh fuck, uh, yes," Sarah grunted as she thrust back on Lester. "Cum for me, Lester.

Cum, baby."

Lester rammed hard into Sarah, pushing her further forward. She quickly adjusted and planted her hands on the car window to steady herself. She felt Lester's cock begin to throb inside of her, he was about to cum. The sensation of feeling him pulsate inside of her caused her pussy to respond in kind, "Oh fuck, Oh fuck, Uh, Uh."

As Sarah was beginning to feel the first wave of her orgasm about to slam down on her, she felt a hand on the back of her head. She had forgotten where she was.

Lester's fucking had pushed her head almost all the way out of the car window.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw the gravel under the man's work boots. As she quickly got her bearings, her eyes widened at seeing a strange cock below her.

Sarah had never seen an uncircumcised cock before, let alone seen someone furiously stroking one. Its size was similar to Dan's, but this man's manhood wasn't as well kept as her husband's. The greying hair around the base was wild and untamed. She stared at the

uncircumcised head, wondering what the difference would be to a woman.

Lester thrust hard into her, snapping her her attention back to the cock firmly embedded inside of her. She realized she had been staring. The man shuffled his feet as he stepped closer. Sarah quickly glanced up at the stranger's face.

The man pulled firmly on the back of her head as he stood up on his toes. Sarah opened her eyes in time to see the man's mouth open and his tongue darting out towards her. Sarah's pussy gripped Lester's cock as this stranger pushed his tongue into her mouth. Sarah couldn't help it, her body was on fire and out of control. She sucked the man's tongue as it penetrated her mouth. She tasted cigarettes and stale coffee and she loved every second of it. Her tongue pressed back into the man's mouth, her bliss making her lose control.

Sarah's orgasm finally hit just as Lester's cock began shooting warm cum into the condom. She felt blast after blast of cum explode inside her. Sarah's mind reeled as she kissed the man back hard, she moaned into his mouth as a tsunami washed over her entire body, spreading pleasure out to every inch of her. Her pussy gripped Lester's cock as it tightened and she milked every last drop of his cum out, squeezing his pole like a frantic lover.

"Ughhhhh," the stranger pulled his tongue back but their lips stayed partly together, a strand of saliva connecting them. He bucked his hips and came hard, his cum shooting onto the side of the SUV's door.

As the stranger finished cumming he moaned and lazily kissed Sarah. She felt Lester withdraw from her. She stayed at the window for a few seconds, kissing this stranger, her tongue dancing with his. After a moment, she finally got her bearings, blinked her eyes and

pulled herself back from the window. Lester was peeling off his condom before tossing it onto the floor.

The man stood there looking exasperated, staring at Sarah. She could still see the burning hunger in his eyes. She turned to Lester and whispered, "Okay, take me home."

"We're going to head out now," Lester said breathlessly to the man, sitting comfortably naked in the back of the car.

He got the hint, trudged back to his car, and got inside. Lester eyed him suspiciously before pulling on his own pants and shirt. Satisfied that the man would stay in his vehicle, Lester opened the SUV door, got back into the driver's seat, and rolled up the back window.

Sarah's limbs felt like jello, and she took her time getting dressed, gradually slipping back into her outfit. By the time she was done, the other car was pulling away, its headlights briefly illuminating Sarah as she stared back.

"I think I'm going to stay back here," Sarah said to Lester. She put on her seat belt and let out a long breath. She couldn't believe what just happened. She lazed in the back seat, her legs slightly spread.

Lester started the ignition and drove out of the parking lot.

Sarah was tired. She hadn't been fucked like that since the last time she was with Lester. She had almost forgotten how intense her orgasms were with him. She couldn't believe she'd put on a show like that for a stranger, let alone that he had kissed her, and she'd responded in kind. Part of her worried what she would have done if that door hadn't been locked and the man had opened it and come inside.

She stared out the window as they passed by different Chicago streets. Her eyes felt heavy. She would just close them for a bit until

they got back to the apartment. As she drifted off to sleep, Sarah felt completely satisfied for the first time that week.

"Hey, wakey wakey," Lester nudged Sarah from the open car door. She opened her eyes and looked around getting her bearings. She was in the back of Lester's SUV in just her bra and panties. She didn't remember putting them on but she didn't

remember passing out either. The last thing she remembered was the taste of old coffee.

The details of the last hour came flooding back to her, "Ugh."

"Time to go upstairs," Lester said from the car doorway, "We're back at the apartment."

"Give me a sec," Sarah felt the cold night air against her soft white skin. She undid her belt and looked searched around for her clothes. She found her sweater and pulled it on over her head. She searched on the floor for her pants when he hand touched something sticky and wet.

"What the hell?" She looked down and saw it. Lester's large condom just sitting on the floor, cum oozing out of it.

"Oh, would you mind getting that?" Lester smirked.

Sarah rolled her eyes and grabbed the condom, being careful not to let any of Lester's pungent cum leak out onto her. She went to pass it to Lester, but he didn't react.

"I don't want it, I just wanted you to get it out of my car." he said.

Sarah stared at him flatly, wondering what happened to Lester from the bookshop.

"Fine," she said as she moved past him, got out of the car and walked to a nearby garbage can against the building.

Sarah knew Lester was trying to play games with her but she wasn't having it. She was too tired. He wouldn't expect her to walk out of the car in just her panties and a sweater, so that's what she did.

Lester retrieved her pants and shoes from the SUV and closed the door.

"Here," He said, handing her the discarded clothing. Sarah took them and put them on along with her shoes. After Sarah was dressed, they made their way into the apartment building.

Sarah looked at her reflection in the elevator's mirror. She looked like a hot mess.

Her hair was tussled, and she looked like she just had a marathon sex session which she had. Hopefully, Dan was asleep so he wouldn't have to see her like this.

As the doors opened, Lester held them for her to step through first. The man was a walking puzzle to her, polite and chivearous one second and then he would talk to her like and jerk and do whatever he wanted. Her thoughts on Lester persisted until they reached the apartment door.

Lester stuck his hand against the door frame, barring her from going further.

"Before we go in," Lester said, looking into her eyes. "I want a goodnight kiss. I don't want that getting taken away from me."

As Sarah was about to respond, Lester grabbed her by her waist with both hands and pulled her body against his, mashing his lips against hers. Sarah closed her eyes and responded, kissing him back, his tongue pushing into her mouth, waking up her tired body.

Lester abruptly broke their kiss, leaving Sarah reeling. He turned and opened the door to the apartment and walked in, leaving her in the hallway. Sarah blinked her eyes and followed him.

Walking into the apartment, she saw Dan staring daggers at Lester. His gaze finally turned to her, and his expression shifted. He looked worried, taken aback by her appearance. He clearly knew what had happened and in that moment, understood that she fucked Lester and hadn't called him. He also looked like he either wanted to murder someone or fuck someone.

"Heh," Lester chuckled as he left the couple standing there. Lester shutting his door made Sarah realize she was still standing in the doorway. She stepped forward and closed the door behind her.

"Dan," she said, moving toward him, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to forget to call you.

Things just kind of escalated and got out of hand."

"What happened?" Dan was staring at her with intense eyes. They ran across her body, trying to decipher what happened. He could put the obvious pieces together but needed her confirmation.

Sarah shifted on her feet, she met Dan's eyes, "Well we went to a farmer's market and then dinner. After Lester drove us to a wooded parking lot where –"

"Not here," Dan said as he turned and marched to his bedroom. Sarah was taken aback by him not greeting her with a kiss or holding her waist and bringing her to the bedroom. He must be angry with her.

She followed him down the hallway and gently closed the door behind her. She closed her eyes and braced herself against the door for a second. She took a deep breath and turned around. Dan was sitting on the bed, staring at her.

"Tell me what happened in the parking lot," Dan said, trying to stay calm.

Sarah sat on the bed next to him, "We pulled into this wooded lot. I told Lester I needed to call you to check-in. He told me to call when something was about to

happen. He said he would call, which obviously he didn't. We both got distracted when another car pulled into the parking lot."

"Another car?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, it drove slow and parked right next to us. It was so weird because it was a big parking lot and we were the only ones there." Sarah glanced at Dan. "The driver got out, came up to our window, and started watching us."

The intense look on Dan's face didn't dissipate. It looked like he was trying to hold something in.

"The guy watched us through the window. And then he started to touch himself."

Sarah whispered.

"Touch himself where?" Dan asked hoarsely.

"You know where," Sarah said.

"Tell me exactly," Dan said.

"His cock. He started touching his cock while watching us." Sarah admitted.

Dan shifted on the bed. She could see he was starting to breathe faster. She still didn't know exactly how he was reacting.

"Go on," Dan said, not looking at her.

"Then Lester rolled down the window partway to give the guy a better look. Lester took my bra off and got me to talk to the guy."

"What did you say?" Dan said, staring at the wall across the bed. He gulped.

"Honestly, Dan I don't know what got into me but I said all sorts of stuff about him watching me, him wishing he was Lester right now and he kept saying how much he wanted me."

"Did you fuck this stranger, Sarah?" Dan's eyes snapped to hers.

"No! No, I wouldn't do that Dan. That's something else." Sarah said placing a hand on his thigh. Dan didn't move to reciprocate the gesture. Sarah could see the tension in his shoulders. "Lester fucked...Lester and I had sex and the guy watched from the window."

"Did you make Lester wear a condom?" Dan asked sharply.

"Yes," She said, "He wore one. I put it on myself."

Dan grimaced at the admission, "What else?"

"The stranger kept watching and saying lewd things. Then Lester pushed into me so hard that it pushed my head out the window, and the man grabbed me and kissed me."

"Kissed you? Jesus, a stranger?" Dan said. Sarah could see that Dan's dick was beginning to grow in his pants, "What happened next?"

"Nothing. I broke the kiss, and Lester finished. Lester told the guy to get out of there."

"I fell asleep in the back and Lester drove us back here." Sarah felt a weight lifting from her chest.

"Sarah..." Dan started, "I don't know whether to be pissed at you, pissed at Lester or pissed at myself. This is something beyond what I ever expected."

"I know," Sarah said. "I know. I didn't plan this; it was a spur-of-the-moment thing that just happened. We got lost in the heat of the moment."

Dan sat there silently.

"Can I ask you something?" Sarah said. Looking past Dan at the wall he shared with Lester, she noticed that the peephole cover had been removed. Dan must have taken off when he walked in.

"What? What is it?" Dan said.

"Are you pissed it happened, or are you pissed you weren't there to see it happen?"

Sarah asked.

Dan gulped and let out a long breath. He pinched the bridge of his nose, "If I'm being honest, I don't know. I'm not sure how I would have reacted in that situation if it was happening right in front of me."

"I think you do," Sarah whispered.

Dan looked at her, his expression somewhat softened, but a fire still raged behind his eyes. Sarah recognized the look. It was the beginning of the lust overtaking him.

Sarah slid her hand off his thigh and onto his crotch, "If you were there and this man started watching me. If I looked at you, would you have stopped it or given me your silent nod?"

Dan's cock twitched under his pants.

"Would you have let that stranger watch me get fucked? What if it was you and me in the car? What would you have done?" Sarah was now stroking Dan's cock through his pants.

Sarah withdrew her hand and pulled at the bottom of her sweater. She pulled it over her head and let it drop onto the floor. She gently played with her bra strap as she laid back on the bed, "What would you do if the stranger saw me like this? In just my bra? Would you stop it Dan?"

Dan stared at her, she could read the turmoil on his face. Eventually, one side won out. He crawled over to her.

"No," he whispered, "I'd let him watch us."

Sarah pulled at the waistband of Dan's pants. He quickly pulled them all the way off and did the same with hers, shortly followed by her panties. Sarah bit her lip as Dan lowered his boxes and tossed them onto the floor.

"Show him. Show the stranger how you fuck your wife," Sarah encouraged as she pulled her husband toward her.

The intense expressions returned to Dan's face as he grabbed Sarah by the back of her head, his other hand on her waist. Without any hesitation, he lined his cock up with her pussy and pushed his entire length into her.

"Uh, oh fuck." Sarah breathed. "Fuck Dan."

"Mmmhmmm," He grunted, "You like getting watched while you fuck Sarah?"

"Uh, oh, yeah," Sarah gripped Dan's shoulders tightly. Dan was fucking her hard and fast, just like she needed. "I love it. Someone watching us together."

"Watching you," Dan grunted as he pulled his cock out and pushed himself fully back inside of her. "Watching how you moan, how you cum, picturing you doing it for them."

"Fuck Dan," Sarah bit his shoulder as he fucked her, "Don't stop baby. So good. So good."

Dan just grunted in reply as he pushed his foot onto the floor to get leverage, he tweaked his hip and continued to push into Sarah with renewed vigor.

"Fuck," Dan gritted his teeth and gripped Sarah harder. He looked down at his wife and saw her face contorting in pleasure. The pleasure from his cock. Someone came over him, some primal urge for victory. Knowing that he was pleasuring her was electric.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw Dan staring down at her with an animalistic lust. He never looked more attractive to her. She reached her hands up behind his head and pulled his head down to hers as she sucked on his lips.

Dan pushed his tongue into his wife's mouth as she moaned around it. He kissed her hard and fast in time, with his cock pumping into her naked pussy.

"God," Sarah broke the kiss to catch her breath, "Don't stop Dan, right there."

Mhmmmm fuck. Uh. So good Dan. Keep going. Don't stop."

Hearing her words, knowing she was so close, Dan felt his balls tingle. He pushed himself up on the bed and held onto Sarah's hips as he rammed her cock into her faster than before.

"Oh fuck Dan," Sarah moaned. "Uh, uh, yeah baby, uh, uh, fffFffffFfUUUUCK."

Sarah came on Dan's naked cock. She felt like her body was melting into his as he continued to pump himself into her.

"I'm going to cum Sarah," Dan breathed.

"Cum," Sarah said through her teeth as her orgasm continued to wrack against her body. One of her legs lifted into the air as her toes curled, her nails digging into Dan's back, urging him to stay in place as she came.

"Fuck," Dan said as his balls emptied and cum shot of his cock into his wife's fertile pussy, "Fuckkkkk."

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Dan's hot cum shooting into her, washing over her insides, looking for purchase. Feeling Dan's cum inside of her caused her orgasm to intensify and prolong, her body rode it like a wave washing over a beach, never-ending.

Soon, Sarah and Dan were lying there panting, staring into each other's eyes.

Neither said a word. Dan rolled off his wife.

Sarah stared at the ceiling, wondering what Dan was thinking and whether he was still upset and had just gotten caught up in the moment with her. What was going to be next for them with all the craziness that was happening in their life? Now that clarity was returning to her husband's head, what would he say?

As if in response, Dan's hand found hers. She encircled her fingers around his as they both lay there in bliss. Neither said a word. Both just enjoyed the glow they felt at that moment.

Feeling the first bit of sleep begin to take him, Dan's last thoughts were about Lester.

Hope he heard that. Creepy prick...

The hot coffee sat untouched on Sarah's desk. She sat at her desk staring at her computer screen, her eyes unfocused. She was having a difficult time staying focused today.

She kept replaying the events of the weekend in her mind. Her date with Dan and the thoughtful gesture of getting them a private hotel room, followed by a nice sex session helped them feel reconnected. Then the next day, Lester takes her out,

culminating in her once again fucking him in his SUV while putting on a show for a complete stranger. Not just putting on a show but actively talking and flirting with the stranger at Lester's urging. Letting that stranger kiss her...and kiss him back.

It didn't escape her how similar the situation was to her early times with Dan on the couch while Lester watched, only Dan wasn't there this time. It was Lester who was both simultaneously playing Dan's role of putting her on display but also the one making her cum and pulling her further into risque scenarios.

Lester had actually had a conversation with her this time, it felt more like a genuine encounter and she saw a side of him she hadn't previously. It was clear that he was in a bit of a funk since his break up but their dates seemed to be re-energizing him.

She almost felt sympathy toward him; if it wasn't for his attitude and the intense way he fucked her she'd feel sorry for him. It was like she was peeling back the layers of an onion and discovering more and more about this trollish man.

Her thoughts were interrupted as her cell phone rang. She smiled warmly when she saw it was her husband calling. How he took her after she returned from the parking lot date with Lester flashed into her mind.

"Hey, love," Sarah said as she answered.

"Hey baby, I got some good news," Dan said.

"Oh yeah? Don't hold out on me, tell me what it is." Sarah said excitedly.

"I got another interview with another firm here in Chicago. This time in person, but it's in two days at their headquarters here in Chicago." Dan exclaimed.

"That's wonderful, honey," Sarah was silently dismayed that it was another Chicago job. She wanted her husband at home. "I'm so happy for you. I know you are going to do great, and at least in person, there hopefully won't be any naked people walking into the room."

"Heh, yeah, can you imagine? I'll have to take the morning off, but I don't think it'll be a problem. The office is pretty empty these days anyway." Dan said.

"It's getting that bleak there?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, it's just sad, honestly," Dan replied. "Uh, honey, I wanted to ask something else while I have you."

"Sure, babe, what's up?" Sarah noticed a bunch of email notifications popping up on her screen but kept her focus on her husband.

"About your date with Lester. I just wanted to double check, like, do you still feel safe? I'm pretty pissed that he would expose you like that to a stranger." Dan said.

"I mean, it's not like he planned it. The guy kind of just showed up, and Lester just rolled with it. I'm not going to lie, it did feel a little unsafe, not knowing what this person would do. But the danger did add something to it. It's like the same feeling I've had when we

roleplayed scenarios like that, but turned up 100 percent. It was intense.”

“What if something like that happens again? Do you think we should talk more about it? These dates, I didn’t expect them to go in a direction where some random guy could get involved —”

Sarah’s desk phone started ringing. She sent it to voicemail.

“Sorry baby, just a work call.” Sarah said.

“Yeah, no worries, what I was saying is, do you think we should —” Dan was cut off again by Sarah’s desk phone ringing.

“Babe, sorry, this must be urgent. Can I call you right back?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah, no worries, I get it. I love you baby.” Dan said. He sounded a little crestfallen.

“I love you too baby. Bye, my love.” Sarah said.

“Bye baby.” Dan said.

Sarah picked up the receiver of the desk phone, “Sarah Williams.”

“Uh hey Sarah, it’s Drew,” her boss said awkwardly as if he just remembered their last interaction. Sarah felt her face blush. She still hadn’t spoken to Drew about what had happened. She was mortified that he had walked in on her while she was in her underwear. She didn’t even know how to approach that conversation.

“I need you. I mean, uh, you are needed. Come down to meeting room A114 this is an urgent situation that just happened.”

“I’ll be right there,” Sarah put down the receiver and left her office. It was a short elevator ride and a bit of a walk, but she reached meeting room A114 within five minutes.

She wondered what she would find on the other side of the door. Perhaps Drew has waiting for her with HR to talk about her conduct in the office. That seemed unlikely.

If anything, he was probably worried about her going to HR. The idea of doing that to him made her sick, considering the games she was playing with Lester at the time.

She opened the door, and the CTO, the head of IT, was standing in front of a projector addressing a packed room. Other department heads were present, along with some of the legal and communications teams. It was never a good sign when the lawyers came to a meeting.

She ducked into the room and stood in an open space along the back wall.

"It's not just our hospital," the CTO said to the crowded room, "several clinics in our network have also been locked out of their systems. The group responsible hasn't mentioned the clinics yet, just us. They might not even know they have compromised other systems since those clinics shared our infrastructure."

"So, what are our options?" Drew said, looking around, confused. "How does this happen? Whose fault was it?"

"I think," the CTO started, "That who is to blame isn't important at the moment. We can figure that out afterwards. Right now, we need to consider our options going forward."

He gestured to the lawyers and the communications people. "We're completely locked out of our systems here. The group claims to have our patient records and will release them online. The only way to get our records back and to get back into our systems is to pay their ransom."

"How does this just happen?" Drew said, exasperated.

"It appears that someone clicked a link in an email that was addressed from you.

Obviously, it wasn't you, but they clicked it, and the ransomware installed itself on their computer and infected our entire network before we could catch it."

"Why didn't you catch it!" Drew said, standing. "This is why we have an IT

department, is it not!?"

The CTO locked eyes with Sarah as if looking for sympathy. He suppressed a flash of anger that came over his face, "We're under-resourced here. Our budget is continually slashed. We barely keep on top of maintaining our current systems, let alone doing preventative work. You suggested that we outsource things like our firewalls, security, and redundant systems to Swan Systems two years ago. You should really take this up with them - they haven't answered our calls yet. Their response time is abysmal."

Sarah cringed. She knew that Drew had insisted on using Swan Systems because he could slash the hospital's budget and eliminate some jobs. It was also widely known that he was golf buddies with the CEO of Swan Systems and may have received an undisclosed kickback for awarding them the contract. There had been underlying tension between the CTO and Drew since the signing, but this was the first time it had come to a head.

"We're fucked!" Drew yelled. Some of the people in the room flinched at the outburst.

"We're going to be cooked when the public finds out about this. All our data -

compromised! The board is going to have my ass if we have to pay this astronomical ransom."

"If I may," Sarah said, stepping forward. "I think we're all upset by this. Obviously the bad guys here are the ones that are holding our data hostage. Right now we need to all take a breath and figure out our next steps. Let's do this; we set up a command center here in this room. Let's tighten the circle on this, only those who need to run point for their departments stay in the room. Department heads, pick someone from your teams who can lead the effort and coordinate your teams. Make them aware that if someone says jump, they need to jump *fast*."

All eyes were on Sarah, and Drew seemed to deflate a bit, knowing someone was taking charge. "Next, let's all of us do our jobs, people. Can the IT team take the next hour to give us a list of options here from a technical perspective as well as how we prevent this from happening again? Drew, can you get ahold of the CEO of Swan Systems? Even if you have to drive down there and bang on their door. Maybe take some of our guys with you. We are paying them, after all."

Sarah looked at the lawyers in the room, "Can you guys figure out what our options are from a legal standpoint and what our obligations are?"

Then she turned to the communications team. She mentally noted a few people appraising her body as she moved, "We need some plans for how we communicate this to the public and to our patients. Even our staff. Maybe different options for different scenarios."

Sarah looked back at the CTO, who was nodding along, "Which system are we locked out of? Patient records? Diagnostics? Payroll?"

"All of it," the CTO said, shaking his head, "It's a big headache."

"Okay, okay, alright." Sarah had her hands on her hips. She unconsciously had her chest pressed out as she surveyed the room. "Alright, well, department heads, it's time to figure out how to run a hospital without our current systems. Figure out where things are at

with all the patients who are currently in beds, get the nurses on the phone to call outside doctor's offices to see who is supposed to be coming in. Hell, call in family members to help. Cancel non-emergency surgeries, and figure out what we can do. I'll connect with you all soon."

Sarah stood there, wondering what to do next. All eyes were on her. She looked at Drew, hoping he would step up and rally the troops. When it was clear he was comfortable sitting back she had to take reigns, "Alright, let's get going people. The only way we are going to get through this is to get moving. We're in this together.

Let's go."

With that, people began filtering out of the room. The head of payroll slid up next to Sarah, he said, "We need to find a solution that gets us our data back. We have hundreds of thousands of dollars in outstanding invoices. We can't just ignore that debt. If we can't get back up and running, we won't even know how much we need to bill out for today. What about the procedures we do tomorrow? It's going to be a nightmare."

"We'll figure it out," Sarah said. "Let's just get started on the first step and then figure out the rest."

As people were filtering out, she heard a couple of people mumbling.

"Lives are at stake, and he wants to know who to blame?" one said.

Another chimed in, "He's worthless, but she is probably severely underpaid for keeping this shit together."

An hour later, Sarah was in the makeshift war room as the CTO was briefing a small subset of hospital staff.

"Our teams are on it, but we are reasonably sure we can't get in. We've identified it as a Bad Rabbit ransomware package. Our staff is

mostly system admins, guys that maintain the network, repair our systems and manage devices - they don't handle this kind of thing. This should really be on Swan Systems. It is in their contract with us that they manage security."

"Let's get Drew on the line and see what he says," one of the other members said.

He reached forward and dialled Drew's number from the conference phone in the middle of the table. It rang a few times before Drew answered.

"Hello, Drew here," his voice echoed into the room.

"Hey, Drew, we got the whole crew here. We're wondering what Swan Systems is saying about this." the CTO said.

"Uh, yeah, they are saying it's going to be impossible to get back into the system. We need to either pay the ransom and hope they give us back our data and pray that they don't extort us further. That or else we ignore it, and we'll have to rebuild our systems and set up a bunch of new servers from scratch."

"That's not going to happen quickly," someone said.

"Do they have any other options for us?" the CTO asked. "We have some data backed up, but I don't know if it's compromised. It shouldn't be since it would be from before the scam email we identified, but we would need to check it thoroughly."

Drew said from the speaker, "They are suggesting that we start rebuilding our system and not pay the ransom. That seems to be a typical approach in these situations."

"Of course, they'd suggest that," the CTO scoffed, "They are the ones who are going to be billing us to rebuild everything. They'll make a ton of cash off of us."

Sarah's mind was reeling. She didn't know how to solve this situation, she was out of her depth. She just wished she could get her hands dirty, do the hard work and figure out a solution, but this wasn't her kind of problem.

The lawyers had already chimed in that the board would likely vote against paying the ransom. They'd reached out to other contractors, and IT security firms people had in their networks. They either replied with the same options that Swan Systems did or hadn't responded.

If she had known that this was the mess she'd be walking into on Monday morning, she would have called in sick and stayed in Chicago with Dan and Lester.

A thought occurred to her. It was a Hail Mary idea, but she might as well try it. Sarah pulled out her phone as Drew and the CTO continued to deliberate over the conference line. Under the table, she opened her messages. She ignored Lester's last message and typed.

> Do you know anything about

ransomware?

> I know a bit about it. . What's up?

> Have you heard of one called Bad Rabbit?

>I have. It's popular. A lot of my clients are dealing with it.

"Excuse me, I need to make a call," Sarah said as she rose from the table while dialling Lester's number

Toxic Attraction Ch. 13

"Morale is not good right now," Sarah said as she sat in the hospital's makeshift war room. Around the table were the heads of all the major departments and Drew, who looked like he hadn't eaten in a week.

"Across the board, from custodial to nurses and doctors up through administration, everyone is on edge figuring out how to operate this place without our computer systems. Everyone is doing their own thing to get through the day, patient care is inconsistent across the board, and we are having to invent new ways of doing things or, in some cases, reverting back to how things were done before computers." Sarah breathed, looking around at her colleagues. She hadn't felt this stressed in a long time. She wished she could just pause time and escape to Chicago for a break from it all.

She shifted in her seat, thinking about laying under Dan while they made love.

Getting lost in his touch, feeling him between her. Knowing she is being watched through the hole in the wall.

"That's the problem," one of her colleagues chimed in, "We have a lot of millennials and Gen Z on staff who've never had to do their jobs, let alone do anything in their lives without a computer. Now we are telling them to operate like we used to in the 80s and 90s, and their little brains just can't handle it. I've got pathologists using tape recorders for dictation, for god's sake. Then, someone will need to transcribe those!

We used to get biopsies done in a single day, but now we are backed up at least six weeks. It's ludicrous!

Sarah noticed the mood shift in the room. Everyone looked frustrated, which she knew fell back on her to solve. She had to

figure out a way out of this situation and unify everyone. Something Drew should be doing but was proving incapable of.

"Everyone is going to be even more pissed this week," the head of finance chimed in.

Drew looked up from his phone, "What do you mean?"

"We're locked out of all our systems. We can't do payroll. We can't pay our people.

We pay them every two weeks, which should be this week."

"Jesus fucking Christ," Drew said, putting his hands to his face.

Sarah quickly did the math in her head. She needed to get paid this week. Usually, she got paid on Thursdays, the same as Dan. That helped cover the mortgage payment that came out on Friday. Without that payment, she'd have to dip further into their already depleted savings.

"Can't," she heard herself saying before her brain registered she was speaking,

"Can't we just go to our bank and get cash or checks and issue those to staff?"

She realized she was saying this more as an employee who desperately needed to get paid, not as the hospital administrator she was.

"Do you know how long it would take to get checks printed and write them all out manually? Do the calculations on who had vacation time and who didn't show up for shifts? We have hundreds of employees. It's impossible," the man sat back, huffing.

"It's a pain in the ass, but it's not impossible. Sure mistakes will be made, but it's better than having our staff walk out on us," another person chimed in.

Drew still sat in the back, covering his eyes.

"Drew," the CTO said loudly, trying to quell the upset voices in the room, "What did the board say?"

Drew sighed as he lowered his hands and stared at the table in front of him, "They didn't approve of us paying the ransom. They said we can't pay it. We'll have to rebuild all our systems from scratch."

The room erupted in a series of groans.

Sarah turned to the CTO, "There's really nothing we can do here?"

Someone stood up and started berating Drew. The CTO, Jerry, turned to Sarah. She had to lean forward to hear him over the rest of the devolving discourse, "Every consultant or firm we have reached out to has told us that everyone either pays or rebuilds. Bad Rabbit is just too hard to crack. And if they could crack it and fix this for us, it might take months and that's something we don't have. The scammers gave us a deadline to pay or they will wipe the systems anyway. We're fucked."

Sarah sat back in her seat, stunned. Her colleagues continued their outbursts but Sarah couldn't engage. All she could think of now was her upcoming mortgage payment and what she needed to do to make sure it went through. She'd have to get the head of finance to take action and issue physical checks, but she also needed to find a way to solve this problem.

She gulped. She hadn't told anyone at work about Lester yet. He claimed to be able to help. She just wondered what it would cost.

"Come on," Dan mumbled as he looked through the cabinets in the kitchen. "Just one clean mug. All I need is one clean mug. Would it kill him to ever clean up after himself?"

Dan had left his Yeti tumbler at work and was trying to make a coffee before starting his day. He heard a shuffling sound from the other room. His eyes flicked to his watch. It was just past seven am. His interview wasn't until this afternoon.

The toast popped out of the toaster, but Dan ignored it. He took a few steps to glance into the living room. Lester was sitting on a chair, struggling against his gut as he put on his boots. After watching him for over a minute, Lester finally got both boots on. His face was flushed beet red as he stood up and seemed out of breath.

"You're up," Dan couldn't remember the last time he had seen Lester get out of bed before noon, "Where are you going?"

Lester smirked at him as he opened the door, "To go see your wife."

The door shut behind Lester, and Dan rolled his eyes, "What a fuckface."

Dan returned to the kitchen, spread peanut butter on his toast, and started eating.

He took bites as he continued to look around the cabinets for a clean mug but eventually gave up. I'll hit Starbucks on the way in.

As Dan sat on the bus to work, he ultimately decided to skip Starbucks and just make a coffee in the office. That was at least free. His mind turned to thoughts of Sarah and the issues she was experiencing at work. It sounded like her workplace was in quite a tight spot. Someone had clicked the wrong link, and now the entire hospital was locked out of their systems.

He knew it was a stressful situation but he still didn't like that Sarah had called Lester for his opinion. It didn't sit right with him. The only things Lester was an expert on were eating Cheetos and playing video games. *<i>And fucking your wife.</i>* Dan shook his head. Self-defeating thoughts had been creeping up more often lately.

He tried to keep a positive outlook but his situation was beginning to turn on him. It

was frustrating. He wanted to take action, to do something to improve their situation but there was nothing for him to do. He couldn't work hard at a job that didn't exist.

He could grab a lifeline that wasn't being thrown to him.

The only thing he could do right now was toil away at his current job while hoping to find a better one. He needed to stop spiralling, especially today. He needed to focus on his interview.

As the elevator doors opened on Dan's office floor, he couldn't help but be taken aback by how quiet it was. When he'd first started, the office would be bustling by now. As he walked towards the kitchen, he nodded to his glum-looking coworkers. It wasn't lost on him how many cubicles and offices now sat empty. He got the distinct feeling he was on a sinking ship.

He rounded the corner into the kitchen and saw one person in front of him, making their coffee. His boss, Walt.

"Morning Walt," Dan said as he grabbed his Yeti tumbler off the drying rack, "How goes the battle?"

Walt turned to Dan and smiled. Dan hadn't remembered Walt ever looking so old.

"Good Dan, good," Walt said, "I think we are finally on the right track, we're turning a corner. By this time next year this will all be a

painful memory. But say, Johnson just put in his two weeks and I was hoping you could take on his workload. He has some projects on the go, so nothing too much.”

“Yeah, no problem,” Dan said. He didn’t bother asking about compensation for the additional responsibilities. He knew what the answer would be.

“Thanks, Dan. I think this place would fall apart without you,” Walt said, patting him on the back as he headed towards his office with his fresh brewed coffee.

Dan stepped up to the coffee machine and pressed the button. Dan watched his tumbler slowly begin to fill as the delicious scent of coffee hit his nose. He heard the rhythmic beat of his cell phone. A text message.

He reached into his jacket pocket and retrieved it. It was from Sarah.

> Hey baby. I’m at work safe and sound. Another emergency meeting. They are saying we can’t pay the ransom and have to rebuild everything from scratch.

Dan read her message and watched as three dots appeared. His coffee finished brewing but he stood there waiting for the dots to disappear. Eventually, a message replaced them.

> Lester thinks he can fix this. I’m not so sure but I asked him to come in and see what he can do. I know, I know, it’s Lester, right. But he has a website and everything, he actually looks kind of legit.

Dan felt his stomach drop. Lester had been serious this morning when he said he was leaving to see Sarah. Could he have stopped him then, before he left? Dan felt like he let another opportunity slip through his fingers. But this time that opportunity had designs on his wife.

He balled his hand into a fist. He was cornered at work and felt like the rest of his life was slipping out of his grasp. Once again he had underestimated Lester and it had cost him. Lester had been truthful with him and presented an opportunity to counter but he had missed it.

Another message came in, sharing a URL. Dan clicked it and it looked very professional and gave an air of expertise and competence. Still, something about it seemed almost too perfect. Dan couldn't quite put his finger on why it bothered him.

It was probably his bias that Lester was heading to Middleton, his hometown. To come in and be the knight in shining armor to his wife. He gritted his teeth as he put the lid on his tumbler and headed for his office. He would toil away at these projects for Walt to what end? None of it would get him closer to his goals and none of it would get him closer to being back with Sarah and the kids.

As he closed his office door behind him he exhaled and took a deep breath. Focus.

You have the interview this afternoon. That could be a game-changer.

"Screw this," Dan said as he sat down. Work would have to wait. It was time to prep for his interview.

Rain was beginning to hit Sarah's office window. She watched the parking lot below as speckles of rain began to dot the cars. Holding her warm coffee mug to her chest, Sarah closed her eyes and focused on her breathing. She'd used this technique for years to center herself, try to relax, and shut out the world and problems around her by breathing.

The ringing of her desk phone broke her focus. Sighing, Sarah turned around, walked over to her desk and answered it.

"Hi Mrs. Williams. This is the security desk downstairs," the female voice on the other end said. "Your, uh...guest has arrived."

"Thank you," Sarah said, feeling the hairs on the back of her neck stand up, "I'll be right down."

Sarah hung up the phone and took one last glance out the window. Dark rain clouds were on the horizon. With one last sip of coffee, she left her office and headed to the elevator.

As Sarah entered the hospital lobby, it was striking to see Lester standing there. To see him out of the apartment, out of Chicago – in her place of work, in her hometown. She felt uneasy about it. Her brain wanted to digest and process. This was something she needed to think about. But Sarah had a job to do, and hopefully, Lester could help her get it done.

Lester was standing in the middle of the hospital lobby, awkwardly scrolling on his phone. He wore scuffed dress shoes - Lester's baggy jeans covered the heels. His grey sweater didn't look too bad, but it seemed to strain at his bulky mass. A faded white collar indicated he wore a dress shirt underneath, though Sarah couldn't be sure what state it was in. The strap of a black backpack hung over one shoulder.

Sarah rolled her eyes. She already knew Drew would hate him. Sarah should have thought ahead and gotten Lester better clothes. He was, after all, a reflection on her.

She nodded to the security guard as she walked across the lobby towards Lester. It only now dawned on her that perhaps this was a terrible idea. Her coworkers and colleagues would see her with Lester, her husband's roommate. Someone she had been intimate with.

Sarah straightened her skirt before stretching out her hand to Lester, "Lester good to see you again. Thank you for coming down."

Lester smirked at Sarah's professional etiquette, "Great to see you too, Sarah. Lead the way."

Sarah led Lester to the back of the lobby towards the elevator bank. They didn't receive as many stares as Sarah was accustomed to, likely because they weren't presenting as a couple.

As they rode the elevator down, Lester turned to Sarah, "You look great. Maybe next time we go out, I'll get you to wear something professional that I can take off you."

Lester reached up and brushed a strand of hair out of Sarah's face, tucking it behind her ear. Sarah gently pushed his hand away, her eyes darting up to the concealed camera.

"Not here. Not now," Sarah said through gritted teeth. Thankfully, it was just them in the elevator. "Let's act professional, okay?"

The elevator doors opened and Lester put an arm out to hold them and gestured for Sarah to exit first. As she walked past him he said, "So I shouldn't tell them how much you love my cock?"

"Sshhhh," anger flared on Sarah's face. She stared daggers at Lester, "I'm serious, Lester. Not now."

"Alright, whatever," Lester said, following her into the hallway, "Professional, you got it."

"Okay. Thank you." As they rounded a corner, Sarah said, "We're heading to a meeting room with the CEO and all the department heads. I've given them a brief heads up email about you. To be frank, the board and CEO are pushing for the entire system to be rebuilt. That's based on the advice they've been given. We can't or

won't pay the ransom and everyone thinks it's unlikely we can get back control of the system."

"Yep. That's usually how it goes." Lester said.

Sarah stopped outside the meeting room door, "Listen Lester. I'm putting a lot on the line bringing you in here, okay? Please don't make me regret it."

Lester held up two fingers, "Scout's honor." She'd seen him do and say that before.

She knew it meant nothing to him.

Sarah let out a long breath. There was no going back now. She turned the knob on the door and stepped into the war room. Heads turned and the entire room looked at her.

"Hey everyone," Sarah said as she walked into the room. Lester followed her in. She focused on the people in front of her. Do they know? Can they tell? Stop it Sarah, there is no way.

"This is Lester, the consultant I sent the memo about. He might be able to help us get back into our systems." Sarah gestured to Lester.

The CTO, Jerry stood up and shook Lester's hand, greeting him. A few others followed. Drew remained seated. He loosened his tie and said, "Nice to meet you, Lester. I'm sorry - I'm just a little skeptical. Everyone we've talked to, and to be clear, we have talked to the foremost experts in the field, who have told us it's impossible to get back into our systems in the timeline the ransomers have given us. We are making plans to push forward and rebuild our systems and network. I apologize if i'm not more excited to meet you, it's just that I don't have a ton of faith that you can do what Sarah here says you can."

Sarah looked at Lester, she didn't know how we would react to that. He was so unpredictable.

"No problem, sir," Lester started. "I get it. Most other consultants and firms would say that. It makes sense - they really aren't incentivized to do anything other than help you rebuild your systems. I don't think they are malicious, but they might not have the skill sets. So their best course is to bill you a ton to rebuild your systems."

"Listen," Drew said, putting a hand up, "We are very close with our vendor Swan Systems. They are perfectly capable of doing the job."

"I'm sure they can rebuild it, but wouldn't you rather have your system back under control?" Lester said. Sarah was taken aback by Lester's confidence here, walking into an unfamiliar environment and going toe to toe with her boss.

"Sure," Drew said. "But that's not going to happen."

"Let me take a look and diagnose what's happening. If I can help, great. If I can't, we won't waste more of each other's time." Lester was still standing in front of the long table.

"The Swan System's team won't be happy," Jerry, the CTO, said looking at Drew,

"But I think we should at least give the guy a crack at it."

Drew shrugged his shoulders and looked at Sarah, "He's your guy. I don't want to waste money or time on this option but if you think there might be a chance, go for it."

"Right," Sarah said, "I think it's good we explore all angles. Who knows? Maybe we get lucky here. It's worth a shot."

"Alright then," Jerry said. "Mr...Lester, what do you need?"

"I just need someplace quiet where I can plug into the network and run a diagnostic.

It would also be helpful to see the security documentation that Swan Systems provided to help me diagnose what your security infrastructure looks like." Lester said.

The CTO glared at Drew, "Yeah, I would like to see that too."

"Alright," Drew said. "You need a quiet place to work? It isn't here. Why don't you go plug in out of the way somewhere? Sarah, what about in your office?"

Sarah felt her face go red. She hadn't expected that, "Sure, sure, that works."

She rose and led Lester out of the room as Drew berated someone from the communications team. She led Lester back into the elevator. They rode up to Sarah's floor in silence.

Sarah was surprised Lester didn't say anything. She led him into her office and showed him to her computer. Her chair squeaked as Lester sat down. He opened his backpack and brought a laptop, several wires, and what looked like USB drives. It all looked very technical and suddenly Sarah could feel a glimmer of hope that he might be able to rectify the situation.

"Okay Lester," Sarah was eager to get back to the war room. "Do you have everything you need?"

Lester nodded and started typing on his laptop.

"Okay then, I'll be back in a bit," Sarah said, leaving Lester alone in her office.

> What's going on?

Dan stared at his phone screen. Sarah still hadn't replied to his message. He was sure Lester was already at Sarah's hospital. His mind was going wild with the implication. Dan had a hard time imagining Lester being able to help Sarah, he was probably just taking advantage of the situation, something he seemed to be an expert at.

Focus.

Dan had to push the thought of Lester out of his mind for now. He trusted Sarah. She knew what she was doing. He needed to focus on what was in front of him. His interview. He'd spent the last few hours running through mock interview questions, researching the company and people who may be involved in the interview process.

He glanced at this computer and saw several emails from Walt, forwarding information over on his new projects. He didn't want to even look at them yet. He hoped he could nail this interview, secure a new job and all these projects would be the next guy's problem.

His phone screen lit up—a message from Sarah.

> Hey baby sorry for taking a bit to respond. Lester is here and looking at our systems. No one is expecting much but I hope he can fix it. If not we might miss payroll this week if the finance team doesn't get their shit together.

Dan reread the text. The word payroll bugged him as much as Lester. Their mortgage payment was due Friday. He didn't track the state of the accounts as closely as Sarah, but he knew they'd be hurting if their pay cheque got delayed.

Maybe he could call the bank and explain the situation.

Thoughts of their mortgage immediately turned Dan's attention to their house. Lester is going to try to go to their house, isn't he?

He typed up a quick response to Sarah.

>They better figure that out. It's not acceptable for a business not to pay their employees.

> Do you think Lester is going to try something? I'm sure Lester will try to worm an invitation out of you.

Sarah quickly responded.

>Nothing yet. I'll give my parents a call just in case. I'm heading into a meeting and might not be able to respond for a bit. I love you. I will let you know what happens.

Dan replied.

> I love you too

Dan gritted his teeth, thinking about Lester in his home while he was miles away in another city. The thought made his stomach turn.

"Goddammit," Dan said as he realized his dick was as hard as a rock. The thought of Lester alone with Sarah in his house, in his bed, where he was supposed to be.

Taking his place like that. It was too twisted not to get turned on by it. He needed to change his situation, if not just for the economics but so he wouldn't have to be confronted by his fantasies each time Sarah visited. It didn't help that in the time between visits, Dan's horniness would grow as would his desires to see his fantasies acted out.

Focus on what you can control.

Dan got up to go for a walk. He needed to get out of the office and clear his head so he could get back to preparing himself for his interview.

> My parents will pick up the kids from school. Would be nice anyway just so I don't have to be mom tonight.

> I'm not planning on Lester coming to our house though. Feels weird.

> Good luck on your interview

Sarah finished sending her messages to Dan. She had just peeked her head into her office to check on Lester. He barely looked up from the screen; he seemed to be working diligently. At least, she hoped he was. Sarah couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding at the rain peppering the window.

She took the elevator back down to the war room and settled into the chair.

Everyone was quietly working on their laptops, coordinating different activities from their respective departments. The IT team was able to set them up with new devices that weren't compromised, so they could at least try to coordinate things, but they still couldn't access critical systems though. Sarah took her seat, placing her phone down next to her laptop.

"So," Drew said, breaking the silence, "Where did you dig up that guy from, Sarah?"

Sarah shifted uneasily in her seat. She didn't like being put on the spot. Her professional corporate persona took over, " He's from the city. He has done work with my husband's firm in the past. He comes with good recommendations."

"Well, I've never heard of him." Drew didn't seem to like that she presented a plan other than his. She worried that his judgment was clouded because of his relationship with Swan Systems. Perhaps they wouldn't be in this mess if they'd gone with someone else.

"I don't know what to tell you, Drew. Perhaps I just have a better network." Sarah said.

Jerry and a few others stifled a laugh. Drew furrowed his brow and focused his attention on his laptop.

"We're supposed to get a big storm tonight," Jerry said. No one responded.

Everyone was heads down in their work.

After an hour, Sarah checked her watch. It was already late afternoon.

"I'm going to go check in with some folks," Sarah locked her screen and rose, leaving her laptop and notebook on the desk. As she crossed the room she felt eyes lifting from computer screens, watching her body covertly.

She walked through the hospital and checked in with some friends and coworkers across different departments. While she trusted the department heads in the war room, she wanted to hear what the real pain points were. It was better to hear from the source rather than the sanitized versions that department heads might present.

Eventually, she found herself back in front of her office. She opened the door and found Lester hunched over his laptop. At some point, Lester must have left as she noticed a can of Coke and a Cheeto bag on her desk. The desktop had a fresh dusting of orange crumbs.

"How's it going in here?" Sarah said as she crossed the room. She realized she'd left him alone in her office for a few hours. She'd

never have done that if she hadn't been locked out of her computer. As it was, he couldn't access anything personal on her work machine. Maybe she'd had him stay in her office to hide him away, like she did in Chicago.

"Good." Lester said, looking up from his computer for the first time. "After looking at everything, I'm confident I can restore access to your systems."

"Really?" Sarah said more skeptically than she'd intended, "How? Everyone we've talked to said it would take months at the earliest to regain access and they couldn't guarantee it."

"It shouldn't take months," Lester scoffed. "I should be able to restore access and lock them out in a couple of days at most. The Bad Rabbit ransomware they infected your systems with is outdated. It has its own vulnerabilities that I can exploit to take control of it. Then it's just a matter of shutting it down and purging it from your systems."

"Lester, this is great news. Thank you. Thank you so much. We should go down and tell everyone now before Drew progresses too far on the rebuild." Sarah was relieved. She felt like she was walking on air as she nearly floated out of the office.

Lester rose from the desk and followed Sarah to the door. As she went to open it, Lester's hand came from behind her and pushed it closed.

"There is just the matter of payment that we need to work out," Lester whispered in her ear. Sarah felt her breath catch in her throat and knew her face had turned beet red. The floating feeling had disappeared as suddenly as it had arrived. In its place was dread, sitting in the pit of her stomach, and a slight hint of something she couldn't quite name yet.

She turned around. Lester was standing closer than she had anticipated, "We should head downstairs and discuss that with Drew and the others."

"Heh, eventually, we will. But there are parts of my compensation that only you can fulfill." He looked intently into her eyes.

Sarah wanted to back away, but she held her ground. This was at her place of work.

She could be in serious shit if Lester tried something here.

"What exactly are you proposing?" Sarah asked.

Lester reached up and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. This time, she didn't swat his hand away.

"Yes, I am going to ask to get paid by the hospital, but tonight I want a nice, warm, home-cooked meal. Think you can make that happen?" Lester's eyes narrowed.

Sarah understood the implication. Lester wanted to come to her house—the house with a mortgage payment that was going to get missed this week. Dan had been right. She was running through different scenarios in her head, different things she could say, alternatives she could try. She felt her pocket, searching for her cell phone. It wasn't there. You must have left it down in the war room with your laptop.

She really needed to contact Dan before she agreed to anything. He had predicted something like this might –

"Don't be coy," Lester said, closing the distance between them. His gut pushed into her flat stomach. "We both know how this goes. You pretend not to want this, and you put on a good show, but in the end, once I get you alone, you'll keep begging me for more."

A small smile formed on Lester's face, "I'll save you effort. Let's skip the song and dance. Just say okay."

Sarah stayed silent. Lester had her cornered in her workplace where she never let anyone walk over her. Here in her office, that was her domain and hers alone. How did he make her feel this way? As if she would cave to whatever he said.

Lester ran the back of his hands over her chest. He was groping her. He was still trying to maintain some level of professionalism but he still knew what he was doing,

"Just say okay." His knuckle had grazed against her nipple, now he ran his palm over it, noting how firm it had become.

Part of Sarah's brain realized that she was being sexually touched in the workplace by an outside contractor. She thought HR might love to know that. She opened her mouth to speak, to put him in her place like she would if anyone else in the building tried this.

"Okay," she said, looking up into Lester's eyes. Part of her brain protested, she hoped her eyes looked defiant. But she knew they didn't. Lester's demand felt like a weight being placed on her, it was easier just to give in then to push back on it. Did she really even want to push back? He was about to try and help everyone, did she really want to ruin that?

Lester grinned and backed away from her. She felt the heat from his body being drawn away. He motioned towards the desk. Sarah furrowed her brow, "Shouldn't we head downstairs and talk to everyone?"

"In a minute," Lester said, still motioning toward her desk. With a sigh, Sarah stepped past Lester, went to the other side of her desk and sat down.

"So," Lester said, stepping around the desk until he was looked down at Dan's wife,

"What are you going to make me for dinner?"

"I'll figure something out," Sarah said, weighing different options in her head. She'd figure that out later. "Can we go down now and talk to Drew about your payment terms?" He was close enough that she could catch his scent. She crossed her legs, feeling vulnerable in this situation.

"Are you sure they can afford it? The price might be quite high." Lester grinned as he rested a hand on her desk. Sarah glanced at it, wondering if the desk would support his weight.

"Well, we won't know if we don't ask them," Sarah said looking up at Lester.

"That's the problem. I didn't want to come all the way here and not get paid. I think I'm owed a little down payment. Right now." Lester stepped closer to Sarah. His knees touched hers, she was eye level with his crotch. She just now realized this had been his plan all along.

"Lester," Sarah said flatly, "This is my workplace, I'm not going to sleep with you here. I could really get in deep shit."

Sarah thought about what would happen to her if she was caught doing this.

Professionally she would probably be fired, which would ultimately devastate her financial plans with Dan. Personally, she knew how much her coworkers gossiped.

Something like this would ruin them if it got out to her friends and family.

"Heh," Lester licked his lips. "I wouldn't dream of it. Besides, I don't want to spoil my dessert for tonight. Here." Lester handed her his phone. Sarah glanced down at it.

On the screen was a picture of a large cock. She immediately recognized it as Lester's.

She took a sharp intake of breath, looking at it. She quickly broke her gaze and looked up at him, towering over her. He was grinning again. The familiar environment

of her office suddenly seemed illicit and cramped, as if she were once more in the back of Lester's car. She realized how large Lester's body seemed and how much space it seemed to take up.

"I haven't been satisfied with your sexting," Lester said. "Before we go back downstairs, I want to watch you touch yourself while staring at my cock."

Sarah glanced back down at the phone screen. Her eyes lingered too long. She felt herself salivate and heat emanating from between her legs, "Lester, I can't.

Someone could just walk in."

Lester retreated to the other side of the desk and walked to the door. He locked it while looking her in the eyes. Sarah didn't move. Lester walked back and stood in front of her.

Sarah felt an odd sense of relief when Lester locked the door. She had been yearning for an escape from her responsibilities and problems. Part of her wanted to run to Chicago and lose herself again. But now it seemed like Chicago had come to her. She was locked in a room with Lester in a familiar place. It wasn't his bedroom or his car but it was her office. How he looked at her made her feel like she was the prize conquest in a high-stakes game. His stare felt intoxicating.

"I'm not going back downstairs until we do this," Lester said. "However long it takes depends on you."

Sarah glanced back down at the phone and then back to Lester, "Why? Why do you want this?"

"Because I want to see it first hand. I know you've looked at all the pictures I've sent you. I want to see you get off to them." Lester reached down and swiped the phone screen. Another photo of Lester's cock from another angle appeared. Pre-cum clearly leaking from the slit on its head.

Sarah stared at the screen. Lester took the opportunity to reach down and undo the button on her pants. Sarah glanced down and swatted at his arm. He quickly unzipped her pants before stepping back and leaning against the window.

She stared back at the troll-like man. She could see the intensity written on his face -

lust mixed with determination. He intended to get what he wanted. It was then that Sarah realized that she was breathing hard, her arousal clearly evident to Lester.

She too could sense his excitement - the bulge of his cock was beginning to press against his baggy jeans. It wasn't obvious or obscene, but Sarah knew the shape of his cock well enough to know when Lester was getting hard.

Without breaking eye contact, Sarah raised her hips off her office chair and pulled her pants down to her calves. Lester broke eye contact first, tracking the pants descending down her body. His eyes running over her smooth and toned legs, so unlike his own.

Sarah bit her lip, exposing herself like this in front of him. At her workplace no less, in front of the large windows. She knew no one could see them but part of her still felt the thrill. She had mentioned

a sexual fantasy to Dan once. About having sex in one of their workplaces. She never imagined she would be fulfilling part of it with someone other than her husband.

Lester's eyes lifted from her legs, back to her face. He was waiting. Sarah looked away from him, casting her eyes on the phone in her hand. Lester's angry cock was there, looking up at her.

Sarah breathed out as she dropped her other hand down to her panties. She played with the top of her white pantyline until her fingers disappeared below the fabric. Her eyes shut, and she leaned back in her chair as her fingers came into contact with her clit. She started to play with it, gently pushing against it in a circular motion, her fingers gliding over the slick hood.

"Mmmmm," a soft moan escaped her lips. She couldn't believe she was doing this in front of him.

"Open your eyes," Lester said, "Look at the phone."

Sarah complied, opening her eyes. She first looked at Lester, she noted that his cock had continued to grow in his baggy jeans, and then she turned back down to her phone. To Lester's large cock. She swiped the screen. Another image of his cock sprang to life, his hand clearly visible as he stroked it.

Her fingers began to move faster as she focused on the screen in front of her. She took in the details of Lester's cock while her body remembered what it felt like inside of her, the depths of pleasure it had taken her to. She closed her eyes again.

The image of Lester's cock burned into her brain. She could imagine what it looked like on the phone without even opening her eyes. Sarah bit her lip and continued to touch herself. She could feel herself working her way toward an orgasm. She just needed to keep the fire burning –

Something clanged on the floor. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Lester. His pants were around his ankles and his impressive cock was pointing right at her.

Sarah looked between the cock on the phone and the real hot throbbing cock next to her. She didn't know which one to focus on. Lester's musk filled her nostrils. Her facial expression was moving from slight confusion to deep lust.

"Put the phone down," Lester said as he waddled up to her. His hairy knees touched her as he stood directly in front of her. He slowly began to stroke his cock while looking down at Dan's wife.

Lester had his cock out in her office. In her place of work. It was just inches from her, pointed right at her. How did she get here? Sarah's eyes were transfixed on the head of Lester's cock. She leaned forward slightly towards it but caught herself. She pushed herself back into the chair despite what her body wanted.

Sarah put the phone down on the desk, her eyes never breaking from Lester's cock.

He continued to stroke it slowly as Sarah increased the pace of her fingers. It was too much for her to resist. She could feel the fire burning inside her and wouldn't stop now. Couldn't stop now.

Her fingers continued to massage her sensitive clit. Sarah stared at Lester's cock as his fist travelled up the shaft toward her. As Lester gripped it close to the head, a bead of pre-cum began to ooze out. Sarah watched as it dripped out and hung on the base of Lester's cock before breaking free and dropping. Dropping down until it landed on her thigh.

It felt wet and warm. Sarah could smell how pungent it was. She stared at the glob of cum coating her pristine white thighs as it travelled down her thigh. Feeling it on her body, watching the trail it

left behind, the whole situation was too much for Sarah to comprehend.

"Oh fuck," Sarah squealed as her thighs pushed together against her hand. Sarah came. She lifted her feet off the ground, and they touched Lester's shins. Her eyes closed, and she stopped breathing as her orgasm rippled through her body,

"Mhmmmm."

"That's right, Sarah, cum for my cock," Lester growled. It was still his favorite thing to hear. The sound of the immaculate wife cumming was music to him.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him. She fixated on the hunger in his dark eyes. Lester took a breath, seeing the lust also coming from her eyes. She came down from her orgasm and her fingers continued to lightly stroke her clit, continuing to fan the flames.

Lester took a step forward, pushing her knees further apart. Sarah looked down at his cock mere inches away from her face. She looked back up at Lester's ugly face and then down to his beautiful cock. She could feel the heat coming off of it on her cheek.

Sarah continued to play with herself as she leaned forward towards him. She met his eyes, and her lips parted as she descended onto the head of Lester's cock. She could taste the salty pre-cum that had oozed out of the head. She delighted in the taste.

"Fuck yes," Lester growled as the head of his cock pressed against her tongue.

Sarah gripped the shaft of Lester's cock with one hand while the other continued to work on herself. She knew there was something pressing she needed to do, but all she wanted to do right now was

please Lester's cock. She whimpered as another spurt of Lester's foul precum oozed across her taste buds.

Sarah pulled her head off of Lester's cock, running her tongue up its length as it left her mouth. She lifted his cock up slightly and began to lick its underside, assessing the large specimen proudly as she bathed it with her tongue. Lester put a knee on her chair, just between her legs, giving Sarah more access. She leaned forward and licked down his entire cock until she reached his balls. Sarah stuck her tongue out and licked where his balls connected with his cock as her fist started pumping his shaft.

She could feel his heartbeat in the veins of his cock, pulsating for her. Lester's pubic hair pushed into Sarah's face and nose as her tongue twirled around his ballsack.

She felt fulfilled, knowing she could cause Lester's cock to grow to its full length.

Sarah could feel the wrinkle of Lester's ballsack on her tongue. The hairs were getting in the way, but she didn't care. Lester leaned back, pushing more of his balls into Sarah's waiting mouth. She was pumping his shaft furiously as she quickly ran the tip of her index finger in circles around her clit. She licked all over his balls, not content until she had completely covered every inch of them in her saliva. She sucked each one into her mouth, savoring the primal taste. She heard Lester's grunt of approval and it fueled her activity. Her hand moved faster as she soaked through her panties.

She could feel the veins of his cock pulsating in her hands. Lester leaned further back as Sarah dived forward with her tongue. Her eyes were closed and she licked further down than she ever had on Lester before, licking the area under his balls.

Lester's body shook at the sensation. Sarah didn't know what came over her but she liked causing that reaction. She licked him there

again, swirling her tongue around the area. It tasted coppery and bitter the further she went.

“Ughhh,” Lester groaned, his hand finding the back of her neck and pulling her tight against him. He pushed forward as Sarah continued to work under him. His balls, coming to rest, squashed against her face.

His body started to involuntarily thrust into Sarah’s petite hands. He never lost control like this. His fingers found the hair at the base of her neck and he made a fist.

He pulled her face up in an attempt to regain control, his balls running against her cheeks as her tongue followed behind. She continued to lick him as he pulled her up his shaft. When her lips reached the head of his cock she didn’t hesitate to wrap her lips around it again. Sucking it feverishly.

Lester pulled his cock out of her mouth. Sarah stuck her tongue out, trying to get contact with it. He held her by the back of the head with one hand while the other gripped the base of his cock, just underneath Sarah’s hand. He took his cock and rubbed it all over Sarah’s face. Her saliva and his pre-cum mixing onto her forehead and cheeks, smudging her makeup.

“Mhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned, feeling Lester’s large cock draped and dragged across her face. She moved her head around, trying to lick Lester’s cock as it moved over her skin. The wild movements of the slickened pole were driving the wife’s excitement.

Lester grew harder, hearing Sarah moan as he dragged his cock over her face. It wasn’t in his notes that she enjoyed that. He pulled back and roughly smacked his cock against the side of her cheek. Sarah’s breath caught in her throat.

Lester stood still, appraising the situation. Sarah took advantage of his hesitation and grabbed his cock with both hands, and started

working them up and down his shaft.

She bobbed forward until her mouth found his cock and she rolled her tongue around its head. Her mouth opened and she took more of him in, sucking as hard as she could.

Gripping the back of her neck, Lester started to thrust sharply into her mouth.

Sarah's hands tried to meet his thrusts but they were too unpredictable. The head of his cock tapped the back of her mouth, causing Sarah to gag as he tried to enter her throat. She quickly recovered and braced herself as it happened again. And then again. She focused on opening her throat for his unforgiving cock. Mascara ran down her cheeks as her eyes watered from the repeated intrusion. Her hips undulated as she sucked the fat man, in imitation of how she wanted to ride the organ presently pistoning in and out of her mouth.

Lester was fucking her mouth in her office with abandon. Somewhere far away, she heard a phone ringing.

"Uh, Uh, Uh," Lester grunted as he fucked the young mother's sexy lips. He wanted nothing more than to keep going, to cum down her throat. He looked down and saw both of her hands stroking his cock. This wasn't what he had planned.

He put a hand on her shoulder and pushed her back into the chair. Sarah's hands still held onto his cock. Her hips still moved seductively.

"Touch yourself," Lester said, prying her hands from his cock, "Touch yourself." He nodded at her panties, "Down there"

Lester stood up off the chair and continued to stroke his cock in front of Sarah. She stared at him, upset at having her prize toy taken away. She quickly complied and put one hand back into her

panties as she teased her own clit. Her finger wandered briefly into her drenched crevice, sampling the heat there. She was getting closer.

Lester stood directly in front of her, stroking his cock while staring at the young wife's face. Her eyes were locked onto his angry cock head.

"Did you touch yourself?" Lester said through gritted teeth. He could feel his own orgasm quickly approaching. "When I sent you the pictures? Tell me." The soft slap of his playing with himself was doing something to the young wife. His fleshy tempo was building ominously to something she craved deeply.

"Yes," Sarah said before her mind could tell her not to. "I did." The depravity of confessing the truth to his face as she performed the same sin added considerable fuel to the fire inside the married woman.

"I knew it." Lester pumped himself faster, his sausage-like fingers gripping his bulging tool. Sarah's fingers moved to keep pace with Lester. "What did you like about them? What did you think about why you touched yourself? Did you like the pre-cum? Did you like the veins? Did you like the ones with my hands stroking –"

"Ugh, fuck, I thought about how good it looked. How it tasted and how fucking good it feels inside me," Sarah said, cutting Lester off. "Keep stroking for me, big boy. I'm almost there."

"You going to cum for me, Sarah? Cum staring at my cock. Don't stop looking at it."

Lester grunted as he felt his balls tingling.

Sarah stared, transfixed by Lester's cock. Watching the slit in his cock head, waiting to see him explode. She was going to dart forward and take as much of him into her mouth as she could. She

wanted to feel his cum hitting the back of her mouth. She wanted to swallow that warmth into her belly.

Sarah's fingers pushed hard into her clit. The images of Lester's cock exploding filled her mind, "Ah fuck. Oh god. Fuck!" The wet smacking sounds of their mutual masturbation were almost loud enough to be heard in the hall outside.

Sarah came hard for the second time ever in her office. Her thighs squeezed her hand and she felt wetness all over them.

"That's it....fuck," Lester said as his balls exploded. He felt the rush of pleasure expand through his cock. Sarah moved forward toward his dick, but Lester quickly put his hand on her head and palmed it like a basketball, holding her in place. The first rope of cum splattered across Sarah's neck and chin. Her body revelled in the warm feeling of Lester's cum on her skin. That he could paint her with his considerable lust, covering her with it.

Sarah rode the increasing wave of her bliss, a breathless groan passed between her lips, "Ahhnnngg."

The second stream of cum blasted her dark blouse over her breasts. The third painted her blouse again, as well as her cream blazer. Sarah was still revelling in pleasure. With her other hand, she reached up and felt the cum on her chin, absent mindeling dragging it up to her lips.

She sucked on her fingers, tasting Lester's perverted spunk as her fingers danced over her clit and her orgasm started to recede.

Lester bent forward and another rope of cum sprayed her panty cover hand. Lester leaned forward, putting his knee back up on the chair. Sarah removed her hand from her panties and placed it on his chest. Lester squeezed his cock and another rope of pungent cum blasted out again onto her white panties. Together they watched as it thoroughly soaked them in his fluids.

He braced himself, moving his hand to the back of the chair behind her head as he caught his breath. Sarah could still taste Lester's cum on her lips as she sat there, looking up at the beast of a man, wondering what he was going to do next. She stuck her tongue out and licked, then kissed his hairy chest, lingering on the sour taste of his acrid sweat.

Eventually, he stumbled back and leaned against her desk. It squeaked as it moved slightly across the floor. Lester was smiling from ear to ear, looking down at the masterpiece he had just created.

Sarah's eyes followed his, and she looked down at herself. Her blouse and blazer were stained with Lester's illicit cum.

"Lester!" Sarah scolded, "What the fuck? We have to get back down to that meeting."

Lester was grinning ear to ear like he was very pleased with himself.

"Yeah, you're going to need to clean yourself up." He left her to it, turning to put his clothes back on.

"It is entirely doable to get you back into your systems within a couple of days,"

Lester said from the front of the meeting room. All of the department heads were listening eagerly.

Sarah saw Drew's head turn towards her. She felt his eyes on her. She pretended not to notice as she kept her attention on Lester. No one had said a word when she entered wearing just a tank top with her pants, but she was sure more than one of them thought the bare shoulders and arms weren't appropriate for the workplace.

If anyone said anything, Sarah was prepared to say that had spilt coffee on her shirt and blazer and this tank top was the only thing she had to change into. Still, she didn't like how much skin she was showing to her coworkers. This tank top had a slight v-neck to it, so her coworkers could get quite the view at the right angle. She had cleaned off her remaining makeup, so hopefully, not too many eyes were on her.

She had worked hard to attain their respect and be put on equal footing. She didn't intend to mess that up now. Besides, they were in crisis - what she wore to this meeting should be the furthest thing from anyone's mind.

Still, Sarah couldn't help but think Lester was subtly showing her off to her coworkers, flaunting his sexual conquest of her.

"The version of Bad Rabbit that infected your systems isn't impenetrable," Lester continued. Sarah squirmed uneasily in her seat. She could feel her wet panties but wasn't sure if it was herself or Lester's cum that was causing them to stick against her skin. She just hoped that it didn't make a damp stain that might be seen on the front of her pants.

"In fact, it has its own weaknesses that we can exploit to get you back in control of your systems. We'll have to disconnect you from the outside world for a period, isolate each system, and then regain control one at a time, but it should take days, not months. I can get started tomorrow." Lester stated to the group.

Sarah saw something in her coworker's faces that she hadn't seen in days. Hope.

They looked around at one another, eager to believe Lester's prognosis.

"Okay, so what would something like this cost?" Drew said as he crossed his arms.

Lester nodded to Sarah, "Well, normally, it would be quite a bit more, but Sarah has already negotiated me down substantially. She is really quite impressive, I must say."

Sarah felt herself blush as Lester continued.

"I can draw up a contract to show you the particulars –"

"How much," Drew said, irritated.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Lester said flatly, "I don't require anything upfront payment net thirty once you regain access to your systems."

That is a lot of money.

Sarah couldn't help but think about how that much money could change her family's life and solve so many issues for them. If only Dan could figure out a way to bring that much into their bank account. How much money does Lester have?

"That's ludicrous!" Drew said loudly, "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a couple of days work!"

"Drew," Jerry said in a calm manner, "With Swan System's the rebuild would cost substantially more than that."

"That fee is for my expertise," Lester said, "And for quickly returning your access to your systems. Not only will you spend much more on rebuilding your systems, but if you go that route, consider the scope creep that will come with it. You will save months of productivity by not having your people perform manual workarounds. Like I said, I'm undercharging for this."

"I still don't like it," Drew huffed. "I think we should proceed with Swan Systems."

Thank you for your time, Mr. Lester.”

“Drew,” Jerry said, “You have a duty to present this option to the board. You can’t just walk away from it. His terms are good. He doesn’t get paid unless he gets us back in, isn’t that right, Lester?”

“That’s right,” Lester said smugly from the front of the room.

“Fine. Whatever,” Drew waved his hands dismissively as he stood up. “I’ll take it to them now. Jerry, they might call you in as well as some of you folks in legal. Be on standby.”

Drew left the conference room as he punched a number into his phone. Jerry stood up and approached Lester, eager to get his teams ready to try and enact Lester’s plan.

Sarah sat in her chair, watching the demeanor of the group change. She was happy that she was partly responsible for making that happen. She realized she was biting her lip as she glanced at Lester. No one usually stood up to Drew like that.

Now she just had to figure out what she was making for dinner.

> Dan

> The hospital board is going to weigh Lester’s proposal.

> but he has a condition on helping. He wants a home-cooked meal tonight.

Dan stared at his phone as people bustled around him. He was early for his interview, so he decided to wait down in the lobby of the building. He planned to sit and mentally prepare himself. To calm down and be as professional as possible.

Now, he was short of breath, wondering what was happening back home. Dan typed a response to his wife.

> Home cooked, as in cooked at our home?

This text exchange was coming at the wrong time. Dan could feel himself growing hard thinking about what could happen tonight. He imagined Sarah naked, just wearing her cooking apron. Lester coming up behind her with his grubby little hands.

He leaned back and breathed. He needed to focus. He couldn't go into his interview with a hard-on. Why the fuck does this effect me like this?

A reply came in from Sarah.

> Yes. I don't know how to say no to this. Our mortgage payment comes out this week and work can't pay anyone with the systems frozen. I'll need to move money out of our savings to cover it. Lester can fix it for us.

Dan gritted his teeth. Obviously, Lester had more on his mind than just food. He was just thankful his daughters weren't going to be home. He reread Sarah's message.

This all started with Lester as a way for them to explore their sexual fantasies. Him and his wife. Sarah's messages made this sound more transactional. This isn't something they would have ever considered before. Sarah would have shut it down if it was a random contractor offering to fix things to bang the hot hospital admin. But now she had a relationship with Lester.

Relationship. That word sounded dirty in his mind. The thought of Sarah having a relationship with that asshole. Dan tried not to think about the blood swelling to his crotch.

Another message came in from Sarah.

> should I say no? Dan, what do you want me to do?

Thoughts of Sarah on her knees with Lester's cock in her mouth. Dan shook his head, hating how easily his thoughts had slipped. He needed to get a handle on this.

A handle on the rest of his life. He felt himself spinning. He was going to be a mess for the interview. He checked his watch. It was twenty minutes before he was scheduled to be upstairs. Rechecking Sarah's message, he typed out a response.

> I don't like it. I don't like Lester at our place.

Dan felt like Lester had him by the balls with the threat of the mortgage payment hanging over their heads. They could dip into their depleted savings and cover this payment, but what about the next one? If Sarah's workplace was still fucked up, they couldn't keep going back to their savings.

And if they said no to Lester this time, would he up his demands if they went back and asked for help again? He thought back to when they first took the apartment. He couldn't have anticipated how different his life would look.

> I get the reasons why. We need to figure this out, figure out how to change our situation for the better. I'm not mad at you, I just feel like things are getting out of control.

Sarah typed a response.

> I know. I hadn't expected any of this.

> What should I do Dan? He said he'd walk away if I don't have him over for dinner tonight. I know we can figure things out if we have to, but what do you think?

> I need to tell you something else. Lester cornered me in my office today too.

Dan felt his eyes bulge out of his head as he typed a response.

> What do you mean cornered you? What happened?

Three dots appeared on the screen. It seemed like they wouldn't disappear, but soon they were replaced with a message.

> He wanted a down payment on the deal. He showed me the pictures he sent and asked me to touch myself and then he stuck it in my mouth.

Jesus Christ. Dan hadn't even seen Sarah's office and Lester had already been in it and gotten a blow job from his wife. He could feel a tent forming in his pants, which was the last thing he needed before this interview. Now he was picturing Sarah on her knees, giving Lester a sloppy blow job in their bed. He hated himself for how much he wanted to see that actually happen.

Finally he found the strength to respond to his wife.

> I'm not mad about the blowjob. We already laid ground rules for that. I'm just going nuts thinking about Lester in your office before I have even been in there. The thought of him in our house.....

Dan didn't know how to finish his thought. He meant to add another word to explain his thoughts to Sarah, but it didn't come. He felt conflicted. He was feeling too many emotions. Sarah beat him with her response.

> the thought of him in our house what? Makes you angry, upset? Jealous? Or turned on?

There it was, staring back at him. All the emotions he felt bundled up in one nice little message. The problem was he felt all of those

emotions, some more than others.

Right now, he felt turned on and jealous, but he knew that if he were to beat off that angry and upset would quiet the others.

> Yes

It was a simple and honest response. Sarah didn't respond back to him immediately.

Thinking the situation through, he added another message.

> I can both not like it and be turned on by the idea. You know how messed up my brain can be. I honestly don't know what the best thing to do here is. What I know is that we will figure this all out together. I love you baby and I trust you. If Lester has to have dinner at our place, so be it but we can make it about us afterwards. Maybe use it and what happens to fire up our next time together.

Three dots appeared as Sarah typed up a response. Dan checked the time on his phone. He needed to get upstairs.

> I love you too baby. I can't wait to be with you again and figure things out. I'll keep Lester in line and let you know what's happening. And you're right, we can use this for the next time we are together. Remember some of the role play we did in the past? I like that idea, and I can tease you for years about what happens tonight.

Dan smiled. It wasn't a total win, but he would take it for now. He really did need to get upstairs for his interview, though.

> Babe, I need to run to this interview. Shitty timing I know. I love you baby and I trust you. Try to enjoy yourself tonight. I want to hear about it after. We'll figure out what to do next together. Let's just get through this next little bit.

> I'm going to call Lester myself when I get out of my interview and set up some ground rules.

One last response came in from Sarah.

> I love you baby. Good luck on your interview. I know you are going to crush it. <3

Sighing, Dan stood up and walked towards the elevator. He needed time to think things over. As the elevator ascended, he tried to push thoughts of his wife and Lester out of his head. He needed to concentrate on what was in front of him—the interview.

The elevator doors opened to a sophisticated office that was quite busy. Dan stepped out and looked around. This is a place I would enjoy working at.

After a few seconds of watching people mill around the office, Dan spotted the reception desk and walked over.

"Hey there, my name is Dan Williams. I'm here for my 3 pm interview with David Hutchinson," Dan smiled at the receptionist as he took in the office beyond her desk.

"Thank you, take a seat. I'll let them know you're here," she returned the smile. As Dan sat down, he cast a glance back at the receptionist. Her brows were furrowed as she looked at her computer.

Dan wanted to check his phone, but didn't pull it out. He wanted to appear professional and focused on the task at hand. He wondered if Sarah had sent him another message. He relaxed his shoulders and sat back in the plush leather waiting room chair. First impressions were important, he didn't want to appear too eager or worse - desperate.

After sitting longer than expected, Dan calmly checked his watch. It was ten after three. His interview should have started ten minutes ago. He scanned the room and briefly set his eyes on the receptionist. Her head was down, again focused on her computer.

He wondered if something was wrong. It was normal for interviews to start late.

Sometimes they were scheduled back to back with other meetings that might run long. Soon this, David Hutchinson would walk out and apologize for the delay. Dan just hoped he had enough time in the room during the interview to impress them.

After an hour, a stocky man with salt and pepper hair appeared and bent down to whisper to the receptionist. Her eyes flicked up to Dan and she pointed in his direction. The man nodded and mouthed something again before standing up and walking in his direction.

Dan stood up, walked several steps and stretched out his hand.

"Dan Williams?" The man said, not returning the handshake.

Dan put his hand back at his side, "Yes, that's me. Mr. Hutchinson, I presume?"

"No, not exactly." The man thumbed toward the receptionist, "Beverly tells me you are here for an interview?"

"Yes, I have one scheduled today with David Hutchinson," Dan said.

"Unfortunately, I think some wires got crossed. Dave's been on vacation for the last two weeks. He's on my team and isn't hiring anyone at the moment. I've double-checked with our HR team, and there aren't any active positions currently being filled." The man said flatly.

"What?" Dan said, not fully processing what the man said, "I got an email from David Hutchinson to come here for an interview."

Dan pulled up the email on his phone and handed it to the man. The older man took it and read through the message.

"Huh. That certainty is David's email signature," he continued, staring at the phone.

"Well, there it is."

"There 'what' is?" Dan asked.

"The email address. That isn't ours. It's close. It looks like ours but it's a different address. That didn't come from David. It's not from us. It might be some kind of phishing thing, maybe." the older man handed the phone back to Dan.

Dan took it and reread the email in disbelief, "No way."

"Look at the email address. That's not our website. It looks close to ours but that isn't quite it. Hey, could you forward me that email? Our IT folks and HR teams might want to be aware someone is posing as us, talking to candidates." The man held out a business card. Dan took it numbly.

"Sorry that you wasted your time coming down here. It really sucks that this happened to you." The man said as he gave a sympathetic look before turning to leave.

"One second," Dan said. The man turned around to look at him. "Can I send you my resume as well? I have a strong background that I think would benefit your team."

"Sorry," the man shrugged, "We don't have the budget for any new roles at the moment."

“What if you just humor me and take a look at it. If there isn’t a fit right now, that’s okay, but when something opens up, maybe we could discuss it.”

The older man shrugged, “Alright. Fine. Send it over with that email. I’ll take a look at it.”

“Thank you,” Dan said as the man turned and walked away.

Dan took one last look around the office and had an overwhelming desire to leave.

He felt like a joke. It was embarrassing, and he suddenly felt like all eyes were on him. He rode the elevator and exited onto the cool Chicago streets.

Now, he had a phishing issue to deal with. That was just great. At least he didn’t put any personal information besides his email address. Everything else could be gleaned from LinkedIn. Still, something felt off about the email.

Dan started walking. He didn’t have a destination, he wasn’t even sure this was the right direction to get to his apartment. All he knew was that he wanted as much distance between himself at that building as possible.

He fished his phone out of his pocket and reread the email. He stopped at the entrance to an alleyway and googled ‘how to find out who owns a website.’ As he followed the instructions, a rough-looking man emerged from the alleyway dragging a backpack on the the ground. The homeless man looked around with wild eyes.

They locked onto Dan’s for a split second before he limped off across the street. Dan noticed some scraggly tattoos on the man’s knuckles.

He turned his attention back to his phone. The website the email address came from was listed as having a private owner. It was a

dead end. Probably some overseas phishing operation. Or maybe it was something closer to home. What if someone was fucking with him? Did Jesse figure out that Dan sabotaged him?

Maybe he would have to check in with Jesse and see. Maybe he could just do some sleuthing and figure out what Jesse had been up to since he got fired. Part of him wondered what would have happened if he hadn't taken action against the kid. For one, Lester wouldn't be taking Sarah on dates. But would Jesse have let sleeping dogs lie, knowing what he knew?

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose. Enough is enough.

He was getting tired of all the setbacks life was throwing at him. He needed to make a change and take control of things. He started to walk again, this time with purpose.

He made a mental list of all the issues and roadblocks he was facing. They seemed insurmountable, but if he broke them down into smaller pieces, he could figure them out and slowly overcome them.

He dialled Lester's number. It went straight to voicemail. Dan didn't bother leaving a message. What was he going to say? Be respectful while you fuck my wife tonight?

An image of Sarah moaning as she straddled Lester popped into his head. He stuffed it back down. He needed to get a handle on that part of his life. It was becoming all-consuming and spiralling out of his control. He wouldn't be as distracted if he could get that back in line. Everything else should fall in line afterwards.

He felt energized as he walked. He would reign in Lester and add new boundaries to things. Dan needed to get to Middleton. He scrolled on his phone to look up train tickets.

Once he got onto a train, he would research all the potential firms in Chicago and the surrounding areas where he could work. Maybe

some other adjacent industries he wasn't aware of could use his expertise. Once he made a list, he would see who was hiring. If they weren't hiring, he would reach out anyway and see if he could network with important figures in the organizations.

He needed to fix things. If he didn't, he was worried about what life might look like a year from now.

The rain was battering the windshield of Lester's SUV as his squat body sat behind the wheel. He was parked on the street around the corner from Sarah's house, waiting patiently for her text message.

Lester threw a handful of Cheetos into his mouth and then licked his orange fingers clean. Realizing he was done with the bag, he crumpled it up and threw it into the backseat. He was scrolling through his Discord app when her message came in. It was just her address: no pleasantries or other text.

Heh. Lester grinned as he started the ignition. As much as she liked to put up a good fight, he was going to have her moaning his name before the night was over.

Whether she realized it or not, tonight was a special night for them.

The windshield wipers cast the rain aside as Lester's SUV rumbled down the street.

He didn't bother responding to Sarah. She probably thought he would take at least half an hour to arrive but he already knew where she lived. He wanted to surprise her and catch her off guard.

Lester swung his car into the Williams' driveway, parking directly beside her vehicle.

He parked extra close to her car to make it hard for her to open the driver's side door. Never know when something like that will present an opportunity.

As he exited the car and the first pelts of rain hit him, he couldn't help but feel his bulge beginning to swell. Soon he would be in her home. He reached back into the car and retrieved the large bottle of red wine he had purchased earlier. He knew it was her favorite and would serve to loosen her up. He chuckled as he realized he hadn't even thought about using his proprietary blend.

He couldn't account for many variables on the other side of that door, but his prize was too sweet to ignore. He had already put the scales in his favor tonight. Coming in like a white knight to her workplace, throwing his weight around with her boss.

Manipulating their systems to lock them out in the first place. Not to mention ensuring that Dan was preoccupied in Chicago and couldn't intervene.

That worked out well for him the last time. Thanks to Dan's coworker Jesse he had finally bedded Dan's wife. Now, he was preparing to cross another threshold with the young mother.

Lester knocked at the door and composed himself. He tried to suppress his grin as he heard footsteps approaching from inside the house. The stunning Sarah Williams opened the door with a confused look on her face. Her eyes scanned him up and down before settling on his face and realizing it was him.

"Lester? I just texted you," she said, still standing in the doorway. She looked past him at the quiet street. Lester assumed she was checking to see if her neighbors noticed him.

"I was in the neighborhood," Lester said as he stepped forward. His foot crossed the threshold. Sarah hadn't expected that. She was still standing in the doorway as his body pushed against and past hers.

"Nice place," Lester said, looking around at the well-kept home.

"Thank you," Sarah said, closing the door. She was still wearing her work clothes with an apron draped across them. "I didn't expect you so soon, I'm still just in the middle of cooking."

Lester was disappointed that she wasn't dressed sexier but he reasoned that he had surprised her. Who knows what she would have worn for him had he exercised patience. "You keep cooking, I'll give myself the tour."

He handed her the bottle of wine and started moving towards the stairs.

"Where are you going?" Sarah said, but Lester didn't answer. He picked up a photo of her from the hallway table. Dan loved the photo of her. It was taken on the day of their wedding. She was wearing her wedding dress, posing for the photo in front of a rustic wall at their wedding venue. Dan always said how it looked classy while at the same time being incredibly sexy.

Sarah stood there watching him as Lester began to show himself around her house.

The way he showed up early and caught her unprepared made her uneasy. Now he was walking through her house unaccompanied, like he owned the place, poking his nose into anything he pleased. He went up the stairs and disappeared around the corner. Sarah glanced at the bottle of wine. It was her favorite. She dashed into the kitchen, put it on the counter and then darted to check the pasta cooking on the stove before quickly following Lester upstairs.

As she rounded the corner, his hand was on the doorknob to the girls' room, about to push on in.

"Not in there." Sarah said. "That's the kids' room. Off limits, Lester." She said flatly.

There were some lines she wouldn't allow him to cross. Forget the hospital, forget

the mortgage payment. Lester was to be kept entirely apart from her children. He was already encroaching on the rest of her life, but she wouldn't let him cross that line.

"No worries," Lester raised his hands innocently and strolled down the hall. He peeked his head into the bathroom and the office before finally reaching the master bedroom. He stood in the doorway, scanning the room's contents. One large king bed, some dressers, makeup mirror, a couple of end tables, a walk-in closet, an ensuite bathroom. Lester stood up straight and took a deep breath.

Sarah felt the hairs on the back of her neck standing up. Seeing Lester at the entrance to her bedroom made her anxious. Nervous at how confidently he was walking around, she wished Dan was here, but she also pictured Lester on her bed, taking her from behind like she'd seen him do with Lizzie. She didn't know what to expect. Everything felt so unpredictable. For someone like her who liked to be in control, she couldn't help but wonder what he might try next.

He turned around to see Sarah staring at him.

"This is where the magic happens, huh?" Lester raised an eyebrow. Before Sarah could respond, he walked past her back down the hallway, "Smells good down there."

"Just so we are clear," Sarah said, following him down the hallway. "This is just dinner okay? There isn't going to be a sleepover. I assume you got a hotel room, right?"

"Yeah, I have one," Lester said, rounding the corner. He paused momentarily and glanced at the family photo hanging on the wall.

Sarah followed him back down the stairs and into the kitchen. He seated himself at their island counter. The sight of him heaped on

her barstool just looked wrong.

Sarah returned to her spaghetti sauce and could feel Lester's eyes on her.

"Can I have a taste?" Lester said.

She dipped the wooden spoon into the sauce. Cradling the spoon over her other hand, she brought it over to her husband's roommate. Lester didn't make any move to take the spoon from her so Sarah lowered it to his lips. Lester opened his mouth and took part of the spoon in, slurping her sauce. His eyes lingered on hers before saying, "Mmmm, tasty." He slowly licked his lips in satisfaction.

Before Lester could see her blush, Sarah turned around and returned to the stove.

Feeding Lester like that felt strangely intimate. Her mind had barely registered how earlier he stepped past her into his house, breaking the sanctity of her home's threshold.

Lester sat at the counter and watched until the spaghetti was finished cooking. Sarah spooned generous helpings onto two plates and brought them into the dining room.

Lester followed with two glasses of wine and sat down in Dan's place at the head of the table. Sarah paused for a moment. She hadn't thought about where they would sit. She placed Lester's plate in front of him and sat at the other end of the table.

Before Sarah could pick up her own fork, she heard Lester slurping his noodles from across the table. She looked up at him and was reminded of a toddler doing their best to eat. Sarah neatly used her spoon to twirl a tight ribbon of pasta around her fork before neatly putting it in her mouth.

She looked at him sloppily, eating her dinner. This was her go-to recipe that Dan had always enjoyed. Now that she thought about it, she had made it for him the last few times he'd visited from Chicago. She couldn't believe that the oily, unkempt man sitting across from her had put her boss in his place a few hours earlier. She hadn't expected that. She also hadn't expected how intrigued it would make her feel about him. Not to mention that Lester seemed to be the one person who could save her family from missing their mortgage payment this week.

"Did all that cyber security stuff today make you work up an appetite?" Sarah said as she began to twirl another portion of pasta. She was falling into the easy rhythm of conversation with Lester. She'd become used to talking to him over a meal.

"Not really," Lester said, slurping another couple of noodles, "I just want to build up my energy for tonight."

There it was. So far they had danced around anything happening here other than dinner but Lester had just made his intentions crystal clear. Sarah sat trying to will a witty retort to materialize but nothing came. She slid her wine glass closer and took a sip. It felt both like she had a decision to make and that it had already been made.

She tried to change the subject "If...when you get the systems back up at work. Can you focus on the payroll department systems? There're a lot of people needing to get paid."

Lester put his spoon down, "Don't worry, I'll take care of you. I'll get it done."

Sarah blushed, realizing that she probably showed her hand to him. She should be more careful about how she phrased things in the future.

"You look tight," Lester said, prompting Sarah to raise an eyebrow. "Tense. You could use some time just to relax. Just for you."

"I'll make sure to do that after all of this cyberattack stuff is behind us," Sarah said as she took another sip of her wine.

The odd couple ate mostly in silence as rain continued to batter the house's windows. When she didn't feel Lester's eyes on her, she heard him sloppily inhaling his dinner. When they were finished, Sarah downed her wine and took their plates back into the kitchen to the sink. Lester followed behind her.

"Dinner was delicious. Why don't you let me do the dishes, and you can go upstairs and get ready," Lester's eyes looked greedy. The power flickered briefly.

"Ready for what exactly?" Sarah said, placing a hand on her hip as she sized Lester up. If he wanted her, she was going to make him work for it.

"Ready for the rest of our date tonight. It would be rude of me just to eat and run.

And I realize I surprised you earlier and you didn't have a chance to get ready." he stepped close to the young wife. "Why don't you go upstairs and change out of your work clothes into something more comfortable."

His fingers traced a line down her bicep before reaching past her to grab the dish rag in the sink. He didn't wait for a reply, he just stepped past her and started washing the dishes. Sarah wanted to tell him about the dishwasher but thought better of it.

"I thought our date nights only took place in Chicago," Sarah challenged.

"There was never anything that specified that in our agreement," Lester said as he started to scrub their plates. He looked back at her to see if she had any reply. Sarah followed his eyes to her nipples, showing their hardened state through her top.

Sarah blushed and reasoned that she really did want to get out of her work clothes and shed the stress of her day, "Fine, I'll be back in a few."

"Take your time," Lester said, not turning away from his dishwashing as she left.

When he heard her feet going up the stairs, he dropped the dishcloth and walked away from the sink. He poured Sarah another glass of wine and set it on the counter.

Sarah was upstairs in her walk-in closet, stripping off her work clothes before throwing them in the laundry hamper. She looked through the clothes hanging in her closet, trying to figure out what to wear for Lester.

Wear for Lester. The thought seemed so inconspicuous in her mind before she caught it. When visiting Chicago, she'd bring some sexy outfits and lingerie for Dan.

Lately, Lester had been the beneficiary of her choices, seeing them before her husband could, but she couldn't help but enjoy the extra attention she got when she wore them out with him. Now, she was mulling over what message she wanted to send to Lester. If Dan was here, she might open her lingerie drawers and find something really sexy to –

She heard the front door close. Sarah grabbed the first robe she could find and threw it on. As she hurried down the hallway, she realized it was a sexy teal one that stopped at her mid-thigh. She

reached the bottom of the stairs as Lester returned through the door with his backpack over his shoulder.

"Just getting something out of the car," Lester said, eyeing her, "Were you disappointed? Did you think I left?"

"I just heard the door and wanted to see what was going on," Sarah said. For a second, she thought that Dan might have come home. She slowed her breathing down from the excitement of rushing to the door.

"You really took my instructions on dressing comfortably to heart," Lester's hungry eyes were on her legs as he scanned her whole body. Sarah tightened the robe's belt and went back up the stairs.

Lester went to the kitchen to retrieve the wine bottle and glasses with his bag still over his shoulder before following her. When she heard the bedroom door open, Sarah was back in her closet trying to figure out what to wear. She peeked her head out and saw Lester standing in the doorway like he had earlier.

"Lester!" Sarah said, "Go back downstairs, I'll be ready soon."

"You're already ready," Lester said, stepping into the room and unzipping his backpack. He placed the wine down on the bedside table and pulled a dark bottle with a pump out of the bag. Sarah watched as he topped up the glass of wine and handed it to her.

"You've had a rough time lately with the cyber attack," Lester said as he moved closer to her. His voice grew softer, "As your Chicago boyfriend, I wanted to come over tonight and help you relax. I brought my massage oil. Do you like massages?"

"Uh, yes," Sarah started before Lester took her by the elbow and led her to her bed.

Lester's proximity was making the air thick in the room. Sarah could already feel several different parts of her body responding to the short man's presence.

"Let me take care of you. Let me make you lose all this stress you're carrying for everyone else." Lester said as he guided her towards her bed.

"Lay down then, and I'll get started," Lester said, sitting her down on the bed and taking a sip of his wine. Sarah followed him and took a long sip. The wine felt smooth in her mouth, and she could feel it beginning to relax her. She took another long sip and welcomed the beginning of a comfy burn in her belly.

"Lester, I don't know, are you sure you want to do this?" Sarah said as her body relaxed from the wine, "We could always go downstairs and watch a movie or something."

"Finish your drink and lay down," Lester thumbed his phone and relaxing music began to play. He grabbed the bottle and pressed the pump down until vanilla-scented massage oil squirted into his hand.

Seeing the oil in his hands seemed to quiet Sarah's protests. She took a large gulp of her wine and placed the glass beside his. The music was working for her as well.

She wouldn't have suspected that Lester had any taste, much less that it would sync with hers. She smiled to herself and undid the belt on her robe, laying flat, face down on the bed. The wine felt warm in her stomach.

Lester's eyes opened wide. All of his planning was coming to a head in this crucial moment. Sarah Williams was lying prone on her marital bed, ready for him to touch her body. There was just one last thing he needed to do. He reached down, silently grabbed her phone off the charger, and muted it. Now, they wouldn't be disturbed.

He rubbed his hands together, spreading the oil between them. He crouched on the bed with her and his finger found the top of her robe near her neck. Lester slowly peeled it off her body until it was discarded on the floor and Sarah's nudity was exposed to him. He marvelled at the sight of her fantastic ass, his eyes feasted on her long-toned legs. She had an incredibly sexy back.

Lester put his oiled hands on her shoulder blades and massaged the young mother.

Years ago, he had missed an opportunity with a roommate by providing a lacklustre massage. He then vowed never to let an opportunity pass him by again. Now, Lester considered himself quite proficient at using massages to work a woman up.

His hands pressed into her back, over and over, moving in a circular motion. He pressed into the areas where he could feel Sarah held a lot of tension. He worked methodically and deliberately, loosening up one small area at a time. His cock continued to swell in his boxers as he moved his hands over the beautiful wife.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily as Lester continued to put pressure over her tight shoulder blades. He focused on the area for several minutes, eliciting soft moans of approval from her. Sarah could feel herself relaxing into the bed. She wasn't sure whether it was the massage or the wine fully taking effect, but she just enjoyed the sensation.

Lester's thumbs started working over her lower back, right where her spine met her hips. It felt good. Really good. Dan didn't give massages often and she hadn't had

their area focused on before. Lester's thumbs sank into her flesh and pushed up her spine until his hands pushed down on her shoulder blades again.

"Uh," Sarah moaned as Lester's hands moved up to her shoulders, kneading the knots she hadn't realized existed. Lester's weight shifted on the bed and she felt his legs on either side of her hips. He was straddling her from behind. She could feel the change at once, it seemed like he was able to push harder down into her back, using gravity for assistance.

"Mhmm," Sarah groaned. Lester began pushing his hands from her hips up to her shoulders and then repeating the movement. Each time he did, it felt amazing. She couldn't even stifle the moans.

This move was deliberate by Lester. Each time his hands pushed up the young wife's back, his crotch would push against her magnificent ass. He had stripped his pants off and his cock was tucked under the waistband of his underwear. After several minutes he noticed Sarah's hips beginning to push back against him as he pushed into her back. Time to toy with her.

"Just a minute," Lester said, as he eased off the bed. He walked over to the light switch and dimmed the lights. He reached into his bag and pulled out a lighter and some candles. Lester also took the time to remove his shirt and underwear quickly.

"What are you doing?" Sarah's eyes were closed but she could hear Lester moving around the room.

Lester set the candles on the tops of the dressers and bedside tables. He lit them and turned off the light completely, "Just setting the mood." She felt the air shift by her feet as he returned to her.

A relaxing fragrance drifted into Sarah's nose. She couldn't quite place it but she could tell it was from a candle. He began tenderly massaging her feet before she could ask Lester about it.

"Uhhhhhh," Sarah groaned as Lester's chubby fingers began to knead at her soles.

He spent time on each of her toes, her heels, and the tops of her feet before moving on to her ankles. The pressure he applied got steadily firmer as he worked up her legs, but it never crossed over into unpleasantness. Sarah spent a lot of time on her feet at work and felt like she was in heaven - Lester was worshiping her. She would be all for it if more of their 'dates' could include massages. Gone were the thoughts of repulsion for this strange, oddly proportioned man.

She knew what Lester would probably want after the massage was over. But she could worry about that then. Right now she just wanted to enjoy the feeling of being pampered and getting lost in someone's hands running over her body.

Once the massage was over, she would call Dan and update him on what was happening. Earlier, he had given her the green light to sleep with Lester tonight but she would confirm it with him beforehand. He would probably give her his silent approval like usual as he breathed into the phone.

As much as this started with them exploring Dan's fantasies, she needed this tonight.

With all the stress, the finances, the issues at work, carrying the weight of everything. She just needed a release.

Lester's hands worked over each of her ankles, rotating them around, pressing down in strategic spots. He softly put her leg back onto the bed and pressed his knuckles into her calf. He was subtly building a rhythm with his hands, reinforcing the tempo he imagined he'd take his prize with.

"Uh," Sarah groaned as Lester's palms ran up her calves before pushing down in the middle with his thumbs. They made semi-circles as they worked their way up and down, "Mhmmm."

After several minutes of massaging her calves, Lester moved his hands up to her thighs. He expertly elicited more soft moans from the young wife before his fingers began to work on her upper inner thighs.

Sarah could feel Lester's fingers working her skin just inches away from her sex. As his hands continued to press into her, she felt something drag across her calf. She knew instantly it was Lester's cock brushing against her skin, over and over.

She could feel herself growing wet at the sensation, not to mention the pressure that Lester was applying to her body. She couldn't remember the last time she felt this relaxed. He moved his hand slowly up the inside of her left thigh, he was going higher and higher.

Sarah bit her lip, wondering how high he was going to go. On their own, her knees moved outward and she propped her backside up, thighs spread open. His fingers just brushed the outside of her lips as his fingers began to work over the top of her thighs. Every few seconds his fat fingers would accidentally touch her now raised and open pussy. Each time Sarah's body would move down and grind itself against the bed a little bit, searching for more stimulation. Each time Lester's digits would pull away, leaving her wanting more.

Lester's fingers abruptly left her thigh and switched to the other leg. He repeated the teasing process, this time his fingers would occasionally press more into the lips of her undulating pussy.

Lester smiled as he saw Sarah's hips moving back and forth, looking for contact with his fingers. He wasn't going to give her the satisfaction just yet. He wanted her hurting to get more. Desperate for more. Desperate enough to let him slide into her with nothing between them.

He raised his hands off her thighs, letting his fingers dangle tauntingly over her wet folds. She groaned loudly as he slid his hand

up her moist slit before coming to rest on her ass. Lester applied more oil to her body and began to massage each ass cheek in turn. He used the palms of his hands to put pressure on each cheek before his fingers would firmly grip them. It was a cross between a massage and an outright grope, but Sarah loved it. Her hips were moving on the bed and he could hear her whimpering into the pillow.

Lester pushed her back to prone and continued to work over her ass for several more minutes before scooting up her body and resuming his original position, straddling her ass as he massaged her back. This time his naked cock was resting against her sweet ass as his balls dangled between them, pressing against her dripping wet pussy.

As Lester's hand began working their way up her back, his hips followed suit, pushing into Sarah's naked backside. Sarah could feel Lester's large hairy balls pressing against her opening, his cock sliding up against her ass crack.

He continued putting pressure on her back while slowly thrusting against her body.

Lester kept quiet, not wanting to snap Sarah out of it. Her hips pushed back against him with each thrust, and soft moans were escaping her lips.

As Sarah's hip thrusts became more prominent, Lester slowed himself down. Her ass bounced back against him several times while he held himself still. Her body already wanted him, he just needed to send her over the edge.

Sarah groaned in disappointment as Lester got off and kneeled next to her. He quickly dropped one hand between her legs and started to play with the outside of her slit.

“Ohhhh, uh, mmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as Lester teased her. Her hips continued to thrust back towards his hand until he extended one digit. As she pressed back against him, his finger slid into her wet pussy.

“Uhhhhhh,” Sarah groaned as she felt Lester’s fat finger begin to stretch her out.

Lester added another finger and pressed them down toward Sarah’s sensitive G-spot.

She continued to moan as she gently thrust herself back against Lester’s hand. He only moved his hand slightly to maintain the illusion of thrusting, in reality, Sarah was doing all of the work trying to get herself off.

“Mmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as her hips started to thrust back faster. Lester’s fingertips were pressing against her G-spot. Each thrust she made had them slide against it. Lester could feel Sarah’s pussy beginning to tighten around his finger. Her thrusts were growing faster and faster. She was going to explode soon.

Lester pulled his fingers out of Sarah.

“Naaahuuu,” she groaned in frustration. She had been so close. Sarah needed relief.

All she could focus on right now was that feeling. Raising herself up on her elbows, she looked back at Lester. As soon as she made eye contact his hands were on her hips, flipping her body over. He’d read what she wanted loud and clear.

“Do you have a condom?” Sarah breathed hard, staring at the man’s troll-like features. She found herself drawn to him, despite his appearance. Her mind was in a million different places. Work was a distant memory, she thought about Dan and wished he was here but

more than anything, she realized that Lester was about to fuck her in her marital bed. Her legs parted for him slowly

"I do," Lester grinned as he quickly lowered his head between her legs, his tongue parting her lips and pushing inside of her.

"Oh fuck," Sarah's thighs squeezed Lester's head. Her legs seemed to be spasming from his touch. One of her hands found her clit and started to massage it as his tongue twirled inside of her.

The fat man was in heaven, he was dining on the finest woman he'd ever seen, about to make her cum repeatedly in the bed she shared with her husband. He formed a tight seal with his lips while thrusting his enormous tongue deep inside Sarah Williams, further up into her than any man had ever been. He placed the tip of his tongue against her g-spot and firmly pushed, tasting the place that made the wife cum so hard, trying to set her off.

"Oh my god," Sarah's free hand gripped the sheets. Thunder roared outside, shaking the house. The rain was battering the roof and windows but all Sarah could focus on was the feeling of Lester's large tongue inside of her. "Uh, don't, oh, uh, don't stop."

The tree in the backyard groaned in protest against the winds battering it—the tree where Dan had installed a swing for the girls the year before.

Sarah let go of the sheet and grabbed onto Lester's head, trying to pull him further into her. She wanted as much of him touching her as possible. Her thighs continued to squeeze the sides of his fat head as his tongue probed her most private of areas.

Her hips were lifting off the ground as Lester began to dart his tongue quickly in and out of her, fucking her with his tongue, his head moving smoothly with her thrashing hips. Her nails dug into the back of his head as she pulled him closer.

Sarah groaned as Lester's tongue pushed deep inside of her. His finger was expertly working her clit in time with this tongue. She was ready to come, she was so close.

She could feel her body yearning for it, reaching for it. It was almost there. It felt like the walls to the dam were about to burst. She closed her eyes and gripped Lester's head with her hand and thighs, preparing to ride the tidal wave of an orgasm that was going to wash over her.

"Oh, ffffuuh, oh fuck ohfuckohfuck..."

Lester could feel her muscles beginning to tense up. He withdrew his tongue and stopped massaging her clit.

Sarah felt her orgasm receding. All the build-up being washed away, disappearing,

"Uh...nooooo. Why?"

Lester climbed up the bed between Sarah's open legs. They parted further for him as he ascended her body, his weight settling on top of her. Sarah's bare breasts

mashed together against Lester's, he snaked his hand around to the back of her neck and turned her face towards him.

Sarah's hips raised off the bed as Lester's mouth devoured hers, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

His large tongue parted her lips and searched for hers. When it found it, his tongue swirled hard against hers. Sarah's tongue responded by dancing with his, her own tongue pushing back against his until it darted into his mouth. Sarah moaned involuntarily into the wet, sloppy kiss. There was a rightness to how natural this felt.

She felt like that should bother her more.

Thunder cracked outside again. It sounded so close. She could feel the electricity in the air surrounding her, almost like she was a lightning rod, attracting a deadly lightning strike. She couldn't stop.

Lester's bare cock rested on top of Sarah's pussy. His shaft parted her outer lips and pressed against her clit while his cock head rested on her lower abdomen. With his tongue buried deep in the young mother's mouth, Lester began to slide his cock up and down over Sarah's wet slit.

Sarah's body shuddered, feeling Lester's huge cock sliding against her. His cock was running over her clit, sending electric sensations throughout Sarah's body. Her soaking wet lips parted around the base of his cock, wanting more. She ground her hips against his cock as he slid it up and down her, "Ugh. Mhmmmmmm." Her bare feet were in the air on either side of the fat man's ass. Her toes clenched, expressing her need as they brushed against his buttocks. A stranger seeing them together might think Lester was crushing the sexy wife, but Sara felt otherwise.

The weight of Lester's body on top of hers was intoxicating. She felt pinned down and helpless as his gut pushed against her stomach. She hadn't ever been attracted to a body type like Lester's but now she found herself getting lost of the sensation of being underneath him.

Lester broke their kiss and hunched himself. He grabbed Sarah's bare breasts in his hands and pushed his face into them, alternating sucking each one. His tongue sloppily ran over her breasts like a man possessed. He began flicking his tongue and sucking on her nipples. Sarah whined in pleasure as he sucked on her nipples. She spread her legs a little wider, feeling the bottom of his wide shaft opening her lips, the hot head of his cock lay against her clit.

“Uh,” Sarah moaned as she arched her back off the bed, thrusting her breasts into Lester’s face as she continued to grind her hips up against Lester’s cock.

He picked up his speed, sliding his cock up and down her pussy faster and faster. He dipped his hips a bit, causing his cock head to press into Sarah’s clit. It slid over it faster and faster. Sarah’s hips raised off the bed to meet his urgency, she could feel herself growing closer to the orgasm that had been eluding her all night. She needed to feel that release. Her hands were on the back of Lester’s head as he feasted on her breasts.

Lester pushed himself up until he was looking down at Dan’s wife withering beneath him. A light caught his eye. Sarah’s eyes were closed, focused on the ecstasy between her legs as his cock continued to tease her clit and outer lips. Sarah’s phone screen lit up, an incoming call from Dan.

He smiled, knowing his moment was at hand. Thunder shook the house again.

Lester grabbed Sarah’s hands and placed them on her chest. She immediately started to grope herself, running her nipples between her fingers. Lester placed his hand on her shoulder to hold in place. He stared at her beautiful face as it contorted in pleasure.

Lester slowed his thrusts and let his cock rest on Sarah’s pussy. She continued to grind her clit against his cock, matching the pace they had set together. She needed to cum. It was so close. She could feel it there, just on the other side of an invisible barrier.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at her husband’s roommate. He stared intently at her with that hungry, conquering look that drove Sarah wild. His face was

full of lust. Lust for her and her body. Seeing him stare at her like that caused her to pick up her pace, sliding herself against his now

still cock.

She ached for it. She didn't understand why he stopped moving, she wanted to feel it against her again. She rolled her nipples between her fingers, "Uhhhhh.

Mhmmmmmm, fuuuckk."

Lester could tell she was getting close. She was on the edge of an orgasm. Her hips were thrusting against him faster now, her pussy running over his cock as she stimulated herself against him.

He didn't break eye contact, he wanted to savor this moment forever. He pulled his hips back as Sarah did the same, his cock head running down her clit, down her slit until it was positioned with her entrance. He kept his cock still, waiting for her.

As Sarah pushed her hips and pussy back towards Lester's cock, she felt her pussy open and take in Lester's entire cock. Her mouth formed a large O on her face, and surprise flashed behind her eyes. She pulled her hips back and pushed back down onto Lester's bare cock. As she did it again, Lester sunk his hips down, pushing his cock inside of her.

"Ohhhh fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester finally push his cock into her. It felt like gasoline had been poured on the orgasm so close at hand. She bit her lip as she felt herself being stretched around Lester's cock. Momentary pain was replaced with pleasure. She raised her hips again and thrust back, feeling the entire length of Lester's cock fill her.

Lester had immediately begun his breathing exercises when his cock entered the lusty young mother. It was simply the finest pussy his cock had ever felt. He focused on how much he deserved to fuck this pussy, on how much work it took him to get her. He grinned as he shifted his hips and fucked her at the same tempo he'd massaged

her with, continuing to build pleasurable associations that only he knew about.

There was something she needed to say. Some distant thought she needed to focus on but it was just a distraction from her orgasm. She focused on Lester's cock plunging between her legs as he sunk down over her, her breasts mashing against his chest. Her nipples pushed against the skin and coarse hair on his flabby chest.

Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's girthy hips, locking her ankles behind his trembling ass. She felt his big hairy balls slapping her wildly under her pussy and then Lester slowly began to pull himself out and push back in, thrusting into her.

"Ahhh oh fuuuuuuu," she couldn't tell if lighting had struck or if it was just inside her as Sarah came on Lester's cock. Her pussy holding onto it as she squeezed him tightly around the widest part of his shaft. Her hands left the sheets and grabbed onto his back, holding him in place so he wouldn't leave and tease her again. Sarah felt her eyes roll back and saw stars as she finally got the orgasm her body had been craving.

Lester pushed through the vice grip Sarah's pussy had on his cock, continuing to thrust inside of her, building back to the steady pace. Now that he was in her bare, he imagined taking her in all kinds of different positions and locations, watching her face as he taught her how to fuck. But for tonight, he would fuck her like this.

Missionary was his favorite position. The ultimate pose of submission, lying on their backs, allowing him between their legs, watching their face as he fucked them.

Watching as he made them cum.

Lester grinned. Tonight he wasn't just going to fuck Sarah. He was going to make love to her in her marital bed. Lester began to plant

light kisses on Sarah's neck as she came down from her string of orgasms.

She began to release his cock from its vice grip. Lester thrust into her slowly and deliberating, ensuring a controlled pace. He kissed her neck and held her face with one hand like a lover would. When his lips reached her ear, he whispered, "God, Sarah you feel so good. I love this." His pistoning hips never stopped their work.

A large branch cracked from somewhere outside as rain pummeled the roof of the Williams' home. Sarah, lost in lust, moaned back, "I love it, too."

Lester felt so different in her tonight. So much larger, so much better. So good. As her pussy gripped his cock she could feel all the ridges and veins running over it.

She groaned as she could feel his bulbous head running up and down the canal of her pussy. His cock always felt so good inside of her but tonight it felt so much better.

So fucking good –

"Ah, uh, Leesster, uh," Sarah was having trouble putting her thoughts together, "The, uh, uh, condom. Is it on?"

Lester grunted, his mouth sucking on her ear lobe, "Oh, no, I forgot it."

Sarah's hips pushed against him at the admission, the reality of Lester's bare cock in her caused her body to respond. Lester was the second person who had ever put their bare cock inside of her.

Thank god he is fixed. She couldn't stop fucking him now. She needed to cum again.

It felt so good having Lester's bare cock inside of her. She never liked the feeling of the latex. Feeling the bare skin of his cock, the ridges, the veins. Just knowing she was letting his raw cock into her pussy made it all feel so much better. And maybe she was kidding herself, but she could swear his cock was bigger with the condom off.

"God, mhmhhh. We shouldn't be. This is bad," Sarah groaned. She tilted her hips towards him, allowing him deeper inside her.

"Feels good to me," Lester swirled his tongue around Sarah's earlobe, "Do you want me to stop?"

After saying that, he pulled his entire length out of her until just his cock head remained. Then he slowly pushed it all the way back in until his cockhead was pressed against her cervix.

"Ugh....mhmhhhhh," Sarah groaned feeling the sensation of Lester's bare cock inside of her. She knew better but she didn't want it to stop, "Don't stop. It feels so good"

"Feels better than with a condom?" Lester said.

Sarah nodded.

"Tell me how good it feels."

"So fucking good. I love how you feel inside of me," Sarah moaned. She knew how much cum Lester could make. If he wasn't fixed she would be much more worried right now. But even if he wasn't, would she stop things?

Lester continued to plant little kisses all over her neck before reaching her lips. He didn't shove his tongue into her like usual. He just planted soft, gentle kisses on her lips. She kissed him back, matching his movements.

Her hands found the back of his head as she held onto him. Lester continued to caress her face. He broke their kiss and looked into her eyes, "I love being with you.

You make me feel like a better man."

Sarah realized that Lester wasn't fucking her like he usually did. He wasn't fucking her hard and fast and saying lewd shit to her. He was saying loving things. He was fucking her slowly. He wasn't fucking her at all. He was making love to her.

Making love to her in the bed that should be reserved for her husband. Sarah moaned at the realization and felt her pussy grip Lester's cock milking it.

Lester whispered while staring at her. He caressed her face, his thumb stroking her cheek, "Do you love being with me? Do I make you feel good?"

"Uh, yes," Sarah said quietly, "You make me feel soo good."

They were the only ones in the house, why were they whispering? It seemed too intimate.

"Tell me," Lester said as his cock slid out to the tip and slowly back in, "Tell me that you love being with me."

He wasn't asking if she loved his cock, or loved getting fucked by him. The question was being with him in his entirety. Sweat dripped off his forehead and landed on her chest.

"I love it," Sarah said, closing her eyes, and focusing on how good he was making her feel.

"Then show me," Lester said, "Cum for me. I want to feel your body cum around my cock as I make love to you."

"Uh," Sarah grunted. The feeling of Lester's weight pressing down onto her. As his body thrust into her, his chest pushed against her, stimulating her nipples. This man fucked her so good but now he was making love to her, whispering things in her ear.

The only other man to ever make love to her was Dan, something they had done countless times in this very bed.

Now Lester was taking that too. He was claiming her in a way she hadn't expected.

Sarah always loved when Dan made love to her, she felt their connection deepen. It felt so different than when they would fuck. It was like she was opening herself up to him, letting him touch her heart.

"I miss being with you," Lester whispered, "All I think about is you. This feels so right."

Lester was trying to plant thoughts into her head, trying to make her feel things for him, "I can't get enough of you."

"Fuck, Lester," Sarah moaned. His slow, deliberate lovemaking was working her up.

Her skin was glazed with sweat. His bare cock felt amazing inside of her. She could feel another orgasm building, seemingly emanating from Lester's cock, "God, don't stop. Don't, uh, ah, fucking stop. Right there, Lester." Her legs were clamped around him, drawing him up into her.

"Tell me how much you want me," Lester whispered while kissing the side of her face. His hand continued to stroke her face and hair.

"I want you so fucking bad. Keep going baby," Sarah whimpered. She thought about how Lester wanted her to call him 'daddy,' but

she couldn't. Baby still felt too intimate, though, something reserved for Dan.

"I like you calling me that," Lester said quietly. Lightning flashed and illuminated the room. The candles around them still burned, casting shadows of Lester and Sarah's coupling on the walls.

Sarah's hips were thrusting quickly against Lester, trying to break his deliberately slow pace. She could feel her chest and neck growing flush. Her back grew tight, her toes began to curl. Tension spread throughout her body, waiting for release, "Uh, ah, mhmmmmm, yes."

Lester's hand found Sarah's. He interlaced his fingers with hers and held them to the bed above her head. He felt her wedding ring pressing into his finger. He relaxed his grip on her and slid the ring off her finger. He placed it on the pillow next to them and again interlaced her fingers.

"Tonight, you are all mine," He whispered, "Give yourself to me. Cum on my cock. Be mine."

"Uh, this is so wrong," Sarah moaned. Lester taking off her ring in her marital bed felt so wrong. She couldn't deny that it was wrong, making it hotter than expected. That ring symbolized her love and commitment to Dan. Lester just removed it from her body.

"Tell me that you're mine tonight, Sarah. All mine," Lester whispered, his cock sliding out and pushing back into her.

Sarah didn't hesitate, she knew saying the words would help her get off. It was so lewd and taboo and it turned her on, "I'm yours tonight, Lester. Only yours. Fuck me.

Take me from my husband.."

Lester grinned at her words. He could feel her body tensing under him. She was frantically thrusting back into him. She was going to cum.

He leaned back and looked deep into her beautiful green eyes. She stared back up at him with an animalistic lust. Lester's licked his lips, "Fuck Sarah, I'm going to cum."

He felt her legs tighten around his waist. She wasn't going to let him go.

"I'm going to cum in you, fill you with my cum. You're going to take all of it." Lester grunted as he increased his pace, feeling his balls begin to fill with cum, "Do you want it? All of my cum?"

The alarm bells in Sarah's brain were silenced by her overwhelming focus on her body's imminent orgasm. The thought of Lester, her husband's roommate's illicit cum flooding her unprotected pussy was the match that ignited the flame.

"Give it to me," Sarah screamed, breaking their hushed whispers, "Cum for me, Lester, Cum. I want it all."

Sarah felt the tension in her back give way as a massive orgasm exploded across her body. She let go completely as ecstasy washed over her body. She felt Lester's cock pulsate and then felt the familiar feeling of hot cum shooting into her, washing her insides. Lester's illegitimate seed was exploring her married, forbidden pussy. A loud, groaning shout erupted from the short man. To Sarah, it sounded like a triumphant warrior her whole lower body quaked, the bliss extended by the sound.

It felt like Lester's cum was covering every inch of her insides, there was no place they weren't exploring. Her orgasm intensified, knowing Lester had just cum inside of her, "Oh god. Uh, ah, ooh fucckkk. Mhmmmmmmmmmm."

Lester looked down at Sarah, her eyes were closed but her mouth hung open, gasping for air as she felt his cum flooding into her body for the first time. Claiming her body as his. Unlike Dan, Lester wasn't fixed. His cum was just as potent and virile as ever.

Knowing that his was cum was blasting into her fertile pussy brought immense satisfaction to Lester. He had finally achieved what he set out to do all those months ago. Have his roommate's wife, mother to his children, willingly take his cum. Beg for it.

With a labored breath, Lester emptied the rest of his ballsack into Sarah before collapsing onto top of her. The sweat from their bodies melded together as his cock lay buried in her. His full weight on top of her was starting to crush her.

Lester rolled off onto the pillow next to her, onto Dan's side of the bed. He smiled, full of satisfaction as the storm continued to rage outside.

Sarah's mind was messier than her body as she lay there covered in her sweat and Lester's. She needed to get up and go to the bathroom to try and clean herself up after Lester had deposited copious amounts of his pungent cum inside of her. She felt exhausted from the lovemaking with Lester. She would get up in a couple of minutes. She just needed to catch her breath for a second.

Dan tried to call Sarah's phone again. For the third time, it went right to voicemail. He checked the time. It was late enough that she should have checked in by now. He knew what was probably keeping her: his roommate, Lester.

He cringed at the idea of Lester being in his home and felt shame and arousal at the thought of Lester taking Sarah in their bed.

Dan paced around the living room. He had returned to the apartment after a few hours of wandering, thinking things through. Dan walked over to the couch and sat down, opening his laptop.

He bought a one way ticket back home for the following afternoon. Dan was going to crash whatever it was Lester was doing. Taking out his phone, he sent Walt a text telling him he would be working remotely for a few days.

Switching tabs, he opened up LinkedIn and his email and slowly started reaching out to old contacts. It was time to engage the power of his network and make it work for him.

Tomorrow, on the train, he will do another exhaustive job search. Not just for positions in his field but ones in adjacent fields or teaching positions, whatever job or combination of jobs he could find to right the ship of his life. If he had to, he would take a second job working in fast food.

Knowing Lester was fucking his wife set a fire in his stomach. He wanted not only to reclaim her but also to reclaim their life together.

Lester opened his eyes and looked around. It took him a few seconds to take in the unfamiliar surroundings and realize he wasn't in his room. He was in Sarah's.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed, but the rain outside had stopped.

Shuffling out of bed, Lester made his way to the ensuite bathroom. He took a piss and then quietly looked through the medicine cabinet and drawers in the bathroom.

No birth control.

His cock stiffened at the thought. Lester made his way back into the bedroom as the moonlight shone in through the window, illuminating Sarah's naked form. She was lying on her side, sound asleep.

Lester knelt on the bed next to her and ran his grubby hands over her soft, naked skin. He parted her lips with his thumb. Sarah's eyes slowly opened as she sucked on the digit in her mouth. She was having an intense dream about her husband's roommate.

She felt something dragging back and forth against her pussy. She looked down and saw Lester looking down at her, watching her face as his hand stroked his cock against her, "Lester."

"Sarah," he answered, licking his lips. He pushed forward slightly, and the head of his cock pushed into her. She gasped, remembering Lester's naked cock cumming in her earlier. She had fallen asleep and never got up to clean herself up.

Sarah looked up at him, not saying anything. She understood what was about to happen. Lester could read her thoughts through her eyes. Adoration. Lust. Desire.

"Turn over," Lester said.

Too tired to protest, Sarah did as he asked. She felt an overwhelming need to please Lester. She felt how hard he was and wanted to make his cock cum again. Sarah lay flat on her stomach, just like when he massaged her.

He took a moment to admire the amazing sight of Sarah's ass as she lay naked on the bed.

Within seconds his cock was pushing into her pussy from behind, stretching her.

"Uh, God. Yes," Sarah moaned into the bed sheets. Her hand moved underneath her until her fingers found her clit. She started to touch

herself, caressing her sensitive area gently. Lester grabbed each of her ass cheeks and grabbed them hard as he pushed his entire length into the young mother.

“Ohhhh fuck, Lester,” she said through gritted teeth as Lester pushed his entire cock into her. She felt his balls dangle between her thighs. His hands moved off her ass cheeks, one putting pressure on her lower back while the other pushed her head into the mattress. His gut dropped onto the small of her back, pushing down on her

supple ass. He moved himself inside her, giving her the animal fucking she craved.

Hitting her from behind with powerful thrusts.

Sarah felt immobilized by his weight. She could feel her body pushing down into the mattress. The pressure from his meaty hand on her head caused her pussy to throb.

She felt powerless to stop whatever Lester was going to do to her. She wanted him to do it. She wanted to be taken roughly by him.

Lester started bucking his hips, fucking her hard and deep. He wasn't making love to her like before. Now he was fucking her. Fucking me raw.

Guilt momentarily flashed into her mind but was replaced with a sense of urgency and lust. She rubbed her clit as she pushed her ass back onto Lester's cock, trying to take more of him into her body. She wanted to feel every amazing inch of him inside of her, “Mmmhmmmm shit. Ohhhh.”

Sarah opened her eyes. Her worldview was shaking as Lester pounded into her. Her bedroom door was open. She was still shaking off her dreamlike state. She imagined her past self standing in the hallway, watching her get pounded by a brute like Lester, watching as she moaned under him.

Lester was relentless as he pounded repeatedly into Dan's sweet wife. He held her in place and concentrated on fucking her. He wanted to feel her cum on his bare cock again before he blasted another load of his cum inside of her. He gritted his teeth and thrust into her, relishing in feeling her pussy without a condom. Sweat ran down his torso and onto Sarah's back. The heat from their bodies creating a furnace in the room.

Her pussy was soaking wet, she worried about Lester slipping out of her. Lester's gut was already slipping on her back from sweat. She gripped his cock hard, trying to hold him in place. She wasn't sure if she was strong enough down there to clamp onto a cock as large and strong as Lester's. She couldn't believe where she was, in her marital bed, pinned down and loving getting thoroughly fucked by her husband's odd little roommate. She remembered the first time she met him. If only her past self could see her now. The reverie triggered a quick flash orgasm as Lester adjusted his

knees and fucked deeper into her. He held his cock firmly in the young wife and began fucking her again.

Lester threw the pillows off the bed as he rammed himself hard into the young mother. Both of them stayed silent as they fucked, each focusing on the immense pleasure the other was giving. Both felt changed by their raw fucking. The only sound in the room was that of their bodies slapping together.

"I'm gonna cum," Lester said. It was a statement. He wasn't asking for permission. It was just a fact. Lester was going to cum inside of her unprotected pussy again for the second time that night.

The words rang in her ear and sent an electric spark right down to her vagina. She gripped him hard and started frantically massaging her clit. Lester's cock throbbed, and Sarah could feel the blood pumping in it. She could feel his balls begin to move between her legs and Lester's cum move up through his widened shaft.

Sarah's body was wracked by another orgasm as she felt the first spurt of Lester's cum shoot into her, adding to the already hefty deposit he put in earlier, "Ahhhh mhmmmmm."

Her fingers pushed hard into her clit as her body was overrun with pleasure. Sarah felt out of control of her body, her vagina clenched around Lester's cock, milking him for his creamy substance. Every fibre of her body seemed to tingle all at once. She never wanted this feeling to stop.

Lester grunted as his cock continued to shoot load after load of his virile cum into the young mother. His balls tightened as he flexed them, trying to empty himself into her.

Trying to empty every last drop.

Satisfied that he had deposited all the cum his balls could produce, Lester let his arms give way and collapsed onto Sarah. She felt his large body push her further into the mattress, his weight making it difficult for her to get a full breath.

Grabbing her hips, Lester rolled off of her onto his side. He pulled her with him, keeping his cock buried in her pussy. He didn't want anything leaking out. His large, fat arm draped across her body, holding her in place.

Sarah felt how warm Lester's body was behind her. It felt good. She felt too tired to push his arm off right now. She just wanted to close her eyes for a second and wait until Lester fell asleep. Then she would get up.

As they both lay in the sweat and cum soaked sheets, their breathing began to slow in unison. Together they both drifted off to sleep while Lester's cock stayed hard inside Dan's young wife.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 14

9 horas atrás

Hello my friends. I am back with the latest installment in the ongoing Toxic Attraction Saga. If you recall, we last left off with Lester taking Sarah without a condom (finally) in her martial bed. Now Dan is on his way back home to confront Lester and lay down the law.

I've updated CH14 based on feedback from the Insiders. It's also gone through several rounds of edits so I hope most things were caught here. If you spot something let me know. Much thanks to Grandeman for all the help.

On a similar note, Detestable Liaisons 2 should be heading your way very soon.

Okay - without further ado, here is CH14. Let me know what you think.

Sarah groaned as she turned over in bed. Dan's snoring was waking her up. She closed her eyes again and revelled in the warmth of Dan's body next to hers. His arm was draped over her, holding her closely. Protecting her. Not wanting to let her go.

She loved the way his naked body felt up against hers. It felt so intimate, so private. It just felt fulfilling. She loved that he subconsciously wanted to be close to her, even while sleeping. To feel her body against his.

But his snoring was extra loud today. She didn't like waking up before her alarm, especially on a workday. Sarah shifted in the bed

and moved her butt back against Dan. That's when she felt his heavy, soft cock press into the back of her thigh.

Her eyes immediately snapped open, and she looked down at the arm draped over her. It was too dark to see it so she ran her hand over it. It felt thick and hairy.

It wasn't toned like Dan's arm was.

Scooting to the side of the bed and wrestling the arm off her, Sarah sat up and looked down at the sleeping form next to her. She could tell by the faint shadowy outline and the labored snores that it wasn't Dan at all.

The previous night came flooding back to her. It was Lester.

Lester had fucked her in her own marital bed. Twice if she remembered correctly.

Sarah racked her brain and tried to remember if he had worn a condom. He had said he had one. She put a hand to her crotch.

He had cum inside of her. It felt different down there than normal, and she remembered being too tired to get up and clean herself. She had slept all night with Lester's cum inside of her. Someone's cum other than her husband's.

Sarah grabbed her phone off the nightstand charger as quietly as possible and tiptoed into the bathroom. She closed the door before turning the lights on. There were several missed calls from Dan. Sarah felt a wave of guilt wash over her. She wanted to call and talk to him, tell him everything that had happened, but it was still early.

She would call him soon. She just needed to clean herself up first. She opened the glass door to the shower and started the water. The hot water hit her hand

quickly, so Sarah stepped in and sat on the built-in granite bench to collect her thoughts.

What was she going to tell Dan? He knew it was likely that Lester would come to the house. He probably even knew how the night would end. But how would he react when he learned that Sarah had failed to uphold their one rule? That Lester had to keep his condom on?

She had thought he'd had one on. By the time she'd realized it, she'd gotten swept up in the incredible sensation of his bare cock, and she didn't want the feeling to end. She couldn't stop herself. She wanted to feel him and get fucked by his bare cock. It felt so much better than feeling the latex condom sliding in and out of her. She hated admitting to herself how much she had bent to Lester's will. She wasn't mad at him for being himself, she knew better. She was mad at herself for so easily submitting to the man. It scared her how easily she buckled for him. And yet, some small part of her was already anticipating their next encounter.

Sarah needed to clear her head. She'd get in contact with Dan and talk things through but for now she needed to get ready for work. There was still a crisis at hand that she needed to deal with. Letting the hot water run over her body, Sarah cleared her head and just focused on the sensation of the shower. How good it felt on her body.

The bliss she felt the previous night came back to the front of her mind. How her orgasms felt while she lay under Lester as he played her body like an instrument.

The way his cock felt inside of her. How her body seemed to respond to him and the way he unlocked the most mind-shattering orgasms from her. She was thinking too much about sex. She could feel herself getting worked up, which was never good before a long day at work.

"Is there room in there for two?" Lester's voice broke her trance. She opened her eyes and saw Lester's odd-shaped naked body step into the shower beside her, closing the glass door behind him. She hadn't heard him come into the bathroom.

She must have been too lost in her memories of the previous night. She blinked once, temporarily speechless from the interruption.

Sarah backed up into the back wall of the shower as her eyes scanned Lester. He was wearing that shit-eating grin of his. His hair looked thin and greasy, with an unkempt stubble roaming over his neck. His body was hairy, which was in stark contrast to her husband's maintained manscaping. Dan's toned body looked nothing like Lester's - his flabby arms and gut hanging from his torso. She still had trouble comprehending how she felt drawn to him or compelled to please him.

Her eyes darted down to Lester's cock, hanging between his legs. It wasn't limp like it had been a few minutes ago in the bed. Now it was beginning to rise and point itself towards her.

Lester reached down, grabbed Sarah's loofah from the wall, and squeezed some of her soap into it.

"Here, let me help you," He said, stepping up to her and running the loofah over her shoulder. Sarah felt her body shudder as Lester began gently running it over her skin. She wasn't recoiling. Her body felt immediately aroused by his attention.

At the confidence of how assuredly he put his hands on her body.

"I..er..we should hurry. Need to get to the hospital and get going," Sarah said, finally making eye contact with Lester. She felt her knees get weak as she looked at the lust-filled expression on his face.

Lester didn't answer. Instead, he stepped close to the young wife, pushing his gut into her flat stomach. Sarah's breasts mashed

against his flabby chest, giving Lester a great view. He lowered the loofah and began to clean the tops of her breasts as he ogled them.

"We have time," He smiled as his hips began to move back and forth in time with the loofah in his hands. Sarah could feel his cock growing, its head pushing against the top of her thighs.

"Time for what?" Sarah breathed. Knowing the answer. Knowing what Lester would want.

"Time to talk about last night," Lester said as his cock pressed against Sarah's wet pussy. She felt a jolt of electricity run through her body, "I feel like we reached a new level in our relationship."

"Relationship? What do you mean?" Sarah asked, breathing hard. Her breasts were moving in time with her breathing, pushing up against Lester's chest. Steam was beginning to fog up the shower's glass. She had forgotten to turn on the fan.

It was getting hot in the shower. Sarah adjusted her feet for balance, causing Lester's cock to slide lasciviously against her pussy lips.

Lester leaned in and whispered, "You made love to me last night. Made love to your Chicago boyfriend."

Sarah shuddered again at hearing the words. Making love. That was something reserved for Dan, but she couldn't help but realize that was exactly what they had done last night. She and Lester didn't fuck that first time. They had made love.

Together. Passionately. And the fact that he called himself her Chicago boyfriend.

She wasn't sure how to react to that.

"And you took me with no condom," Lester whispered as he planted kisses on her earlobe.

"I thought," Sarah started, but he shifted his kisses down her neck, "I thought you had one on."

"But then you realized I didn't. And you didn't stop it. You wanted it. You loved how good it felt inside of you," Lester began to push himself against Sarah, nuzzling his cock against her crotch. Sarah needed to think, and she couldn't do that with Lester's cock pressing against her. He had her pinned against the shower wall. The only thing she could do was to get on her tippy toes to try and put distance between herself and Lester's cock.

That proved to be a mistake. She felt her one-foot slip against the water at the bottom of the shower. She reached out to catch herself but Lester was the only

thing within reach. She gripped his arms and felt the head of his cock press against her entrance.

"Ohhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling his strong cock so close to her. She had to do something. To reestablish her control over Lester. She moved her hands to his flabby, hairy chest, "Sit down."

She tried to push him in the direction of the bench. Lester complied and sat down

- his ugly face tracing every curve of her body. Sarah followed him down, and soon she was kneeling between his legs, the hot water hitting her back.

"You want to hear how much I enjoyed myself last night?" Sarah asked as she slowly began to play with Lester's cock. Maybe she could get him off quickly and then be on her way to work. As much as she wanted to feel his cock inside her, she was scared of becoming addicted to him. Lester nodded.

"I loved it," Sarah admitted quietly, "You felt amazing inside of me. So much better than with the condom on. I can't believe we made love last night."

Both of Sarah's hands were now working on Lester's shaft. He leaned back against the wall, his mouth hanging open as he intently stared down at her.

"Who did you make love to?" Lester said as his hips bucked off the bench, fucking Sarah's hands.

She lowered her head, extending her tongue, swirling it around the tip of his cock,

"To my Chicago boyfriend." She met his eyes as she said it, making clear she meant what she'd said. She knew the phrase would get to him, but saying it out loud was adding to her growing arousal as well.

"Ugh," Lester groaned, hearing her use his own words. Sarah lowered her mouth onto Lester's cock, and she started to get to work. One hand lowered to begin to play with his hairy balls while the other followed her mouth and stroked his cock.

Lester just groaned and sat there as the young wife sucked his cock. Sarah alternated between sucking and lowering her tongue down his shaft while staring at him. She had been at it for a few minutes and didn't feel like Lester was getting anywhere close to cumming. She looked up at him, "Are you going to give me more of your cum Lester?" She tried to keep her impatience out of her voice, submissively pleading with him.

"Sorry, I must be running low since I dropped two loads in you last night," Lester grinned.

Sarah had forgotten all about cleaning herself of Lester's deposits. She hoped the water flow running down her back might whisk away

some of his excess fluids.

"Let's try something else," Lester bent forward, his gut pushing into his thighs as his hands snaked under Sarah's armpits and pulled her up. Sarah felt her body complying as Lester stood her up and turned her around before pulling her down onto his lap.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily. She could feel his gut pressing into her lower back. His hands came up and began to run over her body. One grasped at her heaving breasts, while the other lowered itself down her body until it reached between her legs and grabbed his cock. He pulled it up and back so that

it rested between her upper thighs and pussy. Then he began to thrust his hips up and down while he pulled his cock closer to her, steadily pushing apart the lips of her vagina with the shaft of his cock.

"We shouldn't," Sarah breathed, "We don't have time. We need to get going."

"Shhhhh," Lester whispered in her ear as he stroked himself with her pussy and mauled her breasts with his other hand. Lester began to lick the water off her neck. Sarah closed her eyes and let her guilt go. Her body was craving Lester's, and she just wanted to surrender. The workday ahead was becoming a distant memory.

Her hand found the back of Lester's head, and she began to move herself around on his crotch, swaying back and forth as Lester's cock pushed against her clit.

Sarah's body ground itself against Lester's cock as he continued to thrust himself up between her legs.

Lester's hands grabbed her breasts hard, eliciting another moan from the young mother.

"Don't you want this cock one more time before you go into work?" Lester whispered in her ear, "To feel it inside you again?" He wheezed slightly at the effort, his breath hot against her skin.

"We shouldn't," Sarah said back as her hand reached down and grabbed the head of Lester's cock. Lester let go as Sarah began to guide the tip against her clit the way she wanted, the way she needed to feel a release. Its heat and rough veins were stimulating her pussy in the way only Lester's cock could.

"Let's not worry about *should*. Let's worry about what we both need," Lester growled into her ear as he continued to thrust his hips up off the stone bench.

Sarah had her eyes closed again and leaned back on Lester's body. She was using his cock as a sex toy, teasing her clit and outer lips with it. Now that both of Lester's hands were free, they were running themselves over her chest, feeling every inch of her tits, lightly pinching her nipples. She groaned, resigned to let him do to her whatever he pleased.

One of his hands ran up her chest and lightly grasped her throat before moving upwards. Two fingers pushed past Sarah's lips, and she automatically began sucking them as she would his cock. Her tongue ran over the underside of his fingers before twirling around the digits. While she played with his cock, her other hand held his arm in place, wanting to continue sucking on his fingers. She pictured his cock in her mouth while she played with another giant Lester cock between her legs.

Lester moved his hand to the side, and Sarah turned her head to follow, intent on continuing to suck on his fingers. Lester abruptly pulled his finger out, turned her head further, and somewhat awkwardly pressed his lips against hers.

Sarah felt herself melt into the kiss. His fingers were replaced by his tongue, pushing into her mouth where he swirled it around, the size

of it again fueling the horny wife's excitement. Lester held her head in place as he made out with the young mother, tasting her lips and marking her with his saliva.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as her hand stroked his cock against her clit and pussy. She arched her back and pushed her chest out into Lester's hand as he roughly groped her, leaving red marks on her breasts.

Lester broke the kiss and stared at the young wife. She opened her eyes and stared back into his. They were both breathing hard and intently staring, each reading the desire on the other's face. Sarah's mouth hung open. She was overwhelmed by how erotic her morning shower had become. Lester released his grip on Sarah's breasts, moving his hands up to her shoulders. He pushed them forward, pushing Sarah into a bent-over position with her ass still on his crotch.

Sarah caught herself by putting one hand on her knee while the other kept its grip on Lester's meaty cock. Her clit pressed hard against Lester's cock, eliciting a soft grunt from Sarah.

Lester's hands held her in place by her shoulders while his gut rested atop her succulent ass. He slid his hips forward and back, running his cock up and down her wet slit. Sarah was getting lost in the feeling of Lester's cock rubbing up against her. She wanted him to keep teasing her all day like this. She loved getting fucked by the older man, but something about the frenzied nature of his thrusting and the spray of the shower was creating a new sensation she wanted time to sit with and really feel.

He abruptly shifted his weight and slid himself down while pushing hard on Sarah's shoulder, forcing her to bend over farther. Sarah's hand slipped from Lester's cock as she quickly braced herself on her legs. Lester quickly grabbed the base of his cock and lined it up with Sarah's opening. Holding it in place with one hand, he grabbed the

back of Sarah's neck and pulled her back towards him, straight onto his cock. Half of Lester's considerable length disappeared into Sarah Williams.

"Ah, oh shit, Lester," Sarah grunted, feeling Lester's large cock push into her. She braced both hands on her knees to slow its assault. Slowly, she eased herself back, taking more and more of Lester's girthy member into her. "Mhmmmm fuck that feels good." Lester knew her body well, sensing when he'd prepared her enough to take him.

"I've wanted to fuck you in the shower since the first time you showered in the apartment," Lester held her shoulder tightly as Sarah took the entire length of his cock.

"Why didn't you?" Sarah said, looking over her shoulder at Lester, water running down her back and disappearing beneath Lester's gut. She shook as his thrusts beat a rhythm into her, fucking her the way he knew she craved.

Lester didn't have a good reply to her question; he just met her gaze and continued pounding his cock into her. She probably wouldn't react well to him revealing his peephole or the secret videos he'd made of her for months.

"You should have come in that first time and fucked me," Sarah said breathlessly, feeling the beginnings of her inevitable climax.

"Hmmm, you weren't ready then," Lester grunted. "I had to warm you up to me first."

"All you had to do was drop the towel, hhhuh, oh" Sarah hung her head and focused on Lester's cock invading her. She couldn't remember the last time she and Dan and fucked in the shower. "And show me this beautiful cock of yours.

God, yeah, yes, YES"

Lester ran his hands down her back until he grabbed her hips. He pulled her down hard on his cock causing Sarah to grunt. He raised his hands back up, pulling her hips up before slamming them down again. He repeated this over and over until Sarah started matching the pace herself. Lester sat back with his hands behind his head and watched Sarah fuck herself on his cock. Her beautiful ass jiggling each time it came down. She was like a thoroughbred, her pussy made to be fucked on a cock like his. She moved so quickly, jacking his huge cock with the youthful clamping muscles of her heavenly snatch.

"I'm sure Dan would have been understanding," Lester said, licking his lips, "If he caught us fucking in the shower all those months ago."

"He would have come around," Sarah grunted in agreement, her eyes closed. She was focusing on the pleasure between her legs, not wanting this moment to end.

"Ah, uh, he uh, you know how he likes to watch."

"Likes to watch you have the best fucking of your life," Lester raised a hand and slapped Sarah's ass. "Ouch! Fuck, Lester," Sarah whined, her eyes snapping open at the pain. WHAP. Lester's other hand came down on her other ass cheek, leaving a red hand print. He kept his hand on her ass, rubbing his fingers in the heat of her reddened ass.

"What the fuck was that for?" Sarah moaned. She tried looking over her shoulder but couldn't see Lester. Her torso couldn't turn past his gut pressing into her back.

"Just reminding you that Daddy gets to do what he wants with you." He grinned, his thumbs pressing into her buttocks, gauging the firmness of her backside.

"Tell me," Lester gritted his teeth. Sarah's pussy was already milking his cock so well that he could feel his balls beginning to tingle. "Do you ever want to go back to condoms now? Now that you've felt what it's really like to fuck me." His hand moved to caress her breast underneath her, expertly playing around her nipple, denying her direct contact.

"We uh, ah, fuck, I thought you had one one last night. I didn't know. I didn't, oh, mmm, that's good, that's it," Sarah said as she ground her pussy down against Lester's bare cock. The head was rubbing up and down against her g-spot. She bit her lip and focused on the crazy orgasm she felt herself working towards.

"That's not what I asked. Do you ever want to go back to condoms now?" Lester said, "Are you ready to give up this? Or would you rather feel that shitty latex between us?"

"Dan and I. We, uh, we have a rule. You are supposed to wear a condom anytime

- " Sarah lost her train of thought. Lester pushed her forward and stood up. Sarah barely had time to process what was happening. She reached out and pushed her

hands against the wet shower wall. Lester's hand was on the base of her neck, the other on her hips. He started to fuck her hard and fast.

"That's. Not. What. I. Asked." Lester was breathing hard. He held Sarah in place while he fucked her for all he was worth. "Do you want me raw, or do you want a condom on my cock?"

"Raw," Sarah moaned as she struggled to keep pace with Lester's relentless onslaught, "I want you to give it to me raw. "

"Damn right," Lester said. Her answer filled him with pride and made him thrust into her harder. He pushed against her more firmly, and her wet hands lost their grip on the wall. Sarah fell to her hands and

knees, and Lester followed her onto the floor of the shower, bending his knees and staying inside her wet pussy. "I can't wait to cum in you again."

"God, ah fuck Lester, you should really pull out," Sarah groaned. She dropped her head onto the floor of the shower, raising her ass into the air. She felt primal in this position, letting Lester take whatever he wanted—submitting herself to him fully, letting him have complete control. Lester held her hips and continued to slide his cock in and out of the young mother. He wedged his cock as far into her as possible. "Mhmmmmmm shit, ah fuck. Lester. Jesus, you're so fucking huge."

"I'm not pulling out," Lester slapped her ass to punctuate his sentence. "You're getting all of this again."

"It's soo much," Sarah whined from the shower floor. She could feel her orgasm quickly approaching. The angle of Lester's cock was hitting the perfect spot and he continued to press against it over and over. The repetition threatened to make her lose consciousness. "So much cum."

"You love it," Lester sneered. He felt his balls beginning to tense up. "You love my cum. Don't deny it." Sarah stayed silent as she continued to thrust her hips back against Lester. She was so close she needed to feel herself cum. She had lost track of how many times she had cum on Lester's cock in the past day.

Lester stopped thrusting into Sarah and removed his hands from her body, dropping them to his sides. A whine escaped her lips as she kept thrusting her pussy back onto his cock. "I'm gonna cum. If you don't want it, you better get off it." He slowly started to push his cock forward, he had no intention of her disengaging.

Sarah didn't respond; part of her brain understood what he said, but she was too focused on her own orgasm. "Ah fuck, ah fuck, ah fuck," Sarah screamed, her fingers splaying apart as her orgasm rippled

across her body. Her nerves lit on fire. The hot shower water battered her back as electricity coursed through her body. "Oh, Lester! OH, OOOOH, OH FUCK, FFFFFUHHH-"

"Here it comes," Lester bellowed, "I'm gonna cum, take it all, Sarah." He grabbed her hips in both hands and forced his rock-hard pole into her clenching vaginal walls. Sarah instinctively squeezed her pussy harder around Lester's cock. She wasn't sure if it was her orgasm or some other part of her mind trying to milk all the cum from Lester's cock. Whichever it was, she felt her orgasm deepen as

Lester's seed exploded into her fertile pussy. She felt a warmth begin to spread inside of her, flooding every inch of her.

Sarah just groaned weakly, feeling Lester's cum spread inside of her. Her head rested on her hands as her orgasm began to wash away. The heat of the shower made it difficult to breathe. Sarah closed her eyes as she felt Lester's cock spurt the rest of its cum into her.

Lester was panting as he pulled his slickened cock from Sarah. When his hands left her hips, her body immediately collapsed into the fetal position as the hot water still rained on both of their bodies. With some effort, Lester grunted and pulled himself back onto the shower bench. He closed his eyes and felt completely fulfilled. Something that World of Warcraft could never make him feel. Not like this. He slowly drifted off as his cock twitched, revelling and gloating over what had just occurred.

Sarah laid there on the floor of her shower, catching her breath. Lester had fucked her three times within twelve hours, and each time he had shot a massive load of his illicit cum into her. She couldn't understand how she'd ended up here.

Yesterday had been a typical morning, taking a shower and getting ready for work, and today she had been fucked in the bathroom she shared with her husband and was now probably running late.

Shit. Work. She had to get up and get going. She hadn't planned on getting her hair wet because she wasn't sure she had time to dry it. Now it was soaked since her head had been right under the shower as Lester relentlessly fucked her.

Slowly, she got herself up into a sitting position and looked over her shoulder at the troll of a man seated on her shower bench. The first thing she saw was Lester's gut sitting on his thighs. Between his legs, his cock was just beginning to soften, it still looked impressive. Lester's head was against the shower wall. She wondered how often he actually got out of bed before noon.

Sarah stood and let the water hit her body. She moved, trying not to touch Lester's legs sprawled out in front of him. After cleaning herself and trying to wash out as much of Lester's spunk as possible, Sarah quietly exited the shower and dried off.

She took her hair dryer to the bedroom, closing the bathroom door behind her.

She hoped to get out of the house without Lester trying to fuck her again. She needed to get to work.

She checked her phone, "Shit."

She wasn't late for work yet but she normally left the house by now. She quickly dried her hair and got dressed, wearing another professional blazer, dress pants and a white satin blouse. As she put her earrings on, she looked at the messy bed and tried not to think of the tender lovemaking session Lester had shared with her the night before.

Sarah looked on her nightstand for her wedding ring. It wasn't there. "Shit," she said, throwing herself onto her the floor to look under the bed. It wasn't there either. "Shit, shit, shit, where is it?" She quickly looked around the room, under

the pillows and in her drawers. She couldn't find it, and she couldn't keep looking for it or else she would be late. She needed to leave the house.

Sarah debated leaving Lester in the shower but she didn't want him to have free reign over her house. She opened the bathroom door and knocked on the shower glass. Lester blinked his eyes and looked around not understanding where he was before a sly grin spread across his ugly face.

"Lester, we need to go to work. They are going to tell us if the board approved your proposal or not," Sarah said, dropping a towel on the floor. Lester stood up and reached for the towel as Sarah marched herself downstairs to make a coffee.

"Uh, come on, Lester," Sarah threw her hands up in frustration at seeing the sink full of dirty dishes from the night before. There wasn't time to clean them now.

Sarah hated waking up to a dirty kitchen and knew she was going to be stressed later coming home to one.

As her coffee finished pouring, Lester came down the stairs in the same clothes he'd worn the day before.

"You aren't wearing that right?" Sarah asked, "That's the same outfit you wore to the hospital yesterday."

"My other clothes are in the hotel. You said we were late, so I figured," Lester said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Then go quickly and get changed. Lester, you are reflecting on me. You can't show up wearing yesterday's dirty clothes." Sarah went to the door and put her heels on.

"I thought we could drive in together, though," Lester's hands came to Sarah's shoulder, giving them a gentle massage.

"I don't think so," Sarah said, getting momentarily lost in his touch. She rolled her shoulder and opened the door, "We can't show up together. If anyone saw that, it would look unprofessional that I have such a close relationship with a vendor, and it would also look really suspicious, especially since you are wearing yesterday's clothes."

Sarah checked her watch, "Besides, there are a couple of errands I want to take care of on the way to work."

Sarah stood at the open door and motioned for Lester to go. Grunting, he put his shoes on and left the house. Sarah locked the door behind her and walked quickly to her car, praying none of the neighbors noticed the odd couple leaving the house.

"Alright, meet you in your office," Lester said as he opened his car door. "Maybe we can get another quickie in."

"Let's just get going. We're gonna be late." Sarah said as she got into her own vehicle and started to back out of the driveway. As she pulled away, she saw Lester's SUV pulling out onto the street.

Shit. She had meant to call Dan after her shower. She would message him once she got to work. Right now, she had to make a couple of stops before getting to the hospital. As she drove, she felt more of Lester's cum seep out of her into her

panties. She knew he was fixed and that she was at a safe in her cycle, but she still felt uneasy about going around all day with little Lesters floating around inside of her.

"So what did the board say, Drew?" As she sat in the war room, Sarah said, "Did they approve us trying to restore our systems?"

"They did," Jerry said before Drew could speak. "They want us to go ahead and prove that he can do it by getting one system online first. We are still talking with Swan Systems but aren't signing a contract with them for the rebuild yet."

"That's great!" Sarah beamed, hoping that the payroll system would be the first up. She looked around the room at her colleagues, who seemed to share her enthusiasm. Everyone except Drew. He looked like a child whose mother had just put him in time-out.

"The board wants us to get systems up and running in diagnostics and anything on the critical path to patient care first," Jerry said, "Other systems, like the ones in pathology, etc, will come online after."

"What about payroll?" Sarah said, looking around the room.

"Not critical," Drew said, slumped in his seat. "We have a manual workaround we can do for now."

"Exactly," Jerry said. "Finance thinks they can cut physical cheques like they used to, so we're going to go that route for now. 'We can't compromise patient care'

is the message from the board, so we have to focus our efforts there for now."

"Okay," Sarah said, racking her brain for the next steps. Her phone chimed, and she checked it, hoping it was Dan responding to her earlier text. She had asked when a good time to call and update him was, but he hadn't responded yet. It wasn't Dan who texted. It was Lester.

She opened the conversation and was greeted by a picture of Lester's cock lying across a keyboard. She quickly closed her phone, mortified that one of her coworkers on either side of her would see it. She felt her face grow beet red and realized that the keyboard

was the one in her office. *Was Lester putting his cock on all her belongings in her office?*

"If we're moving ahead with Lester," Sarah looked around the room, "Can we do this properly? Having him work in my office yesterday was fine, but perhaps we should set him up with a proper desk and place to get going."

"Agreed," Jerry said. "I've asked my team to clear a cubicle for him in our area."

Sarah, now that we are going to put a contract in front of him for the work, I was hoping to take point in our relationship with him just like my department would other IT vendors. I hope that is okay and you understand."

"Completely understood and agreed, Jerry," Sarah said, flashing him her beautiful white smile, "I'm just glad I could make the connection."

"Well then," Drew said, standing up, "Now that everyone is happy and everything is squared away, I think we can call this for now. Jerry, give me updates."

Before anyone else could respond or stand, Drew walked out of the room. The rest of the group began to gather their things and depart. Sarah leaned over towards Jerry, "Any idea what's going on with Drew?"

"Not a clue, but he actively recommended against this solution in the emergency board meeting yesterday." Jerry said, "So I think he is pissed we found a solution that didn't include his buddies at Swan."

"Huh," Sarah said, "Oh Jerry, Lester is parked up in my office. I have a few things to attend to around the hospital. Would you mind sending one of your guys up to fetch him and show him where he'll be working?"

"No problem," Jerry said as he moved towards the door, "I'll send someone up right now to get him."

The train was pretty empty, so Dan was getting a lot of work done. He hadn't felt this productive in months. Working on his own plan to improve his situation felt invigorating, much better than working on the crappy accounts Walt handed him recently. He felt like he was actually making progress towards a goal.

He checked the time on his laptop. It was just after lunch; he should be back in Middleton a few hours from now. Unfortunately, the train was doing the milk run, stopping at almost every station outside of Chicago. But Dan was somewhat thankful for the time to get things done.

Before leaving the city, he had squared away things with his current roster of clients. Nothing too pressing, and he felt confident he was up to date on everything. Now, he had spent the last hour or so writing up a content calendar of LinkedIn posts. His plan was to become a minor thought leader in his space and leverage that into something or get his posts in front of the right pair of eyes that could lead to an opportunity.

The onboard Wifi allowed him to schedule his first few posts, and he felt a renewed energy at what the future could look like. Sitting back from the laptop, he opened his phone and dialled Sarah. The line didn't even connect. He looked at his phone again and saw that he didn't have any bars. Sometimes, the train went through these dead zones in-network coverage. He would have to try again later. He was intrigued by her message and eager to hear the update she had messaged him about.

He wondered about what had happened the previous night. It was gnawing at him, knowing that Lester had likely been alone with her in his own house.

Something had kept her from answering her phone, and he could clearly imagine what –

No. Don't derail. Focus on your tasks. Dan set his phone down and returned to his laptop. He checked his to-do list for the train. Social thought leadership posts drafted. Check. Time to move on to read the emails from his old contacts that he had reached out to. His goal was to set up Zoom calls with as many of them as he could to catch up, get a lay of the land in their industries and companies and see if there were any opportunities for him.

After another hour of writing up email responses, Dan shifted gears and started looking for new jobs. He quickly found some industry-specific job boards that weren't in his niche and wanted to search for new roles he could pivot into. He didn't waste his time meticulously tailoring each resume to every opportunity. He wanted to make this trip as productive as possible and get as many applications out as he could. It just felt better to do it here than in the oppressive environment of the apartment.

Dan tried his phone again. It rang but went to Sarah's voicemail. He should be back in Middleton soon. The train was scheduled to arrive just after Sarah finished up work. He would grab a taxi from the station if he didn't get a hold of her. Part of him wanted to arrive unannounced and see what he walked in on.

After sending out close to two dozen applications, he closed the laptop and sat back to think. He felt good. He had momentum on his side today. Now he needed to figure out a plan to get out of Lester's stranglehold on his relationship with his wife.

Sarah closed her front door behind her and kicked off her heels. Her work day had gone by fast, and her feet were incredibly sore. She had avoided her office all day, instead opting to visit different departments around the hospital to catch up on long overdue check-

ins with staff. These discussions quickly spiralled into the frustrations they were experiencing due to the ransomware attack.

She had heard that Lester was now set up in the IT department. Still, she avoided her office, the one place Lester knew to look for her and could potentially pin her down. He didn't know his way around the hospital or where she might be, so she used that to her advantage. She needed some space from him. It was better for her to have a clear head when thinking about him. She needed that time to think.

Unfortunately, work kept her mind pretty occupied all day. She hadn't even had time to eat lunch. She was busy putting out one fire after another.

During a war room session towards the end of the day, Jerry had given an update that Lester had successfully managed to restore one of their systems proving that he could do it. Drew didn't seem pleased, which Sarah felt was strange. It wasn't lost on Jerry, either.

Sarah flopped herself onto the couch and laid there for ten minutes. It felt good to just be off her feet. She was thinking about ordering a pizza for dinner tonight.

The kids were with her parents again. God bless her mother, who heard the stress in her voice earlier during a call and offered to take them another night.

Her relaxed lounging was broken by the doorbell ringing. She knew who it probably was. After a few seconds of not moving and wondering if she had just imagined it, the doorbell rang again.

Sarah dragged herself off the couch and realized she had probably creased her blazer and would need to iron it before hanging it back up in her closet. She opened the door, and Lester stood there with that dumb grin on his face. As much as she hated to admit it, her body reacted to his presence. She could feel herself

growing damp between her legs. This man only meant one thing to her body and it was mind-blowing sex.

"You shouldn't be here, Lester," Sarah said, standing in the doorway. Lester pushed past her and walked into her home.

"You almost got me caught with my pants down," Lester said loudly.

"I'm sorry, what? I haven't seen you all day," Sarah said.

"You sent that IT guy up to your office to get me. I barely got my pants up in time." Lester said, his face flushed with embarrassment.

"Lester, I don't know how you work with other clients but at the hospital, we have a professional code of conduct. You can't just get naked whenever you want, wherever you want," Sarah said in a professional tone. In her mind, she found the whole thing quite funny.

"Argh," Lester threw his hands up, "You were supposed to come back to your office. Not some random guy."

"Lester, that's my place of work. I am busy, and I have things to do, just like you.

You have a job to do so I suggest you focus on that," Sarah stood with the door open, "Now I think it's best if you go back to your hotel room. My kids are going to be home soon."

"I'm here for dinner," Lester said, not moving towards the door. "I plan to have dinner here each day that I have to spend in this little town of yours. I want to come home after a long day and play wifey with you. If you want your kids here, that is up to you, but they are going to have to get used to having Uncle Lester around."

"That's not," Sarah was taken aback by his demand. She had thought yesterday's dinner was a one-off thing. She hadn't planned

on anything more than that,

"That's not what we agreed on. You're already getting paid by the hospital, that should be enough."

"Mmm, well, that pay isn't enough, and it's not why I came all the way out here,"

Lester said as he walked up to Sarah and pushed the door closed. "I'm here for my little slice of the American dream you have."

Lester pushed his crotch into Sarah's, backing her up against the door, "I want a vacation from Chicago, and I couldn't think of a better place than that bed upstairs with you next to me."

Sarah could feel Lester's growing hardness pressing into her. She moved to the side and, wrestled out of Lester's grip and put distance between them. She backed up into the kitchen and tried to change the subject, "Well I wouldn't mind a vacation myself with Dan, someplace warm. Now, there isn't much I can offer for dinner. The fridge is pretty bare. Maybe you could go and find something close to your hotel?"

Lester walked into the kitchen, his eyes roaming up and down Sarah's body. He looked intent on getting what he wanted. He licked his lips, "I can think of something else I can eat. Why don't we go upstairs and pick up where we left off this morning."

Sarah felt her knees grow weak, thinking about being taken by Lester again. Her panties already felt wet. It seemed so depraved, though, for Lester to keep fucking her in her own house. Having sex with him in Chicago already felt like a line that had been repeatedly crossed. Now he was here, in her kitchen, trying, no, demanding to fuck her. *The kitchen full of yesterday's dirty dishes.*

"It's been a long day, Lester," Sarah said, moving to the other side of the island.

"I'd like to just relax tonight."

"There will be plenty of time to relax, after," Lester said as he rounded the edge of the marble island, "You ditched me at work today and you need to be punished for that. From now on, I get you every day in your office and here at home afterwards. I can see by the look on your face you want more of my cock right now anyway."

"Lester," Sarah said, backing up into the living room. She was trying to do her best not to succumb to this strange attraction she had to her husband's roommate. "I can't. It's not right. It's going too far. All of this."

"You'll change your tune once I get this back inside of you," Lester grabbed his crotch as he crossed the room towards Sarah. There was no island in between them now. Nothing holding them back. Sarah backed herself up against the back of the couch. Lester could see the desire on her face; he knew the game she was playing. He just needed to make contact, and she would be his –

The sound of keys turning the lock on the front door caused Lester to stop where he was. Sarah's head whipped towards the sound. The door swung open, and Dan stepped into the room. He stood there silently surveying the scene. They all could hear the crickets chirping in the yard behind him.

"Dan!" Sarah shouted, "What, what are you doing here?"

"Come here, honey," Dan said, gesturing his wife towards him. She moved from the couch and walked up to her husband, who hugged her tightly and kissed her deeply. After a few seconds, Dan broke the kiss and looked up at his roommate,

"Lester."

Lester stayed where he was, assessing the situation. Dan took off his shoes and dropped his bag by the door.

"Did I interrupt something?" He asked as he strode into his home. He passed Lester and headed into the kitchen.

"Lester was just leaving," Sarah followed him, feeling a renewed sense of safety.

"Is that right?" Dan asked. "Lester, are you heading out? Why are you here anyway?"

Lester didn't speak right away. He seemed caught off guard and trying to figure out a response. Dan held up a finger, "That's right. You were probably here to try to sleep with my wife, right?"

"Dan, nothing happened, but we need to talk about yesterday," Sarah said.

"We will," Dan looked at his wife and smiled. "I love you. We will. But right now, I want to talk to Lester."

"Let's talk then," Lester said, squaring his shoulders and stepping forward into the kitchen. "I'm here to help your wife out of her work situation and plan on fucking her every night that I'm here. In your bed upstairs."

Dan felt his cock stir but ignored it. He had to press on and not get sucked back into letting his lust win out.

"Is the hospital paying you?" Dan asked flatly.

"Yes, but -" Lester started.

"Then that's your compensation. Sarah and I didn't agree to anything more, and from where I'm sitting, you came down here and took an extra date yesterday that we never agreed to." Dan cocked his head to the side, eager to see Lester's response. It felt good being back in his own environment. He was glad he arrived before Lester could taint it further.

"Hardly," Lester scoffed, "I couldn't keep your wife off me. It's not my problem that she can't help herself when she's around me."

Dan quickly glanced at Sarah, "That's what I want to talk about. Her being alone with you. We're going to change the terms of our arrangement."

"How's that," Lester chuckled. "I'm still getting my dates or I won't pay your half of the rent. I know how bad things are for you right now. You can't afford that."

"Sure," Dan said, stepping closer to Lester. "That's true. For now. But sooner or later, things will change. So if you want to enjoy this brief moment in your life while it lasts, we're going to change the terms. If not, I'll figure out another way to get the money. I'll start working at McDonalds after work if I have to."

Lester rolled his eyes and took a step back, "Let's hear it then. What do you want?"

Sarah leaned forward. This was unexpected. She hadn't known Dan was coming home and didn't have a clue what he was talking about. She didn't want to interrupt him and ask. He seemed to be on a roll here.

"Going forward, you two can still have your little dates, but I'm going to chaperone." Dan narrowed his eyes. "Sarah and I started this together, and we're going to stick this out together."

Dan looked at his wife, "I shouldn't have let you go off on your own. For that, I'm sorry. But from now on I'll be there for you."

"I don't think so," Lester shrugged his shoulders. "That's going to cramp my style."

"It's a take it or leave it offer," Dan said.

"You're bluffing," Lester looked Dan up and down as if he was assessing him. "If you can't afford rent, you'll have to crawl back here or get kicked out on the street."

"I've already worked it out," Dan said. He could sleep in the office. Things were so bad right now that no one would notice. He would just appear to be the first one in and the last one out. He could shower at the YMCA down the street. He didn't want to reveal this to Lester, though. Dan had learned it was better to hold onto information around him. "If I need to leave the apartment, so be it but I'm not going to play by your rules anymore. That's over."

Lester stared at Dan for a long time, trying to read his face. Sarah was staring at Dan, loving how assertive he was being. He seemed to have broken out of his funk and stood tall in front of Lester.

"So let me get this straight," Lester said. "I still get to go on dates with your wife, and I'll still probably fuck her, and you are just going to follow us around and watch?"

"Not exactly," Dan smiled, "You still get dates, but nothing else is guaranteed."

Which was, if you recall, the original agreement."

"You good with that, honey?" Dan looked at Sarah reassuringly.

"Sounds good to me, boo," Sarah reached out and held Dan's hand."

"I'm not going to pay for you," Lester said, "And you'll have to give us some space."

"Sure," Dan nodded.

"I don't like you trying to strong-arm me, Dan," Lester said. "It's not good form to change a deal that has already been struck."

"Well, it's changed," Dan said, "And it's taken me a bit of time to see it, but I finally realized you aren't really that meek little nerd that you presented yourself as when we first moved in. So now is a good time to renegotiate."

Anger flashed on Lester's face. Sarah didn't know if he didn't like being called a nerd or didn't like that Dan could see the real Lester.

"I have a condition," Lester looked between both of them. "I agree to everything but I have one condition."

"What is it?" Sarah asked.

"Before I leave Middleton, I want Sarah one last time. Here in your house. You can be here and watch whatever you want to do."

"What do you think?" Dan looked at Sarah. She was happy that he looked at her for input. She felt like they were a team again. She found the idea of fucking Lester again morbidly appealing. It was hot thinking about Dan watching them go at it in their marital bed.

Sarah squeezed Dan's hand, "Whatever you think. Once isn't terrible."

"Alright, Lester, once you finish fixing things at the hospital, on your last night, you can come over," Dan said.

"I wasn't finished," Lester said. "I want Sarah to wear an outfit of my choosing too."

"Okay," Dan rolled his eyes, "What are you going to get her like a slave Princess Leia outfit to wear? It's asking a little much here."

"Scout's honor, it'll be something she already owns. Just a certain outfit that she hasn't worn in a while."

"Which is?" Sarah asked. All of the outfits she had worn in Chicago started to filter through her mind.

"I'll let you know on that last day when I'm here," Lester said.

"Fine, Lester. Whatever." Dan put his arm around Sarah's shoulders and held her close. "Another thing. While you are at the hospital and during the rest of your

time in Middleton. Leave Sarah alone. No trying to corner her in her office or anything like that. Got it?"

"Sure," Lester said flatly.

"Let's shake on it then. Seal the deal," Dan extended his hand. "No walking this back. You leave Sarah alone, and I come on your little dates. You get one more date here in Middleton before leaving."

"And Sarah wears an outfit of my choosing on that date," Lester added in.

"Sure, yeah," Dan said.

Lester reached out and shook Dan's hand. Dan grimaced, feeling the sweaty palms of his roommate, "Okay, now it's time for you to go."

Dan gestured towards the door until Lester got the message and moved towards it. Immediately after Lester crossed the threshold, Dan shut the door and locked it.

"Oh, Dan," Sarah said, hugging him from behind, her head against his back. "I'm so glad you are back here. How are you here? What did they say at work?"

"I told them I'm going to work remotely for a bit," Dan turned and hugged Sarah back. "So many people have been leaving lately that they are scrambling to stop the bleeding. I have a bunch of key

clients so I decided Walt can bend a little. He didn't have a problem with it."

"Good," Sarah nuzzled her head into her husband's chest and inhaled his scent.

He was so different from Lester. "Dan we need to talk about what happened yesterday."

"You're right," Dan said, looking down at his wife. "We do. But right now, I just want you."

Dan's lips pressed hard into hers. They kissed passionately as Dan guided them across the room to the waiting couch. Soon, Sarah was on her back, and Dan undid his belt buckle. Sarah smiled and pulled him back down on top of her. She felt his cock straining against his boxers as it pushed against the crotch of her dress pants.

Dan broke their kiss and sat up. He thumbed the button on her pants and pulled them off of her in one quick motion. Dan grinned, seeing the wet spot on her panties, believing that was entirely his doing.

Soon he was inside his wife. Her arms and legs were wrapped around her husband as they fucked hard on the couch. Neither of them even seemed to care that the living room blinds weren't drawn. They fucked like they hadn't seen each other for weeks.

Dan had an overwhelming urge to reclaim his wife and Sarah eagerly wanted her husband, especially after the domineering display he had just shown.

"Ohhh fuck Dan!" Sarah screamed as an orgasm hit her body. She tensed and her pussy gripped Dan's cock.

"Fuck Sarah," Dan grunted as he came, erupting inside of her. His cum shooting into her pussy. Adding to the overwhelming amount of

cum that Lester had

deposited. The couple laid there catching their breath for several minutes. Sarah closed her eyes for a second.

When she opened them, Dan wasn't next to her. The sun coming from the window had dimmed. Had she really fallen asleep? She quickly got dressed and hoped no one saw them through the window. Sounds from the kitchen drew her attention and she followed them.

Dan was standing at the sink cleaning the dirty dishes from the night before. Sarah was relieved she didn't have to do it but felt a pang of disappointment that her husband was cleaning up Lester's mess.

"Hey there," Dan smiled. "Sorry, I just couldn't wake you sleeping beauty."

"Hmmm," Sarah leaned over the counter and watched him work. His muscles were tight as he scrubbed a stubborn pan. "You are my prince charming."

"Heh," Dan smiled, looking at her.

"So I unpacked my bag upstairs while you were sleeping." His face turned more somber, "The sheets in the bedroom were a mess, so I threw them in the washing machine."

This was the moment Sarah had been dreading, to be faced with the reality of the previous night, "Yeah, ugh, last night Lester demanded dinner in exchange for his help at the hospital. Obviously, he tried more than just that."

"Tried? Or succeeded?" Dan was staring intently down at the dishes as he scrubbed them. It was almost like he wanted to take in the information but not look at her and acknowledge the reality.

"Succeeded," Sarah said guiltily.

"In our bed?" Dan already knew the answer but asked anyway.

"Yes," Sarah said quietly, "Twice."

"Twice?" Dan looked up, shocked.

"I'm so, so sorry, Dan. He said I looked tense and massaged me. Then, when I got worked up. Well, you can imagine. After I fell asleep and sometime in the middle of the night...."

Dan held up his hand, "Okay. I get it. Listen, I'm just a little upset at how he came into our house when I'm not here and just took over. You still turn me on and want to hear more details later, but I just need to process it right now."

"Okay," Sarah said. She couldn't help it. She needed to unburden herself, "And this morning before work in the shower."

Dan dropped the plate he was washing into the sink. It clanked as it hit another one, "Jesus Christ, three times? Lester fucked you three times since last night?"

"I know. I'm sorry," Sarah put her hands in her face, "It's like he has some spell on me. I just can't stop him. It's like in the moment, I can't stop it but after, I just feel like shit. Like I'm so weak that I couldn't say no. I'm sorry, Dan."

Dan furrowed his brow and picked the plate back up before scrubbing it hard. He started breathing slowly, trying to relax himself. After a minute of silence, he finally said, "I'm sorry too. For my part in all of this. Anything else?"

Sarah stared at the granite countertop, unable to look up at Dan, "He didn't wear a condom."

"This is why I came home and made those new rules," Dan said. "I fucking knew he was going to try something. Sarah, that was our one rule? Our last rule, honestly. Every single one of them has been broken!"

"I know, I know! I hate myself for it. I'm sorry Dan!" Sarah put her face in her hands again, "I asked him if he had one, and he said yes! Then he just didn't use it, and it was too late before I realized it."

"Really?" Dan said, looking up at her, "When you realized it, you could have stopped. Told him to stop and put one on. You're telling me he tricked you three different times and you still went along with it?"

Sarah didn't say a thing. She just stared at the counter ashamed.

"I assume you enjoyed yourself?" Dan asked.

Sarah looked up at him with tears beginning to form in her eyes, "Yes. I'm not going to lie to you."

Dan sighed. "Look, I know how we can get carried away and lost in the moment.

Believe me, you know I can. You've seen how far I let things get out of control in Chicago. It's just, this is a big one. Did he at least pull out?"

"I don't think so," Sarah said, shaking her head.

Dan picked up the bristle brush and started working on the pan with the dried-up pasta. He wanted to go over and console Sarah. He hated seeing her this way.

But he didn't want her to feel his erection that was pressing against the lower cabinets. Knowing that Lester had cum in his wife was something that he was having trouble processing. It was a golden

rule broken, but it was also extremely hot, thinking that some ugly troll like Lester came bare inside of his sexy young wife.

"At least he is fixed," Dan said as he finished the dishes, "I'm not sure how I would take it if he wasn't."

"Do you hate me?" Sarah asked. "I'm sorry."

"No, I love you, dummy," Dan said, "It's just a lot to process. A whole lot to process."

"I know, I know," Sarah said, looking at the ceiling as if the right words were written there, "I can't stop thinking about how much our lives have changed since you got laid off. I never in a million years would have thought I would be sleeping with someone like Lester in our own bed. Let alone everything that's happened in the last day."

Dan pulled the drain plug in the bottom of the sink before grabbing a bottle of wine from the cabinet. He poured two glasses and slid one across the island to his wife. Sarah eagerly grabbed it and took a long drink. Dan took a sip. He noticed that Sarah wasn't wearing her wedding band but decided not to poke the bear too much. He'd ask her where it was later.

"Listen, I want to go shower and clean up," He moved strategically to conceal his erection. "We can talk more about this later but for now just enjoy that wine, okay? We're still good. We just need to figure some things out."

"You don't hate me?" Sarah said, turning to look at him.

"I love you, you naughty girl," He kissed the top of her head. "We'll figure it out."

As Dan showered, he couldn't stop thinking about Lester taking Sarah bare and cumming inside of her. He wanted to hear all the details of what happened.

Needed to hear them. But he didn't want to seem overly aroused when he did.

He needed to take care of his dick so he could have a level-headed conversation with his wife.

He wasn't sure that was possible, though. Any details would probably send him into overdrive. His mind was filling in all the blanks of what could have potentially happened. The positions Lester took her in. The things he said to her. How did it happen when he came? Did he tell her what he was doing? Did she nod her consent to it?

Dan reached down and found his raging hard dick. He stroked it. He hated that he was pleasuring himself to the thought of Lester taking Sarah. His plan on the train was to be strong and rise above all of this. He didn't want to backslide.

She said they fucked again this morning. Dan opened his eyes and looked around at the shower he was standing in. They fucked right in here this morning.

Images flooded his mind of how they might have done it. Sarah screaming in ecstasy as Lester's cum filled her, flooding her pussy..

Dan closed his eyes and rested his forehead against the shower wall as he stroked his cock until he came. His cum hit the wall before the water carried his seed down the drain.

Dan worked from the kitchen table in their home for the rest of the week. Much to Sarah's relief, Lester kept to his word and didn't

bother her at work. The most she saw of him was his occasional appearance in the war room, giving updates on his progress unlocking their systems.

From what Sarah said, it sounded like the team at the hospital had begun to worship the ground Lester walked on. They were impressed with his technical prowess and grateful about getting back into their systems. It made sense, considering they were originally told it would be months to have their systems rebuilt. Now Lester had them unlocked and back to work in a matter of days.

Dan felt like he was making great progress. In fact he felt that he was more productive at home than he was in the office in Chicago. He wondered whether or not Walt would let him work from home permanently. Walt was kind of old school, though, but if Dan could demonstrate results, it might just be possible.

During his lunch hour, Dan continued to apply for jobs, but he found he was enjoying the engagement his LinkedIn posts were getting. In just a few days, he got dozens of responses to his posts. He enjoyed the interaction and feeling like

a thought leader. He just hoped he could parlay these posts into something income-generating.

One small thought kept dancing in the back of his head. He hadn't seen Sarah wear her wedding band this week. They were in a good place now, and he was sure there was a good reason for it, but he hadn't mentioned it yet.

As he began to type up another post his cell phone rang. It was Sarah. His heart skipped a beat. Even though she said Lester left her alone, he wondered if something had happened every time she called. He felt his cock stiffen as he answered the phone.

"Hey honey," Dan said, trying to sound normal. He didn't want her to hear the anticipation in his voice.

"Hey baby," Sarah said cheerfully, "I have some news."

Dan felt his heart beating in his ears, "Good news or bad news?"

"Maybe both?" Sarah said, "Jerry just briefed us in the war room. It sounds like Lester has gotten us back access to our critical systems. By the end of the day, he should finally have the payroll system back online. There are some other minor applications still locked, but Jerry says they aren't critical and don't have data stored in them. His team can just wipe and reinstall them."

"That's great news, honey. But does that mean that Lester is done with his work?"

Dan asked with bated breath.

"I think so. They are already talking about finalizing his payment, pending board approval. So tonight might be the night." Sarah said quietly.

"I didn't expect that to happen so soon," Dan said. "He hasn't tried anything at work has he?"

"No, he has stayed away like you told him to. I wouldn't be surprised if he shows up to ensure we are going to hold up our side of things," Sarah said. Dan was suddenly very distracted from his work.

"Do you think your parents can take the kids again? If not I could ask my folks,"

Dan was absently staring at his computer screen. He couldn't believe how unproductive he suddenly felt. He stood up and walked into the living room.

"I'll text them and see. It shouldn't be a problem. They are always eager to spend time with the kids. Though they might invite us over

for dinner. It's been awhile since they've seen you." Sarah said into the phone.

"Yeah. Well, if that's the case, I wouldn't mind seeing them too. We'll just tell Lester to come over later on, unless he waits until tomorrow." Dan said.

"Okay, I'll shoot them a text right now. I'll message you if I have any updates. How is work going there?" Sarah asked.

"It's going," Dan said looking back into this laptop in the other room, "Work stuff is pretty much buttoned up. I'm actually wondering if Walt would let me work remotely. I'll see if I can pitch that to him. Those LinkedIn posts I mentioned are starting to pick up traction. We'll see if I can make anything come of that." Dan sat down on the couch and put his feet up on the coffee table.

"I'm so proud of you, baby. I know that soon we'll be back on track and be able to close this chapter behind us." Sarah said.

I hope so. Dan cleared his throat, "Yeah, I know we will, baby."

"Alright, honey, I have to run. I love you." Sarah said.

"I love you too boo. Hope the rest of your day is good." Dan said before hanging up the phone. He sighed and rested his head on the back of the couch. He knew he needed to get back to work but his mind was elsewhere.

After a few minutes, he pushed the thoughts of Lester and Sarah aside and strode back into the kitchen to focus on what mattered. Moving his goals forward. At some point in the afternoon, Sarah texted him that Lester had spoken with her about his intention to visit tonight. Sarah's parents had also offered to take their girls and did want to have them over for dinner. Dan didn't let the message rattle him too much. He was able to successfully focus on getting his

work tasks done for the week. He needed some fresh air so he took a walk to brainstorm ideas for his social posts.

A few hours later, Dan and Sarah had eaten dinner with her parents and left the girls in their care for the night. At home, Sarah and Dan opened a new bottle of wine and shared a glass before texting Lester and letting him know it was clear to come over.

"I can't believe we are actually doing this," Sarah was sitting on the kitchen counter with her wine glass cupped in both hands.

"What do you mean?" Dan asked, "I know it's kind of out there, but it's pretty par for the course of the last few months."

"I just mean," Sarah started, "It's in our house, and we're waiting for someone to come over to have sex with me. It just feels like we are living in a different reality."

"I guess in some ways we are," Dan crossed his arms and leaned back against the countertop across from Sarah. "Ever since my job blew up, it is like we've been living in the twilight zone."

"I guess you're right," Sarah took a drink of her wine. "Before he gets here, is there anything we need to talk about? Or go over?"

"You mean like a safe word?" Dan asked. "I'm going to insist on the condom. I'm putting that genie back in the bottle. Other than that, I'm not entirely sure."

"Are you going to be there?" Sarah lifted her eyes from her glass to look into her husband's, "You know, like in the room with us?"

"I think so," Dan said, "I mean, I would be lying if I said I didn't want to see it. It's been awhile, and it's been like torture knowing it is happening but not being there for you."

"Okay, good, I want you to be there," Sarah slid off the counter and leaned into her husband, "It's not the same without you. Sure, I might enjoy it, but I really love watching your face and seeing your reaction. That's probably the hottest part of all of this."

Dan kissed his wife's forehead. They stood there silently together until the doorbell rang. Lester had arrived.

"I'll get it," Dan said as he gently eased his wife off his body. He headed to the door and opened it. Lester stood there wearing a cheap-looking tuxedo that didn't fit him properly. The sleeves were too short, even though it appeared oversized on him, "A rental?"

"Yup," Lester stood impatiently as Dan waited, stock still in the threshold. After an uncomfortable few seconds, Dan eventually stepped to the side and gestured for Lester to come inside.

"What's the occasion, Lester?" Dan asked, "I've never seen you dressed up before."

"I thought it was appropriate," Lester said smugly, "Since we are celebrating tonight, after all. The hospital is free of its ransomware."

"Right, well, come on," Dan shut and locked the door. "Let's get on with it then."

Sarah appeared and leaned against the doorway to the kitchen. "Nice tux. So, what outfit of mine did you want me to wear tonight? I'll go get changed."

Lester grinned and pointed towards the table against the wall, "That one."

Sarah and Dan's eyes followed Lester's fingers to the arrangement of family photographs on the living room table against the wall. There were several photos he could be pointing towards. Dan and Sarah

both walked towards the table to see which one he was talking about.

"I thought you meant like a lingerie set, not some everyday outfit," Sarah said.

"The wedding dress," Lester breathed. "Not an everyday outfit."

Dan turned and looked hard at Lester, "That's not what we agreed to. You said an outfit you haven't seen in a long time."

"Actually, when we shook on the deal, what I said was that it was an outfit she hadn't worn for some time." Lester grinned triumphantly.

"That's not happening," Dan said.

"It's been years. I probably don't even fit into my wedding dress anymore," Sarah added.

"We shook on it. And I quote, you said that we were 'sealing the deal.' I held up my end of things. I didn't bother Sarah at work once, and I took care of the hospital's problem. Are you really going to renege on the deal now that I've done all the work?" Lester said.

Dan could feel his muscles tensing. He thought he had every angle covered here and was already allowing this Chicago bridge troll into his house to crawl between his wife's legs. Then he felt Sarah's soft hand on his back and it immediately slowed his heart rate.

"Shit," Sarah said quietly. "We agreed to this. I don't like it either, but we can't back out now."

"We can, though. It's your wedding dress," Dan said, "It's not just some outfit."

"I know. Like I said, I probably don't even fit into it. I've had two kids since then, for god's sake." Sarah said. "I can't imagine getting

into that dress again.

Especially for something like this.”

“You only wore that dress once, for me, on our wedding day,” Dan said, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose.

“And now she is going to wear it tonight for me.” Lester grinned.

“Lester, do me a favor and go sit in the kitchen for a second while I talk to Sarah upstairs,” Dan said pointing in the direction of the kitchen. “Come on, Sarah.”

Dan led Sarah upstairs and around the corner before speaking in a hushed voice,

“Are you okay with this? It’s your wedding dress, Sarah. Don’t you want one of the girls to wear it in their weddings one day?”

“Maybe. But they’ll probably also have their own style of dress,” Sarah said, “Dan, it’s just a dress. It’s been collecting dust at the back of the closet for years. Yes, it is special to me and to us, but you know how Lester is. He makes an outrageous demand like the dress that he knows you’ll have a problem with so that you compromise for something else that he really wants. The way I see it, this is our way of coming out ahead.”

“I still don’t like it.” Dan felt like punching a hole in the drywall, “He’s pushing things too far.”

“Well, I guess we don’t have to like it, but we just need to get it over with.” Sarah put a steadying hand on his chest to calm him down. “I suppose next time we should get all the details up front before agreeing to something with him.”

“Next time,” Dan scoffed. “You know, when I came back here the other day, I thought I finally had the momentum to control him and

control this, but now I feel like I got outplayed, and the rug's been pulled out from under me."

"Hey, you still got this," Sarah smiled up at him reassuringly, "It was super hot the other day how you came in and took control of things. Don't let him rattle you."

We got most of what we wanted from that. This is just a speed bump. Don't forget, it's you and me here. Lester is just a guest, and we'll remind him of that."

"What do you mean?" Dan said. He watched as a mischievous smile appeared on his wife's face, and her hand descended until it reached his crotch."

"Hmmm, all this wedding dress talk clearly has had an effect on you." Sarah's hands had discovered Dan's hardening cock. "Don't be ashamed. I know how it is for you. What I mean is, this whole thing is because of something we did together, and we can do that again tonight. I'll think about you and just focus on you there."

Let's just look at Lester like a sex toy for something between us. Nothing more than that."

Dan sighed. He liked that reframing, and that viewpoint could get him through tonight, "Okay. I still don't have to like it, despite what my dick might be saying to the contrary."

"We can still back out. Maybe we can buy some more time to think up something else? Sarah smiled at him reassuringly. "What do you think we should do?"

"Let's just get it over with," Dan sighed. He was already breathing quickly, anticipating what the night would hold. "I'll just make sure we get it dry-cleaned in the morning."

"Okay," Sarah winked and stood up on her tippy toes to kiss her husband. "Go back downstairs and get yourself a drink. I'll get changed quickly for *you*, and we can get this over with."

"Alright. Thanks for calming me down," Dan said as he turned back towards the stairs. "I was ready to throw him out on his ass."

"And I would have liked to have watched that," Sarah said, backing down the hallway, "But I would be worried about what would come after."

"Like his ass would break the side walk," Dan said under his breath. He nodded to his wife as he walked down the stairs. Lester was sitting patiently at the kitchen table, staring at Dan as he entered. Dan went to the cupboard and made himself a drink. He purposefully didn't offer Lester one.

"So what's the verdict, chief?" Lester said from behind him.

Dan took a long drink before turning around to look at this squat roommate. He narrowed his eyes and moved to Lester's side of the island. Crossing his arms, he leaned back against it, "The verdict is that we are going to go ahead with it tonight. You're going to have to wear a condom, so you better have some.

Afterwards, you get out and don't come back to my house."

It unnerved Dan the way that Lester smiled back at him. Sarah seemed to think Lester had another motive for the proposal, some other compromise he was willing to settle for, but his reaction seemed victorious.

"I'll go to my car and grab some condoms," Lester said standing. Dan didn't reply.

He just watched the little man cross the room and exit through the front door.

Lester huffed as he crossed the driveway to his car. He slid into the driver's seat and shut the door behind him. His plan was working out. Sure, he hadn't expected Dan to arrive home in the middle of the week, but he was still getting what we wanted out of the arrangement.

He would have liked to have bent Sarah over her work desk or taken her somewhere at her work but for now, he would make due. There was still hope things could work out in the future. Besides, now he would get to fuck Sarah in her wedding dress in front of her husband. How much more humiliating could it get for Dan?

Lester looked back at the house to see if Dan was watching from the window.

Satisfied that he wasn't, Lester opened the center console and removed the box of condoms marked with the orange X. He shoved a few condoms in his suit jacket before putting the box back in the console.

Dan didn't realize it, but he could very well be the key to pushing Sarah across boundaries that might have taken Lester months to break on his own.

As Lester closed the front door to the house behind him, his breath caught in his throat as Sarah came down the stairs. The picture he had looked at earlier in the week did not do Sarah justice. She looked absolutely stunning.

The dress was strapless, showing off Sarah's sexy, slender shoulders. The corset was snug to her breasts, pushing them up to show off her cleavage. Lester licked his lips as his eyes roamed the tops of

her breasts. She looked like she belonged on the cover of a wedding magazine. The white material of the dress had lace

flower patterns on it. It hugged her hips tightly, enough to make any priest rethink his life choices. Sarah held the train of the dress in front of her as she took the last step. It ran down past her feet in what Lester thought was called a mermaid style. Her hair was tucked up and a sheer veil sat over her face. He couldn't wait to fuck her. This might be the only time he didn't want to get her naked, well, not immediately.

"I guess it still fits," Dan said, leaning on the kitchen door frame.

Sarah blushed, "I'm surprised it does."

"I'm not, honey, you look the same as you did that day," Dan said.

"Much better than the Princess Leia slave outfit, huh Dan?" Lester was grinning ear to ear as he stepped up to Sarah. She looked quickly towards her husband who gave her a slight nod of reassurance.

Lester took Sarah's hand, held it above her head and made her spin in a circle for him. He whistled as his eyes danced over her ass, straining against the tight fabric of the dress. "Shall we?" Lester held out his arm for Sarah. She looked over her bare shoulder at her husband once more.

"Lester," Dan pushed off the doorframe and stood up straight, "Do you have the condoms from your car?"

Lester tapped his breast pocket, "I do."

"Let's get this over with then," Dan said, crossing his arms. Sarah smiled at her husband before turning back towards the stairs. Lester looped his arm in hers and walked up the stairs.

As the odd couple reached the top of the stairs, Dan placed his hand on the railing and started to follow. Lester looked down at him and said, "Doesn't this kind of feel like you giving your wife away to another man at a wedding?"

Dan felt his cock twitch in his pants, "Just shut up, man." Lester chuckled as he led Sarah around the corner, out of Dan's sight.

"You don't have to be such an asshole," Sarah said quietly. She didn't want Dan to feel emasculated, as she came to his defense. "We can all have a good time without you acting that way."

"I do it because I know you both love it," Lester remarked, "I know Dan's disdain for me adds something to this for both of you, so why not lean into it."

Sarah didn't respond but quietly contemplated Lester's words. She knew they were true for her. Something about submitting to someone her husband disliked was so taboo she couldn't help to be drawn to it. She knew Dan felt similar. As they neared the bedroom, Sarah heard Dan's footsteps on the top of the landing behind them.

"One sec," Lester cast a quick glance back at Dan before throwing Sarah's arm over his shoulder and leaning down to grip behind her legs.

"What are you doing?" Sarah was taken aback and didn't understand what Lester was doing.

"I want to carry you across the threshold," Lester wheezed as he picked Sarah up in his arms. His beady eyes looked down at her cleavage, now at a great angle for

the pervert. He swayed slightly as he stood on unsteady feet before taking several steps and walking with Sarah into the Williams' bedroom before awkwardly setting her down.

"Jesus Christ," Lester muttered as he let Sarah walk a few steps ahead of him. His eyes were glued to her ass. The dress hugged her body tightly, but the material was no match for her amazing behind. The fabric strained to contain her ass.

Lester licked his lips and had no doubt that the eyes of every man in attendance had been on her ass as she walked up the aisle. The dress exposed Sarah's flawless naked back as well. Lester couldn't wait to run his dirty tongue up her spine.

Sarah turned around and looked past Lester at Dan, who was tentatively approaching the bedroom. "What now?" she said to both men. Lester gestured towards the bed with his beefy hand, "Sit down there on the edge."

Sarah cast one last glance at Dan before complying with Lester's command. She shivered but didn't think either of them noticed. Following a command from another man in the presence of her husband felt strangely erotic. Especially coming from someone like Lester.

Sarah sat on the bed and watched as Lester approached her with a hungry look in his eyes. She noticed Dan slide into the room and hover near the chair in the corner. The chair never got much use - originally, Sarah had purchased it as a reading chair, which is why she spent time finding something comfy with a fabric she liked. Unfortunately ever since Dan lost his job, she hadn't had much time for reading and the chair sat unused. Now it seemed to have found a new purpose.

Dan kept his leg against it, its presence anchoring him to reality as the unbelievable occurred before him.

Lester knelt in front of Sarah and ran his eyes over her dress. He looked to the side and cast Dan a wicked smile before grabbing the bottom of Sarah's dress and slowly raising it. He took his time, being agonizingly slow, enjoying gradually exposing Dan's wife. "Just what

I hoped," Lester muttered as Sarah's white stocking-clad legs came into view. Her husband watched as she posed her legs for his roommate. Her eyes submissively sought out Lester's approval.

He rested the dress above her knee and used both hands to run up one calf until they came to rest on her lower thigh. "I've always wanted to do this," Lester said as his hands rose higher. Sarah closed her eyes and threw her head back. Feeling Lester's hands on her was already making her wet. She felt guilty that her body was already responding to his touch. She felt even guiltier that Dan was right here and had no idea. She had told Dan everything that happened earlier in the week with Lester at their home, but words couldn't convey just how deeply Lester had affected her. Her breathing deepened as the fat man touched her.

Lester's fingers gripped the garter on her thigh, and he slowly lowered it down her leg. Even though he could already see her legs, feeling the material of garter peeled away from her skin felt like an additional, symbolic exposure. Sarah tried not to show how aroused she was, worried Dan might grow jealous and put a

stop to things. She felt like she was losing her grip on reality but was ready to just let go.

Lester pulled the garter and stockings free from her legs. He turned and flung the garter at Dan, hitting him in the chest. Lester didn't bother to note Dan's reaction, his attention was already back on the young mother on the bed. Lester carefully removed the garter and stocking from her other leg and dropped them on the floor.

He stood up and hovered over Sarah. He stayed still until she opened her eyes and looked up at him, wondering why he wasn't touching her. That's when it occurred to Dan that Sarah hadn't glanced in his direction. She was breathing hard, the tops of her breasts straining against the fabric of her wedding dress as she

stared up at Lester longingly. Dan recognized the look on her face. Lust.

Suddenly the room felt really small. Suffocating. Dan felt the immediate need to sit down. He slid onto his wife's chair next to him and felt himself leaning forward, morbid curiosity drawing him in. He felt like he'd missed out on something again.

Seeing his wife staring up at Lester with such desire was shocking. He remembered back in Chicago all those months ago when he was on the couch with Sarah. Her attention was entirely on him. Dan had told her to turn her head and to look at Lester. Pushing her to help fulfill his fantasy. Now, she was looking at his roommate freely with an entirely different expression on her face.

Somehow, Dan hadn't realized how deeply his wife had succumbed to his roommate.

Lester reached a hand forward and placed it on her bare shoulder. Sarah's body stiffened. Lester's thumb gently caressed her collarbone. He ran his hand up her neck until he was cupping her cheek beneath the veil. He stroked her cheek with his thumb before letting it come to rest on her lower lip. He played with her bottom lip, pulling it with his thumb and letting it fall back in place. Before Sarah realized what she was doing, her tongue had eased out and met Lester's thumb, licking his fingertip. Boldened by her actions, Lester pushed his entire thumb into her mouth, which Sarah began to suck on. Sarah rolled her tongue around Lester's fat finger as she sucked on it. Her brain vaguely registered a cheesy taste, but she was consumed with wanting to suck his digit as she would his cock. She felt her arousal grow as the familiar taste of Lester's skin danced across her taste buds.

Dan watched as Sarah eagerly sucked on Lester's finger like she was sucking on his cock. Her eyes were open, and staring up at the short man before her. Lester removed his thumb from her mouth and

gently pushed on her shoulder, causing Sarah to fall back onto the bed. Dan waited for Lester to look his way and grin but he never did. He was entirely focused on Sarah.

Lester got onto the bed with Sarah, kneeling between her open legs as he stared down at the young mother lying in anticipation before him. Her blonde hair sprawled across the bed. The tops of her breasts rising and falling against the corset. Lester moved up the bed and pressed forward, his weight coming to rest on Sarah's body as he came face to face with her.

Dan felt his cock straining against his pants and a pit forming in his stomach as he watched Lester delicately lift Sarah's veil from her face. The same thing he himself had done so many years ago in a room filled with their closest friends and family. Lester stared into Sarah's eyes. He cupped her face with one hand and slowly inched his own closer. They didn't break eye contact as his lips slowly got closer and closer to hers. When they were just an inch apart, Lester held her gaze for several seconds. It seemed far more intimate than Dan had expected. He was surprised Sarah hadn't looked over at him yet.

"You forgot something this morning," Lester whispered. Even though Dan's heartbeat sounded like it was reverberating off the walls, he could still hear what Lester said.

"What?" Sarah said, breathing hard and looking up at the ugly face above her.

Lester reached into the pocket of his tux, "This." He slid out Sarah's wedding band and engagement ring. The ones she had been looking for this morning. Lester must have taken them before she got out of the shower. He took her left hand in his and held it up before sliding the bands onto her ring finger. Sarah shuddered, feeling Lester's intimate display.

Lester closed his eyes and pushed his lips against Sarah's. He kissed her softly and sensually. Sarah's eyes closed involuntarily and she returned the short man's kiss.

Their wet lips exploring each other. Slowly, Sarah felt Lester's tongue begin to run against her soft lips. She extended hers automatically in response. Their tongues gently met and caressed each other before pushing deeply into each other's mouths. She could feel the heat coming off Lester's body, and his inescapable primal scent filled her nostrils.

Dan wanted to take off his pants and stroke his cock, but his fingers were gripping the arms of the chair. Lester was kissing his wife like he would an intimate lover.

He remembered seeing them like this for the first in the apartment, where he stood in the shadows of the hallway. He wanted to turn, feeling like he was intruding. He felt the same way now, like seeing something that was only supposed to be private between two lovers. His wife's hand grasped the back of his roommate's head, intensifying their contact.

Sarah felt the weight of Lester on top of her, pushing her into the bed. His gut pressed into her stomach. She felt like she was suffocating, but she continued to kiss Lester lovingly. It felt as if his lips were the oxygen she desperately needed.

After gently kissing each other for a few minutes, Lester's kisses became more passionate. Hungrier. He started thrusting his hips between her legs, rubbing his growing firm length against her panty-covered sex in time with his rough kissing.

His hands began to roam her body, running over the tops of her breasts and against her exposed shoulders before snaking his hands under her and groping her butt, seizing her cheeks in each of his grubby paws.

Sarah could feel Lester's hard cock pushing against her soaked pussy. Even though it was under his pants and likely his underwear, there was no denying its presence. She longed to feel its naked form against her bare skin. It throbbed as

Lester sunk his tongue into her mouth. She pressed her open crotch back against him in response.

Dan felt like he was watching a couple grope each other on prom night. Or worse, a couple of newlyweds about to consummate their marriage. Sarah looked so beautiful. She was more beautiful than she did on their wedding day. She never believed Dan when he told her she grew more beautiful as she aged, but he could see it was true. Now he was watching that beauty be ravaged by a brute who had no business even breathing the same air as her. It was as if they were consuming each other.

Suddenly, Lester broke their kiss; a string of saliva connected them briefly as he moved back into a kneeling position and struggled to remove his suit jacket. He fought to remove his arms from the shortened sleeves. Dan was ready to laugh but stifled it as he watched Sarah's hands reach forward and unbuckle Lester's belt. Before Lester could free one arm from the suit, Sarah had expertly pulled his belt from his pants and tossed it onto the floor. Then she determinedly started working on the pants button and zipper.

Dan's mouth was hanging open as Sarah's hand reached in and began to caress Lester's cock. Lester finally freed one arm from the jacket and started working on the other.

"Take it out," Sarah said loudly. Dan stared at the impression of Sarah's hand rhythmically moving beneath the belt line of Lester's pants, "Take it out, Dan."

His eyes snapped to hers. Her head was to the side and she was looking at Dan, seemingly staring into his soul. Her green eyes were focused on his. She was looking at him with that face that meant

she wanted to be fucked, "Show it to me." She licked her lips sensuously.

Dan quickly complied, standing up and pulling off his pants. His boxers quickly followed until he was standing there in just his shirt. "There it is," Sarah said, biting her lip, "Don't forget to give it some attention for me. I'm going to be a little...

busy." The tempo of her hand quickened in Lester's pants, ensuring his erection was ready.

He didn't need to be told twice. Sarah hadn't forgotten about him after all. He was in this with her together, just like she said earlier. Dan reached down and began to stroke his cock. It already felt like a gun ready to go off with a hairpin trigger. He needed to be careful or he would blow his load before anything happened.

Lester's suit jacket was now on the ground. He was off the bed, getting out of his pants. Sarah ran her hands over her breasts and down her abdomen as she stared at Dan's cock, "Don't stop, big boy," Sarah said as her hands reached under her dress, "Keep stroking him for me."

Sarah hooked her fingers under her white panties and began to lower them.

Sarah's eyes continued to alternate between looking at his cock and the lust painted on his face. Dan was vaguely aware that Lester was naked now, but he couldn't take his eyes off his wife. She was mesmerizing.

Lester reached forward and deftly pulled Sarah's panties the rest of the way down her legs. Grinning he knelt back on the bed and gripped the base of his cock. He held up the skirt of Sarah's wedding dress and stared at his prize between her legs. He took in a deep breath, savoring the scent of her arousal.

Sarah broke eye contact with Dan, her gaze shifting to Lester's cock pointing at her. Dan's eyes followed hers, and for the first time in weeks, he saw Lester's large bare cock. This time the grotesquely swollen organ was here in his bedroom.

Lester shifted his knees, getting closer to Sarah. He was going to slide his girthy cock into her.

"Condom," Dan mumbled before catching himself and speaking loudly, "Condom, Lester."

Lester shot him an annoyed look. Dan held his gaze, challenging him to defy him.

This was his house, and he wasn't about to be pushed around. Not anymore.

A small snarl appeared on Lester's face. He backed away from Sarah and looked around the floor for his suit jacket. He made a show of grabbing the condom he'd retrieved and tearing it open. He slid it onto his bulging cock and waved it at Dan.

Then he turned and got back onto the bed, crawling up between Sarah's legs. He grabbed his swollen member and pushed the head of his cock against her wet entrance. Sarah was biting her lip as he eased the head of his cock just inside of her, her lips wet with anticipation.

"Do you want this?" Lester said as he eased himself down onto her. He held his cock at her entrance as his gut came to rest on her. There was a beat where the only sound in the room was the heavy breathing of the unlikely threesome.

"I do," Sarah said. Dan wasn't sure she understood the phrase that she'd just uttered but it wasn't lost on Lester. A sly grin appeared on his face. Lester slowly and deliberately pushed the entire length of his cock into the young mother.

Sarah's hands gripped his shoulders, her face contorting in pleasure. Her legs spread further apart, opening herself up, allowing Lester unrestricted access to her most prized possession.

"Ahh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's condom-clad cock slide into her,

"Ah, Ah, Mhmmmm, oh, ahhh," Lester grunted, and he started a series of slow, long thrusts into the young mother. Sarah's pussy felt suddenly alive with the electric sensation of the cock within it.

Dan watched in awe. He hadn't seen this in a while, but it was much more vivid and gut-wrenching than he remembered. It was such a turn-on. He realized he was stroking his cock too quickly. He felt how shallow his breath was. Dan watched as Lester sunk his full length into Sarah, and her body convulsed once and then again. Sarah's long, slender legs extended and wrapped around Lester's waist, pulling her closer to him.

Sarah turned her head towards him and lazily opened her eyes. She smiled at Dan and blew him a kiss. Lester's thrust interrupted her, causing her breasts to jiggle and her face to register her ecstasy as her mouth formed an 'O' when she felt his

length push deeper into her. Lester's grubby fingers grabbed Sarah by the chin, and turned her head back to face him.

"How's that feel?" Lester grunted as he continued his slow assault on Sarah's married pussy, punctuating his question with a hard push. Sarah closed her eyes and gritted her teeth, focusing on the feeling of Lester's cock sliding in and out of her. She'd become used to the ritual of her body adapting to Lester's increasingly frequent visits, but he seemed so much larger this time.

"Goo—" Sarah's breath caught in her throat at Lester's thrust, "Good. So good. Oh, oh, my—"

"Did you tell Dan about all the fun we had while he was in Chicago?" Lester smiled, looking down at the young woman enjoying his cock, "All the fun we had right here on this bed?"

Sarah nodded her head and turned to look at Dan. Lust and a hint of worried shame played on her features. She wanted to focus on her husband like they'd planned. She tried not to think about how tenderly Lester made love to her and then how he fucked her again in the bed and then the shower. Lester's hand began to play with Sarah's breasts. Kneading the tops of them, stoking the flames of her excitement. "But did you tell him how many times you came on my cock?"

How long we went at it? Did you tell him how you begged for me to cum inside you?"

Sarah closed her eyes, remembering the feeling of Lester's hot cum spurting out like a geyser inside of her. She could feel an orgasm beginning to stir, a deep vibration that seemed to be happening all over her body at once. Sarah felt her ankles lock and tighten around Lester's fat ass. She ran her hands up his stomach, rings of his hair running through her fingers until they came to rest on his flabby chest. She tried to picture Dan on top of her but the distinct aroma and lack of tone chest was too much of a disconnect. It could only be one person - Lester, "

Mhmmmmmmmm," the moan escaped her lips and surprised her.

Lester cast a glance towards Dan, "It's true. She couldn't get enough once I got it in her raw. She went wild for it. She practically came right away. When I told her I was going to cum she wouldn't let me pull away."

Still facing Dan, Lester suddenly pushed his hips forward, redoubling his effort and thrusting his cock hard into Sarah. He rapidly thrust several more times in quick succession until the condom broke. He felt his bare core break free of its latex prison and feel the true

warmth of Sarah's pussy. If Sarah realized she did not react, Dan was completely oblivious to Lester's scheme.

Dan wanted to say something, but his throat suddenly felt really dry. He tried to say something to counter Lester, to put him back in his place, but he couldn't think of anything. All he could think of was seeing Sarah orgasm under Lester.

"Isn't that right, Sarah?" Lester turned his attention back to Sarah. "Tell him,"

Lester turned her head towards Dan. She lazily opened her eyes. "It felt good. So good." She was speaking to her husband, but her eyes weren't focused at all.

"You wanted my cum, didn't you? Tell him," Lester began to pick up his pace. He could feel Sarah's thrusts back against him growing more urgent. He knew she was on the verge of cumming for him.

"Ah, uh, ah, mhmhhh," Sarah moaned as she felt her orgasm growing closer,

"Dan, I, uh, ah, mhmhhhhh. I didn't stop it. Ah, mhmhhhhh. I didn't stop him.

Didn't want to stop. Couldn't stop, ah." Sarah dug her nails into Lester's ass, urging him deeper into her, ensuring he didn't stop what he was doing.

"Don't stop," Sarah whined, "Don't, don't stop Lester. Oh, oh fffuu-" Sarah's hips were rising off the bed frantically to meet Lester's thrusts. Even with the condom on, it felt like Lester's bare cock was pulsing inside of her. It felt just as good as it did earlier in the week. She could feel the veins of his cock as they rubbed against her sensitive insides. Moisture from the walls of her pussy flooded in, covering Lester's cock.

Dan was sitting back in the chair freely stroking his own cock with abandon. He knew Sarah was about to cum. He couldn't stop himself - he wanted to cum with her at the same time. He wanted to cum as he watched her face contort in pleasure of receiving a dick other than his.

"Cum for me, Sarah, cum on my fat cock," Lester grunted as he thrust hard and rapidly into Sarah. Dan had trouble reconciling the dweeby nerd he had met that first day in the apartment with the man now power thrusting into his wife, rattling the headboard of his bed.

"Ah fuck, ah fuck, ah fuck, fuck fuck, FUCK," Sarah screamed as her orgasm ripped through her body. She felt her nails dig deeper into Lester's ass, pulling him as far into her as possible until his balls pressed against her. Her toes curled, and she felt every fiber of her being contract as pleasure washed over her. "Ahhhhh mmhmmmmmm fuuuck. Oh my God, Lester. Oh my fffucking god."

Dan couldn't hold back any longer, hearing Sarah vocalize her pleasure always sent him over the edge. He didn't say anything, his cock just began erupting all over his lower body, his hand covered in his own spunk. Clarity slowly began to seep into his mind. He watched Sarah come down from her orgasm but realized that Lester hadn't cum. He was still pressing forward, thrusting himself into Sarah.

His wife was lifting her ass off the bed again, fully intending to cum again. The room suddenly felt very small around him. His throat was dry and he couldn't catch his breath. He felt dizzy. Dan stood up and walked out of the room into the hallway and down the stairs.

It was only when he reached the main floor bathroom that he realized he'd left Sarah up there alone with Lester. She said they would do it together as a couple, and he left her. He quickly cleaned himself up and walked into the kitchen to get a glass of water. His

throat felt like a desert. As he took his first sip of that thirst-clenching water he heard Sarah scream from upstairs.

Dan downed the rest of the water, his dizziness seeming to clear up and slowly approached the stairs. "Ahhhhh, ughhhhhh, mhmmtmm," Sarah's moans echoed

through the house. She seemed louder now than she had earlier. *What is going up there?*

He wanted to sprint up the stairs but his body wouldn't let him. He took the stairs slowly, each step punctuated by another sound from his innocent wife, "Ah, ah, uhhhh, fuuckk. YES! YES! Right there!"

"LESTER!" Sarah screamed as Dan reached the top of the stairs, "Oh FUCK!" As he neared his bedroom, he could hear rhythmic slapping sounds, Lester's heavy breathing, and of course, his wife, "Uh, ah, uh, oh, mmmhmm."

Dan's eyes bulged out of his head as he stepped back into the room. Sarah was on her elbows on the bed, her ass in the air as Lester stood next to the bed as he repeatedly fed her his cock. The zipper on the back of her corset was unzipped and her breasts were spilling out of her top as Lester fucked her from behind. Her veil was nowhere to be seen. He had her dress bunched up around her hips. Lester was a mess. Sweat was running down his hairy chest and dropping onto the pristine white of Sarah's dress. His hands disappeared underneath the fabric of the dress, but one reappeared for a split second before coming down hard and slapping Sarah's ass.

WHACK

"Ahhhhh fuck," Sarah moaned into the mattress. Lester was holding her tightly as he fucked her relentlessly. "Did Dan fuck you like this on your wedding night?"

Sarah stayed silent, not wanting to reveal anything to Lester. She hadn't shared the events of her wedding night with anyone, and she wasn't about to tell them to Lester—

WHACK

Lester's fat palm came down on her ass again, leaving behind a red handprint.

Sarah whimpered at the pain but felt herself grow wetter at Lester's dominance.

She felt her resistance crumbling beneath his weight.

"Did you get fucked like this on your wedding night?" Lester said louder. He squeezed Sarah's ass cheek to emphasize his question.

Sarah hadn't seen Dan reenter the room. Who knows if she even noticed if he left or not. "Uhhh no, no. Not like this." Lester smiled at Dan as he put one leg up on the bed to push himself further into the young mother, "What was it like?"

"Uh, uh, uh, fast sloppy drunk sex and then we fell asleep." Sarah groaned, feeling Lester's cock inside, pushing deep into her. "Not like this."

Lester chuckled, "Well, let's consider this a redo then and consummate this marriage right." Lester roughly pulled Sarah back onto his cock, dragging her toward the edge of the bed. He pushed down on the small of her back, pressing into the fabric of the dress with his sausage fingers.

Dan thought this was going too far. Lester was being too disrespectful. He stepped towards them, "Alright, that's enou—" Something wet squished under his foot. Dan looked down and saw a discarded condom on the floor. While he was gone, Lester must have

taken it off. Lester the bridge troll of a man from Chicago, was raw inside of his wife.

"Lester! What the fuck!" Dan said causing the couple to stop, "You took the fucking condom off!?"

"It broke," Lester said as he slowly continued thrusting into Sarah. Her hips pushed back to meet his, "I put on another one. It's okay."

"I don't fucking believe it," Dan said, "Sarah, is he wearing one?"

"I think so," Sarah moaned from the bed. A mess of her hair obscured her face.

Lester sighed and pulled himself out of Sarah, causing her to groan in disappointment. Dan looked down and saw Lester's bare cock covered in Sarah's juices. A broken condom hung limply at the base of his cock.

"Shit, not again," Lester said, pulling off the broken condom. He chucked it toward Dan. It landed at his feet. Lester quickly grabbed his suit jacket and grabbed two more condoms out. He set one down on the bed, and he ripped the other open and put it on his cock, "Happy?"

Lester had just had his bare cock inside his wife. Dan's face felt flush with anger, but he was surprised to feel his cock was hard as a rock again. Usually, he needed minutes if not up to an hour, to recover from cumming, but here he was already hard.

Without asking for permission from Dan, Lester stepped back up behind Sarah.

She reached between her legs to grab his cock and line it up with her waiting pussy. "Now, where were we?" Lester pushed back into the young wife, and she immediately moaned, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

Dan stood there, unsure how to react. Lester had put the condom on like he asked, but he had still been naked inside of her. What if he had cum? The thought of Lester's cum inside of his wife was too much to bear. He leaned against the wall and just watched the obscene coupling happening before his very eyes. Soon he could hear the unmistakable sound of his wife about to cum.

"Ah fuck, ah, ah, oh, oh Lester, oh, Lester, mhmhhh, Lester," Sarah ground her ass back on Lester's cock. Trying to take it as deeply into her as she could. This was nothing like their wedding night. After all the dancing, they had fucked quickly, and both passed out from booze and exhaustion. Dan glanced at his watch. They had been going at it for over forty minutes, and it didn't seem like Lester intended to stop.

"Get it." Lester gasped out. "Get it inside you." Lester began power thrusting, punctuating each of his words with his body as he leaned forward and fucked Sarah harder than anyone had ever done before. "Get. This. Cock. All. Up. In. Side.

You!" He held himself firm, entirely inside the young wife, shaking with his own pleasure and the thrusts back from her sweet pussy. Dan saw the muscles straining in his neck as the odd man exerted himself.

"Squeeze me," Lester grunted, "Squeeze my cock. Yeah, just like that, my little bride. Keep squeezing Uncle Lester." He groped around and hefted Sarah's left breast, tweaking a nipple before returning his hand to her ass, caressing it lustily.

"Ah fuck, ah fuck, fuck, FUCK," Sarah screamed, throwing her head back as she thrust her body back onto Lester's waiting cock. Lester tried to continue thrusting

into her, but her pussy held him still, not letting him move an inch.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Sarah moaned, feeling the electricity of her orgasm rock her body.

“Uhhhhhhhhhh holy fuck,” Sarah grunted as her head fell back onto the bed. Lester leaned forward and grabbed a handful of her hair. He pulled her back up until she was on her hands and started to power fuck her again, pushing through her clamping pussy. He gripped her hair tightly, holding her in place. Dan watched as Sarah’s corset dangled limply off her body, her magnificent breasts jumping freely with each of Lester’s thrusts, her nipples occasionally rubbing against the bedsheet. The mermaid train of her dress was bunched up around her hips. Parts of the dress had fallen to the floor where Lester stood on it with his bare, dirty feet. Dan’s eyes were drawn to the light glimmering off Sarah’s wedding band as she scrunched the sheets with her hands.

“Tell me how good you’re getting fucked on your proper wedding night,” Lester grunted, “How’s my cock feel inside of you.”

“Uhhhh, so good.” Sarah grunted, “So fucking good. Fuck me properly, Lester.

Don’t stop. Give it to me. I want it.”

“Are you glad you’re getting a redo?” Lester grunted.

“Oh yes, yes, yes Lester,” Sarah’s nails were digging into the bed as she used whatever leverage she could to push back and get more of Lester’s cock. Both of their bodies were smashing into each other with abandon until they both suddenly came to a stop.

Dan didn’t know what was happening, but something had changed between them. He was absentmindedly stroking his cock again, feeling his balls beginning to swell, “What going on?”

“The condom broke again,” Lester said. He was standing still, not moving. Sarah’s hips were gently thrusting back onto his bare cock,

"Feels fucking fantastic. Did you have Sarah bare on your wedding night like this?"

Dan didn't answer. Sarah was ovulating on the night of their wedding, and they didn't want kids right away. He had been careful. Despite their drunken state, he had remembered to wear a condom. He didn't need to tell Lester that.

"Sarah," Lester breathed. "We need to stop so I can put on another condom."

Sarah didn't move for several seconds. She kept her grip on his cock. Dan didn't know how to react. He hated how intoxicating it felt knowing Lester's bare cock was inside of his wife at that moment. That someone so foul and beneath him was experiencing everything she had to offer.

Finally, Sarah released her grip on Lester's cock. Just like before, his big hairy cock was jutting out of the broken latex. Dan averted his eyes and decided to move back to his chair in the corner of the room. He needed to sit down and catch his breath. His balls felt painful, waiting for release again.

Lester ripped open the condom package and rolled it onto his cock, "Last one."

He looked at Dan to make sure he heard his announcement. He walked back to the side of the bed. Sarah was bent over, her ass hanging in the air. Her hips

were gently rocking side to side, waiting for the return of Lester's cock. Instead of pushing himself back in, Lester moved around her and climbed into the bed. He sat himself down against the pillows and the headboard, "Come to Daddy."

Sarah lifted her head and saw Lester sitting there waiting for her. His big cock stood upright between his fat legs. She smirked and

crawled up the bed towards him, the train of her wedding dress following her. Sarah struggled to gather up enough of her wedding dress in front of her so she could mount Lester's cock, wrapped in latex. Dan watched as his loving wife lowered herself onto Lester's cock, her wedding dress sprawled out around her.

Hearing a sharp intake of breath, Dan knew that Lester's cock was inside his wife.

Sarah's eyes were closed as she slowly descended, taking more and more of Lester's cock into her wet pussy. Parts of her wedding dress were bunched up between them, pressing against their sweating bodies. Lester reached up behind her and unzipped her dress the rest of the way. Her corset dangled limply between them. Lester's hands reached under the sides of her dress until each one found an ass cheek to grip.

"Ohh god," Sarah hung her head, her eyes closed as she began to ride Lester's cock in earnest. Her arms were on his shoulders. Lester's ugly face stared up at her. He was breathing hard. Dan knew that he had to cum soon.

Dan could feel his own impending release. His cock felt like it was ready to explode like a rocket. He gently stroked it every few seconds. Anything more, and he would cum. He didn't want to cum early like last time. He wanted to see this through to the climax.

Sarah began to move her hips rapidly, rising up and falling back down onto Lester's cock. It almost looked like she was dancing on him. "Mhmmmmmmmm god." Sarah moaned. Lester grinned. He gripped her ass cheeks and started to thrust up off the bed into the young mother. Sarah's back was glistening with sweat, her face red.

"You love my cock?" Lester said through gritted teeth. He was breathing quickly.

Sarah nodded and kept her eyes closed. "Say 'I do.'" Lester said, thrusting up to meet Sarah. Her ass jiggled each time she slammed down onto his cock.

"I do," Sarah moaned, "I do." Lester cast a glance at Dan who was totally fixated on his wife's face. "Louder," Lester demanded. "I DO!" Sarah shouted, clenching her pussy around Lester's cock. "I DO Lester, I DO. I LOVE YOUR COCK. I DO! OH

FUCK!"

Sarah bucked her hips. She was racing towards an orgasm. She could hear Lester's breathing beginning to change. She knew she was about to make him cum. She rode him fast. Harder. She wanted to make that big cock cum for her. She felt amazing. She felt his cock pushing inside of her. It felt amazing. She felt his bare cock expanding inside of her. The condom must have broken again. She didn't slow down. She needed release.

Lester glanced at Dan, "Condom. Broke again."

"What?" Dan said, tearing his eyes away from his wife. She looked so beautiful in the throes of pleasure like that. "The last condom broke."

Dan stayed silent for several seconds, processing Lester's message. Sarah was still riding his cock. She was getting close to cumming. He felt his own cock twitch, he was so close to cumming himself. He didn't want this to stop.

"Sarah?" Dan said, looking for confirmation that the condom was broken. She turned to him, her face masked with pleasure. She was biting her lip, staring at him. She nodded, confirming that she was riding Lester's bare cock.

Dan wanted to stop this but he didn't want to stop Sarah from cumming. He needed to cum himself. He felt paralyzed with

indecision, torn between the angel on his shoulder and the devil on the other one. Lester decided to tip the scales,

"Sarah tell your husband how good my bare cock feels inside of you. Look at him."

Sarah stared at Dan with her bedroom eyes, "God, Dan, it feels so good. So fucking good. It's so big, it's touching me everywhere."

"Tell him you don't want to stop, that you can't stop riding this cock." Lester grunted, lifting his ass off the bed. He could feel his balls beginning to swell. One way or the other he was going to cum in Sarah Williams again tonight.

"Fuck Dan," Sarah rolled her hips, "It feels so good. So good. I don't think I can stop. Should we stop Dan?" She leaned over and swabbed her tongue on the side of Lester's neck, knowing from experience that it would spur him to thrust harder.

Dan's cock twitched again. He didn't dare touch it or else he would explode all over himself again. "Tell him, hhh, tell him you want to cum on my cock."

"God, Dan, I'm so fucking close, Sarah moaned, arching her back, her hands coming to rest on Lester's fat thighs. Dan stared at her wedding band pressing against Lester's leg. Lester released his grip on her ass, and his hands started to maul her breasts, "So fucking close, Dan. I'm going to cum. What do I do? Dan?"

Dan, tell me what to do."

"Don't stop," Dan whispered with a hoarse voice. His throat felt incredibly dry again. "Keep going."

"Are you sure?" Sarah breathed hard focusing solely on Dan staring into his eyes hard. "Do we really do this?"

Dan silently nodded. He had secretly fantasized about seeing something like this happen for years. Despite all the safeguards and justifications he had put in place, they still had somehow found themselves at the pinnacle of his own perversions.

He felt guilty that his once proper wife had fallen with him to the point that she wanted it too.

Sarah nodded and pushed herself back up, and started to ride Lester's cock. Her hands fell onto his head as he opened his mouth and started to lick and suck Sarah's breasts. Her wedding band shone, distracting Dan. She gripped onto his head, holding him close. Her wedding dress was plastered to his hairy gut with sweat.

"God I'm close," Sarah groaned. Lester's big cock splitting her in two, and his mouth on her breasts was too much for her to handle. She could feel the walls about to crumble and a wave of her orgasm ready to burst.

"Me too," Lester grunted, "I'm going to cum. Beg for it." He latched onto her right nipple and sucked hard, grazing it with his teeth..

"Ahhhhhhh fuck," Sarah screamed as her orgasm rippled through her body.

Through clenched teeth, she shouted, "Give it to me, Lester. Give me your cum. I want all of it. Cum for me. I want to feel you. I need it. Fuck me! Oh my God, ohmygod, OH MY FFFUUUCKING GHAAAAA!"

"AHH, AHH, AAAAAAARRGH! AHH, FUCK YES! FUCK! YES!"

Lester roared triumphantly in harmony with Sarah, he roughly gripped handfuls of her wedding dress over his hips as his cock erupted inside of Sarah. Ropes of cum shot out and plastered her insides, filling her to capacity as her pussy milked him as she came. Sarah felt her body being filled with Lester's virile cum, spreading inside of her. Reaching everywhere.

Dan's cock exploded without even being touched. It shot a load of cum across the room, almost hitting the bed. More cum shot from his cock, hitting the carpet, the last drops dribbling onto the chair as he sat there exhausted and mentally fucked from what he had just witnessed. Dan had held his breath throughout the entire explosion.

Lester and Sarah slowed their bucking bodies, both of them breathing hard. Their foreheads touching one another. Sarah's eyes were closed as she tried to catch her breath. Lester looked up at her, "You may now kiss the bride." His lips pressed hard onto hers, his tongue snaking its way into her mouth.

Dan watched in stupified silence as Lester and Sarah sat there kissing. All Dan could think about was Lester's cock still embedded in his wife, with loads of his sperm swimming around inside of her. Eventually, Lester and Sarah broke their kiss, a beady string of saliva connecting their lips. Sarah groaned as she dismounted from Lester's cock and rolled to the side.

Lester sat there satisfied with his cock still half hard, covered in their combined juices. Mission accomplished. Sarah got up off the bed and stumbled immediately. She caught herself on her dresser, her legs weak from riding Lester's cock and the all-around workout of their fucking. As she walked to the bathroom, her dress fell off her body of its own accord. She felt Lester's massive loads of cum running down her thighs and watched as a big glob of it dripped onto her dress.

Dan felt pathetic at having let Lester cum in Sarah. This was the one outcome he had wanted to avoid. After his planning on the train and his discussion with Sarah earlier, this was the one thing he wanted to rectify, and he had failed. His wife went into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her, leaving Dan and Lester alone in the bedroom.

Sarah stepped into the shower and let the hot water hit her naked body. That had been intense. Not only had Lester fucked her senseless, but she had done it in front of Dan. Seeing his face as Lester took her, nodding to her and encouraging her to let Lester cum inside of her. She wondered what she would have done if he had said no. Could she have pulled herself from Lester? Right now she felt that she would have easily been able to but part of her worried that if asked in the moment, she might not have been able to.

She felt warmth on her legs, and it wasn't the water. More of Lester's cum was trailing down her legs. She shuddered, thinking about Lester's ugly face contorting as he came inside of her, but the wave of pleasure that followed. Never in a million years would Sarah have thought that she would let a brute like Lester deposit his seed inside of her. Dan's fantasy had taken them to places neither of them had imagined. It wasn't just Dan's fantasy anymore, though. She had learned to embrace it a long time ago, and now she was with the consequences.

Sarah ran her hands through her hair. She still had difficulty reconciling how easily she had begun to bend to Lester. It was like everything else washed away whenever he was there in front of her, and she had trouble focusing on anything else. She was a professional hospital administrator, respected in her workplace.

She was a daughter, a loving mother, and a dutiful wife. But when Lester was there, it was as if she was there to pleasure him as much as possible.

All she wanted to do now was shower off and try to get as much of Lester out of her as she could. Then, she could crawl into bed and sleep. She felt exhausted.

Sarah really wanted to talk to Dan and know what he thought of what just happened. Would he be turned on or would he be pissed?

Would he want to reclaim her tonight, or maybe they would have morning sex tomorrow? Either way, she just looked forward to being held by her husband and knowing everything was going to be okay. She had a hard time imagining all of this happening without him. She loved him with every fiber of her being. She needed to know he was okay.

As if on cue, Sarah saw the bathroom door open out of the corner of her eye.

Lester didn't pay Dan any attention, but Dan grimaced, looking at the ugly man sitting on his bed, looking satisfied with himself. He couldn't look at him anymore.

His ugly grin and satisfied smirk were a reminder of Dan's failure to get a handle on his own destructive fantasies. Dan's gaze fell to Sarah's discarded wedding dress on the floor as he heard the shower starting from the bathroom. It was such a bizarre sight. He was used to seeing its pristine white fabric hanging in the closet in a protective garment bag. Now here it was bunched up in a pile on the floor like regular laundry, deeply in need of cleaning, if not burning.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as he contemplated what to do next.

As he released his nose, his gaze fell back on the dress. Lester's fat foot stepped over it. He looked up and saw Lester enter the bathroom and close the door

behind him. Dan's traitorous cock stirred in his pants as a soft moan seemed to punctuate the sound of the shower in the other room.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 15

The wait is over for the next installment of Toxic Attraction. As per usual, I have gone well beyond my target word count. This may be the longest chapter of Toxic Attraction to date, sitting at just over 26k words or roughly a 1/4 of some novels.

Big shout out to Grandeman for his editing prowess and suggestions. It's not easy when I drop a huge pile on his lap. We've reviewed this chapter multiple times with a fine toothcomb and a few AI tools to find any spelling/grammar issues. If you see anything that was missed, feel free to let us know here in a comment, DM, discord or email :)

Also, thank you to all the Insiders who have provided a ton of great feedback to help refine this chapter.

When last we left our couple, Lester had just spent the night with Sarah while Dan watched. Sarah went to the bathroom to shower, with Lester following her shortly after, leaving Dan alone with his thoughts.

Dan sat in the chair in their bedroom, unable to move his body. His gaze was still transfixed on Sarah's soiled wedding dress on the floor. He had just watched Lester repeatedly power fuck his wife in front of him without a condom. Worse, Dan himself had wanted to see his vile roommate take his wife unprotected and finish inside of her. Even though the room was quiet, the shared screams of the two lovers still echoed in his head.

Another soft moan seemed to ring out through the sounds of the shower punctuated by a splash of water. Dan shook his head, trying to regain his bearings. This hadn't been what he wanted. When he

came back to Middleton, he hadn't planned for this. He needed to push through and try to regain his footing.

Dan stood up and pulled on a pair of sweatpants. He strode warily across the bedroom, taking special care not to step on Sarah's discarded wedding dress.

He reached the bathroom door and turned the knob. He exhaled, relieved it wasn't locked. Dan pushed open the door and stepped into the steamy fog of their master bathroom. His breath caught in his throat.

Lester's ugly, squat body was sitting on the bench in the shower, his face buried in Sarah's ample chest. His tongue was lapping at her breasts as she stood before him, offering herself, her hands bracing herself against the wall as the hot water hit her back. Steam billowed out of the shower. Lester's rough hands were groping her ass and back as his mouth tasted her breasts.

"Uh," Another soft moan escaped Sarah's lips. Her eyes were closed. Neither of them had seen Dan enter yet. Sarah shifted and put her foot on the bench next to Lester, seeming to ready herself for him again. Dan tightened his fist, trying to hold back his depraved fantasy from overtaking his rational brain. His own dick swelled in his pants, and he willed it from getting any stiffer.

Lester's hand found the back of Sarah's neck and pulled her face down towards his. Sarah's lips immediately opened and pressed against Lester's. The two shared a long passionate kiss before Sarah's hand ran down Lester's chest, past his flabby stomach until it reached his cock.

Sarah gasped and started to stroke his cock, "I can't believe you are already hard again. Fuck."

"How could I not be with you right here in front of me." Lester grunted as he started to kiss her neck. Sarah's body leaned forward

and seemed to melt onto Lester, her hand never leaving his cock as she stroked it.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she lowered her body onto Lester's thigh. He was arching his leg while she began to tease herself, grinding her sensitive pussy on it, "Uhhhhh."

Dan steeled his nerves and breathed deeply before exhaling through his nose.

He opened the shower door, reached in and turned off the water.

Sarah seemed to snap out of her trance while Lester looked up at Dan with an annoyed look. She put her raised foot back on the shower floor, but her breasts were still in Lester's face. Sarah looked flustered and slightly disappointed that things had ended while looking ashamed because of Dan's reaction.

"Date's over," Dan said. He felt shaky but used the same voice he had countless times at work: "It's time to go, Lester."

Lester didn't budge. He sat there looking up at Dan while Sarah's breast was pushed against his cheek. Lester held his gaze for several seconds. Without looking down, all three of them were aware that Lester's cock was still firmly pointing straight up. Dan felt like Lester was challenging him to see which of them would back down first. Dan felt his cock throb. Thankfully, having just emptied his balls, he could think clearer than he had a few minutes ago.

"Now," Dan added sternly. Sarah stepped back out of Lester's reach, leaving the troll-like man sitting there alone with his hard-on.

"Fine," Lester grunted as he stood. Dan took a step back, allowing the awkwardly shaped man to pass. Without asking, Lester grabbed one of the towels hanging on the wall and dried himself off. When he was done he dropped the towel on the floor.

Dan kept his eyes on his roommate as he followed him back into the bedroom.

As Lester began to dress, Dan registered the state of the bed. It was in complete disarray. Dan could feel Sarah's presence behind him. He turned and softly said,

"Go finish your shower in peace. I'm going to walk him out."

Sarah nodded and shut the bathroom door. Dan heard the lock engage before hearing the shower start again. Lester finished getting dressed. He left the bedroom without a word or a look in Dan's direction. Dan followed him through the hallway and down the stairs to the front door. Smelling a freshly showered Lester as he followed him was odd for Dan. Their mutual exhaustion made it almost like they were leaving a gym after a workout.

He felt slightly awkward standing there, watching Lester put on his shoes.

Lester's movement was casual, as if this were a regular occurrence. Dan felt the need to say something to ensure his roommate understood that he was closing the door to him ever coming back here. "See you back in Chicago," Dan said as Lester started to open the door.

Lester turned to him with a half-smirk. "Right," he drew the word out slowly before walking out of the house down the driveway to his car. Dan stood in the doorway watching Lester until his vehicle drove off out of sight. Sighing, he closed and locked the door, knowing that he needed to go upstairs and figure things out with his wife.

Lester pulled his SUV into the parking lot of a 7/11. He gritted his teeth as his fingers dug into the steering wheel. He thought he had finally broken Dan, that

his acceptance of letting him cum in his wife while he looked on was the nail in the coffin of his defiance.

He heaved himself from his car and walked into the convenience store. After walking up and down the aisles, he found what he was looking for - a party-size bag of Cheetos. He navigated to the back of the store to fill up an extra large Big Gulp. Whenever it seemed like he'd finally broken Dan down and had gotten him to submit to his whims, the idiot would suddenly grow a spine. Perhaps breaking a man down vs a woman was not as similar an undertaking as he'd considered.

He knew there would likely be some differences, but it's not like this was something he could Google for answers.

This was something he would need to consider more. With women, they would inevitably develop some kind of emotional connection that Lester could leverage.

With Dan, he wasn't as sure. Maybe his ego was the thing getting in the way of his submission. Still wanting to be the man in the bedroom and not wanting to be supplanted. Or at least not once he came and began to think clearly. Would he respond better to Lester leaning in to replace him, or would it be easier to manipulate the man if Lester appeared to let him take the lead?

With his Cheetos and Big Gulp, Lester paid the clerk and deposited his goods into his car. Lester had a long drive back to Chicago with a mind full of ideas and scenarios to run through. He smiled as he pulled his car onto the street, thinking about the surprise Sarah might be discovering at work.

Dan checked his watch as he ascended the stairs. It was getting late. Sarah and Lester had fucked for longer than he expected. A lot of things had happened differently tonight than he expected. He

would figure it out. Right now, he had to focus on what was right in front of him.

He stifled back a yawn as he opened his bedroom door. For a moment, the scene from hours earlier flashed in front of him; his wife bent over in ecstasy, repeatedly slamming herself back against the monster they'd let in. Reality reestablished itself - Sarah was sitting on the bed in just a towel as she dried her hair with another one, "I wasn't planning on a shower tonight. Wanted to take one in the morning. And now I can't sleep until I dry my hair."

"Why not use the blow dryer?" Dan asked as he stepped into the room. He had to admit that his wife looked good with just a towel wrapped around her. He

looked to the floor and saw that Sarah's dress was no longer there. She must have hung it back up.

"I'm going to take it to get dry-cleaned tomorrow," Sarah said, noticing where Dan's eyes had gone to. "And I'm not using my blow dryer yet because I wanted to hear you come back up. I didn't want to miss you. I feel like we should talk."

"What gave you that idea?" Dan said, reservedly crossing his arms and leaning back against the door frame.

"Don't be like that," Sarah said, giving him a flat look. "I knew something was wrong when you burst into the bathroom and threw Lester out. I thought you wanted him in there at first, or else you would have stopped him, so I went along with it. I didn't think you would be upset. Now that I know you are, I just want to check in and see how we are doing."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose and exhaled. "I think we are okay. It's just that things got a little carried away. More than I was expecting."

"Like the wedding dress?" Sarah asked, leaning forward with a concerned look,

"I know that was a bit of a surprise. It was a surprise for me too, I just - "

Dan held out a hand to silence Sarah, "It's not, yes, it is the wedding dress, but it's also more than that. The whole multiple broken condoms thing and then letting Lester, y'know cum inside of you."

"That wasn't just on me, Dan," Sarah said, "Yes, I admit I got lost in the moment, but I looked at you and asked you what you thought I should do, and you told me to keep going."

"I know," Dan said, pushing himself off the wall and walking over to the bed, "I know I did. It's just in the moment, seeing you like that, with that fire, and then especially hearing you ask me in such a sexy voice, it's like I'm powerless to say no."

"I still feel like you're making this my fault, Dan and that isn't fair," Sarah said as she broke eye contact and focused on drying her hair, "In the moment, you want it, but then afterwards, it's like you get buyer's remorse and take that regret out on me."

"Let me start over," Dan said, holding his hands up, "It's not just about you. When things are heating up and escalating, it's like my mind glazes over, and all I can

think about is seeing it happen. All reason and everything else goes out the window. It's like I can't say no, and then it scares me."

After a few moments, Sarah stopped drying her hair and placed one of her hands in Dan's, "I know what that's like. I get the same way once things progress past a certain point. It's like my body and mind are disconnected. Like my body is in control and my mind is locked in a closet somewhere. I can hear its muffled protests, but it's not in the driver's seat. In the heat of the moment, I can't think of

anything else, but afterwards, I can't understand why I did what I did."

"Exactly," Dan breathed. "When I see you with him or think about you with him or, Christ, or with others, it's like another part of me takes control and just wants to see it happen, damn the consequences. And yesterday, before things started, I know we talked about doing it together and being in it, but once it started, I just felt like I wanted to melt into that chair and just watch."

"Would you...want to get involved next time?" Sarah asked. "Like with Lester and I?"

Dan shuddered, "No, I don't think that's something I need to experience. I don't think I want to be that close to Lester, especially during something like that. It's just a strange idea - it seems wrong. What I mean is I felt like we both kind of forgot about each other. You seemed focused on him, and I'm not, like, upset at you because I also did the same thing - I focus on what he's doing to you. I got so lost in the events that I forgot about you and what you wanted. I just needed to see it happen. And I feel like shit that I left you in the middle of it and went downstairs."

"I was wondering about that. What happened? I'm not going to lie. I was surprised to look up and see the chair empty. Where did you go?" Sarah asked.

"I just needed to get out of the room. I splashed my face, then grabbed a drink of water. It felt like the room was closing in on me, and I couldn't breathe." Dan said.

"That worries me," Sarah said, caressing his hand, "What do you think caused it?"

"I don't know, probably my mind wanting and yet not wanting to see what was happening. At war with itself. Using up too much brain

power and oxygen fighting with itself. I don't know if that's a thing." Dan shrugged, looking into his wife's eyes. "I'm a mess."

"Well, I feel like a mess, too," Sarah shrugged. "Sometimes I feel like this powerful woman in the workplace, strong and independent, and I somehow balance being

a mom and dealing with all these stresses that we have, financial and otherwise.

When it comes to Chicago and Lester, it's like an outlet to put those things in a box for a while, you know? At first, it was just a fantasy, but now it's become something more. I love seeing your reaction. I feed off of it, but now it feels like we're doing something else, something different."

"I get it," Dan said. "I get it. I do. I just don't know what we do going forward. It's not like we can call things off and just pretend he doesn't exist. He's my roommate, and I'm stuck there right now until we can figure out another source of income."

"Yeah. With him covering your rent, it's making a big difference financially but there are other costs associated with it. Like my time with you in Chicago is split with your roommate. And we're also dealing with all of this stuff we've just been talking about." Sarah laid her head on Dan's shoulder. "Here I was trying to be sexy for you tonight, and it seems like I just ended up torturing you."

"It's not that bad," Dan breathed, "You did look incredibly sexy. And the whole thing did turn me on. It's just that I can get a little lost in everything. Honestly, sometimes I think I need you to protect me from myself."

Sarah leaned up and looked at Dan, "Is that something you actually want me to do? Like if I notice things going the wrong way, do you want me to pull back and put a stop to things?"

"I don't know," Dan said, not wanting to admit what he wanted fully. He did need it. He felt like a sex addict needing his next fix. Unfortunately, his wife was in the passenger seat with him as he was speeding towards a cliff. "I don't know, maybe? Maybe we just need to check in with each other and make sure we are both okay and that we're making decisions together."

"It might be hard, but I'll try. Just don't get mad at me if things don't happen as neatly as we want. Like I said, I can get lost in things too." Sarah smiled and kissed Dan's cheek. "Should we have some kind of safeword?"

"Safeword? Like the phrases kinky couples have?" Dan asked.

"Yes, and not to judge, but I think we've officially crossed the line into becoming one of those kinky couples," Sarah playfully pushed on his shoulder, "What I'm thinking is that in the moment you said it's hard for you to think straight. Your body doesn't respond because it's fighting against your mind. Maybe with a safeword, all you need to do is say that one thing, and it'll stop. That way, it's

clear to me or you that we both need to pull back without either of us having to go into it."

"Okay, I think that's a good idea," Dan said. "What should our safeword be?

Pineapple?"

Sarah laughed hard and rolled onto her back, "Pineapple? That's not sexy at all."

She couldn't stop laughing and buried her face in her hands.

"I didn't think it was supposed to be sexy," Dan said, grinning from ear to ear,

"That's the whole point."

"Sorry," Sarah said, sitting up and wiping tears from her eyes, "You're right."

Probably best it isn't sexy. 'Pineapple' it is."

"That doesn't have to be it," Dan said, rolling his eyes, "It was just the first thing I could think of."

"Well, I like it. 'Pineapple' stays," Sarah smiled warmly, and Dan felt his heart flutter the same way he had when they'd first been dating. It was clear to him that no matter what they went through, he would always love her, and she would always be crazy about him.

"I was thinking," Sarah bit her lip, and her eyes flashed that dangerous, seductive look, "Back to yesterday when we mentioned wanting to do this together. Let's think up some fantasies, scenarios - and other situations that we want to explore."

Even if Lester is there, it's something we can do together. For each other. Lester doesn't need to know. It'll be between us. Something private, secret to keep us connected in the moment. Just for us."

"I like that," Dan said, "Even with Lester around, it's like we can take control of it and have the events be something fulfilling just for us."

"Exactly," Sarah yawned. Dan felt the pull of sleep then, too. Now that they seemed to be back on the same page, it felt like their bodies were winding down and ready for rest. He couldn't blame her, given the events of the night. Sarah held her hand over her mouth as she finished yawning, "So what fantasy do you think needs to get fulfilled next time I'm in Chicago?"

"Hmmm, That's hard. I think I need to make a list first." Dan smiled and thought about all the fantasies he had dreamed up over

the years. The ones he had told Sarah about and the ones that he had kept to himself. "You know, I will say that

I'm a little jealous that I missed out on your escapades in Lester's SUV. I think I'm owed a do-over."

"Are you now?" Sarah said, leaning forward and kissing Dan's lips. "Well then, as your wife, I think I need to make that happen for you."

"Oh yeah?" Dan grinned back, blinking as his eyes began to feel heavy, "What if Lester says no and wants something else?"

"You forget how persuasive I can be," Sarah said, "Besides, I think it's time Lester remembered that women hold all the power in relationships."

"Hmmm, I like the sound of that," Dan yawned as he put his head back onto his pillow, "And maybe some dirty talk while you look at me."

"That I can do," Sarah stood up and walked back to the bathroom, "Just let me blow dry my hair, and I'll join you in bed." Dan nodded as Sarah went into the bathroom. The sound of the blow dryer started, but the partially open door obstructed his view of his wife. Soon, the white noise from the blow dryer lulled Dan's mind off to sleep.

"Shit, Sarah," a voice said from close by. Sarah didn't want to open her eyes.

She needed more sleep. The bed was warm. Her eyes couldn't open anyway.

She could just sleep a bit more. She didn't have anywhere she needed to be.

"The hospital's calling."

"Ughh," Sarah's eyes begrudgingly opened. She looked up at Dan, standing beside the bed with her phone in his hand. He was already dressed and looked too handsome for whenever it was in the morning. It wasn't fair.

"Uh, what time is it?" Sarah asked as she extended her hand for the phone.

"It's just after nine, but I think your phone was on silent. I think they've already called a couple of times," Dan said, crossing his arms and moving across the room to give her some privacy. He would still listen in but likely didn't want to make any noise while she was talking to her workplace.

Sarah swiped the answer button on her phone, "Hello, this is Sarah."

"Sarah," After a few seconds of her brain fog clearing, she recognized the voice as Jerry from their IT department, "It's Jerry. We've been trying to reach you. The

board called an emergency meeting for all senior staff and department heads this morning. You need to get in here fast. The meeting is at ten."

"Sorry, yeah, Jerry, I'll be in. See you soon. Thanks for letting me know." Sarah hung up the phone and let it fall onto the bed. She closed her eyes and felt the pull of sleep reaching back to her.

"What's going on?" Dan asked. Sarah opened one eye and saw Dan's concerned look from across the room.

"Some emergency meeting," Sarah sighed and sat up, "Need me in there for ten, which means I need to get there earlier. I have to get up. Good thing I showered last night."

"Emergency meeting,' I don't like the sound of that. The last emergency meeting I had was the one where my pay got cut. Besides, I thought we could go out for breakfast before picking up the kids." Dan's face of concern melted, and he smiled, shifting gears, "Okay, what can I do to get you moving faster?"

"Mhmmm, I love you," Sarah smiled warmly at her husband. "Coffee, please. I'm going to get dressed."

"On it," Dan said as he left the room, walking with purpose. Sarah slowly got up and shuffled over to her closet to find something to wear. As she stripped out of her pajamas, she thought about how Lester had disturbed her while she was in there earlier in the week. That had led to Lester fucking her raw for the first time.

And then last night, how he had fucked her in her wedding dress. She took a moment, remembering what had happened, then she glanced at the garment bag hanging up. She grabbed it and put it on the bed, intent on bringing it to the dry cleaners after work.

Dan's comment about the emergency meeting at work set her on edge. It couldn't be that bad, could it? She didn't see how they would be cutting her pay. The hospital was already severely underfunded - unless Lester had done something with all the systems access he'd been given.

She shuddered at the thought and moved a little faster. He wouldn't do something, would he? What could he possibly have done? She realized she didn't know what Lester was capable of with a computer.

"Got you coffee," Dan said as Sarah finished getting dressed. He presented her topped off work tumbler, the smell of coffee waking

up the rest of her senses.

"Thank you, you're a lifesaver," She said, taking a long, warm sip. "That's good."

"Your bag is ready by the door. I threw in some snacks and a water bottle in case things go longer than expected," Dan followed her out of their room and downstairs to the front door.

"I love you," Sarah said as she put on her shoes. "You're too good to me. I'll try to get back as early as I can. Maybe after the kids go to bed tonight, we can spend some time together."

"I like the sound of that," her husband said as he leaned forward and kissed her.

It was a soft, lingering kiss. Sarah melted feeling the electricity run through her body. Dan broke the kiss and looked into her eyes, "Hurry back. I'll go grab the kids from your parents and take them to McDonalds for breakfast."

"No fair," Sarah pouted as she opened the door to leave. She was joking but didn't want to miss a family meal together. They got so few of those lately as it was. "I'll be home soon, I hope. I love you."

"Love you too, babe. Drive safe, okay?" Dan stood at the door as she walked to the car. She could feel his eyes on her until she pulled onto the street and out of his view. Now, all her thoughts were back in work, wondering what she was walking into. Why was the board calling a meeting? This was highly unusual.

Sarah managed to get to the war room before most of her peers. She sat in the back with Jerry, both with their laptops open on the table they faced. Sarah couldn't help but feel back to herself again,

having her laptop connected to their network, able to operate as she usually did.

She had asked Jerry why the emergency meeting was called, but he didn't want to say. He knew something, but he stayed silent despite her best efforts to pry it out of him. The room filled with her peers, preventing Sarah from grilling Jerry further.

A middle-aged man with graying hair and a sharp suit walked in exactly at 10

o'clock. "Hey everyone, thanks for coming in on a Saturday. You may not recognize me, but I'm John Walsh, a member of the board. The board asked me here to relay some news to you all." He was polished and calm, giving no hint of what was to come.

Sarah and her peers looked around anxiously at each other, wondering what the news would be. Then, Sarah realized that she hadn't seen Drew yet this morning.

"As you may have noticed, Drew Bailey isn't here. As of yesterday evening, the board unanimously agreed to part ways with Mr. Bailey. We will be conducting a hunt for a new CEO starting Monday. For now, I will operate as the interim CEO, and you will all report to me. Now, don't worry, I plan to be pretty hands-off and expect most of you to be able to handle your departmental responsibilities with autonomy. I'll be posted up in Drew's old office for now, so come to me with anything you need escalated and support on."

The head of HR raised her hand. Sarah had worked with her, Marcie, long enough to know that she liked being in the loop on everything personnel-wise in the hospital. Marcie looked upset. Clearly this was the first time she'd heard the news about Drew. "What happened? Why was Drew let go?"

"Well, there were a number of reasons," John said, wringing his hands. "For now, though, we don't want to get too into the weeds,

and we'd rather look to the future.

The handling of the cyber attack highlighted some ongoing concerns the board had."

"From what we have heard from you in this room and others closely involved, he wasn't much help in navigating the crisis." John looked around the room, and his eyes settled on Sarah, "If it weren't for Mrs. Williams, we probably wouldn't have gotten through the crisis as quickly as we did. Sarah, thank you for holding things together across the hospital and bringing in that specialist. I don't even want to know where we would be without you. The board wanted to thank you for your efforts as we navigated this crisis." He was nodding at her and made his sincere gratitude clear.

Sarah hadn't expected to be put on the spot. She felt her cheeks blush at his comments. At the same time, she cringed as she felt the remnants of Lester's cum start to leak out of her. "Thank you, I was just doing my job."

"You went above and beyond. Thank you again." John smiled at her warmly before turning his attention back to everyone else.

"And thank you to everyone else in this room who held things together," John said. "The board is well aware of our great team here, and we are behind you 100 percent. I'll be here for the rest of the day and through the weekend to help oversee the transition. If anyone has anything, please stop by the office and let me know."

"Excuse me?" The head of legal said. "So what are we doing about Swan Systems? Are they still our vendor? What will prevent a security breach like this from happening again?"

"I'll take this one," Jerry said, leaning forward, "We plan to continue our relationship with Swan until we find another vendor. A proper vendor that can meet all of our security needs and requirements. Until then, we will take some of the tasks on internally and hire

accordingly. We've also offered Lester Marshall a contract to help us secure our network, conduct regular pen testing and other things to ensure we are secure."

"What's pen testing?" Sarah asked, the realization dawning on her that Lester might have done too good of a job.

"Penetration testing." Jerry said, "To see if outside actors can penetrate our network.

Penetrate Sarah could feel a large glob of Lester's cum oozing out of her and soaking her panties. She prayed she wouldn't have a wet stain on her pants that she would need to explain. "Thanks, Jerry."

"Okay, thank you all again for coming in," John said before opening the door.

Several people rose and approached him with questions. The rest of the room got up and began to filter out. Sarah quickly glanced down at her pants and was relieved that no dampness was present. She stood up and felt Lester's cum on the tops of her thigh. *How much of his cum is inside of me?* This triggered a memory of him yelling and thrusting as he'd emptied himself into her the night before. Her eyes widened at the image, and she decided to head to the bathroom.

"Sarah, one second," Jerry gently held her elbow, holding her back. He watched as everyone began to filter out. Once no one was in earshot, he said, "I wanted to let you know John and the board really do know how much you did to navigate this crisis. We made sure to let them know. Drew was a scared chicken lashing out while you acted to fix things. I really think you should put your name in contention for the CEO position."

Sarah was taken aback. She hadn't considered that an option at all, "I'm flattered, Jerry. Thank you. It means a lot. I just don't know if I'm qualified for it."

"You've basically been doing Drew's job since he started. All the department heads respect you more than they ever did with him. The only thing he did that you didn't was make fraudulent contracts and go golfing with vendors. You should really think about it." Jerry patted her on the arm and went to leave.

"Jerry?" Sarah said in a hushed tone. He turned back, looking confused, and then returned to where Sarah stood. "About Drew. It was clear John wasn't happy, and something went down. Do you know what happened?"

Jerry looked around, making sure no one was within earshot, "Listen, you can't repeat what I'm about to tell you. The board wants to keep it hush hush so they don't look bad."

Sarah nodded, and Jerry continued, "While we recovered each system, I had asked our IT specialists to try to search and find any contractual obligations that Swan Systems had regarding the hospital, especially around security. As you know, there were strong objections to using them, and IT was never consulted on our contracting with them. Drew handled that himself. Unfortunately, we found details that Drew was essentially receiving kickbacks from Swan Systems. Drew was profiting off the relationship while Swan delivered us sub-par service, resulting in the mess we found ourselves in."

"Really?" Sarah said, "Holy shit."

"I know, it's a mess, honestly. My department has a ton of work to do. We're really going to be leaning on Lester to help us out here." Jerry said as he made his way to the door. "Think about what I said about the CEO position. I mean it."

Sarah found herself standing in the conference room by herself. This morning had not gone as she had expected and was getting stranger by the minute. Sarah took a step towards the door and froze. She swore she could feel Lester's cum running down her thigh. She

needed to clean herself up and maybe check in with a department head she was friendly with before returning to Dan and the kids.

She still couldn't wrap her mind around the bomb Jerry had just dropped on her.

Sitting in the booth at McDonalds, Dan smiled as he watched his daughters bicker while eating their hash browns. It felt good to pick them up and spend some father-daughter time with them. He needed to make this a regular thing, to find his way back to something normal. He knew things needed to change.

As Dan was finishing up his breakfast sandwich, a notification pinged on his phone. He assumed it would be Sarah, letting him know she was done with work.

When he checked his screen, it wasn't his wife. It was a LinkedIn notification. He opened it, hoping it wasn't a pointless contact request.

Eyeing his daughters, who were still too invested in one-upping each other to notice, he checked the app. It was a message from someone he didn't know

asking about some of the work he'd mentioned doing in his posts. It appeared that this person wanted to meet on Zoom to chat about one of Dan's past projects.

The message mentioned the contact was undertaking a similar project and might require some guidance.

It was a small victory, but Dan felt like the plan he'd put together was starting to bear fruit. This was just a Zoom meeting, but who knows, it could lead to something else down the road. It could be a paying freelance opportunity for him.

It was a start.

For now, he had to keep his day job going while he looked for a new company to join. His freelance dreams were just that. A dream, at least until he found someone willing to pay him. He couldn't strong-arm Walt into letting him work remotely full-time. Dan would try to leverage what he could, but he knew the old man wouldn't let him go full time.

Dan quickly responded to the message and set up some potential times later in the week to meet this guy. He put his phone back in his pocket and looked at his two young daughters. *Whatever it takes.*

"Here it is, my wedding dress," Sarah handed over the garment bag to the woman at the dry cleaner. With the emergency meeting done at work and all the bombshells that had been dropped, she was thankful to be out of the hospital and back on with her weekend. She just had to drop off her wedding dress before she could join Dan and the girls. She just hoped the dry cleaner could erase the previous night and restore her dress back to its pristine condition. "Just take extra special care of it okay? Oh, and there should be a veil in the bottom of the bag.

Could you be extra careful with it? The veil is made of lace from Belgium. We bought it while we were overseas just after we got engaged."

"Very beautiful, I'll take care of it, "The woman unzipped the bag and pulled out Sarah's dress, "But I don't see any veil in here."

Sarah scrunched up her nose, "Weird, okay, I'll check at home. Thank you."

The woman scrunched her nose and looked closer at the dress. A suspicious look appeared on her face as she appraised the state it was in. "Very beautiful,"

she said again, though it sounded more accusatory this time. "Maybe ask your husband about your veil."

Sarah smiled and nodded as she headed for the door. The woman's use of the word husband threw her off, since it was Lester who had done the damage to her dress. Sarah calmed herself down and headed for her car.

With her dress dropped off, Sarah got back in her car and headed for home.

Dan's message said they were done at McDonalds and heading back to the house, too. Sarah wanted to beat them home and go upstairs and look to see if her veil was under the bed. Unfortunately, Dan and the girls got there first. She picked up one of her daughters in her arms and fell back immediately into mom mode. Sarah reveled in having her family back together under one roof and set off making dinner plans and figuring out which Disney movie they would watch with the girls tonight.

She wanted to make the most of their family time before Dan had to leave for Chicago.

Lester's fat fingers formed a steeple as he sat back in his command center chair, staring at his computer screen. The Williams' file was open on his desktop, where he had made fresh annotations and had reviewed all the information he'd compiled. Two new sections were on the Williams' home and Sarah's hospital.

Since Dan had become his roommate, Lester had spent most of his time devising how to push Sarah's buttons and edge her closer to his

ultimate goal. Now, he had his focus entirely on Dan. Who did Dan think he was pushing him out of the house like that? Did he not understand his place in all of this? A simple bystander who needed to get out of his way so he could have Sarah? Lester was growing red in the face with anger. He didn't like how Dan had humiliated him twice in the last week, especially in front of Sarah.

Lester smirked, thinking about how he had still managed to overcome Dan's presence and take his wife right in front of him. Even cum inside of her unprotected, breaking Dan's number one rule. *What would Dan think if he knew I wasn't snipped?* Lester's grin broke wide.

On the drive back to Chicago, he had debated which course of action would be better. To let Dan think he was complying with his rules or to put Dan in his place and make him face his new reality. He so wanted to do the latter. Lester logged onto WoW to distract himself from his impatience. He knew that he shouldn't let emotion cloud his mind and throw off his planning. He needed to take out some

aggression. Emotions led to compromising behavior, the same way Sarah and the women he'd had before her had opened themselves up to his manipulation.

No, he needed something else for the Williamses. Something else to both punish Dan and to further tighten his grip on them. For the first time since this all started, he felt like he was wavering, unsure which was the best course of action. Sarah had finally succumbed and let him cum in her fertile pussy, unprotected, willingly.

But he needed to dominate her completely. Dan and her kids might be the things letting her hold on, but he needed to make her let go. He needed to break Dan's will and teach him his place.

He logged off WoW and brought up his videos of Sarah Williams. Lester pulled down his sweatpants and began to slowly stroke his cock, watching Sarah's face contort in ecstasy as he fucked her. He

knew these videos of Sarah could bring in a substantial amount of money, but he didn't want to share them. She was his.

Cronos got close to discovering her, and he wouldn't let that happen again. Lester unlocked and opened his desk drawer. He reached in and pulled out Sarah's veil and smelled it. Her sweet scent lingered on his nose, adding to the sounds of her moans emanating from his computer speakers.

He would make her his. Completely.

It had been a few weeks since Dan had been at home in Middleton. Since then, things have been going great. His LinkedIn posts were gaining a lot of traction.

Several people had reached out to him to connect, and one was getting close to hiring Dan to do freelance work on the side for a very generous fee. They were waiting for the rest of their team to sign off on Dan's proposal. With any luck, he could secure several other new clients in short order.

He hadn't told Walt about the side work. His day job kept him plenty busy. He had checked his contract, and no provisions prevented him from moonlighting with outside clients. In fact, Walt would probably encourage it if it could help land the company a meaty client. As it was, the side work was mostly shaping up to be somewhat trivial things for Dan. He was careful not to take any calls or work using work resources. He was even careful not to take important calls in the apartment anymore, just in case Lester decided to walk around naked.

His cell phone and a new Chicago Public Library card gave him lots of new resources. It felt good just getting out of the depressing apartment. He felt like

things were on the upswing. He just needed to hold on for a bit longer before things truly happened for him.

Things were moving ahead for Sarah as well. Things at the hospital were going great. One of her colleagues thought she should try for the CEO position. Dan certainly agreed that she could do it, and he'd finally convinced her that she was qualified enough for it. She was much more hands-on than any of the past CEOs, and she knew that place inside and out. Sarah had begun to make small moves at work to show the interim CEO just how capable she was. If she could land that job then Dan could score some of his own clients and maybe even upgrade his job to something he could do from home. They would be out of this mess and could put it behind them.

When his cell phone chimed, Dan practically jumped off the couch. He opened his phone and read the message.

"I'm here," It was from Sarah. She would have just pulled in downstairs. Dan rushed out the door and took the elevator down to greet his wife. As the door opened on the lobby, Sarah walked in, pulling her carry-on suitcase behind her.

Her face beamed when she saw him. Dan held her and kissed her. "I missed you so much. I love you." Sarah looked and smelled fantastic. As always, his love for his gorgeous wife buoyed his spirits.

"The girls and I missed you so much, too," Sarah whispered into his ear. They rode the elevator back up to his apartment. Dan held her carry-on as they walked down the hall to his place. As he opened the door, he was waiting to see Lester's ugly face waiting for them.

Ever since he threw Lester out of his house, his roommate had barely shown his face around the apartment. He'd hoped that Lester had got the message, but Dan was on high alert, waiting for him to try something. It was a few weeks since Lester's last *date* with his wife. He would probably poke his head out of whatever hole he was hiding in and demand his due.

That's why Dan had planned ahead. He was ready for Lester. As Dan closed the door, he was relieved and wary that Lester hadn't appeared to try to grope his wife. "Sarah, I know you just got in, but I have reservations for us for tonight. Get ready. Ten minutes tops, and we are going out."

"Ten minutes? Dan, I just got here. I want to relax a little bit. Where are we going?" Sarah asked, looking bewildered. "I'm just surprised you made reservations."

"Listen, I have been dying to hold you in my arms again since I left you and the girls. I don't want you-know-who ruining things tonight, so I got us reservations at a nice French restaurant, and then we're going to see that comic I was telling you about at the Chicago Theater. We're going to Uber there and back so we can have a great night."

"Dan," Sarah said, linking her hands around his neck, "I love this. I love seeing this side of you again. It's like you're determined and looking forward. I've missed this, Dan."

"So have I, baby, so have I." Dan leaned forward and kissed his wife before taking her hands and putting them down at her side. He twirled her around and gave her a playful slap on her ass, pushing her down the hallway. "Ten minutes and we are out the door."

Sarah smiled over her shoulder as she left the living room. Dan felt his heart thumping in his chest, excited to get his wife alone. Especially to get her alone away from Lester. As much forward momentum as Dan felt right now, he worried about how much he might backslide if Lester and Sarah were in the same room together.

He just prayed the fat little troll didn't come out before they left.

Lester listened to the couple catch up and trade cute little small talk. It was disgusting. His computer screen showed a live video feed of the couple in the living room. Sarah was too domesticated for Lester's tastes. She should be on her knees under his desk, worshiping his cock. He knew she thought about it.

Thought about him all the time. This whole show she was putting on with Dan was growing tired.

He sneered at the screen and reached for his cell phone. He had spent every day since his time in Middleton formulating different plans for the two of them.

His new contract with Sarah's employer provided many great opportunities for him to push the envelope. He just needed to figure out how to break Dan down some more.

The keys lay in Dan's fantasies. Lester would weaponize them. Corrupt them.

While showing Sarah that only he could be the one to satisfy her darkest desires.

Make her feel complete. All while turning the screws on Dan. He'd found one particular pressure point he knew would get Dan to buckle.

He dialed a number on his cell phone. After a few rings, it answered. "It's Lester.

We're still on for tomorrow."

Lester listened to the voice on the other end before abruptly cutting them off

"Listen, when she goes up on the dance floor, that's your signal. Then you do your job. Got it?" He rolled his eyes as he listened to

the person on the other end.

“Good.”

He hung up and turned his attention back to the couple on his screen. It was time to set things in motion.

Sarah was surprised that Lester hadn't tried to interrupt her night out with Dan.

She was sure he would try to intercept her before they left, but much to her surprise, he hadn't. Dan took her to a great little restaurant and afterwards to a comedy show at the iconic Chicago Theater. It was a great night, and she cherished spending time alone with her husband.

It was a nice distraction from the thoughts that had been dominating her mind.

Should she go for the CEO position at the hospital? The more she thought about it, the more it made sense. Sure, she might lack some experience dealing with a board of directors, but she felt like the rest of her resume was solid. She knew the hospital inside and out and had plenty of ideas on how to make it run better.

She could comfortably schmooze with donors and other stakeholders. It was strange, thinking that she might just have a shot at that position. It had always been a man in that role, but why not her? The board seemed fairly progressive, and she was making good inroads with John. She knew she could do it.

What surprised Sarah the most about her night out with Dan was Lester didn't try anything once they got back to the apartment. She'd had a few drinks with Dan throughout the evening, and both of them were feeling great. The Uber home allowed them to partake

a little heavier than they might normally have on a date night back home. There had been so many times before in the apartment when she would be fooling around with Dan, only for Lester to deliberately interrupt them. She was expecting something, but Lester didn't come out of his room. She felt a pang of anger, wondering what could be so important as to keep him in there. Still, it was nice just getting Dan alone and naked under the sheets, even if his bed was a little small for the two of them.

Without the kids anywhere in sight, they could sleep in until the late morning. She even managed to shower quickly without Lester popping his head out of his room.

Sarah was wondering if he had lost interest or maybe Dan had said something

that scared him away. Maybe Lizzie had reached out, and he wasn't even home.

It was a few minutes before Sarah realized she was standing in just a towel in Dan's room. She had been thinking about Lester for longer than she'd realized.

Sarah crossed the room and opened her suitcase to find something to wear. She held up the sexy shirt and pants she had considered wearing last night. Ultimately she didn't have time to iron them before their Uber arrived, so she wore something more modest. She'd packed them, hoping to be able to wear something sexy this weekend, but with the way things were going, it didn't seem like Lester was going to cash in on his date either. Maybe she would just lounge around with Dan and spend the day in the apartment.

Sarah opted for a pair of hip-hugging, tailored sweatpants and a tight white tank top that showed off her midriff. She undid her towel and dried her body off before putting on a matching pair of white bra and panties. The sweatpants felt snug on her legs, and she almost laughed at how well defined her chest looked in the tight

white tank top. She felt like she was wearing a second push-up bra with the way her cleavage sat on her chest.

Before leaving the room, Sarah looked over herself again in the mirror. Satisfied that she still looked presentable, even if the outfit wasn't exactly CEO material, she left Dan's room and joined him on the couch. They sat there together for a few hours while Dan resisted watching her reality shows. Instead, they watched the last half of a TV movie. At some point, Dan checked his watch and said, "It's already getting close to four. We're going to have to think about dinner soon. I guess no Lester today?"

"Yeah, I'm honestly surprised he hasn't poked his head out yet. It's strange."

Sarah kept her eyes fixated on the TV. She didn't want to look down the hallway again. She nuzzled her head into Dan's shoulder.

"Who knows what that guy is up to. I don't know if he is even here –" Dan cut himself off as the sound of Lester's door opening and closing reached them. They simply sat there listening as the door to the bathroom opened and closed. They exchanged a glance before the bathroom door opened again, and the sounds of fat feet plodding feet grew ominously closer.

Sarah stared at the screen, her head unmoving. She didn't want to look first. She didn't want Dan to see her looking for Lester. Dan should look first. After the way that Lester fucked her the last time, she didn't want to seem too eager in either of their eyes.

"Lester," Dan said flatly as he turned his head toward his roommate.

"Dan," Lester's voice came from behind Sarah. He must still be standing at the entrance to the living room, "Hey, Sarah. Looking good."

"Hi. Thanks," Sarah gave him a quick glance and a wave. She felt her chest growing flush and could hear her heart beating in her ears. Since when did her body react like this to just the mere presence of this man? It was like her body associated him with sex and was preparing itself for him. She tried to control her breathing, worried that Dan would notice Lester's effect on her. She hadn't forgotten their discussion back home about doing things together and for each other. She kept that front and center in her mind, even if her body wanted other things. She casually folded her arms over her chest.

Lester stepped into the room and walked along the back of the couch. His hand ran over the leather until he reached the section behind Sarah's head. Dan stood up, likely so he didn't have to look up at Lester—some male thing of being on the same level.

"I think," Lester started, "That, if I'm not mistaken, tonight is my date night. Since you stole your wife away last night." He said the last part with a slight sneer.

Sarah could feel Lester's fingers begin to stroke the hair on the back of her head.

She scooped her butt up away from the back of the couch and turned to face Lester. He was wearing a pair of worn sweat shorts and one of his signature faded t-shirts. This one had a piece of cake with the words 'the cake is a lie'

underneath. He looked just as disheveled as he usually did. His hungry eyes immediately met hers and then flicked down to feast on the sight of her chest.

Sarah felt her breasts rising and falling rapidly as she breathed, putting on an unintentional show for him. The determined look in his eyes reminded her of the way he had taken her in her home.

"I'm right here," Sarah said, trying to steel the nerves in her voice, "I'm not some property you two trade back and forth. You can talk

to me too."

"Right, sorry," Lester smirked, "It's time for our date night. I have a full itinerary planned."

"Where are you planning on going tonight?" Dan said flatly, "Don't forget I'm tagging along now to all your little dates. Got it?"

"I haven't forgotten," Lester rolled his eyes, "As for the plans, you'll just have to wait and see."

"Not good enough," Dan said, "We want to know ahead of time what to expect."

Not that I don't trust you or anything." Sarah smiled inwardly at Dan's use of the word 'We,' affirming that they were in this situation together.

"Fine," Lester said sourly, "Tonight I'm taking Sarah dancing. Only the place doesn't open until later, so I ordered some food. I figured we'd just enjoy some time together watching TV until then. Is that fine with you, Dan?"

"What kind of place? Not a strip club, I hope, because that's not happening," Dan crossed his arms looking at Lester.

"Not a strip club. A regular club that plays music where you dance," Lester shot Dan an annoyed look. "Anything else? Any more questions? Because you are taking up precious date night time."

"You can dance?" Sarah blurted out. She couldn't imagine Lester dancing, but she was excited to get out and dance. It had been years since Dan had taken her dancing, and she felt a pang of shame at being so excited.

"I'll make due," Lester said. He opened his mouth to say something else, but a knock on the door interrupted him. He turned away from

the couple and answered it. A delivery man handed Lester a bag before he paid with a credit card.

Lester shut the door and walked into the kitchen before returning with bowls and cutlery. "You like Chinese, right?" Lester said as he placed the food on the table before them. Lester began unpacking the bag, putting take-out containers all over the table. Dan stood there looking at this all unfolding like he was trying to figure out how to respond. Lester finished unpacking the bag and sat down next to Sarah. "I ordered you Cantonese chow mein and barbecue short ribs. Those are your favorite, right?"

Sarah was taken aback. She hadn't realized that Lester knew what her favorite dishes were. When was the last time she would have eaten Chinese in front of him? "Yeah, those are my favorites. Thank you, Lester." She cast a glance at her husband. He was eyeing the food.

"I got the sweet and sour chicken for myself," Lester eyed her mischievously, "But I am always open to sharing." Lester opened a container and started to dole out food into a bowl. Sarah grabbed one of the bowls Lester had set out on the table.

As she was about to start putting food into it, she realized that there wasn't a third bowl for Dan. She looked around for another bowl before Lester said, "I just grabbed food for me and my date. It's one thing if you want to tag along, but I'm not paying for a third wheel."

"Such a dick," Dan muttered under his breath. Sarah cast Lester a hard glance, stood up, and strode over to the kitchen. She found a bowl in the cabinet and brought it back to the table, where she put some of her food into it. She handed the bowl to Dan and gave Lester a flat look.

"Play nice, Lester," She said as she sat back down and started eating her food.

Lester hid a smile behind a mouthful of sweet and sour chicken. That he kept close to himself. Sarah wondered if he knew whether or not that was Dan's favorite dish. It seemed to be another thing of Dan's that Lester was trying to enjoy for himself.

The three of them ate the remaining Chinese food in silence. It was delicious.

The food was from the same place that Dan liked to order out from, close to his workplace. They threw all their garbage into the takeout bag, which Sarah grabbed, along with the empty bowls, and took into the kitchen. When she returned, Lester was sitting in the middle of the couch with his legs spread wide and his arms on the back of the couch, while Dan remained seated in the other chair. Lester thumbed the remote, flipping through Netflix to find something to watch. His head turned, and his eyes ran up and down her body. He patted the couch next to him, "Date night has started. We can't go out until later, but we can get cozy on the couch."

Sarah's eyes flicked to Dan, who rolled his eyes, crossed his arms and sat back in the chair. He nodded, telling Sarah he was okay with what was happening.

Sarah made her way back to the couch and began to sit down. She tried to sit an arms length away from Lester, but as she sat down, he scooted his rotund body over towards her. As her firm ass sat down, Lester was right beside her with his fat arm behind her seat on the couch. Lester grinned and looked over at her husband. "You really want to sit there alone the whole time while we watch a show?"

"I'm not going anywhere bud. Welcome to the new status quo," Dan said as he stared ahead at the screen. Lester stared at Dan as his hand moved to Sarah's shoulder. She felt his grubby fingers resting on her skin. One of his fingers drew light little circles, sending little volts of electricity coursing through Sarah's body.

Lester's scent was invading her nostrils. Sarah shifted in her seat as she felt herself being pulled against Lester's body.

"What do you think of this one?" Lester asked as he stopped the screen on 'Love is Blind' one of the trashy reality shows that was one of her guilty pleasures. "I heard it's good."

"Sure," Sarah said. If she had to be here in this awkward situation, she might as well let herself get distracted by a guilty pleasure like this, "I haven't seen the new season yet. Can you start it?"

"You got it, boo," Lester grinned and started the show up. Sarah saw Dan roll his eyes and cast her an amused glance. She returned the smile and nodded her head, letting him know she was on the same page as he was. They were in this together even if Dan couldn't stand these types of shows.

After an hour and a half of watching the show, Lester looked in Dan's direction and asked, "Hey Dan, why don't you head to the kitchen to grab us all some drinks?" Without taking his eyes off the screen, Dan replied, "You got two legs bud."

"Hmmm, well, I'm kind of busy," Lester grinned as he took Sarah's hand and placed it on his sweatpant-clad crotch, "Sarah is about to be too." Lester used Sarah's hand to stroke himself over his pants. Sarah was shocked at the movement. Her eyes immediately broke from the TV and tracked the movements of her own hand. She could feel Lester's hard cock rubbing up and down the palm of her hand. *When did he get so hard?*

She could feel the heat emanating from between her own legs as she felt Lester's cock rock hard against her hand. She had expected something later in the night but not so soon. She couldn't believe how wet she had become with just this one simple gesture. Sarah squeezed her fingers over Lester's cock and started to stroke him. She realized that she had been staring down at his hidden manhood and flicked her eyes up to her husband.

Back in Middleton, they had agreed to do everything together, but she felt ashamed that she had forgotten that just for a brief few seconds. Lester's cock had distracted her. Part of her worried she might let go again and get lost with Lester. Dan's eyes flicked up from her hands and met her eyes. She could see the hunger in them. The desire to see her touch Lester. Gone were any regrets or trepidation. She knew she had to protect him from his fantasies to stop things from going too far. They had their safeword they could use if either of them felt uncomfortable. Right now, she didn't think a hand job was anything she needed to worry about.

Lester shifted his hips and pulled his sweatpants down his chunky legs. Sarah had to break contact with his cock for a second but was immediately pleased to see that Lester wasn't wearing any underwear. His musky primal smell once again filled the air between them. Her delicate hand touched the skin of Lester's oversized cock and began to stroke him. He raised his hands behind his head

and focused his attention on the TV. Dan's eyes stayed fixated on her hand encircling Lester's cock. Sarah made eye contact with her husband and licked her lips while raising her eyebrows at him. She mouthed 'love you' to him. He smiled and mouthed it back. Lester's hand started playing with Sarah's tank top strap. Without looking, he looped his thumb underneath it and pulled it down her shoulder. His fingers began to slowly caress her shoulder before inching down and caressing her collarbone and then the top of her chest. Nothing aggressive, delicate lingering touches that began to rile Sarah up.

"What time are we going out?" Sarah asked as she stared into Dan's eyes. Dan was rocked by the surreality of the situation. Her mouth was so close to Lester's cock it was as if she'd spoken into it, as if it were a microphone. He blinked, trying to clear his head.

"After I make love to you again," Lester grinned as his hand dropped into the top of Sarah's tank top, beneath her bra until his hand was massaging her naked breast. Sarah let out a whimper as he rolled

her nipple between his thumb and finger. She could feel her body responding to Lester's touch. She looked down at his cock in her hands and could feel how hot it was. Her body wanted to feel it inside of her. All she needed to do was lower her pants and let Lester fuck her here on this couch. It had been a while since she'd been fucked in this apartment.

Lester paused the show, his other hand coming up and lowering her shoulder straps. Was Dan going to do anything, or would he watch Lester take her? He'd seen her get fucked by Lester before but he hadn't been there when Lester made love to her. It was different. How would Dan react? Lester began planting soft kisses on her neck. She closed her eyes and let his ugly lips move up and down, exploring her. Tasting her. His fat fingers touched her chest, his lips and tongue on her neck. His other hand was beginning to tug at her tight sweatpants, trying to inch them off of her. She was about to have sex with Lester in front of her husband. Her eyes snapped open, and she looked at Dan. He had that same hungry look in his eyes. She knew he was giving in to his fantasies, letting them play out before him. She watched his lips, looking for their safe word, but it didn't come. Sarah could feel herself breathing hard. She knew that in just a few moments, Lester would push her onto her back and have his way with her.

He had managed to work her sweatpants down to her knees, her toned legs exposed to the entire room. She knew Dan wanted this but back home he had mentioned wanting to watch her with Lester in a car. He wanted the dirty talk. He wanted them to do this together. Sarah used all of her strength to push Lester's hands off of her. Lester looked shocked, but Sarah stood up and moved away from him before he could say anything.

She could feel both men's eyes on her, tracking her movements. Disappointed by what she hadn't done, but intrigued by what she was doing. Sarah needed to take control. She turned and looked at both men before reaching down and pulling the bottom of her tank

top up over her head. Then she stepped forward between both men and bent forward. She stared into Dan's eyes as she lowered her sweatpants the rest of the way. Dan's eyes flicked down to her bra-clad chest, not realizing that Lester was staring at Sarah's perfect ass as she was bent over at the waist.

"Lester," Sarah purred as she stood back up. She gave Dan a playful look before turning to look at his roommate. "I don't need someone to make love to me tonight. I need to get fucked."

Sarah stared into Lester's beady eyes as she closed the distance between them.

She pushed apart his knees with her legs and stood in front of him, "But you're going to have to wait." She wanted to fulfill Dan's desire to see her in the car with Lester, to do that she had to hold him off until later on. "I really want to go dancing, and I don't want to get tired out before we go."

She lowered herself onto her knees and ran her manicured nails up Lester's pasty thighs, "I wonder, is there anything else we could do in the meantime?" Her hands gently began to tease Lester's cock. Lester was looking down at her, his face flush. He seemed to be caught off guard by her assertiveness. She smirked and looked at her husband, who stared intently at her. "What do you think, Dan? Is there anything you can think of?" she smiled wickedly at her husband as she lowered her face towards Lester's cock.

She stuck her tongue out, inches away from Lester's manhood. Lester bucked his hips, trying to push his cock into her mouth, but Sarah moved her head to the side. "Should I lick it?" She whispered loudly to Dan. "I want to. Licking his cock makes me so wet. I think it'll help when he puts it inside me later."

Dan stayed silent and just stared. He nodded and eagerly watched as Sarah leaned forward and ran her tongue up Lester's shaft. She didn't break eye contact with her husband until her tongue reached

the head of Lester's cock. Sarah twirled her tongue around his head and closed her eyes. She involuntarily moaned, feeling Lester's cock at her lips, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

Her mind raced, trying to think of dirty things to say that would turn Dan on. She opened her mouth and took Lester's cock into it, stretching her lips. Lester thrust his hips up off the couch, his cock hitting the back of her throat. Sarah placed her hands firmly on Lester's thighs to hold him in place as she sucked his cock.

Satisfied that he wasn't going to try something again, she let go of one of his

thighs and brought her hand to his cock to stroke it. She enjoyed being in control of Lester and his cock. It felt good knowing she was the one that got to decide when his powerful cock would come. She cast a glance at Dan. His hungry look turned her on. She knew that if she looked at Lester he would likely have the same look. Knowing that they both craved her caused her to rub her thighs together. She was intoxicated by having this power over two men. Her men.

"Mhmmm god Dan, this thing tastes so good," Sarah took her mouth off Lester to talk dirty to her husband. She looked at Dan and winked. She wanted to make this memorable and wanted to lean into the thing she knew would drive him crazy.

"I've missed tasting you, Lester."

"You taste so fucking good big boy - mmMMMMM," Sarah said as she slid her tongue down Lester's shaft. His public hair pushed into her face as her tongue began to swirl around his balls. She felt Lester's hands on the back of her head, trying to take control. She pushed herself back from him until she was back between his thighs. "No, no. Now you be good. Today, I do the touching. You just get to watch and feel what I do. I know how to make you feel good."

"You like these lowered, right?" Sarah said as she played with her bra straps.

Then she reached behind and undid the clasp on her white bra, letting it fall to the floor. "What do you think, Dan? Should I cover up, or should I let your roommate keep looking at me?" She cupped her breasts in her hands and held them up to Lester while looking at her husband.

Dan was looking at her like she he wanted to throw her down and fuck her. She couldn't get enough of it. "Are you going to stop me, Dan? Or are you going to let me suck on Lester some more?"

She stared into Dan's eyes as she inched herself closer to Lester's cock. Waiting for him to say something. To say their safeword. But he didn't. He just watched until her lips pressed against Lester's cock, and she began to kiss every inch of his shaft. She started to kiss it faster. She needed to kiss it faster. Her body wanted to feel his cock in her mouth. She kissed up the shaft until she reached the head and it disappeared into her mouth. Sarah moaned around Lester's cock, feeling it fill her up.

Lester sat back and let Sarah suck his cock with abandon. She was trying to put on a show for Dan to show she was in control. Lester decided to sit back and enjoy the show, neither of them aware of what he had planned for later that night.

He'd let her have the illusion of control for just a bit longer before giving her what she needed.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as her tongue lapped up some precum oozing from Lester's cock. Sarah was using both hands to stroke Lester's cock, feeding it to her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked him in and down, his head stopping at the entrance to her throat. Lester's fat fingers started stroking the back of her head. She told him not to touch, but she didn't care at that moment.

She just needed to feel this cock in her mouth. Lester's hand pressed down on the back of her head, and he shifted his thighs up, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth.

"Mhmmmmmmhmmmm," Sarah groaned as she felt his powerful thrust into her. It was like he was fucking her mouth. Her body shuddered, remembering how Lester fucked her in her wedding dress. How he took her on her bed in front of Dan. Knowing Dan was watching, seeing how she behaved excited her in ways she was still just beginning to understand. She understood Lester though. The troll kept the pressure on her head and thrust up again. He wanted to cum and was wrestling her for control.

Sarah kept one hand on his cock and pushed the other down onto his thigh. He pushed up again, hitting the back of her mouth. Sarah was impressed by his strength but finally broke free from his grip. Her mouth left his cock while her hand continued to stroke it, "I said no touching. Today I'm in control – hrmmpff."

Lester shoved two fingers into her mouth and pushed down on the middle of her tongue. He slid them back out until his fingertips touched her lips and then shoved them back in all the way to the knuckles. Lester had a determined look on his face as he firmly worked his digits into the sexy mother's mouth.

"Ughhhh," Sarah moaned around his fingers. She started stroking his cock faster as Lester fucked her mouth with his fingers. He pistoned his fingers in and out, mimicking a second cock in her mouth. Sarah sucked his fingers with abandon, running her tongue under his digits, tasting the remnants of Cheetos on them,

"Mhmmmmmmmm."

Lester brought his fingers down towards his cock, Sarah's mouth followed. He pulled his fingers out and used his other hand to push on the back of her head, pushing her mouth back down onto his cock. Sarah groaned at feeling Lester's real cock stretch her mouth.

Lester pushed his fingers into the palm of her other hand, in and out, just like a cock would.

Sarah's grip tightened around Lester's fingers, and she stroked it. She sucked on Lester's cock while stroking his other fingers. Her brain started to imagine there were two Lesters and she was being shared between them. One cock in

her hand, the other in her mouth. He pulled his hips back and shoved his fingers back into her mouth, alternating which cock she was imagining sucking on.

With both of Sarah's hands full, Lester shifted his weight and sat up, pushing Sarah backwards off the couch, fully onto her knees before him. Lester turned his body so he was fully facing Dan. Sarah followed his cock and fingers turning her body, not realizing Dan was no longer in her line of sight.

"You like that?" Lester said, "Having one cock in your mouth and another in your hand?"

"Mhmmm hmmmmm," Sarah responded as her mouth was now full of Lester's cock again. Her pussy was dripping wet. She could feel herself losing control, but she didn't care. She just wanted to feel the cocks in her hands explode.

"I can't hear you," Lester said as he pulled his cock from Sarah's mouth.

Sarah stared up at him defiantly and nodded, "Yeah, I love it. Having two cocks to play with."

"That's what I thought," Lester chuckled as Sarah's mouth started to suck on his fingers while her hands rapidly stroked his cock. "If you're good, maybe I'll make that happen. Give you a second cock to pleasure."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's fingers. She could feel her body working up to an orgasm even without touching herself. Just the idea of pleasuring two cocks at once was explosive. Two men at once. Both of them wanting her, both of them hard for her. "Mhmmmmmm."

"I'll tell you one thing, though," Lester said as he pulled his fingers from Sarah's lips. She turned her head and quickly found his cock, sucking it into her mouth.

Her fingers instinctively reached out for Lester's fingers. He grabbed onto her wrists instead, holding her in place, delaying her search for a few seconds before letting go. She quickly began stroking Lester's fingers like it was another cock.

Lester stood, his hand gripping the back of her head as he started to thrust his cock in and out of her mouth.

Sarah tried to set the tempo with her hand but failed. Lester's pistoning cock was setting the pace, and all Sarah could do was try to hold on. Feeling Lester's cock force itself in and out of her mouth, taking what he wanted was making her want to push him down and fuck him. To feel him inside of her. To get fucked the way he was using her mouth. Her hips began to undulate in the air, visualizing the fucking the hot wife imagined.

"If we ever do involve another cock," Lester grunted, feeling his balls tighten. "It won't be your husband's."

"Mhmmmhmmffffmmmm," Sarah had forgotten all about Dan, but her mind was quickly aware that Lester's thrusts were getting erratic. She felt his balls contract and knew his delicious cum would be shooting into her mouth. She pushed all other thoughts aside for now. All she wanted to focus on was his cum. The first rope hit the back of her throat. Then another. It seemed like Lester had been saving all of his cum for her arrival. Sarah swallowed. Her mouth

was filled again with Lester's cum, some leaking out before she could swallow again.

Sarah let Lester's cock fall from her mouth. She was panting and tried to catch her breath. After several seconds she regained her focus and realized she was still stroking Lester's cock and his fingers. She opened her hands and let go.

Lester flopped back onto the couch with a dumb smile on his face.

Sarah looked over her shoulder at Dan, who had a bewildered look on his face.

His pants were still on, but she wasn't sure if he had been touching himself. It felt like time had skipped - she'd been watching Love is Blind on the couch and the moment she'd touched Lester's hard cock she needed to make it explode. She'd lost track of him the moment Lester started to take control. That thought worried her, but more importantly, she was worried Dan was hurt or upset again. She made her way over to him and whispered, "Are you okay?"

"I just wish we could go into the bedroom where I could fuck you," Dan whispered low enough Lester wouldn't be able to hear, "That was intense." He didn't mention that he could smell Lester on her breath. He also didn't mention that fact wasn't making him any less hard.

"Okay, though?" Sarah asked.

"It was okay," Dan said nodded looking exhausted, "It was a lot but it was pretty hot. You're a dirty girl."

"Stop it," Sarah smiled. She leaned forward and whispered. "I'm going to freshen up, but maybe you can meet me in the bedroom, and I'll show you just how dirty I can be."

Dan looked caught off guard by her comment, he raised an eyebrow. Sarah smiled mischievously, left the boys in the living room, and went to the bathroom.

She felt incredibly horny after blowing Lester. Her body needed to be fucked, and she wasn't sure she could wait until afterwards. Shutting the bathroom door behind her, Sarah started to freshen up. She made sure to brush her teeth and

use some mouthwash, not wanting Dan to accidentally kiss her after she swallowed loads of Lester's illicit cum. Staring at herself in the mirror, Sarah felt a wave of guilt wash over her. While she had been blowing Lester and sucking on her fingers, her mind had imagined a second Lester or even some stranger's cock. She hadn't been picturing Dan. She'd briefly forgotten about her husband, which made things worse. The plan was for her to put on a show for Dan, but at some point, that changed and she was entirely focused on Lester's cock.

If you really wanted a second cock, you could have asked Dan to join in. Sarah stared at herself in the mirror at the realization. He was right there while she was lapping on Lester's fingers. All she had to do was turn around and tell him to get it out. She would make it up to him right now. Even if he didn't realize his lack of participation, she needed to do something to alleviate her guilt.

Sarah finished freshening up and left the bathroom. As she walked back down the hall toward the living room, she tried to think up something sexy and seductive to say to Dan to lure him to the bedroom. As she stepped into the room and opened her mouth, Lester spoke first.

"I think it's time we all get ready to go," He said, standing up, "It's getting a little late, and the club should be open by now from what I've seen online."

"Really?" Sarah asked, walked over, and grabbed her phone. She was surprised to see that it was after 9:30 pm. *How long was I sucking on his cock for?* Dan came out of the kitchen with a glass of water and approached her.

"Are you still okay with going tonight?" Dan asked as he gave her lower back a loving caress. "I think you've already had a little mini date here."

Sarah had been looking forward to dancing. It had been ages since she had gone to a club. Dan rarely took her anymore. She wanted to go. Getting ready would take some time, but she needed to get out. She would make it up to Dan and soon get him alone in the bedroom. Besides, she couldn't fulfill Dan's desire to see her in a car with Lester from the apartment.

"It's okay," She said, putting a hand on Dan's chest, "I want to go." Sarah kissed Dan on the cheek and moved back towards the bedroom. "I need to go get ready.

Give me twenty minutes," She said loudly enough for Lester to hear. As she walked down the hallway, she thought of the outfit in her carry-on that she had wanted to wear the previous night. She knew it would cause the jaws of both men to drop. A sly smile spread across her face as she closed the door behind her.

"What's taking her so fucking long?" Lester was pacing back and forth in the living room. An amused smile crept onto Dan's face, and his eyes flicked up to look at his roommate. His arms were crossed, and his going-out outfit looked hilarious.

His clothes looked newer than those he usually wore, but he looked like a background character from Night at the Roxbury. He probably felt like a kid going to his first-grade school dance.

"She said twenty minutes. It's been almost a full hour," Lester looked at Dan, frustrated. Dan maintained his spot in his chair, his attention focused on his phone. The Chicago Blackhawks were up 2-1 over the Kings. "What's taking her so long?"

"You sure seem not to know a lot about women," Dan said, glued to his phone.

"Perfect takes time. You might as well just sit down."

Dan heard Lester huff and continued his pacing. A few minutes later, Sarah finally emerged from the hallway. She walked into the room as if she hadn't just taken an hour to get ready, ignorant of Lester's impatience. Dan felt his cock stir looking at the way his wife was dressed. He always loved when Sarah did her hair up.

She had one of the sexiest necks he'd ever seen. The shirt she was wearing, if you could call it a shirt, did a great job of accentuating the elegance of her neck.

To Dan, it looked like a piece of black material that just covered her breasts and the front of her stomach. A thin little strap went around the back of her neck and connected to the black, satiny-looking material that obscured her chest. It was cut so that there was a large V that went down between her breasts, exposing her chest. Her cleavage was hidden, though, as the material stretched over the tops and sides of her breasts, enveloping them, another thin strap running across her ribs and clasping behind her back. The rest of the material ran down over her stomach, but the sides were exposed for anyone to see.

His wife wore high-waisted white pants that hugged her body, leaving very little to the imagination. Her ass looked amazing, popped out slightly but not obscene, as always. The pants were cut like jeans, but they were made of some other cotton or polyester-like material. She had a pair of black high heels on, too. Dan loved these kinds of outfits. Even before everything had started with

Lester, he'd always gotten off on seeing other men's heads turn to watch his wife when they were out.

"Ready to go, boys?" Sarah said as she turned and looked at herself in the mirror.

Dan looked at Lester, who seemed equally stunned at Sarah's appearance. Dan stood up, eager to get this night over with. "Yep, let's head out."

The odd trio walked down the hallway together. It wasn't wide enough for them to walk side by side, so Lester followed behind the couple until they reached the elevator. As the doors closed Lester spoke, "Dan, are you planning to ride with us or drive yourself?"

Dan hadn't thought that far ahead. He'd been too preoccupied with the hockey game. He could probably watch the score while they drove if he rode with them, but he didn't love the idea of sitting in the backseat like some child. Besides, Lester could try to pull something and ditch Dan at the venue before taking Sarah someplace else. If he drove himself, there was a chance Lester could try to ditch him like he had that one night, but now he had Sarah's location tracking enabled on her phone. He could find her. He preferred to have his car with him anyway.

"I'll take my car," Dan said while slyly checking out his wife. "I'll follow you there."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at him, but he nodded reassuringly. When the elevator doors opened, Lester stepped out, seemingly oblivious to the custom of letting ladies out first. At least he opened his SUV door for Sarah. Dan navigated the parking lot and got into his own car. He quickly drove to the other side of the lot, where he was surprised to find Lester's SUV was still waiting. As soon as he got close, it started to drive.

He followed them out onto the street. Lester led them to another part of town that was unfamiliar to Dan. He wasn't a Chicago native, and most of the city was still new to him. This area had some rundown-looking storefronts but if Dan was correct about his Chicago geography, it was in the general neighborhood where he'd thought he'd had a job interview a few weeks back. That area had at least been nicer than this one. After a few minutes, Lester turned off the street into a driveway that went down into an old parking garage.

Despite its age, it featured a modern payment system. Dan had to tap his card before receiving a ticket that would let him exit later in the night. Everything seemed fairly automated; the door rolled up as he took his ticket, and the gate closed behind him. There wasn't anyone in the old security booth, and Dan spotted several burnt-out bulbs that needed changing. This garage didn't seem to be as well maintained as others Dan had been to. Dan followed Lester's vehicle through the garage and up a ramp onto the next level. There weren't many cars up here, and it was more dimly lit than the previous level.

Dan guessed that the garage was fuller during the weekday with office workers but probably emptied out at night and on the weekends. Lester drove to the part of the garage where no cars were parked. Dan followed as they turned around a concrete wall and into an empty section of the garage. A brick wall was visible beyond a chain link fence. They were likely at street level, and the brick wall was

from the next building over. Lester parked parallel to the fence, backing into a spot. Dan pulled in directly in front of Lester's SUV so that the noses of their cars were facing each other. Just in case Lester tried to pull a fast one and leave the garage before he did, his roommate couldn't maneuver his car out of the spot.

Both doors on the SUV opened up. Dan quickly killed the ignition and stepped out of his vehicle, locking it behind him, "Why the hell did we drive through the whole parking garage? There were plenty of open spots."

"Closer to the stairs," Lester pointed at a door against the far wall, "Unless you want to walk around the block. Elevators don't run on the weekends. The club is just around the corner."

It seemed like Lester was somewhat familiar with this club and this part of town.

That struck Dan as odd, given Lester's reclusive nature. Lester began walking, but Sarah stayed and waited for Dan. "All good?" Dan asked as they fell into stride together.

"A complete gentleman. Didn't talk too much, to be honest." Sarah said as they closed in on Lester. He was at the door, holding it open. "Good," Dan replied.

Sarah didn't mention that he hadn't so much as touched her either, which, if she was being honest with herself, she wouldn't have minded. She knew she was still worked up from earlier.

Lester let Sarah walk through the door and then stepped through behind her. Dan caught the door before it could shut and followed them up. Lester was ogling Sarah's shimmying ass with each step of the staircase. Soon, they reached the top, and the door opened onto the empty Chicago street. Lester reached down, grabbed Sarah's hand, and led them down the block. Dan followed behind, not enjoying Lester's PDA. He was surprised that Sarah didn't look back at him, almost like she didn't think holding Lester's hand was a big deal.

Dan finally saw the club. The 'Sound-Bar' sign lit up a small alleyway just off the other side of the street. Lester led them up to the door

and knocked on it. A heavyset-looking bouncer opened the door and eyed them up before he stood aside and let them through.

"Twenty-five dollars each for the guys," a young girl behind the coat check area said to the group. Lester paid for himself and went to walk ahead into the club.

Sarah held his arm and waited for Dan to pay. He hadn't planned on dropping a \$25 cover charge but he sure as hell wasn't about to let Lester take Sarah into a

place like this alone. Dan paid with a wincing look on his face and followed Sarah and Lester into the club.

As Dan rounded the corner he felt a wave of heat rush over him. The club was packed with bodies gyrating together to loud house-style music. Dan felt a pounding that began in his ears and proceeded throughout his body as the bass on the track continued to bounce. They had to walk down a flight of stairs to get to the club floor. It was a space with several different dance floors, rooms and bars. As they navigated the crowd, Dan saw different roped-off sections, including dance floors and bar areas. Different rooms had different DJs playing music. Every room seemed to have bodies pressed against one another on the dance floor. A balcony ran across the top of the space, ending with doors that went into unknown rooms.

Sarah looked back at him and said something, but he couldn't make it out,

"WHAT?" Dan shouted. "BAR. LET'S GO TO THE BAR." Sarah yelled back. The three of them went up to the bar and eventually got the bartender's attention to order a round of drinks. Lester took out his phone and started typing on it before wandering away from them. Dan slid up next to Sarah and rubbed her back while taking in the club's sights.

It had been a long time since he had been in a nightclub and never one quite like this. Lester returned and handed his phone to Sarah. She read the screen and then handed it to Dan. There was a message written on it, 'Remember, like we agreed, if you see something and want to stop, just say it. Also, I'm not paying for you.' Dan rolled his eyes and gave Lester the OK sign with his hands.

Lester leaned in and whispered something in Sarah's ear. She turned to Dan,

"LESTER WANTS TO DANCE. IS THAT OKAY?" Dan nodded and gave his wife a thumbs up. He couldn't wait to see Lester attempt to dance. It would probably be one of the funniest things he'd see all year. He turned back to the bar and downed his drink before telling the bartender he wanted another. As she was getting his drink ready, Dan turned back to watch Sarah and Lester, but he couldn't see them. He'd lost them in the disparate crowds of bodies on the dance floor.

Lester led Sarah through the pressing bodies of the crowd. He hated it here. It was too loud, and there were too many people. These were the kinds of people he had hated ever since high school. Idiots drinking their faces off until they couldn't function anymore. He did like the look of some of the women in here, though and would be more than happy to help them after their night was over.

Tonight was about Dan, though, and humiliating him for throwing him out of their home. He needed to be taught a lesson.

He led Sarah to the roped-off section at the back of this room. The bouncer was standing at the foot of a short set of stairs that led to a raised platform with its own dance floor and private round booths inset into the falls. A small railing partitioned the raised area from the rest of the club. The bouncer nodded to Lester, recognizing him from earlier. The bodies were packed tightly around them. Lester

turned to look at Sarah as they stepped up the stairs. She looked back at him, seemingly overwhelmed by all the stimulation around her. He was confident she hadn't noticed they had moved to a more private part of the club.

Dan wouldn't be allowed up here. Not unless he had pre-purchased bottle service. Still holding Sarah's hand, Lester led her to a private booth where the waitress had already set out some drinks for them. Lester slid into the booth, and Sarah followed, looking over her shoulder for her husband. Lester handed her a drink and took a long sip of his.

'WHERE'S DAN?' Sarah said as she started on her second drink of the night.

She could already feel a slight buzz beginning to creep up on her. "I SAW HIM

STANDING BY THE BAR A FEW SECOND AGO. GIVING US SOME SPACE

MAYBE." Lester said, pointing toward the bar they had just come from. Sarah craned her neck but couldn't see him.

"WHERE?" she said loudly, leaning back towards Lester. He pointed in the general vicinity of the bar. He honestly had no idea. All he knew was that Sarah wouldn't be able to see the stairs leading up here from their booth if Dan was there trying to convince the bouncer he belonged. "OVER THERE," Lester pointed again.

Sarah shook her head, unable to locate her husband. He couldn't have lost track of them that quickly, could he? He was probably watching, just like Lester said.

He would probably look on the dance floor for them since that's where they said they were going. She leaned into Lester's shoulder, "I THOUGHT WE WERE

GOING TO DANCE?"

"I DON'T DANCE," Lester said back, "BUT I'M GOING TO WATCH YOU

DANCE."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" Sarah said loudly and then took another long sip of her drink, shocked that it was already done. Lester grabbed a bottle off the table

and mixed another drink for both of them. To Sarah, it looked like it was mostly tequila.

"YOU'RE GOING TO FULFILL DAN'S FANTASIES. GO UP ON THE DANCE

FLOOR AND DANCE WITH THE FIRST GUY THAT APPROACHES YOU.

DANCE FOR DAN AND ME TO WATCH. DOESN'T MATTER WHAT THEY

LOOK LIKE, SHOW DAN HOW DIRTY YOU CAN BE." Lester ran a finger up her bare spine, causing her to shiver, reminding her of what was to come. The music was already causing her body to sway back and forth. She wanted to move to the beat. It had been ages since she'd gone out and danced.

Lester thought she needed to be pushed over the edge. He leaned forward into her ear and said, "Remember, Dan calls the shots tonight. If he doesn't like you dancing with someone else, he can put a stop to it. But I think we both know it's going to drive him crazy." As he was talking, he noticed she'd moved closer to him, ostensibly to hear him better, but she seemed comfortable with her ear against his mouth. Once he'd said what he had to say it was a long moment before she moved away.

Sarah looked back at Lester. He could tell she liked the idea but was eyeing him suspiciously. Sarah slid out of the table, and Lester groaned, watching her ass in those tight pants. With a mischievous glint in her eyes and a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips, Sarah subtly raised her eyebrows and downed the rest of her drink before motioning to Lester for another. Lester finished pouring her another drink and saw the playful spark in her eyes, silently acknowledging that she was up for the game he wanted her to play.

Lester sat back and stared at Sarah's ass and uncovered back as she made her way onto the private dance floor, unaware of the plan he had set in motion.

Sarah was only alone in the crowd of bodies swaying on the dance floor for a moment before someone slid up behind her. Back in college, this is where she would either stop moving and get away from the person or look back to see who it might be. Tonight, it didn't really matter. They were just a prop for her to tease Dan and Lester with.

She took a sip of her drink and continued to move her body to the music alongside this stranger. The heat from his body was running up her bare back as his crotch pushed against her ass. Sarah felt his hands on her hips, tentatively touching her body. Sarah scanned the crowd for Dan, hoping he was watching. She hooked one arm around the back of the stranger's neck and ground her ass into his

crotch. His hard bulge was immediately evident, and part of her was satisfied that even after two kids, she could still have this effect on a man.

As the song ended, another began with a slower tempo. Sarah's eyes tracked the crowd, looking for Dan, but she couldn't find him in the sea of bodies. Lester stood out from the booth, staring in her direction. Even from here, she could tell how turned on he was

watching her. She pressed harder against the stranger behind her as she stared at Lester. Her bare back pressed into his chest. She could feel his breath on her neck and his dick pressing into her ass. She ground her ass back and forth against the stranger's dick. Closing her eyes, she tried to picture Dan's face watching her, but soon all she could focus on was the hard dick pressing into her ass, so close to her. If a couple of layers of clothes were removed it would be touching her bare ass.

The stranger's hands began to move off her hips slowly. One ran down and rested on her thigh while the other started to graze the naked flesh of her stomach. She wouldn't normally let a stranger touch her like this, but she wanted to turn Dan and Lester on. Dan would intervene if something crossed the line, right? Sarah continued to sway her hips, goosebumps running over her skin as the stranger's fingers traced up her bare rib cage. Sarah dropped her hand from his neck and let it fall to her side as she danced.

Another song started with a faster tempo. Sarah danced a little faster, her partner matching her movements. She decided to tease him a bit, moving her ass off his crotch. Denying him her touch. Now she was turning her hips and body with the music, not just grinding her ass back into his crotch. He was trying to keep up with her, but she could tell he wasn't the best dancer. As Sarah moved her body to one side, he was a few seconds behind her. As the beat of the song increased, so did Sarah's movements. She turned her body with one hand in the air, the other holding her drink. The stranger was behind her, trying to match her movements, she turned, and her hand accidentally grazed his crotch. For a brief second, her fingertips could feel his hardness. As soon as she felt it, they moved again.

Sarah could feel her heart thumping in her chest. Her body felt like it was on fire.

She looked back at Lester and saw him smiling. She wondered if he saw what had just happened. Another song came on with a less

frantic tempo. The stranger stepped back up and pushed his crotch against her ass. Sarah could feel his hard cock pushing into her. She instinctively ground herself back against it as her bare back pressed against his body. One of the man's hands was on her hips while the other was slowly tracing its way up her bare back. Sarah shuddered, feeling another man's hand on her.

Her breathing was getting shallow. The man's hand came to rest on the thin material on the back of her neck before he slowly pushed forward. Sarah knew what he wanted. She'd love to see Dan's face watching. She wished he was here in the crowd with her instead of off to the side somewhere watching. Sarah obliged the man's demands. She would show Lester and Dan just how dirty she could be. The man's hand continued its pressure. Sarah bent forward, pressing her ass further into the man's crotch. She ground her ass up and down along the man's considerable cock.

His hand moved to her shoulder, pulling her back up to him. Sarah could feel sweat dripping down her forehead. There were so many bodies in here, not to mention the heat emanating from the man behind her. His hand snaked its way around her torso and found the opening in her top. Sarah watched as the man's white hand disappeared beneath the sheer material of her black top and cupped her bare breast.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. Wet lips began to kiss the nape of her neck, one of her most sensitive areas. Sarah's ass pushed back into the man's crotch all on its own, seeking connection with his hardened cock. She could feel his hot breath on her neck, driving her crazy. The man's other hand quickly grabbed hers and pulled it behind her, pushing her palm against his hard cock.

Dan had done a lap around the club, looking through various rooms, but couldn't find them. The buzz of the alcohol was dimming his

senses. He made his way through the dance floor, looking for Lester. He would stand out in a place like this. Bodies pressed against him on all sides, and some young women pushed their backsides against him as he passed.

He returned to the main room where he had lost them and ordered another drink.

As he paid the bartender, he finally caught a glimpse of Lester over her shoulder.

His fat squat body was sitting alone in a booth in the back of the room. Dan kicked himself for not seeing them earlier. They hadn't gone nearly as far as he'd thought.

Taking a big swig of his drink, he moved to the back of the room. *Where was Sarah?* As he approached Lester, he realized his roommate was alone, but his attention was transfixed on the dance floor. Dan stared in the direction Lester was looking. All he could see on the raised platform were bodies dancing. He squinted, looking through the throngs of people until he saw a glimpse of Sarah's outfit. She was dancing but she wasn't alone. Someone was dancing with her.

He couldn't quite see exactly what was happening. Dan looked to his side and saw a short staircase to get up there.

He quickly approached it, but a firm hand pressed against his chest, "VIPS AND

BOTTLE SERVICE ONLY."

"I'M SUPPOSED TO BE UP THERE. MY WIFE AND ROOMMATE ARE WAITING

FOR ME." Dan shouted back.

"THEN HAVE THEM COME GET YOU. I CAN'T LET YOU IN WITHOUT A PASS."

The bouncer pushed firmly on Dan's chest. Dan left the bouncer and walked around the outside of the raised platform, trying to get Lester's attention. His roommate's beady eyes were laser focused on Sarah dancing with some stranger.

"SARAH," Dan tried shouting, but he knew it would be fruitless over the club noise, "SARAH." Some people left the dance floor, and Dan got a better look at Sarah. She was grinding her ass against the man behind her. His hand was inside of her shirt, groping her breast. Her head was leaning back against his chest as the guy was kissing his wife's neck. Then Dan felt his heart sink, recognizing who she was dancing with. It was Jesse.

Fuck that bouncer. Dan quickly jumped onto the railing and climbed over it, landing on the same platform as Sarah and Jesse. He felt his legs sway a bit, the quick motion not agreeing with the alcohol he had consumed. Dan pushed through the other club goers on the dance floor until he reached Sarah and pulled her off his ex-subordinate. Jesse had an amused look on his face, and Sarah was shocked to see the anger in Dan's eyes. She looked back and saw that it had been Jesse she was dancing with and looked mortified in response.

"DAN, I DIDN'T KNOW!" Sarah said loudly, clutching his arm. Dan balled his hands into fists and was about to have a serious conversation with Jesse.

Suddenly, a pair of strong arms grabbed Dan by the shoulder and pulled him backwards. Soon, another pair of hands were on him, pulling him away from Sarah through the crowd. Dan was disoriented and tried to fight off their strong grips, but he couldn't. A door opened up somewhere ahead of him, and cool air washed over

his body. Suddenly, he felt like he was flying, and then he felt pain as he landed on concrete.

He blinked open his eyes and realized he was outside on the street. Sarah was quickly by his side, asking if he was okay. Over her shoulder, he could see a pair

of bouncers looking at him angrily as they shut a side door to the club behind them.

"Are you okay, Dan?" Sarah asked, holding his arm, trying to get him to stand up.

Dan knew he was going to have a wicked hangover in the morning. He let Sarah pull him to his feet, hoping the ringing in his ears would subside once he was standing straight. "Just my pride," Dan said.

"What the hell were you doing dancing with Jesse?" Dan could feel the crease on his brow furrow as he looked at his wife. "I lost track of you guys."

"I thought you were watching me the whole time," Sarah said. Lester appeared from around the corner, clearly not knowing about the secret side door. Sarah continued, "Lester didn't want to dance, so he told me to go put on a show for you and him. I didn't even look back to see who I was dancing with. I was more focused on being sexy for you. For both of you. I thought you would stop things if it made you uncomfortable."

Dan eyed Lester, "Why was Jesse dancing with Sarah?"

Lester looked dumbfounded, "Who's Jesse? What are you talking about? All I saw was you jumping the railing and getting us kicked out of the club. Were you trying to ruin my date night?"

"Jesse! He used to work with me until he got fired. Why was he dancing with Sarah?" Dan shouted.

"How the fuck should I know? I have no idea what you are even talking about.

Did he know Sarah from before?" Lester shouted back.

"Yeah he had met her a couple of times on business trips," Dan said, looking back and forth between Lester and Sarah.

"On these trips did he ever, you know..." Lester trailed off, looking at Sarah.

"Ew. No way," Sarah exclaimed. "The trips weren't like that. At all."

"Okay, so he saw your wife on the dance floor by herself and tried to take his shot then?" Lester shrugged, "How would I even know who the hell he was? I can't keep track of everyone from your past, roomie."

Dan wanted somewhere to direct his anger but Jesse was still inside the club.

Lester was the next best choice. It didn't make sense that Lester would know

Jesse. Besides, Lester couldn't keep his hands off his wife. He was more likely to try to get her alone in a dark corner of the club.

"Why were you dancing alone?" Dan asked Sarah.

"That's on me. I knew Sarah wanted to dance, but I don't like dancing. I feel like an idiot up there. So I thought it would be hot to watch her dance, and I figured it would get you off to see her dancing with another guy. It's my fault. I fucked up.

I'm sorry," Lester said sincerely.

Lester's apology caught him off guard. He looked shaken up by what happened.

The little cave troll probably wasn't used to violence. Seeing the bouncers throw him out probably spooked him, "Whatever, let's just go." Dan said as he rotated his shoulder. He had landed hard on the concrete and wasn't looking forward to the pain tomorrow. At least for now, the alcohol had numbed everything.

Lester led them back up the sidewalk as Sarah and Dan followed hand in hand.

Sarah felt mortified as she held onto Dan's arm. As they walked down the parking garage's staircase all she could focus on was the events of the last few minutes.

Jesse's tongue on her neck, his body pressing against hers. The feeling of his hardening cock pressing into her ass. Her hand on his crotch. She hated that she now had some idea of the size of Jesse's cock - he was not small. The anger in her husband's eyes as he pulled her from Jesse.

She couldn't lie to herself. Seeing the anger and jealousy on Dan's face had been incredibly erotic. Sarah felt ashamed at just how horny it had made her. In her defense, Lester had turned her on earlier when she sucked his cock. She wanted to take Dan after that, but they had gone out. The sweaty bodies and gyrating in the clubs hadn't done anything to temper her horniness. And Jesse's dancing and groping only served to dial things up.

Still, she knew how mad Dan had gotten, but she couldn't help feeling embarrassed at the scene they had made, seeing her husband being man handled and thrown out of a club. Everyone's eyes were watching them as she quickly followed the bouncers out. She was glad to be out of there, away from the judgemental eyes. She wished she could have spent longer in the club and danced with her husband. Lester had at least thought of Dan and tried to plan

something involving him and his fantasies. She would have to find a way to thank him for that.

Lester opened the door onto their floor, and the trio crossed the empty parking level. Sarah did feel bad about Dan getting thrown out of the club. She wanted to find some way to make it up to him. As they neared the cars, an idea hit her —

the car. Dan had wanted to see her in a vehicle with Lester. He had missed out on her past dates with Lester and wanted a redo of her performance.

She stopped and held onto Dan's hand, slowing him. He turned to face her,

"What?"

With Dan's back blocking Lester's view, she ran her hands up and down Dan's crotch, "Did you still want to see what I do with him in the car?"

Dan gulped. She could see him doing the mental calculations in his head. He nodded softly, unable to verbalize a response. Sarah smiled, "Remember, we have the safeword." She could see Dan's face turn a shade of crimson. She leaned into her husband and gave him a deep kiss, shoving her tongue into his mouth. "I think you're going to like this."

Holding his hands, she led them to Lester's SUV, where he was waiting, "Lester, get in the backseat. Dan, go get in the passenger side." Sarah opened the back door of the SUV and got in while both men stood there dumbfounded. Lester was the first to move, heaving his body through the door following Sarah. Dan quickly moved between the vehicle's hoods and opened the passenger door. He did it carefully, trying not to hit the chain link fence that looked out into the alleyway.

Once Dan was in the seat and turned around to look at them, Sarah got started.

She knew this would turn Dan on, and she wanted to lean into the dirty talk for him. She felt like she failed him earlier and wanted to make it up to him. The first thing she did was repeat the kiss she had just given her husband, but now it was Lester she kissed. Dan watched as their tongues played against each other, his heart sinking as his roommate clutched the back of his wife's head. Once the kiss had gone on nearly a minute, they broke apart, each breathing heavily. Staring into Dan's eyes, Sarah dropped her hand and started to massage Lester's crotch,

"My, my, what do we have here?"

"You're gonna have to open that up to find out," Lester grunted. Dan could hear his heart beating in his ears. The volume in the club had messed with his eardrums and now seeing Sarah and Lester together in the car was causing his body to go into overdrive. He had wondered what this would be like. He hated imagining Sarah alone with Lester in the car, like their previous dates without him. Now, he was seeing it happen. Was this how they had started it before?

Dan gulped as he watched his wife slowly unbuckle Lester's belt and pull down the zipper on his roommate's pants. She reached in and began caressing Lester's cock. She turned and stared at Dan, her chest heaving as she said, "I found something, Dan. I think I need to get a closer look at it. What do you think?"

All Dan could do was nod wordlessly. He knew he was about to step off a cliff here but couldn't stop himself. Lester sat back and let Sarah tug at his pants. She pulled them down past his knees until his tight white underwear appeared. Sarah hungrily yanked those down, too, until his cock sprang out and slapped against his thigh. Lester used his legs to kick off his pants and underwear as Sarah

wrapped her hands around his cock, "It looks like someone's happy to see me."

Sarah continued to gently stroke Lester's growing cock with her delicate, manicured nails. She stared at Dan and said, "It's crazy how this thing is always hard and ready for me. Even though I already swallowed a load earlier, look at it." She gently squeezed him, her thumb massaging his glans and the pronounced ridge of his cockhead.

"That's because it loves you," Lester grunted, thrusting his cock towards Sarah's face. She turned and kissed its head. Dan watched as Sarah looked at him and said, "And I love it too. God, this cock really has me begging for it. I think about it all day while I'm at work."

"How are you doing over there, baby?" Sarah said, looking at her husband as her tongue licked the underside of Lester's cock. "Feeling better?"

Dan gulped and whispered, "Yeah. Better."

"Good," Lester chuckled, "You seemed pretty upset with your old friend there.

What was his name again?"

"Jesse," Dan muttered as he focused on his wife kissing and sucking Lester's cock.

"Sarah," Lester's eyes flicked to Dan to see his reaction, "You seemed to enjoy yourself on the dance floor. Do you think Jesse enjoyed himself, too?"

"What do you mean?" Sarah paused, looking up at him.

"Could you tell if he was hard or not?" Lester grinned, "As you moved your ass against his crotch."

Sarah squeezed Lester's cock and looked at her husband, "He was." Dan felt his stomach drop and his cock twitch, knowing that little shit Jesse had his cock

pressed up against his wife's fantastic ass. Getting stimulated by her dancing on it.

"Let's not focus on that," Sarah said, looking back at Lester as she lowered her lips to the top of his cock, "Let's focus on rewarding you for such a nice night out."

It would have been nice to stay and dance a little longer with you boys, but I want to show you how much I appreciate the effort."

"Fuck yes, show me how much you appreciate me and my cock," Lester thrust his cock up towards Sarah's face.

Sarah smiled and kept her focus on her husband as she planted soft kisses up and down the shaft of Lester's cock, "I'd do anything for this cock. I love the taste of it." Dan groaned from the front seat, hearing his wife talk like this. How she looked at him was almost too much for him to bear. She was toying with him like she always did. When she looked at him like that, he never knew if she was being serious or performing for him. He knew she loved toying with him, and he was putty in her hands.

"Anything?" Lester smirked, looking down at Sarah, whose tongue was delicately licking his shaft; keeping him hard but not sucking him off. He smiled inwardly at just how little effort he had to put into the evening. Here he was about to have his cock in Sarah's mouth in front of her husband. He thought back to their first meetings and all the subtle manipulations it would have taken for her to even touch his cock. Now, she was willing to do anything for him. Sarah looked up at Lester repeating his thought, "Anything."

Lester grinned and looked back and forth between Sarah and Dan. "Then follow me." Dan stared in disbelief as Lester opened the door and looked like a weirdo stepping out into the parking garage without pants, his hardened pole flopping around in public. He quickly peeled off his shirt and threw it back into the car.

Sarah looked at Dan, who could only shrug in response, not knowing what would happen. She followed Lester out of the car, and he guided her directly in front of his SUV.

Dan watched Lester kneel and disappear from view. Sarah planted her hands on the hood of the SUV and squirmed back and forth. Dan tried to get a better view of what was happening, but soon Lester stood back up, holding Sarah's tight white pants victoriously. Dan's eyes immediately scanned the garage roof, looking for video cameras, but didn't see any. He doubted a dingy parking garage like this would be equipped with the latest in surveillance. Dan's eyes shifted to the rest of the garage. Behind this concrete wall, they were obstructed from view.

The rest of this level had very few cars parked on the way in. He felt confident no one would accidentally stumble upon them.

Lester whispered something in Sarah's ear. She looked up and held her husband's gaze as Lester's hands began to explore her body. Sarah was biting her lip, and then Dan understood what was happening. Lester's hand must be in her panties, playing with her.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah moaned as Lester's fingers played with her clit. He was rubbing his finger against it softly in a circular motion.

"Keep looking at Dan," Lester whispered as he nibbled on her earlobe, "He loves seeing you like this. Let's put on a show for him."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah kept her eyes locked on her husband's through the windshield. She could see that hungry look in his eyes. The same one she had pictured on the dance floor. Then she

remembered his anger. She focused on that as Lester's fingers started to run up and down her wet slit. Soon, Sarah was bucking her hips back towards Lester. She could feel his hard cock pressing into her panty-clad ass.

Lester looked up at Dan and started planting kisses on Sarah's neck. He was enjoying every minute of this. Why he had never gone after a married woman before baffled him. It was one thing to dominate a woman and make her open her legs for him. It was on another level to do that in front of her husband. Lester relished the control he exerted over the couple. Dan had better learn to stay in his place from now on, after his lesson tonight.

"Ah fuck," Sarah braced herself against the hood of Lester's SUV as he pushed a finger inside of her. Soon, a second followed, causing Sarah to drop her head to try to catch her breath. She hadn't realized quite how worked up she'd remained with all the ups and downs of the evening. His other hand groped her ass cheek as he opened her up. Lester smiled as he pushed his fingers into Dan's wife. Even at this angle, he made sure he could brush them against her g-spot to make her body quiver for him.

Dan watched from the passenger seat with a mixture of arousal, lust and disgust as he watched the coupling. Seeing Sarah's beautiful face contorted in pleasure while Lester's ugly, determined face was next to hers sent chills down his spine.

He felt like he was taking a drug and couldn't stop watching.

Part of him wanted to open the door and step out into the garage with them. The other didn't want to move, to continue to watch the events unfold behind the

safety of the windshield. It felt surreal to him, and it would become more real if he stepped out to join them. He felt his cock aching in his pants. For now, he just gently rubbed it; not sure if he wanted to pull his pants off in Lester's car.

"Uh fuck, Lester," Sarah squirmed back on his fingers. Lester licked the side of her neck, "I love it when you say my name, Sarah. It sounds so sweet off your lips."

"Lester, mhmhhh Lester," Sarah moaned, "Don't stop Lester, right there. Right uh, mhm, there." Down her thigh behind her she felt the tip of Lester's cock graze her. It never ceased to amaze her how long and thick Lester's cock was.

How big it got before it was inside her.

Lester pulled his fingers out of the wife and pushed down on her back. Sarah's hands collapsed, and her elbows dropped onto the SUV. Lester pulled his shirt off and ripped off Sarah's white panties, tearing them at the sides, "Ahh, uhhhh."

He lined his cock up with her wet slit and slowly pushed the head of his cock into the young mother, never forgetting to savor how her walls held him tightly, milking him from the very start. "Oh my god, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's cock beginning to enter her. Lester's eyes flicked up to watch Dan's reaction. He was still sitting there transfixed on his wife, whose hair was now splayed out across the hood of Lester's car. *Good. No reaction from either one of them about my bare cock.* His subtle, patient planning had paid off.

Lester felt he deserved an Oscar for his performance at the club earlier. Watching Dan get thrown out brought him immense pleasure. Dan wanted to throw him out of his house? Well, Lester made sure the same thing happened to him, just more painfully and more publicly embarrassing. Sometimes it was too easy. Dan could be so predictable. It was a success in another way, though. Learning just how sensitive Dan was to his old coworker Jesse. There was plenty more to leverage there. Jesse was quite the open book about all things Dan and seemed easy to manipulate.

"Oh fuck Lester, slow baby slow it down," Sarah whimpered as she felt Lester's cock stretching her out. Lester had his hands upon her

bare back, intent on ripping off her top soon. He gripped the back of her neck and pulled her up off the SUV. At the same time, he shoved the entire length of his cock into her. "Ah, shit, Lester." His casual disregard for her while taking what he wanted put Sarah dangerously within reach of an explosive orgasm.

"I know you, Sarah Williams," Lester grunted loudly into the empty parking garage as he pulled his cock out and slammed it back into her, "And what did you say

before? You don't need love tonight? You like getting fucked hard and fast, and that's how I'm going to give it to you tonight." His eyes focused on some faraway point as his hips sped up.

Lester's pudgy fingers sank into Sarah's hips as he started to pound her pussy relentlessly. Sarah tried thrusting back against him, but the angle of their connection and his furious pace made it impossible. She braced herself with her elbows against the SUV and just hung on as Lester fucked the shit out of her.

The troll-like man slowed his pace and grabbed a handful of Sarah's hair, yanking her upright. He turned her head and shoved his tongue into her panting mouth.

Sarah's tongue snaked into his, exploring and tasting him. Lester broke the kiss, and Dan watched his wife look at his roommate with intense arousal. Then Lester started kissing her neck, planning a trail of kisses onto her shoulder.

"God, you're so fucking beautiful," Lester said as his kisses set her nerves on fire. "I just want you in my bed every night so I can fuck you senseless." Lester stopped his kisses at the nape of her neck before increasing his pace once again.

Sarah was panting, her head resting on the hood. She opened her eyes and saw Dan's face staring at her. His arm was moving. He was stroking himself, watching her get fucked by his troll of a roommate.

She never expected her beauty, and the beast-type fantasies would include getting fucked by the beast in a parking garage.

Suddenly, she felt her body begin to tense up. Lester's cock head was rubbing up against her g-spot. Back and forth. Back and forth. Her orgasm came without warning, causing her to push off into the balls of her feet into her high heels. It radiated throughout her body and her breath caught in her throat. Her perfect ass pushed back onto Lester's cock, letting him fully penetrate the young wife. "Ohhh fuckkkk ahhh Lester." Her fist pounded on the hood emphasizing the turmoil inside the young wife.

"That's it," Lester grunted, sweat beginning to drip off his forehead "Cum for me, my little slut. Squeeze daddy's cock." Sarah held her breath as her body stiffened, and she felt a wave of pleasure wash across it. Her eyes closed, and Dan disappeared from view. All she wanted to focus on was riding this orgasm out.

Even though her pussy was gripping Lester tightly, he still was pushing into her, keeping her orgasm alive.

Sarah exhaled and took in a deep breath. She had to breathe. Holding her breath so long gave her a minor headache, and the booze was making her a little dizzy.

She stepped back down into her heels and steadied herself against the SUV.

Lester pulled his cock out of her and spun her around until her ass was pressing up against the hood of Dan's car. She instinctively laid back, resting her heels on the front bumper as Lester moved between her legs.

Dan stared, watching his young wife lay herself onto the hood of his car as Lester got into position to mount her. This whole experience was like some pornographic amusement park ride - the inside of the car shook and shuddered from the couple's frenetic fucking. The

corners of Dan's mouth formed a disgusted look, now being treated to a view of Lester's hairy, flabby ass.

Lester pushed his cock into Sarah, and her legs wrapped around his waist, the high heels jutting into his ass. Nothing was going to stop him from fucking her.

"Did you forget something?"

"Fuck, uh, what?" Sarah grunted as she finally could move her hips down and fuck Lester's cock. "What?"

"No condom," Lester said through gritted teeth. Immediately Sarah's bucking on his cock increased. Lester grinned, knowing that her body had responded to the idea. He wasn't sure whether it was because of its taboo nature or desire to be bred, but he would surely reap the benefits of it, "Want me to stop and get one?"

Sarah's eyes were closed, focusing on the sensation of Lester's bare cock sliding in and out of her. Fucking her senseless. There was no way she wanted to stop right and lose this feeling. Not when she could feel another orgasm starting to build up inside of her.

"Want me to stop?" Lester repeated, holding her hips tightly as he fucked into her, "We can ask Dan to grab a condom."

"Don't," Sarah started. She heard a sound someplace off, but it barely registered in her brain. She needed to feel his cock. She didn't want to stop. Didn't want to let this feeling go. If they stopped, it would ruin everything, and there was a chance Dan might say the safeword. "Don't. Fucking. Stop."

Lester grinned and threw his weight forward, plunging his cock as deep into Sarah as possible. His fat gut pushed her legs slightly apart as it came to rest on her stomach. He gripped her hands and held them over her head, pinning her to the hood of Dan's car,

"Good because I wasn't going to stop anyway, not until I fill you with my cum."

"Ah fuck," Sarah grunted. She felt a second orgasm rippling its way to the surface.

Lester pinned her down and increased his pace. Saying that he was going to fill her up, not letting her have a choice in the matter. It was all serving as fuel to

make her explode again. "Fuck Lester, give it to me. Give me your cum. Give it to me."

Lester leaned in and whispered in her ear, "We don't need condoms anymore because your pussy is all mine now."

Lester wasn't stopping. He kept hammering his cock into her at lightning speed.

Sarah felt her body tensing again. Another orgasm began to rip through her.

"Ah FUCK, FUCK," Sarah's screams echoed in the empty parking lot. Her entire body felt like it was on fire, every nerve dancing together in harmony as her body squeezed Lester's cock for his cum. She wanted it. All of it. "Mhmmmmm, holy shit, Lester."

Sarah was panting, unable to catch her breath as the last traces of her orgasm started to soften. She felt another one slowly building as Lester continued to fuck her. He leaned in and whispered in her ear, "I'm going to be back at your hospital soon. I plan on fucking you at your desk. What do you say?"

"Fuck," Sarah grunted, pushing her ass down onto Lester's cock. She could feel his big hairy balls slapping against her ass with each thrust. "I can't wait."

"Heh," Lester grinned, wondering what Dan would think. He agreed to stay away from her in the workplace until he got their systems back online. He never promised to stay away forever. Sarah's head came up off the hood and she sucked on his neck, spurring the fat man to fuck her harder.

A sound from his right got his attention, and Lester turned his head towards the chain link fence. Slowly, the shadow of a man came into view. Lester slowed his thrusts into Sarah as the shadow got closed. Soon, the dim lighting of the garage illuminated a vagrant in shabby clothes making his way down the alleyway. The man's dangerous eyes were transfixed on Sarah lying across the hood.

Sarah opened her eyes, wondering why Lester had stopped giving her the fucking she craved. She saw his ugly features looking to the side of the car where the fence was. Her eyes followed his, and she was shocked to see another man standing on the other side of the chain link fence watching them. The man looked homeless with stained, baggy sweatpants and shoes that were falling apart. His black t-shirt was full of holes and stains, and a dirty denim jacket was over it.

Sarah could smell the booze from here. He reeked of it. His face was sun-damaged with tons of wear and tear on it. The man's face had a permanent scowl, and it looked like he hadn't shaved for weeks. His eyes looked hungry and desperate, one seemingly bigger than the other.

"Don't stop because of Cash!" The homeless man shouted, "Keep fucking her!"

Lester turned his head and looked back down at Sarah. She was staring at the homeless man, but her pussy was squeezing his cock. Lester was surprised when Sarah gently rolled her hips on his cock. He shouldn't have been so surprised. He had noted extensively that Sarah was likely a closet exhibitionist, and she did get turned on by

lesser men. What's lower than a homeless bum? It was time for her to come out of that closet.

Dan sat there like a deer in the headlight as this homeless vagrant was staring at his half-naked wife. With his eyes solely focused on Sarah, he hadn't noticed Dan in the car. What should he do? Should he get out and try to warn the guy off or stay concealed in case something happens and he needs to act? All these thoughts ran through his head, trying to formulate a plan. Figure out the best way

—

"Mhmmmmm," Dan's mind blanked as he focused on the sound and the car dipped again more forcefully than before.. He looked back at Lester and Sarah.

Lester had started moving his hips again, and Sarah seemed to be thrusting back onto him. She was okay with Lester fucking her in front of a homeless man?

Dan's erection twitched in his hands. He tentatively stroked his bare cock. The idea of some street trash seeing his beautiful, proper wife naked and getting fucked seemed to add fuel to his lust. Soon, he felt like his hands were slipping off the steering wheel of his self-control.

"Ugh fuck," Sarah groaned, closing her eyes. Lester let go of her arms and held onto her hips as he resumed his relentless pacing, sliding his cock in and out of her. "No," Lester grunted as his balls slapped against her ass, "Open your eyes."

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at her husband's roommate as he fucked her. "Don't look at me," Lester grunted, "Look at him."

Nervously, Sarah turned her head to look at the older homeless man staring at her. His dirty sweatpants were around his thighs, and he was stroking his cock.

He looked at her like she was a meal he needed to devour. He looked desperate for just a taste. Lust was painted across all of his features. Neither Dan nor Lester had ever looked at her with such intensity. Her eyes dropped to the motion of his hand stroking his cock. Her eyes bulged out of her head when she saw his cock.

It wasn't as big as Lester's, but it was girthier and far more unkempt.

"Like Cash's cock huh, girlie?" The homeless man shouted. He was stroking his cock with one hand while the other hung onto the fence. There were old letters tattooed on his knuckles, but Sarah couldn't make out what they said. Sarah

turned her head away. Her face was beet red at having been caught staring at the homeless man's cock.

Lester grabbed her chin and turned her head back to look at the strange man.

This was just like when Dan had first fucked Sarah on the couch and made her look at Lester. He doubted any of them recognized the similarity except him. And now he was in Dan's place, bare inside the young wife while a stranger looked on.

"Tell him you like his cock," Lester grunted as she pushed his cock deeper into Sarah eliciting a loud moan from the young mother. Sarah's eyes snapped back to the homeless cock a few feet from her, "Your cock looks thick."

"Come and get a closer look," the man shouted as he thrust his cock through the fence. It was pointing right at her, desperate to get as close to her as possible,

"Hey, lardass, let's see those tits. Cash ain't got all night."

Lester felt sweat running down his back as he fucked Sarah. He shot the man an angry look before slowing his pace and running his hands up Sarah's stomach and then to her chest, still covered by the sheer material. Sarah turned her head and watched as Lester's hands reached her neck. She felt her breathing increase and her chest get flush at the idea of being completely naked. Not only would she be naked on the streets of Chicago but in front of some dirty old homeless man.

Yet she didn't make a move to stop him.

Lester found the clasp at the back of her neck and undid it. Then he reached under, found the other on her back, and followed suit. He stared into Sarah's eyes as he pulled the sheer material from her body, exposing her completely to the dark Chicago night. Sarah felt the cold air wash over her nipples, making them harder. Lester tossed the top aside and took a firm grip on Sarah's thigh.

"Holy Fuck," The man rattled the fence with both hands, "Whoooo-wee! Holy fuck, look at 'em!" Sarah looked at the man and saw him licking his lips, devouring her with his eyes. He started pumping his cock faster, "Fucking hell, woman."

"Her name's Sarah," Lester grinned as he watched Sarah's beautiful breasts jiggle as he resumed fucking her.

"Sarah, Sarah, SARA," The homeless man shouted. "SEXY SARA. Cash wants to come all over those tits. Whadya say you share sexy Sarah with Cash, huh?"

Lester smirked as he looked down at Sarah. Her legs were wrapped around his waist, her nails digging into his biceps as he fucked her. Her eyes looked up at

him with pure lust. He wasn't sure she would say no if he did decide to share her.

Dan might protest, but who knows? But for tonight, Lester wasn't prepared to share Sarah. Not yet.

"She's all mine," Lester slid his cock all the way out before slamming it back in.

"Ah fuck," Sarah moaned in response.

"Isn't that right, Sarah?" Lester furrowed his eyebrows and started to fuck her quickly, "You're all mine."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah rolled her head to the side to look at the homeless man. "Just his," she teased.

"Cash is still cumming for you tonight," The excited man seemed full of energy, bouncing around on the other side of the fence as he stroked his cock. "Tell Cash you want to see Cash cum."

Lester smirked and nodded to Sarah. She bit her lip and looked at Cash's cock.

"I want to see you cum for me. Cum for me, Cash."

"Arrgghh, Sexy Sarah," the man grunted as he continued to stroke his cock. He was staring at Sarah's white pristine chest as he furiously stroked his member."

"Lester," Sarah whispered, "Don't stop. I'm close. So close."

Lester shot a glance over his shoulder. Dan was still seated in the car, watching everything unfold. He wondered how far he could push things until Dan snapped.

Lester bent forward and mashed his lips against Sarah's, slowing his fucking.

She wrapped her arms around his head and kissed him back, her tongue massaging his. From the car Dan watched as the lovers'

heads twisted with each other, delighting in their contact above and below.

Lester broke the kiss and slowly pulled his cock all the way out of her. Sarah expected him to slam it back in, but he didn't. Instead, he grabbed her by the thighs and pulled her off the hood of the car. "I want to cum in you from behind,"

Lester said as he pulled Sarah to the side of the car.

Sarah gulped as Lester pulled her beside the car, directly in front of the chain link fence, in front of their homeless stranger. The smell of booze and the street was stronger right in front of him. Lester leaned back against the side of the car and pushed Sarah's hips, causing her to bend over. She caught herself on the fence as Lester pushed the head of his cock into her.

"Ah FUCK yeah," The homeless man shouted into the night. Sarah was bent over right in front of him, her perfect breasts presented on display. "Come to CASH, Sexy Sarah."

Sarah held onto the fence for dear life as Lester began fucking her in earnest.

Her body slammed her ass back against his cock, needing to feel it deep inside of her. She opened her eyes and saw the homeless man staring at her. He was licking his lips and bouncing around with the energy of a caged animal, with its prey lying on the other side of the fence. He kept stroking his fat dirty pole furiously. Sarah couldn't stop herself from looking down at this strange, girthy cock just a foot away.

"Ah fuck Lester," Sarah said through gritted teeth as she gripped the fence. "Don't stop. Close, so close."

"CASH is close too!" The homeless man shouted as he leered at Sarah. He seemed to be alternating between stroking himself and

thrusting his cock through the fence at her.

Dan sat there staring at the scene unfolding in front of him. Lester was taking his wife from behind while she braced herself against the fence where the homeless man was standing. His cock was hard as a rock, and he wasn't even touching it.

It was standing upright, twitching. Dan watched as Sarah's breasts shook from Lester's fucking, her ass jiggling as it slammed back against Lester's cock.

Sarah's eyes stared down at the homeless man's cock. The look of lust on her face as she stared at it.

"Pineapple," Dan whispered to himself as his cock exploded on its own, drenching his thighs in cum.

"Fuck yes, right there, Lester. Don't stop. Ah, Please. Uhhh." Sarah gripped the fence as hard as she could as she thrust her pussy back onto Lester's crotch.

Her mouth hung agape as she breathed hard, her firm breasts hanging back and forth.

The homeless man stared at her breasts, licking his lips as he stroked himself in front of her. Sarah couldn't help it. From her position, her head hung down, looking right at the angry cock of the vagrant.

"Say my name, Sarah," Lester slapped her ass hard, causing her to yelp and jerk forward before pushing herself back down on his thrusting cock. "Say my fucking name. SAY IT!"

"LESTER!" Sarah shouted for anyone to hear, "FUCK ME LESTER."

"Ugh yeah," the homeless man grunted, "So fucking sexy." The man was pressing himself up against the fence. It looked like he was trying to will his body through the fence so he could get closer to Sarah's naked body. He was still jerking his cock while trying to push it through the hole towards her.

"Do you like being watched by this guy, Sarah?" Lester bit down on his lip as he took long, powerful thrusts into Sarah. "Are you going to let him watch you cum?"

"Uhh, ahh, ffuuck," Sarah moaned, closing her eyes as she fucked Lester back.

The image of the vagrant's cock was still burned into her memory. She could still see it even with her eyes closed.

His own sweat was beginning to sting his eyes and he could taste it. Almost there.

"Sarah. Tell him. Tell Cash who I am. Tell him who's fucking the shit out of you."

The defiled wife looked up at Lester with an exhausted quizzical look on her face.

"Wha? Lester?"

Lester's exhausted look turned into a toothy grin as he punctuated his words with each thrust. "TELL. CASH. WHO. IS. FUCKING. YOU. IN. THIS. CITY.

TONIGHT!!" he shouted.

Sarah wailed as she felt the beginnings of the one she'd been waiting for. "OH, OH. My, my boyfriend, Cash my Chicago Boyfriend

is fucking the shit out of me!"

"I'm gonna cum Sarah. I'm going to fill you up again with my cum. No condom.

You want it, right?" Lester slapped her ass hard again, leaving a visible red mark on it. Gripping her waist tightly with one hand, he used the other to grab her by the hair on the nape of her neck. He pulled her head back, "Tell me how much you want it. Tell our friend here how much you want your Chicago boyfriend's cum."

"I WANT IT!" Sarah shouted again into the night, "I want your cum Lester! Give it to me. Fill me up."

"Youse gonna get knocked up tonight, girl!" A toothless smile spread onto the homeless man's face. "That Chi-town fucker's gonna fill ya."

"Ah fuck, Lester," Sarah moaned at the abhorrent thought of Lester putting a baby into her. She knew it wasn't possible, but the illicit idea set her body on fire. Her pussy clenched down on Lester's cock as her orgasm reached a crescendo and burst inside of her, "Ahhhhhh FUUCK. Mhhmmmmmmmm, god."

Sarah was on the balls of her feet again as she came. Lester felt her squeezing his cock harder than she had in weeks. He couldn't hold back any longer. He felt his balls tighten and came, "Take it Sarah. All mine now.!" His foot stamped on the ground giving him leverage to get every last bit of his cock inside the screaming woman.

Sarah felt Lester's hot cum spray into her, running unchecked through her sensitive pussy. As rope after rope of cum battered her insides, she felt each one ratcheting up her orgasm, making it hit new heights. She closed her eyes and focused on his cock, "Fuck LESTER. Oh. MY. GOD. FUCK. MHMMMMMMMM."

"Take it," Lester was panting as sweat dripped off his body. He stared down At Sarah's heart-shaped ass connected with his crotch.

He leaned forward, spent and licked some sweat off the young mother's back.

"HERE CUMS CASH!" The homeless man yelled. Sarah's eyes snapped open in time to see the girthy cock in front of her begin to spasm as cum shot out. A thick milky white rope of cum sprayed from his cock and easily crossed the small gap between them. It hit Sarah square in the chest, dripping over her naked breasts.

Another hot load of cum landed on her breasts, causing Sarah to quiver. She had been coming down from her orgasm but feeling the hot cum on her skin set her body back aflame.

"Ah fuck," Sarah whispered, gritting her teeth and holding onto the fence as hard as she could. Lester could feel Sarah's pussy tighten again on his cock. He knew she was cumming again. "Holy fuck," she said with a hoarse voice.

"Ughhhhhhh," the old homeless man growled as another rope of cum hit Sarah on the hip, inches above her pussy. The man seemed to be leaning against the fence for support now, physically spent. Another load of cum hit Sarah on her bare foot while another hit the pavement in front of her.

Sarah grasped the fence, gasping for breath. Lester groaned from behind her.

She looked over her shoulder and saw him leaning back against the car, looking like he had just run a marathon, sweat pouring off of him. She just wanted to lie down and go to sleep. Knowing she couldn't sleep here, she took a mini-step forward, spreading her legs and letting Lester's cock slide out of her.

From inside the car, Dan watched as his wife stood there, covered in the cum of a vagrant while remnants of his roommate's orgasm dripped down between her legs. He couldn't help but think he'd never seen her more sexually alluring. He'd married a goddess and

he was seeing her now covered in tribute. It was both an incredibly low moment and one in which he realized he'd never loved her more.

Sarah stepped away from Lester, and her foot landed on something sticky.

Letting go of the fence, she turned to look for her clothes. A wet sensation touched her shoulder. Sarah jerked back from the fence, only to see the homeless man sticking his tongue through. He had just licked her, "You taste sweet."

With her rational brain coming back online, Sarah put distance between her and the fence, resuming the search for her clothes. Her ripped panties were next to the car. She quickly picked them up and found her pants close by. She looked around for her shirt but couldn't find it.

The door to the SUV opened, and Dan stepped out looking shell-shocked. In that moment, Sarah realized she had lost track of her husband and potentially failed to help protect him from himself.

"Who the fuck are you?" The homeless man said, reaching through the fence.

Sarah saw his hand grab a pile of black material from the ground. Before she could say anything, he withdrew his hand along with her shirt. He sniffed the material and tucked it into a pocket inside his denim jacket.

"Her husband," Dan said, coming around the car to help shield Sarah from view.

He opened the passenger door of his vehicle for her. Sarah put her pants on while looking at the homeless man, "Please give me my shirt back...uhh. Cash?"

"No can do. It's Cash's now. That's the rule of the streets. Cash gonna use it later unless you want to trade for it?" A hungry glint appeared in his eyes, and Sarah knew what kind of trade he meant. She took her ruined panties and tried to wipe off the homeless man's cum from her body. Dan saw some of Lester's body hair matted with sweat, stuck against Sarah's bare back.

"Fine, keep it," Sarah grunted as she pulled her legs into the tight-fitting pants.

She didn't want to think about how dirty the shirt would smell now that it was tucked in his pocket. Sarah slid into the passenger seat of their car, Dan closing the door behind her.

Lester was moving now, pulling on his pants and shirt, "See you back home," he said to Dan as he opened the driver's door of the SUV. Dan circled his car, trying not to get close to the fence within reach of the homeless man.

He stood there at the fence, staring at Sarah through the windshield. As Dan got in the car, "Let's get out of here."

"Roger that," Dan said as he turned on the ignition and took his shirt off, handing it to Sarah to put on. Sarah could see that the muscles in his neck were tight.

She shook her head, looking at his toned body. When her husband looked like that, here she was, bent over by a fat troll-like man while a homeless guy jerked off to her. *What was she doing?* Dan paused partway out of the garage and turned on his GPS to help him navigate back. Lester had already left.

"Her husband!" The homeless man cackled as he walked off further down the alley. "That's fucked up!"

"That was something," Dan said when they were a few blocks away from the parking garage.

"I didn't expect that guy to show up. It was, I don't, I don't even know, honestly.

I'm still processing it." As she looked out the window, Sarah said, "It wasn't too much? I know I lost control back there, but what about you? How are you feeling?"

"Honestly, I don't know," Dan said, watching the road, "I think I need some time to process it too. I just can't believe a homeless man saw my wife naked."

"Me either," Sarah shuddered, remembering the desperate hunger in the man's eyes. "I really need a shower before bed."

"Let's get you home, baby. We'll figure the rest out in the morning," Dan said, looking over at her and smiling. "I still love you, don't worry about that."

"I love you too," Sarah said, relieved. As crazy as the night had been, she still had her rock in Dan. Always there to ground her. "Did you, you know. Did you cum?" Sarah asked.

Dan momentarily glanced down at his crotch. "Yeah. I did."

"When?" Sarah asked, "How long ago was it?"

Dan didn't answer but kept his eyes on the road. After a moment, he whispered,

"Right before you came, right when the homeless guy started going nuts."

Sarah didn't respond, but her mind started working. Did the homeless man being there turn Dan on? Did he like seeing a guy so below him, so, so far down beneath him seeing his wife exposed like that? She will have a ton of questions for her husband tomorrow.

As they rode in silence, Sarah felt a warm rush of liquid leak out of her. Lester's cum. She thought back to the homeless man's comments about her getting knocked up. She turned to Dan, "Lester didn't use a condom again."

Dan tightened his grip on the steering wheel, "I know." Dan shifted his weight in his seat. Sarah quickly glanced down at his crotch, and although she noticed his cock getting hard. She didn't say anything. Not yet. She leaned her head against the passenger seat window and closed her eyes. She'd just sleep for a little bit until Dan got them back to the apartment.

Toxic Attraction Chapter 16: Author Note

It's finally here, ready for your viewing...pleasure.

I've had this chapter in the back of my mind for quite some time. I'm glad I could finally get it out. Part of this chapter was intimidating to write because of the D&D elements, but I think it came together well. You all will be the final judge, of course.

There are a lot of little things happening here, much that will be reflected in upcoming chapters. The next few chapters should be especially fun to write, I can't wait to bring them to you. It's a bit of a breather from the intensity of the last couple -- though Sarah still gets her fill.

I believe most of the grammar and other issues have been caught but if you spot something we missed, let me know!

Enjoy.

DING

Lester rolled his eyes and pushed his phone further away across his desk. He turned back to his computer monitor trying to focus on his game. All he wanted to do was play his new game, Helldivers 2, but between his cellphone and Discord people kept bothering him.

On-screen, Lester was alone, the last member alive from his team, battling against hordes of alien creatures.

DING

Lester glanced away at the distraction of his phone screen lighting up. When he looked back at his monitor, a giant alien bug was mutilating his character's corpse.

"God FUCKING DAMMIT," Lester said, flinging his mouse across his desk as his phone began to ring. He angrily reached over and saw who it was. Jesse, Dan's old coworker.

"What?" Lester almost shouted into the phone as he answered it.

"I've been trying to get a hold of you," Jesse said breathlessly as Lester retrieved his mouse from the room's corner and started checking his Discord notifications. He ignored the messages from his private server and instead opened up the one he shared with his D&D

group. "I was wondering if Sarah mentioned anything about me since that night at the club?"

Lester had to stifle a laugh, "Come again?"

"Has Sarah mentioned me?" Jesse repeated, "I know she felt something on the dance floor. It was like we were moving together, completely in sync. I can't completely explain it, but I felt this magnetic pull between us, and I know she felt it too—until Dan ruined it, of course."

"How many times have you jerked it to that memory, kid?" Lester cycled through messages from his group until he saw the most recent one from Shadowweaver, aka Eugene, the royal pain in his ass.

"Uhhhh," Jesse nervously laughed into the phone, causing Lester to frown.

"What is it you want, Jesse? To answer your question, no, Sarah hasn't mentioned anything about you." Lester said while reading

Eugene's message. Ever since Ned had mentioned to the group that Lester had a girlfriend, Eugene had been ragging on him to prove it, adamant that he was lying and making this woman up.

Usually, Lester wouldn't care, but since Lester joined their D&D group, Eugene was the only player who wouldn't capitulate to Lester's demands. Quite the opposite, he was the one who always had to be diametrically opposed to whatever Lester wanted, almost out of spite, it seemed. The older man pissed Lester off to no end, but Lester had to maintain appearances.

Very few active groups played in Chicago that would have him, especially with what Lester had done in his last group.

"Can you give her a message for me, Lester? I need her to know how I feel. So she can feel assured about leaving Dan," Jesse pleaded.

Lester wanted to put Jesse out of his misery and block his number. His ramblings were pathetic. Still, Lester didn't want to take a pawn off the board. As the Russians would say, Jesse was a useful idiot.

"Jesse," Lester said calmly. It's not a good time for her to hear that message. Listen, I will contact you when the time is right, okay? Goodbye."

"But, uhh, I did what you wanted. I really should have another—" Lester heard Jesse hurriedly trying to make a last plea to his obsession. Lester hung up and silenced his phone. He focused back on Eugene's text, replying to something Ned had said in the group chat.

Shadowweaver: "Bullshit. That's as fake as Lester's 'hot' girlfriend."

Keeping his life in siloes had always been Lester's modus operandi. When one silo got tainted, he could burn it completely without poisoning the others. But now Lester was thinking about how Sarah

could help him shut Eugene down once and for all. It was a risk worth taking -

Sometimes, you had to cross the streams. He typed up a response.

Darkspire: I'll host Saturday's D&D game at my place. I'll bring my 'pretend' girlfriend too.

Surgebinder: WOOOOO

Lester rolled his eyes at Ned's dumb response. What a moron
Shadowweaver: This is your first time hosting in ten years. I guess I finally got under your skin.

Since we're playing make-believe, I'll bring Santa on a unicorn.

Lester exited Discord and went back to his game. He didn't like deviating from his plan with Sarah, but sometimes, he needed to put people in their place. Eugene'd had it coming for a long time. He knew deep down that this kind of emotional response could derail long-term plans, but Eugene was a long-term problem that he could solve once and for all.

Sarah walked quickly down the hallways to keep pace with John, the Interim CEO from the board. He'd had them in back-to-back meetings with department heads and outside vendors, trying to pivot the direction of the hospital. John was a head taller than she was, and she had to walk briskly to keep up with his casual gait. Her heels clicked on the floor as she walked.

Sarah loved this pair of heels; they matched her black slacks well. She looked professional today with a conservative brown sweater and dress shirt underneath. The shirt's cuffs extending beyond the sweater's sleeves were slightly rolled up. The collar of the shirt framed her neck demurely.

They were heading up to a meeting on the third floor with Marcie from HR. As the elevator doors closed behind them, John said "Great work on finding those cost savings in the diagnostics department. They've been dragging their asses for months on doing that."

"Thank you, John. It's just part of the job," Sarah said, smiling back at him.

"No," John said, looking into her eyes, "It really isn't. You go above and beyond your role here.

You keep this place running. That's been obvious since the first week I was here. You're a real asset, and we're lucky to have you."

He placed his arm on her bicep and gently squeezed it as he smiled. Sarah didn't know how to answer, and they stared awkwardly before the elevator doors opened. His hand quickly left her bicep and moved to hold the elevator door, letting Sarah exit first.

"How's progress on the CEO hunt?" Sarah said, changing the subject while trying not to sound too eager as they walked to their meeting.

"Slow but good," John said as they turned a corner. "I can't say much, obviously, but a couple of external candidates look promising."

As they reached the meeting room, John stopped outside the door and added, "...and there's one internal candidate getting a lot of attention."

John winked at her and then walked into the meeting room. Sarah smiled to herself for several seconds, basking in the glow of a job well done. She gave herself five seconds to enjoy it before putting on her best poker face and following John through the door.

Dan had a few minutes before his meeting started, so he looked at his LinkedIn page. Today, he was meeting with some people from the Elevate Engagement Group, but Dan didn't have high expectations for the meeting.

They were Chicago-based and discovered him because of his new social strategy. They'd reached out with questions and wanted to meet with him. Dan was on his lunch break for the call. He didn't want Walt to discover what he was doing, and after Lester had walked naked through his job interview, he'd opted not to take any calls at home either.

That's why he was posted in the Starbucks a few blocks from his office. He had also learned how to put a virtual background on and cancel ambient noise to make these calls a bit more controlled and professional.

Hesitantly, Dan typed Jesse's name into LinkedIn's search bar to see what that kid was up to since he'd been fired. Dan felt a little bad about what happened, but ultimately, he'd done what he needed to do to protect Sarah.

Dan felt a lead weight drop onto his stomach when he saw where Jesse was working now. Not only had Jesse landed a job before he had, but Jesse had landed one of the positions Dan had applied for. He was now a director at a competing firm in the city. A Director!

Jesse could barely tie his shoelaces, and within a week of his dismissal, he'd landed a better job than Dan. Dan pinched the bridge of his nose and breathed out, trying not to work himself up before his call with the potential new client. Not only had Jesse just recently groped his wife at a club, but now that little shit was doing better than him. Dan briefly imagined Jesse comfortably paying a Middleton mortgage, having two kids, a gorgeous wife, and no Chicago roommate.

Sometimes, Dan just wanted to give a middle finger to life. This was one of those times.

He checked the time and quickly started closing the windows on his laptop. He had gotten so lost in LinkedIn and Jesse's profile that the meeting had snuck up on him. He was a minute late and quickly logged on.

"Hey there," a friendly voice said through his headphones. A handsome man's face appeared on his screen. He looked friendly and probably ten years younger than Dan. It looked like he was calling in from his home office. "Dan, right? Nice to meet you. I'm Bill from Elevate Engagement. How are you?"

"Hey Bill, nice to meet you. Doing alright for a Monday. How about yourself? How was your weekend?" Dan immediately fell into his professional small talk voice that he had honed and perfected over the years.

"The weekend was..." Bill hesitated for a second. It seemed like something in the background at Bill's house had distracted him, "Good. Yeah, it was good. My wife and I celebrated our fourth wedding anniversary."

"Oh congratulations," Dan looked at the screen, wondering if anyone else from Elevate would join them, "What did you guys get up to? Go out to one of the restaurants in the city?"

"No....uh," Bill hesitated again. This time Dan heard a thump sound from Bill's microphone. Bill looked like he'd heard it too but quickly recovered. "We actually stayed in. Kept it low-key. My wife Amber wanted to watch some home movies."

"Well that sounds nice too," Dan smiled. "Sometimes it's just nice to spend an evening alone, just the two of you. I get that."

Bill's face changed briefly as if Dan had just triggered a verbal landmine. It was a brief moment where a storm of distress was apparent on the man's face. Bill's friendly demeanor quickly returned, "Right, yeah. It was. So, Dan, I'm not sure where my colleagues are but let me just give you some background. We're considering expanding with a new office in California, but buildings and architecture aren't really our strong suit. We wanted to reach out and pick your brain on a few things."

"Sure," Dan said, sitting back in his chair, realizing that this call probably wouldn't lead to a paying gig. "Let's start; what kind of questions do you have for us?"

Dan chatted with Bill for the entirety of his lunch break. He explained in depth what Bill and his company should look for before thinking about building a new office building in another state as well as what they should look for when drawing up architectural drawings and hiring a contractor.

Bill took a lot of notes and mentioned that they might reach out with more questions. He even asked if Dan was open to consulting on small projects like the one they discussed. Dan mentioned that he was, and shortly after that, the call ended. He wasn't optimistic about the

potential work they'd discussed, but Bill seemed like a solid guy. Maybe they'd get a beer someday when Dan was back on his feet.

As Dan returned to the office, he rechecked his email, hoping for news from the other prospect he had been chasing down. He sighed as he only saw junk mail in his inbox. Later that night he would reach out to his contact. The company was called Sentinel Security Solutions. They were planning on building a massive new data center. Dan had a consulting contract in front of them. He was just waiting for it to get signed.

Dan rode the elevator back up to the office in silence. All he wanted to do was get through this week and spend time with Sarah when she drove up on Friday.

"Mhmmm, I've missed you," Sarah said as she embraced Dan in the living room of the Chicago apartment. Waiting the rest of the week for their reunion had been agonizing. "It's been a crazy week at work."

Dan held his wife tightly, not wanting to let her go. He inhaled the scent of her hair and felt the neurons firing in his brain. Memories of the two of them together flashed to the front of his mind, "Well at least from what you've told me it sounds like work is on an upward trajectory for you. I might even be calling you CEO soon."

Sarah pulled back and looked at her husband, lightly slapping his chest, "Don't jinx it. It feels weird even just getting my hopes up about it. But I'd be lying if I hadn't convinced myself I could actually get it. It just feels so strange."

"It's a huge shift in your career and for us," Dan stroked her arms and looked into her eyes,

"And a welcome one. After all my career issues this last little while, it's nice to have some good news we can celebrate. I feel like I've just been treading water lately. I'm happy for you."

"Don't count yourself out just yet, mister," Sarah let go of her carry-on bag and removed her jacket, "From what I'm hearing, you're starting to make some good connections with your LinkedIn work. Something is going to happen there. I know it."

"Well, I just wish things would happen faster," Dan sighed, "I'm putting in all this extra time and energy, but no bites yet."

"What about that one company? The one that's reviewing your contract?" Sarah asked.

"Sentinel Security? Still nothing yet. I reached out. They said their teams are still reviewing, and things take time to work through their organization. Want anything to drink?" Dan moved towards the kitchen, and Sarah followed closely behind.

"Just water would be great," Sarah said, casually checking out Dan's butt as he opened the fridge.

"Here you go," Dan handed a water bottle to her. "I hope something happens with them, but I'm not holding my breath. I'm still working on some other things. I had a call with another potential client today. They are a marketing agency, but they don't know what they want yet.

It's too early to bring me in. Maybe I could get some kind of project guidance consultation from them, but I don't know. We'll see."

"How were they? Were they nice? Did they seem professional?" Sarah asked. She didn't want Dan to get involved with another company that would chew him up and spit him out.

"Yeah, they seemed okay. I talked with one of the guys before everyone else showed up. Bill was his name. He seemed nice, but something seemed to be distracting him on his end.

Anyway, like I said, I'm not putting all my eggs in one basket. I'll keep working on..."

Dan trailed off, his eyes looking over Sarah's shoulder. She turned around to see Lester walk into the living room. Usually, she heard Lester before she saw him, his feet smacking off the hardwood floor—this time, she hadn't.

"Hey, Lester," Sarah smiled. Dan's roommate stopped short and stood there looking apprehensive.

"What's up?" Dan said, stepping up next to Sarah. You know the deal. There are no date nights on the first night."

"That's not why I'm here," Lester said, walking forward and leaning onto the couch with his arms crossed. I need a favor for tomorrow night."

"A favor?" Dan raised an eyebrow, "Alright, that's interesting. Let's hear it."

"Tomorrow's date night is going to be a little different," Lester said, eyeing Sarah. "You look great, by the way, Sarah."

Dan rolled his eyes. Sarah felt her face blush, "Thanks, Lester. The favor?"

"Right, well, I'm not sure if you know this, but I'm part of a D & D group," Lester opened his mouth to continue, but Dan cut him off.

"D and D? Is that some sort of sex thing?" Dan said.

"No, pretty far from a sex thing," Lester stared at him flatly. "D & D. Dungeons and Dragons.

It's a role-playing game I play with some friends. Not on the computer but around a table. We each pick a character and progress through a campaign built by the DM, the dungeon master."

"You're right. It doesn't sound like a sex thing at all," Dan chuckled, "Sounds like something that people who have never had sex would play."

"You'd think that," Lester huffed, "But I do ok." The trollish man nodded at Sarah, looking directly at her nipples, which both men

could see were obviously in an aroused state. Sarah smiled, happy that Lester wasn't escalating the situation like he could have.

Dan's face grew red, and Sarah could see one of the veins on his neck sticking out. Lester held up a pacifying hand as Sarah folded her arms to be on the same page with her husband. But she couldn't help but feel a tiny spark of excitement at Lester's words. Knowing that the two men were competing for her. "Lester's mentioned this game before...on one of our...dates."

"I didn't come for a fight. I wanted to say that tomorrow night, it's my turn to host our D&D

game here. So the rest of my group, four other guys, will be here for a few hours to play."

"That sounds okay, Lester. What do you want from us? Do you want us to switch the date night to tonight so you can have your little game tomorrow?" Sarah felt herself growing wet, thinking Lester might take her ahead of schedule. She caught herself beginning to touch his arm, initiating contact that could become more intimate.

"No," Lester said before she could reach him. He stood up off the couch and looked at the couple. I want you both to play with us tomorrow. Jump into our campaign and role-play with us."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "Lester, we've never played Dungeons and Dragons before. Why would you want us to play with you?"

"I really don't," Lester said, "It's honestly gonna suck with you guys."

"Then why are we having this conversation, Lester?" Dan said. Sarah could tell that his patience was wearing thin.

"Because," Lester said looking at Sarah. "I want Sarah to be there. To show her off in front of them. And remember, you've insisted on

joining us on all of our dates.”

“Lester, I don’t know how to play. Couldn’t I just parade myself around the apartment in front of your friends?” Sarah asked, looking to Dan for agreement.

“I want you there at the table next to me. They don’t believe I could land a hot girlfriend so I want to rub it in their faces all night. They never met my ex, Lizzie, so they just assume I was lying about her. That I couldn’t land someone as hot as you or her. I want you to tease them and make them squirm.” Lester said.

Sarah thought back to how Lester had saved her ass at the hospital. She could do this one thing for him. Besides, it bugged her that these guys were giving him a hard time. Just like when that homeless man called him fat, or that stranger subtly insulted him. Even the way that people looked at them when they were out together. Hearing Lester mention Lizzie being as hot as here kind of pissed her off. She made up her mind she was going to do this and do it well.

“Tease them how?” Sarah eyed Lester.

“I wouldn’t presume to tell you how to tease a group of men, Sarah,” Lester licked his lips and smiled, “I’m sure you can think of a few ways to get under their skin.”

Sarah looked to Dan for reassurance. He shrugged back, smiling, knowing full well how far her teasing could go. She was able to teasingly torture him with expert precision. Who knew what she could do to a group of people she wasn’t in love with.

Lester’s invitation to play made more sense now. This is the first time she would meet any guys from Lester’s world. She was intrigued at the opportunity to learn more about him from other sources. “I’m game then.” Sarah looked at Dan, “What do you say, Dan, should we get our nerd on?”

Dan sighed and crossed his arms. "Fine. Whatever. Maybe it'll be fun. So you're going to tell all these other guys that Sarah is your girlfriend? Have her tease them all night? What about me?"

"You can just be my roommate, Dan," Lester grinned. That's all." Dan took in this information dryly, his expression unchanged.

"How do we play?" Sarah asked, "What are the rules?"

"Well, it's not hard. First, you have to pick a character. Since the rest of my group is advanced, we'll let you use some pre-built characters we have. Then it's just a matter of –" Dan held up his hand, silencing Lester.

"Lester, Sarah just got in. As amazing as your instructions will be, can you give us some space?"

We'll join you for your little game tomorrow, but tonight, it's just us, okay?"

"Fine." Lester stared at Dan and turned back towards the hallway. Just before he left the living room, he turned back to the couple, "Oh, just one more thing. During the game, Sarah and I will spend some alone time in my room. I'd like the rest of the group to know just how capable I can be with a beautiful woman."

Before Dan or Sarah could respond Lester had retreated back to his room and closed the door.

Sarah could feel her pulse quicken at the thought of Lester taking her in his bedroom while an

apartment full of men listened in. Dan turned to look at Sarah with a half disgusted look, dashing her daydreams, "Nerding out is not quite the date I had expected Lester to choose.

Not after how the last one went."

"I think one thing is safe to say," Sarah stared down the empty hallway. We never know what to expect from Lester."

"I'm gonna have to talk with him again. Just assuming that you are going to go back to his room with him like that," Dan's arms were crossed as he looked down the hallway.

"Well," Sarah said, following his gaze, "What else are you going to look at through that peephole if I'm not in there?"

Dan chuckled and cast an amused glance at her, "I love you, you know that?"

"I know, baby. I love you too," She leaned forward and placed a lingering kiss on his lips.

"What do you think about the teasing thing?" Dan asked her, pulling away slightly. She looked back at him and smiled. "I think it could be fun. You know how much I like teasing you. Just imagine how much fun it will be to tease a room full of shy sex, malnourished men."

"As long as you don't get off on it as much as you do with me," Dan said, playing his part as the jealous spouse. Sarah stepped up to him and whispered in his ear, "Who knows? Maybe I'll like it more. A room full of men squirming under my teasing. That sounds hot to me. Don't you think so?"

"Please," Dan said, stepping away from his wife. "You're not going to make me bend that easily. Besides, you tease men all the time. The only thing you need to do is walk into a room, and they squirm."

"True," Sarah said, closing the distance again to her husband, "But I don't always get to put on a show for you. Seeing your reaction to the things I do or say. That is what is going to be so hot about it."

Dan cleared his throat. Sarah's words had clearly affected him. It was adorable how he tried to change the subject, "So dinner tonight."

What are you thinking? Maybe we can eat here in front of the TV?"

Sarah smiled, taking the victory over her husband: "Sure, honey. That sounds nice. Maybe Chinese?"

Sarah and Dan spent the night together in front of the TV before retreating back to his room to enjoy each other. The next morning, they went out for breakfast and spent the day walking around different areas of Chicago. Sarah wanted to pick up a few things for their daughters.

There were a few moments where she covertly read some texts from Lester. It's not that she wanted to hide things from Dan. She just wanted him to focus on their morning together. He needed the mental break.

Lester sent her a heads-up about what to expect with the DND game, the type of character she would be playing, and some other ideas on how she could tease his friends. She raised her eyebrow at his plan for the two of them to eventually separate from the group and go back to his room. He always seemed to have a plan, which Sarah appreciated. She was surprised to feel a bit of wetness between her legs at Lester being so forward and actually giving her instructions to follow.

When they returned to the apartment it was well after dinner. Lester had rearranged the living room so that the couches and chairs were pushed closer to the TV. A large fold-out table with six chairs was in the newly provided space. Unlike his usual stained t-shirt, Lester had on a t-shirt he'd evidently worn for the occasion, which read "She Thought I Was Into Some Kinky Shit When I Told Her I Was A Dungeon Master."

"Good, you're back," Lester said, carrying several bowls of chips from the kitchen and placing them on the table. It was rare to see Lester

do things for others. The two of them stopped momentarily and took in Lester, preparing the place for the evening.

Lester noticed them watching, "Everyone will be here soon. Snacks are part of the host's duties. Sarah, if you don't mind, I left something in my room for you to change into."

"Oh?" Sarah raised an eyebrow to Dan, "Not another wedding dress, right? Or a Princess Leia outfit?" Dan stifled a laugh.

"Believe me, I was tempted," Lester flirted back. But not this time. Maybe in the future. It's just something to rile up the others."

Sarah held onto Dan's hand and turned back towards him. She kissed him on the lips and whispered, "Okay, time for me to get into character as Lester's girlfriend. I'll see you later."

Remember, say 'pineapple' and the date stops."

Dan nodded and whispered back, "Just don't let those nerds put their hands on you, okay?"

And you let me know if you need rescuing."

"Please," Sarah smiled, "I think I can handle a few guys. It'll be like taking candy from a baby."

"Remember," Lester said, watching them, "I want you to tease the shit out of these guys. I want them to be really uncomfortable. Torture them."

"We'll see," Sarah stepped back from her husband and headed down the hallway toward Lester's room. Dan watched her go. His mind was still stuck on her words about being able to handle a few guys. He shook his head, gulped, and turned around to see Lester staring at him.

"What now?" Dan said, "What do we do?"

"I'm going to set things up here," Lester said, moving back towards the table, "Can you grab some cups and the soda in the fridge?"

"Sure," Dan said. He walked into the kitchen and saw a pack of plastic cups on the counter. He grabbed a stack and looked in the fridge for the soda. There were several jugs of Pepsi and Mountain Dew. He took one of each and brought it to the table. As he set them down, someone knocked on the apartment door.

Lester walked over to the door and opened it. Without any fanfare, he said, "Come in, gentlemen." Dan watched as three men entered the apartment, looking exactly like he'd imagined.

"Hi, I'm Ned," the short man who entered first said, making his way across the room to Dan.

"I'm Lester's best friend." Dan saw Lester roll his eyes as Lester shut the door behind the other men. Ned did seem like a mini Lester in some ways, but more meek. He wasn't as rotund as Lester and seemed more friendly and outgoing. Ned had a scraggly beard and a thick pair of glasses. He wore baggy cargo shorts and a t-shirt with a spaceship and a logo mentioning a federation, "Who are you?"

"I'm Dan," he said, hearing the sound of defeat in his voice. He shook Ned's hand and looked back at the other men starting to filter into the apartment, "Lester's roommate."

"Never seen your place before, Lester," one of the other men said. This guy looked older than Lester and looked to Dan like some kind of wizard, wearing a black t-shirt with a skull surrounded by writing that read "Dungeon Master est. 1974." With his thinning, gray, wispy hair and long white beard, the only thing missing was a wizard's hat. He reminded Dan of his old chemistry teacher from high school. This guy had to be in his sixties, at least. "Nice little spot. Why have us over? Getting tired of bringing all your shit down to Ned's shop?"

"That's Eugene," Ned said, pointing him out to Dan, "He's the elder statesman of our group.

And that's Greg," Ned gestured to the other guy who had already sat at the table and was setting some things up. Greg looked up and waved to Dan before returning to what he was

doing, "Greg is our Dungeon Master. Charlie couldn't make it tonight, which is where you come in." Greg wore a black t-shirt reading "The Dice Giveth, The Dice Taketh Away."

Dan knew Greg's type. He seemed like a meek guy who spent more time with his nose in books instead of interacting with the real world. He was rail thin, and his clothes looked too big. Behind his thick glasses, his eyes seemed to dart around the room, assessing threats and looking for danger. Likely a trait he picked up in high school, where bullies probably targeted him. He looked like he took better care of his appearance than the rest of the group, but it likely still wasn't his priority.

Ned turned his attention to Eugene, "Lester's bringing his girlfriend tonight. He didn't want to bring her down to the shop in case my customers got too handsy."

Eugene looked Dan up and down, "That ain't no girl. 'Dan' was it?"

"Yep, that's me," Dan began to feel increasingly awkward with each passing minute, "Lester's roommate." He nodded and hoped his smile seemed sincere.

"What character do you play, and what is their class?" Eugene stepped up to Dan like he was sizing him up. It was clear that the older man was trying to intimidate him somehow.

"I honestly have no idea what you're talking about," Dan said, shaking his head with another friendly smile.

"What the fuck, Lester?" Eugene spun around, looking at Dan's roommate, "You're going to bring some complete noob in here with us?" Eugene walked over to the table and took a handful of chips into his hands. Ned seemed to cower back like he was watching his parents fight. What an odd dynamic.

"It's okay." this from Greg, the guy sitting at the table setting things up, "Lester already talked to me, we have character sheets set up they can play as."

"Sit down, Eugene," Lester said, staring daggers at the older man. "We're going to start soon."

"What's their deal?" Dan whispered to Ned, who had begun unzipping his bag and pulling out packets of Twizzlers and other candy. Dan had quickly decided to turn to Ned for anything he didn't understand in the game. Talking to him seemed to cause the least friction within the group.

"Oh, that?" Ned whispered, "Don't let it scare you. Those two just don't get along. They both have control issues. Been like that since day one when Lester joined us."

Dan understood that. He felt like he had been on the losing side of an arm wrestling match with Lester for months now.

"How long ago was that? That Lester joined?" Dan asked.

"Mhmmm I don't know, maybe ten years ago?" Ned turned and raised his voice, "Okay we have chips, soda and candy. I think we are good to begin. Greg, are you all set up?"

Greg nodded in the affirmative. Ned gestured to an open chair, and Dan sat down. Lester stood, waiting for Eugene to sit first. "Where's this girlfriend of yours then, Lester?" Eugene laughed as he sat down at the table. "Let me guess, she just ran out with her girlfriends. Or better yet, she lives in Canada?"

"Maybe she's just running late!" joked Greg.

"Maybe she's already here. She's Lester's left hand," Eugene made a stroking gesture with his hand. "Aw, let's be kind to her. After all she's so 'hot' the best she could do is Lester here!" said Eugene, using air quotes to emphasize the ribbing.

Eugene looked at Ned, who quickly laughed along. Lester glanced at him, and Ned's smile instantly evaporated.

Lester purposely pulled out his chair slowly and sat down, his face serene. "She's getting changed. She'll be out here in a minute. Then we can go over the rules." Eugene crossed his arms and leaned back in the chair defiantly. Dan smirked, knowing that this guy's mind was about to be shattered when Sarah came out. The Eugene guy started running his mouth again, which Dan could tell really irked Lester.

Ned seemed to be trying to play peacemaker. Before the game even started, it seemed to devolve into anarchy. Dan just sat back and watched, amused. He got up and grabbed himself a beer from the fridge. As he sat back down, the sound of a door closing from down the hallway reached the group, causing a silence to fall over them.

All of the men's eyes were trained on the hallway. Eugene seemed legitimately stunned, considering the possibility that Lester may have told the truth. Dan heard audible gasps at the table when Sarah finally emerged into the living room. She walked gingerly on bare feet, her ass clearly defined in revealing pink booty shorts and a white v-neck tee under a nondescript gray hoodie.

Dan noticed Sarah's wedding ring was missing. He felt a pang of sadness. Hopefully, she hadn't left it in Lester's room.

"Hey baby." Sarah had stopped next to Lester, her breast just against his cheek. He turned when he felt her, and she leaned down, inserting her tongue into his mouth for a deep kiss.

The room was quiet except for the breath from their mouths as they made out slowly. Dan's stomach dropped hearing Sarah call Lester 'baby.' He watched the kiss in utter fascination.

Sarah played her part well. Maybe too well. It really seemed like a sincere, if inappropriate, kiss. Dan's dick agreed, suddenly coming to life. He could feel himself breathing in quick, shallow breaths. He closed his eyes and steadied himself, focusing on the mechanics of his breathing to calm himself down. After a few moments Greg made an awkward cough that seemed to remind Sarah and Lester that others were present.

"Hi, boys," Sarah said, standing back up and taking the empty chair next to Lester, "I'm Sarah, Lester's girlfriend." Hearing her introduce herself as Lester's girlfriend caused Dan's stomach to knot up. Lester cast a glance at Dan before looking back at Sarah. Dan hadn't realized it before but it felt like he had missed something significant about tonight.

Sarah was being introduced as Lester's girlfriend to people he knew. These weren't just strangers at a restaurant or to people he was consulting with at her work. These were people in Lester's life, making the relationship feel more real. Dan shifted uncomfortably; his pants felt tighter somehow. His wife's hand covered Lester's grubby paw on the table.

Still, seeing the way these guys' eyes were popping out of their sockets as they looked at Sarah made him hide a grin. He loved seeing other men drool over his wife, and she was leaning into that.

"Okay," Greg said, setting up some sheets in front of him, "Now that we're all here, I'll quickly go over the rules for our newcomers joining us for this session, and you are always welcome to join in the future," Greg's eyes lingered on Sarah's body.

"Sarah, sometimes we have noobies joining us, but since we've been playing a long time together, our characters have been well-

developed and have earned various powers. So, for green beans like you, we have a set of pre-made characters you can choose from. Your boyfriend thought you'd like to be a cleric," he said, handing her the sheet.

"Dan, do you want to pick one?"

Dan grabbed a random character sheet and looked at it, a confused look forming on his face.

"What's a bard?"

The players all groaned, and Eugene said, "Someone who talks a lot and who supposedly can manipulate foes with their words and music."

"But not much help in a fight," said Lester.

"Whatever," thought Dan as he read the abilities on the character sheet and scanned the room. Maybe he could find a way to be useless and ruin Lester's game. Best case scenario, he wouldn't have to play much. His mind drifted to his high school buddies, who would be

laughing over who he was hanging out with. None of these guys would have been in Dan's athletic circle of friends.

What would they think of me now; struggling financially, in a dead-end job, and willingly letting some Chicago fat troll rail my gorgeous wife and show her off to all these nerds?

Sarah broke his reverie with a question, "So, my character, Val, is a cleric. I see I have some magic spells I can use? When do I use them?"

A look flickered across Greg's face, quickly replaced by an overly warm smile. He explained,

“When we’re role-playing on the adventure, we’ll come across situations where we work together to overcome traps and foes and trickery in order to get to treasure, and the more treasure we get, the more character points we earn, which gets us more powers—like your spells.”

“But you have to be careful because if you get injured, you’ll have to roll the dice to see how many health points you lose. If you lose too many, you’ll die or not be strong enough for the adventure, and you could slow down your partners,” said Greg.

“Hmm, Lester, I see one of my spells is the Aura of Vitality.” Maybe I should cast it on you later when we’re, um, role-playing?” Sarah said, blushing. Her eyes focused on inspecting her miniature figure before she set it back down on the gameboard.

“Sarah, you know vitality has never been my weakness when you’re around,” Lester responded, stealing a quick kiss from the married woman. The guys looked like they could barely keep it together. Dan rolled his eyes at Lester’s shitty attempt at flirting. It seemed too obvious that he was putting on a show, but then again, these guys didn’t seem to get it.

“Um, can I just ask one thing?” Sarah said, “Can we put little name signs on the table so I can remember who’s who?”

Eugene sighed and rolled his eyes as Dan began to scan the character sheet in front of him.

Sarah was paying close attention to what Greg was explaining but Dan wasn’t listening. He was reading the character sheet in front of him.

Eugene sighed again and looked at Greg in a way that begged him to intervene. “Of course,”

Ned said, leaning forward eagerly, grabbing sheets of paper to fulfill her request. His eyes weren't able to meet Sarah's. "We can do that just for today. No problem. I'm Ned, this is Eugene and Greg. Do you know Dan? He's Lester's roommate." Ned began writing out names, their real ones and their character names, and folding the sheets into display triangles.

"Nice to meet you all. I've seen Dan around a little bit, but usually, my boyfriend and I are busy in his room," Sarah said, causing the table to fall silent.

Shit Sarah, you're selling this pretty hard, Dan thought.

"Right, so let's begin. I'll set the stage. Your party is standing in front of an old manor. You're on a quest to retrieve a magical item, the Aetherial Orb of Luminescence, which emits a soft, soothing light, capable of revealing hidden paths or concealed objects in dark places. It can also be used to cast minor illusions or enhance spells related to light and visibility."

"Wait, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I'm confused. So I'm a cleric with magic spells and I see I have a sword too, so I can fight? Then what are you guys?" Sarah asked.

"I'm a warlock, Shadowweaver," said Eugene. "It means I have arcane powers from the universe with a great number of spells because of my experience level."

"Ooo," laughed Sarah. "Maybe I'll fall under your spell!"

"I'm a rogue, er, basically a thief," said Ned. "My character has a high level of dexterity and can move silently, which might come in handy to get the Orb. Samrick is the name, dear lady."

"Yeah, but rogues can't be trusted," said Lester.

"But dexterity comes in handy in some, um, situations. Right Lester?"

"I can think of a few scenarios where dexterity could come in handy," Sarah stared into Ned's eyes, causing him to look away. Sarah turned to Lester and playfully punched him in the arm.

"Hey, what's your character?"

Lester smirked, "I'm a barbarian. Barbarians have great strength and are great in a fight."

"How about stamina, my barbarian? Can you wrestle all night long?" Sarah teased, stressing his character class.

Dan winced. It was odd how easily Sarah seemed to integrate her teasing with the nerd jargon.

Still, knowing how long Lester could last in bed caused him to believe her comment. It stung, but he could also feel his dick stirring in his pants.

"So, are there female characters in this game?" she asked as she paged through the Players Handbook. "Some of these pictures are pretty hot. Like this female wizard in the tight black bodice and high boots with a staff. She has plenty of skin showing. Do you guys ever dress up for your roles?"

Ned blurted out, "We have some costumes at my shop but feel rather geeky wearing them,"

seemingly unaware of the irony of his statement.

"We've been playing together for a long time and it's sorta awkward to introduce rookies into our game, so no, we haven't played with any females," remarked Greg.

"That's a shame, " Sarah said with a pout, turning the book around to show a picture of a scantily clad half-elf woman fighter. "I think it would be fun to wear something like this," as she turned the page to a picture of a female wizard dressed in a red bikini top holding in amazing breasts and red matching bottoms with long slender legs reaching down into her boots, with a red shawl over her shoulders. Her blonde hair spilled over her shoulders, and her blue eyes held her gaze in a piercing view. "She looks something like me, doesn't she?"

The crew sat uneasily in their chairs. Dan suspected what they'd each done with such pictures in the D&D manuals. They all seemed very familiar with the very image Sarah was holding up.

Dan couldn't help but think there was an uncanny resemblance to his wife. The rest of the group probably considered how often they'd satisfied themselves with that picture. And now, a veritable clone of that character was sitting before them, talking with them, joining their campaign.

"Ahem." Greg cleared his throat. "Can we get started now? Remember you've all met together for your adventure and obviously have just introduced yourselves so you can see how you'll work together. Remember, rely on each other's abilities, and you just might succeed!"

"Okay, Cassius Silverstrings, er, I mean Dan, it's your turn. What will you do first?" Greg said.

The entire group looked to Dan.

"Uh, well, I guess I'll go up to the door and knock on it," Dan said.

"You've just triggered a trap! The Knocker's Bane Trap! Hidden blades spring forth from the doorframe, slashing at Cassius', er, Dan. The force of the blades could be fatal! Quick, roll the dice to see your fate! You need to roll a six or higher to survive."

Dan grabbed the dice from the table and rolled a 3.

"Cassius Silverstrings is dead!" Greg said, bowing his head solemnly. Ned leaned over towards Dan and whispered, "You should have used a spell to check the door for traps."

"I guess so," Dan shrugged, "Well, I guess I'm dead then."

"What a dumbass," muttered Eugene.

"What'd you say?" Dan shot back.

Lester piped in, "Well since you're new, you should have asked your party for advice instead of just rushing in and getting yourself whacked. Now we're down a man and have hardly started the game. You should learn to make better decisions."

Dan didn't like the insult but was out of his element. He took a breath and relaxed. He tried not to take Lester's comment to heart and think about how it could also be true for the rest of his life.

Dan sat and listened as the group took turns playing their characters. Sarah was unexpectedly good at the game, but he wasn't too surprised, given her commitment to their bedroom roleplaying. Dan was looking at his phone and barely paying attention until he felt a tension in the air. He saw Sarah unzipping her hoodie to reveal a tight v-neck t-shirt that read "I'm The Player Your DM Warned You About." Clearly, she was not wearing a bra. He heard a sharp intake of breath from Ned next to him as the top of Sarah's cleavage came into view. Lester looked at Dan, and the two shared a knowing smirk at the others' reactions.

Dan watched Sarah and knew that she was enjoying teasing these guys. He was enjoying it a bit himself. It was too easy for his wife. They weren't prepared at all for the levels of teasing and flirting she would inflict on them. He could feel his crotch responding to his wife's antics.

At some point, the group had managed to make it into the make-believe house. The adventurers were mapping their exploration and searching the rooms for the orb, all the while the Dungeon Master was periodically rolling his dice to compare against his chart of events.

Greg suddenly shouted, "A hellhound bursts forward into the room!"

"I cast Protection from Energy! Shielding me from the flames!" Eugene shouted, rolling his die.

The rogue, Ned\Samrick, quickly jumped around the corner out of reach of the flames. The barbarian, Lester, was about to speak when Sarah blurted out, "I stab at the hellhound with my sword!"

Greg rolled his 20-sided dice, looked at the number, and said, "Fire envelopes you. Your clothes start to burn," Greg said.

"I strip off my clothing and lunge for the hellhound's throat," Sarah said in a very seductive voice as she played with the neckline of her T-shirt, eyeing the men around her. Greg had her roll the dice, and it seemed to Dan that they landed positively. Greg announced, "Our new cleric, Val, has pinned the hellhound down!"

Lester, playing Darkspire the barbarian, said, "I rush forward to slay the hellhound," and rolled the dice. The die rolled off the floor past where Sarah was sitting. Dan watched as his wife stood up to retrieve it, her toned, slender legs coming into view before she turned away from the table. Her fantastic ass was showing itself for the entire table to appreciate. Dan's eyes flicked to see all of the men at the table ogling his wife's behind. Sarah bent over at the waist to pick up the die, causing more than one of the men's jaws to fall open. Dan couldn't help but enjoy the way she teased these guys.

"Eighteen," Sarah said as she returned to the table, pretending to be oblivious about what she'd just done.

Greg regained his composure and said, "Dar, the barbarian's crushing blow kills the hellhound."

"My clothes are burnt and falling apart on the floor. I'm standing naked in the room, looking around at the three handsome men in my party, wondering which will offer me something to wear." Sarah eyed the men at the table, who seemed to be losing their composure.

"Milady," Ned said, "I offer you my humble rogue's cape to wear around your body. It offers an extra camouflage."

"Why thank you kind sir, er, Samrick." Sarah said leaning forward, the top of her cleavage pushing together for Greg, Ned and Eugene to see. "Once this quest is over I'll have to think of some way I could repay you, Sam. Perhaps I'll cast you under one of my spells."

The table was silent for several seconds while the three men stared at Sarah, who was pretending to read her character sheet. Her half-exposed breasts still prominently on display for the nerds.

"Erm, okay, right," Greg finally pulled himself together as he looked down at the sheets in front of him. "With the hellhound slain, a deep cold falls over the manor. Your breaths are visible, and you all feel goosebumps on your skin. If you don't find a way to warm up soon, you will each lose 20 HP per minute."

"From the looks of it, the cold is already affecting our lady, Val!" Eugene said, and the others noticed Sarah's nipples had begun to poke out of her tight T-shirt. Sarah pretended not to notice Eugene's comment. Dan could tell Sarah still had a bra on. It must be a thin, lacy material since her nipples were somewhat visible. It wasn't that cold in here, though. Was she getting turned on behaving like this in front of these men?

"I cast a fiery aura," Eugene said eagerly, "Enveloping myself in a warm gentle, comforting flame giving me a resistance to cold

damage. It has a one foot radius. Maiden Val, would you care to join me?"

Dan rolled his eyes but kept them on his phone. Somehow, Eugene thought he was being suave here. Still, Dan could feel his cock getting hard, knowing how these guys were lusting after his wife.

"Mhmmm, that sounds like exactly what I need right now," Sarah eyed him mischievously and leaned forward. "Is this close enough?"

"You, uh, sometimes the way we play, you should actually go over to that side of the table, Val," Greg said, "to keep the roleplay true."

"Okay," Sarah said standing, all the men stared at her body, "Ned, er, Sam, would you switch with me?"

Ned nodded and scurried around the table to change places with Sarah. She sat beside Eugene and pulled her chair right next to his. Her legs were pressing up against the sides of his thighs as she leaned against his arm, "Is this close enough?"

"Uhh, yes," the old man croaked out, his head turning to the side to try to look down Sarah's cleavage covertly. Dan watched the older man's eyes staring down at the tops of Sarah's breasts, knowing that sight all too well. Jealousy started to creep in, especially with the act Sarah was putting on. The way she looked back at that guy felt wrong, like something that should be reserved for him.

Sarah looked at Ned, "Samrick, is the cape you gave me resistant to fire?"

"No, uh, I don't think so, Val...." Ned said wide-eyed.

"I'm gonna roll," Sarah said, picking up the dice, not waiting for Greg, "If we roll above a ten, the cape doesn't burn in your fiery aura. If it's below a 10, the cape burns, and I'm going to be bare naked again. Is that okay?" She looked at Greg for approval.

He eagerly nodded, "But it'll be Eugene's roll." Sarah picked up the dice and handed them to Eugene. She took his hand in hers and bent forward, blowing on the dice, "For good luck." Her eyes looked up at him expectantly.

Eugene stiffened at her warm breath on his skin. Without responding he rolled the dice onto the table. As they rolled, all eyes were trained on the dice, eventually stopping on a five.

"Oh no," Sarah feigned surprise, "I'm naked again. At least I'm warm and protected next to this mighty warcock."

Sarah bit her lip, and then a small laugh emitted from her lips, "Oops, I meant Warlock. Not war-cock." She added extra emphasis onto the word 'cock.' as she brought her knees up to her chest and placed her bare feet on the chair, "Sorry Shadowweaver."

Dan could see Eugene beginning to breathe quickly. Even Ned looked like he was ready to spontaneously cum in his pants. Greg was harder for Dan to read, but he seemed pretty distracted by what was happening.

"We should continue on," Lester said, "Let's move further into the house and find this orb."

The group continued on their imaginary quest, with Sarah still sitting uncomfortably close to Eugene. The man seemed stiff as a board. Dan could only imagine how stiff the guy was in his pants. Dan had never seen Sarah so close to a man so much older than her. He knew she was toying with the guy, but he couldn't help but feel his dick stirring.

Performing his DM duties, Greg periodically rolled his dice, assessing the probability of each subsequent event happening. As the group moved down a hallway, Greg said, "Arrows spill out from the walls, shooting at the group. Lester rolled the dice, and his barbarian's shield successfully blocked the arrows from piercing him.

Eugene looked at Sarah and said, "I'll cast a shield to block the arrows from hitting us." Dan smirked. This guy really thought he was being a white knight or something to Sarah. Sarah put her arm around his and hugged him close like she was afraid. Eugene took a shaky breath and rolled the dice. Greg informed him of his success.

"I'll evade the arrows with a dexterity throw," Ned as s said, throwing the dice. "Unsuccessful, Sam," Greg said, looking at the dice. You've been hit with a poisoned arrow to the knee and lose 10 HP. The poison will make you lose HP every second.

"Can I heal him?" Sarah asked.

Eugene looked at her desperately, "As a cleric, you could use a healing hands spell to heal a wound like that."

"Okay, I'll do that," Sarah said, standing up. She grabbed the dice and threw them onto the table, "I need to get close like the last time, right? Lester, can we switch?"

Lester raised an eyebrow at her, "Sure." He stood up to trade places with Sarah. As she moved to his side of the table, Eugene piped up, "If you aren't in my aura of fiery heat, you're going to get cold again and take damage." His eyes followed her body, staring at her juicy ass as she walked around the table, "And you're naked too."

"It's a risk I'll have to take," Sarah said as she took Lester's seat. She turned to Ned, leaned forward, and touched his knee. Ned's eyes seemed to bulge out of his head as he looked down at Dan's wife. He had the perfect angle to look down at her cleavage as she leaned forward.

"Was the roll successful?" Sarah asked Greg, not taking her eyes off Ned.

"No," Greg muted as he took his eyes off Sarah to look at the dice. Sarah grabbed them and rolled them again. She put her hand down

on Ned's lower thigh.

"Unsuccessful," Greg muttered again. When he saw Sarah reach for the dice again, he muttered, "This isn't how it works."

Sarah repeated the process. She rolled the dice again, and this time, her hand came to rest on Ned's upper thigh. "Success," Greg said, "You've healed the wound, but the poison still inflicts damage on Samrick."

"Oh no," Sarah said, looking up at Ned for guidance. "What can I do? Should I suck the poison out somehow?" Sarah placed extra emphasis on the word suck.

"Uh, I uh, ah," Ned was having trouble forming a coherent sentence. Dan thought that his mind was probably tripping over itself at Sarah's use of the word suck. He had to admit that even he was getting riled up by Sarah's roleplaying performance.

"Try the 'Lesser Restoration' spell, Val," Eugene said to Sarah. "That'll cure the poison."

Sarah looked at Greg, who nodded, "I'll try Lesser Restoration on Sam's wound." Sarah reached across the table to grab the dice from in front of Eugene. His gaze dropped to her cleavage hanging low in front of him. Ned's eyes flicked up, and Dan swore the little guy stopped breathing. His eyes were focused on Sarah's booty short-clad ass bending over the table just inches from his face.

Sarah rolled the dice again. "Success," Greg said, "You've cured the poisoning, eliminating it from Samrick's body."

Sarah smiled at Ned, and her hand lingered on his thigh. She gently rubbed it up and down and said, "I guess I paid you back for your cape."

"Ugh," Ned grunted, his face contorted, and his eyes lost focus. Sarah removed her hand, and Ned's legs slammed together, and he hunched over the table, panting. Sarah gave Lester a knowing look, and they both seemed amused.

"Everything okay there, bud?" Dan crossed his arms and looked at Ned. He couldn't have just cum in his pants, could he?

"Fine," Ned said breathlessly, "Just need a second."

The group of men sat slack-jawed as Sarah sat back up and pushed her chest out. She looked down at her character sheet. Finally, Greg mustered up the courage to speak: "The arrows stopped raining down on your group, and Ned is healed. But it's still growing colder. You'll need to find the orb soon. All of you have some kind of cold damage protection except for you, Sarah. Cold damage increases because you have no clothes on and are still naked."

"Silly me," Sarah said, looking each man in the eye, "I keep forgetting I'm naked. Nothing between your eyes and my cold, naked skin....but I bet you haven't forgotten." Her eyes stopped on Eugene.

"You should join me in my fiery aura. I'll keep you warm," Eugene was staring desperately at Sarah. His eyes were flicking up between her face and the inviting crease where her cleavage began.

"Hmmm, that sounds tempting. How exactly would you keep me warm?" Sarah stared at him,

"How would you keep my naked body hot?"

"I can think of a few ideas," Eugene grinned, believing he was successfully seducing Sarah. As he rode the ego boost of flirting with a beautiful younger woman, he did not see her next move coming.

"Tempting, but what's this?" Sarah said, pointing at her character sheet. "It says my cleric has the spell 'teleportation circle.'"

"It lets you teleport anywhere. Somewhere in the manor or somewhere else in the world. It has a prolonged recharge time." Greg said, clearly flustered at the direction Sarah was taking his game.

"And remember, the teleport spell is only temporary; it will transport you back here when it wears off!" Lester grimaced at Greg. Dan wondered whether Greg was beginning to understand Lester's plan.

"Hmmm, that sounds good. I'm going to use that," Sarah said, rolling the dice without bothering to look at the results. I need to warm up, so I'm casting a spell to teleport back to my bedchambers. Can I bring the entire adventure party with me?"

Greg stuttered and said, "You're only a 4th-level cleric. I think the circle is just big enough for two."

Sarah stood and began walking around the table. Her hands lightly touched Ned's shoulders, who shuddered at her touch, "But which of my brave party members will join me?" Her fingers traced a line across Greg's back before moving onto Eugene's.

"I'll join you," Eugene said, eagerly looking at Sarah as her nails grazed the back of his neck.

"Mhmmm, I don't think that's how it works. You have to roll for it. The highest roll gets to join me and warm me up." Sarah said, her hands reaching Lester and toying with his fat shoulders.

When she arrived, Dan, she winked at him and said, "Except you, I guess. You don't get to roll since you're dead and all."

Eugene eagerly picked up the dice and rolled a 15. He clasped his hands and excitedly looked at Sarah, who was still circling the table.

Ned reached out and grabbed the dice. Sarah walked slide up next to him, pressing her body against him, "Do you need me to blow you?"

"Wha-what?" Ned's voice broke like a thirteen-year-old boy going through puberty.

Sarah leaned down close to him and whispered, "Do you want me to blow on your dice for good luck?"

Ned didn't respond but held his hands up to her mouth, where Sarah gently blew on the dice.

A shiver ran through Ned's body, and he threw the dice onto the table. They came up a nine.

"Shame," Sarah said as she stood up and moved behind him. Her fingers lingered on his shoulders, "I really wanted to pay you back properly, over and over again, for lending me your robe."

"Well, you can pay me back for letting you into my fiery aura," Eugene said hungrily, "We need to get your naked body out of this manor and into your bedroom."

"But how should I repay you for letting me in your fiery aura?" Sarah whispered into Eugene's ear. "Hmmm," she breathed down his neck, and Dan saw the old man stiffen. "I suppose I would have to let you into my teleportation circle then," she said, letting the implication of intimacy linger in the old man's mind and pants.

"Not so fast," Lester said, leaning forward and grabbing the dice. I still have to roll."

"Don't bother," Eugene jeered, "It's clear your cleric girlfriend has a thing for warlocks. I don't think she'll be warming your bed tonight."

"He might be right, Lester," Sarah said, biting her lip, "I might be going home with the warlock and playing with his staff tonight. Shadowweaver could help me learn to cast my own fire."

Lester threw the dice, and they rolled across the table and stopped with the 20 side facing up.

"It looks like I'm joining you in the teleportation circle," Lester said, smiling.

"That's too bad," Sarah said, stepping up next to Lester, "Who knows what kind of magic we could have created, Eugene." As Lester pushed his seat back from the table, Sarah straddled his lap, her breasts directly in his face. She pulled him to her chest, "Now I'll beam us up," she said in an overly dramatic tone.

The fat man's hands mauled her supple ass, luxuriating in Sarah's display of affection. Around the table, the men weren't sure where to keep their eyes, on Sarah's amazing behind or where she was joined to Lester, sucking on his tongue. Dan felt lightheaded observing his wife atop the fat man, watching her kiss him again in front of the D&D party, her enthusiastic grinding only slightly exaggerated for effect. It dawned on him that he could tell the difference because he'd seen it so often.

After a few moments of gloating, Lester pulled Sarah off of him, stood up, and led her around the table. As they passed her husband, Sarah's hand lingered on Dan's shoulder and gently squeezed it.

It was then that Sarah said, "Oh, did I break another rule? When my clothes were burnt, was I supposed to role-play in real life, too? Was I actually supposed to get naked?" As she walked away from the table, she split off from Lester toward the hallway. She grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing her toned back. "Sorry for breaking the rules.

I'll get to my shorts in a second."

The three men's heads all spun and watched Sarah's bra-clad chest jiggle as she walked away.

Their jaws hung open, and their eyes bulged out of their heads as they stared at Dan's wife.

None of them had likely ever been so close to a woman as beautiful as Sarah, and now here she stood, right in front of them, wearing only her booty shorts.

With one last look over her shoulder, Sarah winked at the group of speechless men as Lester led her down the hallway to his bedroom, "My boys, my boyfriend needs me."

Dan noted the distinct lack of the 'Chicago boyfriend' that they usually played with. That was all part of this weird role play, right?

"What the fuck just happened," Eugene said breathlessly. He sat there stunned, staring down the hallway Sarah had disappeared into. "You don't really think that's his girlfriend, right? This must be some kind of joke."

Greg focused on the sheets of paper before him, "I don't know, but I guess the game is over for this week."

Ned quickly stood up, cupped his crotch, turned away from the group, and made a beeline down the hallway. The word "bathroom" came out of his mouth shortly before he disappeared.

"Looks like Ned over there has a mess to clean up," Dan scoffed with his arms crossed. He was relieved that the game was finally over, but his mind was drawn to the closed door at the end of the hallway. He and Sarah had agreed to do this together. Lester was on board with letting Dan be present, but now he and Sarah were behind a closed door while Dan was stuck with these nerds. He couldn't just get up and –

The peephole. He had covered it with duct tape, but he could still watch Lester with Sarah. He just needed to find a way to get the nerds out of the apartment.

"Is she really his girlfriend? She's not a hooker?" Eugene had finally broken his stare down the hallway and was now looking at Dan. Dan could say she was a hooker to embarrass Lester but

he'd feel like shit doing that. He wanted to keep Sarah's honor intact. Even though they were playing this fucked up roleplaying game, Sarah was still his wife, and no one was going to talk about her like that.

Dan shrugged his shoulders, not wanting to verbally say the word 'girlfriend,' "This isn't her first time at the apartment. And no, she isn't a hooker. That I know for sure."

"Jesus," Eugene muttered. He looked back and forth between Dan and Greg, "Do you think...

do you think if Lester hadn't rolled higher that...uh...you know...it would be me and her in there right now?"

"Some guys are into that," Greg continued to pack up pieces of the game. I don't really know about Lester." The dungeon master seemed all business, not comfortable discussing the details of what they'd all just witnessed.

Dan felt his face grow flush as the two guys discussed the fantasy of his wife sharing. It was not something he wanted to be revealed about himself. "What do you think, Dan?" Eugene looked at him. You kind of know her. Do you think she would have?"

Dan had no idea what Sarah would have done if any of the guys besides Lester rolled a higher number. Part of him was excited at the prospect of seeing that play out, seeing what his wife would do in

that situation. How sexily she could manipulate these guys was a turn-on for him.

Still, his mind drifted to the bedroom at the end of the hall.

As Lester shut and locked the door behind them, Sarah felt anxious. It wasn't that same anxiety she'd felt so many months ago when Dan made her come in here to fetch Lester to watch them. It was a more excited anguish about what was going to happen next.

His room looked messier than Sarah was accustomed to. Earlier, she had been so focused on Lester's instructions and the outfit he had for her to wear that she hadn't taken it all in. She was surprised that it didn't bother her. She liked to keep her house immaculate. Seeing his mess just sort of made sense. It was somehow like an extension of Lester. Still leaning into her roleplaying, she said, "Hmmm, I guess I made a mistake. This isn't my bedchamber at all. It looks like your barbarian lair."

Lester just smirked, "You have no idea."

"How did I do?" Sarah said as Lester walked over and leaned against the bed, "Did I turn the screws on them enough like you wanted?" Sarah held her hands together, hoping she'd succeeded.

"Better," Lester smiled wickedly, "Those guys won't sleep for a week. They'll be dreaming of you."

'Aww," Sarah smiled and looked around Lester's room. It had been a while since she had been in here, and she noticed a dramatic change. The clean, tidy room was gone. It reminded her of the first time she'd walked in here when she was taking those sexy pictures for Dan. There were discarded clothes on the floor alongside takeout containers at different levels of emptiness. A few empty Cheeto bags

sat on his desk. She could see a sheen of dust littering most surfaces.

More than anything, the room smelled like Lester. She couldn't help but find the smell arousing. It was like her brain associated it with sex. Lester watched as she went from simply standing in the room to posing, her ass and breasts slightly more prominent than a moment earlier.

"And they'll probably be jerking off to their mental image of you, too," Lester smirked, feasting his eyes on her.

"And you've ruined it," Sarah said, walking towards Lester. She didn't tiptoe around the mess on the floor. She walked through the old clothes and refuse, "You're just lucky you rolled that 20. Otherwise, your friend would be here in your place."

Lester crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow at her. "He's not my friend. You wouldn't have brought him in here anyway."

"Are you sure about that?" Sarah said in a low voice as she stepped closer to Lester. She stopped a foot away from him, staring at him defiantly. "Are you so sure I wouldn't have brought him here, into your room and fucked him? I'm sure Dan wouldn't mind watching that."

"I don't think you understand that I hold all the power here." Her hand made a fist, and she held it to her chest as she plainly stated this to Lester.

Lester quickly grabbed Sarah's hips and pulled her to him, her crotch pressing against his.

"Let's not beat around the bush. It isn't about Dan's fantasy anymore. This isn't about some random person."

"Oh?" Sarah asked, raising an eyebrow. Lester's hot breath was on her face. "What's it about, then?"

"It's about you and me," Lester licked his lips as he stared into her eyes. "It's about the way we fuck. The way you crave it and can't get enough. Say whatever else you want, but that's all it comes down to."

Lester held her hips tightly and mashed his cock into her waist. Sarah could feel his growing hardened cock pressing against her, "Is that so? Do you really think you have that kind of hold on – mhmhmhm."

Lester mashed his lips against Sarah's. Her knees grew weak, and she felt her body fall against his. Her breasts pushed up against his flabby chest as his arms encircled her. Lester's tongue parted her lips and thrust into her mouth.

Sarah moaned around his invading tongue. Her own flicked out and ran against the underside of his. Sarah was surprised to notice that her arms were already around his neck, pulling his head down towards her. Lester slowly withdrew his tongue from her mouth. Sarah pushed hers forward, desperate to find more of him. Lester continued to pull back and whispered,

"Tell me you don't love the way we fuck."

Sarah smiled as Lester started to kiss and lick her exposed neck, "You fuck me good Lester."

Sarah shuddered as she felt his cock growing against her pussy. When she saw he wanted more from her, she continued, "I love the way you fuck me."

"I knew it," Lester grunted, pushing himself against her harder. Sarah moaned, feeling his probing cock pulsing against her, "How about the way we make love?"

"We've only done, ah, that once," Sarah said, closing her eyes. She was getting lost in the feeling of Lester's large body against hers.

"But you loved it," Lester whispered in her ear, "You know how I know?"

"Mhmm, how?" Sarah moaned as Lester's lips started to work their way down her chest.

"Because of the way you dug your nails into me. How your legs held me tight and wouldn't let me go. How your pussy gripped my cock and milked it. How you let me cum into you unprotected, taking me fully into you." Lester's hands found her shoulders and drifted lower to her supple breasts. "Because you gave yourself to me completely."

Sarah's body shuddered at the revelation. She didn't want to admit to herself how much she enjoyed that night. Lester was right. Her body had responded to him. She hadn't wanted to let him go, even though he hadn't worn a condom. She had wanted his cum that night, but she wasn't ready to admit it to herself, let alone Lester. She didn't know what he was driving at now but needed to shift things before she admitted something she shouldn't.

Letting go of his neck, Sarah placed her hands on his chest and pushed Lester down onto the bed. Lester flopped back with a look of surprise on his face, caught off guard by her assertiveness. Sarah stared at him hard, her eyes running across his disgusting body, perplexed at why he turned her on so much.

Sarah lowered her shorts and stepped out of them without saying a word. Then she stepped forward, knelt on the bed, and crawled up Lester's body, "You want to make your little D&D

group jealous? Do you want to make Eugene know how much of a man you are? No more talk about making love, show them how well Lester can fuck. Make me moan your name. Let them listen to you fuck me."

Sarah's crotch found Lester's hard cock through his sweatpants and ground against it,

"Mhmmmm, what the fuck are your pants still doing on?"

Lester quickly tugged at the band of his sweatpants, trying to pull them down. Sarah's thighs had his hips pinned to the mattress. He couldn't get a firm grip to pull them down. She reached her hands down and grabbed his, quickly pulling them off her and pinning them above his head against the mattress.

"No," She stared into his beady eyes, "That's my cock. You understand? I'll do what I want with it. You don't touch it. Got it?"

Lester slowly nodded as Sarah eased herself off his hips, "That includes other women. No more Lizzie. No one else." Sarah tugged at Lester's sweatpants, pulling them and his boxers clean off quickly.

"Ughhh, you want me to be exclusive?" Lester said, pumping his hips into the air as Sarah took off her panties and straddled him again.

"What do I get out of this?"

Sarah held the shaft of Lester's cock against her spread pussy lips, feeling the throbbing of his cock against her clit. She closed her eyes, reveling in the feeling. Eventually, she opened them and stared at Lester.

"Isn't it obvious? You get all of this. A sexy, devoted, married wife as his very own Chicago girlfriend," She took his hands and placed them on her breasts. Lester squeezed them firmly, eliciting a soft moan from Sarah. Lester gritted his teeth, "Not fair. You still give Dan attention.

And now he even comes on our dates with us. I want you all to myself."

"Well, he is my husband, Lester," Sarah teased, "Besides, you're getting me alone right now, aren't you?"

Sarah held Lester's shaft with one hand while the other gently teased the head of his cock. She ran her thumb over the precum that had begun to leak out of it. Sarah brought her thumb to her mouth and licked it, tasting Lester's cum, "Mhmmmmm." Then quietly, she said, "You're delicious, you know?"

"Hmm. We both know Dan's going to be at that peephole in a minute, watching us," Lester thrust his hips up, pushing his shaft against Sarah's clit. She bit her lip and let out a long groan,

"It isn't the same. I want you alone again."

"Mhmmmm, ah, we can't, Lester," Sarah dropped her hands to Lester's flabby belly and ground her hips down onto Lester, rubbing herself against his shaft. "We just...just....uh...ah..just made that deal."

"Then we'll break it," Lester's fat hands gripped her waist as he pushed his hips up high off the bed. He shifted his weight and slid his cock down until it was lined up with her soaking wet entrance. Sarah could see his face turning red at the exertion. As he lowered his hips, his cock started to part the entrance to Sarah's pussy.

"Oh fuck," Sarah grunted as she felt herself being stretched around the head of Lester's cock.

She bit her lips and braced herself against Lester's mass, "Ahh uhuhhh."

Lester pulled her down further onto his cock. "We'll find a way to get together alone so we can really let loose. I want to fuck you in your office at work."

"Ah, fuck. No, we, we can't. Can't," Sarah was having trouble regulating her breathing as Lester's cock pushed into her. It had

been weeks since he'd fucked her in a parking garage. It was too long not to have his perfect cock inside her.

"Can," Lester slammed her waist down onto his cock, pushing himself fully inside of her. Sarah screamed, "AH FUCK LESTER."

Ned had just finished cleaning up the mess in his pants. He'd used toilet paper to clean up as much of it as possible, praying it wouldn't run through and make a visible stain on his pants.

He looked at his crotch in the mirror of Lester's bathroom. It looked fine. No one would know what had happened when Sarah touched his leg.

He'd never felt anything like it. He couldn't wait to get home and think about that moment.

He'd share it with his Fleshlight. He finished cleaning his hands and thought about Sarah and her blonde hair. She reminded him of the old Ms. Marvel, not the new Disney diversity Ms.

Marvel but the old sexy Carol Danvers before she became Captain Marvel. Sarah was sexy, just like her. Or maybe even Sue Storm from the Fantastic Four. Sarah had the confidence of both women, but neither seemed as playful and sexy as Sarah.

Ned shut the bathroom door behind him and headed back towards the others. Sarah was sexy and confident, like Mary-Jane, Spider-Man's wife. Well, 'wife' before they did a soft reboot of the Spider-Man line. One thing Ned always hated about Marvel was their resets to the new

status quo. Still, those big issues were collectibles. He would have to check this month's valuations when he got home to see if any in his collection were going for –

"AH FUCK LESTER," The words rang in his ears. Ned stopped in his tracks, slowly turning to look at Lester's closed door. Maybe he just imagined it.

"Uh. Mhmmmmm. God, fuck." A woman's voice moaned again. Ned felt short of breath and wished he hadn't left his inhaler in his backpack. Instead of returning to the living room to get it, he walked towards Lester's door. He leaned in and pressed his ear against the wood. He could hear grunting and ruffling sounds and soft feminine moans.

Was that really Sarah? Was she really fucking someone like Lester? If Lester landed someone like her, did Ned have a shot? He quickly returned to the Lester's living room.

Lester's roommate, Dan, had an annoyed look on his face and was sitting in a chair by the TV.

Eugene was on the couch scrolling through Lester's Netflix account. Greg was beside him with his bag on his lap, all packed up and ready to go. No one turned their heads when Ned walked back into the room.

"Uh, guys," Ned said with a shaky voice, "You've got to hear this."

"What?" Eugene said, looking at Ned annoyed.

"Listen!" Ned hissed. Eugene reluctantly muted the TV. All four men sat there in silence until Sarah's soft moans started emanating from the hallway. Ned, Eugene, and Greg all traded glances. Dan seemed disinterested and kept his attention on his phone. Eugene stood up and walked past Ned, listening to Sarah moan Lester's name.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Ned heard Eugene mutter. Ned looked at Greg, urging him to stand up, but Greg sat there and seemed to grip his backpack more tightly.

"What do we do?" Ned hissed to Eugene.

"I don't fucking know," Eugene spat at Ned, causing him to flinch back. Ned walked away from him to the couch, where he sat down. Eugene lingered by the entrance to the hallway.

"You guys plan on sticking around?" Dan said, looking up from his phone. I think the game's over. There's no telling how long they are going to be."

"What time's your curfew, Greg?" Ned asked.

"Midnight," Greg said, staring at the coffee table. Ned didn't want to leave yet. No way. Not when he might be able to catch another look at Sarah. What if she came out in the middle of the night and wanted more attention? Ned could be here for that.

"We're staying," Eugene sat back down on the couch, "At least until Greg has to go."

"I want to go now," Greg muttered. Eugene glanced at him with a furrowed brow, "Well, I'm your ride, and I'm not going anywhere."

"Well, guys," Dan said, standing up. "It's been great. Thanks for letting me play, but I'm going to bed."

Ned watched with a slack jaw as Dan walked down the hallway towards the sounds of Sarah and Lester's coupling. Ned closed his eyes, trying to feign sleep, but wanted to picture Sarah's face with the noises she was making.

He cracked one eye open as he heard a noise in the room. Eugene was standing up, looking down the hallway after Dan. Ned saw Eugene begin to follow him.

"Where...where you are going, Eugene?" Ned stammered.

"Something's up," Eugene muttered, still staring down the hallway, "And I'm gonna find out what."

Ned watched the older man disappear out of view as he left the living room. Ned's mind was racing, wondering what Eugene thought was happening. He wanted to follow his friend, but he felt paralyzed, not wanting to leave his seat. He already felt embarrassed at having cum all over himself in front of everyone.

Dan slid into his room and quickly went over to the peephole on the wall. He peeled off the duct tape, closed one eye, and peered through it. The first thing he saw was a blob of pale white skin. Lester's fat body was lying across the bed. Sarah's tanned, toned legs were straddling Lester's waist as she rode his cock.

Dan gulped and felt his heart race increasing. The word 'pineapple' danced in his head, but he kept his lips firmly shut. He was transfixed by Sarah's hip movements, which were grinding on top of Lester.

"I think your husband is watching," Lester whispered low to Sarah. He silently cursed Dan for interrupting his interrogation of Sarah. She was close to bending to his demands. He would have to press her again, "Let's put on a good show."

Sarah's body quickened its pace. The idea of being watched just turned her on. She thought about Dan's hungry look on his face and the way he stood as he stared through the peephole.

Would he be stroking his cock, already watching them? How long would he last? Were the others still here? Could they hear her?

Sarah bit her lip and stared at the peephole, wanting Dan to know she loved that he was watching them. She could feel the tempo of Lester's heartbeat through the vein on his cock as it throbbed inside

of her. Sarah couldn't deny that she loved feeling his cock inside of her. She hadn't even given a condom a second thought this time. She just needed Lester inside of her.

Ah fuck. Mhmmmm. God," Sarah grunted as she rolled her hips around on Lester's cock. "You feel so fucking good."

Dan could feel his cock starting to tent in his pants. He leaned against the wall, with his arm over the peephole, his forehead resting against his forearm. Dan stared hard, watching his wife ride Lester, the way her bare chest was still heaving up and down as she tried to catch her breath. She didn't want to stop. Dan wondered how long before she had her first orgasm of the night.

"Whatcha doing?" A voice hissed from the doorway. Dan snapped his head to the side to see Eugene and his dirty old beard staring at him. Dan felt like a deer in the headlights, not knowing how to react. He had gotten caught with his secret fetish and didn't have a response planned. Dan hadn't closed the door, not entirely. He tried to slip into the room quietly to observe his wife, not wanting to alert the couple to his presence. It looked like that shitty door with its messed up lock had cost him.

"Watching," Dan finally croaked out softly, wanting nothing more than to turn his head back to the peephole. Eugene stepped into Dan's bedroom and said, "Let me see."

This strange older man was in his bedroom, where Sarah would sleep and get dressed. It felt like such an invasion of privacy. Dan remembered how Sarah toyed with this guy before, leading him on. Making him think he might have a chance. She wouldn't ever give the likes of him a chance. No way. But the idea of it. Seeing her toy with him. The possibility. That turned him on. Lester didn't get along with this guy either. He hated him from the vibes Dan could pick up. If Dan let him watch, it almost felt like he would be getting one up

on Lester, choosing to let this guy see something that Lester thought was his.

Dan realized he had stepped back from the peephole, allowing Eugene to shuffle in front of him and take his place.

"My god," Eugene muttered under his breath at the sight of Sarah's toned body riding Lester.

"Ah fuck Lester," Sarah's nails were digging into Lester's stomach as she gripped him, "You feel so fucking big inside of me."

"Squeeze me, Sarah, ah," Lester grunted, pushing his cock into Sarah, "Yeah, just like that.

Squeeze Daddy."

Sarah felt a pang of electricity run across her skin at Lester's words—goosebumps formed on her back. Every time Lester tried to use that word, 'daddy,' it made her feel strange. She thought about the word over and over in her head as she rode Lester's cock. She couldn't say it. Wouldn't say it, especially with Dan listening at the peephole.

Her body responded anyway. Lester had her ass in his hands, moving with her as she rode him, catching her and slamming her down on his massive cock. She felt an orgasm rapidly forming, ready to drop down and crush her, "Fuck don't stop, uh, uh, stop Lester."

"I'm not stopping until you cum all over my cock," Lester grunted. He put his hands behind his head and watched the beautiful mother ride cock. The buttery walls of her pussy pulled at his cock deliciously. It was amazing how well his plan was serving him. The more he fucked her, the more he took his pleasure in doing so, the more she wanted him to do it again. He smirked, watching her beautiful face contort in pleasure. She was increasing her tempo, likely about to cum any second now.

"Jeeesus," Eugene muttered as his hand disappeared into his pants, and he stroked his cock.

Dan stood there perplexed about why he had moved over for this stranger and why he still felt paralyzed. He could push Eugene out of the room or tell him to fuck off. But part of him knew the truth, that he was getting off on letting a guy like Eugene watch Sarah just like he had gotten off on letting Lester watch them on the couch.

"Fuck right there, agh right therrrrreeeeeeee," Sarah's pussy clenched down hard on Lester's cock as she felt herself begin to cum. Her body tensed, and she held her breath as pleasure radiated out from her sex and seemed to light every nerve in her body on fire. She felt complete at that moment, with Lester's cock buried deep inside of her. Just then, Lester flexed his cock inside her, and she felt a new level of bliss explode inside her. "Oh, OH, OOOHH, OH

FUCK, LESTER, HOLY SHIII..." The quivering wife jumped off of Lester, shaking in the middle of the untidy room. She had a fearful look on her face, unprepared for the intensity of her orgasm after thinking she knew all of what Lester could do to her. She took a few breaths and looked at her overweight lover. He was grinning knowingly and patted his belly for her to get back on, his cock a solid spike standing in the air.

"Jesus, Lester. Nobody fucks me like you do." Having recovered from her first orgasm, Sarah returned to the bed and straddled Lester, positioning his huge cockhead at her pussy lips.

Once ready, she pushed herself down and allowed Lester's entire length into her again, his girth making her eyes flutter with the intense sensation of stretching her open. Lester moved with her, ensuring that when their bodies met, he was deeply embedded. Sarah took her cue from Lester and laid upon him, their bodies mashed together as she slammed her midsection against the ugly

man, repeatedly thrusting herself against him as she never had before.

The twinges of a second orgasm started to form in her outer extremities. She felt a tingling begin in her fingers and toes that worked its way to her core. Wherever she went when Lester made her cum was rapidly becoming her favorite place in Chicago.

“OH Lester, OHHhhhh, fuuuck. Don’t stop, don’t, don’t you fucking, uhhhh...I”

Before she knew it, she was in the throes of cumming again, this one not at all intense, feeling like a warm blanket of pleasant warmth and a tingling in her scalp.

“Ohhh Fuck,” Sarah groaned as she came down from her orgasm. She was still gently rocking her hips back and forth over Lester’s cock, nursing the residual feelings of her orgasm and trying to ignite yet another one.

Dan backed himself up against the other wall of his room as this strange older man seemed drooled at his peephole. Images flashed through Dan’s mind at what the old nerd could be witnessing. His eyes ran over Sarah’s naked body as she writhed under Lester. Dan felt himself beginning to hyperventilate. What would this guy do now that he’d seen Sarah? Would Sarah be pissed that Dan let this guy watch her without her knowing? These were things Dan could worry about later. He just wished he could see what Sarah was doing in Lester’s room.

His eyes glanced to the side at the picture of his family on his bedside table—Sarah and him standing there with their girls. Had Eugene seen that? Did he know that Sarah was actually his wife? What was he thinking, but more importantly, what was he seeing? It was a sight only Dan should see.

"Let's switch it up," Lester said, rolling his hips to the side, trying to dislodge himself from her.

Sarah begrudgingly let him go and felt a pang of disappointment as his cock slid out of her,

"Wha-what?"

"Come here," Lester said, standing up. His meaty fingers closed around her wrist, and he dragged her off the bed and over to the set of drawers against the wall. He pulled her close and pushed her up against the drawers, facing away from him. Her thighs were pushed into the bureau, and Sarah placed her hands on the wall for support. She opened her eyes and saw that she was face to face with the peephole.

"One second," She said to Lester, who was already trying to line himself up with her from behind. She gave the peephole her best fuck me eyes and slowly lowered one of the shoulder straps on her bra. Sarah licked her lips and pushed them together, blowing a kiss at the hole.

Then, she let the other strap fall, dangling loosely beside her bicep. "Lester, can you please unstrap me?"

Lester did as he was told. Sarah felt the clasp of her bra open on her back. She held the front of the bra against her chest. "This could have been you tonight," she said seductively into the peephole, "But you missed your chance. Now my barbarian Lester is going to fuck me all night long."

Sarah let go of her bra, letting it drop to the floor. Her breasts proudly spilled out for Eugene's eyes to feast on. Dan heard a sharp intake of breath from the older man. He wondered what was happening on the other side of the wall. The walls of his room felt like they were closing in again. He left the bedroom and headed for the kitchen. The other two guys on the couch were discussing some

kind of anime. Dan ignored them and poured himself a glass of cold water. He quickly gulped down his drink and debated staying in the kitchen until it was finished or returning to the bedroom.

Sarah gazed into the peephole, trying to eye fuck Dan on the other side. Lester's hands roamed up her body until each one grabbed a breast. He started roughly massaging them, rolling her nipples between his thumb and finger. Lester's hips were pushing forward against her ass. She could feel his cock pressing between her thighs, getting ready to fuck her again.

"Fuck me," Sarah stared into the hole, wanting both men to think she was talking to them,

"Fuck me."

Lester's meaty hands left her breasts. One grabbed the base of his cock and lined it up with Sarah's pussy. The other hand held her waist still. Sarah looked up at the hole, bracing her hands on either side.

"Oh fuck," her mouth formed a perfect 'O' as she felt Lester's cock slide back inside of her.

Lester decided to fuck her slowly and methodically, wanting to savor every second with her. To draw out Dan's agony on the other side of the wall. He pulled his cock out slowly before pushing it slowly back in fully.

"Mhmmmmmm fffuuck," Sarah groaned while trying to keep her focus on the peephole. She wanted to give Dan a good show but was having difficulty concentrating, "Take it out for me, baby, stroke it."

Eugene did as instructed and lowered his sweatpants to his thigh, and started to stroke his old cock.

"Look at me," Sarah moaned as Lester was slowly pushing in and out of her, "Don't stop looking at me. Stroke yourself for me. I want you to cum for me."

Eugene started stroking his cock faster in Dan's place at the peephole. Sarah was moaning just inches from him. Her beautiful eyes were staring right at him. Lester suddenly decided to pick

up his pace. Sarah was slammed forward, her fingers arching out, trying to keep leverage. She was bent so far forward she was on tippy toes, her thighs pushing into the dresser. Sarah tried in vain to push herself back, to thrust back against Lester, but she couldn't. Lester held onto her hips and pumped her relentlessly with his cock, pushing deep into the young mother.

One of Sarah's hands dropped to the top of the dresser, crushing an empty bag of Cheetos,

"Oh. God. Lester. Fuck." Lester gritted his teeth and fucked Sarah as hard as he could. He wanted Dan to watch and see his wife cum on his cock again. Sarah felt the tops of the dresser pushing into her thighs. It was starting to hurt, but she didn't want him to stop. Sarah's hand slipped off the wall, causing her to lose her balance. Her breasts hit the dresser first, smooching into wretched garbage Lester had forgotten there. Sarah's hair was sprawled out among Lester's discarded items. Sarah searched for something to grab onto, but Lester never let up. He just continued to pound into the young mother. The violent pummeling she was taking threatened to make her lose consciousness.

Lester grinned at the peephole, enjoying that he had successfully taken Sarah away from Dan's view. Sweat was dripping off his brow onto Sarah's ass cheeks that were slamming against his crotch. He couldn't keep up this pace; he needed to switch positions.

With a firm grasp on her hips, Lester pulled her back from the wall. Sarah's feet were able to touch the ground again. Sarah quickly

pulled herself off Lester's cock and spun around. She pushed herself up so that she could sit on the dresser. Her ass crushing whatever garbage that had been on it. Lester saw a fire in her eyes and knew he could only quench her desire.

Lester was standing there huffing and puffing after pounding the blonde beauty for five, almost ten minutes straight at his fastest pace. Sarah looked at him hungrily and spread her legs before him. "Put it in me."

She didn't need to ask him twice. Lester was quickly between her legs with his cock lined up with her waiting pussy. Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's back as his cockhead began to push back into her, "Oh fuck. Fuck."

Sarah pulled Lester's body against hers as the rest of his cock slid into her. She threw her head back and closed her eyes, her mind concentrating on the feeling of Lester's big cock inside of her. Her blonde hair covered the peephole, obscuring Eugene's view of the beautiful young wife.

While Lester had meticulously measured the height of his bed to ensure he could fuck Sarah on it while standing up, he'd never done so with the dresser. Lester had his hands under her thighs and was standing up on his toes to get his cock fully into the young mother. The

awkward angle proved to be quite powerful for Sarah. Lester's cock was sliding up at an angle that made the cock head push against her g-spot.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and held her to him, feeling his cock sliding up and down, stimulating her. Sarah opened her eyes and ran her hands through Lester's thinning hair as she felt another orgasm start to push its way to the forefront.

As Lester fucked Sarah, the dresser tilted slightly off the wall before slamming back into place.

Each time he pulled his cock back, Sarah held on tighter, her ass firmly planted on the dresser causing it to shift with them. Over and over, the dresser slammed back into the wall. Neither Sarah nor Lester cared about the sounds they were making. Everything was miles away from their fucking.

Lester could feel his balls begin to tighten. After fucking her from behind in the parking garage last time, he wanted to cum with her on her back this time. Using all of his strength, Lester grabbed Sarah by her thighs and pulled up, lifting her off the dresser.

He wasn't used to carrying any weight. On shaky legs, and spun them around and dropped Sarah onto the bed, his cock never leaving her pussy. Lester moved onto the bed with her and laid on top of her. Sarah's legs closed around his hips, locking her ankles together and not letting him go. Her breasts mashed against his flabby chest as he dipped his head down and kissed her hard. Sarah pulled Lester harder into her as her tongue drove into his mouth, exploring and licking every inch of it.

Eugene was happy he could see again. He was slack-jawed, staring at his D&D frenemy fucking the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. As much as Eugene hated to admit it, there was no way she was a prostitute. He could clearly see the passion between them as they fucked on the bed. It seemed like something more to him. He wasn't sure if it was love, but they had a magnetism. He felt like he was watching something that should be private—an outsider watching two people about to mate.

It didn't stop him from furiously stroking himself, getting ready to cum. Consequences be damned. He leaned against the wall, trying to get as close as possible. He could hear Lester whispering

something but couldn't make it out. Why had Sarah forgotten all about him?

"You like getting fucked by me?" Lester whispered as he started to increase his tempo, his hips bucking against the young wife's. Sarah's hips were thrusting up to meet his unrelenting pace.

She was so close to cumming again. She didn't want to lose it.

"Uhhhh I love it. I love the way you fuck me, Lester," Sarah grunted as her tongue licked the side of Lester's face. Just needed to taste him. "I think about it all the time."

"Ugh, uh, even at work?" Lester grunted, feeling his balls getting ready to explode.

"Yes," Sarah whispered back through gritted teeth.

"I want to fuck you in your office," Lester grabbed a handful of her ass and thrust into her.

Sarah gasped as Lester continued to drive her crazy, "I want to fuck you right on your desk."

"Ah FUCK LESTER," Sarah screamed. It had always been a fantasy of hers to have sex at work.

"DO IT. I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME."

"Fuck Dan. You're just going to be MINE," Lester grunted as his balls began to tighten, "I'm going to fuck you in your office next time I'm in town, and there isn't a damn thing anyone can do about it."

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned, "Fucking do it. I can't wait. I want you to fuck me everywhere!"

"Good girl," Lester grunted as he started to jackhammer into Sarah. There was no going back now. He couldn't stop himself. His

biological impulses were in control, "I'm gonna cum Sarah.

Who do you belong to? Whose pussy is this?"

"Ah fuck! FUCK!" Sarah screamed, her nails digging into Lester's dirty sheets. An orgasm seemed to rip through her body. She felt her ankles go numb as blood rushed to her head, "It's yours. All yours, Daddy. I'm yours."

"FUCK," Lester lurched forward and held his breath on the edge of cumming. His cockhead expanded and then exploded inside of Sarah, jetting thick ropes of sperm into the beautiful wife. Sarah moaned into his ear as she felt his hot cum spraying inside of her, pelting her inside with his illicit seed. Another orgasm seemed to rise and ripple throughout her body, reverberating each time Lester's cum blasted the walls of her fertile womb.

"Aghh," Eugene grunted as he came, cum splattering out against Dan's wall. Eugene breathed hard, having just cum harder than he ever had. He closed one eye and looked back through the hole; one last glimpse of the goddess Lester was bedding. Stepping back from the wall, he looked down at the mess he had left there. Not wanting to get caught anywhere near the peephole, he stumbled out of the room and back towards the others.

Lester and Sarah kept fucking each other for several seconds, both of their hips not getting the message that they had both just cum. Slowly, their bodies came to rest, Lester still embedded inside Sarah. He rolled off of her onto his side, trying to catch his breath.

"Jesus," Sarah muttered, breathing hard and covered in a sheen of sweat. You're an animal, Lester."

Lester just chuckled and basked in the afterglow of sex with Sarah. Knowing how willing she was to have sex with him was one thing. How comfortable she was becoming around him was another step in the right direction. He knew he had to play nice with Dan, at least

for a bit, but he really did want to get Sarah alone to further his goals.

Sarah could feel her eyes getting heavy after the workout Lester had just given her. She could feel herself getting a little too comfortable in his bed. She knew she needed to get back to Dan. Wetness slid from between her legs. Sarah reached down and felt Lester's load dripping out of her. With a heavy sigh, she sat up, "I'm gonna jump in the shower."

"You coming back here after? Sleep here tonight." Lester yawned, staring at Sarah's naked back. He could feel himself growing harder, knowing Dan's wife was beside him.

"I think I'm going to check in with my husband after, Lester." Sarah stood up and moved around the room, trying to retrieve her clothing. It took her a couple of minutes, as her clothes blended into the mess on Lester's floor.

He reached out and grabbed her arm, pulling her towards him on the bed, "One more kiss before you go?"

Sarah bent over and pressed her lips against Lester's. To her surprise, he didn't stick his tongue in her mouth. He just let his lips linger on hers tenderly. Neither of them broke the kiss right away. Sarah was the one who pulled back as she felt more of Lester's cum leaking out of her.

"Do one last thing for me before you go in the shower," Lester said, looking up at her.

Sarah couldn't help but smile as she tried to ease Lester's door shut quietly. She wasn't sure if it was because of the intense fulfillment Lester had just given her or the devious little request he just asked

for. It felt good knowing she could make him finish so thoroughly and do little things for him.

The nerds' voices abruptly cut off further down the hallway. Clearly, she hadn't been as quiet as she had hoped. How long had Dan ended up watching at the peephole? Did he watch the way Lester kissed her? Or that he asked her to spend the night in his bed?

The idea of sleeping in Lester's room felt, well, complicated. She was exhausted, and knew that if she slept in there, Lester would try to go for another round at some point....

While she wasn't opposed to that happening, she did feel somewhat guilty about leaving Dan with the nerds. She wanted to check in with him and ensure things were okay. She really had put him in kind of an awkward situation with the whole game thing. He hadn't said 'Pineapple'

during it, but then again, he was behind the peephole as well. She'd unwittingly put him in a position where he couldn't say it to her.

Still trying to be quiet, she eased the door to Dan's room open and stepped inside. Sarah caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror, and a wicked smile spread across her face.

Those nerds weren't ready for her—not by a mile.

Her eyes drifted to the rest of the room, becoming aware that Dan was no longer there. When did he leave, and did he enjoy what he saw? She looked at the peephole and noticed below it a creamy sticky substance spattered onto the wall.

I guess Dan did enjoy himself, Sarah thought. She must have put on one hell of a performance for her husband to just leave a mess like that on the wall. Sarah decided she may as well clean it up, since she was partially responsible for it. Dan was probably off recovering somewhere or grabbing a glass of water.

Sarah grabbed a handful of tissues, walked over, and knelt next to the wall. Being so close, she could smell how potent it was. She started wiping it up but then decided to take her manicured finger and scoop up a globe of Dan's cum.

She licked her lips and raised an eyebrow as she felt the thick substance between her fingers. I really shouldn't let all of this go to waste.

Maybe she was still horny from Lester's fucking, or maybe she just wanted to taste her husband's cum. She didn't spend too much time thinking about it. Sarah stuck her cum covered finger into her mouth and sucked it clean. Her tongue rolled against her finger, ensuring she didn't waste a drop of it.

More bitter than usual, Sarah withdrew her finger from her mouth and licked some remaining cum off her lips. Then she scooped up another glob of the thick, creamy substance and repeated the process.

Mhmmmmm, it tasted less bitter this time. Perhaps her taste buds just got used to its flavor.

She moaned slightly,, closing her eyes, knowing how badly she was behaving. As she finished sucking off the remaining cum from her finger, she felt herself getting wet all over again.

Sarah cleaned up the rest of the mess with the tissues. Satisfied that she hadn't missed anything, Sarah left the room to find her husband.

Dan was still standing in the kitchen, letting events unravel around him. No matter how hard he tried, Sarah's being with Lester was his kryptonite. He felt his willpower drain away, and he was a bystander watching a car crash, unable to do anything.

Maybe he should check his health insurance to see if it covered therapists, he probably needed to talk to someone about his, even if it was shameful. Dan gripped his glass of water tightly as he saw Eugene walk back into the living room. The guy looked like he had just seen a ghost.

"Are you okay?" Ned said, looking up from his discussion with Greg.

"Yeah..I...uh...uh," Eugene started. He looked around at the apartment, perplexed. "That woman is something..."

"Yeah," Ned agreed eagerly, looking at Greg for agreement. Dan had let a complete stranger take his place at the peephole and watch his wife. Knowing Sarah was being watched by someone like Eugene felt strange to Dan, but he let it happen anyway. Part of him told himself that Dan stepping away was a sign of strength, not needing to watch Sarah and Lester, not allowing himself to be pulled in again. But the other part of him wanted Sarah to be seen, wanted someone like Eugene to see her.

"Where have you been, anyway? Bathroom too?" Ned asked.

Before Eugene could respond, the sound of a door opening down the hallway caused all three of them to freeze in place. Dan could hear light footsteps coming from the direction of the bedrooms. Sarah must have left Lester's room and gone into his. Then, her footsteps grew louder as she approached. All their heads turned towards the noise in anticipation of what would come.

Sarah stepped into the living room wearing nothing but her black silk robe. Dan had to do a double take because he hadn't seen her wear it in a long time. The loose robe stopped mid thigh, and Sarah had it loosely tied so that the side of her chest would occasionally be visible.

"Hi, boys," Sarah smiled as she cast them a seductive look. Before they could respond, Sarah turned her head and continued walking

towards the kitchen. Dan watched as all of the men's eyes stayed glued to Sarah's ass, watching her walk away.

Once out of view of the others, she winked at Dan, "How did you enjoy the show I put on for you?" Sarah poured herself a glass of water and took a long drink. Dan quickly realized she wasn't talking about walking through the living room in a robe. She must have done something on the other side of the peephole, assuming it was him watching. His eyes dropped down to her thighs, noticing the fluids leaking out of his wife, reminding him she had yet to take a shower.

"It was amazing," Dan lied. He still didn't fully understand why he had moved aside for Eugene, but he didn't want to admit it to Sarah, let alone himself. "You're amazing," he said.

"Oh, I know," Sarah smiled and covertly ran her hand across his crotch. "I'm glad you liked the show. And don't worry, I cleaned up that tasty mess you made in there."

Sarah ran her tongue across her mouth and raised her eyebrows at Dan before turning around and walking back into the living room. Then, loud enough for all the men to hear, she said,

"I'm going to take a shower."

She began undoing the silk belt of her robe as she walked towards the hallway. The nerds'

eyes were glued to Sarah until she disappeared into the hallway, dropping her robe on the floor at the same time.

Ned leaped out of his chair and dashed towards the hallway. As he got to her discarded robe, he caught a glimpse of Sarah's naked back as she went into the bathroom.

"Alright," Dan said, finally finding his nerve again. He strolled across the living room to Ned, who had picked up Sarah's robe and sniffed it. Dan grabbed the robe from his hands and looked at the men loitering around the living room. "Game night's over. I think it's time you all head out."

Dan was surprised Lester hadn't come out to see his guests off. But then again, Lester never really gave a shit about anything. He'd gotten what he'd wanted, which was to make a statement to the group by showing Sarah off.

"Yeah, okay, that makes sense," Ned said as he collected his things. Greg already packed his bag and beelined to the door, looking extremely uncomfortable. Eugene stayed planted, standing in the middle of the living room, staring at the robe in Dan's hands. His gaze shifted over Dan's shoulder to the empty hallway.

"Okay," Ned said, walking up to Dan and extending his hand. It was great meeting you, Dan."

Dan looked down at the man's hand and thought back to how he had cupped his crotch while running to the bathroom. "No offense, but I'll wait until next time to shake your hand."

Ned looked down at his hand, and his face turned scarlet, "Completely understand." Then he turned and walked towards the door where Greg was waiting. "Eugene, you're our ride, dude.

Let's go or Greg's mom is gonna be pissed."

"Right," Eugene said, finally shifting his gaze from the hallway. "Let's go."

Dan watched the three men shut the door behind them. The living room was still in disarray, with crumbs left on the table and the folding chairs still set up. I'm not cleaning up this shit.

He held onto Sarah's robe as he walked down the hallway. He debated heading into his room to wait for Sarah, but Lester might slide into the bathroom. But she probably had locked the door.

Dan tried the knob on the bathroom door. Turning it the entire way. She hadn't even bothered to lock it. He remembered all the issues they had with locks in this apartment. Maybe she just doesn't care anymore? That seemed like such a strange idea.

He opened the door and closed it behind him. "Hey," he said, unsure what to say to his wife.

"You put on quite the performance tonight."

"Did you enjoy yourself? Well, I know you did for the second show. But what about the first one at the table with the game?" Sarah stuck her head out of the shower and was still wearing her fuck me eyes.

"You were something else. You had them eating out of the palm of your hand. I think you made that Ned guy cum in his pants," Dan chuckled as he leaned against the counter, arms crossed.

"I do have that effect," Sarah grinned, waiting for him to say something.

After he stopped watching, he wanted to ask about what happened in the room with Lester.

Or ask if she really licked up the cum in the room, but he didn't dare mention anything. He started to feel like he was keeping some fucked up secret from her now, and he was already in too deep. The best course of action was to keep moving forward and hope it didn't get brought up again.

"Lester did ask me to spend the rest of the night in his room." Sarah said, "I was planning to come back to your bedroom to help you

relieve any built-up tension from tonight, but I see that you already did that."

She was talking about the cum on the wall. He needed to zig away from that, but it would be tough get any relief out of her tonight without giving it up. He'd have to play the satisfied husband card and not try anything. "Well," Dan said, "It's hard not to relieve that tension when I'm watching you. Doesn't matter, though, I still want you in bed with me tonight. Just to be close to you. You're not going anywhere."

"Okay," Sarah smiled, "I'm all yours. Just give me a couple minutes and I'll finish up. I'm just rinsing off."

"Yeah, no problem," Dan said, not moving.

"You don't need to wait here, Dan," Sarah said as she rinsed her skin in the water.

Dan could go back to his room and wait for her, but if Lester had already made a play at having Sarah again that night, he might try another one while she was still in the shower.

"It's okay, I like to watch you," Dan said, "You're so fucking sexy."

"Bad boy," Sarah grinned and winked at him. Then she turned and continued to rinse off.

The white noise from the shower was therapeutic for Dan. He closed his eyes and replayed the night's events and possible ideas of how he could have changed things. The most egregious was not shutting the bedroom door and allowing Eugene to watch Sarah ...and then not telling her what had actually happened.

Still, the way that Lester and Sarah were getting along bothered him. The way they seemed to gel together during the game earlier. Sure, she had been putting on a bit of an act. The same way she did

for him when they'd roleplayed, but she was so committed to it. It was hard knowing what was real and what was pretend.

He couldn't believe he had left Eugene watch. To allow someone else into his spot at the peephole. To watch his wife and her body. To see into this fucked up fantasy of theirs that was spiraling out of control. To roll the dice....Stupid D&D.

Dan decided on his next actions. He needed to take control of this fantasy and try to find a way to cut Lester out. At the very least find new ways to explore it without him. Otherwise he worried that for his wife, the fantasy would just warp and center around his roommate.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 17

Author Note:

Hey everyone, I've been a little quiet putting the final touches on this chapter, but it's finally here. Silence from me usually = writing. Thank you to everyone who provided feedback that helped improve this chapter. I've included some small additions here and taken some great nuggets to use in the future.

I can't wait to hear what you think of this chapter. I've been waiting anxiously to write this one as it sets up a few things, most importantly, a scene in chapter 18 I've been dying to write since chapter one.

Big shoutout to Grandeman, as usual, for helping me to polish this chapter up.

May should be a great month for more dirty stories :) Don't forget to check out the attachments to see some attire from Sarah in the back half of this chapter (thank you Roxy).

Dan realized he was breathing too quickly. He took a moment to try to calm himself down and steady his breath to slow things down. He also realized he was already hard as a rock, a development he was happy to see. Not that he didn't expect to be able to achieve it, but just that he didn't have any problems getting hard without his roommate being involved somehow.

After the events of the Dungeons and Dragon game, he realized that he'd fallen off the deep end. Even though he and Sarah had made a pact to keep each other safe, he didn't think she fully grasped how powerless he'd become when it came to succumbing to his fantasies. He was ashamed at just how easily he'd shrunk back from the wall

to let a relative stranger watch his wife at his place at the peephole. To allow her to share her infidelity with other people watching.

His place at the peephole. That just sounded so... wrong ...and pathetic. What the fuck was he doing? He'd had a hard time reconciling his thoughts with his actions lately. Work was still a shitshow, but at least he was making an effort to regain control by pursuing side gigs. And that was going pretty well. He felt like he was on the right track. He just needed to put in some more time. But his marriage felt chaotic. Sarah's visits to be with him now seemed to revolve around his roommate, Lester. Just like with his work life, he needed to take back control. He had continued attempting ways to get back in charge there but kept falling short. Somehow, his fantasies always won out. So, tonight, they were trying something else at Dan's suggestion.

He wanted to cut out the middleman and —

"I can't believe we're doing this," Sarah purred as she climbed into the backseat of the car with him. I don't remember the last time we played in a car, do you?" She whispered

conspiratorially, a mischievous smile playing on her face. She leaned in close and kissed his neck, nuzzling in.

Dan couldn't remember the last time they'd played outside either, "Probably back sometime before we bought the house."

He had spent the past few days back home in Middleton with his family. He'd have to make the trek back to Chicago tomorrow, but tonight, he wanted to try something new. Even though he planned to come back for good soon, he felt like he needed to explore his fantasies without Lester present. They needed to do that. Otherwise, it was like they were just stuck in his roommate's fucked up orbit. That's why he suggested dropping the kids off at Sarah's parents'

house and spending the evening alone. She was surprised at his suggestion of parking somewhere and fooling around, but she didn't hesitate to give an enthusiastic 'yes.' Her parents were happy to come to their house and babysit the kids until their date night ended.

Not exactly what Dan had envisioned but he'd take it.

"Mhmm, you're probably right," Sarah turned and bent over into the front seat. The motor on the passenger seat whined as Sarah adjusted it forward. Dan openly ogled his wife's upturned ass as she worked. He used considerable willpower in not picturing his hideous roommate behind her, his thick fingers mauling her cheeks. Dan blinked as his wife made the same forward adjustment for the driver's seat before turning back towards him.

Dan couldn't help but admit how beautiful his wife looked, even while having thought so after all this time. She looked at him with her bedroom eyes, struck now with a look of naughtiness, and knelt in front of him. She was wearing a gray hoodie that hid her seductive curves, and a pair of sweatpants, and she'd put her hair up in a bun. Not exactly the sexy outfit he had hoped for, but it didn't dampen his desire for his wife. His cock ached behind the fly of his jeans.

He looked around at the empty parking lot, checking for the hundredth time to see if there were any other cars. Unfortunately, the lot was empty. Dan had researched to find an out-of-the-way parking lot with the privacy of tree cover. This one seemed the best since it was near a popular walking trail and abutted a nature preserve. Still, he hoped it wasn't too out of the way that no one would show up. He wanted to attempt reenacting one of Sarah's dates with Lester to try and wrestle back that fantasy for both of their sakes. Looking back at his wife in front of him, she was now focused on his crotch - biting her lower lip, moving her eyes to meet his.

Sarah ran her manicured fingertips up his legs, "So, do you think anyone will show up?"

"I don't know," Dan said, feeling his cock lurch against his jeans. He took another glance around the lot, not seeing any movement, and then turned to face Sarah. "I'm not sure if this is a popular spot or not."

"Well, how badly do you want someone to show up?" Sarah eyed him in the moonlight. He gulped. That look in her eyes as if there were a wild, unquenchable fire behind them. Her unpredictable nature always sent him over the edge. "Will you be disappointed if no one comes?"

"I plan to cum either way," Dan grinned, "So someone will be cumming, don't you worry."

"Mhmmm, that's for sure," Sarah whispered, "I'll make sure of it."

Her hands reached up and began to undo the button on his waist. With it out of the way, she began tugging his jeans down. She pulled them off, along with his boxers, in a few quick movements until he was naked from the waist down.

"I like what I see," Sarah grinned, leaning forward and planting soft kisses up his thigh.

Working her way up towards his dick. "I was surprised by your suggestion tonight, but I won't lie. It does turn me on."

He could feel her hot breath on his thighs, causing him to shiver in anticipation. He hadn't felt his wife's mouth on his cock in weeks.

"Your idea got me thinking about other fantasies you might have that we might want to explore. What else can I fulfill for you, baby?" Sarah looked up at him as her tongue darted out and gently ran across his shaft before teasingly retreating back in between her lips.

Sarah resumed planting kisses around his crotch, studiously avoiding his balls and shaft. She was determined to tease him until he responded to her. Her tongue burrowed into his upper thigh by his nutsack, twirling and sucking.

Lester immediately flashed into Dan's mind, thinking how he'd watched him fuck his wife repeatedly through the peephole. How Sarah had enthusiastically felled the disheveled man and the way he took her in her wedding dress. The time Lester roughly fucked her in the parking garage, and that bum had watched intently. He'd seen his naked wife exposed to the eyes of that dirty stranger as she fucked another man. He thought of Sarah exposed in other ways, all of those nerds watching her, surrounding Lester's bed as she had rode his cock.

Maybe Sarah taking on two random guys, both at once, in some shitty motel in a rough part of Chicago. Her picking up a stranger from the bar and bringing him back to their room, giving him whatever he wanted, serving herself up to be taken.

Shit.

His mind was already losing control again. He needed to get a hold of himself if he was ever going to get this fucking impulsive shit under control. Dan needed to speak and say something.

His cock throbbed, requiring his wife's attention.

"Your office - at work." Dan finally managed to whisper. He saw a smile flash on Sarah's face.

"Well," The hot breath that came with her words seemed to heat up his cock. Her tongue finally made brief contact with his balls, causing his entire body to stiffen. "...I heard Lester is supposed to be coming into the hospital this week. What if he corners me in my office again, Dan? I told him not to last time. We made that deal. Did you want

me to change it and fuck him there? There isn't any closet you can hide in to watch."

That's not what he'd meant. He'd meant the two of them. Sarah and him. Her husband. But hearing Lester's name being brought up in the car - Sarah using it to tease him here and her willingness, at least during this little roleplay, to indulge the idea of fucking Lester at work was too much for him.

"That's, uh, fuck," Dan said as Sarah's tongue began to work up his shaft. "I meant me in your office. Me and you." In his head, the picture of Lester's reddened, straining face as his balls exploded and emptied into and onto his wife almost made Dan erupt just then. He opened his eyes, trying to focus on what was happening inside the car.

"Mhmmm," Sarah's mouth wrapped around the tip of Dan's cock. Her tongue felt so warm and wet around his cockhead. The horny husband's breath caught his throat, and he threw his head back onto the top of the seat. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling as Sarah wrapped her hand around his shaft and started to stroke him as her tongue danced with the head of his cock. He watched as his wife skillfully took his entire length into her mouth, the head of his cock at the opening to her throat.

After a few minutes of sucking, she finally broke contact with him. Dan lifted his head, and Sarah was staring up at him with her fuck me eyes. "Are you sure that's what you really want?"

To fuck me in my office at work? Or are you just trying to be a good boy? I bet I know what you really want to see. I know you're really a bad boy. You want to see my boyfriend fucking me on my desk, don't you? He'd be a lot to handle during work hours."

Dan groaned. This wasn't what he'd planned at all. Sarah knew what buttons to push and was just trying to please him. He couldn't look

at her as he battled his inner demons. He put his head back onto the seat as she continued.

"Lester already takes me out to expensive restaurants. It's weird. At first, I thought I would hate it but I actually have enjoyed all the dates he has taken me on. Maybe it's because I know that after the dates, I'll be fucked good..." Sarah was stroking his cock faster. "...really, really

fucking good. Nobody makes me cum that hard." He felt her breath on his balls, and her tongue began to lick circles into them. He groaned, pushing his balls up towards her tongue.

"What a lucky girl I am," Sarah said between licks of him. He felt her tongue everywhere: his balls, the bottom of his shaft, her tongue even darting under his sack, causing him to squirm.

"Not many other women get to have a husband and a boyfriend. One to take care of them and the other to fuck the shit out of them. Though I have to say, Lester has been serving both roles lately."

"But I think you secretly like that. Don't you, Dan? Like having Lester take control." Judging by the tasty mess you left on the wall of your room last time, I'd say that's true. Mhmmm. I can't believe I did that. Licked up your cum off the wall. You really have pushed me into becoming such a naughty wife. You and your roommate."

Dan grabbed the back of Sarah's head and pulled her to his dick. Sarah moaned as his dick went back into her mouth. He held the back of her head down as she started to bob up and down on his dick, her hand wrapped around the shaft, gripping him tightly. He needed her to stop talking. To stop bringing up Lester and what he does to her. She probably thought her teasing was pushing him over the edge. And it was; that was the problem. He'd wanted a Lester-free night, but still, here he was, thinking about the guy brutally fucking her, making her cum over and over again. And he didn't want to hear about the mess blasted on the wall again. He hadn't

told her that it wasn't his. The thought disgusted and turned him on, but he needed her to stop bringing it up. The moaning mewls his wife made as she blew him were starting to get him there, just as Dan's eyes blinked as a light shone on them. He snapped them open to see what it was.

Another car was pulling into the lot. The gravel crunching under the weight of the tires. It stayed still for a moment, its headlights shining on their car. Eventually, it turned and pulled up a few spaces away from them.

"We have company," Dan whispered as he released Sarah's head. Hopefully, the stranger's presence would interrupt her teasing about Lester. He wanted this to be about them, not his fat troll roommate.

"Do you think he saw us?" Sarah whispered, her hand still gripping Dan's cock.

"I don't know," Dan breathed, his eyes fixated on the car. Knowing someone was this close to them. To see his wife in a sexual way. This is what he wanted: to explore their fantasies alone.

Well, not alone, just not with Lester.

The interior light of the other car came on for a split second as the driver door opened and a man got out. The man loitered around his car for a second, but was clearly looking in their direction. Waiting for some kind of signal or assessment of the situation, Dan wasn't sure.

Sarah held Dan's cock as they both watched the stranger make his way around his car and slowly walk towards them. Both of them were breathing harder with every step the man took in their direction.

Dan could partially make him out in the moonlight. A bit older than they were. Likely in his forties. Looked a little rough around the

edges. He likely did a blue-collar job of some kind based on his appearance. Maybe he was just getting off of a shift.

"Dan, our windows aren't tinted like on Lester's car," Sarah said as she slowly stroked Dan's cock. "He is going to be able to see everything. To see me."

"I know," Dan whispered back. His eyes darted to the door locks to double-check that they were engaged. The man stepped up to the window of the car, his eyes immediately looking them over before coming to rest on Sarah's kneeling form.

Dan could tell the guy liked what he saw. The arousal on his face was clear. Sarah took her hand off Dan's cock, which made him look back at her.

"Well, now that our VIP has arrived, we can get this party started," Sarah said, raising an eyebrow at Dan. She pulled out the band, holding her hair in a bun. Dan wasn't sure if the stranger could hear what she had said. He probably could, but Dan wasn't sure.

Sarah's golden locks tumbled down, framing her beautiful face. God, this woman's incredible.

His wife reached down and grabbed the bottom of her oversized hoodie and pulled it off, revealing her a sexy white sports bra underneath. The kind that made her cleavage look amazing, and he would be incredibly jealous of the guys at the gym if she'd ever actually worn it to go work out.

Dan thought he heard the guy outside mutter something, but Dan's eyes were focused on Sarah's body. He didn't know she was planning this or had been hiding such sexy underwear under those frumpy clothes.

"How do you like the show so far?" Sarah said. Dan was about to respond but realized Sarah was looking out the window at the

stranger. She wasn't talking to him at all. His wife put her hand to her neck and brought it down her body, caressing her right breast, the one closest to the man outside the car.

The guy just stood there and nodded back, his eyes feasting on the visible skin of Sarah's breasts. "Well, the show isn't over yet," Sarah said as she stood up, partly hunched over and

turned her sweatpant-clad ass towards the window. She backed up until her ass was directly in front of the man's face and slowly lowered her sweatpants. Her ass slowly, teasingly, came into view as she exposed herself to this older man. This stranger. Sarah was wearing a matching pair of white bikini bottoms, the thong type that cut down towards her rear, exposing her entire ass cheeks. Dan heard the guy try the door handle. Thankfully, it was still locked.

Sarah either didn't hear the rattling or chose to ignore it as she stepped out of her sweatpants and knelt back in front of her husband. She reached out and grabbed Dan's cock again and began to stroke it while she turned towards the man, giving him a great view of her chest and the rest of her body.

Dan sat back in ecstasy as Sarah stroked his dick with one hand while putting herself on display for this stranger. This was what he had wanted. To take the power of their fantasies out of Lester's hands and put them back in his.

"Oops," Sarah innocently said as she lowered one of her bra straps, letting it dangle loosely next to her bicep. "How silly of me."

Sarah looked at Dan with a confident smile, letting him know she was in control of what was happening. Her gaze shifted back to the stranger at the window. Seeing her attention on another man was driving him crazy. The way she looked at him, her posture, everything about it said, 'Take me.'

He was glad the doors were locked and that their fantasy was contained, but what if they weren't? What if the doors were unlocked, and this guy opened one? How far would Sarah let things go? How far would Dan let things go?

Sarah kept eye contact with the man as she lowered her head towards Dan's dick. She eventually turned her head and opened her mouth, warmly welcoming his cock back again.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned around Dan's dick. Her hand gripped the base, stroking and squeezing him. Sarah's other hand reached up and lowered her other bra strap, exposing both her bare shoulders to this stranger.

Dan felt his balls begin to tighten. As if on cue, Sarah pulled her lips off his cock and turned to the stranger, "Don't you wish this was you? With me kneeling before you with your cock in my mouth?"

The guy simply nodded again, but Dan noticed his arm moving in an unnatural way. Actually, it was too natural. He must be stroking himself out there.

"Hmmm, I bet you do," Sarah said, raising an eyebrow at the stranger. "Would you just sit here and let me blow you? Cum in my mouth? Or would you try to fuck me? Fuck me until I screamed for you to cum inside me?"

The guy's arm movements became more erratic. Sarah's teasing was clearly affecting him. She turned her attention back to Dan's cock and slowly licked her tongue down its length until she started to lap at his balls. Her hand never stopped stroking his shaft.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned loudly. Too loudly. She wanted the stranger to hear her. "I bet you would taste good. I'm picturing you sitting here instead of my husband."

Sarah turned her head. Her cheek rested on Dan's thigh. Her tongue was still darting out, licking Dan's balls as she said, "I bet you have a really big, meaty cock don't you?"

The guy's jerking got even quicker. Dan could feel his balls start to tighten again at the way Sarah was talking dirty to this man. This stranger. She knew just what to do to put him over the edge. Usually, when he watched Sarah act this way, he touched himself. Feeling her touch on him at the same time was just too fucking much for him.

Dan's breathing became more rapid. Sarah looked up at him, knowing that her husband was getting close to coming. She rose up, stroking his cock. She pressed her breasts together with her arms, putting a show on for Dan. Urging him to cum. She bit her lip and looked down at his dick and then back up at him. She smiled wickedly and turned to the stranger.

"Maybe tomorrow night I'll come out here without my husband. And we'll see which of you can last longer for me and whose cock is bigger." Sarah smiled and then lowered her lips down onto Dan's dick just as he thrust up into the air.

"Ah fuck," Dan gritted his teeth as he came. His balls felt like a weight had been lifted as his cum shot out directly into Sarah's mouth. His wife moaned as he started to empty himself into her. Sarah held his cock firmly in her hand, directing the trajectory of his ejaculation. She didn't hesitate. She swallowed load after load of Dan's hot cum down her throat.

Dan slumped back, exhausted from cumming. Sarah's mouth stayed connected to his cock, her hand gently stroking him. She sucked any last remnants of cum out of him before swirling her tongue around the head of his cock, causing his body to shudder.

Then she turned and looked back up at the stranger. He seemed to be panting as well, his arm no longer jerking himself off. Seeing a

woman like Sarah and hearing her teasing words seemed to be too much for him.

The man stared at her for what felt like a full minute before nodding to her and turning back towards his vehicle. Sarah sat back on her knees, looking down at Dan's dick covered in her spit. She smiled at the exhausted expression on his face.

"So," She said, "Did I do good?"

"God, you were amazing," Dan muttered as he tried to find his boxers and pants. He didn't think his cock would get soft for at least a day.

Sarah licked her lips, "It's so much better this way. Tastes so much better when it's hot and fresh. Much better than licking it up off of the wall."

Dan's body froze, unable to respond. Sarah didn't seem to notice. She quickly pulled her sweatshirt back on and awkwardly shimmied into her sweatpants.

"It's almost eleven. Let's get back and relieve my parents from duty," Sarah said, lithely climbing into the front seat.

"Yeah," Dan said, trying to compose himself. His crotch felt slick as he pulled his boxers over it, followed by his pants. The man was pulling away in his car as Dan settled back into the driver seat. He looked over at Sarah, who was smiling back.

"You're amazing, you know that?" Dan said.

"Oh, I know," Sarah said, grinning.

Dan started the car and navigated to the parking lot's exit lane. He felt good. Not just because he had cum but because he felt like tonight had been a success. They'd done it, and it hadn't gone too

far. He was starting to take back control. This was just one night, but it was an important step in wrestling the power of their fantasies back from Lester.

It was almost time for the weekly management meeting. Sarah scrolled through the email on her monitor, scanning for anything urgent that she had to address today. It seemed like all the big fires had been put out, and there wasn't anything pressing to tackle after the meeting.

Still, she was sure a flurry of emails would come during the meeting. Her job had seemed to morph since Drew was fired from his position. The interim CEO, John, was doing a great job getting the board happy and motivated about the future of the hospital, but all of the day-to-day operational things that Drew had overseen had fallen on her. John wasn't the kind of leader to get lost in the weeds. He was more big-picture.

Unfortunately, that meant a lot more work was falling on Sarah's shoulders these days. She tried to delegate as much as she could, empowering department heads and other team leads

to make their own decisions, but it was an arduous process—one she was still ironing out on a constant basis.

However, all these changes would be welcomed if she were to get the CEO position. Just thinking about it seemed stupid, like it would make it not happen, jinx it somehow. Both Jerry and her husband had given her the impression that they thought that she could actually handle the role, though. These past few weeks of essentially doing Drew's job had proved to her that she could handle it, too. Even John seemed to hint at times that the board was seriously considering her a lead candidate for the role.

Getting the role would change things for Sarah and her family. Not only would it be a huge recognition for her years of work, but it would also mean a meteoric rise in her career. The salary change alone would be staggering. Dan would move back home, and they could figure out the next steps of his career together. They could be a real family again.

Still, she was guarded against getting her hopes up too much. She'd had her heart broken too many times over the past few years to open herself up like that. She'd hoped in secret and had done things like trying to straighten out new processes that could make her life as CEO easier.

She exited her email app and rubbed her eyes. It was still a lot of work, and she would have looked forward to going to Chicago for a break. Unfortunately, she was staying put for now. It just wasn't a good time to leave. She still needed to fulfill her obligation to Lester for a date before the end of the month.

Lester. She stood up from her chair and walked over to the large window behind her. She looked out over the parking lot, trying to find Lester's car. She couldn't see it, but he was supposed to be there today to do some things for Jerry. Her mind kept getting stuck on the phrase penetration testing that she didn't hear the list of other things Jerry had mentioned.

Intellectually, she knew that she didn't find Lester attractive. He was everything in a man that she didn't like. Sloppy, lazy, ugly, fat, and pretty much an asshole. She remembered back to when she hadn't been able to stand being around him. He had given her the creeps. She knew those were real memories. Sarah could still identify with feeling that way. But she couldn't hide that she felt this pull to him whenever he was around. That what had offended her before now got her immediately aroused. She felt it now, just thinking about it.

She didn't know what it was. Almost surely, it was the mind-blowing orgasms and sex he had with her. Maybe it was just a short-term stress relief that she needed, but she couldn't help but feel drawn towards him. Rationalizing and overlooking all those character and physical traits she had previously found so repulsive.

She couldn't help but feel a strange attraction to him. It felt messed up, though, and not the same way she was attracted to Dan or previous boyfriends. She got a shiver just thinking about it. The pull she felt towards Lester felt almost toxic. It was dangerous, and she knew it was bad for her, but at the same time, it was strong—incredibly strong. It made her want to expose herself and make herself vulnerable to him, let him do whatever he told her he wanted.

Sarah checked her watch. It was time to head downstairs for her meeting, and she needed to make sure her head was on straight. Before leaving her office, she took a sip from her bottle of water, retrieved a few vitamins, supplements, and other pills from her purse, and quickly swallowed them.

She looked over herself in the mirror mounted on the wall. Even though part of her brain told her she looked good, she still felt like a mess. Sarah liked the outfit she had worn today. A smart dark blue button-up dress shirt with a cute collar tastefully showing off the tanned skin of her neck. It looked very professional, but her bust pressing against the fabric also made it look sexy. The shirt was tucked into high-waisted dress pants at her navel that hugged her hips and ass but wore loose over her legs. The straight cut of the pants ran down to just above her ankle, and she paired it with silver heels on her bare feet. Even though the only skin she was showing was that of her hands, the tops of her feet, and a bit of her neck, it was an incredibly sexy outfit. Almost as sexy as what she wore underneath.

Then she took a second to compose herself and put her professional face back on before leaving the safety of her office. She walked down the hallway towards the elevator, hoping she wouldn't accidentally run into Lester on the way to her meeting.

The doors opened to an empty elevator. Sarah couldn't help but feel a pang of disappointment that he wasn't standing before her in the small room. She punched in the floor she needed to go to and rode it down.

She felt on edge and needed time to just relax away from the hospital. She was hoping that her night with Dan in the car would have helped alleviate things but it hadn't. Playing with Dan in public was fun, as was putting on a show for the stranger that showed up but something had been missing.

Sarah hadn't felt that same level of satisfaction or stress release that she normally did when she visited Dan in Chicago. Maybe it was because she only gave Dan a blowjob and hadn't gotten off herself. That was probably all it was.

The elevator opened, and Sarah stepped out, navigating the hallway with expertly confident steps as she found the conference room. She briefly greeted her colleagues before settling into an empty chair away from the others. She wasn't in the mood for small talk today.

Her phone vibrated in her pocket. The meeting room was still filling up and John wasn't here yet so she felt safe to check it. The message was from Dan.

D: Hope your day is going well baby. I love you. Just settling in here at Starbucks for a side business call. Wish me luck.

Sarah began to type up a response to her husband when she got another notification. This time it was from Lester.

L: What are you wearing? Send me a pic.

Then another message popped up containing a picture of Lester's large juicy cock. She stared at it for several seconds before quickly closing her app and putting her phone face down on the table. She recognized the background of that photo. He was somewhere in the building, probably in a cubicle somewhere in IT, with his cock out.

Sarah looked around the room to see if anyone had noticed. Thankfully, everyone else was engaged in conversations. Her phone buzzed on the table in front of her, causing a few people to look in her direction.

She reached out and quickly retrieved it, nodding in apology to her colleagues. She didn't know who the message would be from, Dan or Lester. Holding the phone close to herself and double-checking that no one was getting close to her, she opened the message.

L: I showed you mine. Now show me yours.

Sarah felt her breathing quicken as she quickly typed up a response.

S: I can't. I almost got caught last time. I told you I can't do this at work anymore.

John and Jerry walked into the room, carrying on a conversation from wherever they had just come from. Sarah began to tuck her phone away when another message appeared on the screen.

L: But last time in my room, you said yes to getting fucked in your office. I still plan on that.

Sarah quickly typed a response as everyone was quieting down.

S: That was Lady Val. Not me. Gotta go.

She held the power button on her phone and shut it off. She couldn't imagine it vibrating non-stop with dick pics from Lester while she

was here with all her colleagues. John began talking to the group, exchanging pleasantries with everyone before diving into things.

These meetings had established a somewhat normal rhythm over the past few weeks. Every department head briefed John on urgent issues and the status of different activities that arose from the last meeting. Of course, Sarah already knew where everything was at. So did John, for that matter, since she prepared a daily briefing email for him, but he still liked to have these meetings and hear from the department heads himself.

Everyone went around the room providing updates until the meeting was almost concluded.

As Sarah thought things were wrapping up, John held up a hand, urging everyone to stay for a moment.

“Just one more thing. A quick announcement. As you know, the board has been conducting a thorough and exhaustive search for the hospital’s next CEO, and I am excited to announce that they have made an offer for a stellar candidate.”

Sarah’s heart dropped. She hadn’t heard anything, and she hadn’t even gotten a chance to interview for the position. They wouldn’t just give it to her, would they? There hadn’t been an offer in her email inbox a few minutes ago. Jerry looked in her direction, but Sarah couldn’t take his eyes off John, waiting to hear what he would say next.

A buzz of excited murmurs filled the room. Several people cast glances in her direction. It wasn’t the best-kept secret that she was a favored replacement.

“The offer hasn’t been accepted yet, but we’re really excited about this candidate. He brings a wealth of experience from Aurora near Chicago that we would be extremely lucky to get. He is decisive and

already has a plan to transform this hospital, which the board is really excited about.”

Sarah felt herself grinding her teeth, trying not to show how much she was seething. It wasn't just that they didn't give it to her. They didn't even give her an opportunity to fight for it. John continued, “I just want to add that the board looked at this from all angles and spent many nights deliberating about where the hospital's future is headed, especially after recent events.

We looked at where the hospital was going and how it was operating internally. We looked at every possible option for this role, which is the best hospital route.”

His eyes briefly locked with hers before quickly looking away. Coward. There it was. His last line was specifically meant for her. Basically, telling her in front of everyone: ‘Don't ask me about this. The decision is final. It was cute you thought you had a chance.’

Dan took a sip of his caffè americano before pulling out his headphones. He had slipped away from the office for an early lunch to take this call with Sentinel Security. They'd finally had time to review his proposal and wanted to discuss it. Dan had built some buffer into his quote but still hoped they didn't try to negotiate him down too much. He hoped they weren't just about to butter him up and keep things at a standstill.

Landing them as a client would be a game changer and help make up much of the ground he'd lost when his company cut his pay. After a big layoff and with all the other departures, he was surprised Walt hadn't given him a raise to get him to stick around. Maybe Dan should have asked, but until then, he had his own longer-term, sustainable plans to make - just like his plan to wean himself off Lester and his wife. He felt confident about his ability to get his fantasies under control. The more he thought about it, the more he

thought that the best way would be to go cold turkey and detox his brain.

He still needed to protect Sarah but maybe she would be okay on her own. She knew how to handle herself and showed just how in control she was the other day in the car with that stranger. After the events in their home with the wedding dress, he swore he would always be present. Part of that was due to just how far Sarah seemed to be willing to go but also not wanting to be left behind himself, needing to be a spectator to this disgusting affair that was taking place in front of him.

Dan had jerked off many times to the memory of that night and others. His fantasies seemed to be seeping into other areas of his life, which is why he needed to cut himself off from them and focus. He couldn't let Lester control him.

He still needed to talk to Sarah about this and find out what she thought. God, it had been so long since they'd had an opportunity to talk about this stuff.

With two minutes to go before his call, an email popped up on the laptop screen before him. It was from Bill, the guy with Elevate Engagement. He was surprised because he didn't think they'd planned to actually follow through on things.

He read over the email. Elevate wanted to hire him on a consulting basis, paid hourly. They didn't try to negotiate down his hourly rate at all. He would be making the \$150 an hour he asked for. It looked like Bill was a stand-up guy after all. Well, it looked like he must have made an impression, at least on Bill. He quickly wrote down a to do-list item for himself to reply to their email but right now he needed to jump on this call with Sentinel Security.

Dan navigated to Microsoft Teams on his laptop and opened the meeting. Several boxes appeared on the screen of other individuals, none had their cameras on so Dan left his off as

well. It was easier this way anyways. Sentinel seemed kind of stiff, and he didn't want to advertise that he was taking the call from a Starbucks.

"Hi everyone. I'm Dan Williams. It's great to meet you," Dan said enthusiastically to the group.

"Dan, great to talk to you again," Dan recognized the voice. It was his point of contact from Sentinel Martin Rivera. "We're eager to talk with you. I have some of my colleagues here that are interested in discussing your proposal for our data center projects."

Martin introduced his colleagues before delving into the specifics of Dan's proposal. They hammered him on certain details, which Dan felt justified in defending. Dan held his ground and asked them several hypothetical questions the group hadn't considered. Dan glanced at the clock and knew he was due back in the office soon. Still, he wasn't going to cut this call short. This one could be a game-changer for his finances.

"Well, Dan," Martin seemed to be wrapping up the call. "...we did review proposals from other firms, but we like the personal attention you've shown us. We're going to move forward with bringing you on board here as our main expert consultant on this project. However, we will send back some amendments we think need consideration. First, we will need you to be in the office occasionally. Some matters of the project are delicate in nature, and we don't want to discuss them over the phone or email. Would that be a problem?"

Dan wasn't sure how he would make that work but would figure it out. Martin was based in Washington, D.C., but Dan could likely bill them for airfare. Maybe Sarah would want to go on another mini getaway. He would have to see how much leverage he had with Walt to see if he could work remotely during those trips. But that might mean a reduction in his ability to work remotely back home.

"That's not a problem," Dan said, "We just need to establish a schedule. I do have other clients and commitments, so we'll need to discuss those trips ahead of time."

"Great," Martin said, "Well, perhaps we can go over other details offline and let the rest of the group get back to work. We're really excited to meet you in person, Dan. Thanks again for the proposal. I know it's going to be great working with you."

"I feel the same way. Thank you everyone. Have a great afternoon." Dan said as he pressed the red button, closing the window. He sat back and took it in for a second. He'd just landed two new clients in thirty minutes. Things felt like they were finally clicking into place, and he soon would dig himself out of his hole.

Maybe just one or two more clients, and he could stop this fucked up arrangement with Lester. Then, if he got a few more long-term ones, he could quit his job and move back home

while he continued to build his business or look at other opportunities. He would at least give himself some breathing room. He just needed time. Time to get it all together.

Time. He checked the time on his computer. Shit. He needed to get back to the office. Dan didn't want to draw too much attention by taking extended lunch breaks. Walt hadn't noticed anything yet, but Dan didn't want to advertise where and why he ran out of the office every day. Still, he couldn't wait to tell Sarah the news. Two pieces of good news on one day was rare. He was already planning on heading back home to Middleton later this week. Now they'd have something to celebrate.

After quickly packing his laptop away in his bag, Dan grabbed his coffee and headed toward the exit. He'd only walked a few feet out of Starbucks when someone called his name.

"Mr. Williams," The man said.

Dan turned to see a man around his age in a sharp-looking suit standing in the shade against the wall. He looked around to see if anyone else was approaching him. The street was full of people walking by, but none seemed to be fixated on Dan as the man was.

"That's me. Who are you?" Dan said cautiously.

"Call me Peter. I'm interested in retaining your services. The sustainability points you put out on LinkedIn are very impressive and well-researched. You clearly know your stuff." The nondescript man stood up off the wall and walked toward him, hand extended.

Dan cautiously shook the man's hand, "Nice to meet you, Peter. Did you just happen to be waiting outside this Starbucks for me?"

The man smiled, "You got me, guilty. I recognized you but didn't want to interrupt your call, so I waited."

Dan didn't recall seeing this guy in Starbucks. Not that he was keeping tabs on everyone - this guy didn't seem particularly noteworthy.

"What exactly are you looking for?" Dan asked.

"I'm interested in retaining your services. Particularly if you get in touch with an old client of yours, we're interested in any information you might be able to provide about one of their current projects." Peter said, smiling as if what he'd just said was perfectly legitimate.

Somehow his smile wasn't reflected in his eyes. "Who exactly do you work for, Mr...." Dan let his sentence hang there, leaving space for the man to provide his last name.

"Just 'Peter' if you please," the man smiled emptily. "We'll pay handsomely. In fact, if you could arrange to work for that company, we would even pay you a salary on top of what they pay you. Seems like a win-win, huh?"

Something was off about this. Dan didn't like it. "And I suppose you won't let me know who you work for?"

Peter's lips curled into a tight grin. "All you need to know is that I work for a party that is very interested in some non-public projects that an acquaintance of yours is working on."

Alright. Red flags were going up in Dan's mind. This was beginning to sound dangerous, almost like corporate espionage. Dan couldn't help himself; he wanted to know more.

"What's the company you want me to spy on?" Dan said, cutting through the cloak-and-dagger bullshit this guy was selling.

The man winced at the word spy. He looked around the sidewalk at the people passing by.

Then, he gently grabbed Dan's elbow and gestured for him to go off to the side towards the building.

"The Lincoln Group. You worked with Byron before he fired your company, right? He has a few projects under his portfolio we want to know about. Like I said, we would compensate you."

The Lincoln Group. What the fuck was this about, and what the fuck were they working on that some company would reach out to him in such a shady manner?

"How much are we talking here?" Dan asked.

"It depends on what you are able to procure," Peter whispered, "We would give you a base salary for your trouble and bonuses for valuable information you can provide. All cash."

"There's one problem here Peter," Dan said. He didn't feel comfortable with this. He was just digging himself out of his issues and this felt like he would be jumping back into a world of trouble.

"The last time I spoke with Byron, I told him to go fuck himself. That guy hates my guts."

Peter's smile disappeared. "Byron is known for holding grudges. There is no way he is going to work with you now."

"I had the same thought," Dan said. "He didn't sound too happy the last time we talked."

"Tread lightly, friend," Peter said as he reached into his suit jacket. He pulled out a white card and handed it to Dan. Dan looked it over. It was blank, except for a telephone number written in black ink.

"In case anything changes," Peter said before joining the stream of bodies moving on the sidewalk. Dan stood there and watched him disappear around a corner, unsure what had just happened.

Dan had put the Lincoln Group behind him. He hadn't expected ever to hear their name again.

This day had just taken a bizarre turn, and he didn't know what to make of it. Still unsure what all of it meant, Dan checked his watch. He was late.

Hurrying up the sidewalk, he walked briskly back to his office. Sarah would be interested in that conversation. It dawned on him that he hadn't even told her the good news about Engage and Sentinel. Once he got back to his office, he would call her.

This job was a joke. Sure, it could be a full-time job for somebody else, but what Jerry and the other idiots from the hospital's IT team wanted Lester to do was a joke - shockingly simple.

They were all generalists pretending to know what they were doing.

No wonder it had been so easy for Lester to access and sabotage their systems. Now, they had him doing all kinds of tests, trying to infiltrate their network and highlight other holes that needed patching. It was easy but tedious.

He'd rather be at home playing video games than in this dumb little town. He couldn't deny that the job came with one perk: being close to Sarah Williams.

Lester punched in the number on the vending machine and watched the bag of Cheetos drop down. He retrieved it and headed back down the hallway. He wasn't where he was supposed to be. The IT guys had set aside a cubicle for him, but he'd already completed the work he needed to do on this trip. He had automated scripts running, so he didn't waste his time like these other peons.

No, he wanted to find her. She hadn't been in her office when he checked earlier, so no, he was walking the halls hoping to run into her. It wasn't that big of a hospital, after all. Lester believed that her routes must be predictable. Sarah wouldn't be in any patient rooms and would likely stick to conference rooms or department heads' offices. He followed a general route, checking these rooms off but had detoured for a snack.

Lester opened the bag and started to finger around inside it before finding a handful of delicious Cheetos. He downed them and reached back for another. These bags were always too fucking small. At least he had another bag inside his backpack for later.

He licked his thumb free of Cheeto dust and opened his phone as he walked down the hallway.

A smile spread across his face as he opened Discord. His D&D group was still reeling from their

last session. Ned had basically resorted to treating Lester like a god. The guy already didn't have a backbone, and now he felt

comfortable being Lester's doormat. It's always good to have a lackey.

Ned was already asking to host the next campaign at his game store. He thought having Sarah there might be good for business. Lester had no plans to let the group see Sarah again. His mission had been accomplished.

Eugene had been pacified and now largely stayed silent. He wondered if his plan would have worked so well if Dan hadn't let Eugene have a turn at the peephole. That had surprised Lester and hadn't been something he accounted for.

Lester rounded a corner and headed back towards the elevators. He had checked the video feeds in his apartment after he had fucked Sarah in his room. Knowing the group's reaction after he left with Sarah had always been part of his plan. But he had been surprised at seeing Eugene at the peephole. Dan had just stepped aside and let him watch, and then he'd finished on the wall.

It still confused him, but he didn't really care. Dan was weak, and it was Lester's job to make him realize that. As much as Dan probably thought he was above the rest of the group, he would eventually learn he was just a doormat like Ned. Lester pushed the button to call the elevator. He stepped back and leaned against the wall as he finished his bag of Cheetos.

Eugene had seemed thrilled at seeing Sarah naked but disturbed at watching Lester fuck her.

Lester didn't like to share unless it was under his terms. Eugene caught a glimpse of something he shouldn't. Lester made a note to pay him back for that one day.

But not even Eugene knew what happened after he left the room. After he left that mess on the wall. Sarah had actually gone in there and cleaned it up, tasting it. Fucking Eugene....

It was Lester's fault. He shouldn't have let his emotions get the better of him by bringing the D&D group there. He just wanted to put Eugene in his place. Which ended up being the result of the night. But a nugget had also appeared. Dan knew that Sarah cleaned up Eugene's mess thinking it was his. Her husband never admitted it wasn't. Lester wondered whether Dan had admitted the truth to his wife yet. And if he hadn't, how would she react.

Lester looked left and right down the hallway. No one was there. So Lester dropped the small bag of Cheetos behind him on the ground. The elevator dinged and opened. Much to his delight, Sarah Williams was standing in there waiting for him.

She looked surprised to see him. However, the rest of her features appeared upset. Something was bugging her. Lester stepped into the elevator and pressed the button for his floor. He nodded to her, "Sarah."

Then he turned his back to her, playing hard to get. He knew she liked attention, and by denying that to her, he was already pushing her where he wanted her to be —where she needed to be.

They stood there silently for a few seconds before Lester finally turned and asked her,

"Everything okay?"

"Yeah. I'm fine," Sarah said. Clearly a lie. "Just got some news I'm not thrilled about."

"Oh yeah? What is it?" Lester said, doing his best impression of a concerned person.

"It's nothing," Sarah sighed, "Just forget I said anything. I'm not really in a talkative mood right now, okay?"

"Sure, sure," Lester said, turning back to face the elevator doors, "I have a lot of work. I promised Jerry I'd get it done by the end of the week. I should probably get back to."

Sarah didn't respond. When the doors opened, Lester stepped out. Before they could close behind him, Lester held them open and said, "I know why you're upset, and I'm sorry for my part in all of it."

"Um, what?" Sarah said confused, "It doesn't have anything to do with you."

"It's my fault the guys were there. You know the D&D guys in our apartment?" Lester said. The elevator doors started to softly beep in protest.

"That's, that's not what-" Sarah started before Lester cut her off.

"I'm sorry that Eugene watched you at the peephole. He told me all about it after," Lester lied.

The look of shock on Sarah's face told him everything he needed to know. Dan hadn't told her.

She hadn't realized that Eugene had watched them. Saw her naked. So he decided to turn the screws a little more, "It was gross and uncalled for. He didn't even clean up the mess he made on the wall. I'm sorry if you or Dan had to clean it up."

Sarah's face dropped as she realized what had actually occurred. Before she could respond, Lester stepped back and let the elevator doors close. He was grinning from ear to ear as he walked back into the IT office and sat down at his cubicle. His scripts were still running, doing the job of a team double the size of the one the hospital employed.

Lester had just dropped a bombshell on Sarah. It was time to see what she would do and where the pieces would fall. All Lester knew

for sure was that he would be the one to pick up the pieces when the dust settled.

It hadn't taken Dan long to shake off the odd encounter at Starbucks. He was still riding high on landing two new clients in one afternoon, and he couldn't wait to tell Sarah about them and that strange interaction.

After a few client calls and a meeting with Walt, he was finally back in the privacy of his own office. Walt painted a nice picture of the firm, but the growing number of empty desks gave Dan a different impression.

Perhaps they were just finding efficiencies, but he still couldn't shake the feeling that he was on a sinking ship. Part of that might have been on him for how he dealt with Jesse and the Lincoln group, but no company should depend on one client to survive. There must have been more systemic issues before they'd gotten to that point.

Still, that was kind of the position Dan was boxing himself into. If he ever did go completely out on his own with his own roster of clients, he would be beholden to them. Sentinel was a big get but he needed at least a couple of them to feel safe about the future. Safe enough to leave.

Dan walked around his desk and took a seat. His monitor had plenty of pending emails, but they could wait. He was anxious to speak with Sarah about everything that had happened that day. She was going to be ecstatic at the news. One person whose support Dan could always rely on was his wife, Sarah.

He dialed her number and waited for her to answer. Sometimes, she was in meetings but would send a covert text back to him. Other times, she just couldn't answer, which was fine.

They both knew that sometimes, work obligations came first.

This time she picked up after a few rings.

"Hey babe, I got some great news. Two of the prospects I've been talking to want to work with me. I landed Engage. I told you about that one. The guy's name is Bill. He's from here in Chicago, and the other one is in DC. Sentinal Security. They said I might need to go out there on occasion, which I'll have to figure out with Walt and –"

"Dan," Sarah interrupted. "I want to ask you something."

Her tone caused the hair on the back of Dan's neck to stick up. What did she want to know?

Was it something about one of the clients he just mentioned?

"Back during the D&D game in the apartment, when I left with Lester to go into the bedroom.

I wanted to know, which position was your favorite?" Sarah asked.

Dan stayed silent for a second, puzzled at the abrupt change in topics. He was trying to figure out how the dots connected but couldn't see it. Maybe she was asking as a way to plan out something in the future. But that tone of hers. Something was off here.

"Uh, I don't know if I have a favorite, but it really turned me on to see you riding Lester," Dan said. In truth, that was the only position he remembered before he moved aside and let Eugene watch.

"That's it?" Sarah said, "Was that when I was riding him normally or when I did it reverse cowgirl?" Sarah asked.

"Normal," Dan responded. Now, his mind was flooding with all of the things he might have missed by letting that older man watch in his

place.

"Hmmm," Sarah said with an edge to her voice, "I was surprised you never mentioned the dildo."

The dildo? Dan wanted to say, but instead, he chose his words carefully, "What about it?"

"Nothing, I just thought that you'd mention it. That's all. It was a new thing for us." Sarah continued, "Me sucking off Lester while he fucked me with a dildo. Did it turn you on?"

Dan felt like he was circling the drain here but he didn't see a clear way out of it. "I wasn't sure."

"Wasn't sure of what? Did it turn you on or not?" Sarah said.

"Kind of? I don't really know how I feel," Dan said, hoping that was a safe response.

"You weren't at the peephole at all, were you?" Sarah's anger was clear. "It wasn't your cum on the wall at all, was it?"

"Ah, fuck," Dan breathed, wincing at the fact that she'd probably just heard him. "I was, but then that guy found out and watched."

"So, you just let this other guy watch me and Lester fuck and then didn't say anything about it? I thought that was your cum on the wall, Dan. God, I licked it up and swallowed part of it."

Do you know how fucked up that sounds?" Sarah said.

"Yeah, I know. It's fucked up," Dan felt like the wind had been taken out of his sails. "I didn't go in there meaning to. It just sort of happened. You know how I can get about letting someone watch you."

"What about after?" Sarah said. "I told you I licked it up, and you said nothing. Then, even the other day in the car, I brought it up, and you played it off again. Why didn't you tell me?"

Fuck. "It just felt like one of those things that got away from me, and I didn't know how to walk it back. I meant to talk to you about it, but I just have the opportunity."

"Dan. I'm not mad that you let someone watch. I'm not even that mad about the cum, even though it's disgusting to think about. It's the fact that you didn't say anything. Even after we had planned to do these things together. We're supposed to be a team, and you're hiding things."

"Well, how about you and Lester just leaving and going off to the room? Leaving me with all those guys. After everything, why was that okay to do?" Dan fired back.

"What? Do you want me to fuck Lester in front of all of his friends? Is that what you want?"

"What's your fantasy now? We're only here because you pushed for it to happen." Sarah said.

"Please, you've been loving every second of it lately. Don't forget I've seen you with him. I know how you get lost in it. It's not just about my fantasies anymore. You're enjoying yourself too." Dan's face felt flush. He looked out the window of his office into the cubicle farm beyond.

It dawned on him that he was speaking louder than usual.

"You know what? I am." Sarah said, "I didn't think I would, but you pushed me onto him, and now I enjoy fucking Lester. Is that what you wanted to hear? He gets his job done. He fucks me so good that I think about him all the time now. How fucked up is that, huh?"

Dan was at a loss for words. He didn't know how to respond. Hearing her say those words stung, not because of the malice in her voice but because of the truth behind them. He pushed her towards Lester, which was his fault because he lost his job. Dan put them into this situation and now he had to deal with the consequences.

Neither of them spoke for a full minute. Dan couldn't bear the silent treatment anymore. He just wanted to get off the call and go have a drink.

"Okay then," He finally said. "I don't know what to say here but I have to go to a meeting."

"Fine," Sarah said. The line clicked, and she ended the call.

Dan set his phone down and pinched the bridge of his nose, "Fuck. Fuck. What the hell was that?"

Why didn't he just tell her the truth? Why? Why did he have to keep his dumb mouth shut?

Why did he step aside for that joker in the first place? This stupid fantasy of his was ruining his life. No. He was the one to blame, letting his fantasy control him. Manipulate him.

If he hadn't started this shit with Lester, he never would have had to flip on Jesse. If that didn't happen, maybe his pay wouldn't have been cut, and the team laid off. How many lives had Dan's fantasy ruined? If his pay didn't get cut, he wouldn't have had to pimp Sarah out to Lester on their fucked up dates that she was now seemingly enjoying. Where was this all headed?

And Sarah just admitted she liked fucking Lester and going on dates with him? Was she being truthful or was she just trying to hurt in the moment when their conversation got heated.

Fuck.

Dan couldn't predict the future, but looking at the past, he saw that his fantasy wasn't serving him the way it should be. He wasn't enjoying it anymore. All the dominos that had fallen in his life recently had been because of it and how he had coped with it. Maybe it was time to take his hands off the steering wheel and see where things landed. It couldn't be worse than where Dan was guiding them.

But if he stepped back, what would happen to Sarah? He needed to get his shit under control.

Would she understand?

The monitor was turned off, and her phone was down on her desk. Sarah was turned away from all of her stressors. She had swiveled her chair around to face the window. She wasn't looking out, though. Her eyes were closed, and she was deep in thought, slumping slightly.

Today had not gone as she expected. What started as a predictable, run-of-the-mill day had been turned upside down by the new CEO's announcement and discovering Dan's lie. She wasn't sure which upset her more, but right now, both seemed to be tangled together. Anger and disappointment mixed with her wounded pride.

She checked her watch. Only a little while before she could get out of there without raising any eyebrows. As the clock ticked closer to four, she was getting impatient. Get out of the hospital, grab the girls from their after-school program, get home, and make dinner. Then, once the girls were in bed, she'd open a bottle of wine and get in the bath.

The bath with a heavy pour of Cabernet seemed so far away. She just wished she could get away from the hospital right now. Her mind was still all over the place, and she felt like a mess.

She knew better than to have gotten her hopes up about the CEO position. She wasn't qualified for it despite what others had said. With the board being dominated by men, she should have known the chances of a woman getting it were zero—especially one like her who

didn't have a fancy MBA or who'd gone to business school. No matter how competent she was, it just wasn't something that happened.

Would anything she ever did at this hospital matter? Sure, she made things run better, which helped improve patient outcomes, but was this job as far as she could go here? She enjoyed it, but she wanted more. Sarah had finally opened herself up to the possibility of more, and John stuck a knife in that opening. Her career had always been meaningful, but it had always played second fiddle to Dan's in their marriage.

Lately, her career has been the one keeping the family afloat, and she wanted to reach for more. She couldn't believe they didn't have the balls to interview her. John had been too much of a coward to even speak to her before he announced it this morning. That asshole had hinted at her being considered but now just dropped her like work meant nothing. Like she was nothing.

Sarah felt like she could feel steam coming out of her ears. That man had pissed her off. She might have overreacted with Dan afterwards, but he'd still lied to her. Even after all this time, after all she'd done for his fantasies, and after all the talk about being on the same page, he'd gone ahead and lied. Lying was the one thing she absolutely couldn't stand for. It was disrespectful and made Dan seem weak. After being disrespected by her colleagues, she was getting it from her husband too.

Part of her felt justified in snapping at him, but a quiet voice told her she had gone too far. He was simply weak in the face of his

fantasies, and it was her job to protect him. She wanted to feel justified in her anger, so she ignored that small voice, at least for now. Her feelings were valid, especially after how he'd tried to put things back on her. This whole mess was his fault.

She wouldn't be in this mess if he hadn't gotten laid off and then failed to find a new job.

Sarah exhaled. She was working herself up, and it wouldn't do her any good. She turned around in her chair and moved the mouse. The monitor blinked back to life, and Sarah looked over her emails. Her mind kept drifting back to things, mostly to Dan. Maybe she should call him back and apologize or at least try to talk things through. It would be easier in person, though. She wanted him to stew for a little while. He needed to be the one to call back and try to apologize first. If she gave in now, he wouldn't learn anything. Maybe that's what Dan needs, a swift kick in the ass to get his head on the straight.

Someone knocked at the door.

Sarah took a moment to straighten up her appearance, "Come in."

The doorknob slowly turned, and the door swung open. Lester walked into her office with a straight face and shut the door behind him.

"Lester..." Sarah was surprised to see him here. The image of Lester sharing her bath later popped into her head. She couldn't think like that right now. It was still time to be in work mode. Besides she felt like a mess. She probably looked like a mess. God, what a weird thought, not looking good enough for Lester. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm just about to head out for the day. Back to the hotel," Lester stepped closer to her desk but didn't approach directly. He looked

around the room, seeming more interested in the decor than her. She must really look like crap today.

"But I wanted to check in on you," Lester took a step closer. "You looked really upset earlier in the elevator, and I'm sorry if I pissed you off."

"It's...." Sarah started. She wasn't in the mood to talk, but it was nice having someone check in on her, especially at work. She had her work friends, but she always had to keep them at arm's length in her role as administrator. Lester was not necessarily part of the hospital ecosystem like the others were. He had more of a neutral role as far as Sarah was concerned. It felt nice knowing someone cared. "It wasn't your fault, Lester. It's just some work stuff. Today was a stressful one, that's all."

Lester was now on the other side of her desk, looking down at her. He still seemed to be very good at getting closer to her when she wasn't looking, but she wasn't at all alarmed by his presence.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Lester said sincerely.

"No, not really." But she did want to talk about it—she wanted to scream about it. She hadn't gotten a chance to talk with Dan earlier before she went off on him. "It's just that something happened today. I was hoping for a different outcome, and now I'm not sure what to do."

"Ah, I get it," Lester said, moving around behind her desk and looking out the window. That wouldn't have happened with a colleague. They wouldn't have moved past the invisible line of her desk. His actions implied he was more familiar with her. He definitely was, but she wasn't sure he should be showing it at work. Behind her, Lester stared out into the parking lot as Sarah just sat there, aware of him only in her peripheral vision.

"It sucks," Lester crossed his arms. "To think something might happen only for it to fall through. To get your hopes up for it. Only to get the carpet pulled out from under you."

"Yeah," Sarah said, rechecking the time. It was almost time to hit the road. "It does."

"Did you know about Eugene?" Lester said quietly. "I didn't surprise you with that, did I? I'm sorry if I added to your stress."

"No, uh, hey just stop saying 'sorry,' okay?" Sarah turned towards him. "And no, I didn't know about it until you said something."

"Hmmmhmm." Lester continued looking out the window.

What did he mean by that? That sound. Like he was analyzing what she said. "What do you mean? 'Hmmmhmm'?"

"It just seems weird," Lester still wasn't looking at her. Was she that much of a mess?

Normally, he would be all over her. They always say bad things happen in threes. God, that's just what she needed—to be rejected by Lester, worse, pitied by him.

"It's just...I always thought you and Dan were on the same page. You guys always seem to put me in my place, you know. It's weird that he would hide anything like that from you." Lester said.

It didn't sit right with her either. He had barely defended himself before he started to lash out at her—the way a child does when they get caught. Even Lester thought their relationship was solid but was not questioning it, not directly, anyway.

"I don't know, Lester. I haven't had a chance to talk with him about it. My mind has just been preoccupied dealing with all this work stress today." Sarah lied.

Lester moved, disappearing from the edge of her vision. She didn't want to turn and look for him. That might make her look weak or afraid; she only wanted to convey confidence here in her office.

His footsteps sounded behind her. Then she felt her chair move slightly before his hands came to rest on her shoulders. His fingers began to dig into the material of her blouse as she started to massage her.

"Lester, no, nnaahh..." Sarah said, but she couldn't deny that his hands were hitting the right spots. It felt good. She hadn't realized how much stress she had been carrying. "If someone walks in..."

"Shhhh," Lester said from behind her. "It's just a massage. I can see how stressed you are." His fingers pressed down, finding her knots and working to eliminate them. "Besides, I locked the door."

That made sense. The door was locked. No one would see. And anyway, it felt great. His fingers dug into her shoulders before one hand applied pressure to the nape of her neck, "Uh, mhmhm. I needed this. Thank you."

Lester stayed silent, focused on massaging her neck and shoulders, breathing in the sexy woman's scent. She always found it surprising how skilled he was at massaging her. He didn't look like the type, but what did she know? Maybe all those video games had built up his fingers' dexterity. Sarah closed her eyes and let her head relax against the chair. She shouldn't feel guilty about enjoying this after the day she'd had. Besides, this was the first time her mind wasn't drifting back to John or Dan.

After five minutes, Lester's hand reached down and softly undid the top button of her blouse.

Sarah opened her eyes as Lester moved his hands inside her blouse and started to massage her bare skin, "Wha, Lester?"

"My fingertips were getting irritated against the silk. Besides, it's easier for me just to massage you skin to skin," Lester said gruffly.

That made sense. It did feel better, having him work directly on her skin instead of pressing her blouse down into her. "Uh," Sarah involuntarily moaned as Lester started to work on a knot in her shoulders. She knew he was pushing for more contact and allowed him to proceed.

"Am I hurting you?" Lester asked.

"No. Yes, a little, but it hurts good." Sarah's eyes were closed again as Lester pushed his thumbs into her shoulders.

"Heh," Lester laughed softly.

"What's so funny?" Sarah said absently as Lester manipulated her body. Her hands felt good on her. Her body felt like it was responding, and not just on her shoulders. Just knowing this man who fucked her so well had his hands on her was causing her to feel something between her legs.

"It's just that normally, when you say that it's for a different reason," Lester said. Sarah could hear the stupid grin on his face. She remembered the first time Lester had fucked her, how she'd felt stunned by the faint pain and immediate pleasure of what he could do to her.

"Well, you're just as good at massaging as you are at....other things." Sarah moaned again as Lester kept kneading her skin. She opened her eyes and saw that her monitor had turned off again. Now she could see her reflection in the darkened screen.

When did that second button get undone? Sarah could see the floral patterns of her black lace bra in the reflection. She wondered whether Lester had a good view of her chest and if he was getting hard from this.

"Do you remember the last time I massaged you?" Lester asked quietly.

The night he came over for dinner, he surprised her in her bedroom. He said she looked stressed and directed her to the bed to massage her. Then he made love to her for the first time. It caught her off guard, knowing that he wasn't just fucking her but actually trying to make love to her. Something lovers do. She had gotten so lost in the moment. Both of them had. That was the first time Lester had cum inside of her, and she'd let it happen.

"Yes," Sarah whispered. The memories of that night and Lester's hands on her were heating up her body. She couldn't see it in the reflection, but she felt like her chest must be flushed.

"How would you rate the last massage?" Lester's firm hands continued to press into her shoulders, his fingers now exploring the top of her chest before pulling back up to her shoulders. His fingers slowly moved aside both of her bra straps, giving him better access to her skin. "Rate it out of ten."

Sarah didn't say anything for several seconds. Her head lolled to the side as Lester worked on her. It felt so good. All she had to do was focus on this feeling. All of her issues seemed so distant.

"Ten," Sarah said.

"Mhmmm, I see," Lester said. It felt like his head was now above hers, looking down at her.

She kept her eyes closed, opting to focus on the pleasure his hands were giving her.

"And what about this one?" Lester asked.

Sarah bit her lip, "It's pretty good."

"But not a ten," Lester said. Sarah could feel his breath on her exposed neck. His mouth seemed to be close to her ear. Goosebumps spread across her shoulders, and the hair on the back of her neck stood on end. "Interesting."

"What makes it so interesting?" Sarah noticed her thighs were rubbing against each other.

"I think if I'm going to make this massage a full ten, then I need to add some additional services like I did last time," Lester said before his wet lips pressed against her neck. Sarah felt a shiver run through her body as Lester's lips began to kiss and suck one of her most sensitive areas. He lapped at her neck, and moisture surged between the married mother's legs in response.

"Uh, mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she quivered in the chair. She didn't know what to do.

She didn't know what she wanted, but her body responded to Lester's touch. He was making her feel good, and she didn't want him to stop. After a day like today, she just wanted to cling to this, "What, ah, services would those be?" She steadied herself with a hand on her desk.

Her other hand held Lester's head to her neck, prolonging the contact of his tongue.

Lester licked a trail up her neck until he got to her ear. There, he began to nibble on her earlobe. His hands abandoned her shoulders for her chest, his fingers pushing in, diving underneath the material of her lacy bra to cup her supple breasts. He started to play with her hardened nipples, gently toying with them between his fingers and thumbs. Then he whispered, "Making sweet, slow love to you in your marital bed until you beg me to cum inside you."

Oh god. Visions danced behind Sarah's closed eyes of Lester, taking her slowly to her bed. Her and Dan's bed. Feeling Lester on top of

her, his fat body pushing down on her, almost suffocating her. His breath on her neck. His cock pushing deep inside of her, pulsating within her. His warm cum spurting out, flooding her insides, and claiming her.

She opened her eyes and saw Lester's fat head planted next to hers as he devoured her earlobe. At some point, all of the buttons on her blouse had been undone. She sat there, exposed to the room. His hands were mauling her chest. This wasn't her persona at work. She was a professional here, in control. She couldn't. She couldn't have sex with Lester here. Too many things could go wrong. She had to get back control. Take control from him. Tell him how things were going to go.

Sarah reached out and grasped her desk and pulled her chair forward. Lester's hands were pulled from her bra, but she could still feel them on her skin. His head lurched back at the sudden motion. The chair swiveled as Lester turned it around.

Sarah looked up and saw her husband's troll like roommate standing before her, his breath coming faster now. Below his belt a big tent pushed forward from his gray trousers pointing directly at her face. Above, he stared down at her with those dark hungry eyes of his. She loved that look on his face. The look that said he needed to have her. Such a primal look.

But she needed to get up. Didn't she? She couldn't have sex in her office, not with Lester.

Someone would hear for sure. He could make her cum so loudly. Maybe it would be okay if she were quiet. No. She couldn't. She could make him cum quickly. No, that's not happening.

Right? Besides, Dan wasn't here, and their rule had been...

Lester undid his belt and let his pants and boxers fall to the ground. His cock sprung out and pointed directly at Sarah as if seeing her

while a fresh dribble of precum oozed from its tip.

Sarah stared at it, her brain trying to restart itself and relitigate whatever arguments it had just been having. Maybe if they were quiet, it could work.

She had always been too nervous to do anything like this here with Dan. But the last time she gave Lester a blowjob, no one had known. It had worked out fine. That's what she would do.

She wouldn't fuck him. Not here. No, she would just give him the best blow job of his life and make that beautiful cock cum. Cum for her.

Time seemed to stand still in the late afternoon light of the office. Lester stood hunched, his gaze shifting from his huge cock that stretched out from underneath his large belly to Sarah's face. He was waiting for her to make the first move. He knew she couldn't resist him for long.

Sarah sat in the chair and took a long look at Lester's hungry eyes. The look of desire there was maybe slightly more of a turn-on for her than his huge cock, which she now turned her attention to. Sarah reached out and gripped Lester's shaft firmly in one hand. She couldn't help but get turned on every time she saw this thing. It was like her body just responded to it.

She started stroking Lester's shaft slowly and sensually as she looked up at Lester's smirking face. God what an asshole....

But she wanted to please him. To make him get off. To know that she'd done it. That was hot for her. This beast of a man succumbing to her skills. Sarah tried to picture what her old self would have thought about jerking off a guy like this in her office. That old Sarah seemed to be an entirely different person now.

Her phone started to ring just as Lester thrust into her stroking hand, causing this cock head to piston towards her. Sarah couldn't wait any longer now that she had her favorite cock in hand.

She ignored the phone and scooted her chair forward until the bottom pressed against Lester's thighs. She leaned forward and took the head of Lester's cock into her warm, waiting mouth. Just feeling it sliding inside of her caused a fire to begin stoking inside of her.

"Mhmmmmmm," She moaned around his cock. The more she played with him, the more it seemed to wash all her worries away. Sarah made a decision as her tongue reached out and licked the underside of Lester's cock. She was going to step off the cliff and just let go. Just get a little bit wild. She'd get her wine and bath later, but right now, she needed this.

Sarah continued to suck Lester's cock, her tongue sliding up and down its underside as it continued to push into her mouth. Sarah stroked his cock with one hand while the other steadied herself. Lester began thrusting forward, pushing deeper into her.

Sarah never let go of his cock, but her chair started to push back with all the action. Lester gripped the top of her chair and held it still while his other hand snaked around to the back of her head and pulled her further onto his cock.

His cock was beginning to hit the back of her throat, but that didn't phase Sarah. She just opened wider as Lester's cock explored her mouth. Knowing that she was pleasing that fat man was keeping her fire going, her pussy felt like it was vibrating on its own.

Finally, she needed to breathe normally for a second. She pulled his girthy cock out of her mouth but never stopped stroking him. Sarah dived down, her tongue licking around Lester's cock. Up the sides and back down. Dancing over the head, flirting with his cockslit and lapping at the salty cum flowing from there. Then she lowered her tongue down, down, further down his shaft until this public hair

tickled it. Then she went further down, licking his meaty ballsack, swirling her tongue all around it, exploring every inch of this troll.

"God damn, Sarah," Lester grunted, thrusting his shaft forward. It slid against Sarah's face, marking her with sweat. "You're such a good cocksucker." Her tongue whipped along the shaft and head, slurping and kissing it with abandon.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah just moaned back in response, not wanting to stop what she was doing.

She was on a mission which was to make Lester cum for her. This was just what she needed. A small, easily achievable goal. At least one win for today.

"I've really turned you into a little slut haven't I?" Lester leered down at her.

"Mmm-mm," Sarah disagreed as her head dipped lower and started to lick the underside of Lester's balls. God, what she was doing was so filthy, but she couldn't help herself.

"No? You're not a little slut now? Look at you, sucking my cock in your own office. I'd say you are." Lester pulled on the back of Sarah's head, pulling her further down towards him. His balls mashed against her face, his shaft pressed against her head while her tongue licked between his balls and asshole, swabbing his taint, something she hadn't even done for Dan.

"Aggh, FUCK! Oh, oh yeah." she heard Lester exclaim from somewhere above her.

It was getting hard to breathe, and Sarah wanted to try to take back control. She moved her head to the side and used both hands to push against Lester's thighs. He relented and let her back up. She looked at him and said, "I'm not a slut. I'm a wife. A mother and a professional. I also just happen to be your slut." A new streaming

dribble of precum leaked from Lester's enormous organ. She eyed the sticky fluid wantonly, knowing how delicious it would be.

"Heh. Just mine?" Lester grinned as Sarah started stroking his cock again, eye level with his head."

"Just yours..." Sarah repeated, looking up at his beady eyes. In many ways, what she was saying was true. She had never done the things Lester made her do with Dan, let alone anyone else. He always pushed her boundaries and made her discover a new side to herself. "God, that's so bad to say."

"You're not Dan's little slut?" Lester asked, "Just mine?"

"I've done things with you that I never thought in a million years I would do. Things that I've never done with Dan before. Just for my boyfriend." Sarah wanted to make him cum.

Memories flooded into her brain; being taken by Lester in front of a homeless man, kissing a stranger as Lester fucked her in a car, parading herself around for his nerd friends, her in her wedding dress, Lester's cum shooting into her for the first time. She dipped her head back down and took Lester's leaking cock in her mouth again.

"And you've enjoyed every minute of it, haven't you?" Lester grinned. He loved this—his corruption of this wife and mother, pushing her and making her admit how much she loved what he did to her.

"Fuck, yes," Sarah slid his cock out of her mouth. "I can't believe the things you've made me do. Fuck, it makes me wet just thinking about it. I should hate you, but I can't. I just can't say no to you."

Sarah went to put her mouth back on his cock, but Lester suddenly grabbed her. Bunching the hair on the back of her neck into his fist. Sarah winced, pulling against it.

"Say it again," Lester said sternly.

Sarah felt like she had to answer him. "I can't say no to you."

"Whose little slut are you?" He demanded.

"I'm yours. I'm your slut, Lester," Sarah admitted. "I'm a slut for you and this cock."

"Good girl," Lester leaned forward and grabbed Sarah under her armpits, pulling her up into a standing position. He kicked her chair away. It slid across the room, crashing against a metal filing cabinet before toppling over.

"What are –" Sarah started, wincing at the sound of the crash. But then Lester's lips were on hers. Kissing her. His tongue roughly pushed apart her lips and invaded her mouth, tasting her.

Sarah felt her knees buckle as her tongue started to dance with his. Her kind, searching tongue battling against his vile, probing one, swimming against each other. Pushing and sliding back and forth into each other's mouths, neither willing to stop.

He held her tightly by the back of her head. His large stomach pushed into her taut one. She could feel his cock pressing hotly through the material of her pants. Would his cum stain them? She couldn't care about that right now. Her hand was still on his shaft, and she increased the pace, stroking him with urgency for herself. Her other arm snaked around his head, holding him in an embrace, pulling him against her as they kissed.

Lester stopped, took a breath, and stepped out of his pants. He was naked except for the shirt he was wearing. His hands started to tug at her blue blouse, pulling it away from her body. Her

mind was racing but no coherent thoughts were coming to the surface, just her need. This wasn't the plan some distant, small

voice said.

His lips moved to the side of her face and then her neck. Licking her skin savagely. Then he moved to the tops of her breasts, tasting her there as she felt his fingers fumbling with the button to her pants. They couldn't do that here. That's what she had said earlier. That had been important, right?

Goosebumps spread across her thighs as the cool office air met her naked thighs. Lester had managed to get her pants undone. The garment fell to her feet.

"Wait. Hold on," Sarah said as Lester backed her up until her panty-clad ass pressed against her desk. "We can't do this here."

Lester quickly knelt in front of her, tugging her pants off her legs. Her neatly ironed black pants were thrown across the room onto the floor in a second. Somehow, he had removed them while keeping her heels on her feet.

"What did you say before?" Lester grabbed her by the hand and pulled her towards him, his cock pressing into the black lace of her underwear. "You can't say no to me. You're my personal slut." He leered at her, not asking but telling her her truth.

Lester pulled her further away from her desk, pulling her to the big window. He pushed her up against it until her bra-clad chest smushed against the glass. Lester moved behind her and kissed the back of her neck. God, she loved when he did that. It set her whole body on fire.

In between kisses, he started to tug at her panties. To her shock, Sarah felt her legs move, making it easier for Lester to slide them down. They hung limply by her ankles. She knew she shouldn't do this here. Not in her own office. Maybe they could go to his car.

"Lester, let's go down to your car. This is my office..." Sarah started, but her breath caught in her throat as Lester unsnapped her bra clasp. The only thing holding it up was the glass she was pressed against.

"You're my little slut, Sarah. And today, Lester is going to fuck you in your office. Just like I told you last time. Have you ever known me to break my word? To lie to you about what I'm going to do to you?" Lester whispered in her ear.

Sarah looked down and saw hospital workers moving through the parking lot towards their respective cars. If any one of them turned around and looked up, they might have been able to see her. Naked. At work. She was confident they couldn't, but she wasn't sure. Lester slid the bra away to the side, exposing her private beautiful breasts to the sea of parked cars.

"No...." Sarah whispered back. Her mind snapped to Dan's lie from earlier. Lester pressed his cock into her backside. Then, she pulled back and adjusted so that it pushed right between her thighs, brushing up against her wet opening.

"Then you know what's about to happen right now." Lester said, "What's going to happen, Sarah?"

Sarah felt her knees tremble with anticipation. The cold glass was teasing her nipples. She braced her hands against the glass, knowing what was coming next, "You're going to fuck me in my office." she said, resigned to the inevitable.

"That's right. This is your office," Lester said, bending his knees and holding his cock with one hand to find the right angle. His thumb rubbed up and down her slit, finding then spreading her wetness. The meaty digit pressed further in, opening the married woman up and preparing her for the shaft in his fist. "And this is my pussy." Then he pushed forward, and his bare cock head spread Sarah's wetness open and began to push inside.

"Uh, oh my God," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's cock begin to gloriously stretch open the lips of her pussy. She felt herself expanding inside to fit him. Her fingers tensed on the glass as she felt Lester penetrate her deeply. Lester grimaced with effort as he worked himself into the tight wife, mewls coming from her throat as she accepted his penetration.

Lester held Sarah's hips firmly as he slid more of his naked cock into her. He looked down at her luscious ass pressing back against him. He took his time slowly working his cock in and out of her body, Sarah's ass thrust back against him frantically, seeking more of him, wanting him to go faster. Her breathing had grown erratic, and she whined and yelped as Lester began to push into Sarah Williams rhythmically.

I've broken her in so well, Lester smiled. His hands started to maul her ass. He never could get enough of her amazing body. His eyes roamed over her naked back, and he wondered whether she ever thought in a million years that she would be fucked up against the window in her office. He thrust harder at the thought, making sure she understood he would take her anywhere he wanted and that she and her idiot husband should understand that.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked down at the parking lot. God, all these people were moving about, going to their cars. The cold of the glass on her nipples and breasts, combined with the relative warmth of what Lester was doing to her, was beginning to affect her. She felt a familiar deep sensation start all over her body. As she began to lose herself, she looked down at the lot. She saw people she knew. People she worked with. Other people in the hospital she didn't know, but she was sure knew her or of her. Any of them might be watching her, seeing her get fucked by an ugly round man she wasn't married to.

God, that was so dangerous, but admittedly, it was such a turn-on for her. Her surroundings were all secondary to Sarah, background

noise to the feeling of Lester's cock pushing itself further into her, satisfying its own need. She wanted more of it. Her body was already ahead of her, trying to thrust back and get more of him, but Lester was holding her hips firmly, dictating their pace and driving his cock into her upturned backside. Sarah needed release.

Lester's hand moved up her back while the other gripped her hip. His hand finally found her shoulder, and he grabbed it tightly.

Sarah held her breath in anticipation, knowing what usually came next. In one fluid motion, Lester thrust forward and sank the entire length of his cock deep into Sarah's pussy, his hand on her shoulder fixing her in place. "Ah fuck," The breath was forced out of Sarah's lungs as she felt the large organ expand inside of her.

Lester pulled back his entire length until just the head of his cock remained embedded in the young wife. Then he thrust forward and rammed the whole thing in again. Pulled back, thrust forward. Pulled back, thrust forward.

He could tell Sarah was enjoying it. Her moaning was growing more insistent. He knew she liked to get ridden hard, and he was more than happy to oblige. He held his cock in her at its deepest point, knowing her pussy well, feeling like it belonged to him. The scent of her arousal filled the fat man's nose.

"Ah, uh, fuck," Sarah moaned as he pulled back. Then he thrust forward against her ass,

"Uhhhhhh. Mhmmmmmm." Lester kept up his relentless pursuit, bottoming out and slamming back into Sarah over and over. The wet colliding thud of their bodies against each other was obscene in the professional setting and became more so as their tempo increased.

Part of Sara worried he might thrust so hard that her upper body would shatter the glass she was braced against, and they'd both tumble down into the parking lot below. Her breasts kept pushing

into the glass, her face mashed to the side as Lester continued to pummel her from behind with his driving hips. She could partly see Lester in her peripheral vision, and she wished she could turn her head further and see that intense look in his eyes as he fucked her.

She wanted him to kiss her lips again, to have his tongue in her mouth. Her phone started to ring again, this time somehow sounding more urgent.

Pain. A shooting pain she'd felt before. Lester again bunched her hair into a fist and pulled her head back. Sarah felt herself bend into an unnatural position, her feet arching and her weight pressing down on her tippy toes.

"Ffffuck," Sarah groaned as her hands pushed forward on the glass, thrusting her ass back onto Lester. If Lester let go, her whole body would collapse against the glass, shattering it. She

was sure of it. But he didn't let her go. Somehow, she was able to take more of his sizable cock into herself. She had thought it was already all the way in, but there must have been a bit more shaft now that the angle had changed. "Oh MY GOD!" the extra bit of shaft she'd taken in felt like it would drive her insane from the intense pressure. Lester steadily tugged at her hair amassed in his fist as he forced more of his cock into the frantic woman.

The coldness of the window disappeared from her breasts as they hung down, jiggling back and forth with each of Lester's powerful thrusts as he held her hair like reins. Sarah hung her head as much as she could, her eyes unfocused, looking at the ground below her. Movement out the window caught her eye. It looked like John was leaving for the day, walking across the parking lot to her car. Part of her felt inadequate as her eyes followed him.

God if he saw her like this. The thought sent a shiver down her spine and caused her pussy to contract around Lester's cock. She thrust back harder against him, feeling his fat stomach pushing back on her

firm ass. Her eyes followed John through the parking lot as he got in his car. To her horror, he turned down the lane directly in front of her and drove in her direction.

He was probably focused on the lot in front of him, but if he looked up...would he be able to see them? She thought the glass might have some privacy coating on them, but she wasn't sure. She thought of the vision they presented; the squat, ugly IT consultant she'd recommended having the married administrator bent over and fucking the life out of her in front of the hospital parking lot.

It was hard to focus with Lester's cock sliding in and out of her, but John's car stopped. She wasn't sure why. Maybe he had seen them. What was he doing otherwise? "Mhmmm yeah, god. Fuck." Sarah groaned as Lester's fingers dug into her shoulder and hip. His unrelenting pace was stoking the fire inside of her. She could feel it building up quickly. She didn't want anything to change, just a bit longer, a bit more of this, and she would explode.

John's car started moving again, turning down another lane towards the exit. Who knew?

Maybe he had seen them, but she didn't care right now. Sarah hung her head down and focused on her body, thrusting back to meet Lester's thrusting cock. The feeling of it inside of her as it moved in and out of her, bringing her closer to another climax.

God, it felt so fucking good. Feeling his naked cock inside of her drove her wild. Lester bottomed out and held himself there, the stretching feeling sending the young woman to another place. She hadn't even stopped to think about getting him to put a condom on. She wasn't sure they would ever go back to those. Not when it could feel this good. If Dan insisted, she wasn't sure how she would react. Would she say yes? Fuck, that didn't matter right now.

Dan.... Fuck Sarah could feel her orgasm rapidly approaching. Lester was relentlessly moving behind her, his cock grazing against all the

right spots inside of her. She could feel the sensation building. Getting more intense. Oh god. Oh god. Oh. OH

“OH FUCK!” Sarah screamed, her muscles flexing, growing tense. An orgasm rippled through her body. Her ass pushed back against Lester’s cock forcing him up inside of her. She felt herself rise onto the balls of her feet as her pussy clamped down on Lester’s cock, ensuring it wasn’t going anywhere. Her nerves felt like they were on fire as the shockwave of her orgasm ran over her body.

Lester gritted his teeth, loving every minute of Sarah’s pussy tightening around his cock. He pushed himself hard into her, trying to stroke her orgasm and keep it going. Every orgasm this woman had was one more chip in the wall of her defenses before it crumbled completely before him. He felt the young woman quaking and held himself inside her, pushing forward with all his weight. He felt the blood gather in his cock and flexed it, enjoying the power of his own cock.

The air in Sarah’s lungs finally protested and escaped through her gasping mouth. She hadn’t realized she had been holding her breath as she came. God, how long was that orgasm? It seemed to go on forever. Her muscles went limp, sore from flexing. She just needed a second to catch her breath. To let her mind catch up to where her body was.

Lester pulled his cock out of her and pulled her backward by her hips. Sarah was disoriented for a second, not expecting the move. Her ass pressed back into her desk. Lester wasn’t behind her anymore. He quickly stepped in front of her, and Sarah’s eyes ran up his body, over his thick thighs, to the impressive cock dangling between them. To his large, hairy stomach and flabby chest to that ugly face with his intense eyes.

She didn’t know what came over her, and she didn’t care. Trembling and breathing hard, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled his

face down to hers, pushing her tongue into his mouth, tasting him. Savoring the feeling. Wanting him. All of him.

Lester was momentarily stunned by her lust but quickly recovered. He kissed her back hard, sucking on her tongue, licking her lips. They kissed each other hungrily, both wanting more of each other. They didn't need to speak. They both knew what the other needed. Lester was in heaven. Having a woman willingly submit herself to him like this was like nothing he had ever experienced. Sarah was in a similar place, knowing that the massive orgasm she just had would soon be followed by more of the same, if not better.

Sarah's legs parted as Lester moved between them. Her hands were gripping his neck and his back, urging him forward as her naked breasts pressed against his flabby chest. His gut

pressing against her tight stomach. She felt his cock pressing up against her pussy again, ready for a second round.

As Lester's tongue danced across hers and slid into her mouth, his cock slid inside of her. Sarah groaned with his entrance and locked her legs around Lester's ass, trying to pull him deeper into her. His cock slid inch after inch inside, gliding on the wetness she'd produced until he was fully embedded in the young mother.

Lester broke their kiss and just stared into her eyes. The fire was there looking back at her, but there seemed to be something more. Something foreign evident on Lester's features. It was the same look Dan would give her sometimes. Was it love she thought she saw? It looked possessive. She'd seen it before but pushed that detail away...

She pulled him back down into a hard kiss, and Lester started thrusting into her. His controlled pace fell away, and she felt something else take hold. Something primal that needed releasing.

Lester's fingers pressed hard into her hip and dug into her back as he fucked Mrs. Sarah Williams on her desk, fulfilling her husband's long-standing fantasy. As he fucked the horny mother, he looked around the room at her office and at all the professional decor. The fat man stuck his tongue out as if to insult the room and leaned down and ran it all over Sarah's neck.

Sarah shivered at the contact, continuing to squeeze his gigantic cock with her tight pussy.

The desk squealed under their weight. Lester's thrusts moved the desk back off its normal angle. They kept fucking like that, Sarah holding onto Lester, one of her heels digging into the back of his ass, her panties dangling around her ankle. The other heel was lost somewhere in the room as her toes pointed in her bliss.

Lester broke their kiss, and a line of saliva connected their lips before breaking. His face was beet red, and sweat shone over his skin. Sarah could feel it on his back as her hands held him.

Her chest was also covered in sweat, but she didn't know which one it had come from. It didn't matter. She was too focused on Lester; the phone ringing was distant and unimportant.

"I knew I'd be fucking you in here today. I've been waiting to fuck you in your office." Lester grunted, his balls slapping against Sarah. She pulled him down onto her desk. Pens and other objects clattered onto the floor as her body pushed them aside and her legs opened wider.

The desk felt cool on her back, but the heat from Lester's body on top of hers made up for the chill.

"Mhmmm, so I'm fulfilling your fantasy then," Sarah said as Lester began to lick her neck as he fucked her.

"I think this is your fantasy, too. You wanted it. No one wears sexy underwear like that to work.

You knew this was happening today, too." Lester said between licks and kisses on Sarah's sweaty skin.

"You don't know me at all, then," Sarah pulled Lester's head down towards her chest. She closed her eyes, and her head hung over the side of the desk. It squealed again as Lester's thrusts pushed the desk askew further into the room. More things clattered onto the floor. "I like dressing like this at work. It makes me feel sexy. Powerful. That's how I need to be." She pushed back against the short man, wanting both of them to cum.

"God, you are such a little slut. Now I'm glad I'll be here this week for my birthday. I'm going to fuck you so good this week you're going to forget about everything else in your life." Lester grunted. Her pussy felt great wrapped around his cock, so snug but dripping wet for him.

Sarah was actively milking his cock with her body as her legs pulled him hard into her.

"Shut up and show me then," Sarah shouted before grabbing Lester's head and pulling it firmly against her chest. His tongue ran all over her, lapping at her breasts, sucking her nipples, and licking the sweat covering her. Her hands ran through his thinning hair, and she reveled in the carnal feeling.

Something loud clattered to the floor, but she didn't care to look. She didn't want this feeling to end. Lester's thrusts were getting more erratic as he pummeled into her. His cock rubbed against her G-spot and was stimulating other nerves that she'd never felt. Lester was going to give her another monster orgasm momentarily.

"Mhmmmm. Yeah. Right there. Lester, please. Please, Lester, don't stop. Fuck me. FUCK,"

Sarah whined. She realized she was being too loud. Way too loud. Someone would probably hear them going at it. She needed to stay quiet. She could feel another orgasm set beneath the surface, ready to breach and make its presence known. This was going to be a big one, the kind only Lester made her have.

"Fuck Lester, keep going. Don't stop. I'm almost there again," Sarah said in a hushed tone, trying to keep quiet, trying to keep herself from being discovered. From her coworkers hearing her. Hearing her have sex. Hearing her getting fucked in her office. The image of a group of men standing outside the door listening to her. Waiting for their turn...

"AH, FUCK, FUCKING FUCKI!" Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as another earth-shaking orgasm washed over her. Her other senses seemed to dim as her body was entirely focused on the wave of pleasure washing over her body. Lester's cock felt so hot inside of her. It felt like the wave of pleasure was radiating out from it, washing over her body, causing her legs to tense and pull him tightly, threatening to cut off his circulation and crush him. From

somewhere far away, she heard the desk creak again. As she opened her eyes, the ceiling looked so strange from this angle.

The couple was motionless for a moment, both of them huffing and puffing as Sarah's orgasm ebbed. They were once again looking into each other's eyes when they heard it. The snapping of wood and their worldview quickly falling away.

The desk's leg supports snapped under their combined weight, and the desk crashed to the floor with a deafening thud. Sarah's monitor toppled over and landed on the floor alongside the other contents of her desktop. She turned and looked around them. Everything was scattered over the floor, including her pens and papers. At some point, her trash bin had toppled over, and refuse had gotten everywhere.

The area between the broken desk and the door was littered with the contents of her office. It looked like her monitor was turned off with a crack in it. At some point, they must have knocked her laptop off the desk; thankfully, it looked closed. Hopefully, it still worked. A family photo of her, Dan, and the girls lay a few feet away. The glass cracked, obscuring her beautiful family.

Sarah pushed on Lester's chest to get him off of her. She hadn't wanted this. That sound of the desk crashing would surely attract someone to come and investigate. Lester gave her some space, and she turned her body and tried to move out from under him. She felt his cock slide out of her as she turned over and crawled off her desk, trying to assess the damage in the room before someone knocked on the door.

The room was a mess. It reminded her instantly of Lester's dirty room. Maybe not as bad, but this wasn't like her. She always prided herself on her clean office but this was –

Lester grunted from behind her, and she felt his stomach pressing into her ass. She looked behind her and realized that he was positioning himself to take her from behind. He hadn't cum yet. She felt his cock at her entrance teasing her slit, waiting for her. Her head buzzed, and she heard a ringing in her ear. She looked around at the messy room, her eyes settling on the broken picture frame. Sarah closed her eyes to block it all out. It could wait.

With her eyes closed, she moved her ass backward, slowly at first, her pussy lips parting to allow Lester's cock entry to her. On her hands and knees, she felt Lester's humongous cock slide into her, running over her G-spot, running over every inch of nerves inside of her. His chubby fingers gripped her hips tightly. His legs, now between hers, he reared back, and he started to fuck her for everything she was worth. She matched his pace quickly, knowing she'd cum at least once more.

Sarah's fingers spread out onto the floor, trying to hold on as he fucked her relentlessly. Her hands moved pens and notes aside to press against the cold tile floor. They slipped because they were covered in sweat.

Lester was fucking her in the mess of her office. In the remnants of the professionalism she had carefully curated. She was getting fucked on the floor like an animal...like a slut. And she was loving it.

"Not gonna be long now," Lester grunted through his teeth. Sarah's ass was pushing back energetically, eager to take more and more of Lester's cock into her. This position always reminded her of primal humans and beasts. Lester was fucking her like an animal. It was a thing of nature. Something natural was happening.

Lester slapped her ass cheeks, causing her to whine. A large fat red handprint was left behind,

"I'm going to cum soon, Sarah. I'm going to cum in your little married pussy."

His words were igniting something inside of her. She felt another orgasm quickly building. She never came this much with Dan. No one else could elicit this kind of response from her body—

this troll of a man owned it.

"Fffuck," Sarah moaned, dropping her head onto the floor, fully submitting herself before Lester. "Give it to me. Cum for me, Lester."

"Do you want me to pull out? Shoot on your back?" Lester grunted again. His pace was increasingly erratic, desperate. She knew he was about to cum. The idea of not feeling the hot cum inside of her caused a pang of disappointment. No, she needed to feel it. She wanted to feel him wash her insides to put her over the edge.

"No. Don't you fucking dare. Cum in me, Lester," As the words left Sarah's mouth, the orgasm felt ready to pop. "CUM IN ME LESTER."

"FUCK, HERE IT COMES, BABY," Lester shouted, his voice echoing off the walls in her room.

"TAKE MY CUM, SARAH." Smoothly, as if in a single motion, Sarah's pussy lips gripped the thick base of his cock and rose up the shaft, drawing a huge load up out of his balls. Lester's eyelids fluttered spastically, the heavenly loss of control flowing from him.

"GIVE IT, UH, OH FUCK, FUCK," Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as she felt Lester's cock explode inside of her. His hot cum shot out, hitting areas deep inside of her that no one else had ever come close to reaching. Her pussy tightened around his cock, milking it as she came.

Every shot of Lester's cum inside of her was like a flaming jolt of pleasure ratcheting up her own orgasm, setting her nerves on fire.

"FUCK yeah, Sarah, take it! Take it all!" Lester shouted as he continued to thrust into her. Her ass grinding itself back against his cock as she rode out her rapture.

"Fuck ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod," Sarah clenched her teeth as Lester again bottomed out inside of her. Another orgasm ripped through her body as she was filled with Lester's potent, pungent cum. She'd never felt so full in her life. His warmth was spreading inside of her, exploring every inch of Sarah's core.

Her torso collapsed onto the cold tile floor. She couldn't catch her breath, her hands extending out around her as the last ripples of pleasure lingered in her body. Sarah's ass was still in the air, connected to Lester's body by his blessed cock.

His breathing was just as hard as hers. Eventually, he leaned back, pulling his still-hard cock out of her. Sarah's hips immediately fell to

the side, lying on the messy floor naked, except for her one heel, which had still somehow remained on her foot.

Lester sat back on his ass. They stayed like that, covered in sweat and each other's fluids, breathing hard. Sarah felt Lester's cum start to leak out of her. She opened her eyes and looked around at the mess, trying to find the Kleenex box she usually kept on her desk. It was on its side near the filing cabinet. She crawled over to it, her muscles burning from exhaustion.

Grabbing a handful, Sarah cleaned up what she could of the mess between her legs.

Through sheer willpower, she climbed to her feet and appraised the room. It was a fucking disaster zone. It looked like a bomb had gone off. Her things were everywhere. Some of them were broken. Her desk had collapsed, and one of the snapped-off legs was across the room by the door.

Lester just sat there like a tub of lard, watching her as she navigated the mess and found her underwear and clothing. As she began to get dressed, Lester got up and followed suit. He still had one thing left to do today, after all.

With his clothes back on, he watched Sarah pick up various things on the floor and arrange them on the small table against the wall. Her eyes seemed to linger on the broken photo in her hands before setting it down.

He moved across the room to her, causing her to turn in his direction. Lester leaned in for a kiss, but Sarah turned her head, his lips touching her cheek.

"Lester, this is a fucking mess. We destroyed my office," Sarah said quietly, now fully conscious of how loud and violent they had been.

"It's not that bad," Lester said, surveying the room. I hate to do this, but I have something I need to do for Jerry before the end of the day."

"It's fine," Sarah said, motioning to the door. "You can go. Just be discreet on your way out, okay?"

"I'll see you later this week, then? It's my birthday on Thursday, and I'm going to be stuck in town." Lester said as he made his way to the door.

"I don't know Lester. I don't think so. This was too much. Too intense." Sarah leaned against the table, crossing her arms.

"Felt pretty good to me," Lester said, turning the knob and opening the door slightly. He peeked his head out and then moved through the gap, closing the door behind him.

He didn't have to unlock the door. Did he even lock it in the first place? She wasn't sure.

Maybe he had just unlocked the door. But if he had never locked it... anyone could have walked in and witnessed what had just happened.

A ringing sound filled the room. Sarah didn't recognize it, but it was definitely a ringtone. She walked around the mess, getting closer to the sound's source. She bent down and pulled up her broken desk. Under it there was an unfamiliar phone. It must have been Lester's.

She grabbed the device as it hummed out a somewhat familiar tune and, by instinct, turned it over to look at the screen. The name 'Lizzie' appeared on it with the option to answer or ignore the call. Why was she calling him? Sarah thought they were over. When Sarah wasn't in Chicago, was Lester still seeing her? Did Lizzie want to get back together with him? If she did, what would that mean for them? She couldn't help but think of seeing Lizzie bent over in

Lester's room as he fucked her from behind. Sarah pressed the ignore button and hurried over to the door, hoping to catch Lester before he went into the elevator to give him back his phone.

Closing the office door behind her, Sarah walked out onto the floor, bracing herself for knowing glances from coworkers. Except the floor was empty. No one was in their cubicles or offices. A custodian's cart was outside one of the cubicles but no one was in sight. Sarah glanced towards the elevators, but Lester wasn't there. She must have been too late.

Late.

What time was it? She turned on Lester's phone screen and glanced at the time in the corner.

Shit, shit shit!. No wonder no one was around. They had all left a long time ago. It was well past the time Sarah was supposed to leave and....

Pick up the girls. She was so late picking them up. She hurried back into her office, grabbed her purse, and left the mess behind to deal with tomorrow.

Lester strolled back to his cubicle in the relatively empty IT office. Only one other guy there, the IT tech, stayed on site overnight - the graveyard shift. Lester didn't know his name and really didn't care to learn it. He just needed to get his bag so he could head back to the hotel room.

He smirked as he slid the phone out of his pocket. What would Sarah think of Lizzie calling him? It was too easy. All he had to do was change the phone's number to display as Lizzie in the one he left for Sarah to find.

He grabbed his bag and made his way out of the hospital. As he left, he looked behind him at the window to Sarah's office, remembering the show he'd orchestrated there. He couldn't wipe the stupid grin off his face the entire time he was leaving.

The woman in charge of aftercare scowled at Sarah when she picked up her kids. Sarah had never been late in her life picking them up, but today her kids were the last ones left at the school. The lady had been pissed she had to stay late, and the principal had even called Dan, who obviously couldn't have helped from Chicago.

That's probably who tried calling her earlier. She'd rushed out of the hospital without checking her phone, mortified at being late to grab her kids for the first time. She felt embarrassed and small under the dirty looks the staff gave her. The girls had been crying, thinking that no one was coming for them.

She drove them home to their house, and Sarah's mind was a mess with everything that had happened. Dan's lies, the rug being pulled out from under her with the promotion. The earth-shattering sex with Lester.

Sarah felt butterflies in her stomach thinking back to the rough sex that she'd engaged in less than an hour ago. Glancing in the rear-view mirror, the girls seemed to be settling down. They would be alright—time to hit McDonalds for an easy late dinner tonight.

The sex had definitely helped mute the other things that had thrown her for a loop today.

Sarah thought back to earlier in the week when she and her husband were in the car with the stranger. She was still mad at Dan, but not as much as before. Maybe her little tryst with Lester had helped balance the scales. Guilt began to creep in that she hadn't talked to Dan about it before like they had agreed on, but then

again, he let some old fucking pervert watch her without her consent and let her clean up the mess. A small voice reminded her that she'd seen a call from Lizzie to Lester. Why was she calling him? And why did Sarah care? If Lester had to choose either her or Lizzie, which would he pick? She dropped the train of thought before it could leave its station.

Sighing, she thought of how Dan would probably pinch his nose in this situation. All she could do right now was get the girls fed and get them home to bed. Today had been a mess, and she just wanted it to be over. As she pulled into their driveway, a large drop of Lester's cum flowed out of her, soaking her panties, reminding her of what they'd done.

Jesse slung his gym bag over his shoulder and rode the elevator to the ground floor. One of the perks of his new job was an office on-site. As he worked out, all he could think about was Sarah Williams. The next time she saw him, he would be buff and have more muscles than Dan. She wouldn't be able to resist him then. The way she'd backed her ass up against him on two different occasions was constantly on his mind.

She wouldn't be able to hide the feelings he knew she had for him. He could take care of her better than Dan could.

The elevator doors opened on the marble lobby. Jesse walked across it, passing by a group of young women who also worked in the building. He didn't dare look at them, it was better to seem disinterested but he felt a pang of shame when he noticed none of them had turned their heads to check him out.

He pushed open the lobby doors, and the cool Chicago air felt good on his sweaty skin. None of those girls were anything compared to Sarah. When they saw her on his arm, they would probably trip over themselves to talk to him.

Rounding the corner towards the El station, he noticed a man leaning against the building, smoking a cigarette. As Jesse got closer, the man stood up straight and stepped directly into Jesse's path.

"You're Jesse, right? The man looked Jesse in the eye and extended his hand, "My name is Peter, and I have an offer you're going to be interested in."

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 18: Author Note

Hey everyone, its that time of the month again for more Toxic Attraction. This has been a chapter I have been itching to write for quite some time. Now that its here, I really hope you enjoy it as much as I have had a blast writing it.

I wanted to give a shout-out to the Insiders whose feedback helped improve this chapter (and provide a lot of good elements I'm bringing into CH19), Grandeman for his edits, and Roxy for help with the outfits (see attached for inspo for this chapter).

As a peak behind the curtain, I'm currently writing Toxic Attraction 19, Neighborhood Encounters 2, as well as a bit of Tainted Conception. I plan to get another short story done soon as well so there should be a lot of content rolling out soon.

Without further ado, here is Chapter 19 of Toxic Attraction. As always, I love to hear what you think so please don't be shy. Comment below, or feel free to DM or email me!

Don

Toxic Attraction Ch. 18

"Come on," Sarah's eyes flicked between her watch and the ascending numbers on the elevator's screen as her foot tapped loudly. It was earlier than she normally arrived, but she had a mess to clean up. She'd been mortified at being late picking up her girls. That never happened. The rest of her night had been like a whirlwind. Getting the girls fed with McDonald's and then spending some quality time reassuring them that mommy wouldn't be late again before putting them to bed. The whole night had made her

feel like she was behind the eightball, but that's how her entire day had gone.

In her rush to grab the girls she hadn't had time to stop and grab the bottle of wine she had planned for. Her late-night bath hadn't been nearly as relaxing without it. She just wanted to take the edge off a bit after everything that had happened yesterday. Learning she wasn't getting the promotion that would pull her family from the brink of financial hardship, Dan lying, and Lester...

Well, Lester found the right buttons to push to cause her to open up her legs for him in her own office. Something she never thought she would entertain, blurring the lines between her professional life and her now wildly unpredictable personal life.

She felt like she was juggling all of these different aspects of herself. Her own different multiple personalities. The loving mother, the devoted wife, the stellar daughter, the badass professional, Lester's slut...God maybe not that last one. They all felt like they were beginning to blur and meld together, but that wasn't what she wanted.

Sarah wanted to be all of those things but be able to slide into one or the other when necessary. She couldn't sacrifice her professional or home life to fulfill her desires for Lester.

The elevator chimed, and the doors opened, snapping Sarah back to the situation at hand.

Sarah stepped out into the administrative area of the building and began walking towards her office.

Her desires towards Lester. She had been such a bitch the day before on the phone with Dan, telling him how much she enjoyed spending time with his troll-like roommate. She hadn't planned to say it, but it had just come out. Dan hadn't texted her all night, and her phone still hadn't received a message from him this

morning. She knew he was already up and heading to work, but she felt a lot better if he just reached out to her.

She hated being the one to cave first and apologize. But she had just reacted to the way the conversation went. Dan had still been the one who lied to her in the first place and needed to apologize. Sarah wasn't even sure if she actually felt that way towards Lester, but something like a weight had been lifted when those words left her lips, as if she was revealing some unmentionable truth she had been suppressing.

Sarah wanted to think more about it and figure out what it was she was feeling but she'd have to do that later. Right now, she had to clean up the mess she and Lester had made in her office the previous night. She'd already left Lester's phone in his cubicle on her way up. Now it was her office she needed to tackle.

She passed a row of empty cubicles, many of which would be occupied within the next half hour. Sarah noted the absence of the janitor's cart that she'd spotted last night. That meant that the janitor had been up here sometime between when she left and this morning. She prayed that they hadn't seen or heard anything that went on yesterday.

There was no point dwelling on what might have happened. She had to focus on what was right in front of her. Sarah dug her keys out of her purse as she neared her office door. She turned the handle to double-check that she had locked it last night. It didn't budge.

Good. She used the keys to unlock it and slipped inside before closing it behind her. She locked the door before turning around and surveying the surreal scene before her. Overcast clouds outside the window made the office feel dark, so she flicked on the lights. The incandescent lights flickered to life, illuminating the remains of her broken desk. Garbage and other items lay all over the floor. Some

personal items, like the broken picture frame, were on a side table where she left them last night.

With a heavy sigh, Sarah started to straighten up her office. There was no fixing the desk, and she was afraid to check the condition of her monitor and laptop. She focused on cleaning up

the trash from the bin that had toppled over while Lester fucked her. Her mind couldn't help drifting to Lester and how he'd power fucked her the day before. Each piece of trash Sarah picked up and put back into the bin was like another admission of guilt at just how good and thorough of a fucking it had been.

Seeing Lester's lust-filled face transform part way through into something more hungry. That look he gave her. Its possessiveness. She didn't know what to make of it, but she felt her body respond to its memory. She couldn't explain it rationally. It almost felt like a biological reaction.

Sarah finished cleaning up the trash and turned her attention to the pens and other items previously set up on her desk. She took a few minutes to collect them and recreate the arrangement with her personal items on the table.

She caught sight of herself in the mirror. Even though she felt like a hot mess, her wardrobe was still on point. She loved the way her high-waisted cotton pants looked with the slim green button-up shirt she had chosen. Sarah loved to toe the line between professional and sexy.

She froze when she heard voices coming from the other side of the door. Holding her breath, Sarah waited for the door to open and for her to have to explain the carnage she was standing in the middle of. Thankfully, the voices moved on in the direction of the empty cubicles. Sarah checked her watch. It was close to the time everyone normally came in, and meetings began assembling for the day.

She cursed at herself for taking too long to clean. Daydreaming and thinking about the day before cost her precious time.

Sarah pulled her monitor and laptop to the side, away from the broken desk. She did her best to pull the cables out from under the desk, trying to keep IT things separate from building maintenance things. Even in her own personal mess, her professional side still wanted to demarcate things and compartmentalize them. Put them in order. There was still debris on the floor, broken pieces of wood where the leg snapped, but she decided to leave those, proof she'd pass on to maintenance - that one of the desk's legs must have given out in the night.

Crossing her fingers, Sarah put her laptop on the table and opened it, hoping it would still work. Thankfully, it booted up normally. She quickly composed an email to the facilities team telling them about the desk and arranging for a replacement. She would stop by after the morning meeting to touch base in person. She'd do the same with her monitor and laptop, go talk to Jerry in person, and get a favor to send one of his team members up to check them out.

More noise outside her office signaled her coworkers were busy arriving and starting their days. She rechecked her watch. It was time for her to head downstairs for the department

head meeting. Leaning back against the table, Sarah sighed and surveyed the room one last time. Despite her nominal cleaning, things were getting messy, and she needed to ground herself somehow.

She could try to reach out to Dan later in the day. He'd said something about some news regarding his freelance clients, but in her anger, she hadn't let him finish the thought. Maybe there was something there she could get excited about. Besides, Dan was coming back to Middleton later this week, and she'd rather not drag out any awkwardness between them in front of the kids. Better to

put it to bed now and try to move on. They'd get past this and back to themselves. They always did.

Sitting here feeling frustrated in her office wouldn't solve her problems. Sarah stood up, gathered her things, and headed for the door. Get through the next meeting, get her office set back up, and then tackle the rest of the problems at the hospital.

As she made her way to the elevator, she made small talk with a few coworkers, trying to convey that everything was normal with her. Sarah was one of the last people to filter into the meeting room before the department heads began to run through their agendas for the day.

No one noticed, but Sarah felt severely underprepared for this meeting. Normally, she would have reviewed her emails and touched base with a few other people in the meeting to fully understand the points being discussed.

Today, she had been so focused on cleaning up her office that she hadn't had the time.

Before long, the meeting was wrapping up, but then John, the interim CEO, stood up. "Just one more thing," He said, looking around the room at everyone. His eyes seemed to skip over Sarah as if he was trying to avoid looking at her.

Was that because he felt guilty about fucking her over for the job or because he saw her getting fucked from the window yesterday? Either way, Sarah felt herself squirming in her seat.

"I'm really happy to announce that the board's CEO candidate has accepted our offer." John smiled, likely happy to be relieved of his duties as interim CEO. He didn't know what those duties were since Sarah was doing most of them. "He is eager to get started. So eager that he plans to come in on Monday to meet all of you as he gradually gets onboarded."

"Monday," Marcie, the head of HR, said. "That's so soon. We're not even remotely ready to get-"

"Let's make it happen," John waved a hand at her dismissively, "We need new permanent leadership here, so there's no point in dawdling."

"Can we know who this new CEO is going to be?" Jerry said from the back of the room.

"Right. Sure," John said standing up, signaling that the meeting was over. His name is Richard Thornhill. He's joining us after 20 years in the industry, capped by turning around a disaster of a medical complex up in Aurora. I can't express how lucky we are to have him join us. He has some bold ideas for the hospital that the board is really excited about."

With that, John briskly left the room, and everyone else slowly began to filter out. Sarah stayed seated, pulled out her phone, and opened LinkedIn to see who Richard Thornhill was.

She quickly found his profile. Richard looked like he was in his late fifties or early sixties, caucasian with gray and white hair. Sarah suspected it was likely white hair that he was dyeing with streaks of gray to look more distinguished as the streaks looked patterned. She read over his past roles and couldn't help but feel small compared to the new CEO's impressive resume.

She looked at this picture again and decided she found his smile insincere. She'd better get her head on properly before Monday. The last thing she wanted was to get off on the wrong foot with her new boss.

Knowing that she hadn't been picked for the role was one thing. But now, seeing someone else who would be stepping into the role was something else entirely. He brought a ton of good experience. Would he come in here and question everything Sarah had built? Because

she didn't have the formal education for this role, would he look at what she'd done and see how much it screams 'uneducated?' He would probably come in and make sweeping reforms to everything she built.

She felt her stress levels rising. Sarah breathed and calmed herself, balling her fingers into fists and stretching them out. Sitting in here wouldn't help her relax. She needed to keep moving, go talk to maintenance, and then Jerry in IT. All she could do was keep doing her best work.

A thought popped into her head. Before she realized what she was doing, she'd opened her texting app and sent a message.

S: What day is your birthday this week?

On the screen, she saw a reflected grin play across her lips.

"Alright, we wanted to go over some role changes here," Walt was standing in the middle of the office. Dan sat next to a vacant office chair alongside what remained of his coworkers. As Dan looked around the room, there were probably less than forty other employees left. When he joined this firm, it was well over one hundred. Walt was standing in front of the group, a few other senior leaders flanking his side.

"From now on, we all need to act as business development people. I want you reaching into your networks, in line at Starbucks, whatever we have to do. From now on, the company needs your help to bring new business in. I don't care if you are a secretary or an accountant.

All of our jobs now include this duty." Walt looked frailer than usual. Dan could guess what this rallying of the troops speech was about. They must have lost another client, and the pipeline for new ones was drying up.

Dan's phone vibrated in the pocket of his blazer. A glimmer of hope spread through his body, hoping it was Sarah. They hadn't left things on good terms yesterday. He wanted to call her and apologize again for his lie. It wasn't that he'd wanted to keep the truth from her. It was difficult to admit to himself, let alone the woman he'd married. Sure, letting a guy watch her seemed fairly standard considering all the other wild shit that had happened over the past few months, but this time it made him feel exposed. Lester's friend Eugene was the first person who'd actively seen Dan enjoy his fetish outside of Sarah and Lester. Maybe Jesse knew something, but not to this extent, not in person. It made him feel vulnerable, a feeling he hated. At least, that's how he had begun to reconcile it in his head.

He had been up all night, tossing and turning in bed, trying to process his emotions. This is what he had landed on. The truth being exposed and making him feel small was part of why he had retreated and let the guy watch. Of course, it aroused him. Knowing Sarah was on display, but being seen for who he really was, that was something Dan wasn't prepared to deal with.

He was just lucky it wasn't someone from his personal life.

"Uh, sir?" One of Dan's colleagues had raised his hand. Walt nodded for the man to speak.

"Will these duties translate into a pay raise or maybe get us back to where we were paywise?"

Since it's not in our current job descriptions?"

Walt sighed and looked at the ceiling as if the perfect answer to the guy's question was written there. When he finally dropped his head and looked at the assembled group, "No. That's not possible right now."

The man looked at Walt, wide-eyed, at the wall, then the floor.

<i>Another one gone.</i> Dan had seen the look before. His colleague would likely be the next to go.

"Will there be any more layoffs?" A female voice spoke from somewhere behind Dan.

"Ummm. No. Well. The future is uncertain. We can't say for sure." One of Walt's senior managers piped in.

This meeting felt like the prelude to a slow circle down the drain. With Dan's newly appointed business development duties, he felt empowered to reach into his blazer and check his phone.

His heart dropped when he saw the call hadn't come from Sarah. It was Bill, one of his new clients. Bill had also left a short text message, asking Dan to meet at a sports bar by his office for a drink later in the week to review the project.

Meeting for drinks or a restaurant to talk shop wasn't unusual. Dan would reply later, but he didn't want to arouse too much suspicion now. Before, he didn't think Walt would mind that Dan was picking up side clients, but now, after this meeting, it sounded like Walt was getting desperate. Dan didn't know how Walt would react, knowing Dan was drumming up new business. He might force Dan to run the clients through the company instead of on the side, to himself.

But that would be a lose, lose situation. Walt's company was a sinking ship that might fold in the next few months. Angering clients and blowing back on Dan, who was working hard to establish himself as an independent asset in the industry.

Dan's hand automatically rose to pinch the bridge of his nose, but he stopped himself. He lowered his hand to the arm of the chair and made a fist. Walt and his senior managers were still addressing questions from the group but Dan was tuning out. None of this was relevant to him anymore. He could tell Walt was getting agitated

from his body language, but Dan wanted to talk this all over with his rock, Sarah.

The last time they talked, she had driven a dagger into his heart when she said that she actually enjoyed her dates with Lester. Enjoyed them. Enjoyed being with him. The conversation was heated, and he had lobbed the first bomb towards her. She had just been lobbing it back. Maybe it wasn't true, and she just said it was to hurt him at the moment.

Things had gotten carried away in more than one sense. He knew that Sarah could get off with Lester, and it played into some of her fantasies, but she couldn't actually like him.

Dan reluctantly felt his cock begin to stir at the idea. He tightened his fist, trying to will the thoughts out of his head. His nails dug into his palm, causing a tinge of pain that he focused on until the thoughts receded back to the depths of the depraved parts of his brain. Dan turned his attention back to Walt and tried to focus on every word the older man said.

After a few more minutes, Walt, looking exhausted, thanked everyone for their patience during this time of transition. The rest of Dan's co-workers began to filter back to their desks.

Dan took the cue to make a beeline towards his office, not wanting to engage with anyone after the disaster they'd all just been through. Closing the door behind him, he sat at his desk and closed his eyes, mentally preparing to call Sarah.

Ideally, he would just call her, and they would reconcile, but he knew it would be harder than that. It always sucked having these conversations on the phone - he wished he could just drive home and be there in person to talk it out. He would be home in a couple of days, but he couldn't let this fester until then. But he still needed to work himself up to have the conversation. He knew his wife and

how best to get through to her. He wanted none of the hopelessness at his workplace to filter through.

As a form of productive procrastination, he opened up the email account he used for his side business. He thumbed through his inbox. Several spam messages and a handful of new contacts were reaching out to try and set up meetings. Dan's track record of closing new contacts into paying clients was pretty good, so some of these could actually be quite lucrative. He would just need to find the time somewhere in his busy schedule. Dan's heart skipped a beat when he saw a new email from Martin with Sentinel Securities. He opened it, started reading, and felt his heart immediately drop.

They wanted him to visit their D.C. office this week. Martin said his team would take care of all the arrangements and pick up the tab for everything, but there were pertinent, sensitive items that could only be discussed in person. Dan reread the dates in the email. They wanted him down there on the same day he was supposed to return home.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, closed his eyes, and rested his head against the back of his chair. This wouldn't go over well with Sarah, especially not at the moment. But he needed Sentinel. They were his life raft to pull himself out of the mess at his current company. He couldn't say no, could he?

He thought of his little girls and how much he wanted to see them. But he needed to secure their future, too—the future of his family.

With a heavy sigh, Dan typed up a response to Martin, agreeing to the meeting in Washington.

Sarah hated feeling flustered. She tried to keep her head held high as she walked through the halls of the hospital. Her confidence

usually came naturally, but lately, it felt like she was putting on a show, and everyone knew it.

With a brilliant smile on her face, she did her rounds, checking in with the different department heads and going over the lingering items on her list. The entire time, she was smiling and nodding; she just wanted to retreat back to her office.

The smile faded from her face as she entered the elevators, and the doors closed behind her. It was getting close to lunch, and now she could finally hide in her office for a little while. As she waited for the elevator to reach her floor, she checked her phone. Nothing from Dan or Lester.

Sarah put her phone away as the doors opened, and the smile rapidly returned to her face as she greeted a pair of colleagues waiting to take the elevator. The floor was busy with activity; thankfully, no one had started a conversation with her. She made her way to her office but stopped when she saw that her door was open.

Steadying herself, Sarah walked through the door and was relieved that a building maintenance worker was setting up a new desk. A large box sat on the floor, which she guessed was her new monitor. A janitor was emptying her trash bin into his cart and looked up at her with a knowing look.

Sarah vaguely recognized him. She had seen him before on their floor, but he wasn't a regular.

Her eyes darted to his name tag, which read 'Otis' in red cursive letters. His face was weathered with gray, unkempt hair and a permanent five o'clock shadow. Otis had a visible potbelly through his coveralls and looked like the kind of guy who might get caught drinking on the job. She made a mental note to circle back with Marcie about him later.

She didn't want her eyes to linger on him too long in case he was the same janitor whose cart she had seen the previous night. She nodded to him, "Thank you."

Oddly, he didn't nod back, just kept his eyes on her. Sarah moved past him to the table with her belongings and grabbed her car keys. It looked like the solitude of her office would have to wait. Sarah turned to thank the worker from maintenance and felt the room begin to spin. The sun had broken through the clouds, shining through her office window. A smudged outline of her body from the previous day was on the window. Sweat and the oils from her body were left on the window, showing her hand prints in several spots, as well as where her firm breasts had been pushed up against the glass. A blurred smudge where her head had been must have been from her forehead or cheeks.

It didn't seem like the maintenance man had noticed. The sun faded behind the clouds, and her outline softened, but she could still see it. She couldn't believe she hadn't noticed it earlier, but the morning had been overcast. Mortified, she turned and walked out of the office, wondering if the smudge was the reason for the knowing look on the janitor's face.

Sarah took the elevator down to the main floor and walked out to the parking lot. She could feel the smudge of herself looking down at her from the building behind her. She didn't dare turn around, afraid that the smudge would be visible to anyone who looked up, or worse, that the janitor and the maintenance man would be up there, looking down at her, smirking.

She got in her car and, in a daze, drove herself to the nearest Costco. If she couldn't hide in her office, she could at least get out of the hospital and do some shopping. Dan always joked that shopping was one of her hobbies, but it just felt good to her—even if today it was going to be shopping for food instead of clothes or other kinds of retail therapy.

When Dan came back this week, she wanted to be ready and make something nice for him.

One of his favorite meals as a peace offering from their argument earlier. She wondered how he would react when she told him what had happened with Lester in her office yesterday.

Should she wait until he got back or tell him about it over the phone? Sooner was probably better, or else it might look like she was trying to hide something from him.

Pushing the oversized shopping cart, Sarah navigated the wide aisles of the local Costco. She filled the cart with produce, meat, milk, and other items to stock in their fridge, as well as the different ingredients for her meal for Dan. She planned on making him a grilled lemon herb chicken with a side of roasted potatoes, something he always remarked how much he loved.

When she was done filling her cart, Sarah wheeled it to the far side of the store to avoid the busy interior aisles and come out near the pharmacy. She hoped to grab a new body wash or something to feel refreshed and relaxed tonight.

As she made her way closer to the front of the store, she began passing by the large, oversized bags of chips and snacks tucked against the wall. She smirked as she saw a giant bag of Cheetos. She took out her phone and snapped a picture of the oversized snack bag while thinking of something to text Lester to rile him up. As soon as she pictured a riled-up Lester, her idea to taunt him was gone, replaced by the feel of his pressing weight upon her and the feeling of his long co-She realized she was frozen, daydreaming about getting laid while in Costco. She noticed that the line to get out had now extended beyond snacks, where she was. Without another thought, she grabbed the Cheetos and put the bag in her cart.

Sarah grabbed the body wash and some additional items in the pharmacy area before checking out and loading up her car. The overcast clouds had broken, replaced with a bright blue sky. She'd still had time to drive home and put the groceries away before returning to the hospital. There weren't any new messages from Dan or Lester on her phone. Sarah tucked it back into her purse and headed inside.

Getting out had done wonders for her mental state. As she rode the elevator up, she felt more at ease than when she'd left. Walking across the floor to her office, her smile didn't feel as forced as before.

Thankfully, her office was empty. Sarah closed and locked the door behind her and assessed her new desk. It was bigger and sturdier than the old one. This was a nice upgrade, actually; perhaps breaking it had been a good thing. IT must have come in while she was out as well.

The box was gone, and her new monitor was set up alongside a new docking station for her laptop.

Sarah's eyes lingered on her new desk before remembering to address the smudges on the window. She had some Kleenex and water she could use to clean it up. Her eyes flicked to the window, but she couldn't see where the smudge she'd made was.

The sun shone through the window like earlier, but she still couldn't see her imprint. She walked closer, but still nothing. She stepped back and forth, trying to look at it from other angles, but it wasn't there.

Someone had cleaned it.

The constant buzzing of the employees in the IT department was starting to get to Lester. Jerry had mentioned that some of his team might come to Lester with questions, but lately, they were trying to wean information and new skills out of him.

He didn't care to train the hospital's staff, so he didn't. He would give them vague responses, but he wasn't there to help the hospital. His purpose here wasn't their success.

That's why he'd gone out to grab Taco Bell and was taking an extended lunch break in his SUV.

He needed to get away from the IT drones scurrying to curry favor with their boss while hoping to achieve a fraction of the skills that Lester possessed.

They were all peons. All of them. Everyone in the hospital. Just pawns to serve his ultimate goal.

Lester bit into his steak taco, juices squeezing out onto his fingers. Lester lapped it up before taking another bite. He was parked at the back of the lot. Normally, he wouldn't park so far away. The walk alone was tedious and might wind him. But he didn't want to be disturbed by the spineless little men in the IT department. And from here, he had a great view of Sarah's office.

He couldn't see much. It seemed like the window up there reflected a distorted image of the parking lot. But he could imagine what happened up there last night. What had Sarah done about that broken desk?

He smirked, thinking about how he still took her from behind after they had collapsed onto the floor. *God, that woman is something.*

She was unlike any woman Lester had ever possessed before. He never wanted his trysts with her to change. He was enjoying himself

too much. Having a woman like her fall down to his level willingly was too sweet of a prize, especially combined with one of his other favorite pastimes. Putting someone like Dan in his place. Having Dan watch Lester fuck his wife as she moaned out for him. God, that was invigorating.

But Dan had been a little cagey lately. Lester almost hadn't noticed since he was so preoccupied with Sarah. Dan hadn't been taking any more job interviews at the apartment.

Likely because of Lester streaking nude into the last one he'd had there. But Dan also hadn't been applying for new jobs. When Lester looked over the network traffic through the apartment's router, Dan's browsing habits had become pedestrian. Netflix and other run of the mill sites. He wasn't applying to jobs anymore, at least not while he was in the apartment.

Did Dan suspect Lester of tampering with things? Was he really that clever that he would catch on? Lester wasn't sure either way, but he knew he needed to think up something to knock Dan down a peg or two and put him in his place. Preferably, it would be one that would lessen his image in Sarah's eyes as well.

The Eugene situation had been a surprising and welcome development. One Lester was currently weaponizing to move the goalposts further with Sarah.

Lester wolfed down the rest of his tacos and licked his sticky fingers clean before pulling out his phone. He hadn't responded to Sarah's message yet. He enjoyed making her wait and knew that Sarah was used to getting immediate responses from most men. Being the outlier would result in dividends.

The fact that she had dropped the phone off on his desk this morning spoke volumes. He didn't really need it. His backup phone would do just fine, but her leaving it on his desk told him a few

things. One: She had seen the call he'd faked from Lizzie. Two: She had arrived early.

Early enough to drop off his phone. She was probably coming in early to straighten up her office. Three: She wanted to drop the phone off - she didn't want Lester coming to her office or hunting her down for it.

Lester felt like Sarah was beginning to teeter on the brink, and he would gladly pull her over the edge.

Instead of messaging her back, he opened Discord and read through several of the messages waiting for him there. There were messages from the gaming servers he was a part of and messages from his group. More of Ned seeming to plead his fealty to Lester and a few private messages for Lester's side business. One was from Cronos, who had been increasingly impatient with Lester for not sending videos or updating him on Sarah.

Even though he was one of Lester's best clients, Cronos was becoming a nuisance and wasn't taking 'no' for an answer. His messages were beginning to border on, sounding threatening.

Lester wasn't ready to share Sarah with his world. He wasn't sure he ever would as long as things continued progressing as they had been. Cronos had left several messages demanding Lester. Instead of responding, Lester had chosen to block him.

Sure, Cronos paid well, but Lester wasn't hurting for money. He could always make more, and the hospital standing in front of him was the perfect example. Lester focused on Sarah's office window and decided to message her back.

L: Thursday. And thanks for my phone.

His birthday wasn't on Thursday. It wasn't even this month but he hoped that the idea of spending his birthday alone in an unfamiliar

town as a result of helping Sarah would gain him some leverage with her. The fake call from Lizzie, which he was sure Sarah had witnessed should also be playing in her head, making her wonder if they were still in contact. Women were naturally possessive and jealous creatures, it wasn't his fault they were so easy to manipulate.

Lester was surprised to see the three little dots on his screen, indicating that Sarah was typing a response.

S: Sorry. Dan is coming back on Thursday. I can't do it then.

Lester's nostrils flared out, and his face grew a shade of red. He didn't like being denied.

L: I'm sure you can make time for me. Just like you did yesterday.

S: That shouldn't have happened. My schedule is packed for the rest of the week. I'm sorry about your birthday.

Lester wasn't about to take no for an answer. He shimmed out of his pants and took a picture of his flaccid cock, and sent it to Sarah.

L: Are you really going to let me be alone on my birthday? You can blow on this and make a wish.

S: Good one. I'm sorry, Lester, but I just can't come this week.

Fucking Dan. What could Lester do to keep Dan out of the picture this week? He wanted to push the envelope with Sarah, and his birthday ruse was a great way to take that next step.

The pieces were set on the board for something Lester had never experienced before. He needed it.

<i>Patience. Don't be rash. You've planted the seeds, let them bear fruit.</i> He hated being patient. Lester wanted Sarah now. Still,

the little voice inside of him was right. She would be his soon enough. He just needed to set the table and take the opportunity when it appeared.

L: You're going to have to make it up to me.

S: Oh yeah? What did you have in mind?

L: I'll let you know next time I get you alone. For now, send me a sexy picture to stroke myself to.

The three little dots appeared and then disappeared. Sarah was trying to think of something clever to say. Or maybe she was stopping to take a picture somewhere in the hospital. God, imagining her stepping into a patient's room to take a picture for him. Pulling down her top and snapping a picture of her amazing tits.

Lester's eyes narrowed as a picture finally appeared on the screen. She hadn't sent him a picture of herself. Instead, it was a picture of a giant-sized bag of Cheetos.

<i>What the fuck?</i>

Sarah smirked after sending the message while swiveling around in her office chair. Her office door was locked, and she was finally getting the peace and quiet she had been craving. Emails were still coming in, but her office phone was off the hook.

Opening her phone again, she took a long look at the photo Lester had sent her. His large, flaccid cock filled her screen, and she felt herself begin to heat up. The photo would have been better if his cock had been hard for her. But what was she thinking, him taking it out and stroking it in her hospital? That sounded like an HR nightmare with a blowback on her.

Would he have been hard sending a pic to Lizzie? She shouldn't dwell on the girl, but she wanted to know why she was calling Lester. God, she needed to stop thinking like this. Like some kind of teenager.

She just needed a few moments of quiet to gather herself and figure out how to navigate the rest of the week. Between her work and personal life, things felt like a mess. Sarah just wanted to take a few small moments for herself before figuring out her next steps.

Part of her just wanted to retreat from it all and get lost in something else like she had the night before with Lester. Just a release to let go of all her worries and just focus on getting herself off.

But that wasn't real life. She couldn't just abandon everything and give in to her hedonistic desires. Her mind thought of Lizzie's number on Lester's phone from last night. It would be so easy to be a younger woman like that, with no strings and no attachments. Just the ability to go and do whatever you want, whenever you want. Sarah wasn't sure if it was envy or jealousy, but she missed that freedom. She would love just to walk away from the stressors of her job, but that would mean her kids might not be able to eat or have a place to call home.

The stress of providing just compounded everything, and it felt like Sarah was becoming handcuffed to the stressors of her job, maybe like the whole country was.

Her cell phone ringing snapped her out of that train of thought. She felt her heart start to beat quickly, and nervous energy filled her body. Was Lester calling her? How did he take the teasing picture of the Cheetos?

She looked at her phone screen and felt nervous energy replaced with anxiety. Dan was calling. She knew she had to answer, but she wasn't looking forward to the awkward conversation that would

follow. She wanted to reconcile with him about yesterday's events, but she hated having these painful conversations.

"Hi," Sarah said after clicking the answer button. She tried to make her voice sound indifferent, not letting her emotions seep into it for Dan to hear. She wanted him to apologize for what happened before she had to give in and do the same. He still didn't know everything that happened yesterday after their conversation.

"Hey, Sarah," Dan said back. Hearing him say her name sounded so clinical for some reason.

"Look," Dan continued, "I'm really sorry for how things ended yesterday. The Eugene stuff was fucked up, and I'm sorry for not telling you sooner. It's just still weird for me to process, you know? All of this stuff. Lester and you, well, I guess I didn't know how to deal with it, and then it just sort of spiraled from there. I'm sorry."

It sounded rehearsed, but she did appreciate him making the first move to call her. "I just don't get it, Dan," Sarah said, "The whole Lester thing has been going on for months now.

What do you mean 'it's weird for you to process?'"

She heard Dan sigh from the other side of the phone. He'd clearly hoped his rehearsed words would be the magic bullet to get things back on track. "Like, there is the part of me that understands it but another part of me that is still coming to grips with everything that happened - that happens."

Sarah didn't say anything, hoping Dan would continue and finish his thought.

"So, like, that part of me that is still in the process of accepting what happened," Dan was speaking quickly, "Maybe I'm still a bit ashamed of everything. You know, as a man, I'm

supposed to be tough and strong, but then to let some other ugly guy fuck my wife, it doesn't quite click. And then this other guy comes into the room and sees me staring at the peephole.

Really seeing me as I watch. Seeing my desire to watch you with someone else. I felt exposed and vulnerable, I guess."

Sarah nodded and understood what Dan was feeling, but some things still just didn't sit right with her. "But did Eugene even know we were together? He didn't know you were my husband in that moment."

"No," Dan said quietly, "But it didn't matter. It just felt like I was exposed, and I wasn't ready to be seen like that by anyone else."

Sarah shook her head. Dan's choice of words was terrible. He wasn't great at banter and kept leaving openings for her. "Did you ever think that I might not be ready to be seen like that?"

Yes, in the past, other people have watched me or watched me with Lester, but I chose to let it happen. I consented to it. And I knew that the people were strangers. You let someone watch me without my knowing, and not only that, but it was someone who knows Lester. Only a few degrees of separation between us. I don't know that guy, and he is in the apartment. What if he tried something else? What if he was dangerous, and now he knows where we are? Or, jeez, what if he messes with Lester or something now? You didn't think about those things when you let your own fantasies control you again."

Dan was silent on the other end of the phone. At some point Sarah must have stood up because she realized she was up, looking out the window. She knew the power of silence.

Sarah was a talker and could easily have a one sided conversation with Dan but she needed these things to sink in so he understood them.

Eventually, he responded, "You're right. I didn't think of those things, and I am such a piece of shit for allowing you to be seen like that."

Being exposed didn't upset her. Sarah had actually come to realize she got off on being exposed to others, especially men she considered below her, like Eugene. Knowing that he saw her like that had actually turned her on to a degree, but she was still upset with Dan for taking away her choice in the matter.

"Did you know what I was doing on the other side of that peephole?" Sarah said, "When I thought it was you?"

"No," Dan said.

"I was staring into the peephole thinking I was looking at my husband. Putting on a show for you. Licking my lips, blowing kisses towards the hole. Giving my best 'fuck me' eyes, even

standing right in front of the hole to give you an amazing view of everything that was happening. I thought it was you there, Dan, but instead, it was some old wizard-looking guy jerking off on the other side." Sarah rested her forehead against the window and immediately stood back up, not wanting to make another smudge. The question of who had cleaned the window still plagued her. Did they recognize what the imprint was? If they noticed the smudge when they were close to the glass, there was a chance they wouldn't.

"I'm sorry Sarah. I didn't know. You're right about it, about everything. My fantasies did get in the way, and I guess I crumpled under the idea of having them exposed like that to someone else." Dan said.

"But it didn't bug you that you exposed me like that? Without me knowing? I feel like such an idiot for putting on a show for you and you not even being there." Sarah felt tears forming at the sides of

her eyes. She wasn't sad, but her body automatically responded to her frustration.

"Yeah, it bugs me. When I look back on it, I want to kick myself in the head over it. I just...in that moment, I wasn't thinking clearly or with the right head."

"I'll say," Sarah said. She didn't want to drag this out and by agreeing with him she was at least communicating she was on the same page, even if Dan was being critical of himself.

"And what about after?" Sarah asked. "You lied about who left the mess on the wall. I know you never said it was you, but you didn't say it wasn't. You omitted the truth even after you knew I lapped up the cum. That night, you could have said something, or the other night on the call or anytime in between, but you didn't. Why not?" Sarah said.

There were noises in the background from Dan's side. She couldn't quite place them, but he wasn't somewhere quiet. Who else was hearing this conversation?

"I don't know why," Dan said, "I think it has to come back to being publicly exposed like that. I just felt, I feel shame at someone seeing me like that. I've always been able to keep this part of me tucked away in a box. Private. Something you and I take out and play with, but now, with someone seeing me like that, it's like that part of me was becoming public knowledge, and I felt ashamed. A paralyzing shame that people would see me differently. Like I'm a different person from who I thought I was. That you would think of me as less than, see me differently.

Like one of those weak, ineffectual men that put their cocks in cages and allow themselves to be called a sissy while their wives get plowed by some more manly guy. That isn't who I am but it felt like that's how you would see me or how others would see me. I guess I

just retreated into myself and hid behind my silence. I'm really sorry that the silence hid something from you, too."

Sarah hadn't been expecting that response and didn't realize what sort of things were going through her husband's head. That wasn't at all how she viewed him. He was her strong, smart, capable, caring husband. He would never be like that to her, and it felt so strange to hear him think of himself like that, even just for a moment. Sarah began to feel guilty for not being there for him. She still felt embers of anger, but they softened. She didn't want to keep fighting. Maybe this was a good time to apologize for what she said and to let Dan know about what happened with Lester.

"Look, Dan. I love you, you know that. I'm still upset about being lied to. Both for letting me think it was you but also for how you just stepped aside at the peephole. But you're an idiot if you think any of those things about yourself. I don't and never will think of you like that, okay?"

"Okay. Thanks, Sarah, I needed to hear that."

"Good. Look, we aren't out of the woods yet, but I hate having these conversations on the phone," Sarah was getting ready to apologize herself, hoping that Dan wouldn't be too upset with her since he'd just revealed that truth about himself, it was probably a good time for her to do the same. "This week, when you come home, we need to have a long conversation about things, preferably with a lot of wine. I've already got my parents to watch the girls again so we'll have the house to ourselves to work through things. There's a couple of other --"

"Uh, yeah," Dan interrupted her, "I know, um, this week isn't going to work. I hate it, but something has come up again."

This time Sarah stayed silent, letting Dan fill in the details. How could he not come home this week? After their blow up yesterday it

was vital that they reconnect and clear the air. It just felt like he wasn't prioritizing her.

"That new client I signed yesterday. The one I started to mention. Sentinel Security." Dan continued. "They're based in D.C. and need me to come out there ASAP. They didn't mention everything, but they said there are things they need to discuss that they aren't willing to discuss over email or on the phone. I don't know what it is, but they are flying me out to discuss it with them."

"Can't you put it off until next week? If it's so important why can't they fly out here to talk to you?" Sarah heard the sharpness in her voice and immediately regretted it. It was the tone of someone looking to pick a fight, and she knew Dan wouldn't respond well to it. But what the hell? She was juggling her career plus taking care of the kids and the house. Dan just had his career to worry about and was struggling to bring money in for them.

"That's not how it works, Sarah. They're my client. They don't fly to me. I fly to them and help them. That's what they pay me for. For being there and doing my job for them." Dan snapped back.

"But they haven't even paid you yet, have they?" Sarah said with an edge.

"No client pre-pays, Sarah. They pay at the end of the month for the hours you bill them for, that's how it works in business." Dan chided.

Sarah wasn't an idiot. She knew how contracts worked, she'd handled dozens of them for the hospital. She felt like Dan was talking down to her, belittling her experience at the hospital like it wasn't a real business. Like she wasn't a serious person. The same way John and the rest of the board did.

"I'm not an idiot Dan. I know how business works. You could have asked for a retainer up front and gotten more specifics on what the project would be. You can always negotiate terms. You just chose

not to. Did you even try to negotiate this trip? Let me ask you this: when did they ask you to fly out?

"A few hours ago," Dan sounded like he was speaking through gritted teeth.

"So you knew that you were supposed to come home this week and you knew that we had issues to resolve, but you didn't even try to negotiate a new time with them? Do you see how I might view that as you choosing to work over me? Over us and the kids?"

"That isn't it at all," Dan's voice sounded upset. "I'm doing this for you. For us and the kids.

Hell, I'm the one who actually called you to try to make things better. My company is circling the drain here and I need to make a move. Sentinel Security will pay us a lot of money that we need. The timing fucking sucks, but we need this. I can't just ignore them. I'm trying to build up a new business here, and it's so frustrating that you're immediately trying to tear it down.

Sarah felt her chest growing flush, "I'm not trying to tear anything down, Dan. I'm the one holding every fucking thing together. Your job right now is paying peanuts compared to mine.

And I know you've never thought seriously about my job, but it's the one paying our mortgage right now, and I'm basically covering your rent by giving it up to Lester. It isn't just about the money, Dan. It's about being here as a husband and a father. Supporting the family is more than just financial support. It feels like you'd rather be out there playing businessman than being here with us."

"That's not fair," Dan said in a hushed tone, trying not to be overheard. "All I do, I do for our family. You know that. I don't want to be here. I'd rather be home with you and the girls.

That's not fair at all."

"Then come home," Sarah said. "Call them. Tell them something came up. Reschedule."

"I can't," Dan said quietly.

"Why can't you?" Sarah said.

"I'm already on the airplane. Boarding is just finishing up." Dan sighed.

Sarah closed her eyes and rested her head back against the window. Tears welled up in her eyes but she pushed the sadness down. "I don't understand how you could cancel on us without even telling me. You're calling from the airplane Dan. It's like you didn't even give a shit about coming home this week. Do you know I ran out to Costco during lunch hour to get the stuff I need to make your favorite dinner for you? I've been having a real tough time at work lately but I still managed to find the time to do that for you. And you're just jet-setting off to D.C. without even caring enough to inform me about it?"

"Sarah, I know it's bad timing. It sucks. I hate it. I know. I really fucking sucks, but I'll make it up to you. I promise," Dan's voice was breaking from the other end of the phone. "I'm trying to make everything work here. I'm trying to rebuild things to make a more stable life for us. I'm doing the best I can, but I'm not always going to get things right."

"You should have called earlier, Dan, not when you're boarding a fucking plane," Sarah said.

"After yesterday I didn't even know if you wanted me home this week," Dan whispered.

"That's not the point and you know it," Sarah felt like kicking the legs of her desk but thought better of it. "It's like you didn't even consider us."

"After how we ended the call yesterday, I didn't even know if you'd pick up earlier," Dan said.

"So you're a coward and just called now since your plane would be departing soon," Sarah said.

Sarah could hear an announcement over the plane's speakers but couldn't quite make it out.

"That's not fair. That's not it at all. You could have called me too, but you didn't. You're too prideful to try to reach out and make things right between us. I always have to bend and try to mend things." Dan said.

"I can't do this right now Dan," Sarah was holding it together as she felt a tear run down her cheek. She needed to hold back the tears, or else the dam would break, and she would be a mess in the office, which she'd just spent the morning reassembling. "I'm still stuck here at work while you get to jet-set off to D.C. I can't fucking do this at work, Dan."

Dan didn't reply so Sarah added, "Maybe if me and the girls were clients of yours you would come back to us this week."

"That's not fucking fair, Sarah," Dan sounded exhausted, "You know I'm doing all of this for you. For them. All of us. I'm trying my best here but I'm getting stretched thin. I can only do so much."

"Well, you need to pick which things are worth doing. You can't do it all, Dan. It feels like we are constantly being chosen last."

A female voice was saying something to Dan.

"Fuck. Listen, I have to go. We're taxiing on the runway, and the stewardess just told me to hang up. The timing sucks, I know but when I land I'll call and we'll talk the rest of this out okay?" Dan said.

"I don't know," Sarah said back, "I think I just need a break from it tonight."

"Okay," Dan sounded defeated. "I'll call you in the morning before I meet these guys."

"Okay."

"I love you, Sarah."

"Bye, Dan."

Sarah stared at her phone until Dan ended the call, feeling more exhausted than she had before. Nothing seemed to be going her way lately. She hadn't wanted to get into another fight with Dan, but she just couldn't take being put second anymore. Sarah wished he'd never left for Chicago, even if that meant losing the house and moving back in with her parents.

As humiliating as that would have been, at least they could have tackled things together. Now, it just felt like they were both pulling in different directions, both trying to reach the same goal but taking different routes away from each other.

The conversation had soured so quickly. She hadn't even had a chance to tell Dan about everything going on with her at work. That she didn't get the promotion and that John had passed her up in such a humiliating fashion.

<i>But he hadn't even asked about it.</i> Not through text or on their calls this week. It was always about his job and his clients. What about her? It's like he didn't even care. Hell, he probably wouldn't even bat an eye hearing that Lester had fucked her in her office last night.

Lester.

Fuck. Maybe he could at least take her mind off of all this shit for a little while. She knew it was a bad decision. It was one of those self-destructive ideas, but she couldn't stop herself.

Sarah needed to bury all of this down deep and replace it with something else. Something that would let her forget it all for a little while.

She opened up her conversation with Lester on her phone. She read it over and then grabbed some Kleenex off her desk and wiped away the tears from her eyes before unbuttoning her blouse.

She opened the camera and held the phone slightly above her, capturing the amazing cleavage of her bra-clad breasts. Sarah bit her lip and hoped her eyes looked seductive and snapped the pic.

After pressing the send button. Sarah wrote:

S: How about you open your birthday present tonight? Whatever you want.

After his conversation with Sarah, Dan felt like he was between a rock and a hard place. He should have known better than to get on the plane without telling Sarah but he had been so focused and obsessed with building his business and taking action, it just seemed like the logical step forward.

The truth was, he hadn't considered the consequences of taking the trip. He had assumed Sarah would have been thrilled about the new client and would have supported his sacrifice, but he had completely forgotten that Sarah was making sacrifices of her own.

"I'm such an asshole," Dan closed his eyes and rested his head against the seat. The airplane was taxiing on the runway, and everyone around him seemed to be absorbed by their phones or

tablets. Dan just wanted to shut the world off for a bit and try to figure out how to fix things.

His biggest mistake had been the timing. If he hadn't lied about Eugene, the conversation with Sarah yesterday wouldn't have gone as poorly as it had and maybe she would see what a big fucking deal landing Sentinel Securities was. She was right about him being a coward. He could have called earlier with this news and talked it out then but he waited until the last minute.

Hell, if the conversation yesterday had gone better, maybe Sarah could have joined him on this trip, just like she had to Minnesota.

When he got back, he needed to find a way to get back to Middleton to see Sarah and the kids. Find a way to make it up to them. But he'd have to figure out a way around Walt.

As far as Walt knew, Dan was still going back to Middleton. He wasn't flying to D.C. to land a new client for himself. It would be hard to return to the office and ask again to return home.

Dan would need to think of something else; otherwise, he would be caught between Walt and Sarah. After their conversation earlier, there was no way he couldn't go back and see her. He needed to prioritize fixing things on the homefront.

Did Sarah end up hearing anything about her promotion? The extra cash would be great, and he loved the idea of her finally being recognized for all the years and work she put into that place.

He wanted to see her. Hold her and smell her golden hair. Just talk to her like they had a few weeks ago when they seemed to be on the same page. Dan thought about texting her but held off. Letting things lie for a little bit might be better so she could cool off. Hopefully when he called her tomorrow morning, things would have settled down and not be so heated. He'd have a plan by then to try to get her on board with.

Still, he hoped she might, for once, try to reach out and mend things. If she had just texted him, he would have felt a lot better about being on an airplane traveling thousands of miles away from her. His eyes felt heavy, and they shut just as the plane lifted off, an event he usually would have paid closer attention to.

Dan's eyes shot open again as the jet's wheels thudded against the runway at Reagan. As if on cue, his phone rang. He immediately answered it without even looking at the screen. Protocol be damned.

"Hey," Dan said in a hushed tone.

"Hey Dan, it's good to connect. Thanks for answering my call," A young male voice said from the other end of the phone.

"Jesse?" Dan was puzzled. He was expecting Sarah, but now his old protege was calling. Dan pulled the phone away from his face to check the number, partially worried Jesse was somehow calling from Sarah's number. He wasn't, the call was coming from a Chicago area code he didn't recognize.

"That's right. Good to hear from you." Jesse chuckled, "I wasn't sure you'd pick up my call after how we left things at the nightclub."

Dan glanced up and saw the buckled seat belt sign still illuminated. His seatmate seemed a little too interested in the call he was on, so he turned toward the window for some privacy.

The image of Jesse grinding his crotch against Sarah's ass and kissing her neck was seared into his memory. He felt himself getting worked up.

"What do you want, Jesse?" Dan said flatly, trying to stay in control of his emotions.

“Well, I wanted to reach out because I need your help. We have a new client with some aggressive sustainability requirements on a project. Based on your LinkedIn posts, I think you might be doing freelance work?” Jesse half asked in his annoyingly overconfident voice. The

same voice that had tried to blackmail Dan a few months ago. “Honestly, I’m a little out of my depth here and could really use your expertise. We pay really well. What do you think? Can we meet to discuss it?”

The idea of extra money in his pocket sounded great to Dan. And Jesse was right; he had an extensive background in sustainable buildings and projects. Maybe Jesse was stroking his ego a bit here. Still, Dan wasn’t sure this was a good idea.

Putting Jesse back into his orbit didn’t seem like a positive. He wasn’t sure if Jesse knew what went down with the email Dan sent, but you never know. And the way he’d looked at Sarah last time in the nightclub. It was like there was a longing there or some debt he wanted settled. It was probably best just to let that can of worms stay closed. Dan also didn’t want to give Jesse any information about his freelance work either. Jesse could use that to burn him with Walt.

Besides, he shouldn’t even entertain this proposal without Sarah’s input. She’d want to know who he was getting in bed with, so to speak, in case she got dragged into it as well.

But the idea of being able to network at a prestigious firm like the one Jesse was at was intriguing. The new contacts he could make. He could potentially secure new clients and projects.

Just like everything lately, it all came down to the timing. His timing with Sarah had royally sucked lately. Adding another client to his growing roster was precisely what Dan wanted to do, but he still didn’t know what working with Sentinel would entail, not to mention

Bill and the half dozen other clients he was just starting to make inroads with.

There was a real chance Dan was starting to spread himself too thin between his day job, his side clients, and the mess that his personal life was becoming.

Sarah had just berated him for choosing work over her and their family. He shouldn't add to the issue right now. Besides, fuck Jesse.

"Sorry, Jesse," Dan said as the plane began to pull into the gate. "No can do, my friend. I wish I could help, but I can't. I'm sorry."

"No, uh, are you sure?" Jesse's confident voice seemed to break, not expecting this response,

"Like I said, we can really make it worth your while."

"Sorry Jesse," Dan said worrying he was attracting the attention of other passengers as his voice got louder, "I can't do it right now. Sorry, I gotta go. My plane just touchdowned. Take care."

Dan hung up and tucked his phone back into the pocket of his blazer. That was weird. Jesse calling out of the blue like that. He hoped he'd made the right decision turning Jesse down.

He knew logically it was the right call but in his heart a small part of him wondered about the money. Jesse said he was out of his depth, which he probably would be even writing a basic email. It could have been a simple project for which Dan could have billed a lot of money.

Whatever it was, it wasn't for him. Dan had enough plates in the air he was trying to juggle.

He got his bag together and waited for the row ahead to clear. Then it was off to baggage claim and whatever else awaited him in

Washington, D.C..

She knew this was a bad idea. A therapist would probably call it self-destructive, but luckily for Sarah, she didn't have a therapist. She suppressed the alarm bells and warnings going off in her head and the accompanying voice of reason telling her to reconsider her plans.

<i>It's just dinner.</i> She told herself. It would be a waste to have bought all of these groceries at Costco and not use them. Dan wasn't coming home this week. He'd made other plans, so she would make plans of her own too.

Sarah slipped the lemon herb chicken onto the barbecue grill before going back inside to check on the potatoes. She peeked into the oven before grabbing a wooden spatula and lightly stirring the small cubed potatoes around. Lester would probably just prefer that big bag of Cheetos, but Sarah wanted to cook something.

She shook her head as she poured another glass of white wine. Before, all she'd wanted to do was make amends with Dan and cook her man a nice meal. Now, she was cooking a meal for Lester instead. After all, it was his birthday this week, so she might as well do something nice for him. Sarah hadn't had time to change after work, rushing to get everything ready before Lester arrived.

He was here in Middleton because of her, the least she could do was make him something to eat.

<i>And what about after dinner?</i> the small voice inside her said. After dinner, it didn't matter right now. She took another long sip of her wine. All she wanted was to focus on making dinner delicious. Whatever happened after would be figured out then. Sarah knew she was lying to herself, but the charade got her through. She'd make dinner and then just see what happened afterward.

Her parents had been able to take the kids on short notice. They'd gotten used to it. She knew her mother regretted that her own mother hadn't lived long enough to get to know her daughter.

The house felt too quiet, almost like the calm before a storm. Sarah felt goosebumps spreading over her arms in anticipation of what might come next. Her eyes moved to the door, picturing the fat man with his greedy eyes running over her body as he stood in the doorway.

Then she looked up the stairs, remembering. She blushed in the empty room, recalling how many times she'd been with him in the bed she shared with her husband.

Guilt started to creep in at how quickly she had rationalized dropping her kids off at her parents. Sarah was able to distract herself from that thread by heading back outside to the barbecue. The chicken breasts were due for a turnover.

The intrusive thoughts continued to creep back in when all she wanted to do was focus on cooking the meal. She wished something would distract her. Dan didn't know that she had fucked Lester in her office yesterday. Sarah still hadn't admitted that to him. Part of her desperately wanted to, but the other part felt it was something he should just expect at this point, given everything that had happened. Still, she didn't like feeling out of control. Getting fucked by Lester in her office was something she had vowed not to do. But even today, she still took that picture for him.

She wasn't sure if she did that because of her argument with Dan or because she wanted to rile Lester up for later. Her mind was a mess, but it felt like both reasons could be true. God, if she just had some time alone to stop and think her feelings through, maybe she could —

The doorbell rang as she made her way back inside.

She paused, and instantly felt butterflies in her stomach, quickly through the house to the front door. On the other side, as imagined, was Lester, standing with a slouch and wearing a pair of black sweatpants. A faded oversized t-shirt hung loose and low, covering his hanging gut.

"Hey, come on in," Sarah quickly ushered Lester inside, eager to get him out of the eyesight of any neighbors. She closed the door behind Lester and turned to head back to the kitchen, "I'm just out back cooking the chicken for dinner. It's almost ready. There's beer in the –"

Lester's hand closed around her wrist, pulling her backward towards him. Sarah's body jerked awkwardly in response, spinning around until her body was pressed against his. She could already feel his cock pressing against her thigh. Her leg moved of its own accord, rubbing against his until she could feel the heat of his shaft against her crotch.

"No kiss for the birthday boy?" Lester snorted before his hand cupped Sarah's ass pulling her harder against his crotch while his head dipped down, and he pressed his fat lips against Sarah's.

"Heymmmm," Sarah's lips parted as Lester's tongue crept into her mouth, running over hers.

Her knees seemed to buckle at the surprise kiss. The house suddenly felt very warm. A pleasurable moan escaped her lips as her tongue worked against his, welcoming him.

When Lester released Sarah from his grip, she stepped back to steady herself. Her mind still catching up with the endorphins flooding her body. She'd known he would be here tonight but still felt underprepared and overwhelmed. She took a moment to see him, now in the privacy of her home. A second went by as she stood unmoving, almost waiting for him to grab her again.

"This way," She said, straightening her blouse out and turning back towards the kitchen.

Lester's plodding feet followed Sarah across the hardwood floor. She crossed to the sliding door on the kitchen's far side to check the chicken's state out on the patio. She put the meat onto a plate with a pair of tongs before turning the barbeque off and bringing it inside.

"Go sit at the table," Sarah said, waving toward it as she removed the potatoes from the oven.

Lester's eyes lingered on her body.

"What's for dinner? I'm starving." Lester walked over to the table and unknowingly sat down in Dan's spot. Sarah wondered how Dan would react, seeing Lester in his spot. In his house with his wife. Almost as if Lester was trying to supplant him.

"Grilled lemon herb chicken with roasted potatoes." Sarah slid the tray of potatoes onto the counter and started plating their meals. Lester's stare never left Sarah's body. He licked his lips, imagining what he wanted to happen tonight, "What did you end up doing about your desk?"

"I went in early and sent a message to the building team that the desk had broken overnight."

Sarah set a plate down in front of Lester, who started to dig in before Sarah could take her seat. It was amusing watching Lester eat. His mannerisms at her family table were not far from those he'd played as his barbarian character in their Dungeons and Dragons adventure.

"Thankfully, they were able to replace it with another desk today. And my monitor was cracked, but Jerry and IT managed to replace it early today as well."

Lester shoved a large piece of chicken into his mouth, and its juices ran down his chin, "That's good. I was wondering all day what would happen. It all worked out in the end. Definitely one of my most memorable fucks."

Sarah felt her face grow flush. She didn't respond. Instead, she put a fork full of potatoes in her mouth. She hadn't thought about it, but now that Lester had mentioned it, having sex like that, especially in her office, would definitely also rank high on her own list of memorable sex.

Her mind started to wander as she slowly recalled each of her own sexual milestones and how they'd played out in her head. She was somewhat surprised at just how many of those sessions had included the man sitting across from her.

She looked up at Lester, who was focused on finishing the food on his plate.

What is he thinking about right now? Is he thinking about what might happen after dinner?

Why did his ex-girlfriend call him yesterday? Why hasn't he mentioned it yet? Why should he have to mention it? It's not like we're dating or anything. He didn't need to clear that with me.

Lester finished his meal after a few minutes and another glass of wine. Sarah quickly finished hers and cleared the table. As Sarah tossed the bones and put the dishes in the sink, she looked over at Lester, whose attention had shifted to his phone. He was typing something on the screen, but Sarah didn't know if he was texting someone or doing something else.

Stop it.

Ignoring the voice, she began to think about Lizzie and whether or not Lester was beginning to start something up with her again.

Sarah's mind wandered as she moved around the kitchen on auto-pilot, loading the dishwasher and cleaning the counters. She didn't hear Lester leave his chair and move towards her.

She only became aware of his presence when she felt him push his crotch into her backside, pinning her against the kitchen counter. Sarah drew in a sharp intake of breath as Lester began to grind his growing hard cock against her ass. Her hands braced herself against the counter as she felt Lester's gut pressing against her back, feeling the heat radiating from his body.

"I'm ready for my birthday present now," Lester's hands came to rest on Sarah's hips, beginning to guide them back and forth until she was grinding her perfect ass back against him on her own. Sarah moaned with her eyes closed, focusing on the feeling of Lester's cock pressing into her.

"Mhmmm, what do you want?" Sarah groaned, her nails clicked, pressing into the granite countertops.

Lester took a step back, dislodging his heated cock from Sarah's ass. She looked over her shoulder, disappointed at its absence, and saw that ugly, shit-eating grin spread across his face.

"Take it out," Lester grabbed his crotch and shook it towards Sarah. Raising an eyebrow and looking around her empty kitchen, Sarah casually lowered herself to her knees. She raised her manicured fingers to the waistband of Lester's pants and lowered them and his ratty boxers in one motion, unleashing Lester's cock. It sprung out and brushed her cheek, the musty smell of his sweaty crotch filling her nose.

"A birthday blowjob? I can do that." Sarah licked her lips and eagerly leaned forward and took his bulging cock into her mouth. Lester grunted as Sarah's hand started working his shaft while the other braced herself against his meaty thigh. She ran her tongue up and down the bottom of his considerable shaft, twirled it around the

head of his cock, and opened her mouth, taking half of Lester's entire length in. Sarah was now used to having this large part of Lester in her mouth. Her tongue pressed against the bottom of his shaft, delighting in the primal, musky taste of his cock.

"This is just an appetizer," Lester grabbed a fistful of Sarah's hair and pulled her mouth further down on his hardened shaft, forcing her to take more of it. Sarah stopped stroking his cock, instead bracing herself with both hands against his thighs as Lester started to thrust his hips forward, fucking her mouth while holding her head in a still position. His wild brown and gray pubic hairs tickled her nose.

"Mhmmfffff," Sarah's muffled moans filled the kitchen as she tried to breathe through her nose. She held on for dear life as Lester fucked her mouth with abandon in the same spot where she made her children's breakfast every morning. Sarah felt her entire body prepare itself for the extremes of what Lester would do to her. It was as if a switch went off inside her, changing her from hostess to slut.

Lester picked up his pace, relentlessly fucking the young mother's mouth. Sarah tapped his thigh, trying to signal to him to let up. But he just continued to fuck her mouth however he wanted. Sarah couldn't breathe; the angle wasn't helping her, but her body continued responding to Lester's aggressive nature. Tears shot from Sarah's eyes, and her breasts were heaving; a familiar warmth grew between her legs.

Lester let go of her hair, letting Sarah pull back and get some relief. He looked down at her, saliva and pre-cum still connected to his cock by two strings, running together on her cheeks as she took deep heaving breaths. He grinned. "I had a surprise call this week. My ex-Lizzie.

Nothing interesting - checking to see if I remembered a restaurant we used to go to. She's seeing someone else now, so..."

"O-Oh?" Sarah couldn't help but feel relieved, knowing that Lizzie wasn't coming back into the picture. Lizzie wasn't going to be competition after all. She scooped some of the mess Lester had made off her cheek. She also felt happy that Lester had told her the truth, even though

she already knew. She couldn't help but think about how her husband had lied to her, but Lester was being completely open and honest with her now. Sarah reached up and started idly stroking Lester's cock again. "So, why are you telling me this?"

"Well," Lester started thrusting his cock into Sarah's hand. "It relates to my birthday gift. I don't regret getting my operation, even if it led to me breaking up with Lizzie. But there's been an itch I've wanted to scratch ever since. Especially knowing it's not in the cards for me now."

"And what's that?" Sarah bit her lip and looked up at her husband's troll-like roommate standing above, her hand never stopping in its duty to maintain his erection.

"Tonight, for my birthday, I want to do a bit of role-playing and plenty of dirty talk," Lester grunted.

"And what role am I going to play?" Sarah raised an eyebrow, "Am I supposed to be Lady Val again? You don't want me to be Lizzie, do you?"

"No way. No. Never. I want you just to be you. Sarah Williams. And I'll be your husband's roommate, Lester Marshall." Lester clumsily stroked her cheek in an attempt to comfort her.

"I don't get it then." Sarah said, confused, her hand's motion slowing, "Where does the roleplay come in."

"I want to roleplay a scenario I'll never be able to do now," Lester said. "Let's role-play me knocking you up. You, begging for it. I want

to hear those words. I know it's messed up, but I just need this. I need this experience. For my birthday."

That idea was so fucked up, Sarah couldn't help but laugh, "You want to role play knocking me up? Making me beg for your cum so you can get me pregnant? Knock up your roommate's wife? Is that what you want for your birthday? For me to give you what Lizzie can't?"

"That's what I fucking want." Lester thrust his cock forward, catching Sarah by surprise. She released her grip on his cock. The horny wife looked up at him and sucked his meaty cockhead back into her mouth, savoring it. She slowly kissed down his shaft until she reached his heavy balls, gently sucking one into her mouth.

"MMmmmmm" her eyes were closed as she tongued his balls. "Your balls are so full, I think you're going to fill me up." Then she stood up to look into Lester's beady eyes. She leaned into him, pressing her ample chest against his, and whispered in his ear, "Wait five minutes, then come upstairs." She licked his earlobe as she parted from him.

Sarah turned on her heel and walked out of the kitchen and up the stairs to her bedroom. Part of her couldn't believe the kinky scenario Lester wanted her to do, but another part of her trembled with anticipation. Two of the top sexual experiences on the list she had been toying

with earlier had been the times she and Dan had tried to have a baby. Those sessions always felt so raw and primal, knowing that they weren't just having sex but that they were trying to breed. Even after the girls were born, she and Dan would often engage in impregnation dirty talk. It was at its most exciting when he roleplayed as other men.

Sarah entered her closet and stripped out her clothes. She thumbed through the rack of hanging items she'd set aside only for Dan's eyes

looking for something specific. Something she hadn't worn in a few years. Soon her fingers felt the black material hanging on a garment hanger near the back.

Sarah took it off the rod and stared at it. On the surface, it wasn't anything too out of the ordinary. She had worn outfits designed to arouse Lester in the past, but this outfit would enhance the fantasy in her mind. It was a black chemise mini teddy with thin spaghetti straps.

The lacy material around her breasts dripped down into a V in the middle of her chest that put her ample cleavage on display. It stopped high up her thighs, showing plenty of leg. She loved the satin black robe and the lace accents that went along with it.

Sarah quickly changed into it and looked at herself in the mirror. She shuddered, recalling a few years ago when she wore this on the night her youngest daughter was conceived. She and Dan had been trying for weeks without success, but when she wore this, she saw the instant hunger in Dan's eyes and knew that night they would be successful. An image of Lester's hungry look and stiffened cock entered her mind as she ran her hands down the curves of her hips.

She dimmed the light in the bedroom and positioned herself on the bed the same way she had for Dan a few years ago when they were first trying. She lay on her side, propped up on her elbow, and stared towards the door. Lester's fat feet smacked the hardwood steps as he climbed the stairs. Sarah felt herself growing wet, thinking of the right words to say to Lester when he opened the door.

His footsteps grew closer until slowly the door opened, and Lester was standing there naked, his clothes over his shoulder and cell phone in his hand. His hard cock was fully erect and lined with dark veins, pointing right at her. Sarah couldn't help but run her eyes over his entire body.

God, he wasn't her type at all. Pudgy, bordering on fat, with thick hair covering so much of his body. His ugly, greedy-looking face and thinning hair. Sleeping with someone so beneath her always turned her on, but now the idea of mating, breeding with someone like that. She was surprised by the fire she felt inside of her.

"Happy Birthday, Lester. I'm ready for you," Sarah stared hard into the fat man's eyes, "Get over here and come knock me up with that fat cock of yours." She then put both feet on the bed and spread her bent legs open, further enticing the slovenly man.

The biggest shit-eating grin spread over Lester's face, and Sarah swore she saw his massive cock twitch and grow larger as she spoke. He walked over to her dresser with his back to her and set his things down. Then he quickly closed the distance between them and climbed onto the bed beside her. The hunger in his eyes looked more intense than ever before. His lips smashed against hers, and his weight crushed her as she turned herself onto her back, Lester's mass pushing her into the mattress. Lester's cock poked at her thigh, seeming to involuntarily thrust up towards her pussy.

His kisses were desperate, hungry, and full of passion. Lester's tongue danced with hers, and Sarah eagerly reciprocated the kiss. His hands were pulling at her ass while hers pulled down on the back of his neck. They felt each other's moans as soft vibrations in their mouths, communicating their desire to mate.

Lester's hands ran all over her body, stopping to deliberately caress each of her erogenous zones before pausing to yank at her robe, trying to pull it off.

"You're going to be calling me daddy for real soon," Lester said before licking and sucking on her neck, lowering the straps of her teddy.

"God, take off my panties and fuck me," Sarah moaned. Lester pulled her teddy down her body, over her hips, where he hooked his

thumbs into her panties. Sarah thrust her hips off the bed impatiently, hoping he'd hurry. Lester grinned at the horny wife's eagerness before swiftly pulling the silky lingerie down her legs.

Sarah couldn't wait any longer. She grabbed onto Lester's cock and tried to pull it into her glistening pussy. As his cock head began to part her lips, he stopped and held his hips firm, and looked down into the young mother's eyes.

"I'm not going to fuck you. Not yet. I want to make love to you when I put a baby in you."

Lester said.

"Do it," Sarah breathed as she tugged on his cock impatiently, desperate to feel the large organ thrusting inside of her, "Do it, Lester."

"Not yet," Lester said slyly, "I want you to beg me for it. Tell me what you want me to do to you."

Lester was running his cock up and down her wet slit, but he wasn't pushing forward, no matter how hard Sarah tried to pull on his cock. Sarah moaned as it ran over her clit, "God, Lester just put it in me. I need to feel your cock." She pushed her hips toward him, and he pulled his cock back, denying her any penetration.

"Beg," Lester said firmly, his eyes narrowing.

"Oh, Lester," Sarah moaned, "God, this is so wrong. I want you to make love to me. I want you to cum inside of me. Lester, I want you to put a baby inside of me." She delivered these pleas while frustratedly casting her eyes about her bedroom. But as she finished, her eyes locked on his. She kissed his lips tenderly and awaited his response.

The fat man stared back at her, the expression on his face hungry, as always, but the other, softer look was back, one that she had seen before. One that she'd thought might be-Lester grunted and briskly dipped his hips, sinking his weight onto Sarah as his pulsing cock slowly pushed into her. Sarah's words had made him harder than he could ever remember being.

"God," Sarah moaned into the hair on Lester's shoulder as more of his cock slowly pushed inside of her. Sarah had become ridiculously wet for Lester, but his penetration still took time for her body to adjust to. "I - I love your cock, Lester. Oh, oh my God." As the hilt of it came to rest against her entrance, he stared down at Sarah, whose eyes were closed, the muscles on her neck tight as her body trembled around his cock. Slowly, she turned her head and opened her eyes to look back up at him, a tear leaking out and running back down the side of the gorgeous wife's face.

Her hips were slowly rising off the bed, begging him to continue thrusting, fully open to him, offering herself. Instead, he held still inside of her while staring down at her. With one hand, he cupped her cheek and kissed her delicately. A soft, sensual kiss, the way two lovers would with mouths open but not ready to go further. Sarah responded. He wasn't sticking his considerably large tongue in her mouth. It was just their lips tasting and exploring one another. Occasionally, their tongues would meet as they licked and danced on each other's lips.

Slowly, Lester started to pull back and push in. Pull back and push forward. His slow, deliberate thrusts were igniting a fire within Sarah. It felt like all the nerves inside of her pussy were being stimulated by Lester's girthy cock. Needles of fire translating into a blazing ecstasy. She now knew well the early signs of a first orgasm with Lester.

"Dan said I wasn't allowed back here. In your house," Lester whispered in her ear. "And yet here I am, back between his wife's

legs, ready to knock her up. What do you think he'll say?"

Lester pressed and held himself deeply within her. His hands groping her supple ass.

"If he wanted to stop you from knocking his wife up, he should have been here," Sarah moaned back. She kissed him again, deeply, wantonly signaling her growing lust.

"Do you really want me to knock you up?" Lester whispered directly into her ear.

The idea of Lester's illicit cum exploding inside of her, flooding her, exploring inside her.

Seeking out a fertile egg. It was too taboo so far beyond the line in the sand she had established with her absent husband. It couldn't have turned her on more. She was fully committed to this roleplay, blurring the lines between fantasy and reality.

"Yes," Sarah nodded and stared into Lester's eyes. "I want you to put a baby in me."

"What do you want me to put inside of you?" Lester huffed as he increased his undulating pace. Sarah's legs were wrapped around his hips, her arms hooked under his, nails on his back trying to urge him forward. To keep fucking her with his massive cock.

"A baby," Sarah moaned at the admission. Feeling herself say the words were so fucking dirty.

Lester grinned, feeling Sarah's pussy gripping his cock as she talked about having his baby. He couldn't wait to explode into her tonight as she begged to carry his child.

"Whose baby? Whose baby do you want inside of you?" Lester sneered.

"Yours," Sarah moaned as she felt an orgasm start to dial up out of nowhere. This dirty talk was really pushing her over the edge tonight. "Lester's. I love your fucking huge cock. I want Lester's baby inside of me. Give it to me, Lester. Knock me up."

"Not Dan's?" Lester teased.

"If Dan wanted to put a baby in me, he shouldn't have flown to D.C., leaving me here with you," Sarah grunted as she thrust back onto Lester's cock, begging him to break his slow pace and just fuck her relentlessly.

<i>What is Dan doing in D.C.?</i> Lester filed that nugget of information away for later exploration. "Well, daddy Lester is happy to give you what you need."

The overweight man stopped and breathed deeply, steadying himself for the next round.

Sarah, keeping her eyes on his, raised her knees until they brushed against Lester's arms.

Seeing what the young, well-fucked mother wanted, for her ankles to rest on his shoulders while he fucked her, put a glint in his eye. He gathered her legs underneath him and pushed forward, enjoying the new angle and how much more open Dan's wife was to him with her heels on either side of his head. He spent a few minutes slowly exploring Sarah's tight pussy through careful pelvic movements. Sarah seemed to be almost sobbing with pleasure, her pussy overfilled with his perfect cock. Lester couldn't hold back anymore and started to increase the tempo of his thrusts, much to the delight of Sarah's body. "God, fuck, just like that. Don't stop. Don't fucking stop. FUCK!"

Sarah's body was thrashing against Lester's, trying desperately to pull every bit of his cock into her as her body rapidly approached an orgasm. Lester knew his words were turning her on.

She loved this. Loved the impregnation talk. She loved it when she and Dan tried for a baby, knowing they were playing with something primal. Lester moved onto his forearms and started to power thrust into her as he savagely licked and bit at her neck.

His tongue trailed up to her jawline before moving to suck on her earlobes. Lester wanted to feel her cum on his cock. He wanted to push her over the edge. He whispered, "I'm going to make you pregnant tonight. Tomorrow, you'll wake up with Lester's baby in your tummy. Get ready for it..."

"Ah FUCK. FUCK," Sarah grunted as an orgasm rocked her body, emanating out from her pussy and stretching itself over every inch of her body. The idea of letting Lester impregnate her.

Someone so accomplished and attractive as her stooping down to let someone like Lester breed her. Just that idea seemed to throw gasoline on the bonfire raging inside her.

"Gaa fuuu-" Sarah's orgasm was still going, causing her legs and arms to stiffen. Even the muscles in Sarah's neck felt tense from contracting for so long, and her face was red. She felt a cramp form in her right foot, making her immediately aware of how severely she'd flexed it.

Finally, the intense orgasm began to subside, and Sarah took a deep breath for the first time in what felt like more than a minute.

"Oh shit. God. Lester," Sarah's mind felt flush and exhausted, but her hips kept thrusting up off the bed to meet Lester's cock. She was nearly folded in half, but any discomfort she felt was forgotten by the incredible sensations the hairy man's cock was causing inside her.

"Hmmmm, Sarah Williams is going to have my baby," Lester grunted. "Going to have Lester Junior growing inside of her." Her calves

shook, resting against his upper body as he pressed forward, drilling her roughly.

"Mhmmmmmm give it me to Lester," Sarah bit Lester's ear, "Fuck me till I'm pregnant."

"That might take all night," Lester said, sweat running down his face.

"Whatever it takes, baby. I'm yours," Sarah closed her eyes and moaned. Her hands slapped down onto the bed, and she grabbed the sheets with a tight fist. Lester turned his head and sank his lips back onto hers as his hands slowly caressed her skin, her legs caught on either side in his arms. He slowed his pace and let his hands lightly brush over the skin of her hips, rib cage, and Sarah's arms. The tension she felt from the position she'd been put in, mixed with Lester's tender touch, affected her deeply.

Sarah's body was on fire, and she just wanted Lester to keep thrusting into her and make her cum again. His slowing down was driving her crazy. His light touches sent shivers through her body, wanting more and more of him.

Lester released Sarah's legs and grabbed her wrists, pinning them above her head against the bed. He held them down firmly as Sarah's hips tried desperately to fuck back on Lester's still cock as her legs urged him on. He dipped his head down again and whispered in her ear, "I can't wait to explode inside of you, knowing I'm going to impregnate you tonight. Tomorrow, you're going to have a new reason to call me daddy."

"MMMmmmmnnn. Ah, god," Was all Sarah could muster in response, her eyes fluttering in mounting pleasure. Lester's words danced around in her head, plucking the cords of another orgasm that was rapidly building inside of her.

"God, give it to me, Lester. Knock me up. Put a baby inside of me. Give me that hard cock. I want it. I want you to explode." Sarah

moaned as she tried and failed to escape Lester's grip.

"You're not going anywhere," Lester tightened his grip on her wrists to accentuate his point,

"You're not getting up from this bed until I make sure my baby's inside of you. Even if that takes days."

Spending days in bed fucking Lester. Screaming hoarsely as he repeatedly filled her with his cum. Fucking him until she was pregnant. Lester's child growing inside of her. Just being his personal slut in her marital bed, giving her body to the ogre until she walked out barefoot and pregnant by someone other than her husband.

"Lester, please," Sarah begged, "Stop toying with me and just fuck me. Fuck me good, baby."

There was a whine in her voice that she might have cared about if she didn't need what only Lester could give her. Then she whispered to him, "Daddy."

Lester smiled and released her hands, which immediately went around his thick torso, grasping him down onto her. Sarah's heels dug in around his waist as the fat man started thrusting faster into her.

"God, I love it. I love how you fuck me hard like that," Sarah moaned into Lester's ear. "So big, so good."

"Better than Dan?" Lester grunted through short breaths. Sarah could feel the sweat on Lester's back as she tried to hold onto him. Sarah's chest was rapidly rising and falling, her breasts mashed down by Lester's chest. With each thrust, her nipples dragged against the thick, coarse hair on his chest.

"Uh, fuck. Yes. So good Lester. You fuck so good, I really do love your cock." Sarah moaned,

“Mhmmmmmmhmmmm.”

“Once I knock you up, what’ll happen? Is Uncle Lester moving in, and we kick Dan out to the guest bedroom?” Lester sneered.

“God, you’re so fucked up. I can’t believe I’m letting you knock me up.” Sarah’s hips were up off the bed at the perfect angle, allowing Lester’s massive cock to rub past her G-spot as it stimulated the rest of the sensitive nerves in her pussy. “Right there, Lester. Don’t stop. Don’t you fucking dare.”

“I’m not stopping,” Lester grunted through gritted teeth while pawing at her ass. He was starting to get winded from fucking Sarah for so long and changed up his pace. “And I’m not just knocking you up.”

Sarah could feel her second orgasm of the night creeping up. It felt like a slow flame washing over her body, ready to burn everything to the ground.

“I’m breeding you. Soon my cum is going to flood your womb and breed you.” Lester huffed with narrowed eyes.

“Oh shit,” Sarah’s nails dug into Lester’s back. His words. The idea of being bred by Lester was too much for her to handle. Her orgasm hit her like a truck hitting a brick wall at full speed.

“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, FFUUUCK! OH MY FUCKING GOD!”

Sarah’s mind seemed to detach from her body for a split second as an intense wave of pleasure enveloped her entire being. She felt her pussy vibrate and spasm as it tried desperately to milk the cum from Lester’s plunging cock. Logically, she knew it was all just roleplay, but logic was tucked away into a small box in her brain. Her body was in control, and it desperately wanted to be full of Lester’s cum.

"Mhmmm, ohh god," Sarah's body cradled back and forth as she held Lester. The muscles in her pussy clutched like a vice around his cock, not letting him move a muscle until she'd thoroughly ridden out her bliss. When her muscles finally began to relax, her pussy lips eased the grip on her troll-like lover.

Lester was breathing hard, and he felt sweat dripping from his forehead. Sarah licked her lips as some sour drops dappled onto her face and neck. She opened her eyes from her orgasm and stared up into his bloodshot eyes with a look bordering on mania.

He was successfully breaking down her barriers. Dan had been such a success, an unknowing wingman for Lester. Each step he seemed to take was another angle Lester could use to crawl between his roommate's wife's legs, where he basked in his accomplishment.

"Come here," Lester abruptly grabbed Sarah's hips and rolled them both over until Lester was on his back and Sarah was above, straddling him. She pressed herself down as far as she could go, taking as much of Lester's big cock into her as possible. She gripped the headboard with

both hands and began to slowly work her hips from side to side, playing with Lester's cock inside of her, forcing herself down on his pole.

"God, you feel so good, Lester," Sarah moaned absentmindedly. "I love it."

"Just think of how good it's going to feel when I cum inside of you," Lester said. "Aren't you glad we ditched those stupid condoms?"

The condoms were a rule Dan had insisted on, which Lester had promptly disregarded. Maybe that should have been a red flag for her, but right now, she couldn't help but agree with Lester.

"Mhmmmm, so good. So much better without them."

With a firm grip on the headboard, Sarah began to ride Lester enthusiastically. Slowly increasing her pace, now entirely in control of Lester's cock and its tempo. Lester just lay there staring up at the goddess riding his cock, fully appreciating the culmination of his months-long conquest. Everything had worked out perfectly. Now Dan's wife was riding his cock, begging for Lester to knock her up. Nothing had prepared Lester for how sweet this victory would be to savor.

Sarah had been his most daring conquest and, by far, his most rewarding. He never wanted to let her go. She would be his no matter the cost.

"You know how much I usually cum. How big my loads are?" Lester was staring up at Sarah's naked chest, swaying above him. He ran his grubby, fat fingers up her body until he was cupping both breasts, his thumb and index fingers teasing her nipples.

Sarah tightened her grip on the headboard and threw back her head, "Uh. Oh. Mhmmmm.

Yes. Fuck. Mhmmmm. Your loads are massive, Lester. You make so much cum with your giant cock."

"Think my loads could knock you up? All that cum I put inside of you?" Lester's hands started to move more roughly as he played with Sarah's tits. Each time he slapped and tugged at them harder, it elicited excited moans from the young mother.

Sarah tilted her head down and opened her eyes, staring down into Lester's, "Oh. Yeah. Fuck.

God. Yes. I know your cum could knock me up. You cum so much, I love it. There's no way I wouldn't get pregnant."

Lester grunted and lifted his hips off the mattress to press hard into the young wife. Sarah tightened her grip on the headboard, which

slammed against the wall, hurting her fingers. But she didn't let go, she just held on as Lester continued to thrust up off the bed, pushing deeper into her.

He let go of her tits and grabbed her hips, pulling her body down as he continued to fuck Sarah. Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the sensation of Lester's cock embedded deep inside of her. She loved feeling in this position, hell, in any position with this cock but she loved to ride it and be in control of it. Having control over something so large and powerful made her feel strong – a feeling her life had lacked lately.

Everything else in her life was on the back burner right now. Her mind was clouded by the pleasure Lester was giving her; she could barely even think about what had been stressing her earlier.

Lester's cock touched every sensitive spot inside of her. She just needed a minute or two and she could cum again. Sarah desperately wanted to feel that again. Sweating and gulping down air she steadied then stopped herself. Then she moved each of her legs so that her feet were planted on either side of her lover, his cock embedded fully inside the lustful mother. Then using her hold on the headboard, she pulled up and pushed her full weight down on his cock, her ass slapping against his upturned waist.

Lester had a maniacal smile on his face seeing Sarah's wanton movements. "When you first met me, did you ever think that I would put a baby inside of you?" Lester was looking up at the goddess above him, riding his cock. The smooth skin of her legs to either side of him, her hefty breasts swaying and flopping above him, her mouth curving in pleasure from their fucking.

"Heh. Mhmmm. No. No, not at all." Sarah groaned, opening her eyes to look seductively down at Lester. "I would have said, 'No way. Don't let that loser anywhere near me.'"

Lester hated that word. Loser. Her comment echoed, simmering below the surface, stoking his anger. Ultimately, this loser was about to deposit a big load into her. "And now you're letting this loser fuck you raw and cum inside you. What changed?" Her ass slammed down against him with a clap. A high-pitched yelp escaped Sarah's mouth in response.

"I didn't know that a loser could fuck me so well," Sarah said, breathing in Lester's thick scent,

"Fuck me so well that I'd be begging to have him put a baby inside of me." She threw her hips down on the older man, grinding down on him in a circular motion.

"Tell me what you want, Sarah. I want to hear you beg." Lester licked his lips, both of them shaking from the repeated impacts.

"I want you to fuck me, Lester," Sarah grunted loudly as she rolled her hips on top of Lester.

"Fuck me so hard and give me your cum. I need your cock to cum. I want all of it. Give it to me."

"Why do you want my cum Sarah? Tell me. Fucking tell me," Lester raised his hands again to maul her breasts. Sarah pushed her chest out into his fat, meaty paws.

"I don't want it," Sarah breathed. Her breathing was growing short. "I need it. I need your cum, and I love your cock, Lester. Give it to me. Knock me up, Lester."

"What about Dan?" Lester snarled. He could feel his balls beginning to tingle. It was only a matter of time before he emptied his balls into the young mother. As much as he wanted to flip her back onto the bed, there was something sweetly sinister about Sarah taking his load in this position. Where she had all the control and still let it happen.

"Ugh. Don't worry about Dan. Just fuck me, Lester," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's cock again roughly slide against her G-spot. She could feel her body working itself up toward another mind-bending orgasm. She couldn't control her breathing anymore. Her body seemed to be riding Lester's cock on overdrive, out of control, seeking pleasure. Her ass almost bouncing off the man beneath her.

"He's not going to be mad when a gang of little Lesters is running around your house?" Lester teased. Sarah thought back to the dinner table. How Lester had taken Dan's spot and seemingly was now trying to take another thing away from her husband.

"He'll learn to live with it," Sarah said absently, her mind focused solely on the wall of pleasure built inside her brick by brick, ready to crumble and crash down at any moment."

"Sarah, I'm going to put a baby in you tonight. You know that, right? And this is just the first one. I plan to knock you up over and over again." Lester struggled to push himself up into a seated position under her onslaught.

Sarah grimaced at Lester's awkward movements to sit up. It took her out of her flow for a second, and she needed to work herself back up to where she was, "As long as you keep fucking me like this, you can do whatever you want to me." She got the right leverage again and began to experience the wonderful insertion at a perfect angle.

Lester was leaning against the headboard, a pillow sandwiched between his lower back and the headboard. Sarah's arms and knees were on either side of him, bracing her against the fucking she was delivering to his body. His fat gut pressed against her stomach, Sarah's magnificent breasts resting on the top of his gut.

His hands grazed her legs, running over her body until they snaked around, and each roughly grabbed a handful of her flushed red ass cheeks. Sarah's body started to undulate faster on his cock in response.

"Mhmmm fuck," Sarah moaned. She loved feeling how rough Lester could be with her body.

The way he just did what he wanted. He took what he wanted. Her body responded to that energy. She couldn't help but love the way he touched her.

Lester gave her left ass cheek a hard slap. Sarah felt the sting and knew his handprint would be visible in the morning. Lester's hands left her ass and roamed up her body, grazing over her back, sliding between her tits, pinching her nipples until he was cupping Sarah's face. He pulled her face down towards his and mashed his lips against hers.

Sarah reflexively opened her mouth and let Lester's tongue in. She pushed her tongue back against his, wrestling for control of the kiss. Both of them eventually gave in, and their wrestling became a dance, pushing and pulling, sucking and licking, blending to create something explosive.

She could feel her orgasm right on the cusp of exploding, washing away all of her stress in a tsunami of pleasure.

Sarah continued to suck and lick Lester's lips until he broke the kiss. His forehead pressed against hers, his eyes staring deep into hers, "What if I never got that operation and was about to fill you with my virile cum?"

Sarah stared back into Lester's eyes before closing them and kissing him again. When she finally broke the kiss, she pressed her forehead against his. In a desperate voice, she said, "I'd say stop talking and fill me, Lester. Give me your cum."

Lester's balls tightened at the comment. He almost couldn't hold back anymore. He was going to do as she asked. Unleash a torrent of cum inside of her and hopefully knock her up.

"Fuck," Lester grunted as Sarah's pussy tightened around the base of his shaft. Her body riding up and down, milking him for everything he was worth. "Fuck Sarah I'm going to cum."

"Don't stop. Almost there. Don't. Ah. Uh. Ah. Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned.

"Fuck," Lester breathed hard, "I'm gonna cum. I'm going to fill you with it. You're gonna get fucking pregnant with my baby Sarah. I'm going to breed you."

His words lit a match inside of Sarah that ignited her orgasm. The wall that had been building up exploded into a million pieces as a radiating power cascaded out of her pussy and over her entire body, "Ah fuck. Fuck. Lester! God. LESTER!! Breed me. Fuck Lester BREED ME!"

Almost out of breath, he wanted one more thing. "What about me, Sarah? What about Daddy? You love my cock, but do you love me?"

Sarah looked at Lester as their faces almost touched hearing what he'd asked. Both could sense they were at the edge of completion as their expressions twisted into masks of sheer pleasure. As she considered the question, the massive orgasm she'd been building swept her away like a sudden undertow. "I- AhhHHHFFFUUUCCK!"

With a squinched-up face, Lester grunted and felt his balls begin to empty and spray. His cock twitched in Sarah and started to throb with the pressure of its output. Sarah could feel the head of Lester's cock expanding inside of her then a massive flurry of hot cum began squirting into her, drenching her insides, seeking out every inch of her.

As each blast of cum hit her sensitive nerves, Sarah's body responded, dialing up the orgasms that were wracking her body. She felt another larger orgasm looming about to crash down on her.

Sarah's nails dug into the headboard. She threw her head back and yelled, "FUCK A BABY

INTO ME LESTER."

Every nerve in Sarah's body seemed to light on fire at once. She felt her toes go numb and her body tense. Sarah held her breath as a powerful orgasm made her body tremble and visibly shake as she slammed herself down on Lester. Her vision went blurry, and her eyes rolled back in her head.

Lester's cock kept spurting into her, drenching her with his hot, potent cum. His sperm eagerly swimming into Sarah's fertile womb, seeking to accomplish Lester's goal to breed Sarah Williams in her marital bed.

"Ah fuck," Lester groaned as he sunk back against the headboard, wholly spent as his cum continued to ooze out of his cock as Sarah's pussy milked every last drop from him. This was easily his most memorable fuck ever. Having a woman like Sarah Williams ride him until she begged to be bred by him. He couldn't help but feel like a man completing a mission. Not the loser he'd been called. There was nothing he couldn't do.

Sarah came down from cumming slowly. Her senses started to return to normal, and she finally remembered to breathe. She had been holding her breath so long and tensing the muscles in her body from that orgasm that she felt a light headache and a faint dizziness. She blinked her eyes to get her vision back. Her first post cum sight was the troll-like man, exhausted and spent below her.

With her mind clearing from that earth-shattering orgasm, she couldn't help but reflect on what she saw. Lester was ugly, out of shape, and unattractive, but she couldn't help but feel an overwhelming desire for him. His face looked ugly, but she just wanted to kiss it. His body was flabby and hairy, but she wanted to feel it pressed against hers. It was like all of his bad features were

just quirks that she had learned to love. She loved that satisfied look on his face,

knowing she was responsible for putting it there. He looked almost surprised when she leaned down and planted a soft kiss on his lips, a 'thank you' for the stress he'd relieved.

Gently, she pulled herself up and off of Lester. His semi-hard cock plopped out of her as she shifted her weight on the bed. Lester's cum immediately began to leak out of her, copiously flowing down her leg. Sarah shimmied herself to the side of the bed and put her hands between her legs. It felt damp, Lester's cum dribbling out of her, the flow making a stain on her sheets.

Sarah swung her legs off the bed and walked unsteadily to the bathroom, her legs not yet ready to walk. Lester watched through one open eye as she shut the door behind her. He wasn't planning on going back to his hotel room tonight. Besides, Dan's side of the bed was too comfortable and he planned one more crack at Sarah in the morning.

As sleep tried to overtake him, Lester got up and checked his phone. He grinned. The recording wasn't set up at the optimal angle but it looked like he'd caught enough of their session. He put the phone on Dan's bedside table before taking his place in the bed.

Sarah looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. She looked tired, and her hair was a mess. She looked like she had just been fucked multiple times. After splashing some water on her face, she sat on the toilet.

Her mind still felt all over the place but at least she could bask in the warm afterglow of the several orgasms that Lester had given her. Finishing her business, Sarah flushed the toilet and wanted to shower. She was surprised how much cum was still oozing out of

her. She wanted to clean herself, but she just felt too tired. *If* Lester hadn't had that operation, he could knock a girl up.

Instead, Sarah brushed her teeth and used a makeup wipe on her face before finally reopening the door to the bedroom. There, in the dim light, Lester's obese body looked utterly out of place, lying in her marital bed. He was snoring away, already fast asleep. Sarah made a mental note to talk to Lester about getting a CPAP machine.

It was too late for other arrangements, and her exhaustion was too great to wake Lester up and kick him out. Sarah quickly put on a pair of flimsy pajamas and got under the covers next to Lester. She could have gone and slept in another bedroom, but this was her bed, and she hated sleeping anywhere else. Besides, Lester's body heat seemed to keep the bed warm, which felt pretty nice. It felt like she was falling asleep, wrapped in a warm cocoon. She could smell his musky sweat drenching her sheets, but she was too tired to care.

Parts of her brain were trying to tell her something, to remind her of something important.

But the distant alarm was no match for the heaviness of sleep, which quickly pulled her under.

Dan tipped the Uber driver on his phone and pushed through the rotating doors at his downtown D.C. hotel. The short flight had taken way longer than expected, with slow ground crews delaying their deboarding. Thankfully, he hadn't had to wait for luggage since he was traveling with just his carry-on.

He made his way over to the concierge desk and checked in. The clerk gave him his keycard before Dan rode the elevator to his floor. As he pushed the door to the hotel room open, his phone started ringing.

It was late. No one would be calling at this time unless it was Sarah. Dan fumbled with his carry-on while closing the door and reaching into his pocket for his phone. The way he entered the room, he felt like a bumbling idiot, but he was eager to speak with his wife.

They had left things in a terrible place, and the fact that she was calling meant there was either an emergency or she'd had a change of heart. Dan furrowed his eyebrows when he finally pulled his phone out of his pocket and saw who was calling him.

It was his boss, Walt. Not exactly his favorite person at the moment. Dan double-checked the time. What was Walt doing calling him at this hour? Worried, Dan answered it.

"Hey, Walt, what's going on?" Dan said.

"Dan, thanks for answering. So sorry to call so late. I hope I didn't wake the kids," Walt said.

Dan set his carry-on down on one of the room's two beds. As far as Walt knew, Dan was back in Middleton visiting his family.

Whispering to maintain the illusion, Dan said, "No. Nope. You're good. The girls have been in bed for a while and are pretty solid sleepers. What's up?" He tried to hurry the conversation along, not wanting to linger on the phone.

"Again, sorry for calling so late. It's just that I got some exciting news that will impact you, and I, well, I wanted you to hit the ground running with it tomorrow." Walt was clearly excited about something.

"Well, that's great. You know I'm up for anything. What's the news?" Dan asked.

"Funny enough, it comes from your old protege. You remember Jesse, right? Apparently, he has linked up with a new company and

isn't holding any grudges against us. He has a client over there who has a sustainability project, and they don't have anyone with that expertise.

Jesse wants us to subcontract for him and Dan. They are going to pay us quite well for this.

Quite well."

Dan sat on the bed and hunched over, pinching the bridge of his nose. Walt continued, "It could really turn things around for us. Given your background and experience working with Jesse, it's a no-brainer for you to lead this. I've already contacted some of our senior management team to help you pick up the slack from your other clients, okay? You'll still be managing most of the day-to-day, but I want you to know we are here to support you. Jesse should be your number one priority going forward, though."

"Sounds great, Walt. Can't wait to get started." Dan gave a curt goodbye, wrapping up the conversation, and hung up the phone. He flopped back onto the bed and sighed, staring at the white stucco ceiling.

He should have seen this coming, but he was surprised Jesse had thought of going around him and engaging with Walt directly. It seemed more calculated than Jesse usually was. Dan thought that his 'no' earlier would have ended it.

Hopefully the project with Jesse wouldn't be too difficult. He checked his watch and, for the third time, confirmed how late it was. He needed to get to bed so he could prep for his meeting with Sentinel Securities in the morning. Dan didn't need anymore on his plate at the moment, he just prayed that working with Jesse wouldn't be as bad as he expected.

Dan needed to focus on building up his side business and not get dragged back into workplace games with his old protege.

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 19: Author Note

Hey my friends, I have been editing my butt off today alongside wrapping up the alpha draft of Neighborhood Encounters Chapter 2. Speaking of, I plan to edit it quickly and turn it around to the reader level very soon.

Next on my docket for July are Detestable Liaisons, Tainted Conception, and CH20 of Toxic Attraction.

Now CH19 picks up the next morning after the events of chapter 18. I don't want to say much more than that, but I hope you enjoy this latest installment as much as I enjoyed writing it.

After editing it, I am starting to feel a little bad here for Sarah and Dan and all the trials I have been putting them through. As always, Lester is looking far down the game board while our couple seems to be preoccupied with the immediate moves they need to make in front of them.

Attached are a couple of photos that will serve as inspo for this chapter. Thank you to Roxy for those. And as always big thanks to Grandeman for the editing lift.

Without further ado, here you are:

Toxic Attraction Ch. 19

Sarah didn't want to get up. Her body was warm and comfortable, but she felt exhausted. All she wanted to do was keep sleeping. Opening one eye, all she could see was that her bedroom was still dark. It would likely be a long time before her alarm went off. She could just go back to sleep and enjoy the warmth Dan's body was providing from behind her.

As she started to drift off again, her mind registered a familiar but out-of-place scent. Her brain took a moment to try to place it, which was enough to cause Sarah to just teeter on the edge of consciousness. A groan escaped Dan's mouth behind her ear, but it sounded off.

Then, the memory of the previous night came back to her. Her eyes snapped open, and she stared at the wall. It was Lester behind her. That warm, comforting heat wasn't coming from the trim body of her husband, Dan. It was from Lester's oddly proportioned and sweaty body.

Her brain finally placed the scent invading her nostrils. It was sex and sweat mixed with Lester's musk.

Sarah noticed sunshine barely emanating from around the edges of her black-out curtains.

Crap.

The light seemed brighter than it should be. Sarah reached over to the bedside table next to her and fumbled for her phone. She clicked it on and saw the time.

"Shit!" Sarah sat up and swung her toned legs off the bed. Her alarm for work hadn't gone off, and she was already running late. There was no way she could make it into the office by her usual time. Now, all she could hope for was getting in just before the morning meeting.

She walked over to the curtains, throwing them open. Light streamed into the room, illuminating the ugly mass of Lester's body beneath her Egyptian cotton sheets. Sarah grimaced at the soft white material stretched across his body. Stains dotted her previously pristine sheets from the sweat and other bodily fluids they had drenched the bed with the previous night.

"Lester, get up!" Sarah scrambled across the room to her closet, quickly trying to find something to wear. She settled on a sharp white blouse that didn't need ironing and a black pencil skirt. Normally, she would take her time and be more considerate of her outfits, but she didn't have time. She grabbed a black pair of heels to finish the outfit before hurriedly fishing out a comfortable pair of bra and panties.

Sarah threw the clothes on the end of her bed before rushing into the bathroom to quickly shower herself. She couldn't go to work smelling of sex, especially when she still felt Lester's cum sloshing around inside of her. She didn't have time to wash her hair, so she just rinsed her body.

She was done in record time and quickly dried herself off before rushing into the bedroom to get dressed.

"Lester, wake up!" Sarah bent over, pulling on her panties before slipping her arms through the straps of her bra. "We're going to be late for work."

Lester didn't budge. His ugly mouth sat open like a toad's, waiting for a mosquito. He was oblivious to what was going on and snoring loudly. He really needs a CPAP machine.

"Ughh." Sarah pulled on her pencil skirt. "I don't have time for this today!" She walked over to the bed and shook Lester by his shoulders. The fat rolls on his neck jiggled from her effort.

"Lester! Wake up!"

Nothing. He was still deep asleep, probably dreaming about last night. Sarah put on her blouse and tucked it into her skirt before reaching behind her and zipping it up. Frustrated, Sarah bent over and yanked the stained bed sheets off Lester, revealing his obscene naked body to the room. Sarah's eyes locked onto this large flaccid

cock draped across his thigh, now covered in a crust from the juices she had produced when she came on his cock last night, "LESTER!"

It was no use. The brute wasn't going anywhere.

"Fine," Sarah held her heels in her hands and dashed out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

She quickly dropped her heels by the door before rushing into the kitchen to make herself a coffee. She'd pick up lunch somewhere today. She didn't have time to prep it at home. Lester had better wake up, or else she'd have to leave him here.

All the possible issues with Lester staying at her house ran through her mind. What if someone sees him? Maybe her parents drop by the house for whatever reason? What would Lester do here without her being present? She didn't trust him, even though she felt more comfortable with him lately.

Fuck, she had to try and wake him one last time. She poured her coffee into a stainless steel tumbler and poured another into one of Dan's. She rushed back up the stairs and slammed Dan's tumbler down on the bedside table next to Lester.

The trollish man didn't even flinch at the sound. "Lester! I'm late for work. You need to get up and get moving! Please, Lester, come on. Ugh. Lester!"

Lester just continued snoring away, his body turning away from her. Sarah checked the time on her phone again. She was officially late, "I don't have time for this," Sarah marched out of the room. She would just have to leave him here. She couldn't call out today. There was just too much to do with the new CEO starting soon. She'd call Lester on the way. Maybe his ringtone going off would wake him up.

Sarah grabbed her purse and keys and was about to open the front door when she heard loud plodding footsteps on the hardwood floor

of the hallway upstairs. Lester was up and shambling towards her.

"Lester! Get your clothes on. I need to go. NOW," Sarah impatiently shouted up the stairs from the doorway. She checked the time again and felt her heart start beating faster. In her entire tenure with the hospital she might have been this late a handful of times. She valued being punctual and having a strict routine for herself. This morning she felt like a complete mess and knew she would be playing catch up all day.

Lester stopped down the stairs, and Sarah's eyes went wide again. Lester was completely naked, his cock flopping against his thigh with each step.

"Lester! Where are your clothes!" Sarah was horrified and rushed over to the bayview window of the living room to pull the curtains closed. Anyone on the street would be able to see right into their house at this time of day and see Lester's naked body. "Took you long enough to get up. Get dressed - we need to get out of here!"

"Getting it up has never been a problem when you're around," Lester said from behind her.

Sarah rolled her eyes and turned around. Lester was standing between her and the kitchen, stroking his hardening cock. Her breath was hitching as she watched it lengthen before her eyes. Sarah realized she had lost precious seconds staring down at Lester's cock. She shook her head, trying to shake away the thoughts of last night. She looked back up at Lester's face and saw that ugly smirk plastered on it as Lester licked his lips.

"No. Not happening," Sarah said as she skirted to the side and walked past Lester. "We gotta go."

Lester grabbed her arm and swung their bodies back around until Sarah was back in the same position with her back to the window.

"Come on, just a quickie before work." Lester moved into her personal space, causing her to back up against the window.

"My alarm didn't go off, Lester. We're really fucking late. Maybe if we woke up earlier but now we need to go." Sarah moved to get past him, but he held a fat arm out, blocking her path.

Sarah sighed, impatient to leave. She didn't like Lester blocking her path, making her feel trapped by his large body.

"Well, what about just a kiss then? Before we have to pretend like we're just coworkers all day?" Lester pressed his naked body up against hers. Sarah could feel his gut pressing against her stomach and his cock urgently pressing into her thigh.

"Fine, but we have to go." Sarah leaned forward and gave Lester a quick peck on the lips.

Again, she tried to move past him, but this time, Lester's hands grabbed her waist and put her back in place against the window. He leaned his weight into her, pinning her against it. She felt the curtain shift and could feel the cold glass pressed against the back of her neck.

"C'mon now, that's barely a kiss at all." Lester dipped his head down to be less than an inch from hers. Sarah could feel his warm breath on her face. "Give Daddy Lester a real kiss."

Sarah could feel her body heating up. Knowing that Lester's cock was just inches from her pussy, feeling the power of the weight of his body against her, immobilizing her. But she needed to get to the hospital. She made up her mind to quickly kiss Lester for a few seconds, get it over with, and get the hell out of her house and into her car.

"Alright, but after we really have to –" Lester's lips mashed into hers, causing her knees to buckle. His tongue pushed into her mouth,

dragging itself over her tongue.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah’s eyes involuntarily closed as she felt herself melt into his body. Her tongue reciprocated the movements of Lester’s. She knew she had to stop this, but maybe it

would be okay for just a few seconds. She could enjoy this one quick thing before dealing with the stress of work. He knew how to move his tongue, and she appreciated how sensual his kisses were.

She felt Lester’s hands start to explore her body, running over her tailored outfit. One of his hands applied pressure between her shoulder blades, pulling her harder against him. The other grabbed a handful of her ass through her pencil skirt, pulling her tight against his hard naked cock. He took the opportunity to begin grinding his cock against her, rubbing into her thighs and crotch. Poking at her with his cockhead.

She moaned against Lester’s lips, afraid that he would take it as a sign to keep going. But she had to go...had to get to work....couldn’t stay here....

Lester’s hand dropped and started to bunch up the material of her skirt. She cringed at the wrinkles his manhandling was going to cause, but she didn’t stop him. She was distracted by the warmth emanating from his body and his cock pressing into her. She forgot how quickly her body acclimated to Lester’s touch. It was as if her body took direct instructions from the troll.

Her mind snapped back to reality when she felt Lester’s fat fingers reach under the hem of her skirt and tug at her panties. The open-air against her exposed skin made his intent clear to her.

Sarah broke their kiss, putting her hands on Lester’s flabby chest, trying to slow things down.

"Hey, whoa," it came out as a whisper. Sarah tried to get her bearings and find her voice.

Lester's lips locked onto the side of her neck, his tongue swirling over her skin, causing goosebumps to spread over her body. His hand managed to tug her panties off her hips, dropping them until they stopped on their own around her knees. "We said just a kiss," Sarah said breathlessly, "Work. Uh. Mhmmm. Lester. We have to....have to...go."

Lester pulled back and looked at her with that shit-eating grin and an evil look in his eyes,

"That's not where I wanted to kiss you." He ran his finger over her mouth, slightly tugging on her lower lip.

Before Sarah could react, Lester dropped to his knees, and his head disappeared beneath her bunched-up skirt. Sarah dropped her hands to his shoulders to push him off, but her arms grew weak as the fat man's tongue ran over her exposed slit. She took a sharp intake of breath as her hips instinctively pushed up towards his tongue.

"Ah fuck, Lester," Sarah squealed. Her hands now grasping the back of his head, pulling him towards her. "We can't...." Sarah breathed, "Work. I have to...go....late...so late."

"Uhmhmmmm," Lester's agreement vibrated her clit as his tongue started to flick it back and forth gently.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back against the cool glass. Her ass was perched on the windowsill as Lester's hands snaked around her legs, pulling her pencil skirt up high, giving him better access to her pussy. Sarah kicked her legs feebly, half putting up a fight she knew was only for show. Her body was calling the shots.

She was stronger than this. She should be able to resist Lester...but why? Why not just give in and enjoy it? Her thighs tightened around his head, Lester alternated between licking her clit and sucking on it. His fingers began to tease the outer lips of her pussy, making her go crazy.

A dog barked from somewhere outside. She heard the faint sounds of a lawn mower starting up somewhere close by, but they might have well as been a millions miles away at that moment. Lester slowly pushed a finger into her. Sarah's pussy offered no resistance to the fat digit.

Anyone walking by might be able to see her pushed up against the window. The idea of being watched, maybe by someone who knew her or Dan. Maybe one of her neighbors who has a thing for her, getting to see her in such a vulnerable position....

"Uhhhh fuck," Sarah moaned. One hand was embedded in Lester's thinning hair, the other gripping one of her curtains, bunching the fabric up in her fist. His tongue was still running up and down her slit, stopping to tease her clit before sucking on it while humming deep notes in the back of his throat, driving her wild.

"Late," Sarah moaned loudly to her empty living room. She opened her eyes and saw the couch where she and Dan would cuddle up and watch movies together. The counter in the kitchen where her girls would sit and eat breakfast. Her eyes rolled back in her head as Lester pushed another sausage finger inside of her, stretching her already-stretched pussy.

He was making a 'come here' gesture with both his fingers, rubbing his fingertips against her sensitive G-spot. The sensation of his fingers pressing there and his tongue licking and sucking her clit was working her up. She could feel the tension in her body building towards an immense orgasm. God, what was she doing? This was stupid and fucked up, but she couldn't stop herself.

Lester's head nodded up and down as he lapped at Sarah's slit. Slowly and deliberately, he pulled his fingers in and out of her, ensuring to stimulate her G-spot. He had her just where he wanted her, and he didn't plan on letting her go to work until she was thoroughly fucked again.

"Ah, mhmmmmm," Sarah's fingers were digging into the back of Lester's head, ensuring he didn't move, "God, Lester, don't stop. Jesus Christ, that ffffeels so, so, ffffffucking good. Don't you dare fffuh-fucking sto-stop."

He didn't. Lester continued to suck and lick her clit while his fingers continued stroking at the same deliberate pace. Sarah's eyes were closed, her head thrown back against the window as her body anticipated each time Lester's fingers would brush those sensitive nerve endings.

She felt like she was on a roller coaster that was going up, building, going higher and higher until that first plunge.

"Oh, shit, mhmmmmm, mymmm," Sarah grunted as she felt the most wonderful feeling begin to overtake her body. Her slender thighs wrapped tighter around Lester's head, her fingers dug into his head and the curtain she was holding. She held her breath as an orgasm racked her body, "LLLLLLESSSSSTTTTEEEER. OHHHHH! OHHHH! OH SHIT!"

Her head started to spin as a wave of pleasure seemed to shoot out from Lester's fingers.

Muscles tense, and her jaw flung itself open. A primal groan escaped her lips. She knew it was loud, loud enough for someone on the street to probably hear it, but she didn't care. Sarah just wanted to revel in this feeling. Nothing else mattered.

Finally, the throws of her orgasm started to slow; little aftershocks still rocked her body, but she was able to exhale and take a new

breath for the first time in a minute. She could feel a small headache beginning to take shape from holding her breath for so long.

When Lester felt Sarah's body begin to relax and heard her deep breath, he decided to change tactics. He dropped, pulling his fingers out of her, and grabbed her thighs, pinning her against the windowsill. He licked down her slit until his tongue found her opening. He pushed it right into her and started moving his tongue in circles like a tornado, trying to stimulate every part of her sweet little married pussy.

"Ohhhhh fuuuuuckkkk," Sarah groaned as Lester's fingers were replaced by his thick tongue.

He was lapping at her insides quickly and furiously. She managed to open one of her eyes and saw his balding head disappearing beneath her bunched-up skirt. Her ass was digging into the windowsill. It hurt a bit, but that pain wasn't something her mind was focused on registering.

The only thing it cared about at that moment was what Lester's flicking tongue was doing to her.

The aftershocks of her orgasm weren't subsiding. Instead, they seemed to grow closer and more intense together. Lester stopped swirling his tongue around inside of Sarah and instead started to dart his tongue in and out of her in rapid succession, making sure to let the tip of his

tongue scrape across the top of her pussy when he pulled it back. He was trying to fuck her with his tongue, and her body was responding to it.

Both of Sarah's hands were gripping the curtains on either side of her, pulling on them for leverage. She was lifting her ass off the windowsill, trying to push her pussy onto Lester's face, wanting to take more of his tongue inside of her. She heard the rings of the

curtains protest under the weight she was putting on them, but she needed them to hold. She needed the leverage to make sure she felt all of Lester's tongue as it dug into her vaginal walls.

God, he's going to make me cum again, and it's not even 10am. There was something about the time that was important to her, but right now, all that she was focusing on was Lester's tongue.

Snap.

One of the plastic rings holding up the curtain broke, quickly followed by several others. Sarah lost her leverage, and the weight of her body fell forward, away from the window. Lester was surprised by Sarah suddenly pushing down onto his face, but he didn't let up. He fell backward to the floor, pulling Sarah down with him.

Sarah almost screamed as her body fell forward from the window. She was still holding onto the curtains in her hand as she landed awkwardly on one foot and one knee. Lester's tongue never left her, pushing in deep as she landed. His hand pulled her thigh down until her foot collapsed, and she was on both knees, straddling his face.

Sarah's hands fell to the wood floor as Lester continued to furiously tongue fuck her pussy. But now she was in control. Sarah roughly pushed her pussy down onto his face. She could feel his ugly nose forced up against her slit. Sarah started to ride his mouth, grinding her pussy back and forth over his face.

It felt so fucking good. Too good. She felt hornier than she'd ever felt in her life. She couldn't take it anymore. Sarah needed to feel Lester's huge cock inside of her.

"Leeesteer," Sarah moaned, riding Lester's tongue. It kept darting further into her pussy, causing her to excitedly flex her toes down onto the wood floor. Sarah slowed her pace and looked down at the top of Lester's flush face between her thighs. With one foot, she

pushed off the balls of her feet and raised her hips up. She felt Lester's tongue fight to stay inside of her, but as she raised herself up it slowly slid out. "Put your cock in me. Now."

He didn't need to be told twice. With some effort, Lester twisted his body and flipped himself over as Sarah crawled over to the seat of the couch. She propped herself on her elbows where

Dan would normally sit, her knees on the floor, her ass sticking out, desperately waiting for Lester.

She felt Lester's hands grip her ass cheeks. She braced herself, waiting for the inevitable feeling of his cock pressing against her opening. She closed her eyes and held her breath, imagining the stupid look on Lester's face as he looked down at her, marveling at her bent over in front of him, waiting for him.

Lester shifted behind her. Sarah bit her lip, ready for his giant cock to press into her. Needing to feel it. Her body jolted in surprise when she felt something large and wet, lapping at her asshole. Sarah opened her eyes and turned her head to see what was happening, but all she could see was one of Lester's fat legs connected to his chubby hips.

Lester's tongue swirled around the rim of Sarah's asshole, sending a jolt of lightning through her entire body. She shuddered, feeling someone's tongue on her asshole for the first time was electrifying. Dan had never done this before. She'd never let anyone play with her asshole. It wasn't something she had ever been interested in, and she hadn't realized how sensitive it was. She felt a tinge of embarrassment at how dirty it was that Lester was tasting her there, but it was quickly forgotten in the onslaught of this foreign-natured stimulation.

"Oh god," Sarah breathed, her nails digging into the couch. Her body squirmed back onto Lester's tongue as he tickled her asshole with his tongue, swabbing it back and forth playfully.

Sarah's upper body collapsed down onto the couch, giving in to the new sensation Lester was providing, "Mhmmm fuck." She stiffened, surprised as her body let her know she'd rapidly come dangerously close to an orgasm from what Lester was doing to her. There was something else, though, that should have concerned her.

The thought of her white blouse getting wrinkles popped into her mind, but it wasn't strong enough to cause her to stop him. Lester's tongue was dancing around her asshole, sending electric shocks through her body. His hot breath felt amazing back there, and Sarah wondered why she had never tried it before.

It felt like sex for the first time, a completely new experience for her body. She wantonly thrust her ass back towards him, wanting more of what he was doing. Lester never missed a beat and continued running his fat tongue around the rim of her asshole, back across it, making intricate patterns with it, teasing the mother of two. His hand was on her inner thigh, gripping her so that his pointer finger was mashed up against her soaking pussy lips.

Sarah was reveling in the feeling, but she wanted to get fucked immediately. "Lester, fuck me."

Instead, Lester continued to lick around her asshole. Just as Sarah was about to tell Lester to put his cock in, his tongue pushed forward and parted her tight asshole.

"Ohhh fuck," Sarah moaned deeply into the leather seat. She had never felt anything push into her backside, let alone something as large and flexibly articulate as Lester's tongue. She reached out for something to grip onto, but all she could find was leather. Lester held her by her thighs as his tongue continued to push into her virgin asshole, making circles as it did, stimulating the pleasure centers Sarah never knew her own body had.

She couldn't formulate words. All she could do was hold on to herself and experience this new sensation Lester was providing her.

Still, her mouth made sounds on its own,

“Ugggmhmmmmmmmm.” Animal noises came from the man behind her, grunts and groans and wet smacking sounds bouncing off her living room walls, where she and Dan greeted their guests.

It was like Lester knew how to manipulate her body better than anyone else. Not even her own husband had touched this area like this, making her feel the way she did when she was with Lester.

It felt like time slowed down as more and more of Lester’s tongue entered her asshole. Sarah groaned in response as her tight ring stretched to accommodate the large, probing muscle.

Finally, it felt like there was no more of Lester’s large tongue for her to take in. She could feel the warm air from his nose running up her backside and his hot hand pushing into her tender labia.

Breathing heavily, he sealed his lips to her ass and sucked, allowing his tongue to travel even deeper into her butt. Then, just as he had with her pussy earlier, Lester started to fuck her ass with his tongue. He slowly withdrew and pushed his tongue back in. Withdrew and pushed in, swirling it around inside as he did. She could feel the mashing of his stubbly lips in her asscrack. The horny wife was amazed that every sensation ratcheted up her sexual enjoyment a notch higher.

Sarah was on the balls of her feet and felt her eyes roll back in her head. This felt amazing, all these new sensations her body was experiencing as Lester vigorously ate out her asshole and stroked her pussy. Anything to do with her butthole hadn’t been something she’d had any interest in, and Dan was on that same page with her, but today she realized how naive she may have been.

“Mhmmmmgodddester,” Sarah groaned. He didn’t let up and continued to rim her ass with his tongue, over and over, for what felt

like hours. It felt amazing, but it was like a simmering pleasure that could go on and on. And Sarah wanted to cum.

"Leesster. Stop. Ugh god. Stop. Fuck me. I need it Lester fuck me." Sarah groaned. Lester slowly withdrew his tongue from her. She moaned as he took it out completely and licked her

asshole deeply one final time. She felt his body shift behind her, moving into position. Then the familiar feeling of his cockhead pressing against her vaginal opening, his fat thighs pressing into the back of hers. Lester's coarse hand over her hips while the other was probably holding his shaft.

"Say please," Lester said. She could hear that shit-eating grin forming on his face.

"Please, Lester, fuck me." Sarah pushed herself back up onto her elbows, preparing herself for him. Sarah pushed her ass back against his cock, needing to feel it part her lips and push into her. Lester moved his hips back so she couldn't take his cock into her. Sarah groaned in frustration. Lester placed his grubby hand on her back, between her shoulder blades, and pushed her back down onto the couch, crushing her white blouse in the process. Sarah moaned involuntarily out of submission. Lester's other hand, his left, was palming her ass cheek. He held her firmly, groping and flexing her buttock with his outstretched fingers.

Lester slowly pushed forward, his cockhead separating her outer lips, pushing into her. Sarah groaned at the feeling, the sensitive nerves in her pussy catching fire as Lester's cock slowly, agonizingly slowly, slid over them.

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah licked her lips as her ugly lover continued to push his giant cock deep inside of her. Finally, she felt his balls press against her upper thighs. Lester was fully embedded in her. The feeling was as excruciating as it was perfect.

But then he just held himself there, motionless. He wasn't thrusting into her. Sarah couldn't take it anymore. She needed to get fucked by him. She pushed her hands against the back of the couch and thrust her hips back onto his cock. Lester continued to hold her down, pinning her to the couch, staying still. Sarah decided she could do this on her own. She rocked herself back and forth on his cock, sliding herself up and down his oversized pole.

"Uhhhhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah groaned, finally feeling Lester's cock sliding in and out of her.

She was masturbating herself with Lester's cock, and she couldn't get enough of it. His tongue having her explored her pussy, and her asshole was too much for her. Her body felt like it was on fire. She needed his cock more than she ever needed anything in her life. She felt Lester's skin on her lips and unquestioningly opened her mouth, sucking deeply on his thumb. The beautiful mother pulled her head back and whipped her silky tongue around the end of his finger before sucking it into her mouth. Lester adjusted himself behind the wife and grabbed her ass cheek again.

Sarah could feel an explosive orgasm quickly building inside of her. She pumped herself back onto Lester's cock, desperately trying to get it. This was what she had been craving all morning. This sweet release.

She was almost there. It was so close. Sarah kept sliding back and forth on Lester's immobile cock. She was thrusting so hard back onto him that his balls were slapping against her. She didn't care about anything. She was close. So fucking close.

Her phone started ringing from somewhere close by, but she didn't care. She just needed to cum. Lester shifted behind her, changing the angle of his cock. It still felt good, but it wasn't hitting the same place anymore. Her orgasm was still there, though. Tantalizingly

close but it wasn't building anymore, it was just being nurtured in the background, waiting for Lester to get back in position.

"Lester, please," Sarah begged. She opened her eyes and looked desperately back at him.

Lester had grabbed her phone and was looking at the screen. He turned it towards her and grabbed her by her hair and turned her face towards the screen. The phone was still ringing and the display read 'Dad'.

Why was her dad calling right now? Was there something wrong with the girls? She doubted it. Everything was probably fine. She would call him back after her she finished fucking Lester.

Sarah groaned and pushed herself back onto Lester's cock, taking it fully inside of her.

Lester bent forward and held the phone in front of her face. In horror, she watched as his fat finger pressed the answer button and then the speaker button.

"Uh, hello," Sarah managed to squeak out. She stopped thrusting back onto Lester, worried about her dad hearing her fucking.

"Hey, hun, it's just Dad calling, how's it going?" Her dad said.

"Good day, uh, you know, just here at work," Sarah replied. Lester slowly began to withdraw his cock, causing her body to shiver.

"Yeah, I know. Sorry about calling. I just wanted to touch base with ya for a second," Her dad's voice filled the room. Lester gripped her hips with both hands and slowly pushed his cock back into her before bottoming out and withdrawing it again, leaving his cock head for a second at her entrance before pushing all the way back in.

"Uhhh sure. Yeah uhh, okay. What's ah, what's ahup? Girls okay?" Sarah gritted her teeth and tried to contain herself, but finally feeling Lester's cock pushing into her on its own was ecstasy. She tried to mentally block out what was happening to her body and concentrate on the call but she was failing.

"Yeah. Yeah, they're fine, we just dropped them off at school. Your mom and I were talking,"

Her dad said slowly. Painfully slow, drawing out each word like he was hesitant to talk to her about something. But all Sarah wanted was for him to finish his call so she could cum. What

Lester was doing threatened to drive her insane. "We were talking about you actually. About how much pressure you seem to be under lately."

"Ahhhmhmmtttt," Sarah tried to make her groan sound like a response but Lester had started to pick up his pace. He was still going slow enough that the slapping sounds of their flesh weren't audible to her dad but she didn't know for sure if they weren't. She bit down on her lip to keep from squealing aloud.

"Yeah....uh, well your mom and I were talking and it seems like you're having a hard time balancing everything. With Dan gone, I'm sure the girls are a lot of work plus you have all those changes going on at the hospital." Her dad continued. He was still talking in the same slow drawn out manner but his voice had changed. He sounded more inquisitive.

"It's been hard," Sarah said before quickly shutting her mouth. She didn't want to say anything longer and had a moan escape her lips. She could feel that elusive orgasm starting to build back up inside of her. She reached for the phone to try and hit the mute button, but Lester put it out of her grasp and pushed his cock into her harder. God this was so fucked up. Even Dan hadn't tried anything this fucked up before. She couldn't believe how bold Lester was, taking

whatever it was he wanted like this. Making her do these depraved things she never even dreamed about.

"Yeah I know, kid. I know. You're mom and I can tell you are a little off lately." Her dad said.

Sarah was trying not to breathe too hard but she couldn't help it. She felt like she was panting.

She bit her fist to stifle the sound.

"Are you okay hun? You sound out of breath." Her dad asked.

"Yeah, Dad. I ughhh just took the stairs here. More out of shape than I expected." Sarah bit her lip as Lester continued to pump in and out of her, his cock touching deep places inside of her.

She turned around and looked at Lester pleadingly, but all she saw was the lack of mercy in his eyes. That controlling, possessive look seemed to extend beyond just putting her on display for her neighbors. It seemed to even extend beyond her own father.

God, why was this getting her off? Lester putting her in this situation was just too much.

"Heh, I hear ya. Anyways..." Her dad continued his slow manner of speaking.

"Dad, I gotta run to a meeting here soon. What's up?" Sarah desperately wanted this conversation to be over. She didn't want to cum with her dad on the line. She reached for the phone, but Lester was faster and held it away from her.

"Your mom and I, well, we were thinking maybe we can keep the girls for the next couple of days. We'll pick 'em up for school and keep them over the weekend." Her dad said. "Just to give you a break you know? Give you time to sort things out."

"That's uhhhh," Sarah could feel her orgasm on the cusp of exploding, "That sounds good."

Sooo good."

Lester grinned.

"Uh, okay." Her dad replied. "Maybe we can talk over the weekend and see if there is anything else your mom and I can help you with. Are you sure you're okay right now? You sound kind of... off?"

"Just running to a meeting, dad," Sarah stifled back a moan by biting her knuckles. "I'm a little frazzled this morning, that's all."

"Alright honey. Well, if something is off you'd let me know, right?" Her father's voice sounding serious now..

Fuck. Lester's double pounding was doing too good of a job. She could feel her orgasm about to hit. Her pussy was gripping Lester's cock tightly, not wanting to let him go. "Yeah. Yeah. Yes."

I would." Sarah said before burying her face in the couch.

Lester hit the mute button on the phone, and Sarah came.

"Okay, I'm glad to hear it but like I said --"

"AHHHHMHMMMMMFUUUCK," Sarah grunted into the couch, her eyes rolling back in her head. She whimpered as her orgasm crashed down on her body, setting off a cascade of mini fireworks inside of her.

"--we're here for you, okay? Don't worry about the girls, we'll take care --"

"Uhhmmhmmhmmmmmmmm," Sarah groaned as her orgasm didn't stop, it just kept running over her body. Pulsating over and over

across all of her nerves. She quivered and shook on the troll's cock, wailing in her living room.

"--come over Saturday for dinner so we can talk —"

"Ahhhhshiiiiittt!" All that teasing by Lester's tongue was finally exploding inside of her, and it wasn't stopping. It just continued to wash over her tense body.

"---your mom and I will help you figure things out—"

Sarah finally let out her breath and felt her body go limp on the couch. Lester stayed still inside of her, her pussy gripping him, holding him in place. So that he would stop for just a second.

"--Well I love you kid, I hope your day isn't too crazy today," Her dad said.

Sarah reached out to unmute herself. Lester held the phone firmly out of her grip. She looked back at him in defiance. Lester grinned and brought the phone up to her face, his finger hovering over the unmute button.

"Tell him 'Thank you Daddy,'" Lester sneered.

Sarah didn't break eye contact with Lester. The fat man's hand pressed the unmute button.

"Thhank you....daddy," Sarah closed her eyes, trying to detach herself from those words. "I love you too dad. Thanks again. Talk soon."

"Bye," Her dad said as Sarah pressed the button to hang up.

"Lester you are such an asshole. Why did you—ughhhhh"

Lester grabbed both sides of her hips and started to power fuck her, cutting her off. He grunted and grinned at himself as his cock slid in

and out of this gorgeous woman. This wife and mother. Who was all his as he fucked her on her knees in her own living room. Sweat ran down his face and onto Sarah's work clothes as he plundered the bride.

Sarah's mouth hung limply open as her anger disappeared, replaced by a total need to let what was happening to her continue. She loved the feeling of Lester's cock as it pushed deep into her, deeper than anyone else had ever been. She let her head fall forward, focusing on pushing her own ass back against Lester's cock.

Wet slapping sounds filled the room as Lester's thighs connected with Sarah's. Her ass bounced and jiggled with each thrust delighting the perverted man. Sarah's black pencil skirt was bunched up roughly around her hips. Her shirt had come untucked at some point.

Suddenly Lester pulled out of her, causing her to groan in disappointment. She turned her head around with an upset look, wondering what the hell he was doing.

"Get up," Lester said, pulling her arm upwards. Sarah rolled her eyes and complied. Lester led her towards her kitchen. On the way, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Her hair was a mess, her skirt was still partially bunched up around her waist, and her white blouse was loose and wrinkled. She wanted to stop and take her clothes off but Lester pulled her into the kitchen and pinned her against her granite counters. Before she could process what was happening, his lips were on her neck, licking and biting her. His thigh pushed her legs apart, and his hard cock, dripping with her juices, was pressing hard against her leg.

Her phone started to ring again in the other room, but this time, Lester didn't make any move to answer it. Instead, he grabbed her by her thighs and hefted her up onto the countertop.

The effort seemed to wind him a bit, but it didn't stop him from mauling her chest through her blouse.

The granite counter felt cold on Sarah's bare ass but she could feel the heat from Lester's cock.

The troll-like man was positioned between her legs, his cock just inches away from soaking wet pussy. Lester inched his cock forward, pressing the hot length against her opening. Sarah's arms wrapped around him, and she braced herself for the inevitable. His back felt sweaty, and she hoped that his sweat wouldn't stain her blouse.

"Think it worked last night?" Lester said as she shoved himself inside of her with one hard thrust.

"Ahhhfuuuckkmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's large hot cock slide into her so quickly. "What did we do? What worked?" She spoke with her eyes shut, all attention on the cock inside of her.

"Did I knock you up last night? Do you think it worked?" Lester grunted into her chest, his head not quite matching with hers. His hands fumbled and he started to undo the buttons on her blouse. Underneath, her heaving bra clad chest was exposed to him. His face disappeared between her breasts as his tongue began lapping at her bare skin.

"Uhhhhh fuckk. I don't know, Lester," Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's large waist, locking her heels behind him. She wasn't going to let him go now. No more changing positions or trying something else. She wanted him to make her cum, "Sometimes it takes a few tries."

Her hips tilted towards him, submitting to his thrusts.

"How long did it take Dan to get the job done?" Lester grunted.

Sarah squeezed her eyes shut, focusing on the feeling of Lester's large cock sliding in and out of her. Trying to squeeze his girth tightly with her pussy, milking him, "It took us a couple of months each time."

She thought of those months fondly. While she had been worried at the time that something was wrong with them, she had loved the unprotected sex and the act of making a child. The sex had always been explosive then, knowing that they were doing something so biologically primal.

"I don't think it'll take me that long to put a baby in you," Lester grunted breathily from between her tits, "Whose cock goes deeper inside of you, me or Dan?"

It felt like a betrayal to admit the truth but as her mind was reconciling the comparison to her husband, her lips spoke on their own. "Yours."

"Mine what?" Lester grunted, "Say it."

"Your cock goes deeper. So, ah, mmmm, fucking deep." Sarah closed her eyes and wrapped her body around Lester tightly locking him in place. Part of her knew that Lester was fixed, that pregnancy was an impossibility, but the primal part of her was taking over, rutting herself off the counter to meet his upward thrusts into her. Pushing her body to return, his pounding slams with equal fervor.

"Whose cock makes more cum, huh? Which of our sperm would have the better chance of flooding inside of you?" Lester was holding onto her ass as he rapidly pistoned himself in and out of her shaking them both. He was standing on the balls of his feet to hit the right angle inside of her.

And he was doing a damn good job. He'd found a frenetic tempo that caused her to begin to lose a grip on reality. Sarah could feel her orgasm beginning to work itself back up inside of her. The

disappointment about being dragged into the kitchen was forgotten as her body started to work her up to another mind-shattering explosion. Her fucked up mind was now comparing Lester and her husband. Their prowess at sex, their virility, and who ultimately would do a better job at knocking her up.

"Ugh god, Lester, this is so fucked up," Sarah moaned into his ear, "You do. Your balls make more cum than I even knew was possible."

"Back then, when you were trying to make a baby. If I had fucked you right after your husband, whose cum do you think would've won? Who would have knocked you up?" Lester grunted, holding his cock deep inside the mother as he awaited his answer.

The image of Dan between her legs, then moving to the side only to be replaced by Lester, filled her mind. The idea of lowly Lester joining in on her baby making sessions with her husband in their marital bed. She knew the answer that Lester wanted to hear. She knew what the truth would have been.

"You." Sarah's body began to quake, her toes flexed and she felt her muscles tense up. Saying the words was like a match that lit the flame of her orgasm and set her body on fire, an illicit admission that put her over the edge, "YOU WOULD! FUCKKK. Don't fucccckkkking stop Lester!OH, OH OHHHHHOH FUCK! FUUUUUCK!"

Sarah's nails bit into Lester's skin as she came on her countertop. Pleasure washed over her body like cascading dominoes that just kept going around and around, never stopping.

"Mhmmmmm fuuck," Sarah moaned as her body seemed to tingle everywhere at once. Her mind reeled from the sensations coming in from all over her body. It felt like a wave of pleasure dipping and then peaking over and over.

Lester was breathing hard against her chest. He knew it wouldn't be long before he came, too.

The way Sarah's pussy was gripping his cock was too much. Thankfully he could get a breather for a moment and settle himself while her orgasm made her body thrash against him.

He wanted to give her another one. As she started to come down, Lester pulled himself completely out of her and rammed his cock back into her, causing her ass to jump off the counter in response.

"Mhmmhmmhmmmm," Sarah grunted in reply, the sharp pain of his cock pushing in so quickly seemed to reignite her fading orgasm, "Fuck Lester, I'm gonna uhhh, cuumm again. Don't STOP!"

"I'm going to do something Dan never could," Lester grunted, getting breathless. "I'm going to fuck a baby boy into you right now. I'm going to knock you up and make you a mother again.

You're gonna take my cum. Get pregnant all over again!"

Dan had always wanted a boy. So had she. Lester's words struck something inside of her.

Sorrow and longing for a what if. Her body responded by thrusting her ass back and forth on the counter, eagerly trying to meet Lester's incoming thrusts. Sarah's hips moved of their own accord, frantically trying to keep up with the fat man.

"I want you to make a baby boy with me," Lester whispered, raising his head up from his chest, planting wet, sloppy kisses on her bare neck, "Do you want that?" He held his mouth at her ear, his breathing resounding in her ear.

"Yess," Sarah said without thinking. She wasn't sure if she was just playing along with their roleplay from last night or if that came from somewhere deeper inside of her. It was the only answer that made sense at the moment. The only one that mattered, "Do it, Lester. Fuck me.

Knock me up."

Lester slowed his speed but kept pushing his cock deep into her. He grabbed Sarah on each side of her face and stared deep into her eyes, "Say it, say it again."

"Fuck me," Sarah bit her lip, looking into Lester's ugly beady eyes. She couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of desire for him. "Put a baby in me, Lester. I want to carry your child."

Lester felt his balls begin to tighten at her words, "Call me daddy then. Moan it for me."

"Uhhmmmmhmmmm, daddy," Sarah moaned, puzzle pieces clinking together in her mind at associating that word with Lester. The father of her children, kind and affectionate being replaced with a repulsive sex fiend. The word was taking on new meaning for her as her neurons seemed to rewire on the fly, "Fuck me, daddy. Let's make a baby boy Lester. Don't fucking stop."

Sarah's mouth hung agape but she never broke eye contact with Lester. He stared back at her, seemingly peering into her soul, seeing all her desires and vulnerabilities. She felt connected to him in that moment, not just because his cock was buried inside of her. It was something else she couldn't quite articulate. Her face was alarmingly close to his but not touching. They were challenging each other to be the first to feel the other's tongue in their mouths.

"Here it cums, Sarah," Lester licked his lips as he felt his balls begin to release the torrent of cum stored there. "I'm going to do it. We're going to do it."

"Mhmmmmmmhmmmmshiiiiit," Sarah felt Lester's cock begin to expand and contract inside of her. She knew he was about to flood her distended pussy with loads of his illicit cum, "Cum for me daddy fucking cum oh my god Lester cum ahh uuhhm for me dadddddyyy!"

FFFFFFFUUUHHH!!”

Lester exploded inside of her, his hot, thick, sticky cum blasting, thoroughly coating the walls of her quivering pussy. Each extended hit was a seismic pleasuring throb to Sarah’s body. She quickly responded by cumming herself. The muscles of her pussy clenched down on Lester’s cock, holding him in place, milking every last drop out of him.

“OHMYGODFUCCCUKK,” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as she came. Her heels dug into Lester’s fat ass, pulling him hard towards her. His knees smacked against her cupboards, and the sound of ceramic plates jostled together, ringing out. The skewered wife’s nails dug into the back of his head, piercing his skin through his thinning hair. Lester’s hot cum flooding into her felt like a drug she couldn’t get enough of and would do anything for. Knowing that another’s man seed was pouring into her had sent her over the edge, pushing her body beyond the limits of her exhaustion into another dimension of pleasure that seemed to envelop her very being. She wanted to stay here forever, wrapped in the warm embrace of her orgasm as her insides were flooded with Lester’s hot cum,

“MHMMHHMMMMMMMHMMMMMMMM.”

Suddenly, Lester’s lips were on hers, both of them closing their eyes and kissing each other passionately. Their tongues danced together as both of them rode their mutual orgasm together. Rode them to a place where they were the only things that mattered.

Lester’s thrusts slowed, and Sarah’s ass came to rest on the counter. Exhausted, they both stayed still, breathing into each other’s mouths as they tried to catch their breaths. Lester planted a soft, tender kiss on Sarah’s lips, and she immediately felt butterflies in her stomach.

She wasn’t sure what she felt but wanted more of it.

Sarah relaxed her legs and let her arms drop to Lester's chest, releasing him from her hold. On shaky feet, Lester stepped back, his cock sliding out of her pussy with a pop. She immediately

felt his cum begin to leak out of her, dropping onto the counter before overflowing onto the floor.

"Shit," Sarah said, pulling herself down and hurrying over to the roll of paper towels next to the sink. She could feel more of Lester inside of her but moved quickly to clean up the expansive mess of the pools of his cum on the counter where her children would eat breakfast. Sarah quickly bent over and cleaned the rest on the floor before grabbing more paper towels and holding them against her naked pussy, trying to catch more of Lester's large load that was seething out of her.

Lester was leaning against the opposite counter, breathing hard, looking over the sexy wife's body, proud of what he had just done. He felt unstoppable. Powerful. Invincible.

Sarah looked up at Lester, catching his eye. An amused smile appeared on her face at what had just transpired between them. Her expression shifted as she looked past Lester to the microwave behind him. The time on the clock couldn't be right.

With a sense of dread, Sarah pulled down her skirt, hurried back into the living room, and found her phone.

"Shit. Shit. Shit!" Sarah exclaimed, looking at the time on her phone. She was so fucking late for work. She found her discarded panties and pulled them back on before tucking her blouse into her skirt and fumbling to do the buttons up, "I'm so fucking late Lester."

Lester continued to lean against the kitchen counter, not caring, fluid slowly dripping from his cock onto the kitchen floor. He had done what he set out to do this morning.

Sarah hurried over to the mirror in her entryway. She was a mess, but she didn't have time to change. She tried to smooth out the wrinkles in her shirt, but her hair was wild and screamed her sex. There was a brush in her glove box. She would try to tame it down before she got into the office.

With a split second of hesitation, Sarah opened the front door and darted across her driveway to her car. As she began to back out, she realized that she was leaving Lester alone in her home.

"Hi, this is Sarah Williams. I can't take your call at the moment, but please leave me a message, and I'll get back to you," the voice from Dan's phone said. He hung up and walked across his hotel room to the ironing board to assess his blazer.

His phone buzzed in his hand, and he looked down, hoping it was his wife returning his call. He sighed. It was just a work email from Walt. He quickly read over the contents and felt an

impending sense of dread. It was a briefing on the project for Jesse's company and a request for Dan to visit Jesse's office for a kickoff meeting ASAP.

Dan began to type up a response and stopped himself. He felt rattled and it occurred to him that if he responded now, it might be too full of his raw emotions. He needed to park the email for a little while and clear his head. Figure out the best way to tackle this new problem and then write a draft.

He shoved the phone into the inside pocket of his blazer, gathered his things, and left for the meeting with Sentinel Securities.

She was so late. So incredibly, stupidly late. Maybe she should have just called in sick, but doing that never felt right to her, not when so many people depended on her. She should be above calling out unless she was really sick. She prided herself on her work ethic, But then again, she should be above letting a degenerate like Lester fuck her senseless in her own home and make her late for work. Sarah pulled her car into the hospital's parking lot and quickly found a parking spot.

She checked the time on her phone again. The daily meeting with department heads was already well underway. Should she try to get to her office first or just go right to the meeting?

She didn't want to miss this meeting, especially with the new CEO starting on Monday. She'd have to figure out an excuse before she got to the meeting.

Would anyone fault her for being late due to mind-blowing sex with her husband's disgusting roommate? She shuddered at the thought of revealing that information to her professional colleagues. Sarah turned off the car, quickly gathered her things, and hurried across the parking lot toward the hospital.

As she quickened her pace, she could tell how sore her pussy was from getting back-to-back poundings from Lester. She dreaded how uncomfortable she was going to be for the rest of the day.

The hospital always had people in it, day and night. But when Sarah opened the doors, she felt overwhelmed by the teeming rush of humanity. She knew it was just a typical day, but it compounded her unease over being late. She was already feeling behind the eight ball, but knowing her colleagues were over an hour ahead of her in their workdays made her stomach turn with anxiety.

Her heels clicked too loud on the tile floor of the large atrium as she made a beeline for the elevators. Thankfully no one stopped her, and she made it into the elevator without any small

talk or emergency issues that needed her attention. Sarah finally breathed as the elevator doors closed and she punched in the floor for the meeting.

These last few days had felt like she was drowning in a sea of problems, struggling to come up for air. She didn't feel like herself, so out of control. Sarah caught a glimpse of herself in the reflective panel of the elevator and straightened out her wrinkled skirt, and tried to tame her hair that seemed to scream that she'd been fucked less than an hour ago.

The elevator door opened, and she stepped out. She didn't like this version of herself, the one who seemed to be behind on everything. Everything except for sex with Lester. He had taken her several times over the past few days. Each instance seemed to blur together. All she knew was that the moral excuse of having dates with the ogre seemed to be out the window lately.

He hadn't even brought up the fact that he was covering Dan's rent. Lester just seemed to storm into her life and take what he wanted.

Dan. She had totally forgotten that he was supposed to call this morning. Maybe he was busy or maybe he was still angry over their blow-up yesterday. She still couldn't believe that he would just abandon their plans to come home to fly out and meet a new client. She loved her husband's tenacity, but all the work he was putting in hadn't yielded any results yet. Lately, she just wished he would abandon Chicago and move back with or without having anything lined up. Her husband belonged at home.

As she neared the meeting room, she could hear animated voices from behind the door.

Gently, she turned the doorknob and, eased the door open a crack and quietly slid into the room. The conversation abruptly stopped, and all heads swiveled in her direction. At that moment, Sarah felt a

gush of Lester's cum leak out of her dampening her panties. She regretted wearing her pencil skirt.

"Richard, this is Sarah Williams, our head administrator," John wasn't seated at the head of the table as he usually was. In his place was an older man in his late fifties who did not look as distinguished as his LinkedIn profile had made him appear. His thinning hair was a mixture of gray and white and needed a trim. Despite his expensive-looking suit, the shirt he wore beneath looked old and discolored, its collar frayed. Wrinkle lines adorned his face and his eyes looked steely and hard. He presented a cultivated and professional exterior, but Sarah picked up on obvious neglect under the surface. She wondered whether anyone else picked up on it.

Richard Thornhill, the hospital's incoming CEO, was staring at her with an amused and impatient look on his face. "The one I was telling you about that helped us navigate the recent security breach." John finished.

Richard's expression shifted to a flat, nondescript smile. He gave Sarah a silent nod and then turned back to the rest of the table, "Like I was saying earlier, one of the things I'd implemented at my last post were measures to ensure that the hospital was operating on every cylinder. Which means the whole hospital is only as strong as its weakest link. We are dealing with lives here. We can't afford to give ourselves any slack in any area. Tardiness is a slippery slope to cutting other corners. Once we start normalizing things like that, that's where we fall off our metrics and decline as an organization."

"Sorry," Sarah interjected as she took her seat next to Jerry, "I had an issue with my girls I had to take care of this morning. It isn't something that typically happens."

Richard made a steeple with his hands and said, "Sarah, being late affects the team's productivity and how well this hospital runs.

Maybe you need to reconsider how you manage your time outside of work."

Sarah was taken aback by Richard's comment. She felt uneasy sitting there in front of her peers getting a dressing down by this new man who didn't know anything about her or how the hospital ran. A fire started to turn in her stomach and she wanted to lash out but her professionalism overruled that instinct, "Of course. It won't happen again."

Richard smiled at her and then turned, raising his eyebrows to John in a knowing way that seemed to be misogynistic.

Her panties felt soaked as more of Lester's cum oozed insistently out of her pussy. Now that she was seated, she could feel its flow dripping down towards her asshole. Great, not only did she have to worry about this new boss, but she had to fret over whether her colleagues might notice cum dripping down her legs or a stain in her pencil skirt on her ass or crotch.

John swiftly interjected and moved on to other agenda items. Sarah could feel Jerry's eyes on her, likely wanting to share a knowing look of disapproval over Richard's stern comments, but Sarah kept her eyes trained on John. She didn't want to get caught making a sour face.

Why that hell was Richard here early? He was supposed to be here on Monday. She cringed internally, knowing that she had already gotten off on the wrong foot with her new boss. Now, it would be an uphill battle trying to prove herself to him, something she shouldn't have done after the years of her life that she had dedicated to this hospital.

Lester was enjoying a bowl of lucky charms while flipping through the channels on the Williams' TV. It was nostalgic actually watching

cable. He couldn't remember the last time he

hadn't just streamed something. He liked to sit through the commercials, enjoying every last one.

Movement out of the corner of his eye caused him to tear his eyes away from the TV. He looked out the window, past the curtain that was only being held up by a few rings, and saw a man walking his dog out on the street. The man didn't look in Lester's direction.

If he had, he would have seen Lester's naked body sitting comfortably on the Williams' leather couch. The family probably had family movie nights, and they were all sitting together here with popcorn and drinks. Lester pushed his naked buttocks further down into the imitation leather cushion.

Lester smirked at the idea, knowing that he had just fucked the mother of the family senseless here a couple of hours ago. Sarah had been panicked as she left the house. It was almost funny how late he had made her. How easy it had been.

When he turned off her alarm in the middle of the night, he had hoped she would sleep in, but her body seemed to have woken itself up earlier than he had expected. Still, he couldn't argue with the results of the morning.

He was slowly making Sarah his. His calculated efforts were bearing fruit. That strong woman he first met in his apartment was now screaming for him to knock her up while he fucked her in her own living room. Things were going great.

The wedge had been driven in between Sarah and Dan. Now, Lester needed to find a way to nail it in harder to widen the divide between them. Today was likely one of the rare instances someone so professional like Sarah had been late for work. But he had already given her a lot of firsts at work. He intended to keep pushing her boundaries at work. Worst case, Lester got to fuck her all over that

hospital. Best case scenario, he'd find a way for Sarah to get reprimanded. He'd need to figure out a way to make that happen, where she couldn't blame him. If she happened to get fired, well, that would make her more dependent on Lester's money to survive.

Now, he needed to figure out a way to deal with her children. He didn't want them in the picture. But how best to break a mother's love for her children? They were too young to develop a rebellious nature. Sarah's father seemed happy enough to look after them.

Lester took another spoonful of her lucky charms. Maybe there was a boarding school he could ship the brats off to once Dan was out of the picture. Or maybe he could saddle Dan with the kids entirely. Was there a way for Dan to lose the girls while out in public? Two birds with one stone. Girls are gone. Sarah hates Dan. I would be her only comfort.

That was an interesting idea that Lester needed to think about more. Surely it wouldn't be impossible to arrange.

Done with his lucky charms, Lester raised the bowl to his lips and loudly slurped down the rest of the milk. He noticed an Xbox under the TV. Intrigued, he turned it on and started to look through it. Dan was the only one with a profile, which only required a button press to sign into. Lester looked through the games Dan had played. At some, Lester respectfully nodded his head in respect, but at others, he just shook his head. It looked like Dan was in the middle of playing through the Mass Effect trilogy, a sprawling Sci-Fi RPG that Lester had completed years ago. Dan appeared to have dozens of hours logged into the game based on his game save. With a wicked smile, Lester erased the save file.

Lester turned the TV and Xbox off and dropped the bowl into the sink before heading upstairs to explore the rest of the Williams' home unimpeded.

He passed by the girl's bedroom. That room would be investigated later. Likely no leverage he could find in there, but perhaps he could learn about the girl's interests and see if there was some way to exploit that knowledge.

Instead, he found himself in the Williams' home office, thumbing through their filing cabinet.

Lester found a pad and a pencil and took notes on the families' mortgage payments, social security numbers, their debts, car loans, and other pieces of information that he might use in the future. Smiling, he left the filing cabinet with a complete picture of Williams' financial situation and how indebted they were.

Lester hummed a tune to himself as he walked naked through the Williams' home. In the couple's bedroom, he took his time going through Dan's things before wandering into the walk-in closet and thumbing through Sarah's underwear. He plopped himself down on the bed and wrapped a white pair of Sarah's panties around his cock as he jerked himself off. He made sure to take several pictures of his hardened cock to send to Sarah later on.

In the bedroom's ensuite bathroom, Lester found Sarah's toothbrush and absently brushed his teeth with it while he took a piss. This was a new experience for him, roaming free in a family's home, degrading it however he pleased. He was reveling in the power he felt. This was a new high he didn't want to let go of.

A wicked idea entered Lester's mind. He made his way back downstairs, past the large bay window and into the kitchen. For the next few minutes, he rummaged through drawers until he found what he was looking for.

A spare key to the Williams' home. Grinning, Lester went back upstairs to get dressed. He had an errand to run before Sarah returned home.

"Here is where I think a mistake was made on the original designs for this data center. The big thing I've noticed is the lack of a water recycling system. You're going to need to keep all those servers cooled. Presumably, with the current plan, it looks like you're going to be running off municipal water." Dan had only had a few minutes to look at the plans laid out on the table in front of him. Sentinel Securities building wasn't hard to find, but it was a pretty bland, nondescript building in downtown D.C.

Dan wasn't too familiar with the capital city, but he probably would have missed this building entirely if he hadn't been looking for it. Still, his mind was elsewhere, thinking about Sarah.

"You're going to be spending a ton on your water intake, which, from a sustainability perspective, isn't great. We can add a recycled water tanker here," Dan pointed at a distinct area of the blueprint on the table. All that water running down Sarah's body while she is in the shower.

"Which can have the added benefit of cooling the water before we reintroduce it into the building's ecosystem. There are several other ways we can look at making the entire thing more efficient using best practices that have been developed in the last few years," Dan said, visually his wife staring at him seductively from their shower, eyes wide with desire.

Dan sat back in his chair, feeling confident about his assessment and explanation. He still didn't understand what all the secrecy was about or why he had to fly out here to look at blueprints. For that matter, it was strange that they gave him printouts instead of presenting him with them electronically.

Martin, his main point of contact at Sentinel, looked up the table at a man with bushy eyebrows who simply nodded back to him before

standing up and leaving the room. Several other people followed until it was just Martin and Dan alone in the meeting room.

"Dan," Martin stated, "Thanks again for flying out here and looking over this for us. I know we haven't been as upfront with things as you are probably used to, but we appreciate your patience with us."

"It's not a problem," Dan lied, thinking about how his marriage seemed to be taking a serious hit because of this trip. The image of Lester approaching Sarah in the shower in his place. Her arms opening, welcoming him in. "I am curious, though. We could have done all of this over Zoom. I'm happy to be out here, and I'll happily come again, but is it the best use of your resources to fly me out?"

"For this project, it is," Martin said. "You may have noticed on your way in that we have some pretty strict policies around security."

Dan nodded. Just getting into the building he had to pass through two security checkpoints and another to get to the floor he was currently on.

"There are a couple of reasons we needed you here in person," Martin said. "A few of the others here still wanted to assess you." Martin motioned towards where the guy with the bushy eyebrows had been sitting.

"And now that you are here, we can get you cleared with security and assign you a secure laptop to work on," Martin leaned forward and lowered his voice, "We work very closely with a certain three letter government agency. This datacenter project is one of theirs. Thus the extra security measures. I hope you'll understand."

I should have quoted a higher rate. It all made sense now. He was aware that the government had put in new sustainability building requirements with a recent bill. Whatever this data center was for, it would fall under those new provisions once complete.

"Okay," Dan said, laying his hands flat on the table. "What's next?"

"Next, I'm going to take you downstairs to get your photo taken and I'll have a temporary badge created. We've already done an extensive background check to get you cleared as a contractor. I have a secure laptop and phone waiting for you at my desk. Then there's a meeting for you tomorrow with our IT security specialists to show you how to use the laptop and phone to tunnel in securely here to your workstation."

"That sounds great," Dan was still a little taken aback by how serious this client was shaping up to be. "Could I ask a favor? There is a minor issue at home I'd like to take care of. Would it be possible to squeeze in the meeting with the security specialists today so that I can fly back early?"

Martin rubbed his eyes and gave Dan a flat smile, "I'll see what I can do. Let's head downstairs and get you your badge."

Dan followed Martin out of the meeting room and into the labyrinth of hallways beyond.

Sarah held her face in her hands as she leaned against the door to her office. Of all the days to be late, it had to be the day when her new boss was in the building. After the meeting Jerry had told her that the board wanted a quick transition, so Richard was in for just a few hours for the rest of the week to get his feet wet before starting full time on Monday.

In her entire tenure at the hospital, she had never felt more embarrassed than she had this morning. She was already starting off on the wrong foot with her new boss. Even if she kicked ass for the remainder of the year, he would be starting off with the assumption that she was regularly late and couldn't balance her personal life with her professional one.

It felt like her life was spinning out of control. Why, of all days, did she have to be late today?

She should have walked out that door when she had the chance this morning instead of trying to wake Lester up. She still would have been late, but it wouldn't have been as noticeable.

At least the cum that had leaked out of her hadn't stained her skirt. Well, she was fairly certain it hadn't. She hadn't caught anyone staring at her and didn't notice anything in the bathroom mirror earlier. Even though there wasn't a stain, her pussy was still aching from Lester's overzealous fucking.

God, this morning was such a colossal fuck up. It felt amazing at the moment, but Sarah was horrified at her inability to say no to Lester. It was like her body just couldn't resist him. She was a strong, independent, professional woman. Why did she just seem to crumple so easily when it came to Lester?

It wasn't just his cock. There was something else about him that just seemed to strike a nerve inside of her. It was like he pushed all these buttons inside of her she didn't know were there.

Sarah dropped her hands and let out a long breath. She needed to figure a way out of this. She needed to take a break from Lester so she could breathe and clear her head. Otherwise, she was worried that her job might go the same way Dan's had.

Her heels clicked on the tile floor of her office as she walked over to her desk. As much as she hated being the first to reach out and apologize, she needed to vent to Dan. She desperately wanted to hear his reassuring voice telling her everything was going to be okay. Once she heard it, maybe she could start believing that herself and stop herself from spiraling into despair.

Sitting down in her chair, Sarah opened her phone and dialed Dan's number. She shoved the nervousness and dread in the bit of her

stomach down. She was the one that bit his head off yesterday on the phone, he would be happy she was trying to patch things up. Grateful probably, to be done with their argument.

Her heart dropped when the ringing on the other end changed to his voicemail message.

“Dan...” Sarah started, unsure how to say everything she wanted to say in a short voicemail,

“Look, I’m sorry about yesterday. There has been some stuff going on that I really want to talk to you about. Call me back, okay?”

Sarah put the phone down on her desk, her eyes shifting to her monitor. There was a flurry of new emails awaiting her attention but her eyes seemed to glaze over, unable to figure out how to tackle them all. She felt paralyzed by indecision. She wasn’t sure how long she just sat there staring at the screen, her eyes unfocused.

Her trance was broken by her cell phone vibrating on her desk. Happy with the distraction, she grabbed it, eager to talk to her husband. But it wasn’t Dan calling. Lester had sent her a picture of himself stroking his cock.

Sarah squinted and looked at the picture more closely. That was her room. Lester was jerking off in her room, on her bed. Another picture appeared under the first one. This time a pair of her panties were wrapped around Lester’s cock as he appeared to stroke himself.

Sarah could feel her panties getting damp, but she wasn’t sure if it was cum from this morning or her body’s involuntary response to seeing Lester’s cock. Some kind of fucked up Pavlovian reaction.

> Lester, what are you still doing in my house? You should be here at work.

Sarah hit send on the message, angry at herself for leaving Lester alone in her home. Her phone vibrated with another message from Lester.

>I couldn't help myself. I had unfinished business.

Another picture appeared below his message of her panties wrapped around his cock, drenched in his cum.

> Cum back here and help me clean up.

Sarah tried to shake off her arousal and tried to think straight. She ignored the picture and sent her husband's roommate several messages:

> Lester- get out of my house.

> You should be here at the hospital

> It's going to reflect poorly on me, and I don't need that right now
Three dots appeared, indicating Lester was typing up a response before disappearing. A new email with a red exclamation mark slid into her inbox. Sarah read the contents of it quickly.

"Shit," she stood up and quickly grabbed her things. There was an urgent issue downstairs she needed to help with, even though she wasn't feeling at all capable at the moment. She rushed across her office, flung open the door, and almost collided with the janitor and his cart on the other side.

"Sorry!" Sarah said as she tried to steady the cart briefly. She looked up at the man apologetically and recognized his worn face. It was Otis, the janitor, who had helped clean up her office—the one who probably cleaned her body's smudges off the window. Sarah winced at the idea. "So sorry, emergency downstairs."

Sarah turned and hurried to the elevator. As the doors closed, she realized it was odd for a janitor to be on the administrative floor at this time of the day. He wasn't deliberately waiting outside her door, was he?

Lester finished pulling on his oversized shorts and checked his phone again. The Uber Eats driver was getting close, and he knew from experience that it was better to be clothed for these kinds of encounters.

He made his way down the Williams' stairs and waited anxiously at their front door. He wanted the timing on this to be perfect; otherwise, it might not work. He would have preferred to stay naked for when Sarah arrived home, but his plan demanded he be clothed.

The sacrifices he made for this woman. He was tempted to check his Discord and see what was going on with his group, but the driver had just turned onto Williams Street. Lester opened the door and waited impatiently for the driver to arrive. He didn't care if any of Sarah's neighbors saw him. If they noticed a strange man at the Williams' house, who knows, maybe it would put outside pressure on the couple that could cause them to crack a little more.

The driver finally arrived and handed the bag of food over to Lester. Without waiting, Lester took the food back into the house, closing the door behind him. The app prompted him to add a tip, but Lester giddily declined.

With the bag of food in hand, Lester brought it into the kitchen and started to unpack it. He figured that pasta would be the easiest type of food he could passably appear to have made without catching Sarah's suspicion. He riffled through cupboards, pulling out saucepans, ladles, and other items.

He promptly dropped all of them into the sink, sprayed in some dish soap and let the water fill up. He found one of Sarah's serving dishes and put the take out pasta on it, then grabbed all of the packaging and put it in the Williams' large garbage can in the garage. He made sure to cover it with some other refuse so Sarah wouldn't discover it.

Back inside, Lester laid out plates and cutlery on the dining table. In one of the drawers, he found a lighter and some candles, which he set up and lit on the table. As a finishing touch, he

stuck his fingers in the pasta's tomato sauce and rubbed a couple of splotches onto his shirt and around the stovetop to add evidence of his cooking efforts.

He opened up a bottle of Sarah's favorite red wine that he'd picked up earlier and waited for his prey to return.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as she neared her house. Lester's vehicle was still parked in the driveway. Did he even leave to go to work today? Jerry hadn't said anything to her about Lester, but he just couldn't ghost her colleagues.

After the embarrassing day she'd had, all Sarah wanted to do was take a long hot shower and relax. Maybe find some kind of alcohol in her house to take the edge off a bit and try not to replay that terribly embarrassing meeting from this morning.

But now she had to deal with Lester. It's not that she hated him, in fact she found that lately she was surprised how easy he was to tolerate. That was the issue - she just wanted time alone to herself, to collect her thoughts and recenter herself.

She pulled into her driveway next to Lester's car and glanced around, hoping none of her neighbors would try to talk to her on the short trip from the car to her door. She took a deep breath and

made up her mind. She'd go inside and kick Lester out, kindly, of course. She just wanted to be alone.

Sarah opened the car door and hurried inside. The smell was the first thing she noticed.

Something smelled delicious.

"Oh, hey, perfect timing," Lester stepped out from the kitchen and rubbed his hands on his chest. Red sauce smudged Dan's barbecuing apron that Lester had on, "Dinner is ready. Come take a seat. You look great, by the way." He moved quickly and with purpose, setting her place for her.

Sarah went down the list of things she had to say to Lester in her head. Ways to reason with him to make him go back to his hotel room, but his comments caught her off guard. He disappeared back into the kitchen before she could respond. Did he really think she looked good? She'd felt like a hot mess all day. And what had he done? He'd actually cooked them dinner without burning the house down? She didn't realize that was a skill set he had. The only things she had ever seen him eat came from a restaurant or from a box of some kind.

Part of her felt relief at not having to figure out dinner. She hated cooking just for herself and would have probably opted for a frozen pizza. She couldn't remember the last time someone had made dinner just for her. It would have had to have been at least before Dan moved to

Chicago, but even before that, it was usually one of the unspoken duties she'd always taken care of.

Sarah followed Lester into the kitchen and looked around. The sink was full of soapy dishes but there were splotches of red sauce near her stove that Lester must have missed. He was carrying a serving

tray with a bowl full of pasta over to the dining room table with a set of tongs stuck in it.

She found two glasses of wine that Lester had poured on the counter alongside a bottle of her favorite label.

"You made spaghetti bolognese?" Sarah asked skeptically.

"Yeah," Lester set the tray with the pasta down before turning around and wiping his hands on the apron he still wore. "I figured you might need some energy after last night and this morning. I'm not much of a cook but I looked up the recipe on YouTube and ran out and got the ingredients. I think it's good, but I'll let you be the judge of that."

"I hope it's okay that I did this," Lester walked over with a spoon filled with red tomato sauce,

"I just wanted to do something nice for you."

"After what happened this morning, you still have a lot of work to do to redeem yourself. Do you know what kind of shitty day I had? I was so late because of you and got in shit with my new boss."

Ignoring her comment, Lester held the spoon up in front of her, waiting patiently for her to taste it. Intrigued, Sarah leaned forward and tasted the sauce.

"It's good. You made this?" Sarah asked, her eyebrow raised.

Lester beamed. "I did. You know it wasn't too hard, actually. I really think you bring out the best in me. Come on, let's sit and eat it while it's still hot."

He made his way over to the table and pulled her chair out further for her. Sarah stood still for a second. Maybe she could kick him out after dinner. He did go through all this effort to make something for

her. And it did taste good. The least she could do was eat it with him.

"Okay," Sarah said, walking over and taking a seat. Lester pushed her chair in and sat opposite her. Sarah looked down at her plate and then back up at Lester doubtfully, "You really made this?"

"Yeah. I mean, I made some mistakes since I don't cook all the time, but I just tried to follow along with the recipe and instructions on the video." Lester twirled his fork around the

noodles and put a heaping portion in his mouth. Several strands hung down his chin, which he promptly slurped up.

"I'm still not happy about earlier. I tried waking you up, and it was impossible. YOU were impossible. It was like trying to wake one of my kids. And then you came down naked and, well....you know the rest. I was running late as it was, and you made me so fucking late, Lester.

I've never been so embarrassed in my life." Sarah interjected; the matter wasn't settled for her, and she felt like she was gearing up for a fight similar to the one she had with Dan.

As she prepared her next several lines of arguments to pepper Lester with he said, "You're right. I'm sorry. I didn't know what time it was and when I saw you, how attractive you looked in your professional outfit. I just couldn't help myself. I'm sorry." He cast his eyes down in apology.

Sarah wasn't used to an apology so quickly. It took her off guard. She was still upset, mainly over what happened at work today, but her anger towards Lester softened slightly. She looked down at her plate, at the meal he'd prepared. Prepared for her. The effort he'd put in. She could still be mad but she didn't want to be a total bitch and ruin this rare gift.

Sarah raised an eyebrow, shrugged her shoulders, and tasted Lester's cooking. It wasn't bad.

Sarah made a better dish herself but she was impressed Lester had put dinner together, "So tell me again, why did you make dinner?"

Lester raised his shoulders, "After hearing your dad on the phone today, I realized how hard things must be for you right now, with everything going on here and at work. I just figured I'd try to make it a bit easier for you."

Sarah took in another bite and thought his comment over. It was nice, for a change, to not have to make dinner and to have someone else take care of things. Take care of her. Sarah misjudged her next fork full of pasta, and a long strand hung out of her mouth. Instead of embarrassingly covering her face, she smiled and slurped it up like Lester had.

Lester smiled and they both shared a small chuckle. Lester didn't go into work today, instead he made her dinner. Choosing her over his work.

"So, how was your day at the hospital? Challenging?" Lester asked. Before Sarah knew what she was doing, she'd started talking about her day. Telling him how late she'd been, how her new boss had surprised her, and the work emergencies she'd had to deal with. It felt nice just unloading and talking about the things that stressed her out. The more she talked, the more the weight of the stress she had been carrying around all day seemed to lighten.

As Sarah was nearing the end of her plate she looked up at Lester, "Lester I want you to know I appreciate the dinner. And I appreciate the effort you put into making this for me. It means a lot. Thank you."

Lester nodded.

"After the day I've had," Sarah continued, "I really was hoping just to have a bit of time to myself. I hope you understand. Maybe have a quiet night, take a bath, and turn in early. I hope that's okay."

"Whatever you need," Lester said, standing up and beginning to clear the dishes, "I'm here for you, whatever it is."

Sarah finished her food, and Lester promptly picked up her plate and brought it over to the sink, "I'll just wash these dishes, and then I'll get out of your hair. Why don't you go change out of those work clothes?"

That was a good idea. Sarah hated wearing her hospital clothes around her clean house. She looked at Lester, who had his back to her, as he began scrubbing the dishes in the sink. He seemed like he was growing into a different person. Maybe it was her influence on him, but lately, he had been doing little things that made it seem like he was evolving.

Sarah headed up stairs and changed into a comfy pair of sweatpants and a loose t-shirt. Before heading back downstairs, Sarah checked her phone and noticed that Dan had tried calling earlier in the morning. She wanted to call him back but not while Lester was here. Once he left she would pour herself another glass of wine and hash things out with her husband.

She headed back downstairs with her phone in hand. Lester had just finished washing the dishes and was drying his hands on a towel. Dan's barbecue apron was folded on the countertop. She made a mental note to throw it in the wash.

"Alright, I'm heading out," Lester said, gathering his keys.

"Thanks again for dinner, Lester. It was good. But I'm still not happy that you made me late this morning," Sarah said as Lester walked up and stood right in front of her.

"Hey, it takes two to tango," Lester chuckled, "I guess we both got a little carried away huh?"

Sarah shrugged her shoulders and gestured towards the door.

"Come on," Lester said, taking a step in the door's direction, "It was good. You enjoyed yourself. I know it."

"Oh yeah? Are you so sure?" Sarah challenged him, "How do you know I wasn't just faking it."

Lester stopped and turned towards her, "Because if you were faking it, you would have faked it earlier and made it to work on time."

Sarah stared daggers at him, "Fair point."

Lester stepped up to Sarah. She had her arms crossed and didn't step back, resolved to hold her ground.

"Kiss goodbye for the road?" Lester asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes, "Fine, but a kiss on the lips only. Got it?" She pointed to her mouth.

"Got it," Lester smirked as his lips slid over hers. He planted a small peck on her lips, and Sarah felt a jolt of electricity run through her body. Then, Lester did what Lester usually did. He dropped his arms to her waist and pulled her body into his, pressing himself against her.

Sarah futilely pushed against his chest but felt her body automatically responding to Lester's advances. She could feel the growing bulge of his crotch pushing into her again, just like it had this morning. Lester's hand started firmly massaging her ass cheeks while the other snaked up her back and gently gripped the back of her neck, holding her tight.

His fingers expanded, running up the base of her skull and digging under her hair. Sarah moaned into his mouth. She loved having the hair at the base of her neck played with. She felt her body starting to heat up, responding to Lester's expert manipulations.

Soon, Lester was grinding his crotch against her as his tongue started to press apart her lips.

Sarah had stopped pressing against Lester's flabby chest and just held her hand there, feeling his heart beating through her palm. Her tongue reciprocated and ran against Lester's. Her mouth sucked back on his tongue.

Sarah felt her knees start to weaken as Lester held her tight, pressing his hardening cock against her body. She knew what her body wanted. It was the same thing Lester wanted at the moment. But what did she want?

She felt herself move her hips back and forth, grinding against Lester's cock. God it feels good.

It's right there.

Sarah felt the familiar sensation of getting lost in this. Getting lost in Lester, giving in to the demands of her body and letting everything else slip away. A small, quiet voice inside of her was trying to scream, to tell her that all her issues today were because she gave into this.

But how could something that feels so good, feels this right, be so bad? Sarah's mind tried to make sense of things, but she could feel her body taking over. Clinically, she knew that endorphins were flooding into her brain, making good judgment hazy.

With some strength, Sarah pushed against Lester's chest and broke their kiss. Lester stumbled back and caught himself on the back of the couch. His cock made an impressive tent in his pants.

Sarah stood there staring at it, breathing hard. She alternated between looking at Lester's cock and up into that ugly, beady face of his. Her mind had rebelled for a second but now her body was trying to reassert control. There was a battle raging inside of her, but she knew what the best decision was.

Then Lester shuffled out of his pants, letting them drop to the floor alongside his boxers. His large, girthy cock, with its unkempt public hair, jutted out at her. Sarah couldn't help but look at it admiringly. Look at this thing that gave her immense pleasure and seemed to have become a regular fixture in her life.

But she couldn't fuck Lester again. Her pussy radiated a dull ache and was still so sore from their back-to-back sessions. Also, she had experienced the most humiliating day of her career because she had fucked Lester this morning. Still though.....

"Go sit on the couch," Sarah ordered Lester with a pointed finger.

Lester smirked, "I was thinking we should go back upstairs."

No way. If she did fuck Lester again, she wouldn't be able to walk right for some time. And what would happen after? She would probably fall asleep from exhaustion and repeat this whole process again tomorrow.

"I said get on the couch Lester," Sarah pointed again towards the couch as she walked past Lester. She noted the curtain still hanging askew, only being held up by a few rings, "That wasn't a request. Get over here now."

The only way that Sarah could get what she wanted was to assert herself. Just like she did in the workplace. Even if her body wanted something else, Sarah could control a situation and make the better decision.

Lester looked intrigued at Sarah's attitude change and quickly complied, walking over and sitting down on one side of the leather couch.

"No, move into the middle," Sarah said. Lester had been sitting in Dan's place, and Sarah wanted complete control over what was happening.

"Here's what's going to happen," Sarah said as she grabbed a hair tie off the table and pulled her hair back into a ponytail. "I'm going to thank you properly for that dinner. In fact, I'm still a little hungry and want some dessert," she smirked. "Afterwards, you're going to go back to your hotel and jerk off while thinking about me. Got it?"

"Listen, Sarah, I know what you want, and we both know only I can —" Lester started.

"Stop," Sarah said sternly, "I didn't ask you to speak. Nod your head if you understand."

Lester slowly nodded his head. Sarah smiled mischievously and lowered herself to her knees,

"Good."

Sarah took her hands and ran them over Lester's legs, slowly parting them as she moved in between them. Her manicured nails ran up Lester's bare, pasty white skin. She stared down at his cock and bit her lip before looking back up at Lester.

"You have a beautiful cock, Lester. I couldn't let you leave here without giving me my dessert."

Her fingers traced up his upper thigh until they made contact with the base of his cock. Sarah gripped his meaty pole firmly with both hands and started to stroke it.

Lester sunk into the couch, throwing his head back, and his arms went wide, reveling in what was about to happen. He flexed his cock. She could tell by now when he was making it throb for her.

Sarah could feel how hard it was to stroke Lester's cock with her bare hands. Skin on skin. It needed some lubrication. Eagerly Sarah lowered her head and kissed the head of Lester's cock gently. She planted several gentle, small kisses against it before her tongue slowly added to her kisses. As she french kissed Lester's cock she tasted his precum start to ooze out of his cock slit. The heat and smell from Lester's crotch had an effect on the young mother, enhancing her lust.

"Mhmmm you taste good Lester," Sarah said, twirling her tongue and whipping it gently all around his cockhead, "Are you going to fill my belly up?"

Lester kept his eyes closed and nodded.

"Good boy," Sarah said as she lowered her tongue to the underside of his cockhead, letting it swirl around there before venturing further down his shaft, "Momma's hungry."

Sarah's tongue drew a line down the underside of Lester's cock as her hand held his cock head straight up. As Sarah's tongue reached the base of his cock, she turned her head and licked back up the side of his shaft until her tongue was once again swirling around the head of his cock.

Sarah's left hand gripped his shaft and started stroking it. She added her right hand to it and twisted her wrists in opposite directions as she stroked him, making a similar motion to revving the gas on a motorcycle. Sarah's tongue continued to play with and around the head of his cock until she opened her mouth wide and took the meaty head of Lester's cock into her mouth.

Lester moaned at the sensation.

"Mhmmmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned. She loved sucking cock, especially Lester's. Her body was getting what she wanted, worshiping this powerful cock and making it cum for her.

Sarah took more of Lester's cock into her mouth, her hands still stroking his shaft up and down. Lester moved one of his hands to the back of her head, to try and push her down further on his cock. Sarah batted his hand away and took her mouth off of him, "No. This is my time, Lester. I'm doing this how I want to. You just sit there."

"Just sit here?" Lester opened his beady eyes and looked down at her, his member extending up between them.

"Just sit there and shut the fuck up," Sarah said. "It's not you I want right now. I just want your cock. Your big beautiful cock. You just, unfortunately, happen to be attached to it. Be a good boy and sit there and let me prepare my dessert."

With that, Sarah dived back down and engulfed Lester's cock in her mouth, sucking on it while her hands continued to stroke the exposed shaft up and down. Sarah loved having Lester's big cock in her mouth. Knowing she was in control of it gave her a similar rush as when she was commanding at work. She felt powerful because she had power over someone else,

"Mhmmmmhmmmmmmmm." His grayed hairs tickled her nose.

Sarah licked down under Lester's shaft, going further to explore his balls. His thick salt and pepper pubic hair was wild and unkempt. It disgusted her but also gave her a thrill of depravity. Lowering herself and submitting to a cock that was so unlike what she preferred.

Maybe this was what she preferred now.

Her tongue swirled around the patches of his public hair, pressing in firmly to stimulate the sensitive, thin, wrinkly skin of Lester's balls.

She heard Lester groan from above her, her one hand still stroking his cock up and down. Her face was buried in his balls now, his matted pubic hair pressing against her cheeks and up into her nostrils. She closed her eyes and reveled in how hard his cock was for her. It shook and throbbed in her grasp.

Sarah's tongue lapped up Lester's balls. She had to pause and pull a string of pubic hair out of her mouth, but she dove right back in, licking and sucking every inch of his hefty balls. Sarah lowered herself and tried to lick the rough bottom side of his sack, not wanting to let anything go to waste today.

As she started to lick the bottom of his balls, she felt like she was stimulating the cum inside of them to get active. To understand that she was there, to tease them into releasing themselves

for her. She could feel all the workings of his nutsack with her probing tongue. Feeling how alive with activity it was.

Lester's body jolted as Sarah's tongue accidentally swabbed at the area behind his balls. Sarah smiled wickedly, knowing that she could cause such a reaction in him. This time, she did it again on purpose, darting her tongue out to lick the sensitive area slowly, savoring the taste.

Lester groaned, and his body seemed to quake.

Sarah continued to stroke Lester with one hand enthusiastically. With the other, she held his balls up and to the left, giving her better access to the area where she was working. Sarah ran her tongue up and down the area between Lester's thighs. Lester's thighs pushed together, holding her head in place.

Sarah responded by twirling her tongue around in a deliberate motion on his taint. Lester groaned again, and she felt his hand on the back of her head, pushing her face further into his undercarriage. Sarah felt her nose and face pressing deep into the

area near his ass, his massive balls resting against her eyes, and she licked and sucked Lester's taint.

She knew that Lester's asshole was only a few inches away from her, but she wasn't ready to do that. Not yet. That was something she might try with Dan first. The pleasure it elicited from her when Lester did it this morning wasn't forgotten.

Lester continued to hold her head in place, but Sarah needed to catch her breath. She pulled back from his balls and slapped his hand away, "You're supposed to sit still, remember?"

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself," Lester sneered.

"You better get control, or else I'll stop right now," Sarah said.

"You're lying," Lester said.

"I'm not," Sarah slowed her strokes on his cock, "I'm hungry for my dessert, but you aren't the only one I can get it from."

"Oh yeah?" Lester challenged her, "And who do you have in mind? Dan isn't here. It's just me."

Sarah raised an eyebrow and looked at him seductively. Then she pulled her t-shirt off over her head, revealing a sexy purple bra, "Look at me, Lester."

Lester's eyes glazed over as he stared at the rising and falling of Sarah's ample chest.

"I can have any guy I want," Sarah teased flatly, "I can kick you out now and have another guy here within the hour. I'll install Tinder and tell the first guy I match with to come over. Hell, I could probably pull in one of my neighbors off the street to get my dessert. Is that what you want?"

Lester shook his head.

"Then sit back and let me get my cream," Sarah dropped her mouth back to his cock and continued to stroke and suck him.

Lester didn't argue. This new side of Sarah was something else, something that felt wild. He laid his head back and let Dan's wife go to work on his cock, his mouth open in awe at her skill.

They sat there in silence for several minutes. The only sounds filling the room were the wet slurping sounds of Sarah's mouth on Lester's cock.

From somewhere close by, Sarah's phone started to ring.

Lester opened his eyes and looked down at Sarah. She was staring back up at him intently as she sucked his cock feverishly.

"Your phone's ringing," Lester breathed.

Sarah removed her mouth from his cock, both of her hands still slowly, sensually stroking his large shaft.

"I know. I hear it," Sarah didn't make a move to even look and see who it was. She licked him slowly.

"You're not gonna get it?" Lester said playfully.

Sarah shook her head, "I have everything I want right here in my hands. Besides, if I take my hands off this thing and answer that phone, it might break the spell you have over me. And we don't want that, do we?"

"No way," Lester smiled. "It's probably Dan calling. Your husband."

"I have voicemail," Sarah teased.

"God, you are such a good little slut," Lester moaned as Sarah's mouth returned to his cock.

She stared up at him and watched that ugly smirk appear on his face. She could see the contempt in his eyes for her husband. The way he said his name. She knew Dan hated Lester and that the feeling was likely mutual. But that possessive look mixed with raw hatred between them just got her off. Especially now since she had been frustrated with Dan, knowing that they were in a fight. Letting someone her husband hates use her at a time like this....

"God, Lester, I want your cum," Sarah said between breaths. She was licking and sucking and stroking his cock, letting the heated muscle run up and down against her face, feeling his powerful organ all over her. She felt her control slipping. She needed to make him cum soon,

"You're going to give it to me, right? Fill my mouth up with your hot cum?"

"Fuck yeah," Lester said, "Maybe we should finish this upstairs. Your window is open here, and any of your neighbors could get a look and see what you're doing."

Sarah knew that if she brought Lester upstairs, he would fuck her. And she would love every second of it. She was determined to stay strong and finish him like this and not give in to the feeling that had fucked up her day earlier, "Let them watch. Let them be jealous of you, and they'll see what a real wife is supposed to be like."

"God, you're hot," Lester grunted, his hips rising off the couch. "I've turned you into such a little slut. I love it."

"That's what you would think," Sarah moaned against the side of his cock as she licked and stroked it before moving back up and swirling her tongue over his cockhead, kissing it deeply,

"But you didn't turn me into anything. I've always been a slutty little housewife."

"Ugh, I, I love it when you talk dirty like this," Lester grunted, his hips pushing off the couch frantically. Sarah matched his pace, stroke for stroke, as his cockhead kept hitting the back of her throat, "Tell me how dirty you fucking are. Hhh. Tel-Tell Daddy."

"I'm the dirtiest hot wife you've ever met, big boy," Sarah moaned before diving back onto his cock.

Lester pushed himself up off the couch until he was standing, staring down at her. Sarah never let go of his cock. She stroked him with both hands as she vigorously sucked him off.

"There, that's better. Now your whole neighborhood can see me. Now they'll know about the dirty slut wife that lives here. They'll see the real you." Lester grunted, pushing his cock forward, fucking Sarah's mouth. He held the back of her head as he fucked her face, "Is that what you want?"

"MhmmmmhmmHMMMMhmmmm," Sarah moaned excitedly around his cock.

"Dan's not going to recognize you the next time he sees you. You know that?" Lester sneered down as he powerfully face fucked Sarah. She tried to keep stroking him, to match his pace, but found herself struggling to hold on, let alone keep up with him.

She needed to breathe and pulled her head back. Lester's grip on the back of her head immediately pulled her back towards him. She turned her face just in time so that his cock pressed against her cheek and her ear. She struggled to catch her breath.

"I'm going to do anything I want with you, you know that, right?" Lester said.

Sarah opened her mouth to speak, but Lester cut her off, "I didn't say speak, just nod your head. Got it?"

Sarah nodded her head and looked up at Lester's ugly face, transfixed on the intensity of his eyes.

"Good," Lester grunted, pulling her mouth back over to his cock and pushing it back into her.

Sarah tried stroking it again, but more and more of it kept disappearing into her mouth. She felt the tip of his cock push down the back of her throat, and she almost gagged on it but somehow pushed past that initial reflex. It hurt, but she couldn't believe how much of Lester's cock she held in her mouth. She lapped at the bottom of it with her tongue, her hands weakly resting on his thighs as Lester fucked her face.

"You're gonna do whatever I want," Lester repeated, "If I invite someone else to watch us, will you do that?"

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned in agreement as her mouth was full of Lester's cock.

"Good! Good. What if I let someone else join us? Let someone else fuck you," Lester said loudly to the empty room.

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah agreed again. She didn't entirely comprehend what she was agreeing to; she just knew that deep down, she wanted to please Lester and do whatever he wanted. Let him do whatever he wanted to her. Her knees resettled, spreading her thighs further apart.

"Maybe I'll even arrange a gangbang and let a bunch of guys from the internet fuck you raw.

How does that sound?" Lester grunted as he fucked her face. He could feel his balls begin to tingle. Having this power over such a

strong woman felt amazing. There had never been another woman like Sarah Williams in his life.

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned into his cock. All she could think about was making Lester cum. The dull ache from between her legs was changing, becoming a more welcome and welcoming feeling.

"Fuck yeah," Lester grunted, his hand making a fist with the hair at the base of Sarah's skull as he face fucked her. His balls tingled, and he knew he was about to cum, "I'm gonna fucking cum Sarah. Get ready to take it all."

"Mhmmmmmmhmmmmmmmmhmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned in anticipation.

Just as the first spasms of Lester's cock started, he pulled back hard on her hair and ripped his cock from her mouth. Desperate, Sarah leaned forward, searching for it. Frustrated, she opened her eyes to figure out where it had gone.

The ogreish man stood before her naked, his face red, and his whole body shook. Lester's massive cock was clamped in his brutish fist, the large purple head sticking out angrily. As soon

as she opened her eyes, Lester released his grip, groaning with release. The first rope of Lester's cum blasted her in the face, hitting her in the eye. It stung, and she closed her eyes immediately as another rope of thick, hot cum hit her in the face, this time roping her across the nose and down over her lips.

Sarah stuck out her tongue and licked the cum off her lips as another blast of cum hit her again, directly on the nose.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's hot sticky cum hit her. Painting her face, creating some kind of modern art masterpiece using her body as the canvas.

Lester shuddered and shot a load that hit her in the chin and chest. Sarah's body seemed to twitch as she felt hit after hit of hot cum land on her breasts. Before she knew it, both hands were on her chest, massaging her breasts hard as another rope of Lester's cum landed there.

The hot, sticky substance dappled the naked flesh of her chest, her fingers quickly massaging it into her skin, assimilating it into her pores.

Lester grunted one last time, and another rope of cum dribbled out onto the floor between them. He stumbled back, his body exhausted with effort. He sat down on the edge of the leather couch to rest his breath, watching as Sarah sat there on her knees, her tongue licking her lips as her hands continued to massage his cum into her breasts, spreading it lasciviously.

Sarah's hands slowed at the same time. She was confident that she had licked all the cum off her face that her tongue could reach. She tried to open her eyes but felt the heavy ooze holding them shut. She let go of her breasts and wiped at her face until she could peek open her eyelids. She stood up and walked to the sink in the kitchen and quickly washed her face.

Sarah turned off the water and turned to the living room. Lester was sitting there, looking like a fat frog on a lily pad, slouched over, his gut pressing against his thighs, spent cock hanging down as he watched her. She smiled a knowing smile at him and quickly found her shirt and put it back on. She grabbed his pants and threw them at him.

Lester didn't even lift his hands to catch it, seemingly exhausted.

"Get your pants on, Romeo, time to go," Sarah said.

Lester didn't even utter a response. He just did as she said. He pulled his pants on and followed her over to the door.

"Thanks again for dinner and my dessert," Sarah said, opening the door. Lester nodded and walked outside. Sarah closed the door behind him and then lay back against it, knowing this was the right decision.

"Hi, this is Sarah Williams, I can't take your call at the moment but please –" Dan sighed and hung up his phone. He looked up at the screen next to his gate. His flight should be boarding any minute now. It hadn't been too hard to persuade Martin and the rest of the team at Sentinel to bend their timeline a bit and allow him to do things back to back today instead of over the course of two days.

Things started to make a bit more sense now that he knew that Sentinel primarily worked for one government agency. He wasn't exactly sure which one but just the way they acted made him think it must be an arm of one of the law enforcement ones. They seemed obsessed with security, and at the same time, they seemed to grind to a bureaucratic halt over certain things, which aligned with his government experience. It was a good opportunity for Dan, something he thought he could perhaps build on to get other work within the Federal government if getting through the red tape allowed him to.

But he couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. This sense of foreboding was making him anxious to get on his flight and get back to Chicago. He couldn't place what it was.

His day with Sentinel went fine. Yes, he wanted to connect with Sarah and resolve things, but that wasn't the case.

He couldn't quite place what it was that was bugging him. It was just this general unease he felt. Like something dark was circling him waiting for an opportunity.

Her voice had sounded shaky on the message she left for him. The fact that she called at all surprised him. He just wished they could stop playing telephone tag with each other and hash thing out.

To distract himself, he checked his real work email and saw more emails from Walt about Jesse's company. He still hadn't figured out what the hell he was going to do there. When he got back to Chicago, he would get into the office and figure out the best way to attack this....

Sarah's words from yesterday echoed in his head about having chosen work before her, before their family. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. The effort of balancing everything was starting to get to him. It felt impossible to show up one hundred percent in each area of his life, and he was beginning to question how much he had over-indexed on work lately and how much he was trying to build up his side business.

It made logical sense. He needed to do this for himself and for his family. But Sarah's words kept ringing in his ears.

Dan powered down his phone and tucked it in his pocket. He put Walt, Jesse and everything else work related into a tiny little box in his mind and locked the key. He would open it up soon, but for now, he needed to focus on Sarah and his family.

The flight attendant came on the PA system and started boarding the initial loyalty groups for Dan's flight. He stood up and started for the line that was forming for the have-nots to board.

Things began to coalesce in his mind, and he decided on a plan of action.

When his flight touched down in Chicago, Dan wasn't going back to his apartment. He needed to get back to Middleton and see his family. Nothing else mattered. He'd rent a car or take a train.

Whatever sense of dread was following him around needed to be dealt with and addressed head-on.

After thirty minutes, the flight attendant began boarding Dan's group. He strode forward with purpose, intent on getting home to his family and setting things right with Sarah.

Lester sat behind the wheel of his car not moving. He was still parked in the Williams'

driveway, absorbing everything that had happened that day. He felt marvelous. Complete. His body was tired from all the cum he had just generously dispersed onto Sarah Williams, but in his mind, he felt a serene sense of satisfaction.

He had fully conquered Dan's wife and couldn't get enough of her. All he wanted was to have her with him all the time.

Lester lost track of time. He wasn't sure how long he'd been sitting there. It could have been minutes or hours. He wasn't sure. All he knew was that he seemed to be enveloped in this euphoria and wanted it to last forever.

Sarah was a completely different species. There were women, and then there was Sarah Williams. He wanted more of her. Needed more of her. Needed her to moan and squirm under him.

One of the windows upstairs in the Williams' home lit up. She was up there. Doing what, he didn't know. But he wanted to. His prize. His possession was moving around, wearing who knows what, doing something just up there.

Lester felt his cock begin to stir again in his grungy sweatpants. He ran his hands over the steering wheel, not wanting to start his car and drive back to his hotel. Sarah had wanted him to go back there

and jerk off to her. While he had ample material to do so, everything else paled in comparison to the real live thing, which was upstairs right now.

He dropped his hand to his keys to turn on the car's ignition but stopped himself. His fingers danced over his keychain as a wicked smile appeared on his face. He caught a glance of himself in the rearview mirror, his eyes narrowing.

Lester pulled his keys from the ignition and got out of the car. The sun was beginning to set on the Williams' quiet neighborhood, Lester couldn't see a soul in sight. Not that he would have gotten back in his car if he did. An ambulance wailed somewhere off in the distance.

With purpose, Lester strode back up the driveway, his cock growing hard in his pants with each step. He found himself at the Williams' front door, his hands shaking with excitement as he thumbed through his keychain until he found it. The new key he had made earlier. An exact duplicate of the one he had found in the Williams' kitchen drawer.

Lester inserted the key into the lock and turned it. The lock clicked and Lester pushed open the door to the Williams home. He quickly closed the door behind him and locked it. He stood there, still, unmoving for almost a full minute, waiting to be discovered.

The sounds of the shower running upstairs told him all he needed to know. With the biggest shit-eating grin he had ever worn, Lester ascended the stairs and made his way to Dan's bedroom.

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 20: Author Note

Hey friends, here is Chapter 20 of Toxic Attraction. There is a lot happening here and several different threads are starting to weave together as we progress. Lots happening on both Dan and Sarah's job's front with Lester taking full advantage of the situation.

We pick up right after where we left off last chapter. Sarah going to take a shower or bath with Lester had just been kicked out of the house. With Dan on his way home.

I'm almost done editing Detestable Liaisons 4, should be out tomorrow or Friday so keep any eye out for it.

Thank you again to Grandeman for the edits and the Insiders for all of their feedback here. I need to do a word count and see where we are at with this story now that we've cross the mark of 20 chapters.

Side note: I have been feeling bad about the corner Sarah has been put into. Dan, not so much. I've also been out for a couple days so I will catch up on messages and comments here soon!

Without further ado, here we are:

Toxic Attraction Ch. 20

The warm water felt so good on her skin, a rejuvenating comfort. She'd felt dirty, even a little disgusted with herself and what she'd done (and allowed to be done to her) over the past couple of days. She wanted to wash herself off and try to purify her skin of Lester's touch, but right now, she only wanted to lie back in the tub and let the warm bubbly water overtake her body. Her original plan had been a shower, but the tub had just called to her.

The warmth felt so good, enveloping her, caressing every nerve in her body, and making her clean. She planned to sit here all night and get a nice buzz from her wine before bed. The girls weren't here, and she had the whole house to herself. Lester was gone. It was just her alone.

Alone with her thoughts.

Her mind started drifting back to the day at work. Richard's comments. How small she felt. The way it was like she couldn't do anything right lately. No matter how much of herself she'd put into that hospital, she was just a fraud, an imposter. A joke. That's probably what the board thought when she submitted her application for the CEO position. Just a joke of a woman, small and insignificant. How she'd even gotten her current job was probably baffling to them.

Sarah desperately reached out, grasping her wine glass. The alcohol slid down her throat, smooth and red. It would help her zone out and stop thinking like a maniac. Her mind started to wander. She tried desperately not to think about work, and her thoughts settled on what had just happened. Lester enthusiastically fucking her throat in her living room.

God. That had been electric. Just the distraction she needed from the shit day she'd been having. Part of her wished she hadn't been so pragmatic about getting Lester out of the house.

She should have just dragged him upstairs and let him fuck the shit out of her. That's what she needed. Now, she was worked up and frustrated, spinning out of control in the bath.

Sarah took another long sip of her wine. It tasted perfect; it was not too sweet or heavy, but it had a satisfying, full-bodied taste. Sarah closed her eyes and settled into the bath, the bubbles towering over the water. Underneath the surface, her hand gently caressed her

breast before sliding down her stomach until the tips of her fingers found her sensitive clit.

A small moan escaped her lips at the contact. Maybe she didn't need any man to help her get off. Sarah bit her lip as her fingers began to trace light circles over her clit. She needed this now—a release from all that pent-up frustration.

Sarah started playing with herself, letting her hands and hips move together. They knew what they were doing. She kept her eyes shut and let them dance together, explore one another, and feel out the right way to set her off. Her mind went to Dan.

Gentle love-making in their bed. His hands tightly intertwined with hers, his soft lips on her neck. Sweet whispers in her ear. His body pressing down over hers. Pushing her down onto the mattress, her legs open. Her fingers running over his skin, running under the curls of hair on his chest, that sneering smirk on his face as she moaned under him. The way his cock seemed to open her up widely and split her in two. His fat, flabby stomach pressing down onto hers.

The dirty thoughts he'd make come out of her mouth. The way she would scream his name.

LESTER!

She hadn't realized her mind had shifted to the other man in her life until that moment. She had been thinking of Dan, but her subconscious had served up Lester instead. Is that what her body was telling her it needed right now? To think of Lester to get off?

The smarmy way he walked into her office. His surprising strength pinning her up, naked against the window of her office. Breaking her desk. Pinning her to her bed and making her beg to be knocked up.

Part of Sarah was conscious of her fingers now moving over her clit faster. Her other hand had found her slit and was gently teasing the

nerves around her opening. Lester licking her

asshole, swirling his tongue around. Sticking it inside of her. Her body shivered at the thought.

The way Lester licked his lips.

Sarah licked her own lips, repeating the fat man's gesture. She wanted to sink further into the warm bath and get lost in her thoughts. She could feel herself getting close. Working herself up to a small orgasm that would cap off this delightful bath. Her body was getting ready for it, her back arching. Her breath was growing shallow. Sarah worked her fingers, pressing, delving, and caressing her most sensitive areas. The water was only lukewarm, but her body felt like it was on fire. She was so close. So close. Almost there. Almost ready to cum thinking about her husband's roommate.

"Need a hand?"

Sarah's eyes flew open, her splashing hands going to the tub's sides, pulling herself up into a seated position. Her head whipped around to look for the source of that voice.

Lester's troll-like body was standing in her bathroom, disturbing her sanctuary. Sarah's eyes went wide like saucers. Lester was standing here on her tile floor, as naked as the day he was born.

"Lester, what the hell?" Sarah's eyes couldn't help but lock onto his jutting cock. It was already fully rock-hard. Again. So soon after, he had just cum. She raised her eyes to his ugly face where that sneer seemed permanently affixed. "What...how did you get in here?"

"Forgot my phone," Lester said, stepping closer to her, "Your door was unlocked."

Sarah could have sworn that she had locked the door after Lester had left. But she wasn't sure now with Lester before her. When

leaving the house for the day, she'd often run back to the door to double-check that she had locked it. And over the past few days, she felt like she was forgetting and slipping everywhere. Maybe she hadn't locked it. But she remembered backing up against the door. She had sworn she had locked it.

"Okay," Sarah didn't know what to say. Had Lester heard her touching herself? Did he know?

Why didn't he just take his phone and go? She knew the answer but didn't want to form the words. "Did you find your phone? I need to relax here, Lester. I was serious earlier."

"I know," Lester said, taking another step forward. "I didn't want to disturb you, but I couldn't find it downstairs. I thought it might be up here in the bedroom, but it's not there either."

"Lester..." Sarah's voice trailed off as Lester stepped closer to the tub. It was almost a warning, but she wasn't sure if she meant it was for her or him.

"There's just one place I haven't checked," Lester was standing right next to the tub, staring down at her, his erect cock pointing angrily at her. Sarah knew where this was going. What he

talking about. But she couldn't just let it happen. She had worked so hard to get him out the door earlier. Out the door, locked, safe for her.

"Lester..." Sarah started, "You're supposed to be back in your hotel room. You should go."

"I will, I will," Lester grinned, "There's just one last place I need to check."

Lester lowered his hand into the bubbles. Sarah's breath caught in the back of her throat,

"Lester..." His cock now lay on the edge of the tub. She could feel its warmth by her cheek.

"Almost done," Lester's hand breached the water below the bubbles. Sarah could feel the water's rippling surface on her body. "I think it could be in here."

Sarah closed her eyes and braced herself for what she knew was coming. Even with her eyes shut, she could see Lester's ugly smirk on his face. Lester's fingertips brushed her hand above her pussy. She could feel the temperature of the water heating up as heat radiated out from her pussy.

"Hmmm, I think I'm getting warmer," Lester murmured as his fingers ran over Sarah's digits.

She wanted to scream out, to tell him off, tell him to fuck her, but her voice stayed trapped in her throat. Earlier, she had been so strong, but now she felt like she was regressing back into the familiar pattern of letting Lester do whatever he wanted –

Lester brushed her fingers aside and replaced his in their place. He rubbed lightly, brushing up against her clit in an irregular circle.

Sarah's hips lurched off the bottom of the tub, her fingers still gripping the sides. She opened her eyes and saw Lester's dark eyes staring down at her, his mouth agape like some kind of mutated frog. She couldn't have been more turned on.

Maybe it was being unsatisfied from earlier, or maybe it was because she had just been working herself up to an orgasm, but his hands felt electric on her, "Lester." she breathed. Not sure what to say. Maybe she just wanted to say his name. Part of her wanted him to do more and touch her more. Another part of her wanted him to pull back. She wanted to be back in control.

"Yes?" Lester said.

As Sarah opened her mouth to answer, Lester's index finger ran down her slit and pushed inside her entrance. Sarah gripped the tub harder and sucked in another breath. She closed her eyes and threw her head back, feeling Lester's fat finger enter her. Her fingers had been good, she would have gotten off. But feeling someone else touch her down there always pushed her closer to the edge. Lester's large pointer finger stretched her open in the way he knew she loved.

Lester smiled and pulled his finger back out until just the tip remained inside before pushing it back in as far as he could. When he withdrew it again he made sure to curl his finger and rub it against her G-Spot on its way out.

"Lester," Sarah whined as her body betrayed her or gave in to what she really wanted. Sarah wasn't sure what that was anymore, "You should really -"

Lester pulled his finger back and pushed two fingers back into her. Sarah gripped the edges of the bathtub harder. "Ah fuck," Sarah groaned as her hips writhed around Lester's fingers.

Sarah rested her head against the bathtub and just let Lester finger fuck her, all resistance dying on her lips. She needed this, maybe just for a little while. Lester continued to grin down at her, looking elated that her body was responding to him. He was like a musician playing an instrument, making sweet, sweet music. His other hand snaked around behind her neck and lifted her face to his. Her mouth opened, accepting Lester's large tongue. His finger and his tongue moved together, probing into her mouth and pussy with the same movements.

"Touch yourself," Lester growled, breaking the kiss, "Touch your breasts and tweak your nipples."

It was a great suggestion. Sarah let go of the edge of the bathtub. Her body shifted down a bit until her feet touched the other end of

the bath, her chin touched the water, and bubbles surrounded her face. Her hands ran over her breasts, caressing them. Making love to them, each nipple slid between her fingertips as she applied delicate pressure. Sarah arched her back, feeling crazy. She couldn't help herself.

Lester slid another of his fat fingers inside of her.

"Ohmyfuck," Sarah groaned. Her legs spread further apart as the ogre worked the beautiful wife.

Sarah withered in the tub, snaking one hand down to tease her clit. For what felt like several minutes, they both played with her body. She could feel herself speeding towards an orgasm of epic proportions.

"Fuck Lester," She moaned. She could hear his labored breathing. Lester had broken her bath and her sanctuary, and she loved every minute of it. "Don't stop. So close. So fucking close, fuckk, don't stop."

Lester immediately slid his fingers out of her, eliciting a disappointed groan from Sarah. Her eyes flung open, "Wha-why?"

A shadow moved over, and she felt something press against the sides of her legs. Lester was standing above her in the tub. He sank to his knees, his mass causing the water level to rise.

Sarah had to adjust herself, sitting up as water rose up to her nose. She heard splashing on the tile floor outside the tub.

With an intense look on his face, he roughly grabbed her hips and rolled her body to the side.

Sarah let go of her breast and clit and braced herself as Lester turned her body another time until she was on her knees in the tub.

There wasn't anywhere to brace herself, nothing to hold onto, but she had to find something.

She gripped the tub's edge, her hands soapy, as more water spilled out onto the floor. Lester lined himself up with her pussy, and before she could voice anything, she felt him begin to push inside of her.

"Lester," Sarah hissed as he pushed his immense pole inside of her body. The fat man only grunted in response behind her. His cock continued to burrow its way into her. How had she ever felt full and satisfied with his three fingers? She held on for dear life as he continued to push more of his meaty cockhead deeper into her.

Lester bottomed out, his entire length stretching out the young mother. He held himself still inside of her for several seconds. Sarah wiggled her ass back onto his cock. Lester pulled out to his cock head and slammed his entire length back inside of her, "Ugh."

Then he did it again. And again. And again. Sarah's soapy hands desperately tried to hold on to the tub. Water sloshed out of the tub around her. Part of her brain screamed about the water on the tile, the need to clean it, to keep the floor dry. Water damage and mold, but her body was in control, and it didn't fucking care.

The only words that escaped her lips were, "Uh, mhmhm, ahh, gaadd, mhmhm, fucckk."

"That's it, Sarah," Lester said, "Let it go."

Lester slowed his pace, but Sarah kept thrusting her body back on his cock. She had been close before. So close. And she wouldn't be denied again. She needed this. He was always so goddamn huge.

"Fuck my cock, Sarah," Lester said. She could hear the sneer even though she couldn't see it.

"Fuck yourself on it. Cum all over my cock."

Sarah's forehead touched the cold rim of the tub, her breasts dragging back and forth against it. Lester's words started to push her over the edge. Everything that had been building seemed to bubble up to the surface where it breached inside of her.

"Oh FUCK," Sarah screamed, her words seemingly echoing back to her from the walls of her bathroom, "LLLLEEEESSSSTTTERR."

"Mhm I love when you scream my name," Lester said as he picked up his pace back up, slamming his cock all the way into her. He didn't stop. He wasn't stopping. His fat hands gripped her slender hips as he started to fuck her with complete abandon.

She gripped his cock with her pussy, savoring every inch of it. Her orgasm was still rolling through her body but it seemed like Lester was intent on giving her another. At least one more at this rate.

"Cum again for me," Lester bellowed into the empty room, "Moan my name again."

"LLLLEESSSTER," Sarah moaned, her lip touching the tub as bubbles flowed past her onto the floor. She could do that. She could multitask. Her pussy continued to grab onto him, trying to hold on as he pounded her. As her orgasm receded, another began to rise up in its place,

"Ohhhmhmmyyyyylessster."

Each thrust was followed by the sounds of water splattering onto the floor, her bathmat was probably soaked by this point. He continued to fuck her as she held on for dear life.

"Ah, uh, mmmm, uhhh," Sarah moaned as her body was rocked forward and back, forward and back. Her hands slipped off the edge of the tub and just desperately reached out, clinging to it again. "Lester. Lester. Lester don't stop. Oh my god Lester. Your cock, your giant fucking cock!"

The nerves in her body exploded in to a million beautiful directions. Her entire body tingled, going taut all at once. She dug her heels into the bottom of the tub, her fingers desperately gripping at its edge. Water splashed by her face.

"That's it," Lester smiled, "Cum for Daddy."

"Ughhhhhhhhdadddddy," Sarah moaned, reveling in her orgasm as it washed over her body.

Lester held himself still, catching his breath. It was hot in here. The water was hot, the fucking was making him sweat. He never had sex in a sauna, but he bet it would feel like this. He was breathing hard, feeling short of breath. Sarah's ass was slamming back against him. He just knelt there, enjoying the feeling of her pussy firmly gripping his cock, clenching him, milking him. He felt lightheaded as if he might pass out. There was a real chance that Sarah might fuck him into exhaustion.

She was slamming back into him so hard he was having trouble keeping his upright position.

His knees kept sliding back, and he was worried he might topple over. Water sloshed around him, and most of the bubbles had run out onto the flood, though some stuck to Sarah's back and his chest. He looked down at her ass, covered in bubbles as it pushed back against his fat body.

"You and Dan ever have sex in the tub?" Lester smacked her ass hard, leaving an angry red impression on his hand.

"No," Sarah breathed, "Never." She pushed back against him and held herself there, rotating her hips.

"Mhmmmm that's what I like to hear," Lester laughed, "I've fucked you in almost every area of this house. His office is next."

"Ugh, do it, Lester. You can have me wherever you want. I'm yours." Sarah moaned.

"I know," Lester said, running a hand over her body. His fingers danced along her back, sliding down her ass cheeks. He grabbed a handful before his thumb ran down her ass crack and started stroking it up and down, sliding over her puckered anus. Sarah's body quivered but she kept thrusting back onto him.

"Yeah, baby, keep doing that. Keep pushing on my cock," Lester grunted.

"Uhhhh, Lesssterr," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's thumb twirl around her asshole. She couldn't stop herself from pushing back. She needed to keep feeling him inside of her. Her breath caught in her throat. On a thrust back, she felt him push his thumb forward, and the tip of his thumb stimulated the nerves directly inside her asshole.

"Ohfuck," Sarah grunted. Feeling his tongue inside of her yesterday had lit a fire in her. But now his cock was already in her pussy, and she was feeling this. Feeling new nerves that she hadn't known existed being stimulated at the same time as her pussy. It was shocking, sexually electric.

Lester pushed his thumb forward again as Sarah thrust back. More of his finger entered her.

Lester pushed again, and Sarah groaned as what felt like Lester's entire thumb moved inside her ass. Her body quaked as he started to play with her, moving it deeper inside of her and side to side as she thrust back onto him.

Sarah pushed her body back harder, dropping her head, water splashing up to her face as she withered back and forth onto his cock and thumb. It felt so good. Never knew it could be like this. Feel this exhilarating. While her mind still processed what was

happening, her body was already responding, quickly taking advantage of these new sensations to climb the peak towards yet another incredible orgasm.

The young mother wiggled about in front of him, responding to his thumb's thrusting movements. Lester grinned at how far he was making this proud mother fall into depravity before him. He wondered if there was any limit to what she would do for him. Not that he cared. Either way, he would find that limit and push her past it.

"When our child asks where they were conceived, we can tell them the bathtub," Lester grinned. He knew she was working herself up and would be cumming for him again soon. His dirty talk would push her over the edge.

"You can tell them that Daddy knocked you up while you were a slut with a thumb in your ass, loving every fucking second of it." Lester sneered.

"You like it, Sarah? Like my thumb in your ass?" Lester asked, wiggling the finger inside of the quaking woman.

"Ugh fuck, shut up," Sarah said.

"Say it. Tell me you like it," Lester barked.

"Mhmmm I do. I do. I do," Sarah whispered, "Feels good."

"Dan, ever do this?" Lester asked, again shaking the digit he held inside her.

"No," Sarah breathed, "Never."

"How about his tongue," Lester stifled a laugh, "Has he ever swirled his tongue inside your ass like I did?"

"No," Sarah managed to say between the moans.

"So I've fucked you all over your house, cum in you multiple times, and given you new pleasure your husband never has," Lester sneered, "It sounds like you're my woman now."

"Uhghhhmmmmmmhmmm, ah, muh, ah, uh, uh, uh, mhmhmmm," Sarah could only moan in response.

Lester wiped the sweat from his forehead. His lower back was getting tight. He wasn't sure how much longer he could keep this up. His breath was getting ragged. Steam had covered the mirror, making it look like it was sweating.

"You're mine, Sarah. All fucking mine. Dan doesn't get the right to fuck you anymore, got it?"

Lester said.

Sarah felt delirious. She couldn't think straight. She would agree to anything right now to keep feeling this way, "Whatever you want, Lester. I'm yours, just. Don't. Stop. Fucking me."

"Aye-aye," Lester grinned, "Not until I'm sure you're knocked up."

"Ugh, do it, you bastard," Sarah grunted, throwing herself back hard on his cock and thumb.

Another inevitable orgasm was right there. So close. So fucking close. "Make me your bitch."

"Fuck," Lester said, surprised, "You're so dirty. Uh, what if I never got that surgery? Would you still let me fuck you raw like this?"

"Yes. Fuck," Sarah moaned, "I'd still let you cum in me."

"No condoms?" Lester asked.

"Never. Not again, you're too... I, I feel" Sarah trailed off.

"I'm going to cum in you tonight, raw, and flood your pussy with my cum. Over and over until your stomach swells with my child, or, oh fuck, with my children," Lester grunted, his one knee slipping. He caught himself with his other hand. Panic flashed in his face about hitting his head on the side of the tub while his thumb was stuck in Sarah's ass.

"Ohhmmmmmm do it Lester," Sarah moaned. She curled her toes and gripped the side of the tub as her body started to tense up. The orgasm built inside of her like a tidal wave. She held her breath as it slammed down on her, washing over her, washing away everything.

Swallowing her up completely. Sarah gritted her teeth and fucked herself through it, not daring to breathe, not wanting to do anything that could take away this feeling,

"Mhmmmmhmmhmmh, ahh, muhhhh, uhhhhhh, ah, shiiiiit."

Lester felt Sarah's pussy clamp down on his cock. Her ass seemed to clench around his thumb.

He held on as best he could as she rode his cock through her orgasm. He needed to get out of the bathroom, or he was going to pass out.

Instead of thrusting into her while she was cumming, he remained still. She was holding her breath, and her body was still tense. Eventually, the muscles in her back relaxed, and he heard her let out a long, hoarse breath. He stayed connected to her as her body seemed to slump forward. When he pulled his thumb out of her asshole, Sarah's body jerked.

Lester slid his cock out of her next, and Sarah moaned in disappointment, clearly wanting more. But Lester felt like he was possibly going to die. The heat was too much. He tried standing up,

but his legs protested. His back felt locked up. He pushed on the side of the tub and eventually rolled himself out onto the tiled bathroom floor like some kind of beached whale.

Sarah's body slithered back into the tub, not having anything else to tether her to her position.

Lester bent over, his stomach pushing on his thighs as he tried in vain to pull Sarah up and out of the tub. Thankfully, she got the hint and groggily got to her feet.

She stepped out of the tub with a splattering sound. Water covered the bathroom floor, running out towards the bedroom. There wasn't any time to freak out as Lester dragged her

by her wrist to the bedroom, their feet sloshing with each step. Lester's long cock hung hard between his legs, bouncing up with each labored step.

He led her over to the bed. Their wet feet marked the carpet, slapping wetly as they made their way. Sarah still felt dazed from her orgasms. The heat of the bathroom and the headiness of her wine made her see the room start spinning. Her bed felt like a perfect respite.

Sarah crawled onto the bed, and Lester followed, his gaze tracing up her perfect legs to her tight ass and muscular back as Sarah laid down on her stomach, "Fuck me like this," she said.

Sarah pushed her shapely ass up into the air, and Lester sucked in a breath, "My pussy. I want to feel you on top of me."

Lester needed a breather. He wanted Sarah to ride him, but the sight of her ass sticking up like that was impossible to pass up. He climbed up on top of her, his cock sliding against the back of her thighs.

A combination of water and sweat dripped off their bodies, soaking the sheets.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned, wiggling her hips back, searching for his cock. Lester settled his stomach on top of the top of her ass as the weight of his body started to crush her. Sarah couldn't move. She felt fully engulfed by his nasty, overweight body and loved the sensation of his weight. Feeling like there was no way out from under him. From under his influence. Lester braced his arm against her shoulder blades, holding her in place, and thrust forward.

His cock glanced off the bottom of her ass cheek, missing its target. Sarah had her hands under her, already playing with her clit. His cock shed considerable heat, resting in the crack of her ass. She gingerly reached back and found the tip of his cock and deliberately guided it home towards her soaking wet entrance.

With a grunt and a plunge forward, Lester was mostly inside Sarah Williams again.

It didn't matter how tired he felt. Dan was determined to get back to Middleton tonight. Walt, Jesse, Lester, and all of his other problems would still be waiting for him in Chicago. Tonight, he needed to get back home to one of the only things in his life that still mattered.

It seemed stupid now to fixate so much on work. But he did it for his family. He did it to take care of them, but what was the point if he ended up pushing away those he cared about?

Sarah was rightfully pissed at him for not communicating with her and for heading out to Washington without talking it through with her first.

Things were just happening so fast, and Dan was reacting to them. That was the problem. He was just letting life happen to him instead

of being proactive. He was slowly making the changes he needed to. Momentum was slowly building, but Dan could feel its push at his back, propelling him forward. He just needed a little more time. If only Sarah could understand that.

Understand his sacrifices, if she could just see the long-term plan....

Dan shook his head, and his right hand fumbled around in the center console of the car looking for the small bottle of Five Hour Energy. Keeping one eye on the road, Dan brought the bottle to his lips and tried to pour the remaining liquid into his mouth. There wasn't any left to be had.

He tossed the bottle back into the center console and blinked his eyes, trying to keep them open. Dan needed to quiet the voice in his head that blamed Sarah. It was so satisfying to blame her, but in reality, she was holding down a lot of responsibility at home and that wasn't easy.

He decided to go back through his plan one last time. Get home and give his wife a real apology. Dan took his eyes off the road for a moment to glance at the bouquet of tulips he'd placed in the front passenger seat. Give her the flowers and try to repair things before figuring out what his next move...what their next move would be.

Dan closed his eyes for several seconds before struggling to open them. It was late and he felt depleted, like he was running on fumes. He changed the radio station and turned up the volume, trying to find anything to keep him awake. Something to distract him from the monotony of the road at this lonely hour.

As he focused on keeping his eyes open and on the road in front of him, his mind began to wander. The same way it did before he would fall asleep at night. His subconscious bringing ideas and thoughts to the forefront of his mind. Like Lester bending Sarah over the couch in his apartment and having his way with her. The way that she knelt in front of him that first time, talking dirty to him.

Watching them together through the peephole as his gamer buddies were in the next room. Her lips forming an O as she-Dan pushed the button to roll down the rented car's windows. The wind hit his face but drowned out the radio's music. He turned the volume up higher. He didn't know what the song was, and he didn't care. He just didn't want to drift off to sleep thinking about Lester and Sarah together. He should probably park somewhere for the night and get a hotel room.

But he was so close to home. So close to his own bed.

Thankfully, a few minutes later, Dan saw the familiar 'Welcome to Middleton' sign. The sight seemed to energize him and help him shake off the lure of sleep that had been plaguing him.

He navigated his way into town, driving through the familiar streets until he found himself stopping on the side of the road, up the street from his own home.

He checked the time on the car's dashboard. It was late, and an SUV was parked in his driveway. It didn't take him long to recognize whose vehicle it was. Lester.

Dan gripped the steering wheel tightly, thinking through all the possible scenarios that would necessitate Lester being at his home. He thought of that fucker being in his house with his girls there. What the fuck was Sarah thinking? This... thing had gotten too far out of hand. How the hell had this happened?

Maybe Sarah had been right. He had been so focused on work and straightening things out that he hadn't noticed the weeds growing in his backyard. He had tried to put his blinders on, to try and go cold turkey from watching his fantasy play out in front of him, but he had forgotten that it just didn't stop when he closed his eyes or turned them away. Sarah was still intertwined in the shit he'd let happen, and it looked like Lester was all too eager to exploit that for all he could.

Dan found himself marching across his lawn, tightly gripping the bouquet of flowers in one hand. He had to see what was on the other side of his front door. He felt his cock swelling in his pants, eager for the same thing. He didn't know how he was going to react to what he saw.

The only thing he knew was that he needed to see it.

Dan quietly unlocked his front door and stepped inside. The lights on the main floor were off and the house was quiet. He just stood there, not moving, assessing his surroundings until he heard the familiar sound of Sarah's soft moans emanating from upstairs. He didn't even bother to take off his shoes as he quietly scaled the carpeted stairs and stepped into the upstairs hallway. He took a quick look into his daughters' room.

Not home. Good.

He passed by his office. The door was ajar, and the chair was turned around and looked a few inches too low, which was weird.

With each step he took, his wife's moans grew louder and louder. It wasn't until he was standing at the threshold of his bedroom that he realized he was still holding onto the tulips.

He gripped them tighter as he heard the slapping sounds accompanying Sarah's moans.

He stood there, out of sight, paralyzed by the carnal reality of what was happening just beyond his sight. His cock was rock hard, tenting in his pants. Maybe she was just pleasuring herself, maybe the SUV in the driveway had some other explanation...."Mhmmhmmmfuuucckkk Lester," his wife's low voice shook him to his core.

There was no denying what was happening right then in his bedroom, on his marital bed. He had forbidden Lester from returning

to his home, but Sarah seemed to have broken that rule.

The sounds of a man grunting rang in his ears. Dan had to see what was happening but felt that same familiar sense of paralysis that seemed to plague him. He tried to focus on his breathing and slow down his heartbeat.

"Lester," Sarah whined from the other side of the ajar door, "Don't fucking stop."

Through labored breaths, Lester said, "I'm not stopping until I make your belly swell. Until you're knocked up. Give you that boy like Dan never could."

Dan felt pain in his heart at Lester's words. The admission of not being able to have a boy like they had hoped for. His failure to deliver in that regard. He'd thought that was private, and it stung that Lester knew about it.

"Do it, Lester," Sarah seemed to moan in excitement, "Put that baby boy in me. Fuck me till I'm pregnant!"

What the fuck

Where was this coming from? What the fuck was Dan walking in on? How far had Sarah fallen in with Lester? What did he miss in trying to go cold turkey? Dan felt like his world was spinning, but he finally managed to shuffle his feet and push open the door.

The first thing he saw was Lester's disgusting body. Pale skin matted by thick hair, loose fat skin flailing and shaking as his hips pounded away. His body glistened with sweat as his vicious gaze focused down on Sarah's prone body, face down below him.

His wife's tanned, toned body was laying on the bed, her ass pushing up off the bed to meet Lester's thrust. Her head was turned to the side, away from the door, one arm outstretched, gripping the

bed sheets, the other wedged beneath her, likely playing with her clit,

"Mhmmmmgod LLLLLleesstter, I can't wait for you to fill me." Dan could tell his wife was well on her way to cumming on his roommate's cock.

Dan realized his hand was gently stroking his own hardened cock through his pants, staring at the wanton scene playing out in front of him. This isn't how he pictured coming home. The apology, the reconnection. It appeared Lester had already beaten him to reconnecting with Sarah. The round man pushed forward furiously, driving the ecstatic wife into her own mattress.

Dan felt that familiar sense of just wanting to watch, to let things happen, even though his chest was burning from rage. He backed up until his shoulder blades pressed against the wall,

not able to break his eyes from the lewd coupling in front of him. The bouquet shook in his hand.

Lester's head turned, catching a glimpse of Dan back home for the first time. His expression looked shocked but quickly changed to a sneer. His roommate had no intention of disconnecting from Dan's wife. The fat man stared at him, his mouth open, breathing heavily, as he slowly pushed himself into her open pussy. It was clear that he took Dan's silence as consent, consent to dominate and humiliate him. Lester placed his hand on Sarah's lower back, pushing her into the bed as he started thrusting harder.

"What would you tell Dan if he was here?" Lester said through gritted teeth, "Watching what a slut you are, begging for me to breed you?"

"Ughhhhhhh," Sarah moaned into the bed sheets, "I'd tell him I'm sorry. I can't help it. I just need to feel you inside me. Feel your cum."

"What about the baby?" Lester sneered, "Do you think he'd be okay with you carrying my seed?"

"No...no he wouldn't," Sarah breathed hard as her ass slammed back against Lester's crotch.

"What would you tell him? Say it like he's here in the room," Lester said. "Like he brought you flowers and found us here. Like this!" Lester pounded her furiously, awaiting her answer.

"Dan," Sarah gasped, starting her roleplay "I, I want Lester to knock me up. I need him to put ah baby...mhmmm in me. To fuck me, fuck me pregnant. Give me that baby boy you never could." Lester felt her pussy lips gripping him tightly. He knew she would cum again shortly.

Sarah started thrusting back harder against Lester, her body reacting to her words or her admission. Dan wasn't sure what was true and what wasn't. His world felt like it was spinning out of control. He was stroking himself through his pants with abandon. He half remembered the tulips he still held in his other hand.

Lester looked at him with an ugly smile, ecstatic to be taking such liberties with Sarah and doing it right in front of him. Dan felt himself slipping back into that familiar trance of just wanting to watch Sarah behave badly. The flowers tumbled out of his hand - he heard a soft thud as they hit the floor. His vision seemed to narrow, focusing solely on her as she writhed and bounced. His mouth was dry, and the walls felt like they were closing in.

Rage still swelled in his chest, his arousal doing whatever it could to smother it, trying to keep it from bursting out. Dan's hand absently continued to stroke himself through his pants aimlessly, but his other hand was balled into a fist. His nails dug into the palm of his hand, the only outward expression of his rage.

Lester turned his attention back to Sarah, confident that Dan was marginalized to being the cuck on the wall, nothing more. No obstacle, just nothing. He would have to stand there and watch his wife being defiled and bred.

Dan focused on the pain in his palm. He clenched his fist tighter, concentrating on the pain, letting it overtake his senses to try to drown out the arousal threatening to put it out.

"Pineapple," Dan finally managed to whisper. Neither Lester nor Sarah heard him. His mouth was as dry as a desert, and it took some real effort to utter that one word. He wasn't sure he would be able to do it again. Dan licked his lips and focused on the pain in his hand, thinking about all the shit he was in right now, how he needed to handle it in order to move forward, and how he planned to take control of everything and get through this sea of crap.

Dan closed his eyes and relaxed his hand. It felt warm like his nails had drawn blood from his palm. His other hand slowed its strokes over his pants. Dan opened his eyes and focused on the coupling in front of him. Sarah's soft mews and Lester's labored breathing. His hands were now both at his sides, both curled into fists.

The sight shook him to his core, and he felt his cock twitch, but he held onto the rage in his chest. Let it spread.

"Pineapple," He said loudly, causing Sarah to whip her head around. Her eyes opened like saucers, finally registering his presence in the room.

"Dan!" Sarah grunted, "When did you? What? This isn't.."

Lester palmed Sarah's head and pushed her down into the mattress, the sheets obscuring her face.

"Don't worry, Sarah," Lester chuckled, "Dan wants to watch. He loves it. Craves it. Let him watch as I knock you up." His ass rose into the

air, poised to thrust into the waiting woman.

Lester's words made Dan sway on his heels. They made him want to slink back into the hallway and not bother the two of them. "Mhmmmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned. The words made him just want to watch, but instead, he stepped forward, willing himself to move with every fiber of his being.

"Get the fuck off her, Lester," Dan said, clenching his fists again. His right palm was sore, but he pushed through the pain, "Now."

Sarah stopped moving, she tried to lift her head to look at Dan, but Lester held her down firmly.

"Don't worry, Sarah," Lester said, picking up the enthusiastic pace of his thrusts. Dan could hear Sarah involuntarily moan at the action, even as she still tried to raise her head, "That's not what he really wants. He wants to watch me breed you."

Fuck this. Dan let the anger out.

All the rage he had been suppressing for months bubbled to the surface, and it felt like an inferno had erupted in his chest. Dan quickly marched the distance to the bed and grabbed Lester by his throat. Lester's eyes went wide, surprised and terrified by Dan's actions. He released his grip on Sarah's head, both his hands closing by instinct around Dan's wrists.

"I said," Dan sneered and put pressure on Lester's throat as he pushed him backward, "Get.

The. Fuck. OFF!" The blood from Dan's palm made his grip warm and slippery in the folds of Lester's neck.

Dan pushed Lester by his throat, and Lester quickly complied, stumbling off the bed and out of Sarah. Dan didn't lighten his grip as he shoved Lester against the wall. He felt the urge to increase his

grip on Lester's throat and crush his windpipe. A trickle of blood ran down Lester's chest, dripping from underneath Dan's hand.

Anger swelled in him, and Dan wanted nothing more than to beat Lester senseless. Dan let go of his throat and balled his right hand into a fist, pulling it back, readying to strike Lester between his beady little eyes.

"Dan! No!" Sarah said from somewhere behind him. She sounded scared, but it barely registered with Dan. Lester winced, bracing for the hit to come. Dan was about to knock Lester's lights out but suddenly pulled back. Part of him was screaming not to. If Dan hit Lester, what could Lester do with that? What kind of story could he spin? He would clearly look like the aggressor to the police in this situation. Did Dan really want them to investigate this situation?

Instead of punching him in his fat, stupid nose, Dan grabbed Lester by the nape of his neck and pushed him out of the bedroom with his bloody hand. Lester tripped over his own feet, stumbling down the hallway. When they reached the top of the stairs, Dan kicked Lester in the ass, not hard enough for him to go tumbling down but hard enough to deliver a message, 'Go'.

Lester shakily descended the stairs. Dan didn't give him an inch of breathing room, and he stomped down behind him. When Lester reached the front door, Dan threw Lester's clothes at him. He'd picked them up off the floor on the way out of the bedroom.

"Jesus," Lester snarled, "Give me a second to get dressed."

"No," Dan said, "You're leaving. Now!" Dan threw open the door and pushed Lester through the threshold. "Go."

"Your neighbors might see," Lester threw back with venom, his sneering now tinged with fear.

Dan squared his shoulders and marched after Lester, who quickly retreated down the driveway. His pale skin looked even more pathetic in the moonlight as he hunched over, holding his clothes to cover his flabby nudity.

"I don't give a shit, Lester," Dan said as Lester fumbled with his keys and unlocked his SUV. Dan pulled open the driver's side door much harder than was needed until Lester climbed in, still naked and clutching his clothes. "Get the fuck out of my driveway. Now. Before I really beat the shit out of you."

Anger flashed behind Lester's eyes at having been humiliated and paraded outside down the driveway naked. The engine started, and Lester floored it out of the driveway and peeled it off down the street.

Dan marched back into his house and flung the door closed behind him, not bothering to lock it or check if it stayed shut. His anger swelled in his chest, and Kicking Lester out hadn't made it subside.

Sarah was standing at the top of the stairs waiting for him, their bedsheet held firmly in front of her, "Dan, we need to talk about this. I don't know what's happening—ugh, I didn't want him here. He found a key."

Dan didn't hear the rest of what Sarah said. He quickly climbed up the stairs, grabbed her by the wrist, and pulled her back to the bedroom. In his determination, Dan trampled the tulips on the floor.

"Dan, wait," Sarah said, but all he could think about, all the rage inside of him, wanted was to reclaim what was his. Dan led Sarah back to the bed and quickly yanked off his pants and boxers.

"Dan...." Sarah was surprised and turned on by how aggressive her husband was. The way he manhandled Lester and threw him out. The fire in his eyes as he laid her down on the bed and crawled on

top of her. She lay on the bed and immediately her legs opened for her husband.

“Uhhhhh,” Sarah moaned as Dan roughly pushed his cock inside of her. He had thrown Lester off too soon for her to have cum again. Her body craved that third orgasm and didn’t care who was going to deliver it to her.

Dan’s face looked more intense than she could ever remember. He felt so good inside of her.

She was a mess of emotions. Shame. Lust. Arousal. Guilt. Longing. Loneliness. Frustration.

Arousal. Anger. Excitement. She didn’t know which way was up, but she tightened her pussy’s grip on her husband’s cock, holding onto him and the feeling he was giving her. Dan made a growling noise at the back of his throat as he slammed into his wife.

“God, Dan,” Sarah moaned, running her hands up Dan’s biceps, feeling his tight muscles. Dan didn’t respond. He just stared down at her face as he continued to rapidly fuck her.

That look in his eyes. She couldn’t explain how intense they were. Something beyond possessive and lust. Maybe anger and an intense desire for her. Her body kept squeezing his cock as she stared back at him. She couldn’t help it. Her body was responding so quickly to her husband, “Don’t stop, Dan. I’m right there. So close.”

Dan just gritted his teeth and pressed on, powerfully thrusting into Sarah at his own pace.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck,” Sarah’s legs shot out straight as she came on her husband’s cock. Dan grunted and released himself inside Sarah, his hot cum shooting intensely inside of her.

Dan collapsed onto his wife and they lay there entwined for a few minutes, both breathing hard, their bodies covered in sweat. Sarah planted soft kisses on his cheek. Her body felt exhausted, and the pull of sleep became overwhelming.

Dan rolled off his wife and sat up in the bed, looking down at her. She reached a hand out to caress him, but he was already walking out of the room. He turned off the lights and shut the door behind him before grabbing a pillow and pillowcase out of the hallway linen closet.

He couldn't sleep in that bed tonight. The sheets were dirty. And he needed a drink before he went to sleep.

The dark SUV sped through Middleton's empty streets, running stop signs and red lights.

Eventually, it pulled off into an unlit parking lot. Lester punched the steering wheel over and over, letting out a guttural scream. He hadn't felt like this in a long time. Not since he was in high school.

That fucking idiot. Ruining his night and his carefully cultivated plans. Why the fuck was he even there? Sarah should have left with him. How many times did he have to show her how worthless her husband was and how superior Lester was? How many more orgasms did he need to give her?

Lester reclined his seat and started to jack off to the recording he'd made the other night. His balls were still full of cum, unreleased because of Dan's arrogance.

"Fuck," Lester said, tossing his phone into the passenger seat. His cock only got half hard. All he could think about was Dan's interruption, "Arghhh!"

He needed to get back to his command center. Reluctantly, he got dressed, awkwardly bent himself in his car, and drove back to his hotel room to spend the night alone, stewing in his impotent rage.

The sound of her alarm made Sarah sit straight up in her bed. She grabbed her phone to silence the alarm and saw several messages from Lester. The events of the previous night came flooding back to her groggy mind.

Sarah turned to glance at the other side of the bed. Dan wasn't there. His bloody handprint stained the fitted sheet next to her. Holding her bed sheets against herself, Sarah went to the window and looked at the driveway. Dan's car was still there. He was still at home.

Excitement filled her heart at the prospect of having Dan home, but it quickly became muddled with the frustration she felt toward his recent choices and the guilt that stained the ones she'd made. She checked the time on her phone. It was early—earlier than usual. She had set multiple alarms so she wouldn't be late for work again.

She didn't want her reputation at work to drop further in the eyes of her new boss. Just thinking about him made her skin crawl. The familiar frustrated feelings rose inside her. But Dan was here and probably really angry at finding her in their bed with Lester. She sat down on the bed and put her face into the palms of her hands.

How did we get here? What the hell was I thinking? The last few weeks seemed like a whirlwind of bad decisions. As much as she wanted to go to work to save face, she needed to hash things out with Dan. She grabbed her phone to call the hospital and took a personal day.

She wasn't sure how long it would take to figure things out with Dan but it was more important than everything else going on.

Another message from Lester appeared. Sarah didn't open it; instead, she put her phone face down on her bedside table, found some comfortable clothes, and got dressed.

Sarah took a deep breath before opening her bedroom door and heading down into her house to find her husband. It didn't take her long. As she came down the stairs, she saw Dan kneeling next to the open front door. He had his tools laid out and was doing something with the door.

Hesitant to initiate the conversation, Sarah held her arms to herself as she came up behind her husband, "What are you doing?"

Dan didn't turn to greet her, keeping his eyes focused on the doorknob he appeared to be working on: "Replacing the locks. I already did the garage and backdoor."

Sarah wanted to ask why but thought better of it. Not wanting to seem critical. It was probably because Lester had been here last night. She couldn't remember whether she'd locked the door or not after she'd sucked him off in the living room, but he did say he had found a key.

Maybe Dan was being paranoid, but regardless, she wasn't going to stop him.

"I'm going to make a coffee," Sarah said, hovering a few feet behind Dan. "Do you want one? I was hoping we could talk."

Dan sighed, "Sure. When I'm done with this."

Sarah turned and walked back into the kitchen, past the spot where she had taken Lester's cock in her mouth. Dan's voice didn't have any of the warmth it usually had when he spoke with her. She felt like she was walking on eggshells, and maybe she was right to feel that way.

Dan's coffee was cold by the time he finally finished with the front door and took a look at a new leak in the ceiling. He took a sip, winced, and turned, putting it in the microwave for twenty seconds. The silence between them was killing Sarah. She couldn't take it anymore and was about to say something when Dan finally broke his silence.

"Don't you have to leave for work soon?" He asked, still facing the microwave.

"I took a personal day," Sarah said.

"When did you do that? Yesterday?" The microwave beeped and Dan retrieved his coffee and took a sip before turning in her direction. He didn't look at her, but he looked at the wall behind her.

"I called in this morning when I woke up. I wanted to talk to you before you left for Chicago.

Are you working from home today?" Sarah was doing a balancing act, trying to choose her words carefully.

"No. I called in too. I wasn't sure who would stop by if I left," Dan met her gaze for a second before looking away. His comment stung but she knew she deserved it. Sarah bit her bottom lip, searching for a response.

"Dan, I'm sorry, okay?" Sarah pleaded, feeling tears at the corner of her eyes. "I don't even know what to say to explain things."

Dan furrowed his eyebrows and looked exhausted, "I don't get it, Sarah. You're pissed at me on the phone, so what? You invite Lester over? Or just want to fuck with me while you're fucking Lester behind my back?"

"It's not like that, Dan," Sarah stood up, "Not at all."

"Then tell me what it's like because from where I'm standing that's exactly what it looks like,"

Dan set his coffee mug down on the counter and crossed his arms. Sarah opened her mouth to answer, but Dan continued, "You know what, no. First, tell me. How many times have you been with Lester, Hm? Tell me what happened that I don't know about."

"Dan," Sarah said, "We've never hidden things from each other, but things have gone off the rails these last few weeks. With the whole Eugene thing and then –"

"Don't bring that shit up right now," Dan said, "Don't try to share the blame here. I never fucked around with Eugene, Sarah."

"I know that," Sarah crossed her arms, mimicking Dan's pose. "But if you'll let me finish it's all kind of connected."

Dan rolled his eyes, "Let me guess; you were so pissed at me for lying, so that justified fucking Lester? Is that it?"

"No!" Sarah paced around the kitchen, running her hands through her hair. "It's not that simple. Just let me try to explain it, okay?"

Dan leaned against the counter, his face impatient, "Go ahead then."

Sarah stared at him hard. She didn't like her husband's condescending tone, but she held her tongue. Lashing out now would only make things worse here. "I was upset about the Eugene thing. About the lie..." Dan opened his mouth, but Sarah quickly added, "...the admission.

Whatever. I get it. It upset me, and I couldn't stop stewing about it. You know I don't like lying, being lied to, especially in our relationship. But things have been going on at work. Things we haven't had time to talk about that compounded our problems and just added to all this stress I've been carrying around for months.

Taking care of the girls, being like a single parent, paying our bills, and all this new work crap on top of it had me wound up tight and ready to explode.”

Dan stayed silent, intently listening to his wife. He’d been so angry that he’d forgotten how beautiful she was doing something as simple as explaining herself.

“Then Lester cornered me in my office, and he pushed the right buttons. I don’t know Dan. I don’t know why, and I don’t know what’s wrong with me, but like I said before, it’s like my body just gives into him, and I can’t help but go along with it.” Sarah said.

“Did Lester fuck you in your office?” Dan breathed, his face getting red. He and Sarah had talked about that being a fantasy of his. One she’d never entertained because of the serious implications it could have for her professionally.

“Yes,” Sarah whispered, “I wanted just to give him a blowjob to get him to get out of my office, but things escalated, and he kept pushing, and I guess I gave in, in the worst way possible.”

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose. A million questions ran through his head. Which way did Lester fuck her? Where in the office? How did it happen? How did she just give in like that?

How loud were they? What did he say? One question arose above the others, “Was that the night you were late picking up the girls? When the school called me?”

“Yes,” Sarah admitted out loud for the first time, “We...I lost track of time. It was at the end of the day, and I didn’t think we went on for as long as we did.”

The image of Lester taking his time power fucking Sarah in her office flooded his mind. A marathon fuck session where Sarah got pounded over and over, screaming Lester’s name. In the grand scheme of

things, being late to pick up the girls wasn't the end of the world, but it was a major behavioral departure for Sarah, which worried him.

"And then what happened?" Dan looked down at his coffee, suddenly not wanting to taste it.

Sarah sighed, ran her hands through her hair, and looked out the back window, "And then the next day at work...." Sarah started, "I had, I guess a bit of a meltdown. We were told that the board had picked a new CEO, and the guy accepted the offer. I forgot to mention that the day before they announced they had a pick, they didn't even bother to interview me. It made me feel tiny and worthless and like a complete fraud. And we were fighting, but then you mentioned you were already on a plane heading for D.C."

Dan stared hard at her, seemingly waiting for her to blame him. She continued, "And I just felt alone I guess. Alone with my problems and then Lester mentioned it was his birthday and I just didn't want to be alone at that moment. That weak moment. He came over and I made us dinner and then..."

"Then you fucked him," Dan said, "And you fucked him again last night too."

Sarah cast her eyes down to Dan's feet, feeling small. Part of her felt guilty, while another part of her still held onto the anger around Dan's lies and his trip. "Yes," she breathed, "More than once last night. And he also stopped me from leaving the house yesterday morning...we had another encounter in the morning, and I was late for work."

"So, just so I got everything straight," Dan placed his coffee mug on the counter and stared up at the ceiling. "Not only did Lester get to fuck you in your office, but you also invited him to our home for dinner. Our home, which, after the last time I said, was off-limits to him. You invited him into our home, against my expressed wishes,

cooked him dinner, and he thanked you by fucking you not just once but again the next morning. And then he came over after

work yesterday, and you blew him and drank his cum before he somehow got back in the house and fucked you again in our bed. Is that right? I got it all in order now?"

"Yeah, Dan, that, that's all of it," Sarah said. She knew she was guilty, but this fucked up situation was born of their fantasies, and the lines were getting blurring, and he wasn't entirely blameless here. When she'd needed her husband, he hadn't been there for her.

"And what the fuck was up with you asking him to knock you up? To put a baby inside of you?"

What the fuck Sarah?" Dan's eyes widened, looking bewildered.

"It's just some dumb thing Lester wanted. Something about him not being able to do it now and wanting to live out the experience. It's just sex talk, Dan. It's not real, you know that. He's fixed, and besides, I'm not an idiot, okay? I'm not just going to have sex with someone and not take precautions." Sarah added.

"I hope it was good," Dan said. He wanted to dig more into the precautions she mentioned but wanted to jab at her first, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Dan, that's not.." Sarah started.

"No. I want to know. How many times did that bastard make you cum, huh?" Dan said, "It must have been pretty good for you to fuck him so much that you were late picking up our daughter and late for work. Jesus Christ, Sarah, you even fucked him in your office! What if someone caught you and you got fired, huh? We would be fucked right now."

"I can handle my own career, Dan," Sarah spat, her eyes full of rage.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Dan challenged.

"Me fucking Lester in my office is the only interest you've shown in my work life these past few weeks. You know how hard I was working for that promotion and yet you never followed up. Never cared to ask about it. Sure, you thought I would be good for it, but that was that!"

Sarah said, "When you got laid off, I figured out a place for you to stay while you got settled in Chicago, hell I even came with you on work trips to Minnesota of all places."

"Okay, don't try to make this into something it isn't to shift the blame, okay?" Dan said.

"I'm not..." Sarah balled her hands into fists at her side and let out a long exhale, "That's not what I wanted to do. Okay? What I'm trying to say is don't try to use my work as leverage in this fight."

"Why not? It seems like a perfectly reasonable conclusion!" Dan continued "If you got caught we'd be fucked, we'd lose the house if you got fired. Can you not see that?"

"I see it fine, Dan. What pisses me off is that somehow this is all on me to figure out and resolve," she gestured to the room around her, "What about your job? What about all the shit you've been doing in Chicago? Going on trips without even telling me, none of it has gotten us more money, but somehow my job choices are the ones putting us in jeopardy."

"It's not even the fucking same thing, and you know it!" Dan said, "I'm not out fucking people at my workplaces and risking getting fired."

"No, but you've made choices that have fucked us just the same." Sarah said, "Remember you got Jesse fired and then they cut

everyone's pay? Did you forget that? You are also choosing to stay in Chicago and stay in your profession instead of being here with us?"

"He was trying to blackmail me to get to you, or did you forget that?" Dan said.

"And there were a million other ways you could have handled it. We could have handled it, but you unilaterally decided what was best for us!" Sarah steamed and started pacing. Making a quick decision, she grabbed a bottle of wine off the shelf and poured herself a glass.

Dan stood there silently, leaning against the counter, his brow furrowed. Eventually he broke the silence, "Look. This- all of this has spun out far more than I wanted it to okay? I know recently I've chosen work over you and the girls? But I've really been trying to build a better future for us."

Sarah opened her mouth to reply but Dan held up his hand silencing her, "Just please let me finish. I heard you loud and clear the last time we talked on the phone. I forced my new client to wrap things up sooner so I could get done there. I got on the first plane and drove straight here, and I'm calling out with work even though Walt is up my ass about starting on a new project with Jesse again."

"Jesse?" Sarah raised her eyebrows.

"It's not important, right now," Dan said, "The point is I'm ignoring all of that and I came home to you. Literally with flowers in my hand and then I walked in on..."

Sarah stayed silent, thinking about what Dan had said. She hadn't told him about Lester. Not that they'd much of a chance to talk about the Eugene stuff, but then he'd left for Washington.

Be calm, Sarah.

Dan was here. Dan was trying. Her husband had listened to her and had pushed everything aside for her. The Lester stuff had blindsided him, and she got it. And she shouldn't have let herself go so far with him, either. She knew that she was spinning out at work. Maybe Lester took advantage, or maybe she just wanted a convenient distraction. Maybe both.

She looked up at her husband, "You are here. I know it probably wasn't easy, isn't easy pushing all the stuff aside to get home. It probably really hurt for you to walk in on me being with Lester. I'm sorry that you found out about it like that. I wanted to tell you on the phone but I was just so mad and I didn't know where to turn with everything else going on."

Sarah felt tears welling up in the corners of her eyes, "I've just felt like I've been spinning. Like my life is spinning out of control, and I had nothing to anchor me down and there was Lester. I don't know Dan. Lester was just constantly present, and I think to me he kind of blurs the lines on things because we, you and I, started this together, and Lester seems like a safe extension of our fantasy or maybe just like a regular part of it. I know it was fucked up and wrong to do all the things I did with him. Part of me knew that, but another part of me felt like it was almost normal, given how things have gone lately. Almost like the wrong was right. And when I wanted that out, that distraction, he was just here. I know that doesn't excuse it, and it's stupid and shitty and immature."

"I feel like we've both been lost lately," Dan sighed, "I knew that this fantasy was getting to me. Overpowering me in a lot of ways. So, I tried cutting it out cold turkey. Cutting myself off from the lure of it. I knew something like this might be a possibility or just that you might be affected in the same way I am but I always told myself I could pull us back, I just needed to get a handle on it first but I should have paid more attention to what was going on with you."

"No, no, you shouldn't have to, Dan, I should have been able to keep my shit together," Sarah said.

"Yeah you should've but I should've too," Dan stepped closer to his wife, "Even looking at the whole Eugene peephole thing. It's like my body just had a mind of its own and just moved me aside. I can kind of get how your body betrayed you in those moments, too. And then I lied. I lied right to you about it. You didn't tell me what was going on but I didn't really give us much of a chance to hash things out, either. Lies of omission I guess."

"I don't like that feeling," Sarah whispered as Dan got closer. "Losing control like that. I mean, there is a thrill to it, but now it feels like we are on shaky ground, and I'm scared to take a step, not knowing if the ground is going to fall apart under me."

"It's fucked up. Even part of my brain is screaming at me, dying to know what happened between you and Lester, wanting to see it. But I need to get control over it. That's why I brought us out to that parking lot that one night when that guy watched us. Trying and failing, I guess, to detox my brain from this and separate Lester from the fantasy before he takes it, takes us over, you know?"

"Yeah," Sarah said, "Before it was just about these sexy situations, 'what if' scenarios with other strangers, characters, or other guys, but now it's all about Lester."

"Yeah," Dan agreed, encircling his arms around his wife, holding her head against his chest.

Her wet cheeks dampened his shirt, "I don't know where we go from here. But we'll figure it out together."

"Maybe we need to take a break from Lester," Sarah's head was pressed against Dan's chest, her eyes open, staring out into her kitchen.

"We do," Dan replied, "Maybe we can change the deal or look for a different apartment."

"That's probably a good idea." Sarah said, "And I want to help you with your side work."

However I can. I don't want you to have to carry that burden all by yourself."

"You don't have to do that," Dan kissed the top of her head, "You have enough on your plate right now. I should be helping you figure out your work stuff."

"Maybe we can help each other," Sarah said, "We're a good team... when we work together."

"We are," Dan felt a tear roll down his cheek. "We are," he whispered.

Monday morning, Sarah arrived at work early, feeling refreshed and on track to conquer her day. Dan had thankfully spent the entire weekend at home reconnecting with her and the girls. Sarah's heart felt full. She'd desperately needed that time with him.

He was her rock, keeping her grounded, and being without him made her feel untethered.

Things were good between them—not great, but she felt that they were in a good spot now.

Both of them still felt the bruises from their recent fights, and certain subjects were still very tender. But the corner had been turned. Healing could begin.

Sarah checked her watch. It was time to head down to the morning meeting. Gathering her things and locking the door behind her, Sarah made her way to the elevator. While reconnecting with Dan, she'd completely disconnected from work. They'd both had. She had no idea what she was about to walk into, but she knew that she could handle whatever it was.

Talking over her recent work issues with Dan had given her some perspective. She was still smart and capable, even if she hadn't felt that way lately. Dan believed this of her so she could too. He had been pissed about how John had treated her, not even interviewing her for the position. Almost as pissed as he had been about Lester fucking her all over their house.

It hadn't been easy, but after the girls went to bed on Friday, Sarah and Dan drank a couple of bottles of wine and went over everything that happened in detail. He needed to hear it, not

just from some fantasy perspective but from a place that needed to heal and rebuild things between them.

She wasn't sure how he was processing it. Frankly, she expected him to be more upset by what had happened in their home without him. But she suspected he felt just as intertwined in this weird fantasy life they had created with Lester, even though he was taking strides to free himself of it. Sarah knew she should do the same, but part of her still wanted to revel in it for a little longer. When she'd told her husband that his roommate had stuck his tongue up her ass, Dan's eyes nearly bugged out of his head. She knew the whole situation still pushed buttons for him as well.

Dan and the girls were her world, but Lester was like this dark cloud hovering over her, obscuring everything else from view. She couldn't stand him, couldn't stand his shitty attitude or his gross body, but even just thinking about him made her body wake up with attention.

Sarah stepped off the elevator and headed down the hall towards the meeting room. It was time to get her head in the game. She pushed thoughts of Dan and Lester aside for now. She'd chew on those later. She needed to be the kickass administrator she was and handle her shit.

Otherwise, she would spiral and get lost again.

You got this!

Sarah pushed open the door to the conference room. She was five minutes early, but it looked like she was the last to show up. She cringed inwardly but held her head up high as she walked towards her seat, her heels clicking conspicuously on the floor. Jerry and Marcie were seated in their respective seats. At the head of the table sat the hospital's new CEO, Richard Thornhill.

It looked like he had gotten a haircut and a new suit since Sarah had seen him last. He looked more respectable, but Sarah still felt an underlying slovenly impression about him.

"Nice of you to join us," Richard said. John was nowhere in sight. Maybe he was running late, too. She wasn't going to show Richard the satisfaction of getting upset.

Sarah feigned, checking her watch, and then looked at the new CEO. His eyes roamed up her body until he met her eyes, realizing he had been caught. A sly smile spread across his face like a boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Sarah didn't let him see her squirm. "Sorry, am I the last one? I could have sworn I was five minutes early."

Richard eyed her like a lion eyeing a gazelle while she took her seat. He made his fingers into a steeple as he rocked back in his chair. "You weren't here on Friday, and you missed it, so I'll give you a pass." He added extra emphasis on her not being here on Friday, "As I told your colleagues, if you're not early, you're late."

"Well, I am early," Sarah said, "It just looks like you all were earlier."

A flat smile spread across Richard's face, "Fair enough. Next time, let's all try to get here ten minutes early so that we can start on schedule."

He flipped through the paper in front of him before sighing and settling back into his chair.

Richard's eyes looked around the room at everyone seated before him, "I could use a coffee.

Anyone else want one?"

A few people murmured in agreement.

"Great," Richard said, clasping his hands together. "Sarah, would you mind getting us a pot of coffee from the cafeteria?"

Really? Sarah wanted to say. But she still didn't have a good read on her new CEO. Her first impression wasn't positive, but she didn't want to judge him too quickly. Everyone had a different style, and Drew had been a pushover and pretty incompetent in a pinch. She steeled herself and stood up, not wanting to refuse her boss' first request.

"Sure," Sarah said, moving back towards the door. As she left the conference room, she heard Richard say, "Okay, first order of business: I want to do a top-to-bottom review of every department and how it operates."

Sarah balled her hands into fists and sighed as she walked down the hallway towards the elevators again. She should be in there, helping to facilitate his transition and getting him up to speed on how everything ran. Each department would present itself, but none of them would aptly explain how different things are tied together.

They were focused on their own operations, not the greater operations of the hospital.

A few minutes later, Sarah returned to the conference room, pushing a cart filled with a couple of pots of the cafeteria's shitty coffee and paper cups for the group. She added upgrading their coffee machine to her long list of nice-to-haves for the hospital. Everyone except for Richard looked her way as she entered the room with the cart. He was still animatedly making a speech.

Sarah briefly thought about pouring individual coffee for everyone in the room but decided against it. She slid back into her seat and tried to catch up on the conversation. Richard was talking about improving synergies between departments.

"Uh, Sarah," Richard interrupted his speech and looked at her. He motioned towards the coffee sitting on the side of the room, "Would you mind?" He turned back to the rest of the group and continued his speech.

Seething but with a neutral expression, Sarah got up and poured him a cup of coffee. She set it down in front of him and returned to her seat.

His eyes met hers, and he said, "Thanks for the coffee, honey," before continuing. Sarah bit her lip and stayed quiet.

When the meeting ended, Sarah was the first one out of the room. She had managed to survive the hour without taking on any other humiliating tasks. Back in her office, she was stewing because Richard had asked her to get coffee and had called her 'honey.' He hadn't asked any of the men to go and do it. Her impression of him was souring. Now she thought he was simply a misogynistic prick.

Her phone buzzed. It was another message from Lester. Her finger hovered over the button to check it but she thought better of it. She had been ignoring his messages all weekend. Dan had been there

with her so it was easier, but she couldn't break now. She was stronger than that. At least she hoped she was.

Lester sat in his command center, staring at his phone. Waiting for those three little dots to appear, showing that Sarah was typing a message back.

He snarled and pushed his phone across his desk. Just like the last messages he'd sent, she hadn't responded.

Fucking Dan.

Things were going so well, why did that motherfucker have to come back and ruin everything.

Everything had been going to plan and had been moving along so well. Sarah had been his, begging for his seed. It had been glorious.

It was glorious. IS glorious. No need for past tense. Who the fuck did Dan think he was interrupting them? Even having the nerve to put his bloody hands on Lester's throat.

Lester should have crushed Dan. Beat him to a pulp, but then Sarah would have cowered over him. Trying to protect her weak husband. He wished he could go back and change how things had happened.

Lester pushed himself up from his desk, sending his chair flying back and hitting the bed. He couldn't just sit there anymore, ignored and feeling small. He wanted to shout, wanted to hit something. Stomping into the hallway, he punched the center of Dan's door.

Pain shot through his knuckles and his wrist making him wince. He checked the door for a dent but it looked unscathed. Lester marched back to his room and grabbed a pair of shorts and a ratty old t-shirt from the floor.

Collecting his cell phone and wallet, he headed towards the door. Lester couldn't sit in the apartment anymore. He needed to get out and push someone around. Ned's store seemed like a good destination for what he needed.

Dan gritted his teeth as he rode the immaculate elevator to the twelfth floor. The elevator was full of people; it stopped at almost every floor, with people getting on and off. This building was bustling with activity; Dan could feel the buzz, the momentum of the place. It was such a stark contrast to his office and its dour mood.

Walt had given him shit about taking a Friday off. Dan handled it, but he wasn't fond of the extra pressure. Still, he wouldn't change a thing. He needed to get his house in order and settle things with Sarah. Too much had gone on without him being aware of it, being blissfully ignorant while he tried to figure his own shit out.

The elevator dinged, and the screen read twelve. Dan politely pushed his way past the throngs of people in front of him and lowered his shoulders a bit as a group tried to get on the elevator before he got off. He wedged through them and scanned the floor he had just stepped onto.

The office was busy. People flowed through the reception area into waiting offices beyond numerous glass walls. Polished marble covered the floor, and a very attractive brunette sat behind a large, imposing wooden desk. Dan couldn't help but feel immense envy toward Jessie for landing this plum position. It seemed like the little shit had somehow leapfrogged over Dan in his career progress.

As impressive as the office was, Dan didn't want to be there. It felt humiliating to walk into a place like this and sit across a desk from Jesse. Dan had so much other shit to do for Sentinel Security and Elevate Engagement in addition to his other clients. He really didn't have time for this.

Dan squared his jaw and exhaled, closing his eyes for a second to compose himself. He crossed the polished marble floor to the receptionist and, with a smile, introduced himself. She greeted him warmly and told him to take a seat.

After half an hour of waiting, the receptionist finally led Dan to Jessie's office. Interns and other young professionals were seated in a farm of cubicles while intimidating men and women sat in their offices and conference rooms. Dan started to guess at each person's salary, slowly calculating this company's human resource costs.

The receptionist led Dan to a corner office, where Jesse was seated behind a wide desk, looking intently at something on his laptop screen. His eyes flashed up at Dan, and a wicked smile swiftly spread across his face.

"Thanks, Trisha," he said, flicking his wrist to dismiss the receptionist. Dan, how are you? You look better than the last time I saw you."

Dan quieted his rage at the memory of getting thrown out of that nightclub. And the memory of Jesse grinding himself up against Sarah and dancing with her, "Jesse."

Jesse stood up and walked around his desk, his hand extended, expecting Dan to shake it. Dan looked at it briefly before reluctantly reaching out and shaking it. Jesse seemed pleased at the handshake and gestured for Dan to sit at one of the chairs in front of the desk. The chairs looked notably lower than Jesse's.

With a roll of his eyes, Dan sat down and waited for this humiliating experience to be over.

Jesse walked behind his desk with a stupid smile and sat down, "How's Sarah doing?"

He knew Jesse was trying to get a rise out of him, but Dan wasn't about to take the bait. "She's fine. Can we please get down to business now, Jesse?"

"Hey, I'm just being polite," Jesse said, holding his hands up defensively. Jesse seemed different somehow—odd, pretending to be more confident. Dan wouldn't have minded the delay tactics, but he wasn't getting paid extra to sit here making nice. While Walt's firm could charge hourly, Dan still made the same reduced pittance of a salary.

"So, how are things back at the old stomping ground?" Jesse leaned back in his chair, clearly eager to discuss the situation. "I hear things have gotten a little rough over there. It was funny.

After firing me, Walt seemed so desperate when I called him to offer him this project."

"Is that right?" Dan sat back in his chair, trying to keep his face neutral.

Jesse stared at him for several seconds as if he was waiting for Dan to say something else.

"You'll have to treat me with respect now, Dan. I'm your client. Understand?" Jesse gestured to his office. "I'm here while you're still stuck at the dump under Walt."

"Jesse," Dan said looking around at the impressive office, "You have a knack for stating the obvious. We're both professionals and we both know how respect works. Now tell me about this project and this client you are out of your depth with."

Dan swore he could see a vein throbbing on the side of Jesse's forehead. Jesse looked pissed, but Dan kept his composure, trying not to smile and betray his joy. Jesse seemed to deflate a bit in his chair as he said, "It's a large, complex project. A state-of-the-art

subdivision. We don't know where it's located, but our client wants help ensuring it's sustainable and self-sufficient once online."

"A subdivision?" Dan said skeptically. It didn't sound all that impressive or like something that would warrant his skillset, or frankly, that of the firm Jessie worked for, "Why do they need us?"

"Because they need help, obviously," Jesse said. He was the same old Jessie, out of his depth and not understanding even the basics of the project he was working on.

"How exactly do they need our help?" Dan asked flatly, wanting to be done with this conversation and done with Jessie overall.

"Well," Jesse said, fidgeting with his keyboard, "I think our client wants to speak with you about it directly," Jesse smirked as he grabbed the side of his laptop and turned it around on his desk. A man's face was on the screen, sitting in an office in a Zoom window.

Dan felt himself falter. He recognized the face.

"Hey there, Danny boy," Byron said, grinning, "Long time no see."

Fuck.

"What's wrong, Danny?" Byron was leaning back in his chair, both hands behind his head. He was clearly enjoying this moment. "It looks like you've seen a ghost."

"Byron," Dan said, hoping he nodded when speaking.

"That's it? That's all I get? After all those drinks we'd shared, I thought you would have a warmer greeting for me than that." Byron chuckled.

This wasn't what Dan needed. He felt his momentum slipping away. All that he was working toward and now this. Lester was enough of

a distraction, and now he'd have to deal with this shit too?

"Nice to see you again, Byron," Dan lied through his clenched teeth.

"That's more like it," Byron said, leaning forward into the camera. "Now, let's get down to brass tacks. We're working on a subdivision, but beyond that, I can't tell you much. Don't ask

where it is because that's above your pay grade. We need your help to make sure it's sustainable. As in 'efficient' and 'self-sustaining.' We want to run it off the grid, treat our own wastewater, make sure the buildings are energy efficient, and do the whole she-bang. Our own little slice of paradise away from prying eyes. You got me?"

"Sounds interesting," Dan said. It definitely sounded more interesting than a simple subdivision. If they were building this from the ground up, it would be an opportunity to not just construct a building but getting a say in how an entire community operated. A self-sustaining community. That was interesting, but to Dan it sounded weird coming out of Byron's mouth, almost like they were going out into the woods to start a cult. "Well, what's next here? Can I see the project specs and look at where things stand?"

"Great question!" Byron said sarcastically, "Well, as it happens we are at the beginning stages of planning this project. We have people on site clear cutting the land but before we really break ground we need to firm up our plans here. That's where you come in, Dan. I need you to come out here to Minnesota and look over our plans and identify the gaps in where we are versus what we want and make your expert recommendations. Got it?"

"I can do that from here, Byron," Dan said, "Just send me over the plans, and I'll review them this week."

"Not gonna happen," Byron said, "This project is a top priority for the Lincoln Group. There is a lot involved that we don't want to get out there. There are some things you and Jesse can work out from

there but at some point soon I'm going to need you to come out for a friendly little visit."

"Fine," Dan said. At least this time Walt couldn't make him share a room with a coworker.

"Great bud," Byron said, "And just one more thing. When you do come out, make sure to bring that pretty little wife of yours, too."

"What?" Dan said, looking between Jesse and Byron. Both of them were smirking, "Why?"

Byron didn't answer at first, taking his time to turn the screws with Dan. He lazily leaned back in his chair and propped his feet up on his desk. "Because. A little birdie has told me a lot about what you and the missus get up to. That you guys get kind of freaky, and I like that shit and want a front row to it."

"Fuck that," Dan said, "I don't have to do shit for you."

"Mmm-hmmm," Byron wiggled his finger at the screen. I wouldn't be so quick to decline my offer, Danny boy. Jessie, if Dan doesn't play nice, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to have to file a complaint with Walt about his behavior and insist he be removed from the project and fired," Jesse said smartly.

"And then I'm going to reach out to Walt and dangle a nice little lucrative project in front of him to ensure it happens," Byron said, "And before you start thinking about all those nice little freelance clients and trying to do the math and see whether you can swing going solo, just know that the Lincoln Group has a deep network and we can fuck up things for you real fast.

So just nod and say yes."

Dan felt himself stewing. His face was going red. Now it was him who had a throbbing vein in the middle of his forehead. He slowly nodded once.

"You're trapped, Dan," Byron said. "You played yourself and lost. Suck it up, buttercup."

The screen went black, and Dan felt his shoulders slump forward.

"Oh, and Dan?" Jesse said, grinning from ear to ear, "As far as my office here is concerned, you're just an old colleague looking for a reference. I'm taking full credit for this work, and Byron is going to give us a nice bonus that will give me a promotion. So keep your mouth shut."

Dan felt numb as he left Jesse's office and rode the elevator down. The crowd of bodies jostling about the elevator pressed him into the back corner, his mind still trying to process what was happening.

Dan hunkered down in a comfortable chair in the apartment's living room. He made sure to pick the one that would face the hallway so Lester couldn't sneak up behind him. The meeting with Jessie completely blindsided him, and he wasn't sure what to do next.

He felt like a trapped animal in a cage. Dan wanted to call Sarah and talk it through, but he felt that he needed to develop a functioning plan first. Working with Jessie had been bad enough, but now, Byron had returned, and he knew more about Sarah than Dan was comfortable with.

That guy was bad news. And he liked to hold grudges. This is according to that Peter guy who'd propositioned him at Starbucks a few weeks back.

The plodding of footsteps dashed Dan's thoughts—more bad news. Lester's fat feet were smacking against the hardwood floor. Dan hoped Lester was just going to the bathroom, but his stomach dropped when the footsteps got closer.

Dan's eyes stayed focused on the laptop screen in front of him. He tried to ignore Lester's gelatinous blob-like body out of the corner of his eye, hovering in the doorway to the hallway.

Finally, Dan raised his eyes to look at him.

"God, man, put on some clothes," Dan said, averting his eyes away from Lester's obese naked body. He had seen the man naked way more often than he was comfortable with. Lester smirked and strolled into the living room.

"Just getting a coke," Lester said, "Need to quench my thirst here. Battling a legion of orcs will do that to a guy. No need to try and choke me out again."

"You deserved it after the shit you pulled. Get your coke and go." Dan kept his eyes focused on his laptop, browsing other apartment listings. He was procrastinating in coming up with a plan to deal with Byron. A few apartments looked good, but rent had gone way up since the last time he'd looked. It seemed like every landlord had just decided to get greedy. Dan didn't like the monthly rents he was looking at, but he needed to get out of here and away from Lester.

For his marriage's sake. But how the hell was he going to swing this?

"Whose laptop is that?" Lester asked. Dan looked up at him. Lester's eyes were trained on Dan's other laptop sitting on the coffee table. It looked sharp in a black pelican case. It was the one Sentinel Securities had given him, the only one he was supposed to use for their project or for communicating with them. Dan had been working on it before switching gears and looking at apartments.

"It's mine," Dan said, "For work."

"Huh," Lester said, not taking his eyes from it. "Can I take a look at it?"

Lester moved around the couch, his flaccid cock slapping against his thighs as he did. He made a move to bend over and grab the laptop. Dan was quicker, sitting up and, putting his personal laptop to the side and grabbing his work one right before Lester could grasp it.

"No, it's just for work, my eyes only," Dan said. Lester scowled like Dan had taken away a new toy he could play with. Lester gave him a dirty look, "And what about that?"

He was pointing to Dan's other laptop, with the screen displaying the different apartment listings Dan was looking at, "Are you planning on moving out?"

Dan really didn't want to have this conversation. He wanted to just slink out in the night, never to talk to Lester again, "Look. This isn't working, Lester. You crossed a line. Too many of our lines lately. I, we, Sarah and I think it's time for a change. We've had some fun and all but it's probably best if we move on."

Rage seemed to flash across Lester's features; his brow furrowed, and his cheeks darkened,

"What about our deal? We have a deal, Dan."

"Well, Lester," Dan said patiently in a condescending voice, "Once I find a new place, we won't need that deal anymore, will we?"

Dan picked up his laptop and sat it back up on his lap. He went back to scrolling through listings as Lester just stood there gawking at him, dumbfounded. "You mind putting that thing away, Lester?"

Lester snapped out of his trance and stomped to the kitchen. The fridge door opened and quickly slammed shut. The sounds of fat plodding feet hit the hardwood floor, and Dan could see Lester's quivering mass shamble through the living room out of the corner of his eye. It disappeared down the hallway before he slammed his door shut.

Dan smirked. It felt good getting a small win over that asshole. He needed any win today after what had happened with Jesse and Byron. Scrolling through the listings was getting depressing. For an activity that he was using to procrastinate, it sure wasn't helping him. It was making him feel like he had yet another thing to put on the backburner. How the hell was he going to get them off his back without blowing things up with Walt? Maybe he could get a new job and just extricate himself from this mess. That would be awesome. Get a new place and a new job. A completely fresh start.

He closed the laptop and mulled the situation around in his head. Finding a way out of this mess wasn't getting any clearer. It was late, and he couldn't think. He needed to get up early in the morning and get a call in with Bill at Starbucks before he headed into the office.

Starbucks. That's where that Peter guy approached him about spying on the Lincoln Group. At the time, that wouldn't fly. He thought he had burned that bridge, but now....Dan grabbed his laptops and carried them to his bedroom. He shut the door and locked it behind him. That guy had given him a card. It was here in his room somewhere. If he found it, maybe it could help him get out of this.

Lester slammed his bedroom door shut and kicked a stack of dirty clothes lying on the floor.

They couldn't leave. Not like that. No. No. Lester wouldn't let that happen. He wouldn't allow it.

The two of them thought they were just playing a game. That they could use him for their own fantasies and cast him aside when they were done, but they didn't know anything. They didn't know who Lester truly was or what he was capable of. He still had an ace up his sleeve that they weren't even aware of.

But it wasn't time for that. Not just yet. He knew he still had a hold on Sarah.

Lester sat down at his command center and exited his game. Several pings came through his speaker, the familiar sound of a discord notification. Probably, Ned and the others wondered where he had gone.

He muted them and opened up his browser, navigating to Facebook. He opened up all of the landlord groups he was a part of and posted a warning about Dan Williams, including some basic information and a picture of Dan he had grabbed from Facebook. Then, he did the same on other private landlord websites. He'd joined a hub of these sites for the Chicago region, and they kept an extensive database of problem tenants.

It was a familiar tactic that Lester had deployed countless times in the past to help isolate his roommates and cut down their options. Lester opened the page for his router and went through the Wi-Fi's traffic, copying each listing Dan had shown interest in. Nothing jumped out at him. Most were more expensive than this place.

He'd keep an eye on Dan's traffic and see if any worrisome listings were catching his attention.

Lester navigated over to another tab to monitor the devices connected to the network. Sure enough, Dan's new laptop was listed there.

Lester frowned. It wasn't showing traffic the same way that Dan's other laptop did. All of the traffic seemed to be encrypted, and he

suspected the laptop used some kind of VPN or tunneling software. What the hell is Dan doing with that?

Dan wasn't that technical. He could barely navigate his phone. Where the hell did he get a laptop like that? Lester pulled up the camera feeds from earlier in the living room and looked at the laptop better. That wasn't an off-the-shelf computer. It was an unknown variable. Lester did not like unknown variables. He'd have to get a crack at opening that laptop and see what was on there.

Dan hadn't gotten a new job and as far as Lester knew, his current employer wasn't doing too well. What was Dan up to now?

The laptop is just a distraction. Focus. Lester reached out for his phone and dialed the building's manager.

"Uh, hello, Lester," Frank, the building manager, said.

"Tsk. Tsk. Frank. Is that how you are supposed to greet me?" Lester smiled at the silence, knowing the power he had over this man.

"I'm sorry. Mr Marshall," Frank corrected himself, "What can I do for you today?"

"Why, thank you for asking, Franklin," Lester said while opening up his TOR browser and navigating to the internet's underbelly. "I need you to contact Dan Williams, my roommate."

"What for sir?" Frank even sounded like he was sweating from this brief conversation.

"Come by and put us on notice for a rent increase. Market correction or something. Leave a note in our mailbox or come by the apartment. I don't care. Just do it." Lester snapped as his eyes searched the screen for the right board.

"But Les...Mr. Marshall," Frank stammered, "You're not paying any rent right now. Not after our agreement."

"I know that, Franklin, I'm not an idiot. But Dan doesn't need to know that. See, he doesn't find out." Lester rolled his eyes. "And just make it happen. Got it?"

"Yeah, sure Mr. Marshall, I understand, I'll --"

"Good," Lester hung up the phone, "Idiot."

It felt good to put someone in their place like that. Now he just needed to do the same to Dan.

Lester scrolled through the listings, looking for someone who could help him take Dan down a few notches. Maybe he would even get lucky and find someone willing to take those two brats out of the equation as well.

Lester heard Dan shuffling into his room. He pulled up the camera feed to see Dan rummaging around in his bag. Finding someone to help him could wait. Right now, he wanted to look at something else.

He pulled up the video he'd made of the other night at the Williams' home. With his headphones on, he started the video and shuffled out of his sweatpants. Lester started stroking his fat cock, ready to listen and watch as Sarah Williams repeatedly begged him to cum inside of her, to knock her up. He grinned and opened the camera feed of Dan in his room, oblivious to his wife's cries of pleasure and her growing corruption.

"Oh god, god, please, please, PLEASE," Sarah moaned as the video started. The camera was shaky at first as Lester started recording. His dumb face appeared for half a second before the angle flipped,

showing Sarah face down in her marital bed, Lester's hand gripping the back of her neck. This was just after he had dragged her out of the bathtub, but before her idiot husband came home and ruined things.

The camera shifted down and showed her luscious bubbly ass cheeks bouncing back against his cock.

"Please, what?" Lester grinned.

"Uhhhh, justttt, right there Lester. Keep it up. Keep going," Sarah moaned into the bed. She was like a bitch in heat, and Lester didn't have any intentions of stopping. He reveled in the feeling of his swollen cock embedded deep, deep inside the young mother.

"Mhmm you know I love it when you beg," Lester said.

"Please, Lester. Please....daddy, just don't stop baby," Sarah moaned into the mattress.

"I'm not stopping until I fill you with my cum Sarah," Lester upped his pace and kept continuing to stuff his cock into her. Sarah's tight body continued to squirm under him, pushing back against the mattress to angle her hips and take more and more of his cock into her. Lester's fingers slid up her body and pushed their way into her mouth.

"Gaaahmhmhm," Sarah moaned around his fingers before she quickly started to suck them.

She continued to moan around them as the bucking back of her hips grew wilder and wilder.

"That's it, Sarah," Lester said through clenched teeth. "Suck it. Those aren't fingers in your mouth. That's a cock."

“Mhmm-hmmmm,” Sarah moaned in agreement, her tongue running up and down the underside of his fingers. With her eyes shut, she could picture a real cock actually in her mouth. Lester’s other hand mauled her ass cheeks.

Finally, Sarah needed to come up for breath, so she pulled her head back slightly. With his fingers partially in her mouth, she sucked in a breath and turned her head back to him.

“You like the way I suck your cock, Lester?” She moaned and started licking his fingers again.

“That ain’t my cock Sarah,” Lester moaned, feeling her tongue dance over his fingerpads, “If it was my cock, you’d be choking on it.”

“Then whose cock is it?” Sarah moaned, “Dan’s? Do you want to take turns with Dan?”

Lester laughed at the thought. It was actually a good idea—to force Dan to confront all of his inadequacies in bed up close and personal. Maybe he’d do that. But for now, he wanted to continue to plant another seed in her mind.

“Not Dan’s,” Lester felt Sarah’s pussy contracting around his cock. It felt like heaven. After their sloppy fuck in the bathtub, he already felt extra sensitive.

“Whose?” Sarah moaned, “Whose cock am I sucking?”

Lester grinned, “Whoever I want. Anyone, I say.”

Sarah grabbed the back of Lester’s hand and brought her mouth deep around it, sucking him, picturing a real cock. Lester’s other hand left her ass and pushed down on her shoulder blades, pinning her to the bed.

"Maybe I'll find someone, some random guy, and share you with him," Lester leaned forward, pressing his weight down onto her, whispering in her ear, "We'll take turns with you all night, filling you up with both of our cum."

"Gaaamhmmmm," Sarah just moaned around his fingers. Her body rhythmically thrusting back against him with abandon now. Her other hand reached under herself, playing with her clit as Lester hammered her G-spot from on top of her.

"Would you like that? Like being shared and passed around like a cheap whore?" Lester sneered.

Sarah tried to pull his fingers out of her mouth to answer but he held them in. Letting more of his weight drop onto her, pinning her other hand underneath, leaving it nothing to do but play with herself.

"Uhhh-Hmmmm," Sarah nodded in agreement, trying to articulate meaningful sounds with his dirty fingers in her mouth.

"What about the guy from the car that one night? What if I want you to suck him while I fuck you?" Lester said as he upped his pace, eliciting more uncontrollable moans from the young mother, "Uh, Ah, Uh, Uh, UHHHH, GAAHMMM."

Sarah nodded in agreement. She'd do whatever he wanted. Accede to anything in this moment.

Lester smiled at how far he had corrupted his once proud wife and mother, "Maybe I'll have my D&D friends over again and let them take turns with you. Let each of them fill your mouth up while I fuck you from behind."

"AHHGGMMNNFFFGMM," Sarah's body went rigid as she came. Lester could feel her snug pussy squeezing his cock tightly. Every nerve in her body seemed to light on fire as cascading pleasure

washed over her. It had happened so fast. So fast she couldn't even process what had happened. Just the idea of being degraded and used like a slut by people so beneath her.

More than just Lester. Letting others have her like that.

Lester grinned. That idea seemed to push her over the edge. He pulled his fingers out of her mouth, her teeth scraping against his skin as Sarah's body clenched up from that orgasm.

"Uhhhhh, mhmhmhmhmhm Lester," She moaned between breaths. She felt winded, only surviving on short breaths through her nose while Lester's fingers had been tickling the back of her throat.

Lester stayed silent, letting her ride out the rest of her orgasm, withering below him. He felt his balls tightening and knew he would cum soon. As she milked his cock with her pussy he was afraid that he might cum early.

Sarah's breathing seemed to normalize, and Lester pressed his weight back down onto her back. He licked his lips and then her ears as he said, "What about that fucking homeless man, huh? I bet he'd like to get you alone without that fence between us. Would you suck him?"

"Fuck Lester," Sarah pushed up onto her elbows for leverage as she felt another orgasm quickly approaching. "Whatever you want. Whoever you want. Uhhh, fuck as long as they feel good like this. Oh my god, oh my god, oh my fuck, fuck, fuck."

"Mhmm, and let him fuck you?" Lester whispered. He lunged forward just as she forced her body back, his cock bottoming out in the crazed wife.

Sarah's body started thrashing, throwing itself back at Lester repeatedly, seemingly eager at the thought of degrading herself so low, "Uhhhhhhmhmhmhm YES. YES. FUCKING YES.

Whatever. I'll do it. I WANT IT."

"That's my girl," Lester sneered, "Cum for me. Cum on my cock. I'm going to fill you up. Picture that homeless guy taking you like this, filling you with his dirty fucking come, you whore."

"AH FUCK," Sarah breathed as her whole world lit on fire. All her other senses dimmed. The only one that was heightened was the one connected to her pussy as another orgasm exploded out of her. The muscles in her pussy wrapped themselves around Lester's cock, desperate for his cum, "AHHHYEESSSS, YESSSS, MHMHHMM, Ah, UH, Uhhhhhh."

"Here it comes slut," Lester roared, "Take it. Take all my cum, Sarah."

A hoarse groan left his throat as Lester's balls twitched ominously as he emptied all the cum he had built up deep into Sarah's womb. She shuddered as his cum spattered inside of her, covering every inch of her insides. Sarah just moaned into the bed, her hair a mess. She felt Lester's hot cum spurting inside of her, dancing on top of the orgasm that had already wracked her body.

She lay there unmoving, catching her breath as Lester's sweat dripped off his brow onto her back. Lester felt red in the face, panting, on his elbows. With another groan, he pulled his hips back, sliding his cock out of Sarah. She didn't move, just lay there, reveling in the aftershocks of their fucking.

Lester quickly grabbed his phone and held the camera up to Sarah's ass and pussy, some of his cum already leaking out in a steady stream. The video went to black.

Lester still hadn't cum yet. Watching the video hadn't been enough. He glanced at his monitor and saw Dan typing on his cell phone. It

would have been good to check and see what Dan was doing, but Lester needed to finish right now.

He loaded up another video he had taken later that night: The video started in vertical view. Part of the screen was obscured by something but the room was easy to identify. It was Dan's home office, just down the hallway from their bedroom.

Lester's big head filled the rest of the screen as he positioned the camera.

Lester moved out of frame. For almost five minutes, the video just showed an empty room.

Then Lester's naked body appeared as he plopped himself down on Dan's computer chair, twirling around to face the camera.

"Come here, sexy," He said, gesturing with his hands. Sarah's naked back came into the frame, and then her naked bubble butt. She was clutching their bed sheets to herself as she stepped forward.

Lester grabbed his cock and waved it at her, "He needs some attention, don't you think?"

"Already?" Sarah said, "We just had sex."

"That was almost an hour ago." Lester grinned, "Little Lester is ready for more."

Sarah dropped the bedsheets, presenting her naked body to Lester, "How dare you. He is anything but little." Watching the video, Lester gasped, marveling at how shapely Sarah's nude body looked. She could still get to him every time.

Sarah dropped to her knees and ran her hands up and down Lester's thighs. Her eyes alternated between looking at his cock and looking at Lester's ugly lust filled face.

"Tell me what you want me to do," Sarah breathed, "I want to hear you say it."

"I want you to suck my cock like you did earlier," Lester said.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah rocked back and forth, looking at his cock, "You mean like when you were supposed to leave?"

"You knew that wasn't going to be the end of it," Lester said, "You knew I'd come back in and take some more."

"I did. I know you want more. That's why I made sure to lock the door," Sarah stared into his eyes as her hands took his cock in her hands. She sat there kneeling in front of him, cock in her hand. Waiting for Lester to say something. Something to confirm what she thought.

"What can I say?" Lester said, "I found a spare key. With Dan out of the picture here, I figure you wouldn't mind having a man around the house."

"You don't just do that. That's fucked up, Lester," Sarah said as she started to stroke Lester's cock, "This is my home, you can't just come in anytime you like."

Lester reached forward and gripped the back of Sarah's head, his fat stomach pressing against his thighs, "That's what you said about your pussy, too, but here I am taking whatever I want."

Then he pulled her face down onto his cock. Her lips spread, and she took him into her mouth.

Sarah moaned around his fat cock. Lester put his leg between her legs, pushing his shin against her pussy. Like they'd done back in the Chicago apartment. Lester held her head with both hands, his fingers lacing through her hair. He guided her head up and down on his cock.

After a few minutes he slouched back in the chair as Sarah sucked his cock as hard as she could making gagging sounds as she did, "Gagrrr, gagrrr, garrgg, mhmhm gggmmmmmm, gmmmm gmmmmmm."

"That's it, Sarah. Suck my cock," Lester put both his hands behind his head and ran his shin up and down Sarah's pussy. She started to move her hips, rubbing herself against him, "You suck my dick with your entire body. Jesus."

Sarah came up for breath, looking into Lester's beady eyes but never took her hands off his cock. Both hands continued to stroke him. "You think you can just come into my house whenever you want and fuck me? Is that what you think?"

"Yeah, I own you. You're mine now," Lester sneered.

"I don't think Dan would agree with that," Sarah breathed, her breasts rising and falling as she stroked Lester's cock.

"Who gives a shit what Dan thinks?" Lester fired back, "He's never here, and I fucked his wife's brains out, and now she's sucking my cock."

"You're such an asshole sometimes," Sarah said, "Ughhh, but this cock is too good."

"I know you love it," Lester said, "How much bigger is it than Dan's?"

Sarah bit her lip and looked up at Lester, "Much bigger."

"Mhmhm, I knew you'd say that," Lester chuckled. Sarah leaned forward and licked the underside of his cock before working herself back to the top and licking around his cock head.

Her tongue explored every inch of his shaft before dropping down and finding his hairy balls.

Lester held her head in place as she twirled her tongue around his nutsack, her face pressing against the wrinkled tender skin, causing it to splay out across her face.

"Who's a better fuck?" Lester asked.

"Ughhh, you are," Sarah moaned from underneath his balls. "You fuck me better. You fuck me best."

An ugly grin spread across Lester's features, "You get wet just thinking about me. I know your body craves me now. Have you ever felt like that about your husband?"

"No...not like this," Sarah moaned, her tongue traveling around his sagging scrotum back up to his shaft. She wanted to have all of him in her mouth, feel her mouth full of his beautiful cock.

Sarah lowered her face down onto his cock, opening her mouth and taking in as much as she could.

Sarah's body was withering against his shin. His hairy leg stimulated her clit. She could work herself up like this. It was only a matter of time until she built up another fiery orgasm. God, this disgusting man had complete control of her body. Of her.

"You're my good little slut now, aren't you?" Lester moaned.

She thought back to the blowjob she had given him earlier. The way she had tried to take control. The power she felt in those moments. It had felt good, intoxicating. The control she'd had over him. Over his big cock. It made her feel powerful. She knew her looks always gave her an edge over men, but until this moment, she didn't realize the degree of control she had.

Sarah pulled her mouth off of Lester and stared up defiantly into his eyes.

"Mhmmm," She chuckled, "I'll admit. You've unlocked something in me. Something that might, mhmmm, have always been there but that I kept hidden." She planted kisses alongside the bottom of his cock girthy shaft before continuing, "Now I know just how fun it is to be a little slut."

"My slut," Lester corrected her.

"Mhmmmmhmmm," Sarah kissed the head of his cock lovingly, "I didn't say that."

"Now you are talking about sharing me. Sharing me with other men we've encountered. I don't know Lester..." Sarah trailed off, biting her lip. She continued to rub her pussy against his shin. It felt good. It was feeling really good, but she couldn't get enough of it. Couldn't stop herself from talking like this.

"The idea of being bad," She ran her manicured fingers up and down his shaft, "Just turns me on. So much. Whether it's with you or someone else, I think you might have created a monster."

"Ughhhh," Lester groaned, her words twisting inside his head. He had corrupted her, but what if he lost control of her? Lost control of the little monster he had created.

"You wouldn't," Lester breathed, feeling his cock twitching in her grasp, "You wouldn't fuck those guys. What would your husband say seeing you behave like that?"

"Mhmmhmmm," Sarah purred, her lips vibrating against his cock, "I thought we weren't supposed to care what Dan thinks?"

She smiled devilishly, her hips continuing to grind against his shin. She could feel an orgasm starting to build as her clit rubbed up and down his hairy leg, "Besides," she whispered, "I think he'd like to watch."

With that, Sarah dived back down and brought Lester's cock back into her mouth. She lowered herself down as far as she could, her mouth opening wide to take as much of Lester in as she could. She felt his cockhead nudge against the back of her throat. Her gag reflex kicked in but she held still, pushing past it as the tip of his cock touched the top of her throat. Tears leaked from her eyes, streaming down her face. Then she pulled off and did it again. And again, "

Aaaggghck, ggmhmmmm, ghughck, ghmmmm, hhh, gaaaggckggmgmm, oogghhgagmhmggmm, gaamgggmm"

Lester's body shuddered as Sarah repeatedly devoured his cock. Wet slurping and gurgled moaning sounds filled the room as Lester's cock bottomed out in the back of Sarah's throat again and again. Finally, with a flourish, she pulled her mouth off his cock, a long strand of saliva connecting her lips and his trembling cock.

Precum oozed out of his cockslit, and Sarah leaned forward and licked it off.

"Are you going to cum for me, daddy?" Sarah said.

Lester groaned, "Would you really do that? Fuck those guys?"

"I'm not a liar," Sarah said, keeping eye contact with Lester as she lowered herself back down to his balls. Her eyes closed as she started to tongue his nuts, swirling her tongue around the bumps of his ballsack. His unkempt, wild public hair pushed into her nose and tickled her eyelids.

Lester's hands came up to the back of her head and ground her against him. Craving more of this feeling of her worshiping his cock and balls. Sarah slid her tongue down the underside of

his balls until she found the top of the area under them, between his thighs. She started to twirl and lick his taint, causing his body to

shudder.

Lester grabbed her head and pulled her against him, lifting his hips and pushing her head down. The movement caught Sarah off guard, and her tongue brushed against something with a coppery taste.

Lester held her head still, trying and demanding more of it, but Sarah pushed the desk chair back with her hands. It collided with Dan's desk, and Lester almost toppled out of his chair, losing his balance.

Earlier, he had taken over her blowjob, and she didn't want that. Not right now.

She stared at him hard, challenging his stare. She had been so close to another orgasm just then, and he had tried to take advantage. Give himself what he wanted. But what about her?

She needed to cum.

His disgusting body sat before her, covered in hair, lacking any definition. His beady eyes peered back at her, shocked by her sudden movement. Her eyes locked with his cock, and she knew what she wanted.

Sarah stood up and quickly closed the distance between them.

"What the fuck Sarah?" Lester said before she shoved his chair back against the desk again and slid her legs over him, the balls of her feet touching the floor, and she lined up his dick with her pussy.

"I'm going to fuck you," Sarah said as she lowered herself down onto Lester's cock, her mouth hanging agape, and she felt his wonderful cock spreading her apart. Lester seemed shocked by her actions, which made it all the sweeter for her.

Inch after inch of Lester's spit-soaked cock disappeared inside the young mother until it was fully embedded inside of her. She looked down at Lester's ugly face with contempt in her eyes and then kissed him. Hard. As she started to work her hips back and forth around his dick.

Lester just moaned into her mouth as Sarah fucked him in Dan's office chair.

His hands found her ass and gripped her cheeks hard. He bit her lip and pulled on her ass while thrusting up, trying to set the pace. Sarah pushed down on his shoulder and ground her hips down, trying to set her own pace.

They struggled back and forth, keeping each other's stares as each jostled for dominance.

Sarah pushed her body up and then slammed it down, taking his cock inside of her. Lester thrust up off the chair, pulling her down with his hands.

Lester felt a full loss of control. His mouth started slobbering all over her breasts as he tried to grip her shoulders and get better leverage to fuck her. Sarah grabbed the back of his head and guided his mouth to her nipple as she bent her back forward, ensuring her hips were in control.

They battled back and forth as they fucked. Suddenly they were fucking in unison. Lester gasped up at Sarah, who looked down at him with lust-filled eyes.

"Fuck Lester," She moaned. "I'm gonna cum."

"Uhhghhhh," Lester groaned in response.

"Aren't you going to cum for me too, daddy?" Sarah bit her lip, "Knock me up? Fill me? Isn't that what you want? To claim me from

Dan? Well, do it, Lester. Cum for me.”

“Fuck,” Lester growled, “I’m going to fill you up until it leaks out of you.”

“Do it,” Sarah said as she ground her hips down onto Lester. His hands were running all over her body. The chair dropped two inches, the gasket blowing out from their combined weight.

Neither of them stopped as both felt their rapidly approaching orgasms on the cusp of explosion.

“Arghghh fuckk, I’m gonna blow,” Lester grunted through his teeth as he felt his balls beginning to swell.

“Cum for me daddy,” Sarah groaned. His words were sweet in her ear. Knowing he was going to cum. Him trying to knock her up. His bare cock inside of her. She felt his cock begin to swell and knew any moment Lester was going to unleash a torrent of cum into her. Feel his hot, sticky cum, covering her insides. “I, I love your cock.”

The thought was too much and sent her over the edge. She clamped her eyes shut and saw stars as she felt an explosion inside of her. It washed over her body, causing her to clench her jaw and drive her hips down, taking all of Lester’s cock. The balls of her feet dug into the ground as she let out a primal screaming moan, “AMMGHMMMFUUUUUCCCKCKKK.”

“Fuck, fuck —UHHHHHH,” Lester grunted as he unloaded deep inside Sarah for the fourth time that day. She was so utterly full of his cum now.

Both of them slowly fucked the other as they continued to experience lust-filled orgasms.

Sarah breathed and kissed Lester as he slumped back into the chair. They stayed connected, lightly kissing, each feeling lightheaded from

the powerful orgasms that just wracked their bodies.

Slowly, Sarah tried to stand, disengaging herself from Lester. With a 'plop,' she was off his cock, and it slapped back down on his thigh. Cum started to leak out of her, running down her leg. Sarah rushed out of the room, and Lester heard the bathroom door shut.

He sat there, some cum covering his thighs, mixed with Sarah's juices covering his crotch. Still trying to process what had just happened. Eventually, he lifted his head and checked the time.

It was getting late, but it wasn't that late. He thought if he had a few more minutes to recover, he could still fuck her one more time. Maybe after a quick nap. He wanted to fuck her prone again where she was stuck under him, milking his cock with her pussy.

Lester stumbled to his feet, gripping the arm of the chair for support. It spun around as he pushed off it, grabbed his phone from the bookcase, and shut off the recording.

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 21: Author Note

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

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

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

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

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

Anyways, here it is. Enjoy!

Toxic Attraction Ch. 21

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

She had arrived early to every group meeting since that last week when Lester had visited, and today was no exception. Dan had given

her the wake-up call she needed, reminding her how capable and driven she was.

Having him back in her corner helped ground her and put her back on the right path. She still felt embarrassed and somewhat disgusted about how she had just fallen to pieces and run into Lester's arms. The things she'd done with him at the hospital and in their home mortified her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hypocrite.

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

Easier said than done at the moment, though. She couldn't leave in front of all her peers and the new boss, who seemed extra critical of her.

She'd stay planted in this seat until someone else made the call.

Besides, she had her laptop, and she needed to catch up on dozens of emails.

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

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

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

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

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

"As you all know, we had that embarrassing IT breach before I came on board. Terrible and really preventable if you ask me," Richard said.

Sarah felt a tingling feeling at the base of her neck. "We rely on our IT

team to prevent such things. It should never have happened. That's why this morning we let Jerry go. I have someone in mind that could fill the role. We'd be lucky to have him join us."

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

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

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

"So we're going to replace Jerry and overhaul the IT team, get a new head who's going to rebuild the department from the ground up and bring it into this century," Richard said. "Another strategic move is looking at our HR department. We need to be more nimble, hire

faster, fire faster, and be willing to examine old, outdated policies to make this hospital run like a tech company. Marcie wasn't cut out for that and was unwilling to make these hard changes, so we decided to part ways."

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

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

His next victim.

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

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

"But that's going to start at the top," He was just a few chairs away from her. Sarah steeled herself for him to disappear from her peripheral vision. "So we need new eyes and blood to help guide us there. That's why we are going to have a new IT leader, who will be a direct report to me.

And for the time being, we're going to streamline the HR team. We won't have a head of HR but more of a managerial role who also reports to my team. It'll just streamline things and ensure I have a much better idea of everything that goes on in this hospital."

So he was consolidating power and eliminating any potential challengers.

Sarah was impressed and horrified at how easily and quickly he'd done it.

Richard disappeared from her view and she held her breath as he walked behind her.

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

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

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

Richard's fingers started massaging her shoulders through her blouse. His unwanted fingers exploring her shoulders as he feigned kneading them.

Sarah had never felt so uncomfortable in front of her peers. And she had no one to turn to. Normally she would have gone to Marcie in

HR but she was gone and it seemed like Richard was getting ready to stack the hospital with yes men who reported only to him.

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

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

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

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

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

"Are we boring you, Dan?" Byron's voice said from the computer monitor.

Dan turned his attention back to the screen. Jesse sat beside him, looking at the monitor.

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

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

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

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

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

"Good," Byron said, "I've sent over some specs for you to look at.

Nothing sensitive, more of a laundry list of things we'll need. Get on sourcing them at competitive bids."

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

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

"Let me ask one question," Dan said.

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

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

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

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

"Obviously. What I'm telling you is to focus on the work I give you.

Right now, it's to look over the specs. Save the questions for later. I have to run to another meeting," Byron said.

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

An amused look spread across Byron's face.

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

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

"Ah, that's good," He said, looking at the glass before putting it down,

"Now here's the thing. And I've seen it a hundred times before with people shit out of luck like yourself. This is the part where you're going to try to find a way out of this arrangement and do something stupid. Maybe it's that you quit your job and try to move back home.

Maybe this is where you try to change industries and start over. I'm sure there are plenty of dumb ideas cooking in, your busy brain, but here's the advice."

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

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

"Sounds pretty cutthroat," Dan said.

"We are," Byron said, "Which is why you should be careful. Get on our bad side again, and you may just find that the real estate division here buys up all the homes around yours, and we'll rent them out to crackheads.

We'll tank your neighborhood and then buy out the rest of the homes for pennies on the dollar. It wouldn't be the first time."

"But," Bryon said, "I'm sure it won't come to that. You're a smart guy.

You'll do what's best for your family. Ta-ta."

Byron pressed a button, and the video call ended.

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

Dan left Jesse's office and made a beeline for the elevator. It was time to do something that Byron would consider dumb. Dan wasn't sure how much of what Byron said was true and how much of it was

just him trying to be intimidating. Either way, Dan wasn't just about to roll over and take it.

Not when this asshole threatened his family and already had alluded to his interest in Sarah.

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

"Hello Dan," a non-descript man wearing a sharp suit took the seat across from Dan. The Starbucks was busy and no one looked in their direction.

Even though there were plenty of business types sitting around them or getting their orders, he couldn't help but think that the man across from him looked out of place. It wasn't the way he dressed but rather his mannerisms and the way he carried himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The fact that he even took the meeting meant he was interested.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Plant what?" Dan asked.

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

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

"Two hundred thousand?" Peter said.

"Yes, I thought corporate espionage was supposed to pay well. Besides, I know that two hundred K is a drop in the bucket of the

Lincoln Group's operation. I heard a little about all the verticals they are in today. If you're going up against them, your backers must have some serious cash, too."

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

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

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

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

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

"So this keylogger," Dan said, "It'll record Byron's passwords and stuff?"

I would've thought it was a virus or something."

"It'll record everything he types. So I'll know not only his passwords but everything he writes. All those secret projects and beyond will be ours. The Lincoln Group's IT team would likely catch a virus like that.

We've tried in the past. This USB is much less nefarious and shouldn't raise any alarms."

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

"Like what?" Dan asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still, parts of Dan's mind stirred at the possibilities. While he had forced Lester off Sarah and threatened him, he couldn't help but still picture them together. This fantasy felt like a drug that Dan's body still wanted, even though he was trying to cold-turkey his way out of it.

He wondered how hard Lester would try to fuck Sarah after Dan had put him in his place. If he were Lester, that would make it all the more rewarding to get with her. He shook his head, trying to dislodge the thoughts of them moving together as he went to open the apartment door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He itched his hardening cock through his basketball shorts, spreading Cheeto dust onto them. Dan was becoming an increasing pain in the ass.

Lester thought back to the way that Dan had grabbed him by the throat and thrown him out of the house. The disrespect of it. Lester shoveled another handful of Cheetos into his mouth as his mind went back to the pathetic way that he had acted afterward in his car.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah said.

Dan looked over at his wife. Even in her sweatpants and a hoodie, she looked sexy as hell. The loose-fitted clothing didn't do anything

to hide the tantalizing curves of her body. His eyes trailed up her legs, which were propped up on the arm of the couch. He looked at her fingers scrolling on the phone and then her lips. It had been some time since he had relieved himself, and he was having difficulty concentrating on anything but his wife.

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

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

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

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

"Sexy is sexy," Dan replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The timing seems awfully convenient," Dan said.

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

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

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

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

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked.

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

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

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

"It's looking pretty bleak," Sarah said, "Not only did they fire Jerry and Marcie but they've been releasing lower-level people across all departments. Asking every department head to find deeper cost savings.

I'm worried administrative staff will be next. I haven't really been able to show my value to the new CEO."

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

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

"Are you that worried?" Dan asked.

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

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

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

A slight grin lit up her face.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mhmm, come on Dan, tell me," Sarah leaned forward and whispered in his ear. Her hot breath caused goosebumps to raise

across his neck, "What about work is stressing you out? Or should I say, who is causing my baby stress?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Mhmmm, well, what if I help you with your work problem? Maybe I'll fly to Minnesota and help pacify them for you? Do you think that would work?"

"Do you think there is anything I could do to make them back off?" Sarah asked and then glanced down at her own body, her suggestion clear.

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

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

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

"I can feel your dick under me, I'll take that as a 'yes.'" Sarah said,

"What else is stressing my baby out? What else can I help you take care of?"

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

"Mhmmm, I'm surprised you brought him up. Especially after how things went last time. I didn't think you'd want me playing with him again."

Sarah breathed and gave him a light peck on the cheek.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You know the deal," Dan breathed.

"Tell me," Sarah said.

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

"And what?" Sarah said.

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

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

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

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

Sarah abruptly got off her husband. Her hands found the waistband of his pants and yanked them down to his ankles. His cock was making a tent in his boxers. Sarah pulled off her pants and panties in one swift motion.

Dan awkwardly pulled off his boxers just in time for Sarah to climb on top of him.

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

"Ahhhhhhh mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Dan's cock disappeared inside of her.

When his cock was fully embedded inside of her, she said, "What do you

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fuck," Dan breathed, "Maybe."

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

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

"Mhmmaahhhhh Dan!" Sarah moaned.

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

"Even when I saw you in our bedroom. And what you told me from before.

All those times I didn't know about. Fuck, it's dirty to say, but all of that still got to me, as much as I'm still pissed over it." Dan said as he started to fuck Sarah faster.

"Mhmm fuck baby, don't stop. Keep going. Punish me for being a bad wife."

Sarah said, "I deserve it. I've been so bad."

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

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

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

"I love you so much," Sarah said.

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

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

"Are you close?" Dan said breathlessly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Jesus," Dan muttered to himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And he's gonna pay you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that?"

Sarah said, "It seems almost too good to be true."

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

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

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

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

"Never," Dan said.

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

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

"How are your freelance clients?" Sarah asked.

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

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

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

"Well, let's see if we can get you some more clients. Maybe this weekend I can look on LinkedIn and find companies that might be a

good fit?"

Sarah asked, watching the traffic stream into the city ahead of them.

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah laughed and shook her head.

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

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

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

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

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

"Not sure. Probably soonish," Dan said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dan pulled the carry-on suitcases behind him, trailing slightly behind Sarah. He couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous ass as it swayed back and forth, pushing against the material of her tight jeans as she moved.

There was no way Lester wouldn't try to pounce on her the second they got into the apartment. And Dan wasn't entirely sure how he felt about that.

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

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

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

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

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

"What about Chinese?" Dan said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't knock it 'til you've tried it," Lester said with a wry smile,

"There's plenty of things I'm sure you didn't think twice about, but once you had a taste, you couldn't stop."

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

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

"Well, then say it," Sarah challenged.

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

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

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

"Well, when I read online about it, that's what I thought it was about."

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

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

"That's a little much buddy," Dan stood up to meet Lester's eyes, "Don't push your luck. The only reason you're involved in this at all is

because we allow you to be. After the shit you pulled last time, you're lucky I didn't push you out of the house harder."

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

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

What we did shouldn't have happened. Those times were a mistake."

"Were they?" Lester said, "You had a need and I was there to fulfill it.

Simple as that. You can dress it up however you want but that's what happened."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't know," Lester said, "I was worried you would change your mind,"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I want us to drop the illusion," Lester said, "Let's put our cards out on the table and call it like it is. It's not just dates. It's sex. Mind-

blowing orgasms for Sarah and you want to watch it. So where I'm sitting, you're getting a bonus from the deal."

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

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

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

Lester said.

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah's manicured hand reached out and met his. She felt an electric jolt run through her body as their skin touched. Lester gave her hand a couple of pumps before a grin spread over his face. He pulled her arm forward.

Sarah stumbled as her body crashed into his. While she was still getting her bearings, Lester's mouth pressed against hers, his tongue sliding in.

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

"What the hell?" Dan said.

"Didn't I make that clear?" Lester said, "That we drop all the pretense.

We all know this is about sex. From now on, I'm not going to rein myself in."

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

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

Dan and Sarah exchanged a look.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She licked her lips, tasting where Lester's lips had been, "Besides..."

Sarah started, her eyes shifting to give her husband that sexual expression she knew drove him wild, "We might just have fun with whatever this spice is."

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

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

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

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

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

"I know," Dan said.

"We're in this together, honey," Sarah said, "We're in control, remember?"

We can always stop things from happening."

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

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

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

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

"Maybe..." Dan started before he trailed off, hearing Lester's door close.

His fat, unkempt roommate's plodding feet smacked against the wood floor.

Dan peeked out into the living room, and sure enough, Lester was heading in their direction.

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

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

"Me too," Sarah said.

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

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

Cracking the lid open, he took a long sip before turning to the couple,

"Time for the spice."

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

"Oh, Dan," Lester shook his head, "You have so much to learn about women.

This is all part of the foreplay. You should really learn about it sometime if you ever want to satisfy your wife."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lester and Sarah both turned to look at him. Dan stepped into the living room and sipped his coffee, "Sarah can get changed on her own, Lester."

You stay here with me. Let's sit down."

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah closed Lester's door behind her. It had been some time since she had been here, and it looked like Lester had been letting himself go. The room smelt musty as she tip-toed in to look around. The room was a mess.

Dirty clothes covered the floor, plates piled on Lester's desk, and even an open family-sized bag of Cheetos.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah peeled off her top before unclasping her bra. Her nipples already felt hard, knowing she was doing exactly what Lester had commanded. Sarah let her bra drop onto the floor alongside Lester's

dirty clothes. Then, she lowered her pants and panties in one fluid motion, stepping out of them.

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

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

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

Sarah was draped in a purple babydoll-style robe. It hung loosely at the wrists, running up her shoulder before dropping into a deep v down between her breasts. Thicker lace trim adorned the edges. The two sides are connected with the flimsiest pieces of purple lace string in a knot.

From there, the robe flared out to the sides, running down to her hips and exposing matching purple lace panties that only had thin pieces of material running between the front and back. The rest of the robe ran down to just about her ankles.

But the most captivating part of it was that it was made of sheer lacey purple material. It left nothing to the imagination. Dan could see her skin underneath the robe, and his eyes felt like they were

going to pop out of his sockets when he saw her naked breasts on display through the translucent material.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah met Lester's gaze again before turning her attention to the door.

She sauntered over to it as the person on the other side knocked again.

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

A man who had to be in his fifties stood on the other side, looking impatient. His expression quickly changed when he caught sight of

Sarah.

They locked eyes, and then his gaze immediately dropped, slowly scanning over her body. He let out a long, appreciative whistle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, you know what they say," Vernon threw up his hands in a shrug.

Sarah and Lester both waited for him to finish his thought, but he never did. Lester grabbed the door and opened it wider.

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

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

"We thought you were the pizza guy," Lester said as he closed the door,

"He should be here any minute."

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

"Help yourself," Lester said.

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

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

Dan stood up and moved into the kitchen to keep an eye on this new guy.

Vernon was on his knees looking through one of the lower cupboards. The doors to the upper cabinets were all ajar.

"Ah," Vernon said, "Tequila!"

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

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

"Vernon and I -" Lester started.

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

Lester shot Vernon a piercing glare, "Right."

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

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

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

Lester turned to her and licked his lips. He stepped up to her, pinning her against the wall as his hand started to play with her panty line,

"But you've already started. You answered the door, and he's already seen so much of you. You played nice when my D&D group was here."

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

"That doesn't matter," Lester said.

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

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

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

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

Lester. She licked her lips, feeling like the game had started, and she couldn't help but embrace it and play her part.

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

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

"You okay?" Dan said.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just a little caught off guard." Sarah shook her head.

Her breasts swayed under the material as she did. "I didn't expect his friend to see me like this."

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

"No," Sarah said, touching Dan's chest. She lowered her voice, and a sultry look appeared on her face, "I thought you liked seeing me exposed.

Especially to men who aren't worthy of me." Dan looked down and saw his wife's thighs pressing together.

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

Sarah's hand ran down his chest to his crotch. She rubbed it and could feel her husband's hardening cock beneath. "Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned softly,

"I like what I feel, baby. Is that for me?"

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

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

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

"Oh, baby, not quite," Sarah whispered, her green eyes meeting his gaze,

"I'm in control." She squeezed him for emphasis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That sounds right," Sarah leaned against the door and bit her lip.

Seeing how nervous she was making this poor delivery driver excited her.

She had always enjoyed the effect she had on men, but lately, she'd grown to like it more. Using the voice she usually reserved for Dan or Lester, putting herself on display like this and seeing him squirm. There was something powerful about it. She was beginning to want to explore it more. The eyes of the three men in the living room were completely focused on her ass, which Sarah pushed out seductively, seemingly aware of the attention.

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

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

Sarah looked over the man's dark skin. "If I order chicken on my pizza next time," she was staring at his face, while he stared down at

the box,

"Do you use white meat or dark meat?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah looked left and right, feeling excitement course through her body.

She was standing, exposed in the hallway, wearing nothing but a sheer robe. Any neighbors that poked their heads out would be able to see her practically naked body.

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

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

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

She folded the bills up neatly and then reached down to the guy's jeans.

She found one of his front pockets and slowly tucked the bills into it.

The delivery driver shuddered at her touch, and Sarah smiled at the outline of his cock jutting against his pants.

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

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

"I shoulda been a pizza guy," Vernon was staring over the couch at Sarah, who was bending over to grab the pizza. She looked at her husband standing just outside the kitchen, clearly turned on by her

flirtation with the delivery driver. But Sarah wasn't done teasing, far from it.

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

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

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

"Dinner is served, boys."

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

"No need," Vernon said, driving into the pizza with his hands and pulling out a slice. A stream of orange oil dripped from it and landed on his shirt as he took a bite. Lester followed suit, grabbing his own slice.

Sarah waited as the two men ate, pretending not to notice their eyes on her.

Dan returned with some plates. Sarah took them and set them down on the table. She put a pizza wedge on one and gave it to Dan before getting one for herself. The four of them ate in silence. Dan felt like the apartment was filled with tension under the sound of Lester and Vernon's chewing.

Even though no one spoke, he knew exactly what the men were thinking.

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

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

"I like your outfit," Vernon said to Sarah, looking her up and down.

Sarah pretended to miss a lot of subtext to that comment.

"Oh, thank you," Sarah gestured to her robe, "Lester bought it for me.

What do you like about it?"

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

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

She smoothed the garment with both hands and pushed her chest out.

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

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

"So Lester did good?" Sarah asked.

"He did," Dan said.

"Maybe he needs to be rewarded," Sarah said, shifting her gaze to Lester.

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

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

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

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

All of her squirming had awakened something within the man's pants. Sarah stopped moving as she felt his bulge press directly against the opening of her pussy. Vernon quickly capitalized on Sarah staying still, his hands running up her body until he grabbed

both of her sizable breasts through the wispy robe. Then he used his right hand to find the edge of the robe's sheer material. His furtive paw dug d beneath the see-through screen, snaking around to cup Sarah's bare breast.

Sarah's breath sounded a sharp intake at the unexpected intimate touch.

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

"Vernon," Lester hissed.

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

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

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

She moved behind Lester's chair and put his arms around the fat man's shoulders. She stared at Dan, "Hmmmm, now, just how should Lester be rewarded, I wonder," Sarah mused, "This robe is beautiful. And I haven't received a gift like this from my husband in a long time. What do you think Dan? How should I reward your

roommate?" She gently rested her chin on Lester's head, betraying her deepening need to be in contact with his ugly body.

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

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

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

Sarah tugged on Lester's arm, expecting him to get up and follow her, but he continued to sit in the chair. Lester looked between Dan and Sarah and then slowly pulled himself up to stand. He grabbed Sarah by the hand and pulled her back towards his girth. Sarah's body crashed into his and Lester held her there against him for

several seconds while he looked at Dan, his massive gut pushing into her, her firm breasts pushing into him.

Then he turned his attention to Sarah, his hands grabbing the hair on the nape of her neck, causing her to open her mouth in protest.

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

Dan watched in fascinated horror as Sarah's taut body was pulled against Lester's. His disgusting tongue slowly plunged towards his wife's face.

Sarah seemed to have given up on keeping eye contact with him as Lester firmly tilted her head back. She was breathing hard, judging by how her crushed breasts were rising and falling.

He watched intently as Lester's tongue drew closer and closer to her lips. With a mix of arousal and disgust, Dan watched as his wife's perfect lips parted, letting Lester's large tongue invade her mouth.

Immediately, her body seemed to react to the sloppy kiss. Her body came alive and turned more towards Lester, her hands reaching out to caress his upper body. Dan could hear her moan into Lester's mouth, even as his roommate's large mass turned and shielded her from his view.

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

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

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

Lester turned Sarah around, his lips still hungrily locked onto hers.

Sloppy, wet kissing sounds filled the room, and both men could see the wife actively thrusting her tongue back into the short man's mouth.

Lester had Sarah's robe undone, his hands squeezing her bared ass and breasts voraciously.

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

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

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

Lester hiked up the bottom of her robe over her waist, exposing her naked legs and ass to the room. Everything had been visible under

the robe, but seeing her unobstructed skin made Vernon gasp and reach down to touch himself through his pants.

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

She couldn't lie to herself. She knew that was turning her on the most.

It was these two men about to watch Lester do whatever the fuck he wanted with her. Take her however he pleased.

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

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

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

Butterflies filled Sarah's stomach, and her whole body lurched in response. First from shock and then a full push backward towards

Lester's tongue. She seemed to ground herself into the couch, knees rubbing raw against the fabric, her hands firmly pressing into the cushion as she suddenly received the full delivery of Lester's tongue.

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

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

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

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

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

Lester stuck his full tongue inside of her quivering ass. His fat sinewy tongue pried her asshole open as his tongue darted in, wiggling deeply inside. With an unrelenting fury, he began twirling his tongue

around inside of her, alternating to quickly dart in and out like he was fucking her ass with his swollen tongue.

The effect was immediate. Sarah's eyes shot wide open, and she lost the ability to speak for several seconds, writhing and shuddering as if having had an electric current surge through her body. All she could hope to do was moan loudly at Lester's oral manipulation,

"Mhmmmmmmmmmgaaaaammmmmmm." Sarah's back arched as her weight pressed down on her hands, trying to force herself back onto Lester's face, trying desperately to take more of his agile tongue inside of her opened ass.

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

knowing she enjoyed it... and that Lester had done it before he could....

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

Unwilling to cease his dining, Lester smugly mumbled something behind her, the vibration of his lips on her asshole tickling her and furthering her excitement. She turned her head and saw Dan sitting there in the other chair, staring at her, mouth open, mesmerized by

what was happening before him. She saw his hand gingerly touching his crotch over his pants.

Her husband's eyes bore into her body, and she knew he was beginning to get lost in this. Losing control. Sarah knew she should do something. She should stop Lester and help keep Dan from losing his grip. Another wave of pleasure buffeted her body as Lester affixed his mouth to her anus and inhaled. Maybe, maybe she would stop him after Lester finished with her ass. Just a bit more of this, and she would stop what was happening.

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

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

Sarah's head swam in pleasure, forgetting everything else, including any thought of stopping this. Lester's massive fingers were causing her pussy to feel as if it were lit on fire as his tongue swirled and fucked her asshole. His wife-fucking tongue, spreading her tight little hole apart.

Her heavy-lidded eyes were still locked on Vernon's vile erect cock as he continued to stroke it. He was watching her. Watching her with Lester and his athletic tongue. Watching her body enjoy something so unthinkably depraved. She licked her lips as she stared at Vernon's thick unkempt cock. Her body was responding to him, knowing that he was hard for her.

Getting off to what she was doing.

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

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

radiating out from the most intimate part of her body, "YEEEEESS. YESSS.

OH, OHHHH, FFFUH, FFFUH, FUUUUCK YEEEESSS."

Sarah's asshole clamped down on Lester's tongue as her pussy did the same on his fingers. Lester championed his way through her clenching, continuing to work his tongue inside of the young mother's imploding asshole while his fingers continued to toy with her sensitive G-spot.

Sarah dropped her head and just moaned in response, her trembling body still tense as waves of electric pleasure washed over her senses.

"Uhhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, "God."

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

As Sarah's body came down from her first orgasm of the night, Lester felt her pussy relax and saw her asshole unclench. Grinning, he took the opportunity to pull his fingers out of Sarah's body and quickly removed his unwashed shorts. His large, intimidating cock stretched out before him for a moment as he lined himself up with

his target. From across the room, her husband and a stranger watched as her body wantonly moved back again towards the fat man as he effortlessly pushed the head of his cock into Sarah's wet and waiting pussy.

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

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

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

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

Sarah brushed the hair from her face and turned to Vernon, her eyes pleading, "I, I want you to watch me get fucked. I want you to see it."

Vernon's mouth hung agape, and he started to pump his cock harder. He kicked off his pants and boxers and put his feet up on the table. He was naked except for white tube socks and his shirt. His right big toe poked through a hole.

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

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

“Dan....” Sarah started, “Can I fuck the guy –”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dan," Lester said, "Your wife feels so good around my cock. So tight.

I've been missing this."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You loved it then, too, right?"

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

Lester smiled, "Good girl." Dan, deep in his lust-induced haze, wasn't entirely sure of what he'd just heard, but he knew it made his cock

harder. He was only touching himself every few seconds now, the show before him repeatedly bringing him dangerously close to shooting.

It was then that Lester grabbed Sarah by the back of her hair and pulled her up off the chair as his cock kept sliding in and out of her, fucking her relentlessly, her breasts flopping in time with his vicious thrusts.

Sarah gasped, barely able to touch the chair with her hands. The pain in the back of her neck hurt but it was a good hurt. A dominating, necessary kind of hurt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

All he could do now was watch and listen as Sarah moaned for his vile roommate.

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

"Who fucks you the best?" Lester asked

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

"Whose cock do you crave?" Lester said.

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

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

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

It'll help me cum too."

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

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

Please. Don't.

FFFFucking. Stop."

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

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

"MHMMMMMMMMMM," Sarah's moaned, echoing off the walls of the room,

"FUUUUUUUUCCCKKKK!"

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

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

Sarah finally breathed as her orgasm started to subside, replaced with the intense feeling of Lester's cock inside of her.

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

WHAP.

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

"Stand up," Lester said.

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

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

A shudder ran through Sarah's body at Lester's commands. Never would she have put herself on display for a man like this but amazingly she felt herself get even wetter, at Lester's words. She hadn't thought she could get any more aroused. She felt so exposed already. It was intoxicating.

To this stranger. This older, unkempt man who shouldn't even be in the same room with her. Exposing himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah's body shuddered visibly at Lester's words. She remembered alright.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lester held Sarah's hand as he sat down in the comfy leather chair. Sarah stopped a moment, radiant in the afterglow of what the odd man continued to do to her. She stared at the prize cock attached to his slovenly body.

Her attention shifted when he pulled her roughly on top of him, and then Sarah wasted no time, straddling his lap. She gripped his heated cock in her hands and directed it to her supple entrance, and began to impale herself on his outsized cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Touch your tits," Lester said, the sound piercing her haze. Sarah's delicate hands ran up her body until they found her breasts bathed in a sheen of sweat. She began lewdly massaging them and

tweaking her own erect nipples. Lester's hands seized her ass in a firm grip, harshly kneading her ass cheeks.

"How's it feel?" Lester croaked.

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

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

Lester breathlessly commanded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ugghhhhhh, you do, Daddy," Sarah moaned, her hands grabbing desperately at her breasts, touching herself with abandon as Lester

mauled her ass.

"You do. You fucking own me. Do whatever you want with me. I'm yours, Lester."

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah's eyes were closed serenely. She was too busy touching herself and reveling in the feeling of Lester's large cock bulging inside of her.

Even if they'd been open, her bliss made her only aware of a white glow as she focused on the feeling inside of her. Of her orgasm slowly building up. There was a hand on the back of her head, but something was off about it. Distantly, it occurred to her that the grip was coming from a weird angle.

The hand pulled her head forward. Sarah's eyes snapped open, and she saw herself being pulled towards a thick, foreign cock she didn't recognize.

On instinct, her mouth opened, and the cock was shoved deep into her mouth. Her tongue ran along the underside of it, tasting the unknown cock. It tasted and felt so different in her mouth than either Dan's or Lester's. The wide cock hit the back of her throat, and the hips attached to it started to face fuck her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The new strange cock was like gasoline to the conflagration beginning to flash inside Sarah. She'd never had two cocks in her body at once before.

She'd played with the fantasy, with both Lester and Dan sucking on their fingers as they'd fucked, but having the real thing, the desire of two men's big cocks, was sending her body into overdrive.

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

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

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

"Sarah...." Lester said, completely bewildered at what he was witnessing.

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

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

"Uhhhhhhh," Vernon groaned as Sarah's tongue swirled around his hanging nutsack. She licked over matted-down hair, finding the raised follicles on his balls, licking and sucking every inch of the puckered skin.

Tasting his sweat. Vernon almost lost his balance and fell off the couch but quickly steadied himself. Sarah didn't seem to notice.

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

Sarah ignored him and licked up the length of Vernon's broad shaft before sucking his full length back into her mouth again. "Mhmmhmmmmmmhmmmm,"

her gurgled moans escaped from the sides of her mouth as it stretched to accommodate Vernon's pistoning member.

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

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

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

Sarah's mind couldn't manage to hold any other thought. All she wanted, needed to do was hold onto the feeling building inside of her and never let the sensations go. She wanted more of it. Her body was counting down to a nuclear orgasm, and she was tightly

holding onto both cocks for dear life, not wanting anything to stop the explosion.

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

Sarah didn't immediately look at him. Instead, she took him out of her mouth and moved her head forward, her face disappearing into the mess of public hair below his shaft. Vernon groaned his approval. Sarah's hand kept pumping his trunkish shaft as her tongue licked Vernon's heavy nuts.

The odd man grabbed the back of her head and pulled her closer into his saliva-slicked sack. Prickly pubic hair shot up Sarah's nose, but she held on with her hand and mouth like a woman possessed with a need for cock, determined to make both of the organs inside her shoot their cum.

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

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

Lester felt his balls start to tighten before he was ready. He awkwardly put his hands on Sarah's hips to slow her down and fuck her at his own pace. He didn't want to cum yet, it was way too soon.

He wanted to fuck her all night in different positions in front of Dan. This wasn't how it was supposed to happen. Sarah's bouncing torso was too strong. His hands pulling her down onto him barely had any effect. Her hips rolled rapidly above him, coaxing his considerable load out of his overweight balls.

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

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

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

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

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

was being polished by his wife, who was going to town on his open asshole.

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

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

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

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

Vernon turned and quickly stuck his thick cock down her waiting throat.

The bulbous head surged past her tongue and her tonsils, pushing into her throat.

"MhhmmhmmmmGllllaaccck," Sarah moaned and choked on his cock as she felt a tsunami explode inside of her. Her body was rocked dizzily as she came harder than she'd ever experienced. Her toes

and feet curled, her nails dug into Lester's forearm. Her other hand gripped Vernon's cock so hard it would bruise, and he'd discover the dark ring the next morning.

"Glaaach, glaaaack, glacccck," Vernon continued to violently fuck her throat, making her orgasm tremble and reverberate inside of her like a symphony of music cascading off the marbled walls of a concerto theater.

Crescendoing into this next movement, with no intention of letting up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You broke the deal." Lester sneered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tonight had made a few things crystal clear to her. Despite Lester's protests, Vernon still found a way to get what he wanted. Not that

she was complaining but if a situation like that ever arose again, Sarah would need to be the one to protect herself.

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

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

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

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

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 22: Author Note

Well, it is that time of the month again. No - not the end of the month, time for thousands of erotic words about a prim and proper wife being pulled down into the dirt by some brute and enjoying every second of it.

This chapter picks up right after CH21. I hope you enjoy where it goes. I've updated bits of it from the Insider feedback. Also thanks to Grandeman for the edits and Roxy for the outfits.

I have some lofty writing goals as we head further into the fall. I won't say too much on this yet but suffice to say I have high hopes for future stories. I'm hoping to wrap up Detestable Liaisons very soon as well.

Well, I know you like reading what I write but I'm sure you couldn't care less about these intro messages so here is Chapter 22 of Toxic Attraction.

P.S: Attachments are inspo for Sarah's outfits in this chapter.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 22

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

She still couldn't believe that she had actually taken two cocks into her body at the same time. It had been something she'd always fantasized about doing. It didn't happen exactly the way she'd thought it might have. She always assumed she and Dan would get wild on vacation somewhere and indulge both their fantasies with a

stranger, preferably a good looking one. She certainly didn't think she would be riding Dan's ugly roommate while another weird stranger fucked her mouth.

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

She wasn't sure where he would land, but Sarah didn't regret it. Not yet, anyway.

Sarah reached out into the dark and found her phone on the nightstand. Through squinting eyes, she checked the time. She guessed it was late or early, depending on how you looked at it. She glanced back over at Dan, who was sound asleep, and slid out of the bed. It looked like she'd fucked him into exhaustion with the contented look on his face. Still, nature called, and she needed to leave that bed.

Not only was she wired, but Dan's bed was also notably uncomfortable. Lumpy in a way that affected her ability to get a good night's sleep.

She tiptoed to the door, opening it before gently shutting it behind her. A small part of her mind warned her about moving about the apartment in just her panties, but that voice was growing more faint as time went on. Trying to keep quiet, Sarah slipped into the bathroom and used the facilities. While washing her hands, she looked at herself in the mirror and shook her head, smiling at herself.

The absurd events of the night before still played in her mind, and she couldn't help but laugh at herself and what her life had become.

If Dan hadn't moved to Chicago, she couldn't have imagined doing the things she'd done, especially with someone other than her loving husband.

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

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

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

His cock twitched at the sight of her body. He was once again happy that he had sprung for the higher definition cameras as his eyes ran over her bare legs and jiggling naked breasts as she tiptoed into the bathroom. A predatory smile crossed his face as he marveled at Sarah's curves and gorgeous face. He could never get enough of her.

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

that kind of extravagance. She resigned herself to a few more hours on the misshapen bed.

As she moved down the hallway towards Dan's bedroom, a faint blue light spread through the hallway.

She felt the frightening thrill of being caught, stopping in her tracks. A dark figure momentarily dampened the bluish glow. Sarah recognized the shadowy silhouette. Lester. He stepped forward, the faint light emanating from a screen in his room behind him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I bet," Lester said, looking her up and down. He slowly reached out and smoothly put his hand around the wrist that was covering her

breasts, gently pulling it away from her body, finding no resistance.

Sarah's naked breasts came on full display for Lester, heaving up and down in time with her rapidly quickening breath.

"Lester...." Sarah started.

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

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

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

"Dan?" Sarah whispered. He didn't stir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lester smiled and shook his head.

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

"For this," Sarah whispered, "I need your cock."

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

"Did you peek?" Sarah asked, "Through the peephole?"

"No," Lester said, "I couldn't give a shit about seeing you with Dan."

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

"You certainly put on a show tonight," Lester said. "That wasn't what I wanted."

"Sometimes you don't get what you want," Sarah said reproachfully, "Sometimes it's about what I want."

She squeezed him then, telling him the truth.

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

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

Lester's face was covered in an ugly smile. "First, I want you to tell me what you want."

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

"And where's your loving husband going to be?" Lester said.

"He's in the next room. He's asleep," Sarah said.

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah's eyes were closed as Lester's lips were leaving a wet trail of his drool cooling on her neck. Her body shuddered at his words, and the electricity of his sucking lips pressed into her flawless skin.

She still couldn't believe that she was here, half naked in Lester's room while his hands roamed her body and his lips were on her. It wouldn't make any sense to an outside observer, but only she had experienced the incredible events that led to this moment.

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

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

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

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

Lester sneered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah's body finally came down from her powerful climax; her muscles relaxed, and she laid back into the bed, luxuriating in the pleasure she'd gotten from Lester's mouth. Her thighs let go of Lester's head, and he pulled back, heaving and gulping a deep

breath. Sarah opened her eyes at the noise, looking down at Lester and chuckling at his beet-red face.

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

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

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

"C'mon, Lester, I need you to fuck me."

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

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

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

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

Lester's smile broke wide, and he didn't waste any more time, roughly crawling on top of Sarah as her legs opened to welcome the

ugly trollish man between them. Lester's gut pressed down onto Sarah as

he settled his weight on top of her, pushing the air from her lungs. His bare cock, slick with precum, quickly found the drenched entrance to her pussy and began pushing himself in.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's what I like to hear," Lester said as he gently bit at her lip. As he lowered his lips back to hers, he tilted his head slightly and pushed his sizable tongue deep into her mouth. At the same time,

he pulled his hips back until only the tip of his cock was nestled in the folds of her pussy, then pushed his cock fully back inside of her til their hips slapped together.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's gonna feel even better when I cum inside you," Lester whispered. "I can't fucking wait."

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

"That's my girl," Lester grunted, still sliding his cock slowly and steadily. Sarah's body was responding to him in real-time. He could

read her like a sheet of music, the effect of each thrust. Every grunt and moan.

Her body was telling him that she wouldn't be able to hold out long before cumming again herself.

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

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

"Fuck Lester. You feel so good," Sarah moaned, her hands flung around his sweaty back, pulling him down on top of her. She felt more of his weight on her frame. It was intoxicating, feeling like she was trapped under him, needing to give in to whatever he wanted to do to her. "Don't stop, baby. Please."

Sarah groaned, thrusting her shapely hips up off the bed to meet him.

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

Sarah felt her body start to tingle. Lester's words laced through her ears like a seductive serpent focused on enhancing her pleasure. Sarah closed her eyes and tried to focus on her orgasm, but it was difficult.

Everything was stimulating her body. Lester's words had put her body into overdrive, his warm Cheeto breath on her face, his

disgustingly sweaty back, and the way she felt pinned under him. Everything was adding up to make Sarah want to scream and just let loose.

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

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

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

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

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

"Good girl," Lester grunted, pulling his cock out. It was not an easy feat, as Sarah's pussy had it in a death grip. Lester slammed it back

into her. His cock rocked her orgasm, pushing it to yet even higher levels.

Lester kept slamming into her, ignoring the iron grip her pussy tried to have on his cock. He wanted to push her into another brain-melting orgasm.

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

"Ah fuck. Uhhh. God. MHMMHMMM. FUCK. YES. PLEASE. YOUR COCK. PLEASE. YES. FUCK ME LESTER! "

Sarah's body was out of control. Nails dug into Lester's back as she clenched her teeth. Her face grew red as she focused so much energy on fucking back on Lester's raw battering ram of a cock. Her ankles were locked behind his fat ass, and she pulled herself further onto his impaling pole.

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

"Do it. Oh my god. Oh GOD, DO IT LESTER. DO IT! I LOVE YOUR FUCKING COCK!" Sarah screamed, not worried about anything else at that moment. Consequences be damned. She knew her next orgasm was about to crash down on her body. The thought of Lester's hot cum pumping into her was driving her

insane. "FUCK ME LESTER. I LOVE IT! I FUCKING LOVE YOUR COCK! GOD, Don't stop. I, I LOVE YOU!

FUCKKKK. FFFFUUUUHHHCK!"

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

"OH GOD," Sarah shouted as she felt Lester's cock explode inside of her. His hot cum drenching her, filling her up completely in an instant. Rope after rope of cum kept exploding into her in a never-ending loop.

Sarah grunted loudly as her body came again. Another orgasm washed down on Sarah, dwarfing the previous one as it overtook it and took over her entire body.

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

Sarah's pussy continued to clench down on Lester's cock as she came, her body trying to milk every last drop of pleasure out of it. Lester pushed his head down, his lips mauling Sarah's as the contradictory lovers came together. Sarah's tongue pushed into Lester's mouth, barely registering the taste of Cheetos as she found his tongue with hers. They kissed each other hard as both of their bodies continued to go through the bliss of their orgasms, Sarah's arms still clutching Lester's sweaty, hairy, pasty back.

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

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

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

She looked over at Lester, whose eyes were closed, his breathing growing deeper as sleep overtook him.

Her mind wasn't thinking clearly, but she had thoroughly enjoyed that session. The way Lester had tenderly held her while still driving deep inside of her had been overwhelming.

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

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

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

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

His eyes snapped open, and he looked around the empty room for any sign of his wife. The door was closed, and her duffel bag was still in the corner of the room, the nightshirt she'd pulled out laid over it.

Dan sat up and quickly threw on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. Sarah had likely woken up earlier and left the room to shower or get coffee. Being considerate, she shut the door behind her so she wouldn't wake him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All he knew was that Sarah had gone to see Lester after Dan had fallen asleep. And Dan's cock was rock hard at the thought. He stepped up to the bathroom door and tried the handle. She had left it unlocked.

He couldn't deny that the look she gave him turned him on. And the fact that she had spent the night with Lester....while conflicted, he couldn't deny that his lust for his wife was at an all-time high.

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

With Sarah headed back home, Lester sat in his command center, staring at the monitor in front of him.

His hands were clasped together in a steeple before his face as he contemplated his next move.

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

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

Putting her on display to his D&D friends and strangers behind the windows of his car was one level.

Vernon was quite another. Even fucking her against her office window overlooking the hospital's parking lot had been a tactic he'd used to push her into obedience, succumbing to her own desires.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No fucking way.

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

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

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

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

Vernon. "No, I didn't do that. Cancel all my cards and reissue new ones."

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

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

"Fuck," Dan muttered, looking down at his phone.

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

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

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

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

She smiled at him and gently bumped him with her shoulder, "This trip isn't just about work. It's about getting you out from under these guys, remember? One less thing for you to have to worry about. We

plant that USB, and then you can get out from under them and deal with everything else, one thing at a time."

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

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

"I'm still not sure how we'll get that USB into Byron's office," Dan said.

"You go there and work like you normally would. See if you can find an opportunity to do it or just scope the place out. Then, we'll talk

and figure out the best way to approach it. Okay?" Sarah said reassuringly.

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

"What?" Sarah asked.

"It's nothing," Dan looked out the window.

"No, tell me," Sarah said, "What is it?"

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

"Oh did it?" Sarah asked.

"I know," Dan said, "You just do something to me. I love when you behave badly but I feel like I shouldn't.

Shouldn't love it."

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

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

The Uber pulled up in front of the same hotel they stayed in last time. After grabbing their luggage, they quickly checked in and

settled into their room. Dan got dressed in his work attire and kissed Sarah on the lips before departing for The Lincoln Group's office.

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

Byron ushered Dan in and dismissed the receptionist while he finished his call. Dan wasn't about to sit like a patsy on the couch, instead opting to stand until Byron was done his call. Jesse smirked at him from

the couch, but Dan pretended to ignore it. Byron didn't so much as glance his way as he lowered his voice and spoke into the phone.

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

Byron looked behind Dan and then around the office, "Where's that lovely wife of yours?"

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

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

"Well, she's not getting paid to be here, so, no, she won't be," Dan said coldly.

Byron just stared at Dan for several seconds, sizing him up. A predatory smile broke across his face,

"Fine. Let's get started."

Byron gestured to the couch where Jesse was sitting, with his laptop on the table in front of him. Dan sat down next to his former subordinate while Byron sat in a chair opposite. Byron leaned back in this chair, stretching his arms above his head, "You know, I would gladly compensate your wife for her.....services.

She's going to join us for drinks later. I'm not asking."

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

The trio got down to business, discussing some of the finer points of The Lincoln Group's projects that Byron had been unwilling to discuss over the phone. The project was very ambitious and somewhat sketchy. From the sounds of it, it seemed like the company was establishing some off-the-grid community that had energy requirements far exceeding those of a normal subdivision. It made Dan think that they were building some kind of secret commune.

Byron wouldn't reveal any details of the location, but he did say that all of the housing unit's energy, internet, and other services would run through a central monitoring hub. What might occur in that hub still remained a mystery.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's tucked away. Yeah, I think so." Dan said, "I still don't know how we're going to get in there, though."

Maybe tomorrow, we can bait him out of his office while I'm in there, and I can attach it." Dan was pacing back and forth now, anxiously visualizing the office.

Sarah walked up to him, stopping his stride. She put her hands on his chest and looked up at him,

"Honey, relax. Okay? We'll figure it out."

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

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

Just after nine, Dan and Sarah entered the loud bar across the street from The Lincoln Group offices.

Several heads turned their way as they made their way across the crowded bar to the lounge area at the back.

Sarah pretended to ignore all the glances she was getting, but she secretly loved the attention. She knew exactly what she'd been doing when she put her outfit together. Long flowing black dress

pants that tapered at her midsection. A very low-cut tank top in faux silver alligator skin with black straps. The top exposed a lot of her chest, sitting low enough that she didn't wear a bra with it. She knew that eye contact would be a problem with any man she talked to tonight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I heard," Sarah smiled, "That's really great. Dan said it's an awesome and really prominent company. I wish that Dan would be able to land something like that." Sarah eyed her husband and gave

him a wicked smile. Dan hadn't realized it until just that moment, but Sarah was playing her game the second she walked into the bar.

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

Byron shrugged, "Had no idea."

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

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

"Hmmm," Sarah said, gazing Jesse up and down, "Too bad."

Despite the unfortunate circumstances, Sarah was enjoying herself, teasing Jesse and Byron in front of Dan and making them think lustful thoughts about her. She loved the power and attention it gave her. All three of them were like putty in her hands. She couldn't wait to get Dan alone later and see his reaction to all of this.

Byron took a large sip and finished his scotch. Sarah eyed it and took another gulp of her wine. The small size pours weren't nearly enough, "Byron, can you get me another?"

"Sure thing," Byron said, raising his hand to catch the server's attention. When he did, he motioned to their drinks and gave her a thumbs up. Sarah was staring at him.

"Is there a wife at home, Byron?" Sarah asked.

Byron chuckled and knocked back his drink, "Not anymore."

"I'm sorry," Sarah said.

"Don't be," Byron eyed her, "It's better this way. I was too much for her to handle."

"What does that mean?" Sarah asked, leaning in."

"I kept her satisfied and more. But she couldn't quite ever keep up with me. Which is why I find you so intriguing."

"How's that?" Dan asked, cutting in.

Byron eyed him, and a sly smile spread across his face. He looked at Jesse and then back to the loving couple at the booth. "I know all about your arrangement with your roommate. Now, I'm not one to judge, but it sounds like Sarah here has the same insatiable appetite as I do. That their spouse can't quite keep up with them. Don't get me wrong, I'm not sure I would marry you, Sarah, but I do love knowing an insatiable minx like yourself is out there, waiting to pounce."

Sarah almost choked on her drink.

"Let's change gears here," Dan said, coming to the rescue, "We don't really want to talk about that."

"Why not?" Byron said, "It's fucking fascinating. Letting a woman like this get with your schlubby roommate. What are you thinking?"

Dan stared daggers at him. Recognizing the rising tension, Sarah moved to change the conversation's course and proceed with her plan.

"So, Dan tells me you have him working on some exciting project," Sarah said, "Something about a subdivision?"

"It's way more than a subdivision," Byron said dismissively to Dan. "It's a whole new community designed and controlled from the ground up."

"Really?" Sarah said, feigning interest. The server returned with their drinks, and Sarah immediately asked for another. "Tell me about it."

What makes it so special?"

Byron began talking about the project his company was working on. He kept the details vague but kept overstating how cutting-edge and important it would be. As he talked, Sarah slid her foot out of one of her heels and extended her leg, letting her calf run up and down against Jesse's leg. Sarah had to stifle a laugh at his reaction. It looked like he was ready to cum right in his seat.

She shared a conspiratorial look with Dan. Despite his anger at the situation, his face betrayed his aroused emotions. Byron continued to talk about his secret project. Sarah nodded along but didn't really listen to what he was saying. She knew the type of guy Byron was. He loved to hear himself talk so he would feel important and powerful.

"Isn't that right, Dan?" Byron said, turning to her husband. As he did, his hand disappeared below the table and rested firmly on Sarah's thigh.

"Sure," Dan agreed, "We'll get it all done on the right timetable."

"That's what I like to hear," Byron finished off his scotch, signaling for another. "Sarah, your husband is great at what he does. I'm sorry, but I'm going to keep him very busy over the next few months."

"Oh," Sarah said with a disappointed look, "If my husband is so busy, what ever am I going to do with myself?"

Byron chuckled and turned back to face her, "I can think of a few things." He ran his hand further up her thigh and smiled at her. Sarah leaned forward and whispered, "You know, I'm disappointed I didn't get that tour of your office earlier."

"Really?" He said slyly as his hand massaged her thigh.

"Is it too late for one now?" She asked, "I'd want a private one, without your coworkers hanging around."

Also," she craned forward to speak into the older man's ear, "can you dance?"

"Oh. Oh! Yeah. Yes, I can." Byron sat up and checked his watch. Sarah could tell he was already well on his way to being sloshed. She took another long sip of her wine, finishing it off. "It's late," Bryon said,

"Everyone should be gone by now."

Byron smiled, "You want to go now?" Sarah nodded her head, smiling at him.

Byron turned to Jesse and Dan, "Hey boys, uh, Sarah didn't get the office tour earlier. I'm just gonna take her across the street and show it to her. You guys stay here, we'll be right back."

Byron got out of the booth and held his hand to Sarah, helping her out while his eyes ran up and down her body. She shared a quick, knowing look with Dan, who simply nodded back to her. Sarah hadn't realized just how much the alcohol had hit her until she stood up. Jesse looked heartbroken as Bryon led Sarah out of the bar.

"Are you really just going to let her go with him?" Jesse said pleadingly to Dan.

"She's a big girl. She can handle herself," Dan said, taking a long sip of his drink, "Besides, you didn't try to stop them."

Jesse just shook his head, "I...I don't..."

"So here's what's going to happen," Dan said, turning an angry gaze to Jesse. He gestured a finger back and forth between them, "You and me, we're going to find a way to get me out of this whole thing."

You're going to help me, or I'm going to have a nice long chat with Byron about what I know."

"There is no way out," Jesse said, "Besides, I'm not scared of him."

"Oh yeah? He'll forget all about me and burn your world to the ground. You heard him back in your office, and you heard the threats he made against me. What do you think he'll come after you with?"

A thought occurred to Dan at that moment. Maybe he should just contact Byron and burn Jesse again.

But there were no guarantees that Byron would let Dan walk or that Jesse's company wouldn't still work with him. He needed a cleaner break.

"What do you want me to do?" Jesse was staring down at his drink.

"We're gonna get your company to fire me," Dan said.

"They won't do it," Jesse muttered, still staring at his beer, "Hiring you is a clause in our contract with The Lincoln Group. They'd have to get that approved by Byron, which, after tonight, I don't think he is going to do."

Dan sat back against the booth, trying to think of a way out of this. He still felt trapped, but at least now he had something of an accomplice in Jesse that he could take advantage of. He knew he still couldn't trust Jesse fully, though.

"We'll figure something out," Dan finally said, finishing off his drink. He eyed Jesse, "Tab's on you, right?"

Jesse nodded as Dan left him alone at the booth and headed out onto the street.

Across the street from the bar, Byron and Sarah rode up the elevator. Byron had his arm draped around Sarah's shoulders as his eyes feasted on her cleavage. When the elevator doors opened, the dark floor of The Lincoln Group's Minnesota office appeared before them. Byron led Sarah into the open atrium before a glass wall obstructed their path. He reached into his pocket and retrieved a set of keys, quickly unlocking a glass door. He held it open for Sarah, who walked through. Byron's eyes were glued to her ass as he followed, it swayed hypnotically as he walked behind her.

"Which way to your office?" Sarah asked.

"This way," Byron said, sliding up next to her and placing a gentle, guiding hand on her supple ass, leading her further into the depths of the office suite.

"Here it is," Byron said as they walked to the end of a hallway to his corner office. He opened the door and let Sarah inside. She looked around at the decor as Byron started to take off his suit jacket and openly eye fucked Sarah.

"Byron," Sarah turned to face him. The alcohol was starting to take effect as she saw the lust-filled expression on Byron's face. "Do you have a kitchen here? Or, like a pantry?"

"Yeah," Byron said, closing the distance between them, "There's one across the office."

"Could you run and get me a bottle of water so I can get more comfortable?" Sarah smiled as she looked Byron up and down. A shit-eating grin appeared on Byron's face, and he raised his eyebrows.

"Sure thing," He said as he walked over to the door, "I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere."

"Oh, I won't," Sarah said, "I'll be here waiting for you." A smile played at the corners of her lips.

Byron flung open the door harder than he probably meant to do and disappeared into the hallway. Sarah quickly opened her purse, grabbed the USB, and hurried around the desk, her steps unsteady from the alcohol.

She quickly got on her knees, looking under the desk for Byron's computer tower. All she needed to do was plug the USB in. To her growing horror, she couldn't find the tower anywhere. It wasn't under the desk, not even suspended under it. The cabinets were full of papers. She ran her hands along the monitor, looking for any kind of USB slot, but both were already filled. Sarah's eyes darted around the room, looking for any wires running from the desk to a hidden tower somewhere, but she couldn't find

anything. Nothing behind the couch, nothing on the bookshelf. The only wire she could find was the cord to a power strip that powered the monitor.

Her body swayed on dramatically as she looked around, feeling like she was completely out of ideas.

There wasn't anything to plug the USB into. She hurried back over to the desk to peek under it one last time.

"I'm back," Byron sauntered back in with a freshwater bottle in his hand. Sarah quickly put her sexy face back on, replacing the worried and frustrated one formed a moment earlier.

"It took you long enough," Sarah said, standing up straight. "I was starting to get bored."

Byron set the water bottle down on the desk, "What are you doing down there?"

"Oh," Sarah stalled for time, trying to think up an excuse that wouldn't get her caught, "Just wondering if there was room for me down there."

"And?" Bryon asked as he slumped himself down into his chair, "Is there?"

"I'm not sure," Sarah said.

"Why don't you get down on your knees and see?" Byron suggested. Sarah stood staring down at him before slowly lowering herself to her knees. Byron unbuckled his belt and pulled it out of the hoops on his dress pants before unzipping his fly.

Sarah froze, watching as Byron slid off his pants. She was about to do this for no reason. No USB, no corporate espionage. Her entire plan just went out the window.

"What do you think of this," Byron said as a semi-hard cock sprang into view as he lowered his boxers. It was girthy, longer, and thicker than Dan's but still not as impressive as Lester's amazing cock. Still, she couldn't take her eyes off it as she realized kneeling before this piece of shit man was making her wet.

"Still think I'm a little boy?" Byron asked.

"No," Sarah breathed, her eyes still focused on his cock.

"You know, it's rude to stare," Byron said as his hand looped behind Sarah's head. His fingers ran through her blonde hair as he pulled her head towards his angry-looking cock. "Put that pretty little mouth on it."

Sarah's brain was still trying to think of a way to make the most of this situation. A way to get what Dan needed and somehow get access to Byron's computer. But her body was already responding, her lips opening up, taking Byron's cock into her wet, warm mouth.

Byron moaned as his cock disappeared into Sarah's eager mouth. Sarah couldn't believe how easily she had just obeyed his request and accepted her fate. She should have maneuvered into something else, going to another office. Looking in a conference room. Instead, her body just gave in to the path of least resistance. What was wrong with her? And why was she enjoying this so much? She felt like her body was running on different programming than her brain.

"Ah, yeah," Byron moaned, "That's it, Sarah. I knew from the moment I saw you that I'd have my cock inside of you. It was only a matter of time."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Byron's cock. She couldn't help but compare it to Lester's in her mind. Byron's cockhead was unusually large, and he seemed to know what he was doing. Byron's dick was pretty hot, but Lester's amazing cock just did something to her that she couldn't quite express in words. Sarah licked up Byron's shaft and kissed its enormous head, "I'm surprised there's room for me down here. I expected the space to be taken up by a computer."

Byron chuckled, "Thank god for the IT nerds then. My computer is just the monitor and the Bluetooth keyboard and mouse. If I need to do any heavy lifting, I just remote into a more powerful workstation.

I'm sure we would have figured out someplace else to get you on your knees."

So, this whole thing was pointless. There was no computer to plug the USB into. She could still just get up and walk away. Get out of the office, saying she changed her mind. The wet cock in her hand throbbed, and Sarah looked down at it, unable to take her eyes off of it. It wasn't Lester's by any means, but she still felt powerful holding it in her hand.

"I would have managed. I'm very skilled," Sarah whispered.

"Show me your skills then. I knew you'd be a good cocksucker," Byron thrust his hips up, running his cock up Sarah's hands.

Sarah looked up at him while lowering her tongue to his bulbous throbbing head, "You have no idea."

Then his cock disappeared into her mouth as Sarah lowered her face onto it. Sarah expertly stroked the shaft of Byron's cock as she sucked as much of it into her mouth as she could manage.

"Mhhmmmmmm," She moaned around his cock. Sarah had grown addicted to feeling her mouth stuffed full of cock, the sensation in itself turning her on immensely. All of this seemed so out of character, but it felt so fucking good to give in to the craving.

"Damn," Byron breathed, staring down into Sarah's green eyes, "I should have invited Dan up here so he could see this. I bet that little cuck would be hard as a rock seeing you on your knees for me. After all the shit he's caused, I'd love to see the look on his face. Is this how you dance?"

Sarah slowly licked up Byron's shaft, causing his body to shudder in response. Her tongue swirled around the head of his cock, licking a drop of precum that had formed there. Byron's cum tasted different than either Lester's or Dan's. It was the most bitter of the three.

"Slow down," Byron breathed, "Take your top off."

Sarah begrudgingly let go of Byron's cock and reached down to pull her form-fitting shirt off. The faux-alligator skin shirt held her breasts up so well that she hadn't worn a bra. Byron's eyes lit up as Sarah's naked breasts were exposed to his sleazy gaze in the dim office.

"Fucking A," Byron leaned forward and grabbed one of Sarah's heavy breasts in his hand. He roughly pawed it as Sarah lowered her mouth back down onto his broad cockhead.

Part of her mind was still battling against the suppressive nature of her new instincts and urges. It still wanted her to get out of the office and go back and find Dan. This entire thing was now pointless because there was nothing to install the USB stick onto. Her grip tightened on Byron's shaft, not willing to give full consideration to those thoughts. Maybe she could just suck his dick clean and then make her exit.

"Dan's really been holding out on me," Byron said, "We should have done this the last time you were here."

"Well," Sarah said as she kissed down his shaft and started licking his balls. She alternated between licking, kissing, and sucking on them despite the patchy matted pubic hair. "Before, I was just a happily married woman. But now that you're making Dan work for you, I finally have the excuse I needed to get what I wanted."

"And what's that? What do you want?" Byron was breathing hard as he stared down at Sarah while mauling her naked breasts.

"This," Sarah said, licking over his ballsack and up his shaft, twirling her tongue over the towering head of his cock and then sucking it with abandon, her tongue flicking its oversized ridge. If she sucked hard enough and stroked him off, she knew she could make him cum quickly.

"Uhhhhh, fuck Sarah," Byron moaned, "You're so fucking dirty. I love it. You kiss your children with that mouth too?"

Sarah didn't respond. She didn't want to think about her kids right now. All she was focused on was Byron's hot sleazy cock in her mouth. Byron let go of her tits and slumped down in the chair. Hands behind his head, he just watched Sarah go to town on his cock, amazed at the sensations she was eliciting from his body.

"Goddamn," Byron muttered to himself as he watched Sarah work. He could feel her expert attention already starting to make his balls

begin to tingle and get ready to explode in her. He was torn between letting her suck the life out of him or throwing her off and fucking her.

"Stop," Byron said. Sarah pretended not to hear and continued to suck his cock with abandon. She knew he was getting close by the rate of his breathing and the shifting of his body. She just wanted to finish sucking his cock and drink his bitter cum.

"Stop it," Byron said, gripping her hand, stopping it from running up and down his shaft. Sarah gripped his dick harder, making him jump. She kept her mouth firmly attached to his cock, creating a perfect suction-like seal. "Fuck. Sarah, stop," Byron said loudly. Sarah finally broke her sucking trance and looked up at him.

"What?" Sarah said.

"Stand up," Byron said, pushing his chair back with his legs. "Take off those pants."

"You want me to take these off?" Sarah asked as she stood, playing with the hem of her pants.

"Now," Byron ordered as he marched over to the couch area of the office. He grabbed one of the plush chairs he'd sat in earlier and pulled it over to the window. He turned and watched as Sarah undid the button on her high-waisted pants and seductively lowered them to the floor. His eyes grew wide like saucers as she revealed the black thong she was wearing and her long, tanned and toned legs.

"Jesus, they really broke the mold when they made you," Byron said, "Come here."

Sarah slowly closed the distance between them with swaying steps. She felt completely exposed to this scumbag of a man, wearing nothing but her heels and black thong. But she had to admit to herself that

she felt so fucking wet being on display like this, for someone like that, in front of a view of the city.

Byron had irked her the first time they met. Made her skin crawl, and now she was offering herself up to this creep on a platter.

Byron glanced out the window and chuckled before turning his attention back to Sarah. He bit his lip, grabbed her by the back of the neck, and pulled her in for a sloppy kiss, his tongue immediately pushing its way into her mouth. His other hand grabbed her shapely ass and pulled her body towards him, his cock pressing hard against her thong-covered sex.

At some point, he had ditched his pants, standing naked except for his sloppy shirt and high black socks.

His hand kept roughly massaging her ass as his cock ground up and down her. Sarah couldn't help but feel her body moving in time with cock, reciprocating its insistent attention.

Was she really about to have sex with this sleazeball? This hadn't been their plan. None of her plans had worked out the way it was supposed to. Maybe she could just drop to her knees and finish him off with her mouth. Before Sarah could formulate a concrete plan, Byron pulled back from her and twirled her around. His hand was still on the back of her neck. He pushed her forward. Her knees bumped into the edge of the chair he had placed by the window. He pushed her neck down until she gripped the back of the low chair to brace herself.

His hands were on the sides of her thong, pulling it down faster than her brain could compute. Byron roughly pushed her ass forward with his hands until Sarah put her knees up on the seat of the chair while her hands rested on the top of it.

"Fuck, I'm going to enjoy this," Byron said as he quickly shuffled behind Sarah and ran his cock between the tops of her thighs.

Sarah breathed hard and hung her head in anticipation. She could have walked out of there at any time, but she knew that her body was in the driver's seat, and it got what it wanted. Byron was running his cock up and down her slit, coating it in her wetness. Then he pulled his hips back and put his cock right up to her opening.

"Byron," Sarah breathed, a thought suddenly dawning on her, "Do you have a condo – ughhhhh."

Byron pushed the thick pole of his cock into Sarah's wet entrance. Sarah's hands braced themselves against the chair as she ground her knees into the seat.

"Fuck you're, nrrggn, so tight," Byron grunted from behind her. Sarah froze in place, encapsulated by the feeling of Byron's swollen member pushing into her. "God, that feels fffucking good. Oh yeah."

"Uhhhhhhhgmmmmmm," Sarah groaned as inch after inch of Byron's cock pushed into the young wife.

Her mouth contorted in pleasure, and her eyes rolled back as more and more of Byron's large cock pushed into her. The low chair provided the perfect angle for Byron to fuck her, his cock pressing right up to all the perfect places inside of her. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh," she moaned as Byron's cock was finally fully embedded inside of her. His balls slapped against the bottom of her asscheeks.

"Holy fuck," Byron said loudly as he grabbed her shapely hips, "I'm finally inside of you. I've been waiting for this. Fuck."

"Open your eyes and look out the window," Byron said. Without hesitating, Sarah did as she was commanded. She opened her eyes and saw the Minnesota skyline outside.

"Lower," Byron sneered, "Look down across the street."

Sarah did as he said, her eyes shifting from the dark night sky to the dimly lit street below. She scanned the street, her eyes stopping on the illuminated sign for the bar they had just been sitting at. Standing outside the door was Dan, leaning against the wall, watching the entrance to Byron's building.

"What do you see?" Byron asked.

"Dan," Sarah breathed back. Byron pulled his cock slowly out of Sarah before quickly ramming it back in.

"Ughhhhh," Sarah grunted as she was rocked against the chair.

"Do you think he knows what's happening up here?" Byron said. Sarah closed her eyes and turned her attention back to what was happening behind her, "Maybe."

"No," Byron said, "Keep looking at your pathetic husband out the window."

Sarah opened her eyes again and looked down at Dan, who was standing vigilant on the street below, waiting for her return.

"Watch Danny boy while I make his wife my bitch," Byron grunted as he started jackhammering Sarah's pussy. He held her hips in place with an iron grip as he fucked her relentlessly on the office chair. Again, Sarah appreciated how smooth Byron's strokes were. He was more measured in his fucking than, say, her husband Dan was. But Lester was on her mind. The brute wasn't smooth, he set a violent tempo when he fucked her, and whatever speed he set, she knew she'd explode on his glorious organ.

Sarah stared at Dan, several floors below her, as the man who had been stressing him out hammered into her. Sarah wanted to keep looking at Dan and maintain that connection to her husband, but Byron's pistoning cock just felt too fucking good. She closed her eyes and focused on his cock, running back and forth inside of her. Sliding

in and out like a machine, hammering into all her most sensitive places, bouncing her off him. The hot, throbbing feeling of his cock buried inside of her.

"Mhmmmmhmmfuuck," Sarah moaned.

"That's right, Sarah," Byron hissed from behind her, "Moan for me. Nobody's here. Moan as loud as you want. Moan loud enough for Danny boy to hear you down there. Moan for me. Moan as I fuck you!"

"MHMHMMMHMHMHMMMM," Sarah let out a guttural moan in response. His words made her feel completely unbridled as she dug her knees into the seat and thrust back against his cock, "UUGH, AH, Ah, ah, Fffuuuuu, mhmhmhm, Yeah."

"Fuck yeah, baby," Byron grunted, his death grip leaving handmarks on her hips, "Moan my name, bitch."

"Byron," Sarah said loudly into the office, "BYRON. OH FUCK. BYRON. DON'T STOP."

"That's right," Byron chuckled as his hips kept rhythmically thrusting forward, his naked cock sliding in and out of Sarah's unprotected pussy with abandon, "Shit."

"Uh god," Byron said. He leaned forward and licked his tongue up Sarah's back over her spine, making her shiver at the chill. One of his hands stayed gripped to her hip while his other hand grabbed roughly onto her shoulder. Each time he thrust into her, he grabbed her shoulder hard and pulled her back onto his ramming cock.

"Look at your stupid husband down there," Byron said. "He didn't even try to stop me tonight. He just let you come up here and get fucked. Well, while you're in Minnesota, you're my bitch, got it?"

"Mhmmhm, oh, uh, ah, ah, ah uh, oh, oomph," Sarah whined.

"Whose bitch are you?" Byron demanded.

"Uhh, yours. Yours." Sarah moaned back.

"Whose bitch?" Byron said.

"YOURS," Sarah shouted, "I'm Byron's bitch!"

"Heh, that's right," Byron laughed. "Look down at your husband. Do you see him?"

"Mhmm, uh, ya – yes," Sarah said, her eyes having trouble staying focused on Dan on the street as Byron's hammering cock made her body jump with each thrust.

"Tell him," Byron said, "Tell him whose bitch you are."

"Dan..." Sarah started as she felt this new level of humiliation and degradation of Dan start to blossom into an orgasmic flower inside of her. She knew that her next admission was going to send her over the edge. "Dan," Sarah breathed, "I'm Byron's bitch now. He fucks me so fucking good. I'm all his. All Byron's.

All Byron's bitch."

Sarah felt her body start to quake as the heat from Byron's cock seemed to wash over her entire body.

Her nails dug into the fabric of the chair as she ground her teeth together, "Uhhhh. Oh. Fuck. Please.

Please. Give it to me. Don't stop. Uh, I'm gonna. I'm gonna."

Byron shouted to the empty office, "Cum for me, Sarah. Cum on my cock. Let your husband see."

"OHGOD," Sarah's body convulsed as she felt Byron's cock inside of her. Each thrust into her was like another rapid domino that pushed her orgasm higher, searing it into existence, "FUUUCKKKKKKK."

Her muscles grew tense, and her toes flexed out, pointing. Her fingers dug into the couch. She arched her back and thrust her breasts out as she loudly screamed,

"AHHHHUHHHHHHHHHHHHMMMHMMMMFFUUUAA"

"MMMMHMMHMMHMMHMMMMM," Sarah groaned as her orgasmic fireworks continued to explode inside of her. She was gasping for air as she came down hard, her body continuing to feel little tremors of pleasure on Byron's cock.

"Fuck," Byron grunted, "I'm gonna cum."

Sarah pushed herself off Byron's cock, not wanting to let him cum inside of her. She twirled around and sat down on the chair as Byron thrust his cock towards her face. She eagerly opened her mouth and took his cock into it.

"Uh Fuck," Byron grunted. The first rope of hot cum blasted against the back of her throat, causing her body to jerk. She thought his cum was going to blast her off the chair.

"Oh yeah," Byron said, still pumping his spewing cock into her, feeling his balls completely emptying into Dan's wife. "FUCK THAT FEELS GREAT. TAKE IT ALL SARAH. TAKE ALL MY CUM."

Byron looked down at Dan's pretty wife, worshiping his cock. Her throat swallowed his load. Byron looked out the window at Dan standing alone on the street corner, and he chuckled, shifting his attention back to Sarah. Eventually, he stopped ejaculating inside her, his last rope erupting out, accompanied by a long groan.

Byron was breathing hard. His hands still gripped the back of her head. Sarah opened her eyes and looked down at the street where Dan was still waiting patiently for her, checking his phone.

Slowly and with a groan, Byron pulled his cock out of Sarah as he stood up. He stumbled back and just admired the scene before him. Sarah Williams propped back on a chair, thong dangling around one of her silver heels as her heaving chest slumped forward, trying to catch her breath.

Sarah slowly caught her breath and shuffled off the chair. The alcohol in her system was making her dizzy as she fumbled around, looking for her thong. After finding it, she weakly pulled it back up.

Byron had flopped himself onto his office couch. His eyes were shut, and he wore just his dress shirt and socks. Sarah quickly put her pants and shirt back on. Without bothering to say anything to Byron, she left his office. Although she wanted to make a beeline for the stairs, she opened a few doors, hoping to see the glimmer of a computer tower – anything she could plug the USB into. Then, she noticed that some of the hallways had discreet security cameras.

Her face was red from being caught on camera, and she played the part of a drunk woman looking for a bathroom. Playing up her dizziness as she navigated the office halls until she found the bank of elevators.

As powerful as her orgasm had just been, she couldn't help but find herself craving something more.

Someone more. Her mind immediately thought of Lester. He never left her like this. She felt humiliated.

On uneasy feet, she rode the elevators back down to her waiting husband on the street below.

Lester felt the rage boiling inside of him. This wasn't how things were supposed to go. Sarah and Dan had briefly dropped some things off in the apartment in the morning before heading to the airport to fly to Minnesota for his work.

Was Sarah actually going to fall to such a weak boy like Jesse? What kind of leverage did this company have? Since his call with Jesse, Lester had been extensively researching and digging up dirt on Jesse and his company.

From what he could tell, Jesse's company had The Lincoln Group as their client. And those guys seemed shady as hell, a typical multinational corporation that said all the right things to Congress but had their fingers in all kinds of different pies. Completely vertically integrated, with very little information available about them. For such a large and powerful corporation, they mysteriously weren't publicly traded, which meant there was very little information he could dig up.

He didn't want to get too distracted digging into them, but he had trouble suppressing the urge. They were an unknown variable that he hadn't realized was part of this equation. He couldn't have that. He

didn't like the feeling of not being in control. The unknown entity was a black hole full of baseless ideas that Lester's brain generated.

Fortunately, he would have more answers soon. Then, he would figure out what he was up against and how it would impact his hold on Sarah.

He opened his computer console again and rechecked the validation he had reviewed a few minutes earlier. Jesse's company had been easy to breach access to. They used a common suite of tools with known vulnerabilities. He began downloading all of their communications that mentioned Jesse or The Lincoln Group, and he would soon find out exactly what was going on.

Lester uploaded a package to Jesse's work computer. Once Jesse unknowingly accessed it, the file would worm its way into his computer, allowing Jesse's machine to be a slave to his. Lester could use Jesse's work computer as a relay to push into The Lincoln Group's network without it being traced back to him.

Lester took a calming breath. Patience.

It would all work out in the end. All of these were just momentary setbacks that he would swiftly bring to heel.

Dan was exhausted. He pulled their carry-on suitcases down the hall of his apartment building. Sarah was ahead of him with her keys out already. He had managed to escape Minnesota early, leaving the morning after the night of the bar and Sarah running off with Byron.

They hadn't talked much about it, but Sarah had confirmed that Byron had fucked her in his office. He knew she needed time to process everything despite his need to know all the details about what had happened. Byron had sent him some passive-aggressive emails that morning on their way to the airport about how skilled his wife was, but he ignored them, having shut off all of his devices.

While Sarah had crashed early last night, Dan had tossed and turned all night. He couldn't stop thinking about what had happened. His cock had been rock hard until dawn just thinking about Sarah with Byron and the look she'd given him when he caught her leaving Lester's room the last time she'd visited.

The unknown was plaguing his mind. He desperately wanted to see Sarah in action. He gritted his teeth as they grew closer to his apartment door. He knew he shouldn't want to see Sarah with another man. At least, he knew it was bad for him to lose control like that again. But with the events around them lately, the denial of

being party to them and his blue balls from the previous evening had his head swimming with images of Sarah being bad.

Fuck, that look she gave me in the hallway. It implied so many things to him. They really should have talked about it afterwards to ensure they were on the same page but eyes took in the scene. Lester had Sarah's pert ass pinned up against the counter as his hands mauled her body while his large illicit tongue was running up the side of her mouth, leaving a wet trail.

Sarah's perfect behind was pushing against the counter, one of Lester's legs between hers, prying them apart. His hand was roughly grabbing the bottom of her ass cheek while the other held her by the back of her neck.

Dan watched in horrified fascination as Lester turned Sarah's head towards him and pressed his ugly, fat lips against hers.

To his growing horror and reluctant arousal, Sarah's surprised features seemed to relax at the urgent kiss. He watched as she closed her eyes, seemingly giving in to Lester's aggressive pursuit. After a moment, he could see that Sarah had become a full participant in the kiss, moaning back into the undressed man's mouth.

Lester ardently ground his crotch against Dan's wife. This was all so sudden and not something Dan had expected. He recalled the power of marching into his home and holding Lester by the throat, but that power was out of his grasp now.

Maybe it was the past day or so of living in a constant state of denial and arousal, finally bubbling up to overwhelm his carefully managed semblance of control. Whatever it was, in this fleeting moment, Dan felt like he was rapidly regressing to his impotent state of letting Lester do whatever he wanted with his wife.

Dan managed to ball a hand into a fist, and as he did, he noticed his dick bulging against the material of his pants. Lester kept up his savagely aggressive mauling, Sarah's body seemingly capitulating to Lester's desires.

Lester broke their kiss with a snarl, both hands coming up to Sarah's shoulders and throwing off her oversized cardigan. Sarah gasped at the boldness, her arousal going from zero to one hundred within the few seconds of being in Lester's presence. With Dan, she was like a dial that needed to be finely tuned and gradually turned on over time, cranking up until she was ready to go. With Lester, it was just a push of a single button, and she was uncontrollably turned on.

Lester licked his lips, and his head darted forward, licking her neck again while pinning her against the counter. His tongue trailed down her chest, licking all over every inch of exposed skin.

Sarah's eyes locked with Dan's, both of them standing there staring at each other. They'd been here before. She noticed the bulge in her husband's pants, and Dan couldn't help but notice the way Sarah's body seemed to be grinding itself on Lester's thigh.

Sarah bit her lip and looked at Dan, waiting for some sense of direction, asking with her eyes. What did he want her to do? Would he let her continue with this, or did he want her to stop? Dan didn't say their safeword 'pineapple,' nor did he say anything else. He just stood there staring at his troll-like roommate roughly having his way with his wife.

Sarah watched Dan's features for several more seconds, trying to discern what he wanted her to do. In the end, she took his lack of response and clear arousal on his face for consent to give in to his roommate. Something she was more than happy to comply with. Lester's tongue worked down her chest until it met with the fabric of her cream-white tube top. He didn't like his access to her breasts being impeded, and he roughly pulled it up her body awkwardly.

Sarah tried to comply, moving her arms up to allow it to be pulled up over her head. Once Sarah's pendulous breasts were free, Lester abandoned pulling the top off her, letting it pin her arms in the air as his mouth found a breast and sucked it in. Lester twisted the top in his fist, pinning Sarah's hands against the cupboard.

"Ohh," Sarah's hips shot out against Lester's body, her crotch wedged against his pressing thigh as she struggled to free herself from her top. Lester didn't relent, continuing to press himself against Sarah as he held her hands firmly in place over her head.

"Lester..." Dan finally managed to say, his voice wavering. Lester just ignored him and continued mauling Sarah's naked breasts. Lester took Dan's weak tone as almost a green light for him to proceed.

Sarah looked at her husband, her face wanting to communicate, 'It's okay,' but her eyes closed as her head fell back in abject pleasure.

Eventually, she freed her arms, letting her top drop to the floor. It lay next to the discarded Cardigan, the pristine white in sharp contrast to the dirty laminate floor of the kitchen.

Sarah's now freed hands went to the back of Lester's head, pulling him to her chest as he continued to lick and suckle on her breasts, his fat tongue swirling over her exposed nipples. Sarah's body shuddered, and Dan watched as the lower half of his wife's body seemed ready to be exposed by the way it was gyrating and humping against his slobbish roommate.

Lester seemed to notice her signal as well. With a loud grunt, he bent over and picked Sarah up with his arms, catching her completely off guard. On unsteady feet, Lester held Sarah up, her arms encircling his neck, holding on as he plodded out of the kitchen past a stricken Dan.

Lester either couldn't wait to get to his bedroom or just couldn't physically carry Sarah that far. He brought her over to the couch

where Dan had just been sitting and yanked off her sweatpants, revealing Sarah's white lace panties. Sarah sat up and quickly tugged on the waistband of Lester's once-white underwear. The briefs dropped to his ankles as Lester's turgid cock sprang out, smacking Sarah in the face. She didn't waste any time, grabbing it eagerly with both hands and dropping her drooling mouth onto its length.

Lester just stood there, hands on his hips, watching Dan's wife devour his cock. He looked over at Dan, who seemed to be paralyzed by what was clearly happening in front of him. Lester now felt he had the cheat code to override Dan's control. He needed to be gradually introduced to arousing elements to loosen his control. When he discovered Sarah and Lester at his home, it was a sharp introduction, letting him retain his control. Lester wouldn't make that mistake again.

A shit-eating grin spread onto Lester's face as he looked at Dan, now understanding the best way to make him compliant. His gaze shifted to Sarah sitting on the couch before him, eagerly worshipping his cock. It was time to teach Dan another lesson and see how far he could warp his image of his perfect wife and the mother of his children.

Lester made sure to keep Sarah connected to his cock as he moved beside her and laid down on the couch. Sarah followed him, never taking her mouth or hands off his cock. She was on her knees on the couch, bent over licking and sucking Lester's cock with hearty abandon.

From the doorway to the kitchen, Dan watched as Sarah's bouncing head disappeared below the back of the couch. He could still hear her light, muffled moans and the wet, unmistakable slurping sounds of his wife's mouth on another man's cock.

This was the do-or-die moment for Dan. The back of the couch blocked his view of what was happening, but the sounds left no

doubt in his mind. Dan usually missed out on the full view of what was happening, whether through the peephole or just being denied. Dan stood there, staring at the back of the couch and listening.

Dan's uncontrollable arousal propelled him forward. First, one step, then another as he made his way to the side of the couch. Sarah's white panties and her fantastic bubbly ass were pointed out towards him as her head bobbed up and down on Lester's crotch. Dan couldn't take his eyes off the illicit affair, his hand absently reaching out to find the plush leather chair as he tried to sit down. Lester saw Dan sitting down out of the corner of his eye and smiled.

Time to twist the fucking knife.

"You miss this?" Lester said to Sarah. She looked up at him with her piercing green eyes and nodded before licking up his shaft.

"Mhmmm, I did. I missed it. I missed this cock. I missed you," Sarah's mouth returned to Lester's thick cock, and he watched as she went lower and lower down onto it.

"Good girl," Lester said as his hand went to the back of her head, guiding her up and down on his cock. "Uhhhhh, oh that feels great, Sarah baby, suck my cock. Yeah, just like that - you know how I like it," Lester said. Sarah continued to wantonly bob her head up and down with abandon on Lester's cock. She already felt her panties getting wet. She loved sucking cock, especially one like Lester's. She had been craving Lester ever since the night before with her encounter with Byron. No one made her cum as hard as Lester could. Her mind was racing at everything that was happening, but she pushed it all aside to just focus on her favorite cock in the world.

"Ughh, lower. Suck on my balls," Lester commanded.

Sarah took her mouth off Lester's cock with an audible 'pop' and quickly descended down to his thickly matted public hair, her face disappearing into it as her tongue trailed down his colossal ballsack.

Lester's frizzy salt and pepper pubic hair pushed into her closed eyes and up her nose, but it didn't bother her as she sucked on his balls and inhaled his primal scent deeply. Her tongue darted out and traced circles on his hefty, wrinkled nuts.

Dan just sat there watching the love of his life devour Lester's scrotum. A small voice inside of him was screaming, begging for him to listen and take some action, any action, but he felt the same way he did whenever he took an edible. Couch-locked, unable to move or react. It was like he was watching a particularly engrossing porn clip. Unable to affect the outcome of what he watched.

"Lower," Lester said, causing Sarah to move down the couch onto her stomach so she could lick the underside of his balls. She kept stroking his massive cock as her mouth slobbered over every inch of Lester's massive gonads.

"Lower," Lester said again. Sarah didn't disobey. She obliged by licking down below his balls to the musky area between his legs. Lester squirmed at the sensation, enjoying every swab of her tongue across his taint. But he wasn't done yet. Not now that Dan was sitting here watching. He needed to show him just how much Sarah belonged to him now.

"Lower," Lester said again. Sarah stopped licking and looked up at Lester, who stared back at her. The fat man reached down and grabbed his own knees, pulling his body into a crunch, the rolls of fat quivering with tension.

Dan thought he looked ridiculous, somewhat like an overfed hedgehog on its back. His quick, disparaging smile disappeared as he suddenly realized what Lester was doing.

Sarah dropped her head again, her tongue licking between his open cheeks before going further in.

"Yeaaaah," Lester chuckled as he felt Sarah's tongue graze his asshole, "Nice little circles like that." Sarah knew she should be repulsed. Repulsed by what she was doing, she could feel Lester's cock throb in her hand and knew the effect she was having on his cramped body. She loved that feeling. Being in control of it, his cock. The power of making someone like Lester shudder. She lapped her tongue out more, licking and circling it around Lester's hairy unclean asshole, finding herself getting more and more turned on at her illicit and depraved actions.

"She ever cleaned your asshole before?" Lester said offhandedly to Dan. "No? Your wife gives one hell of a rim job. I guess she saves it just for her lover."

"Keep doing that, baby. Yeah, yeeeaahh, right there. Daddy like. Keep going. Fuck yeah," Lester groaned, his hand removed from one knee and on the back of Sarah's head, holding her firmly in place as she thoroughly tossed his salad. Her body was writhing on the couch, clearly enjoying Lester's firm hand and encouraging words.

Dan couldn't believe what he was seeing. Sarah's perfect mouth. The one he kissed on their wedding day. The one that kissed his daughters on the forehead every night before bed was firmly attached to his disgusting roommate's puckered asshole. He felt himself getting lightheaded watching.

A memory popped into his head, where Sarah had vehemently expressed her disgust at the idea of any sexual act relating to anyone's asshole. And now she was here, feasting on his ugly roommate's.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as her tongue lashed out at Lester's asshole. The coppery, bitter taste was just a pleasant afterthought as she enjoyed this much more than she ever thought she would. The simple act of licking Lester here was like pouring jet fuel on a fire, making her body crave more and more. She pushed herself up

off the couch, despite Lester's strong hand on her head, and pulled her panties off.

"I need you inside me," Sarah said, urgently climbing up atop Lester's grotesque body. Lester just watched as the beautiful mother climbed his mass and straddled him - her wet pussy pressed against his cock. She held it there for a second, eyes closed, just feeling his hard cock against her wet slit and clit. Then she slowly moved up, letting his cockhead brush against her clit. Then back down. She did this a few times before she went all the way up and positioned her entrance on top of his cock. She drew in a sharp breath as she began to lower herself onto Lester's massive cock, letting him inside her.

Her breath quivered as she took more and more of Lester's pulsing cock into her.

"That's it," Lester growled, "Take it all, baby."

"Ohhhh ffffuuck," Sarah groaned. She lowered herself fully on Lester's cock, "God, I feel so fucking full."

"That's because you are," Lester said. They both stayed still for a moment looking at each other as Sarah adjusted to Lester's cock inside of her, feeling his quickened heartbeat deep within her. Tentatively, Sarah began rolling her hips on top of Lester. His hands came up and grabbed a handful of each ass cheek in them, kneading them as Sarah started to ride him.

Lester was just bucking his hips off the couch enough to spur Sarah on. He didn't want to ruin her pacing but ensured his cock was hitting all the sensitive areas inside of her. Sarah's hands were resting on Lester's flabby chest, pushing her breasts together for him to salivate over.

"I'll never get tired of fucking you," Lester groaned.

"You'd better not," Sarah breathed, eyes half closed while looking down at Lester.

"Did you see that Dan?" Lester said, "She didn't even think about putting a condom on me. Isn't that right, Sarah?"

Dan just stayed silent despite Lester's taunting. The image of his wife's beautiful body riding this ogre was transfixing.

"No....no condom," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back as she picked up the pace with her hips. "Never again."

"Why not?" Lester urged her on.

"They fucking suck," Sarah said, "It's so much better without one. My Daddy's cock is too good to be covered."

"It's better raw," Lester corrected her. "Tell Dan you like it raw. Tell him."

Sarah didn't turn to look at Dan. With her eyes clamped shut, she was focused on riding Lester's huge cock, "I love it raw, Dan. I only want Lester to fuck me raw from now on."

"Heh," Lester said, tightening his grip on her ass, pulling her tightly back down on top of him in time with Sarah's movements. She moaned at the strength of his hands and the way he expertly manipulated her body at the right moments. Lester could tell if he kept pushing things verbally, he'd have Sarah cumming in no time. He knew Dan's presence could be a lever he could exploit with her.

"Where do you want me to cum?" Lester urged, "Where's Daddy allowed to cum, Sarah?"

Sarah's pace picked up. Lester's words were pushing her to her orgasm faster than she anticipated.

Talking like this. Admitting these things in front of her husband was driving her wild. Her 'betrayal' and submission to someone her husband detested only served to make her wetter than she'd ever expected. Her leaking fluids covered the belly of the fat man beneath her.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt an orgasm fast approaching. She could feel it hanging over her body, ready to crash down and consume her. "You can come anywhere. Any fucking where you want. I don't care. I just want your cum."

"What do you think, Dan?" Lester said, "Should I cum in that pretty mouth of hers? What do you think, Sarah? Can I cum in your mouth?"

"Ugh, yes," Sarah moaned, each word spoken further stoking the fire inside of her, "I want your cum pouring down my throat. Into my belly. It tastes so fucking good."

"Or I should cum all over her chest? Maybe spray on her face," Lester said. Sarah's body seemed to shiver at the sound of his words, imagining what that would feel like. Lester just grinned, "Or maybe I'll cum in this tight pussy of hers like this and see if we can get you that boy Dan failed to give you."

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck," Sarah moaned as she started to ride Lester like a woman possessed, her orgasm just barely out of reach. If she kept up this pace, it would be hers to have it in seconds. "Don't stop. God, please fuck. Ohmygod. OH, OOOH, mmmm, Jesus. Yes. Yes."

"Or," Lester said through gritted teeth as he braced himself for Sarah's insistent fucking. He let go of her ass, and both of his meaty hands planted themselves on her swaying breasts, tweaking her nipples, "I could cum in your ass."

"FUUCK," Sarah screamed as she threw her head back and thrust her breasts into Lester's lecherous hands. "Whatever you want,

Lester. Cum wherever you want."

The patiently waiting orgasm came crashing down on Sarah, igniting the nerves in her body on fire. "Ahh, oh fuck. Fuck YEEESSS," Sarah screamed, arching her back, nails digging into Lester's flesh. Sarah was panting hard, trying to catch her breath as waves of pleasure washed over her body.

Lester had a shit-eating grin plastered on his face, staring up at Sarah. He looked over at Dan, who was sitting immobile in a catatonic state in the chair. "Did you hear that?" Lester grinned, "Your wife wants me to stick my cock in her ass and fill it with cum. I'm gonna save that for a private date when you're not around."

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah was still catching her breath, frozen in place, still enjoying the after-effects of cumming on Lester's cock.

"Get off me," Lester said, "I'm going to fuck you doggy style so Dan can watch your face."

With a groan, Sarah pulled herself up off of Lester's cock. She stared down at the massive appendage covered in her juices. Its absence from inside her created a deep need she knew just how to fill. She swung her leg off the seat as Lester shimmied up the couch awkwardly. Without waiting for his command, Sarah put herself on all fours on the cushions, waiting for Lester to get behind her.

Lester got onto his knees behind Sarah and rubbed his cock up and down her wet and waiting slit. She pushed back on his cock, trying to get it inside of her, but he chuckled and continued to play with her. "Mhmmm, Lester," Sarah moaned in frustration, "Put it in me."

"I will," Lester said, "I want you to look at Dan and tell him what you want."

Sarah lifted her head off the couch, the sweat on her face causing her hair to stay matted to her skin, "I want Lester's cock inside me,

baby. I want him to fuck me. Is that okay?"

Before Dan could speak, Lester abruptly pushed his entire length into Sarah, causing her to squeal delightedly. "It doesn't matter what Dan wants, do you understand?"

"Yes," Sarah breathed as she tried to get a grip on the couch as Lester fucked her from behind. He held her hips in place and slapped one of her ass cheeks as he increased the pace of his violent thrusts. Not wanting to give Sarah a minute to breathe.

Dan felt like he was having an out-of-body experience as he watched the coupling before him. His mind was watching, but his body was somehow disconnected.

"Look at your husband," Lester said through gritted teeth. His face was getting red and flushed as he fucked Sarah with gusto, sweat dripping down his back and chest, running through the coarse dark hair matting his skin. Sarah raised her head to look at Dan, sitting there with arousal on his face. He looked like he was in agony. "Look how pathetic he is watching his wife get fucked. He won't even lift a finger to do it himself. Who do you want to fuck and fill you tonight? Me or your husband?"

Sarah dropped her head to the couch, "You Lester. I want you."

"But you fucked someone else on your trip, didn't you? DIDN'T YOU!?" Lester said.

"Yesss," Sarah breathed.

"Who?" Lester said.

"Byron," Sarah squealed, "Dan's client."

"Not Jesse, huh?" Lester grunted as he pounded Sarah from behind.

"No," Sarah dropped her entire torso to the couch, her ass still high in the air for Lester to fuck. She reached her hands out over the leather, looking for anything to grab onto. Something about what Lester just said scratched a part of Dan's mind, but he couldn't put the puzzle pieces together at that moment. All he could do was watch in horrified arousal at the scene in front of him. All cognitive function was devoted to absorbing every moan, groan, and twitch of Sarah's body.

"So Dan just sat there like he is right now and, rrrgh, watched you get fucked?" Lester said.

"No, he let me go with him. Dan stayed at the bar," Sarah grunted.

"Was he good?" Lester said angrily as he power fucked Sarah ruthlessly. Each thrust caused her body to jolt forward, her hair jostling to and fro with the movement. His unrelenting pace and the angle of his cock was pushing Sarah closer to yet another powerful orgasmic detonation.

"He, he was okay," She moaned into the leather, feeling her eyes rolling back in her head. Lester's cock just felt so good. Everything about it was amazing, his hands on her hips. His balls smacking against her ass. The fact that Dan was watching and hearing everything they were saying. "I kept thinking of you," Sarah admitted, "Afterwards, I just wanted you... Daddy."

"Heh, hear that, Dan?" Lester said, "Your wife's been craving me after she got fucked. She probably does the same thing after you leave her wanting more, too."

"But," Lester said, grabbing her hips tightly and pulling Sarah's ass back onto him. He pushed forward quickly into her pussy before pulling out almost all the way and slamming it back in again. Each thrust a punctuation, "You. Don't. Fuck. Anyone. Else. Unless. I. Say. So. NNNNng. Got it? Not even him." Lester nodded in Dan's direction.

“Uhhhmhmmttttt yes, Lester,” Sarah groaned, “I’ll fuck whoever you want.”

"It's going to be your punishment," Lester growled, "For fucking someone behind my back. I'm going to make you fuck somebody you hate to teach you a fucking lesson."

“Mmmhmmhmmmmmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned. She’d agree to anything Lester wanted at this moment as long as he didn’t stop fucking her. It felt way too fucking good right now. Nothing else in the world mattered. Consequences be damned. It didn’t even scare her that she felt like this was about to get so much better. Lester wanted to complete his carefully constructed circle of humiliation tonight. He was eager to keep pushing Sarah while making Dan feel like the true cuck he knew him to be. It was time to finally put him in his place, at least for tonight.

“Tell your husband to take out his little thing and start stroking it. He’s not going to ‘reclaim’ you tonight. He’s going to cum watching you get taken by a real man.” Lester grunted.

Sarah raised her head to look at Dan. He looked like his mind was a million miles away, "Take it out, Dan. I want to see you stroking for me. I want to – OW"

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass harder than he ever had before, leaving an angry red handprint on her perfect butt cheek, "No. No improv. Just tell him to take it out and stroke that pathetic stiffy. You're focused on me tonight."

“Ughhhh,” Sarah groaned as Lester’s mammoth cock ground against her insides, in and out, in and out, over and over, unrelenting. “Take out your dick, Dan.”

As if in a trance, Dan lowered his pants and boxers in one slow motion, his erection sprang out over the elastic band. His hand immediately went to it, mouth hanging agape as he started to actively stroke himself.

"Yeah," Sarah said, eyeing it, "Stroke it for me. Stroke that pathetic thing while Lester fucks the shit out of me."

Perfect. Lester thought.

He let go of Sarah's hips and watched as her body continued to rigorously fuck itself back onto his iron-hard cock. Now he could keep turning the screws on Dan and cut him down at the knees. Lester needed to take whatever momentum Dan thought he had and crush it.

"Who owns you, Sarah?" Lester snarled, "Who owns you - mind, body, and heart? Tell me."

"Mhmmm fuckkk," Sarah moaned, sweaty, her head pressing down into the couch, eyes barely open, staring at her husband stroking himself. She wasn't sure what to say. She didn't know what would be crossing the line for Dan, but at that moment, all she wanted to do was make Lester happy. Make him cum. "You do, Lester," Sarah moaned loudly, "You, you fucking own me. You can fuck me whenever, wherever you want. I'm yours."

"Damn fucking right," Lester growled violently, slapping her ass again. This time, a low moan escaped her lips at Lester's brutal handling of her. "What about at the hospital? I can fuck you there again?"

"Yes!" Sarah screamed as Lester's cock was hammering against her G-Spot, "You can fuck me wherever you want!"

"What about your bedroom at home," Lester breathed hard, almost wheezing now. Sweat was dripping off his forehead, falling onto

Sarah's back. She pushed back against him, her ass cheeks jiggling flawlessly each time. Lester held her by the base of her neck and held her down on the couch, "Answer!"

"FUCK LESTER! YOU CAN FUCK ME ANYWHERE!" Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs. Dan was now stroking himself faster and faster, not being able to control himself at all. "YOU CAN FUCK ME IN MY BED! ON MY FFF-FRONT FUCKING LAWN! I DON'T CARE WHAT DAN SAID! DO WHATEVER YOU FUCKING WANT TO ME! FFFFUUFFFUUCKK!"

"Do you get it now, Dan?" Lester snarled with venom at his roommate, "Sarah is mine. I'll do whatever the fuck I want to her. She's mine, not yours. She'll fuck whoever I want, where ever I want. Your wife is mine."

"OH FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. UHHHHHH. FUCK. LESTER," Sarah said as her vision blurred and she got light-headed. All of the nerves in her body started to light up at once, ready for a massive orgasm to explode inside of her. Lester talking this much evil shit directly to Dan was oddly intensely turning her on. "I'm gonna. I'm going to, to. Ohmygod, Lester! LESTER!"

"Cum for me, Sarah," Lester grunted, "Show your husband what it's really like when you cum and aren't just pretending for him."

"AHHHHHHHMHMMMMMHMMMMM," Sarah's toned back spasmed upwards uncontrollably as her hips quivered on Lester's cock. An avalanche of an orgasm crushed down her nerves, and she lost the ability to see for several moments. Her face contorted into a near-demented mask of pure pleasure that only Dan could see.

Dan couldn't help but stroke himself harder at the unprecedented sight in front of him. Watching Sarah cum this explosively was too much for him to handle.

Lester never stopped his energetic thrusting into Sarah. Her pussy tightened around his cock as she came but he dug his heels into the arm of the couch and quickly pushed forward into the fist-like grip of her imploding pussy. He firmly held the back of her neck, pinning her to the couch as he relentlessly fucked her to make a point to both members of the married couple. Sarah's orgasm was still rocking her body. A dribble of drool seeped out of her mouth as it hung open in a perpetual moan. Lester's large stomach rested on her ass, placing extra weight on it as he deliberately and repeatedly drove his cock home.

As Sarah's orgasm began to wane, Lester immediately pulled out of her and flipped her onto her back. Before she could comprehend what was happening, he was back between her legs, burying his cock into her wet and waiting clenched pussy, "Mhmmhmmm, Ahhhhhh. Oh, fuck yes. I love your cock!"

"Ugh, you feel so fucking good," Lester growled, staring down at her. His overweight stomach was now pressing against her taut abdomen. Dan was rapidly stroking himself with abandon. His mind still felt disconnected from his body, but it registered the tingle in his balls, and he knew he was going to cum soon.

"You're going cum again for me, Sarah. I'm going to explode and dump my entire load of cum into you when you do," Lester said.

"Do it, Lester!" Sarah screamed, "I WANT IT."

"What do you want!?" Lester said, holding her thighs in each hand as he pumped his massive cock in and out of her.

"Your cum. I want your cum. Give it to me," Sarah pleaded, her hands going to Lester's biceps, urging him to keep fucking her, "God, I want it. I need it."

"You're gonna get it. All of it. I'm going to fill you up," Lester said, then he turned towards Dan and sneered, "Maybe I'll even knock her

up. Who knows?"

"Ohgod," Sarah's head rolled to the side and saw her husband furiously stroking his pole, watching them. There was no way he was going to last much longer. The familiar sensation inside of her suddenly burst to the surface again.

She was about to explode again with all the sensory input at full stimulation. "Don't stop. Please. Please. Please. Lester. Ohmygodrighttherelester. Baby fuck me! Oh, OH, Please!" "I ain't stopping," Lester said firmly. He had waited until this moment to launch another attack at Dan's heart. "The last time we fucked in my bed, do you remember what you said?"

Sarah shook her head as she closed her eyes and waited with bated breath to cum. She felt her muscles tighten, her pussy gripping Lester's cock as her painted nails dug into his biceps.

The short man smiled and spoke slowly, relishing this truth. "You said-"

"I love you." Sarah told him and opened her eyes, looking up at Lester's ugly, grinning face. She couldn't help herself. She was at the edge of a steep cliff. "I love you, Lester."

"Again!" Lester growled. He looked between Dan's face and Sarah's. "Look at me and say it to me again. I want to cum to it."

She felt like she was drowning in his commands, but she wanted his cum. She needed to feel that heat from him. She would do anything it took in that moment to make herself cum. "I love you," she moaned while staring up at Lester's ugly features, "I love you."

Dan's eyes blinked in a rapid sequence as his brain tried unsuccessfully to process what his ears were telling him his wife had just said. His hand slowed to a stop as he knew he was about to shoot.

The dagger to the heart felt like heroin to the veins of his cock. It was probably just sex talk, he told himself. But he couldn't help but feel the need to see this through to the end. He leaned in to watch.

Sarah grabbed Lester by the back of the neck and pulled him down on top of her for a deep kiss. Their tongues clashed as Lester continued to vigorously hump his gargantuan cock into her.

The horny wife continued to moan the three words unintelligibly as their mouths connected. Sarah's body repeatedly threw itself off the couch onto his cock as they sucked onto each other's mouths, teeth, tongue and lips, crashing into one another. She'd never kissed another person so intimately and completely. She'd never wanted someone as badly as she needed Lester right then.

"Ffffffffffff," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as every bit of her body exploded to fiery life. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets as her hips and torso twitched around Lester's gigantic cock. Every fiber of her being seemed to come alive and transcend to a higher state of existence. Lester's body and his swollen cock felt like the only things that mattered in the entire universe as she quivered below his thrusting mass.

Her legs kicked out upward, and her toes curled inward. Every muscle in her body had tensed in anticipation. It was as if Lester was fucking the very core of her existence.

Cum shot out of Dan's crotch in long ropes and landed on him, pattering his thighs and feet. As his balls emptied, his mind finally seemed to come back down to his body, and he began to process the illicit scene in front of him. A look of genuine horror spread across his face.

His ogre of a roommate had a huge load sloshing around in his balls. At the sound of Sarah's words, the troll's nutsack expanded, its wrinkles disappearing as it filled with his boiling fetid spunk. On his next downstroke into the lust-crazed wife, this a particularly vigorous

one, his cock became wedged completely into Sarah's quivering pussy. It was as deep as he'd ever been inside of her, cramming her full of his solid club of a cock. He felt the immediate ecstasy of his shaft expanding with the volume of the foaming fluids.

Lester roared hoarsely and unleashed a tidal wave of cum into Sarah's waiting pussy, her labia red and swollen, stretched around his girthy, pistoning shaft. Her body was still experiencing her own extended orgasm and instinctively tightened its grip on his cock, milking load after load of his hot, sticky seed into her canal.

Lester came way more than either Dan or Byron ever could by an order of magnitude. The sticky flood of cum completely filled her to overflowing. The sensations of the spewing jet brought her orgasm to another level, quickly crescendoing like a rocket past all limits previously known to her.

"UH-UHHHH-UHHHHHHMHMMMMMMMMMMMMMAAAAAHHHHHHHHH," Sarah screamed louder than she ever had before in her life, the piercing sound almost inhuman in its raw expression.

Somewhere distant, a floor below them, a dog started barking in response to the noise. Lester continued to thrust into Sarah, sending each rope of cum he deposited deep into the young mother. Their lips still mashed together, slowing as they both needed to catch their breaths.

"You taste like my ass," Lester mumbled to the thoroughly violated wife.

Dan was sitting there, covered in his own cum, watching as Lester and Sarah's bodies came to a complete stop. The only parts moving were their lips.

Sarah's voice saying 'I love you' to Lester played over and over in his head. He wasn't entirely sure she wasn't now whispering it to the monster on top of her.

His brain felt like it had been shattered into a million pieces and was desperately trying to put itself back together. He had no idea how to chart these unknown waters or how to react to any of this. He had no map for what came next. He just sat and stared at the taboo coupling in front of him.

Eventually, Lester pulled himself free of Sarah. Dan saw his roommate's dripping horse-length cock emerge from his wife and dangle impressively between his legs, coated in Sarah's copious juices. Lester chuckled derisively, catching Dan staring at his swinging cock, and he shuffled off to his bedroom.

"She'll find her way to my bedroom again tonight," Lester chortled as he disappeared into the darkened hallway.

Dan looked at his wife who had rolled onto her side, light snores coming from her. It looked like Lester had fucked her into complete submission.

Dan finally got to his feet, grabbed a box of Kleenex, and began cleaning himself off. The tissues kept sticking to his hands and ripping on his legs. He'd made an absolute mess of himself. Satisfied that he was mostly clean, he threw the tissues in the kitchen garbage and retrieved a blanket to put over Sarah's naked well fucked form.

As he laid the blanket over his wife, he saw a thick trail of cum leaking out from her pussy. His brain still didn't know how to process all of this. He put the blanket down on her and flopped himself back into the chair.

He didn't want to go to bed and leave Sarah here by herself. He sat in the chair as his eyes got heavy. He told himself he was staying out here to guard Sarah, but he wasn't sure he could stop Lester and Sarah if he wanted to.

If I wanted to. He wasn't sure of that either.

His mind was in turmoil as he drifted off to sleep. All he wanted to do was talk to Sarah, but she was already ensconced in post-orgasmic bliss.