

Hey all, keeping the message here brief after spending a lot of time writing today. Alpha draft here, so still a lot of errors that need to be fixed. I plan on expanding this a bit before the end of the month but I'd love to hear your thoughts and suggestions. I do read them!

For those asking how I'm doing, I'm not dying don't worry. More stories are coming. Just a drop in ability this month.

Hope you all enjoy the chapter.

The sun had set hours ago but Dan needed out of the house. He'd been walking for almost an hour without a destination. He just needed fresh air and his body needed to move. He couldn't sit still in the house anymore.

It was all just too much for his brain to process. He hadn't expected everything that had happened. The way Lester had just barged in and taken over, dominating Sarah and in turn him. He hadn't been prepared for that. He knew his previously meek roommate had a mean streak to him but nothing like what happened in the dining room. Or the bedroom. Or the rest of the house.

He couldn't believe just how far the sanctity of their home had been defiled.

Dan inhaled the cool night air as he paced through the park. His mind raced in a million different directions, but at least out here, away from it all, he could breathe.

His mind didn't retreat into that safe place inside of him like it did when he was confronted with Lester and Sarah together.

<i>What the fuck was he going to do?</i>

His family was teetering on the brink of financial ruin. Lester was their lifeline. But he was poison. Sarah wouldn't go to her parents for help and Dan's family wasn't in a position to help. It was Lester and his poison pill or it was no one.

Sure, maybe they could move into their car or something equally dramatic but Sarah would never go for that. It wasn't a real possibility. The only option he could see in front of him was swallowing Lester's poison pill and enduring the nasty side effects.

Maybe he could do that for awhile. Just until they found some stability and moved on. He'd been scrambling with work for months. Something would have to turn around soon, wouldn't it? Sarah would need to start looking for work. They'd get back on their feet.

But what if they didn't?

Soft moans caught Dan's ears and he found himself walking towards it. He came to a dark corner of the park, lying on the ground were two young people. One a man, the other a very attractive brunette. Both were in a state of undress, the man's hands in her pants and hers openly stroking his dick.

Dan froze in place, just like he did each time he watched Sarah and Lester together. His mind slowly retreating back in his head.

"What the fuck perv?" The girl shouted, covering herself up with one hand. Dan's mind reeled and his concouiness was lurched back to the front of his mind. He stagged back a step as the guy shuffled to his feet, scared and defensive.

“Sorry, I, uh,” Dan stammered, turned and hurriedly walked away, “Sorry.”

He walked briskly back to the better lit part of the park, looking over his shoulder as he went. His heart hammered in his chest and he felt himself getting out of breath. He didn't stop walking until he found himself crossing his front lawn, eyeing the house's door.

His heart didn't slow as he opened the door and crossed the threshold. He back against the door, closing it and let out a breath. After a few moments he got his bearings and took in the quiet house. It was late, he didn't know how late. He hadn't brought his phone with him.

Dan climbed the stairs. The girls door was shut, already in bed. When he reached the end of the hall, his heart started hammering again. Faint light shone into the hallway. Just like before he approached the door, excited and worried about what he would find on the other side.

Easing the door open, Sarah was sitting on the bed in her pajamas looking at him.

“Where'd you go?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“For a walk,” Dan said, “To think.”

“The girls were worried. You just left without telling anyone where you were going.”

“I didn't think about that,” Dan moved into the room, closing the door behind him. He moved to sit down across from Sarah but paused looking at the chair Lester had purchased for him. He sighed and sat down, “I just had to get some fresh air and clear my head.”

Sarah crossed her arms, “Whats wrong?”

Dan chuckled under his breath, “Oh you mean other than watching you and Lester defile our house? Nothing Sarah. Nothing is wrong.”

Arms still crossed, Sarah stood, “What did you think was going to happen Dan? That we were just going to have dinner and he would leave? You knew what we were signing up for. You knew what this was.”

“Oh yeah I just knew that he was going to take you at the dinner table and that you both would talk shit about me all night. That's what I signed up for,” Dan shook.

“We only did those things because you like it. You react to it. Your face twisted in this way I've never seen before. When Lester has me like that and I say things that might be belittling. You love it.” Sarah said.

“I dont,” Dan fired back.

“Really? Is that why your dick was hard all night? I embrace this fantasy of yours and then you hate me for it. You're like one of those internet commentators that jerk off and then write an angry comment after. You want it in the moment but now you're acting mad at me to justify yourself.” Sarah threw her hands up in the air, exhausted.

Dan just shook his head, “No I don't think you did it for me. You did it to please your lover.”

“Please him?” Sarah chuckled, “Of course I want to please him. He's the one throwing us a lifeline and keeping our family afloat. If I have to lean into things a bit so what? You both enjoy it. I can't believe I'm feeling like the bad guy here.”

"You do more than just lean into it. You love it too. I saw the way you look at him." Dan said standing up and moving away from her.

"What? Would you rather I don't find something in it to enjoy? You'd rather your wife sleep with Lester and hate every second of it? That sounds sick Dan." Sarah said.

"That's not what I meant," Dan shook his head.

"Oh what did you mean then? That you want me to like it but not like it too much or then I'm a slut? You men..." Sarah stammered, balling her fists.

"You're distracting from the point," Dan replied.

"What's the point then Dan? Did we take things too far? Maybe. Maybe not. But this is what we signed up for. At anytime you could have stepped in and stopped things." Sarah said.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "You know how I get. Sometimes I can't..."

"Get it up?" Sarah said.

"Can't think," Dan said hard, "I can't breathe. My brain doesn't work."

"You keep saying that but it feels like you just want to shift all the responsibility onto me. So you can have your cake and eat it too," Sarah said.

"That's not it," Dan said, "I just hate this whole situation it makes me feel..."

Dan struggled trying to think of the right way to phrase his emotions. Before he could, Sarah said, "Less of a man."

Dan winced and felt a pang in his heart. Sarah continued, "Your struggling with that. Between work, all our bills and then the way that Lester takes command in the bedroom. You're feeling like less of a man. Not as important."

"That's not it. At all," Dan lied, "It's about respect."

Sarah chuckled, "All of this is about you but did you ever stop and think what I want out of this? I don't want Lester to come in and ask for permission before kissing me. I want passion, I want to be taken, hard. Dominated. It's not just about what Lester or you want. I'm part of this too."

"I think our boundaries are getting blurred. We should have talked about this before," Dan muttered.

"We did talk about things to an extent. I think you just have buyer's remorse."

"I wish we could just pause this whole throuple thing," Dan said, "So I can figure it out."

"Dan...I love you. I do. But you always want to stop and think. Sometimes you just need to act. We can't pause things. We're in it now. If we pause things how are we going to cover everything?"

"I don't know. Savings," Dan said.

"We need that. There's not much left but if things get bad we'll need it."

"So that's it then? We just keep letting Lester use you and I have to be okay with it?" Dan asked.

"Look at it as me using him. And I know it's an adjustment. This whole throuple thing. I'm still wrapping my head around it." Sarah said.

"It didn't seem like you took much adjusting..." Dan said, cringing immediately as the words left his mouth.

Sarah shook her head, "You know what. I get it. This whole thing, being unemployed, again, and everything else is tough for you. But I lost my job too. Its tough for me too. But I'm figuring it out instead of playing the blame game. You want some fresh hair and to clear your head? I think I need to clear my head too." Sarah said as she walked into the closet.

"What do you mean?" Dan said.

"I mean we need some time apart. Both of us need to think. Everythings too raw right now," Sarah said.

"I don't want to leave the girls. I don't want to leave them again," Dan said.

"So what? You want me to go?" Sarah said.

"Maybe I can just sleep in the basement for a bit. We can have our own spaces," Dan said.

"I need some physical seperation Dan. We need space to work things out for ourselves," Sarah said.

Dan felt the heat rising in his chest, "So what? Where are you gonna go? You gonna drive to Chicago to be with him?"

Sarah scoffed, "I was thinking my parents but nice try."

"Really? You're parents? They are going to ask you a million questions. You're going to regret it." Dan said.

"Not as much as I'll regret staying here and we tear each other's heads off," Sarah said. "It's not healthy Dan."

"None of this is healthy," Dan shot back.

"See, this solves nothing. The sniping," Sarah said as she packed clothes in her carry on, "I can't keep being the bad guy."

Dan wanted to stop fighting. The guilt welled up in him, mixing with the bubbling anger. He knew he was casting stones harshly but he was so frustrated.

"Hey, stop," Dan said trying to hold Sarah.

"Don't touch me, not right now," Sarah snapped, "I don't want that."

"Maybe you should go," Dan said thinking of Sarah running off to be with Lester.

"Bye Dan. I'll call the girls in the morning," Sarah said as she wheeled her suitcase out of the room. Dan sat on the edge of the bed listening as she went downstairs. He kept listneing, waiting for her to come back up. For them to apologize to each other like they always did.

He kept waiting as he heard the door close, then the car's engine come to life and the car pulling out of the driveway. He kept waiting, knowing she'd cool off and come back.

Sarah's parents spoke in hushed, hurried voices down the hall. Sarah had just showered and was getting ready for bed. Her old bedroom used to have posters of the Backstreet boxes and N'SYNC on the walls. Now it was tastefully updated with a neutral cream paint.

There was a knock at the door before it opened and her mom came in. She shut the door behind her. Sarah was always taken aback by how beautiful her mother still looked. She hoped that she would be able to age just as gracefully as her mother was.

"Everything okay mom?" Sarah asked.

"Just your father being you're father," Renee said coming to sit next to her, "To be honest, I get it. Sometimes we just need a break from them."

"I'm starting to feel guilty about it," Sarah said looking down at her hands.

Renee held them, "And you don't want to tell me anything else?"

"No Mom, I don't it's just—"

"I won't pry. I'm sorry. I'm worried. I don't want to get between you and Dan but a mother will always worry about their daughter," Renee said.

Sarah just nodded her head.

"I was thinking..." Renee started, "How about instead of wallowing around here with under your Father's eye, we get out of town for a bit. Maybe a mini girls trip. Just the two of us. We haven't done that in gods I don't know how long."

"I'd like that," Sarah said, smiling at her mom, "It would be a good mental reset. Just to get away for a couple of days. I can't really afford to at the moment though."

"Well you still have your apartment in Chicago don't you? We could just go into the city for a night or two. Catch a show. Have dinner. Have fun. I'll take care of the rest," her mother said.

"We do...but...I don't know..." Sarah began to think about apartment. About Lester. Her legs shifted on the bed. "I'm not sure if Lester will be there or not. He might not like having us both crash there."

"You pay rent just like he does," Renee said, "You let me worry about Lester. I'll handle him."

Sarah squeezed her eyes shut and pushed out the stray thoughts that had wandered in. Her mom's innocent words took on an entirely different meaning to her.

Sarah opened her mouth to say something but her mom held up a single finger, "It's settled. Right?"

Sarah thought about Dan. Wondered what he would think. But this is what they needed. Some space. Sarah looked at her mom and nodded, "Okay."

Lester strolled through the hospital hallway with a giant shit eating grin on his face. Everything about the last encounter at Sarah's house had been perfect. Dan, completely edged out of the equation. Sarah bending to his every whim, shutting the door on Dan and professing his love for him as they fucked...

He couldn't have asked for a better execution of his plan. It was intoxicating, to push them like this. To see them continually cross the lines in the sand they had so valiantly tried setting up long ago. He

smirked, thinking back to that Sarah he had first met. She wouldn't even recognize the woman she was now.

His phone buzzed in his pocket. A message from Sarah, asking if he'll be in Chicago or in Middleton. He replied wherever she'd be. As he tucked his phone in his pocket, it buzzed again.

He took it out, ready for a flirtatious exchange but his eyes bulged. It was an alert from a security app installed on his computer in Chicago. Someone was trying to remotely breach his firewall.

"Not today," Lester sneered opening another app for his smart plug and killing power to his computer. No power, no access.

Cronos, whoever he was, had some hacker lackeys that were getting very annoying. He'd have to put some more permanent measure in place to stop them.

He sent Sarah another message that read, 'Chicago' before marching back to his office to pack his things.

Marcus stared out the window at the cityscape before him, arms crossed behind his back. He hated having incompetent people around him. "How are you just finding out about this now?"

He could feel Irving shifting uncomfortably behind him, "I, uh..."

Marcus rolled his eyes and turned to face the smaller man on the other side of his desk, "You know I don't pay you by the word. Spit it out Irving."

"Right. Yeah. Sorry," Irving sputtered, "Well, we weren't looking for it. When we bought our leaked files we tried tracing down the seller but he routed himself through a ton of different networks using a few different protocols. We lost him when he pinged off a server in Bangladesh. It was actually quite impressive how he is able to..."

"The point," Marcus rapped his ringed finger on the wooden desk, "Get to it."

"Right, uh, yeah so that was a dead end," Irving shifted his weight between his feet, looking anywhere else in the room beside Marcus' eyes. "So we started doing some homework, looking for other similar attacks. We almost missed this but I had a contact at a small shitty consulting company called Swan Systems. Anyways one of their clients in Chicago got hacked recently too but this one was a ransomware."

"And?" Marcus said, impatiently gesturing with his hands.

"And we found a connection," Irving beamed, "I found that connection."

"Jesus Christ what is it. Do I need to pay you more to get to the point? What is the connection?" Marcus demanded.

"The guy working with that Jesse kid. The one working with Byron when everything went down. His wife works at the hospital. That can't be a coincidence."

"Get me everything you can on both of them," Marcus said, "Anything else?"

"Yeah just one more thing. My guy said that their team couldn't get past the ransomware. It was impossible. But then the wife there brings in some mystery independent consultant that unlocked everything and made them look like shit."

“Find out who that was,” Marcus demanded.

Irving did a pathetic bow and retreated out of the room.

“Are you sure you want to stay at the apartment?” Sarah asked as she neared Lester’s building, “We could always get a hotel or something. Make it a real girl’s trip.”

“Can you really afford that? With Dan losing his job I’m not sure its the smartest thing to do. I plan on paying for most things this trip Sarah because I know things are tough but your dad and I didn’t get to were we are today by spending when we don’t have to,” her mother said sagely from the passenger seat.

Sarah suppressed an eye roll as she eased the car into the building’s parking lot. She’d heard this sage advice all her life. Her parents loved to tell her how to save and be successful in life. It couldn’t have anything to do with the fact that both of them had employers with great benefits and pensions, positions that conveniently no longer existed.

The job market her parents knew didn’t exist anymore, but they never acknowledged that.

“I’ll grab our bags from the back,” Sarah said, killing the ignition.

Her stomach was in knots the entire ride up the elevator. Her mother was humming something to herself. Sarah didn’t know what would happen when she walked through the apartment door. Would Lester already be there? Would he saunter up and kiss her? He’d done that before. And now that they were a ‘throuple’ it stood to reason that he might expect that. They hadn’t gone over any ground rules, such as how to act in front of others. Sarah would die inside if Lester kissed her in front of her mother.

Sarah breathed and tried to focus on something else, “So, have you thought more about what you want to do this weekend?”

The doors opened and they stepped out. Her mother said, “I still don’t know. We need to get some food, for sure. It could be fun to go and have a couple drinks somewhere. We can ever do that Uber thing.”

“Drinks? Are you sure? We could visit a museum or something, maybe do some touristy stuff,” Sarah offered.

“Leave the tourist stuff for the tourists,” Renee chuckled as they wheeled their luggage down the hall, “How often do I get time alone with you like this? Time away from your father? I don’t want to stare at a bunch of musty pictures, I want to have fun Sarah.”

“Fun? So you want to hit the clubs mom?” Sarah asked laced with sarcasm.

“Who knows. Maybe. Do you think they have an 80’s night?” Renee asked.

Sarah stopped at the door to the apartment and put her key in the lock, “No. I don’t think they do.”

As she stepped into the apartment she felt herself getting wet between her legs. She didn’t know why but imagined it was some kind of fucked up pavlovian response. Her eyes darted to the hallway, half hoping and half dreading Lester’s appearance. As her mom rolled her suitcase in and closed the door behind them, Lester still hadn’t appeared.

"Maybe we have the place to ourselves this weekend," Renee said.

"Maybe. Or maybe Lester is just playing his video games. He's pretty obsessive," Sarah said.

"Well, whatever. Should I put my suitcase in Dan's room or just leave it out here in the living area?" Renee asked.

Sarah took her mother's suitcase, "I'll bring to the room. Why don't you make us a coffee and get comfortable."

Sarah wheeled both suitcases to Dan's room, as her mind raced. She hadn't thought all of this through. There was still a massive peephole on Dan's wall that she couldn't let her mother see. When she pushed into Dan's old room she was surprised to see the peephole covered by a piece of art hanging on the wall.

Lester must be here, or at least in the city. They'd texted back and forth briefly. He knew she was coming with her mother. He'd taken the initiative to cover the hole and relieve Sarah of an awkward situation. She almost felt touched at his consideration.

Almost. He'd chosen a picture of a half naked anime girl holding a massive sword. She was posed in a very suggestive manner. Now instead of a conversation about a peephole, she'd have to endure an awkward conversation about Dan's choice of art.

Lester could be a such a dick but at least he was consistent.

When Sarah returned to the living room she was surprised to find her mother engaged in a conversation with Lester, who had apparently just arrived home. As she approached, they both turned towards her. Lester's predatory eyes ran over her body and she suppressed a shudder. He shouldn't be doing that, not in front of her mother.

"Hey Lester," Sarah steeled her nerves, suppressing the urge to pull him to his bedroom, "Did you just get in?"

"Yeah I had to do some running around," Lester said, "You're mom and me were just talking about your girls weekend. Sounds like fun."

"Lester told me about a bar we should go to called 'NAME', it sounds like a lot of fun, and the drinks are cheap. Maybe we could go there after dinner tonight." Renee beamed.

Sarah cocked her head, "Whats so fun about this place?"

Lester shrugged, "Dunno really. I've just heard about it. Seems to be one of the talked about places in the city. Decent food, cheap drinks, good music."

"We'll see," Sarah said.

"You ladies want some company tonight?" Lester asked looking at Renee. Sarah was about to shut that down but Renee spoke first.

"Sorry Lester. It's a girls weekend. Just me and Sarah. We're going to spend some quality time together." Renee said. Relief washed over Sarah.

"Tsk. Too bad," Lester said, "Maybe tomorrow then? It's always been a fantasy of mine to have a beautiful blonde on each arm."

Renee lightly slapped Lester's arm. Too playful of a gesture for Sarah's liking. "Stop that," Renee blushed. A crooked smile spread on Lester's face. Sarah's stomach turned.

"Alright," Sarah stepped forward, "Mom did you make that coffee?"

"No, not yet dear, I was about to when Lester walked in."

"Okay, I was thinking. Why don't we go for a walk and grab one? I could go for a pumpkin spice from Starbucks," Sarah said.

"Oh I don't know Sarah we just got in," Renee started.

"What happened to having a fun girls weekend? We should get out. We should really only be here in the apartment for sleeping." Sarah said.

"Oh, you're right. Okay," Renee said, "Let's go. See you later Lester."

"I'll be here," Lester chimed in, "I'll probably be in my room. Sarah, if you need anything. Anything at all, you know where to find me."

The statement sounded innocent enough but Sarah knew what Lester was implying. He wanted her to visit him in his room later. How the hell was she going to do that without her mom catching on to them?

"I always told your Father we should try Indian food," Renee said as they stepped out of the Uber. Sarah shimmied over the seat and got out behind her mom.

"But he never wants to try anything new. Its always the same places. The same dishes. I don't know how that man can live like that. Don't you ever just want to have a taste of something new?" Renee said, her words coming out fast and furious.

Sarah shook her head. They'd had a couple drinks with dinner and her mom was having a good time. The Indian restaurant had been her mom's idea.

"Janet and her husband love Indian food. There's that little spot on 10th but your father wouldn't ever go. I'm going to make him when we get back. He'll like that on chicken dish."

"Butter chicken," Sarah said hooking her arm in her mom's and crossing the sidewalk to the entrance of 'BAR NAME.'

The place looked kind of dingy, like it had been a mainstay of the neighborhood for decades. Not some new and trendy place like Lester had alluded to. When they opened the door, the place was packed with throngs of people. They slid up to two open seats at the bar.

"What should we order?" Sarah asked, "Do you want another glass of wine?"

Before Renee could answer, a young male bartender came over, "What can I get you?"

"Two shots of whiskey," Renee said with a big smile. Sarah turned and looked at her mother with wide eyes.

"What? We're supposed to have fun. Come on Sarah, don't be all motherly. Let loose a bit. That's why we're here isn't it? The boys always get to have fun, why shouldn't we?"

Sarah shrugged and turned to the bartender, "Two shots of whiskey I guess. And how about a couple glasses of red. Do you have a cab sauv?"

"We only have a merlot," the bartender said. Sarah nodded reluctantly and shortly after the bartender returned with their drinks. Renee held up her shot glass to cheers with Sarah and they both downed it, disgusted expressions following shortly afterwards.

They say and talked, sipping their wine when the bartender brought over two drinks and set them down in front of them.

"Excuse me," Renee said, "We didn't order these."

The bartender winked at her, "Courtsey of an admirer across the bar."

Sarah looked around but couldn't see anyone looking in their direction, "What are they?"

"Dark and Stormy," the bartender said. Before Sarah could ask what kind of alcohol was in them, the bartender left to serve another customer.

When she turned back to her mom, she already had the drink in hand and was taking a long sip of it. "Oh, that's good," her mom said, "I didn't think it'd like it but it's good. Who sent it?"

"I don't know, I couldn't see anyone," Sarah said.

"It's exciting," Renee said, turning to sip on her wine.

"What is?" Sarah asked, "The drink?"

"Just being out like this. And having someone buy us a drink. I don't remember the last time that's happened. Or the last time I've just gone out for a drink like this with your father," Renee said.

"Don't get too excited. It's probably some ugly guy trying to get us drunk," Sarah said.

"Well he can buy me all the drinks he'd like," Renee laughed, "I'll just drink them and make him leave with blue balls."

"Mom," Sarah said, "Who are you?"

"What? Come on Sarah don't be such a prude. It's just a word. Balls." Renee said again.

"Is this what it's like when you drink?" Sarah asked.

"Oh please," Renee said, "I've only had a couple. It's just harmless fun. Don't pretend like you never have fun like this."

"What does that supposed to mean?" Sarah asked.

"What was it like?" Renee asked, "That...adult theater. What happened in there Sarah?"

"We are not talking about that again mom. We already talked about this. That conversation is over." Sarah said.

Renee signalled to the bartender and asked for two more shots.

"Mom? What are you doing?" Sarah asked.

"Trying to get those lips of yours to loosen up. Come on, I'm buying," Renee said.

“You’re getting out of control,” Sarah said.

“I’m not. We’ve only had a couple drink Sarah. I told you, I wanted to let loose this weekend. Have some fun. I never get to have any fun anymore. Just give me this, okay?” Renee asked.

“Fine,” Sarah said and downed the shot the bartender placed in front of her. She went back to the shitty wine.

As they continued to talk and drink Sarah couldn’t help but feel like something was off with her mom. She decided to ask a feeler question, “Is everything okay? With you and dad?”

“Don’t worry about us Sarah. You have enough relationship things on your plate.”

“Come on. Girls weekend remember? How are you guys doing?”

Renee drained the last of her wine and pushed the empty glass forward. She turned her attention to the dark and stormy in front of her before sighing, “Things are fine. Boring and domestic but fine. It’s just...the same thing. Day in and day out. I wish your dad with take more initiative.”

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked.

Renee cocked and eyebrow at her, “You know what I mean.”

“Ew. I don’t need to know that.” Sarah said downing a large gulp and finishing her wine.

“You asked.” Renee chuckled.

“I sincerely wish I didn’t,” Sarah spat. She grabbed her own dark and stormy to clean the bile out from her mouth.

Another pair of drinks were placed in front of them, this time in two highball glasses.

“You’re admerer again. He said you both look thisty,” the bartender said before retreating. Again. Sarah scanned the crowd but couldn’t find anyone looking their way. She sipped the new drink and it tasted good.

Her mom was happily sipping on the drink and had her phone out. Sarah instinctvely reached into her purse and pulled her own out and saw a text from Lester.

L: How’s the drink?

Sarah scanned the crowd again. She didn’t see him anywhere.

S: Are you here?

L: Maybe.

S: I don’t see you. Are you creeping in the shadows or something?

L: Maybe. Just watching two blondes out enjoiing themselves.

S: Leave my mom alone.

L: Sure. It’s not her I’m interested in.

Sarah grinned and raised an eyebrow.

S: Oh? And who are interested in?

L: A delicious mother who likes gettingf fucked in front of her pathetic husband.

S: You're bad. Dan wasn't happy afterwards.

L: Sure he wasn't. But he didn't stop us. In the moment he loved it. He just felt emasculated afterwards.

Sarah stared at his words. That was close to what she had said to Dan earlier. She didn't know how to response.

L: You know its true. But why are we talking about Dan? I'd rather talk about the sexy blonde at the bar.

S: Sexy? I'm wearing jeans and a t-shirt. Thats not very sexy.

L: It's still your body underneath. You can put whatever you want on top but that body is still drips sex.

S: Careful. I don't want you to get worked up. Nothing will be happening tonight. Not with my mom in the apartment.

L: Who says we need the apartment?

Sarah bit her lip.

S: What are you thinking?

L: The stalls in the bathroom aren't too tight. We could both fit in there.

S: That's disgusting.

L: That's why you'll love it. You can keep pretending to be the nice little soccer mom but we both know just how dirty you like to be. Come on, it'll be perfect.

S: I'm not going to leave my mom. We can't.

L: What's going to happen? She had a couple drinks alone? She'll be fun. She's a grown women.

S: Knowing you, you'll keep me in there for over an hour. I can't do that.

L: I love that you aren't against the idea anymore. You're just trying to find an excuse. You're mom wants you to have fun this weekend right? You should take advantage.

S: I'm not sure its a good idea.

L: Maybe I'm texting the wrong blonde.

S: Stop that shit Lester. It's not funny.

L: What? You don't think she likes me?

S: She's married to my father Lester.

L: And you're married to Dan. I don't see you're point.

S: I will strangle you in your sleep.

L: Not if I choke you with my cock first.

S: You are insatiable.

L: Big word for a drunk girl.

S: I'm not drunk. Not yet.

L: You're swaying as you text. I can see you remember?

S: Goodbye Lester.

L: I'll meet you in there in five minutes. Don't be late.

Sarah sighed and shoved her phone back in her purse. She took another long dip of her new drink.

"Dan?" Renee said.

"Hmm? What" Sarah asked.

"Were you texting Dan? Is he upset about you coming on the trip?" Renee asked.

"No," Sarah said. "It wasn't Dan. He hasn't messaged me. I haven't told him we're in Chicago."

"Really? Then who were you texting?" Renee asked.

"Nobody, important," Sarah answered. She tried to push thoughts of Lester out of her mind. Of rendezvousing with him in some dirty public bathroom. The idea made her skin crawl and she felt damp between her legs. She shifted in her chair, her bra brushing uncomfortably against her nipples.

"Then why were you smiling so much," Renee challenged. Sarah looked at her mom. The darky and stormy was empty in front of her. Renee was swaying in her seat, clutching the high ball glass.

"Just some funny GIFs and memes. Friend at work. It's nothing," Sarah said.

"Nothing? Like how nothing happened at your house the other day, when your father and I found it, it looked like a tornado had been through there," Renee said, "I'm still wondering what you and Dan were up too."

"You promised not to ask about that this weekend," Sarah said.

"You're right," Renee said miming a gesture to zip her lips, "I won't ask about your crazy sex life."

"Jesus. Mom," Sarah put her face in her hands, "You need to slow down on those drinks."

"You're no fun Sarah," Renee said again.

Sarah levelled her gaze at her mom. Then deliberately moved it to the back of the bar in an exaggerated eye roll.

"I'm just saying Sarah that I..."

The rest of what her mother was saying trailed off as she spotted a familiar blob move through the back of the bar. Lester, looked entirely out of place in his ratty graphic t-shirt and basketball shorts. He garnered quite a few stares, even a couple people gesturing over their shoulders and snickering with their friends.

Sarah knew how to have fun. More than her mother could ever know. She downed the rest of her drink and turned to her mom, cutting her off, "I need to go to the girl's room."

“Oh, I’ll come too,” Renee said.

“No. It’s okay. It’s busy in here. Hold our seats. I’ll be right back,” Sarah said sliding off the barstool. As she did the room spun and she gripped the back of the chair to catch herself. She blinked and chuckled at how she was feeling. It was like all those drinks hit her at once.

Her mom said something again from behind her but Sarah didn’t catch it. She pushed through the crowded bar, careful not to trip on her uneasy feet. She moved through the throngs of people with a giddy smile plastered on her face. Things registered slower to her brain. She was sure someone had cupped a handful of her ass as she walked by but it didn’t bother her.

She moved into the back of the seedy looking bar. There was a dimly lit hallway here. Lester was nowhere to be found. She went down it and around a corner, deeper into the building. She felt goosebumps spread onto her arms. She hadn’t realized how long the hallway was going to be.

She passed a door to the men’s washroom then stopped in front of one for women. She blinked looking back down the hallway at the men’s bathroom. She wasn’t sure which one Lester would have gone into. Sarah pushed open the door to the women’s and stepped in. The washroom was empty. An incandescent bulb flickered on the ceiling, threatening to go out.

It was disgusting in there. The tile floor looked like they’d never been cleaned and grim seemed to cling to every surface. Sarah moved in, the first stall had a big ‘Out of Order’ sign. The next was locked but she didn’t think anyone was in it.

“Down here,” Lester’s voice said from the furthest stall. She walked towards it, back in the direction of the bar and the men’s washroom door. She tentatively pushed open the flimsy door to the stall and stepped in.

“What took you so long?” Lester said. He was standing there, already naked, nothing left on except his long black socks. Her nose wrinkled at the fact that he’d taken his shoes off in here. But her eyes drank in the sight of him. The dark hair covering the mound of his body. His eager, sinister looking face. The odd proportions she’d never seen on another human being. And his long, thick cock, already sprouting through his dense pubic hair to greet her.

She licked her lips without thinking and stepped into the stall, pulling the door closed behind her. Lester advanced on her immediately with that fucking shit eating grin plastered on his face. He waddled up to her like a toddler.

“I thought you weren’t coming? What happened to that?” Lester grinned, pressing his naked cock against her jean covered pussy, backing her up into the stall door. She cringed as her hair pressed against the door, wondering how long it had been since anyone had wiped it down.

“I just remembered the great time you gave me at my house and couldn’t resist,” Sarah whispered, voice already struggling to contain her burning desire.

Lester chuckled, “That was a good night.”

He started to tug on the bottom of her tucked in white t-shirt as he ground his cock into her. Sarah gasped as her shirt was completely untucked. Lester slowly pulled the thin material up her body.

“You submitting fully to me. Getting fucked on the dinner table in front of your husband. Him just sitting there like a pathetic cuck while I took his wife over and over all night,” Lester’s lips were on her neck. His tongue snaking out and exploring her skin.

“Shhh. Lester. Someone will hear you,” Sarah moaned, her hands running through the hair on Lester’s chest.

“Who gives a shit?” Lester’s tongue left a hot trail of saliva up her neck. His fat tongue swirled over her skin. “No one here knows you. Who cares if they know you are a little slut or that your husband is a cuck. Heh, you’ll probably just have a line of guys wanting to take a crack at ya.”

“Mhmm,” Sarah let out a soft moan at the idea.

“But then,” Lester continued, “You’d like that wouldn’t you. You’d like every guy in this bar lining up to take his turn with you after I finished.”

“Maybe,” Sarah softly moaned, biting her lip as Lester tugged her shirt up over her body. Exposing her lacy black bra to him. “Could you handle that? All those mine having their turn with me?”

Lester’s tongue left her skin and she groaned in disappointment. His eyes ran over her now exposed flesh and a predator glint filled his eyes. He licked his lips and finally met her gaze. She saw the hunger burning there and felt her panties soak through.

“As long as I had you first. I set the bar high. The question is could you handle it?” Lester teased and ground his hard cock into her jeans. Sarah bit her lip and closed her eyes, focusing on his cock. “How far would you have gone in that theater if I wasn’t there?”

Sarah shuddered and ground her pussy back against Lester’s cock. Her breasts were rising and falling in quick succession. She knew the answer. She’d known it when her mother had asked at the bar.

Sarah pushed Lester back a bit and reached down to fumble with the button and zipper on her jeans. Lester chuckled and tossed her white t-shirt onto the filthy ground by the toilet. Sarah pushed her jeans down, revealing a black lace g-string.

“What’s a respectable mother doing wearing one of those?” Lester chuckled.

“Just shut up and get back over here,” Sarah snapped as she kicked off her shoes and stepped out of her jeans, leaving them in a pile on the floor. Lester didn’t move. He just stood there, taking in the sight of her. He had an evil grin on his face.

Lester stepped forward and grabbed her arm, spinning her to the side. Her hands braced against the drywall and Lester pressed his rock hard cock against her perfect bubble butt. He didn’t waste anytime. He pulled back and lined his cock up between her thighs and pushed forward, dragging his cock through her thighs and panty covered pussy.

“Uh fuck you’re such a tease,” Sarah moaned, letting her head droop forward, until her forehead pressed against the drywall. Her blonde locks falling to each side of her face. Lester’s hands were kneading her hips as he slowly pistoned himself in and out between her thighs.

“I’ll never get enough of this,” Lester grunted.

“Good. It’s all yours Lester,” Sarah moaned.

“Forever?” Lester chuckled.

“Fuck I hope so,” Sarah whined.

“I wonder what the third wheel would say to that,” Lester said.

“Uh fuck. Lester please shut up about Dan. Just give it to me already.” Sarah mewed.

"Heh. Gladly," Lester sneered. His hands left her hips and grabbed each side of her thin little black g-string panties and pulled. Sarah yelped in pain and heard the fabric rip as Lester tore it off her.

"Oh fuck," Sarah bit her bottom lip. She could feel herself dripping down her thigh. She pushed her ass back, seeking Lester's cock. It ran against her slit, tingling her clit. She thrust back again, trying to make the connection.

Lester just seasawed back and forth against her bare pussy lips, teasing her. Sarah opened her eyes, ready to throw back her head and complain to Lester. Her eyes caught something on the wall.

The drywall was covered in obscene drawings. There were a few spots where it read "For a good time call Jennifer at..."

But what caught Sarah's eye most of all was a yellowbrick spiral road drawn onto the wall. It had to have taken a lot of work. She's never seen or read things like this in a women's bathroom before.

Just as she was gazing at the spiraling yellowing brick road. Lester pulled back and pushed forward. The head of his cock pressing up against her opening. Sarah closed her eyes again, bracing herself against the wall. She found something cold and metallic and wrapped her fingers around it. She was vaguely aware it was a handicap support bar.

Without waiting any longer, Sarah pushed her hips back. A long, guttural groan escaped her lips as she eased Lester's cock inside of her.

"Mhmmmmfuck I missed you," Sarah moaned. She gripped the bar harder and pushed her ass back. Lester stood still, letting Sarah do all the work. She didn't mind. She took inch after tantalizing inch into her, her jaw dropping open as she did.

"I missed you too," Lester spit from behind her.

"I wasn't talking about you," Sarah grinned.

Lester just grunted his acknowledgement but Sarah wanted to keep talking, "I was talking to your cock. That big, beefy, beautiful cock. Fuck I want it in me all night. I want it all over me. In me. In my mouth. Everywhere."

"I'll sneak into your room and fuck you while your mother sleeps," Lester said.

"Ughh," Sarah ground her nails into the steel bar. The idea of being covertly fucked like some teenager made her head swim.

Sarah's bubble butt pressed against Lester's thighs and she had his entire length inside of her. She stayed still for a moment, letting herself adjust to his size. The tile below her sock covered feet was a cool reminder of the disgusting environment she found herself in. But at that moment, she didn't want to be anywhere else in the world.

Licking her lips, she slid forward towards the wall easing a few inches out of her before sliding back down onto it, "Mhmmmm."

"Mhmmmm. Yesss." Sarah moaned.

"Louder Sarah," Lester said giving her ass a light slap, "No one can hear you over the sound of the music. Let it out."

“Uhhfuck what if someone walks in?” Sarah fumbled a response but moaned louder anyway, “Mmmhmmmmmm.”

“Then they’ll be jealous of the fucking you’re about to get,” Lester said. He pulled his entire shaft out of her and slammed it back into her hard. Sarah’s feet skidded on the tile floor and she pushed against the bar for leverage.

“This is how you were meant to be fucked. From behind in a dirty bathroom stall like a cheap whore. Squeeze my cock Sarah.”

Sarah clenched her pussy around Lester’s cock as he slid it in and out of her. She wanted him to hammer her. To dominate her. To caveman fuck her here. She needed to be fucked hard.

“Fuck Lester. Give it to me. Fuck me harder. I need it. Please. Please,” Sarah whined. Lester unhooked her bra. It dangled from her shoulders. He reached around and with one of his paws he palmed one of her breasts. He squeezed it hard, before letting the nipple roll between his finger tips.

His other hand held tightly onto her ass, not willing to let her go. He pumped his cock in and out of her, increasing his pace as he went. Sarah felt her eyelashes flutter as they rolled back, revelling in the sensation of Lester’s cock inside of her. The bar she was holding onto was amazing, giving her the perfect angle to let Lester’s girthy cock pound against her G-Spot before pushing deeper with every thrust.

She pushed back at the same time Lester thrust forward, adding some of her own momentum to the glorious collisions of G-Spot and cock.

“Ughhhhhmmmmmmmm,” Sarah groaned, raising her head and letting it loll. Lester let go of her breast and ran his hand up her back until he grabbed a fistful of her blonde hair. He pulled her head back and she saw stars for a second.

Lester shifted behind her. Sarah glanced over her shoulder and saw that he’d put his foot up on the toilet seat and adjusted his angle.

“Oh Lester shit,” Sarah moaned as the angle of his cock made her insides dance, “That’s nice. So fucking nice. Just like that baby.”

“Have you followed the yellow brick road?” Lester asked, cock thrusting into her. Her ass slammed back on his thighs and she she could feel the sweat already covering both of them. She didn’t know how long she’d been in here. How long they’d been fucking but everything else could wait.

“What?” Sarah said, not focused on his words. She was too distracted by his amazing cock pistoning in and out of her like a freight train. She was about to hang her head and go back to mentally checking out when pain flared in her neck.

Lester’s hand gripped her hair into a tight fist and pulled her head up, “Ohfuck that hurts.”

“Open your eyes,” Lester demanded.

Sarah opened them. Her vision was blurry and unfocused for a few seconds. The drywall in front of her came into focus, along with the graffiti and lewd drawings of some adolescent youth. Her eyes caught the spiralling yellow brick road drawing.

“You see it?” Lester asked, pumping his cock into her. He pulled it out all the way and slammed it back in for good measure making her shriek.

“Uh..yeah....yes...on the wall,” Sarah moaned ready to close her eyes and focus on their fucking.

“Follow it. Follow it till the end,” Lester said.

“What?” Sarah said, irritated at him. She just wanted to fuck.

“Do it,” Lester said slowing this thrusts, “Or I’ll stop fucking you.”

“Ughhmhmmm. Don’t stop. Please don’t Lester. I’ll look,” Sarah raised her head and opened her eyes. Lester pushed his cock back in then pulled it back out quickly. Then slammed it back in again. His cock felt so hot. So thick. So big. It filled her. She moaned, wanting to drop her head but her eyes lazily following the spiralling yellow brick road design on the wall. It spun around and around, covering a large chunk of the wall right in front of her. Its center ended directly above the bar she was gripping so tightly.

Her eyes went wide as saucers when she saw what awaited her in the middle of the spiral. A thick, dark cock was jutting out of the wall.

“What the fuck?” Sarah gasped, her pussy involuntarily clenching around Lester’s cock. He thrust hard into her, pushing her forward towards the wall. She gripped his cock and pushed back with her ass, pushing on the bar for leverage. As she pushed back her head dropped down until she was eye level with the dark cock. Precum oozed out of it and her hair fell over her face and danced across the shaft and head.

“You know what that is,” Lester said, “It’s a cock. Not a penis like Dan’s.”

“I know what the fuck it is Lester,” Sarah stammered, “But what the fuck is it doing here?”

Sarah heard the moan in her voice as she spoke. She couldn’t take her eyes off the large, dark cock jutting out at her.

“Waiting for you,” Lester said. “It’s been sticking out for awhile. Someone probably watched you head to the back and hoped you’d come in this stall.”

“You picked the stall,” Sarah said licking her lips.

“You share Dan’s ability for stating the obvious,” Lester let go of Sarah’s head and grabbed both of her hips. He dropped his foot back to the dirty tile and pushed her forward. Sarah lurched, not expecting Lester’s force. Her bare breasts smashed against the cold drywall. The steel bar pressed hard into her hips. The lacy black bra hung uselessly from her shoulders. Lester cock was buried deep inside of her, pinning her against the bar.

The dark skinned cock jutting through the wall pressed into stomach. She could feel the man’s oozing precum smear onto her skin. Sarah shuddered. The cock in the wall pulled back off her and then thrust forward. He repeated the gesture, his cock head leaving her skin before ramming into her.

Lester hammered her from behind while the stranger probed her front. Sarah’s face was pressed up against the wall, against the yellow brick road design. She breathed hard, feeling the two cocks. One deep inside her, the other desperately wanting to be.

“You gonna touch it?” Lester grunted from behind her. Before she could even think about it. The cock disappeared. She waited for it to ram back into her stomach but it never did. Sarah looked down and watched as a black, weathered hand reached out from the large hold, fingers splayed it touched her stomach.

Some stranger was touching her. While she was naked. While she was getting fucked. His calloused hands ran over her tight, flawless white skin. The arm bent awkwardly and then the hand moved up, cupping one of her breasts. Sarah let out a sharp breath as this stranger man, this man she didn't even know what he looked like, groped her. Groped her breasts with his one hand, grabbing each of them, pinching her nipples, seemingly cherishing each and every touch.

She heard a groan from the other side of the wall and was sure the black man on the other side was stroking himself as he groped her. Sarah thrust her chest forward into the eager stranger's waiting hands.

Lester's cock slide in and out of her, hammering against her G-Spot. She wined, her lips pressing up against the dirty drywall, stained with something unknown. The black hand on her breast was groping more urgently now.

"Oh fuck," Sarah's jaw dropped open, scrapping against the drywall.

"Oh fuck," she repeated.

"You getting close?" Lester wheezed as he pumped his cock into her at a rapid clip.

"Yes....fuck...its....don't stop....close...so close...." Sarah panted, her body heating up as she built herself towards something epic.

"Well don't be so quiet," Lester chuckled, "Let out friend know he's doing a good job over there."

"FUCK," Sarah moaned loudly against the wall. Her hand dropped and she put it on the back of the stranger's hand, urging him, desperately to fondle her harder. She was so close. He seemed to get the hint. The hand grabbed her breasts roughly, his calloused fingers teasing her nipples.

"Uhoh fuck. Right there. Please. Please. Don't....fuck....yes....yes.....YESSUUHHHMHMMMMMM," Sarah wailed as her pussy constricted around Lester's cock, holding the massive tool in place. Lester still pushed into her and dragged his cock out before slamming it back in past her defenses. This tight, her body knew every inch of him. The hand on her breast tweaked a nipple and Sarah screamed as her body exploded in a furious orgasm.

She went up on the balls of her feet as her world rocked. Her ass jiggled against Lester and she clenched her jaw tight as every muscle in her body shuddered at once. The hand on her breasts kept grabbing her, like a conductor at an orchestra guiding them through a powerful crescendo.

"MhmmohhhGOD," Sarah screamed into the drywall as the nerves in her body ignited. She clenched her eyes closed so tight that her vision went completely black for a moment. Her brain swam and she rocked back and forth, feeling her orgasm add to the alcoholic warmth in her core.

Breathing hard, she came back down to reality, her entire body experiencing a heightened sensitivity. The arm groping her breast disappeared back through the wall, much to Sarah's disappointment. It somehow took her lacy black bra through with it.

But in the arm's place, the thick, black cock remerged as if looking for its reward for making her cum so hard. Sarah gazed down at it, licking her lips. Without a conscious thought she reached down and grabbed the thick shaft in one hand. She closed her eyes and revelled in the feeling of it in her palm. It was so thick and powerful and by extension, Sarah was powerful holding it. She gripped it tightly and slowly began stroking it. The cock thrust against her palm, like it had a mind of its own. Sarah let a big drop of saliva run out of her mouth, landing on her her palm and the cock in it. She massaged

her saliva onto this stranger's cock and began stroking him in earnest, watching with wide fascinated eyes as he pushed at her touch.

She stared at the contrast between her white, creamy flawless skin and the utter blackness of the cock. She was transfixed, watching the illicit differences.

Sarah's momentary reverie was broken by Lester's hard cock pumping into her and snapping her back to reality. Sarah groaned, reached out with her other hand and grasped the handicap rail and thrust her bubble back towards her incel lover.

Sarah slammed her ass back against Lester while she stroked the black cock jutting from the hole. With her other hand gripping the rail for leverage, part of her brain registered how much thicker the man's cock was than the safety bar. The bar's steel color wasn't as interesting as a contrast against her white skin.

"MHMMMMHMMMMFUUUUCKK," Sarah's breathing was labored as she fucked and jerked. Each time she slammed back into Lester's cock, her hand would stroke the entire length of the man's hard shaft.

They worked like that, all together in a rhythm that went on for minutes. Sarah fucking Lester's big fat cock. Sarah fucking back into it while she jerked off a stranger. Several times she had to spit on the cock in her hand, temping her to just take it into her mouth.

The stranger's cock kept ramming through the hole, desperate for her touch. Sarah couldn't catch her breath. Lester's cock slide in and out, touching deep insides of her, places Dan had never touched. Sarah wanted to whimper, to lie down on the dirty tile floor and just take his cock while he dominated her.

Sarah's eyes locked on the dark cock in her hand, watching more precum ooze out of it, running over her hand and fingers. A stranger's cum was on her. A stranger who an unknown face.

Sarah kept staring, mouth agape as a sheen of sweat covered her skin. It pooled off her forehead and dripped onto the floor. Lester was breathing hard behind her.

Then the door to the bathroom creaked open.

Renee had gotten impatient waiting for Sarah. Her daughter had to have been gone for over half an hour. Renee revelled in her buzz as she stumbled down the long, dark hallway at the back of the bar.

Where was her daughter? She couldn't still be in the bathroom could she? Renee pushed open the door to the women's washroom stepped inside, peering around at the dimly lit, unkept room.

"Sarah? Are you still in here?" Renee's head swam with that perfect heady buzz and she couldn't suppress the smile on her face. Even though she wasn't graceful on her feet, she felt like she had glided through the crowded bar to this back area.

She waited for a response, teetering on her feet. She couldn't help but turn her nose up at the disgusting state of the bathroom. Why had this place been so highly rated again? The drinks were cheap and the bartender had a heavy pour. That probably went a long way in today's economy.

Renee's fingers hovered over the toilet's lever, frozen. She stood in place, with wide eyes as her drunken brain tried to process what she just heard. Did she hear wrong?

She stood up, straining to listening.

"Mhmmmm. Mmmhmm. Mhmmmm. Mhmmmm."

The sound was unmistakable. A woman in the throws of it. As she listened, she heard the accompanying wet slapping sounds. Someone was giving it to the woman. Fucking her. Fucking her hard and fast from the sounds of it. They were fucking without a care in the world about being in public, about the disgusting state of the bathroom. Just a raw experience.

She took a step back from the toilet, not wanting to flush. Not daring to make her presence known. If she flushed, they'd hear and might stop. A warmth spread through her chest, her breathes were coming fast and shallow.

She shouldn't be here. Shouldn't be part of this. Shouldn't be listening to them. It was supposed to be something private. But she felt a thrill run through her. A thrill she hadn't felt in years.

How long had it been since James had shown that kind of passion? Of just having to have her. For her to feel his raw need? She couldn't remember the last time. They'd settled into something of a routine. Nice, predictable. But their sex life was virtually nonexistent. The doctor's said something about his low testosterone. But Renee still kept herself in shape, hoping to attract her husband. She'd almost convinced herself that that part of their lives was fine. Didn't need work. It changed with age.

But hearing the other women further down in the bathroom getting publically pounded had shattered that notion. That need to be touched, to be held to be fucked came roading back to life. Renee backed herself against the stall door and let their animalistic sounds wash over her.

The women's soft, pleading muffled moans. The wet slapping sounds of skin on skin connecting as they fucked. And...something else. Another wet noise. A slurping noise....

Was that why the moans sounded muffled? Was the woman also giving oral at the same time. Renee's head swam at the implication. But as she listened and closed her eyes, it was unmistakable. The woman was taking two cocks at once and loving every second of it.

Warmth crawled over Renee's skin and her mouth went dry. She realized that her hands were gently running over the front of her shirt, gently grazing the nipples and skin below them. It felt nice. She sucked in a breath and held everything still. Letting the sounds of the threesome wash over her as she continued to touch herself.

Dan had forgotten how hard it could be grocery shopping with the girls. Whenever he'd gone out in Chicago, it had been fast and efficient. Just get what he needed and get out. The girls trailed behind and wandered off. They touched everything, grabbing snacks and chips, rushing up to the cart and begging him to purchase them.

What should have been a fast shopping trip took twice as long. But now he was in the checkout lane, loading their haul onto the conveyor. He eyed everything, noting the multiple new additions that hadn't been on his list. Of course the girls had talked him into adding a chocolate bar each that were conveniently located in the checkout aisle.

The cashier rang up the total and Dan tapped his card to the reader.

Declined.

The cashier gave him a look and without a word reset the transactions letting Dan tap again.

Declined.

Dan sighed, "Let me try my other card."

He slid his visa out and held it to the reader.

Declined.

His cheeks flushed. He never carried cash anymore. Just his two cards.

The lady behind him in line was done loading her stuff and was waiting. Behind her three more carts waited.

The girls had already opened and were digging into their candy bars. Dan's heart hammered in his chest as he looked between the declined message and the indifferent eyes of the cashier.

"I might, uh, need to remove some things here," Dan said scanning the already bagged groceries. He felt the stares of the impatient customer's behind him as he opened the various bags and started to prioritize what was needed.

The girls protested when he set aside their must have additions.

Ava grabbed a the box of peanut butter cookies and shoved them back in the bag.

"You said we can get them!" Ava cried.

"Not today Ava," Dan said through gritted teeth. The woman behind him crossed her arms and pretended not to be watching.

"But you said! Why does Sofia get her Doritos! It's not fair."

"We're not getting the Doritos either," Dan hushed.

"What!" Sofia protested, "I want them. Please Dad! Please. Mom would let us have them."

Dan ignored the girls protests, even as they embarrassingly increased in volume. He pushed everything non-essential to the side and set everything they needed together.

"Could you ring just these up?" He asked the cashier. She rolled her eyes, cancelled the transaction and rang everything up. The girls were still whining at him and he was aware of the scene they were making. They were glaring looks from behind just their aisle.

The cashier finished scanning everything and the card ready lit up, waiting for him. With dampness in his underarms, Dan held his first card to the reader.

Declined.

He let out a curse that shut both of his daughters up. He held his second card up to the reader, holding his breath.

Accepted.

Dan let out his breath and quickly loaded his trimmed down groceries into the cart. The girls still protested the entire way out of the store, drawing many eyes and parental judgement. Dan just blocked them out as he wheeled the cart out of the store into the cool night air and headed towards their car.

Lester had thankfully settled into a comfortable pace behind her. Sarah craved his deep hard, relentless thrusts but it wasn't what the situation called for right now. Sarah pulled her lips off the stranger's cock and greedily licked around his cockhead, tasting the salty, bitter precum from it.

She tilted forward, pressing the hard, thick shaft against her face. It was warm and felt so big against her, "Ughhmmhmm."

It felt so good against her skin. She wished she could see herself. To see what it looked like against her skin, next to her face. She knew the man on the other side of the wall was waiting. Sarah pushed forward until her face was next to the hole and stuck out her tongue, licking the base of the man's shaft. She twirled her tongue around it, eliciting a positive groan from the other side.

That made her smile. She kept stroking the end of his shaft, running her palm over it and the head of his cock as she slowly, and methodically, slowly licked up his shaft. She made sure to lick all around his impressive girth, coating their stranger's tool in her saliva.

She still couldn't believe she was doing this without even knowing what the man looked like. Was he old? Young? Fat? Thin? She had no idea. It didn't matter. He was just a cock to her anyway.

Sarah licked up to the tip of his cock, swirling her tongue around the head. Flicking it over the sensitive area. Lester cock dragged up and down over her G-Spot, Sarah momentarily stopped her licks and just held onto the cock, getting lost in the sensations of Lester's manipulations.

Her hot air covered his cock as she slowly renewed her focus. She eyed the man's heavy balls and without a second thought, dragged her tongue down to the base of the shaft again and headed towards them.

They weren't fully through the wall like his cock but sitting just inside the cutout hole. But she could still get to them. The man almost jumped as her tongue flicked out and licked the flesh of his balls. Through the dense matting of pubic hair her tongue could still feel the goose-like flesh of his nutsack.

The man chuckled from the other side of the wall. To Sarah's dismay he retracted his cock completely. Her second of disappointment was relived as the man thrust his ball sack through the wide hole.

Sarah could only imagine what kind of position he was in on the other side but happily dove in tongue first. His coarse pubic hair pressed against her as she rolled her face against this stranger's meatsack. Her tongue danced across him, teasing and licking. Little hair got stuck to her tongue but she quickly pulled them off and dived back in.

"That's it," she heard a deep voice groan from the other side of the wall, "Lick em bitch."

Sarah's pussy clenched around Lester's cock at his words. It was one thing to touch a stranger, another to suck one she couldn't see. But it was something completely different for a stranger to talk to her in such a derogatory way. Dan never even talked down to her like that.

Dirty talk in the bedroom was something intimate, like what she had with Lester. It was like this man was jumping all the steps and just taking what he wanted from her. The thought made her clench herself on Lester's go again, basking in the feeling of his monster cock filling her.

As she squeezed on Lester, he kept pushing forward. In and out. Over and over. She had trouble holding onto him. She was gushing between her legs.

Sarah's hot breathing was coming out ragged as she licked and worshipped the man's balls. She wanted to talk back. To say something to him. To chastize him for speaking down to her. To beg for him to do it again. But she couldn't utter a word. Not when her mom was still in the bathroom, just a few stalls down.

She should have left by now but Sarah hadn't heard her. Maybe she snuck out or Sarah was just too preoccupied with thw two cocks to notice. It was fucked up that part of her liked the idea of being caught. For someone to discover who she really was.

The balls disappeared and Sarah quickly moved to the side before her eye was impaled with the dark man's returning cock.

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah let out a soft moan that seemed to fill the washroom as she eagerly grabbed the mystery man's shaft again. His heartbeat pulsed in her palm from the thick vein running on the underside of his cock.

WHAP

Sarah yelped at the unexpect pain.

Her head spun to see the savage look on Lester's face. He grinned back at her, his ugly features and beady eyes. She still couldn't beleive a man built like him could make her feel so fucking good.

He raised his hand again, their eyes locked. She waited, bracing for the pain. As she tensed, Lester's hand hovered in the air. It was torture, waiting for it to fall. The cock in her had jutted in and out of her grip.

Lester smirked and started to lower his hand. As she relaxed and was about to turn back to the black man's cock...

WHAP

Sarah yelped again falling forward towards the cock. It pressed against her face hard and moved into her hair. Lester had smacked the same spot twice and tears formed at the corner of her eyes.

"Uhhmmmmmmmm," Sarah groaned from the pain. She wanted to yell at Lester and pull him into a deep kiss but didn't dare say a word. She just turned to glare at him with a mix of fury and wanton desire.

He gave her an evil smile. His entire flabby body was covered in sweat. Sarah could even see beads of it running down his chest. The fat man grabbed her hips with both hands and dug his fingers into her flesh.

He pulled his cock all the way out so just the tip was embedded inside of her, then swayed his hips back and forth teasing her. Sarah pushed her ass back seeking more of him but he made sure his cock stayed where it was.

Sarah stared him, pleading over her shoulder while the cock in her hand was desperate for attention. It thrust urgently through the hole, needing her.

Through the wall the man said, "Yo what the fuck? Put your mouth back on it.. Suck it bitch."

Lester just smirked at her. Sarah mouthed 'Please' to him.

His smirk widened and Lester licked his lips and plunged his cock forward, pushing Sarah back up onto the balls of her toes. Her lips smacked against the side of the cock. Sensing her face, the man urgently began thrusting forward.

Lester pulled his length out to the tip and shoved it again to the hilt. Sarah's body quaked before him. He slammed into her again, hitting and passing her G-Spot.

Sarah's jaw dropped open, "Uhhhooohhhhhmmmm —"

The head of black cock rushed passed her moaning lips and engorged itself into her mouth. Sarah's eyes snapped open at the surprise assault before lazily closing just as her lips did around the thick shaft.

Lester pulled out and pumped another fresh stroke into her. Then another. Her fist couldn't keep up with the cock in her mouth's rapid pace as he fucked her mouth through the hole in the drywall.

"MMMhmmmmMMHMMMhmmmmmm.

Mhmmmm...Mhmmmm...Mhmmmm...Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned in ecstasy around the thick cock in the mouth. She'd never felt so filled before. Lester's massive cock filled every inch of her pussy and this stranger completely filled her oral cavity. She felt helpless. She felt powerful. She felt both men's desperate need to have her. And the power she held in the ability to make both of them cum.

The idea of both of them exploding into her at once filled her with a deep seated desire that made her buck her hips back as Lester slammed into her. She felt her bubble butt ripple from the impact and moaned even louder onto the stranger's cock.

Over and over Lester slammed into her while the stranger's cock invaded her mouth, fucking against her tongue. Sarah stroked the man's shaft, wishing desperately could use both hands to cover his entire length.

Lester cock pounded against her G-Spot and Sarah's knees felt weak. Being spitroasted pushed her to her limits and she felt the orgasm quickly stir inside of her. She held onto the feeling, feeding with all her perverse desires. She focus on it and how fucking full she felt with two cocks in her at once. At how much of a slut she was for letting them use her like this.

She thrust back on Lester's cock, squeezing him as hard as she could. His glorious cockhead speared her G-Spot and electrified each inch of nevers inside of her, igniting them in a tinder of lust.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm," Sarah moans onto the black man's cock, "Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. MHNMMMMM."

Sarah gasped for breath, opening her mouth wide, pulling back a bit as she gulped the air down. Her stomach and pussy tightened as the wall inside of her holding back her orgasm shattered.

Sarah wailed around the cock in her mouth, fingers digging into it as the fireworks went off inside of her, exploding. Rapidly spreading to each inch of her body. Her muscles contracted, she pushed onto the balls of her feet and a warm flush washed over her skin, delicious pleasure seeping off her.

Sarah's eyes rolled back in her skull as her vision went white and all she knew was orgasmic bliss.

Renee's jeans hung loosely over her knees. She was biting her lip to keep quiet. One hand was up her shirt, caressing her breasts as she leaned against the disgusting stall door. Her breathes were short and raspy.

Her other hand was buried in the front of her soaked panties as she played with herself. Her finger tips were furiously working her clit as she listened to the woman moaning around the cock in her mouth and the slapping sounds of her being fucked.

Renee's eyes were closed tight as she pictured what it would feel like to be sandwiched and used by two men like that. Guilt permeated her being. Touching herself in public to a coupling that didn't involved James. Was this cheating? She didn't know. That was something she could deal with later.

Right now all that matters was the way her fingers were working her clit and the insane sounds of this unknown woman being double teamed just a few feet away. She tried to picture it, how they were positioned. Were they all on the floor? Was the man sitting on the toilet and the women riding him? Each thought made her buck against her fingers harder.

Breathes came in fast and shallow. The door to the stall emitted a quiet squeal each time she butted up against it. The sounds didn't stop the couple so she didn't worry.

They must know she was in there. Maybe they didn't care. Maybe it got them off more knowing she was there, listening. Did that make her a part of it? Was she part of this sexual experience, acting as the fourth person.

Her fingers moved rapidly, massaging her clit. She bit her lip, her other hand roughly grabbing at her breasts, thumb pressing against the nipple. Renee began panting, feeling herself getting more and more worked up.

Renee spread her legs further apart and slumped into the corner of the stall. Her skin was on fire and her pulse quickened.

"Mhm," she let out a soft moan wondering if the other men would hear here. Wondering if it would get them off, "Mhm. Mhmm."

Obscene thoughts swirled through her head. She knew it was wrong but she couldn't stop herself. She was breathing hard when she heard the woman begin to tense up. The frantic slapping of flesh.

Renee inhaled hard, her hand grabbing her breasts hard, fingers dancing across her clit like lightning.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm," the woman's sensual, muffled voice echoed in the bathroom. She was cumming. Renee's fingers touched and touched until her thigh clamped down around her hand and she drew in a sharp breath.

The stall swayed on its side and she clamped her eyes shut, thrusting her head back against the wall.

“Uhhmmmmm,” Renee groaned out loud, not caring, half hoping the trio would hear her. Everything felt lighter and her body flushed with a strong, deep warmth that seemed to permeate through her entire being.

“Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. MHNMMMMM,” the other woman moaned, competing with her.

She’d never felt so alive. That electric current ran through her body, from her toes, to her pussy to her breasts and head and connected to something deeper and more primal out there in the world.

As she came down from her high, her fingers and panties were soaked and she struggled to breath but basked in the warm afterglow of her orgasm.

Renee’s head swam as she stumbled out of the public bathroom after having experienced one of the most powerful orgasms of her life. She couldn’t remember the last time James had given her one that made her knees weak and made her feel light headed.

A lazy smile was a permanent fixture on her face as she straightened her clothes and made her way back down the dimly lit hallway. Ahead, a group of young men stood on both side of the hallway, passing around a joint. A smokey haze clung to the hair around them. As they got closer their bloodshot eyes shifted to her. Even with the drug’s effect she watched their eyes roam up and down her body.

They liked what they saw, despite the age difference. She made to move through the center of the hallway between them. Her thoughts drifting to the scene in the bathroom. Of the women taking on two men at once. There was more than two men here. And by the looks they were giving her, Renee could have any of them.

“Want a hit?” A man with bushy eyebrows and patchy beard held the lit joint out towards her. It stunk as a thin line of smoke trailed up from it.

“No thank you,” Renee said inhaling the vapor, “I haven’t had a toke since a Guns N’ Roses concert in the early ninties.”

A wide stupid smile spread into the man’s face and he looked up at his friends, “Guns? Roses? Like what?”

The group broke into a low fit of chuckles. Renee took that as her cue and pushed back through the group and headed towards the bar. She needed another drink.

Hurried footsteps followed by the creak of the door told Sarah everything she needed to know. Her mom has heard her cum and shortly afterwards had left the bathroom. She didn’t know what that mean but didn’t really care.

Just seconds after coming down from her orgasm, Lester was back, thrusting relentlessly into Sarah giving her no time to recuperate. The stranger’s cock still filled her mouth. She moaned and sucked on it, eager for him to finish.

“God, your such a good little slut. You just let yourself get fucked in the same room as your mother,” Lester chuckled, “I don’t even know who you are anymore.”

Sarah wanted to respond but her mouth was full of black cock.

Lester pumped into her, still hurling insults her way, "Next time we'll have to get the whole family involved to show them how far their Sarah has fallen."

Sarah's bubble butt slammed back onto him. Lester's hands ran over her ass squeezing it. They ran up and down her back, spreading the sticky sweat around. Lester was breathing hard. Sarah could hear it in his voice.

His big, hairy heavy balls slapped against the top of her thighs.

"Is that what you want Sarah? For your whole family to see you? To learn that your not a wife, not a daughter anymore just my slut."

"Mmm-hmmm, Mhmm," Sarah moaned around the black cock.

Lester surged forward, slamming his cock into her.

"Here I cum baby, take it," Lester howled into the air. Sarah clenched her pussy around Lester's cock as his balls slammed forward hitting her. She lost her footing for a second and the cock in her mouth slammed into the back of her throat making her gag.

She pushed down her gag reflex and felt the head of the cock disappear into her throat. Lester's cock pulsed inside of her and she felt his shaft expand. A torrent of his hot, sticky cum blasted into her. She squeezed her pussy around his cock, milking all of it out and into her. Blast, after blast of his baby making batter spewed into her, filling every crevice inside of her.

Lester heaved as he emptied himself, hand planted on her ass. Sarah shuddered as she was filled to the brim with Lester's illicit cum. The cock in her mouth pushed forward. Sarah braced herself against the wall, trying to pull her head back. Slowly the cock disappeared from her throat until she could take it safely in her mouth.

Lester groaned and with a wet plop he stepped back and his cock fell out of her. He sat down on the toilet seat and breathed hard. Sweat dripped off him like he'd just come out of a sauna.

Without the support of Lester's cock holding her up, her knees felt weak. And Sarah still had a cock to handle. She dropped to her knees, skin pressing against the grimy tile.

With her full attention on the stranger's cock she got to work. She slurped his entire length into her mouth, pulling back to twirl her tongue around his cockhead. She pursed her lips and planted a kiss on his dark cockslit, tasting more of his precum.

She stuck her tongue out and licked the head of his cock. She purred, "Are you going to fill my mouth? I want it. Give it to me."

The man on the other side of the wall groaned at her words.

"Give it to me. Mhmm I love this cock. I want to taste its cum. Give it to me. Give me your black cum. I want to taste a stranger tonight."

"You ever take a black cock before?" the man said from the other side of the wall.

"Mhmmmm I've played with one...." Sarah moaned as she knelt before this stranger's cock jutting through the wall.

"But I've never had one inside me," Sarah said.

"I'm gonna fuck you," the man groaned, "Break you in real good."

"Maybe...." Sarah licked her lips and stroked the mans shaft against them.

"But not tonight, Tonight i want this big black cock to explode in my mouth and fill me up. Mommy needs desert. And I'm craving choclate."

"Ugh fuck," the man grunted, lunging his cock forward with urgency, "You're a freak."

"You have no idea," Sarah chuckled and opened her mouth wide. Her tongue extended and she ran it under the head of the cock, taking it into her mouth. Her tongue swept under his shaft as her mouth closed around him and she sucked him with everything she hand. Both hands wraped around his thick shaft. She twisted her wrists while running them both up and down the shaft, sucking and moaning around his cock.

It wasn't long before the man grunted and his cock went still. The veins running up his powerful shaft pulsed and Sarah felt a huge spray of cum blast the back of her throat. She swallowed it immediately as another load spewed into her mouth. She quickly swallowed it as more and more cum flooded into her.

A long, guttural groan escaped from the other side of the wall as his cock shook the last loads of cum into Sarah. She backed off his cock and licked her lips, staring at the huge strange cock she'd just emptied.

Sarah slumped back on her knees as the cock retreated through the wall. She looked around at her scattered clothes lying on the dirty floor. Lester watched from the disgusting toilet seat and she made a mental note to make him take a shower afterwards.

She was covered in sweat, grime and cum but felt completely fulfilled. Guit and disgust followed shortly afterwards. The man's black hand reached through the hole and tossed a piece of paper at her. Sarah read it. It was just a phone number.

She heard a sound from the other side of the wall then a shuffling sound. An instant later a much smaller cock of a different color stuck itself through the wall.

Sarah looked at Lester and shook her head, "I need to go find my mom."