

[Insider] Toxic Attraction Chapter 18 Alpha Draft

Hello, my friends, and happy Friday. I am excited to provide you with some fun weekend reading. For your reading pleasure, here is Toxic Attraction Chapter 18. This chapter picks up after the events of the last chapter.

Its the next day, Lester is still lurking in the hospital while Sarah does her best to stay composed and professional at work. Meanwhile, Dan is trying desperately to choose the right path in front of him.

As always, this draft was just completed a few minutes ago. It is the Alpha version, so it is full of mistakes and grammatical issues. I've already flagged some things I need to go back in and modify on my next pass which I will start on Monday.

I'm looking forward to reading your comments and thoughts. I'm going to go back into my hole next week and do some more writing before the end of the month. I'll try to catch up on all DMs, comments, and messages before I disappear!

Here you go -- Chapter 18:

“Come on,” Sarah’s eyes flicked between her watch and the ascending numbers on the elevator’s screen. It was earlier than she normally arrived, but she had a mess to clean up. She had been mortified at being late picking up her girls. That never happened. The rest of her night felt like a whirlwind. Getting the girls fed with McDonalds and then spending some time with them before putting them to bed. The entire night felt like she was behind the eightball but thats how her entire day had gone.

In her rush to grab the girls she hadn’t had time to stop and grab that 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 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 finding 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 actually entertain, blurring the lines between her professional life and her now wild personal life.

She felt like she was juggling all of these different aspects of herself. Her own different personalities. The loving mother, the devoted wife, the stellar daughter, the badass

professional, Lester's slut...God maybe not that last one. They are 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 slid into one or the other when it was required. She couldn't have her professional or home life ones take a hit to fullfill her desires towards Lester.

The elevator chimed and the doors opened. 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 would feel 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. Like she was revealing some unmentionable truth she had been surpressing.

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 last night. She had 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 in the next half hour. Sarah noted the absence of the janitor's cart here that she spotted last night. That meant that sometime between when she left and this morning the janitor had been up here. She prayed that they hadn't seen or heard anything that went on yesterday.

There was not 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 unlocked it and slipped inside before closing it behind her. She ensured the door was locked 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 incadescent 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 state 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 his power fucking from yesterday. Each piece of trash Sarah picked up and put back into the bin was like another admission of guilt at just how good of a fucking it had been.

Seeing Lester's lust filled face transform part way through into something more. That look she gave her. Its possessiveness. She didn't 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 moved her attention to the pens and other items that had previously been set up on her desk. She took a few minutes to collect them and arrange them alongside her personal items on the table.

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 in her office. 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 started for the day.

She cursed at herself for taking too long cleaning. Day dreaming and thinking about the day before cost her time. Time she didn't have.

Sarah pulled her monitor and laptop to the side, away from the broken desk. She did her best to pulled 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. There was still debris on the floor, broken pieces of wood where the leg snapped but she decided to leave those, proof that one of the legs must have given out in the night.

Crossing her fingers, Sarah put her laptop on the table and opened it, hoping that it would still work. Thankfully, it booted up normally. She quickly composed an email to the building team telling them about the desk and arranging for a replacement. She would stop by after the morning meeting to touchbase 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 signalled her coworkers were busy arriving and starting their days. She checked her watch again. It was time for her to head downstairs for the department head meeting. Leaning back the table, Sarah sighed and surveyed the room one last time. Things were getting messy and she needed to ground herself somehow.

Maybe she would try and reach out to Dan later in the day. He had said something about some news regarding his freelance clients but she had cut him off to start grilling him. Maybe there was something there she could get excited about. Besides, Dan was supposed to be 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. 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 plans for the day. No one noticed, but Sarah felt severely underprepared for this meeting. Normally she would have reviewed her emails and perhaps even have touched based with a few of the other people in the meeting to understand what points they'd bring up.

Today she had been so focused on cleaning up her office, she hadn't had the time.

Before long the meeting was wrapping but 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, like he was avoiding looking at her.

Was that because he felt guilty at fucking her over for the job or because he saw her getting fucked from the window yesterday? Either way Sarah felt herself squirm in her seat.

"I'm really happy to announce that the board's CEO candidate has accepted the offer." John smiled likely happy to be relieved of his duties as interim CEO. Not that he really know what those duties were since Sarah was doing most of them. "He is eager to get started. So eager in fact that he plans come in on Monday to meet all of you as he slowly 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 dottling."

"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, signalling that the meeting was over, "His name is Richard Thornhill. He's joining us after 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 left the room and everyone else slowly began to filter out. Sarah stayed seated, pulled out her phone and opened up LinkedIn to see who this Richard Thornhill was. She quickly found his profile. Richard looked like he was in his late fifties or early sixties, caucasian with grey and white hair. Sarah suspected it was likely white hair that he was dying with streaks of grey to look more distinguished. She read over his past roles and couldn't help but feeling small in comparison to Richards impressive resume.

She looked at this picture again and couldn't help but find his smile insincere. She 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 was one thing. But not 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? She didn't have the formal education for this role, would he look at what she had 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. Sitting in here wouldn't help her relax. She needed to keep moving, go talk to maintenance and then 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 had opened her texting app and sent a message.

S: What day is your birthday this week?

"Alright we wanted to go over some role changes here," Walt was standing in the middle of the office. Dan sat in a vacant office chair alongside what remained of his coworkers. As Dan looked around the room, there was probably less than forty other employees left. When he had joined this firm it had been 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 network, 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 frazier 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 the lie he told. It wasn't that he wanted to lie to her. It was just a difficult thing to admit to himself let alone her. Sure, letting a guy watch her seemed fairly normal considering all the other shit that had happened over the past few months but it made him feel exposed. Lester's friend Eugene was the first person who actively saw Dan's 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 the emotions he was feeling. This is what he had landed on. The truth being exposed and making him feel small was part of the reason 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 some from his personal life.

"Uh sir?" One of Dan's colleagues had raised his hand. Walt nodded for the man to speak.

"With these duties will this translate into a pay raise or maybe getting us back to where we were pay wise? 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 out at the group assembled, "No. That's not possible right now."

"Will there be any more layoffs?" A female voice from somewhere behind Dan said.

"Ummm. No. Well. The future is uncertain. We can't say for sure." One of the Walt's senior managers piped in.

This meeting felt like the prelude to a slow circle down the drain. With Dan's newly appointed duties of business development, 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 go over the project.

It wasn't unusual to meet for drinks or a restaurant and talk shop. Dan would reply later on, 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 inside of on the side.

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 his himself.

Dan's hand instinctively rose to pinch the bridge of his nose but he stopped himself. He lowered his hand back down 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 by his body language but all Dan wanted to do was talk this all over with his rock, Sarah.

The last time they talked she had drove 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 but 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 to hurt him in the moment. Things had gotten carried away. 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 old 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 coworkers 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 that meeting. Closing the door behind him, he sat down at his desk and began to get mentally prepared 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.

As a form of productive procrastination he opened up the email account he used for his side business. He thumbed through his inbox. There were several spam messages and a handful of new contacts reaching out to set up a meeting. 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 from Sentienel Securities. He opened it, started reading and felt his heart immediatly drop.

They wanted him to come 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 was sensitive items that could only be discussed in person. Dan read the dates in the email again. They wanted him down there on the same day he was supposed to travel back 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 Sentienl. 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 D.C.

Sarah hated feeling flusted. She tried to keep her head held high as she walked through the halls of the hospital. Normally her confidence 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 different department heads and going over lingering items from her list. But 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 go hide in her office for a little while. As she waited for the elevavator to reach her floor, she check her phone. Nothing from Dan or Lester.

Sarah put her phone away as the doors opened and the smile returned to her face as she greeted a pair of colleagues who were waiting to take the elevator. The floor was busy with activity and thankfully no one started up a conversation with her. She made her way to her office but stopped in her tracks when she saw that her door was open.

Steadying herself, Sarah walked through the door and was relieved that a building matienccne 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 trashbin 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.

She didn't want her eyes to linger on him too long, just in case he was the same janitor whose cart she saw 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 in through her office window. There on the window, was a smudged outline of her body from the previous day. 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. 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 back behind the clouds and the outline of herself softened but she could still see it. She couldn't believe she hadn't noticed it earlier but there had been more overcast then. 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 get some shopping done. 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 fun things.

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 we would react when she told him what happened with Lester 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 aisles of Costco. She filled the cart with produce, meat, milk and other items to stock their fridge and ingredients of her meal for Dan. She planned on making him 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 navigated to the far side of the store to avoid the busy interior aisles so she could come out near the pharmacy. She hoped to grab a new cleanser or something so she could feel refreshed and relax 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 an giant bag of Cheetos. Without much thought, she grabbed it as she walked by and put it in her cart.

In the pharmacy area, Sarah grabbed the cleanser and some additional items before checking out and loading up her car. The overcast clouds had broken, replaced with a bright blue sky. She still had time to drive home and put the groceries away before heading back 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 she had when she left. Walking across the floor to her office, her smile didn't feel as forced as it did before.

Thankfully, her office was empty. Sarah closed the locked the door behind her and looked at her new desk. It was bigger and sturdier than the old one. It was a nice upgrade actually, perhaps breaking it had been a good thing. IT must have come in while she was out as well, her new monitor was set up alongside a docking station for her laptop.

Sarah's eyes lingered on her new desk before remembering about 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 was.

The sun was shining through the window like it did earlier but she still couldn't see the imprint of herself. She walked closer, still nothing. She walked back and forth, trying to look at it from other angles but it wasn't there.

Someone had cleaned it.

The buzzing of the employees in the IT department had started to get to Lester. Jerry had mentioned that some of his team may come to Lester with questions but lately it seemed like they were trying to ween information and new skills out 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 went 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 morsel 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 them up before taking another bite. He was parked at the back of the lot. Normally wouldn't park so far away. The walk alone was tedious and could 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 looking up at Sarah's office.

He couldn't see much. It seemed like the window's up there just reflected back a distorted image of the parking lot. But he could clearly 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 was something.*

She was unlike any woman Lester had ever possessed before. He never wanted his trysts with her 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 past times. Putting someone like Dan in his place. Having Dan watch Lester fuck his wife and 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 pre-occupied with Sarah. Dan hadn't been taking any more job interviews at the apartment. Likely because of Lester streaking nude into the last one. But Dan also hadn't been applying for new jobs. When Lester looked over the network traffic through the router, Dan's browsing habits had become pedestrian. Netflix and other run of the mill websites. 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 one that would lessen his image in Sarah's eyes as well.

The Eugene situation had been a surprisingly and welcome development. One Lester was currently weaponizing to move the goal posts further with Sarah.

Lester lapped up 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 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 back up phone would do just fine but her leaving it on his desk told him a few things. One: She had sent the fake call from Lizzie. 2: She had arrived early. Early enough to drop off his phone. She was probably coming in early to straighten up her office. 3: 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 push her over the edge.

Instead of messaging her back, he opened discord and read through several of the messages there. There were messages from the gaming servers he was a part of, 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 of which was from Cronos, who had been becoming irate at Lester for not sending any 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 dangerous. Lester wasn't ready to share Sarah with his world. He wasn't sure he ever would as long as things were continuing to progress like they had been. Cronos had left several messages with demands for Lester. Instead of responding, Lester chose to block him.

Sure, Cronos paid well but Lester wasn't hurting for money. He could always make more, the hospital standing in front of him being the perfect example. Lester focused his eyes on Sarah's office window and decided to message her back.

L: Friday. And thanks for my phone.

His birthday wasn't on Friday. It wasn't even this month but he hoped that spending his birthday alone in a 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 appear on his screen, indicating that Sarah was typing up a response.

S: Sorry. Dan is coming back on Friday. I can't do it.

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 this week.

Fucking Dan. What could Lester do to keep Dan out of the picture this week? He wanted to push the envelop 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.

Patience. Don't be rash. You've planted the seeds, let them bare fruit. 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 do 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 too.

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, imaginning 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.

What the fuck?

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 she had her office phone off the hook.

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 moment for herself before figuring out what her next steps would be.

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 into 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, no strings, 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 to just 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 felt like Sarah was becoming handcuffed to the stressors of her job. Maybe like everyone in America 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 the nervous energy be 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 over yesterday but she hated 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 about every that had 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. Its just still weird for me to process you know? All of this stuff. Lester and you and 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 and calling him. "I just don't get it Dan," Sarah said, "The whole Lester thing has been going on for months now, what do you mean its weird for you to process?"

She heard Dan sigh from the other side of the phone. He 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."

Sarah didn't say anything, hoping Dan would continue and finish his thought.

"So like that part of me that is still coming to grips," 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. Seeing my desire to watch you with someone else. I felt exposed and vulnerable I guess."

Sarah nodded her head and kind of 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 someone else."

Sarah shook her head. Dan's choice of words were terrible. He wasn't great at banter and kept leaving openings for her. "Did you ever think 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 it was someone who knew Lester. Only a few degrees of separate between us. I don't know that guy and he is in the apartment. What if she 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 don't know but 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 standing, looking out at 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 it was you. Putting on a show for you. Licking my lips, blowing kisses towards the hole. Giving you my best fuck me eyes, even standing right in front of the hole to give you an amazing view of everything. 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 it. 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 said but her body was automatically responding to her frustration.

"Yeah it bugs me. When I look back on it I want to kick myself in the head over it. 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 in the call or anytime in between but you didn't. Why?" 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 publically being 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 someone seeing me like that, its like that part of me was becoming public knowledge and I felt ashamed. Like paralyzing shame that people would see be different. Like I was different than who I thought I was. That you would think of me different. See me differently. Like one of those weak, eneffectual men that like sticking their cocks in cages and calling themselves a sissy while their wives get plowed by some big guy. That isn't who I am but it felt like thats 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 that 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 for just a moment. Sarah began to feel guilty to not being there for him. She still felt flickers of anger but they had 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 the lying. 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 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 conversation on the phone," Sarah was getting ready to apologize herself, hoping that Dan wouldn't be too upset with her. Since he 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 convseration 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 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 blowup yesterday they needed to reconnect and clear the air. It just felt like he wasn't priortizing 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 mentioned everything but they said there are things they need to discuss that they aren't willing to do

over email or on the phone. I don't know what it is but they are flying me out to discuss it with it them."

"Can't you put it off until next week? If its 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.

"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, thats not how it works in business." Dan chided.

Sarah wasn't an idiot. She knew how contracts works, she handled dozens of them for the hospital. She felt like Dan was talking down to her, belittling her experience at the hopsital like it wasn't a real business. 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 got more specifics on what the project would be. You can always negotiatie terms. You just chose not to. Did you even try to negotiate this trip? Let me me ask you, 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 negotatie a new time with them? Do you see how I might view that as you choosing work over me? Over us and the kids?"

"That isn't it at all," Dan's voice soudned upset. "I'm doing this for you. For us and the kids. Hell, I'm the one that 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 can 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 its 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 everything fucking thing together. You're job right now is paying peanuts compared to mine at the hospital. And I know you've never thought seriously about my job but its the one paying our mortgage right now and I'm basically covering your rent by pimping myself out to Lester. It isn't just about the money Dan its about being here as a husband and a father.

Supporting the family is more than just money. 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. You know I ran out to Costco on my lunch hour to get the stuff I need to make you your favorite dinner? 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 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 getting things right."

"You should have called earlier Dan, not when your 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 give us the consideration."

"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 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. It's always me who has 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 damn would break and she would be a mess. "I'm still stuck here at work while you get to jetset 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. 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 taxing 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 then before I go 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 in another fight with Dan but she just couldn't take it being put second anymore. Sarah wished he 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 would have been able to tackle things together. Now it just felt like there were both pulling in different directions. Both of them 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 work. That she didn't get the promotion and that John had passed her up in such a humiliating fashion.

<i>But he hasn't even asked about it.</i> Not through text or through their calls this week. It was always about his job and his clients. What about Sarah? It's like he didn't even care. Hell, he probably wouldn't even bat an eye 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. 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 thought through the consequences of taking the trip. He had thought Sarah would have been thrilled for the new client and would have been supportive of 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 taxing on the runway, everyone around him seemed to be absored 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 mistaken had been 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 drip, just like had to Minessota.

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 go back into the office and ask again to go back to home. Dan would need to think of something otherwise he was going to 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 fix things on the homefront.

Did Sarah end up hearing anything about that promotion? The extra cash sure would be great to have 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. Just talked 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. It might be better just to let things lie for a little bit so she could cool off. Hopefully when he called her tomorrow morning, things would have settle down and wouldn't be so heated. He'd have a plan by then that he could try to get her on board with.

Still. He hoped she might, for once, try to reach out and mend things. If she would just text him, he would feel a lot better about being on an airplane travelling thousands of miles away from her.

As if on cue, his phone rang. He immediately answered it without even looking at the screen, stewardess 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. It 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 that nightclub."

Dan glanced up and saw the buckled seat belt sign still illuminated. His seatmate was giving him a dirty look for being on his phone but thankfully he couldn't see any stewardesses. 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 that has some aggressive sustainability requirements on a project. Based on your LinkedIn posts I get the impression that you might be doing some freelance work.” Jesse said in his annoying overly confident voice. The same voice that had tried to black mail 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 did have an extensive background when it came to 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 looked at Sarah last time in the night club. 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, 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. New clients and projects he could potentially secure.

Just like everything lately, it all came down to timing. His timing with Sarah had royally sucked lately. Adding another client to his growing roster is exactly 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 work 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 developing into it.

Sarah had just berated him for choosing work over family. He shouldn’t add to the issue. Besides, fuck Jesse.

“Sorry Jesse,” Dan said as the plane began to accelerate on the runway. “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, “I can’t do it right now. Sorry, I gotta go. My plan is taking off. 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 made the right decisions 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 that Dan could have billed a lot of money for.

Whatever it was, it wasn't for him. Dan had enough plates in the air he was trying to juggle. He closed his eyes and put his head back onto the headset, hoping to take a short nap before touching down in D.C.

She knew this was a bad idea. A therapist would probably call it self-destructive but lucky for Sarah, she didn't have a therapist. She suppressed the alarm bells and warnings going off in her head and the little voice of reason telling her to reconsider her plans.

It's just dinner. 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 had other plans so she would make plans of her own too.

Sarah slipped the lemon herb chicken onto the barbecue before going back inside to check on the potatoes. She peeked in the oven before grabbing a wooden spatula and moving 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 red wine. All she wanted to do was make amends with Dan and cook her man a nice meal. Now she was cooking for Lester instead. It was his birthday this week after all so she might as well do something.

He was here in Middleton because of her, the least she could do it make him something to eat.

And what about after dinner? a small voice inside her said. After dinner didn't matter right now. She took another long sip of her wine. All she wanted to focus on was making dinner great, whatever happened after she'd figure it out then. Sarah knew she was lying to herself but the charade helped her. She'd make dinner and then just see what happened.

Her parents had been able to take the kids on short notice. The house felt too quiet, almost like a calm before a storm. Sarah felt the goosebumps spreading over her arms in anticipation of what might come next.

Guilt started to creep in at how quickly she had rationalized dropping her kids off to her parents. Sarah was able to bury that down by heading back outside to the barbecue to turn the chicken breasts over. As she made her way back inside, the door bell rang.

She instantly felt butterflies in her stomach, quickly moving through the house to the front door. On the other side was Lester wearing a pair of black sweat pants and a faded oversized t-shirt.

“Hey come 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, its almost ready. There’s beer in the –”

Lester’s hand closed around her wrist, pulling her backwards 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.

“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.

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.

When Lester released Sarah from his grip, she took a step back to steady herself. Her mind still catching up with the endorphines flooding her body. She knew he was coming but she still felt under prepared.

“This way,” She said straightening her clothes 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 far side of the kitchen to check on the chicken. With a pair of tongs, she put them onto a plate before turning the barbeque off and bringing them inside.

“Go sit at the table,” Sarah said as she removed the potatoes from the over. 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.

“Grilled lemon herb chicken with roasted potatoes.” Sarah slid the tray of potatoes onto the counter and started assembling the meal onto plates. 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 matched up with the barbarian character he played as for dungeons and dragons. “Thankfully they were able to replace it with a

different desk today. The monitor was cracked too but Jerry and IT managed to replace that today as well.”

Lester shoved a large piece of chicken into his mouth, 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 mentioned it, having sex like that, especially in her office would definitely rank highly on her own list of memorable fucks. Her mind started to wander as a list began to slowly take shape in her head. She was somewhat surprised at just how many of those sessions included Lester.

She looked up at Lester who was focused on finishing the food on his plate. What was he thinking about right now? Was 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 mention it, its not like they were dating or anything.

After a few minutes and another glass of wine, Lester finished his plate. Sarah quickly finished hers and cleared the table. As Sarah put the dishes into 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.

She began to think about Lizzie and whether or not Lester was beginning to start something up with her again. Sarah’s mind was wandering as she moved around the kitchen on auto-pilot: loading the dishwasher and cleaning the counters. She didn’t hear Lester get out of his chair and move towards her.

She only became aware of his presense when she felt him push his crotch into her backside, pinning her against the counter. Sarah drew in a sharp intake of breath as Lester began to grind his 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, focused on the feeling of Lester’s cock pressing into her.

“Mhmmm what do you want?” Sarah groaned, her nails pressing into her granite countertops.

Lester took a step back, removing his hot cock from Sarah’s ass. She looked over her shoulder disappointed and saw that ugly shit eating grin on his face.

“Take it out,” Lester grabbed his crotch and shook it at Sarah. Raising an eyebrow and looking around her empty kitchen, Sarah lowered herself onto her knees. She raised her manicured fingers to the waistband of Lesters’ pants and lowered them and his ratty boxers in one motion, unleashing Lester’s cock.

“A birthday blowjob? I can do that.” Sarah licked her lips like Lester and eagerly leaned forward and took his cock into her mouth. Lester grunted as Sarah’s hand started working his shaft while the other braced herself against his thigh. She ran her tongue up and down the bottom of his shaft, twirled it around the head of his cock and opened her mouth taking half of Lester’s length in.

“This is just an appetizer,” Lester grabbed a fistful of Sarah’s hair and pulled her mouth further down on his cock, taking more it. Sarah stopped stroking his cock, instead bracing herself against his thighs as Lester started to thrust his hips forward, fucking her mouth while holding her head in position.

“Mhmmfffff,” Sarah’s muffled moaned filled the kitchen as she tried to breath through her nose. She held on for dear life as Lester fucked her mouth in the same spot where she made her children’s breakfast every morning.

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 breath, the angle wasn’t working for her but her body was responding to Lester’s aggressive nature.

Lester let go of her hair, letting Sarah pull back and catch her breath. He looked down at her, saliva and pre-cum on her cheeks as she breathed hard. “I had a surprise call this week. My ex-Lizzie. Nothing interesting. She’s seeing someone else now.”

“Oh?” Sarah couldn’t help but feeling a bit relieved, knowing that Lizzie wasn’t coming back into the picture. 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 but Lester was being completely open and honest with her. Sarah reached up and started stroking Lester’s cock again. “So why are you telling me any of 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 lead to me breaking up with Lizzie. But there’s been an itch I’ve been wanting to scratch ever since. Especially knowing its not in the cards for me.”

“And what’s that?” Sarah bit her lip and looked up at her husband’s troll like roommate standing above her.

“Tonight for my birthday I want to do a bit of roleplay and plenty of dirty talk,” Lester grunted.

“And what role am I going to play?” Sarah raised an eye brow, “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 to just be you. Sarah Williams. And I’ll be your husband’s roommate Lester.” Lester said.

“I don’t get it then.” Sarah said confused, “ 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 its 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?’

“Thats what I fucking want.” Lester thrust his cock forward catching Sarah by surprise. She released her gripe on his cock and stood up to look into Lester’s beady eyes. She closed the distance between them and whispered in his ear, “Wait five minutes, then come upstairs.”

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 shit Lester wanted her to do but the other 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, her and Dan would often engage in impregnation dirty talk. Sometimes, even when he roleplayed as other men.

Sarah entered her closet and stripped out her clothes. She thumbed through the clothes hanging on the rods looking for something specific. Something she hadn’t worn in quite some time. Soon her fingers found the black material hanging on a close 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 more boundary pushing outfits with Lester in the past but this outfit would up this scenario 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 on her thighs, showing plenty of leg. She loved the satin black robe and its lace accents that went along with it.

Sarah quickly changed into it and looked at herself in the mirror. She shuddered thinking back to a few years ago when she wore this on the night her youngest daughter was conceived. Her

and Dan had been trying for weeks without success but when she had worn this, she saw the hunger in Dan's eyes and knew that night they would be successful.

She dimmed the light in the bedroom and positioned herself on the bed the same way she had for Dan a few years ago. Laying on her side, propped up on her elbow, staring 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, cellphone in his hand and his hard cock fully erect, pointing right at her. Sarah couldn't help but run her eyes over his entire body. God, he wasn't her type at all. Pudgey bordering on fat with 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.

"I'm ready for you Lester," Sarah stared hard into the fat man's eyes, "Get over here and come knock me up."

The biggest shit eating grin spread over Lester's face and Sarah swore she saw his cock twitch as she spoke. 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 her and his weight crushed her as she lowered herself onto her back. Lester's cock poking at her thigh, seeming to involuntarily thrust up towards her pussy.

His kiss was 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.

Lester's hands ran all over her body before yanking 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 were he hooked his thumbs into her panties before pulling everything down her legs.

Sarah couldn't wait any longer. She grabbed onto Lester's cock and tried to guide it towards her pussy. As hit cock head began to part her lips, he held his hips firm and looked down into the young mother's eyes.

"I'm not going to fuck you. 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, desperate to feel it 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.”

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.”

“Beg,” Lester said firmly.

“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.”

Lester grunted and dipped his hips, sinking his weight down onto Sarah as his cock slowly pushed into her.

“God,” Sarah moaned into the hair on Lester's shoulder as more of his cock slowly pushed inside of her. As the hilt of Lester's cock 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.

Her hips were slowly raising off the bed, begging him to continue thrusting. Instead she held still inside of her while staring down at her. With one hand he cupped her cheek and kissed her. A soft sensual kiss, the way two lovers would. Sarah responded. He wasn't sticking his tongue in her mouth, just their lips tasting and exploring one another. Occasionally their tongue would meet as they liked each others lips.

Slowly, Lester started to pull back and push in. Pull back and push. His slow, deliberate thrusts was igniting a fire within Sarah. It felt like all the nerves inside of her pussy were being stimulated by Lester's girthy cock.

“Dan said I wasn't allowed back here. In your house,” Lester whispered in her ear. “And now here I am, back between his wife's legs ready to knock her up. What do you think he'll say?”

“If he wanted to stop you from knocking his wife up, he should have been here,” Sarah moaned back.

“Do you really want me to knock you up?” Lester whispered.

The idea of Lester's illicit cum exploding inside of her, flooding her, exploring her. Seeking out a fertile egg. It was too taboo. So far beyond the line in the sand she had established with her husband. It couldn't have turned her on more. She was fully committed to this roleplay which felt like it was blurring the lines between fantasy and reality.

“Yes,” Sarah stared into Lester’s eyes. “I want you to knock me up.”

“What do you want me to put inside of you?” Lester huffed as he increased his 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.

“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 for 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 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” Sarah grunted as she thrust back onto Lester’s cock, begging him to break his slow pace and just fuck her.

What was Dan doing in D.C? Lester filed that nugget of information away for later exploration. “Well daddy Lester is happy to give you want you need.”

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.”

Sarah’s body was thrashing against Lester’s trying desperately to pull every bit of his cock into her as her body rapidly approach an orgasm. Lester knew his words were turning her on. She loved this. Loved the impregnation talk. He moved onto his forearms and started to power thrust into her as he licked 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 your going to wake up with Lester’s baby in your tummy.”

“Ah FUCK. FUCK,” Sarah grunted as an orgasm rocked her body, splaying 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 like her stooping down to let someone like Lester breed her. Just that idea seemed to throw gasoline on the bonfire inside of her.

"Gaa fuuu-" Sarah's orgasm was still going causing her leg and arms to stiffen. Even the muscles in Sarah's neck felt tense from contracting for so long. Finally the orgasm began to subside and Sarah breathed again in what felt like the first time in over 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.

"HmMMM Sarah William's is going to have my baby," Lester grunted. "Going to have Lester junior growing inside of her."

"Mhmmmmmm give it me to Lester," Sarah bit Lester's ear, "Fuck me till I'm pregnant."

"That might take all night," Lester said.

"Whatever it takes baby. I'm yours," Sarah closed her eyes and moaned, her hands slapped down onto the bed and grabbed the sheets in a tight fist. Lester turned his head and sank his lips back down onto hers as his hands slowly caressed her skin. He slowed down his pace against and let his hands lightly graze the skin of her hips, her rib cage, Sarah's arms.

Sarah's body was on fire and she just wanted Lester to keep thrusting into her and make her cum again. Him slowing down was driving her crazy. His light touches sent shivers through her body, wanting more and more of him.

Lester grabbed Sarah's wrists and pinned 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. 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."

"Ah, god," Was all Sarah could muster in response. 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. I want it." Sarah moaned as she tried and failed to get out of Lester's grip.

"You're not going anywhere," Lester tightened his grip 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. Fucking him until she was pregnant. Lester's child growing inside of her. Just being his personal slut in her marital bed until she walked out barefoot and pregnant.

"Lester please," Sarah begged, "Stop toying with me and just fuck me. Fuck me good baby."

Lester smiled and released her hands which immediately flung around his thick torso pulling 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.

"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 his hairy chest.

"Uh fuck. Yes. So good Lester. You fuck so good," 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 ground at the perfect angle, letting Lester's big cock 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. He was started to get winded from fucking Sarah so long and changing 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.

"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."

Sarah's mind seemed to detach from her body for a split second as an intense wave of pleasure seemed to envelope her entire being. She felt her pussy vibrating as it tried to desperately milk the cum from Lester's cock. Logically she knew it was all just a roleplay but logic was tucked in 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 craddled back and forth as she held Lester. The muscles in her pussy like a vice around his cock, not letting him move a muscle until she was finish. When her muscles finally began to relax she loosed her grip on her troll like lover.

Lester was breathing hard and he felt sweat dripping off his forehead. Sarah licked her lips as some droplets fell onto her. She opened her eyes from her orgasm and stared up at him with a look bordering on obsession.

He was successfully breaking down her barriers. Dan had been such a success, unknowing wingman for Lester. Each step he seemed to take had been another angle Lester could use to crawl between his wife's legs.

"Come here," Lester grabbed Sarah's hips and rolled them over until Lester was on his back and Sarah was 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 move her hips from side to side, playing with Lester's cock inside of her.

"God you feel so good Lester," Sarah moaned absentmindedly.

"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 set which Lester had promptly disregarded. Maybe that should have been a red flag to 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. Slowly increasing her pace, now fully in control of Lester's cock and its tempo. Lester just laid there staring up at the goddess riding his cock, fully appreciating 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 could prepare Lester for how sweet this victory tasted.

Sarah had been his most daring conquest and by far she had been 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 load is?" 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 as she threw back her head, "Uh. Oh. Mhmmmm. Yes. Fuck. Mhmmmm. Your loads are massive Lester. You make so much cum."

"Think my loads could knock you up? All that cum inside of you?" Lester's hands started to get rougher as he played with Sarah's tits. Each time he grabbed them harder, it elicited 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. There's no way I wouldn't get pregnant."

Lester grunted and lifted his hips off the ground 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 but she loved to ride it and be in control of it. Having control over something so powerful made her feel strong – a feeling she had been missing lately.

Everything else going on in her life was on the backburner 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.

"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 draped over his hips, her hefty breasts swaying above him, her mouth curving in pleasure from him.

"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. Her comment simmered below the surface, stroking his anger. But 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?"

"I didn't know that a loser could fuck me so well," Sarah said, "Fuck me so well that I'd be begging to have him put a baby inside of me."

"Tell me what you want Sarah. I want to hear you beg." Lester licked his lips.

"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 want all of it. Give 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 hands.

"I don't want it," Sarah breathed. Her breathing was growing short. "I need it. I need your cum 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 her back, there was something sinisterly sweet 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 Lester's cock slide against her G-spot. She could feel her body working itself up towards 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.

"He's not going to be mad when there is a gang of little Lester's running around your house?" Lester teased.

"He'll learn to live with it," Sarah said absently her mind focused solely on the wall of pleasure that was being built up inside of her, 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.

Sarah grimaced at Lester's awkward movements to sit up. It took her out of her flow for a second and she needed to workself back up to where she was, "As long as you keep fucking me like this, you can do whatever you want to me."

Lester was leaning back against the headboard, a pillow sandwiched under his lower back. Sarah's arms 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 ass cheeks. Sarah's body started to gyrate 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. 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 that his handprint would be visible in the morning. Lester's hands left her ass and roamed up her body, grazing

over her backs, sliding between her tits, pinching her nipples until he was cupping Sarah's face. He pulled her face down towards his and smashed his lips against her.

Sarah instinctively 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 together to create something explosive.

She could feel her orgasm right on the cuff 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 kept her forehead pressed against his. In a desperate voice she said, "I'd say stop talking and fill me Lester."

Lester's balls tightened at the comment. He 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 shaft of his cock. 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."

Lester grunted and felt his balls begin to empty. His cock twitched in Sarah and started to spasm. Sarah could feel the head of Lester's cock expanding inside of her before a flurry of hot cum began squiting into her, drenching her insides, exploring every inch of her.

As each blast of hot cum hit her sensitive nerves, Sarah's body responded, dialing up the orgasms that was 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 on top of Lester. Her vision went blurry as her eyes seemed to roll back.

Lester's cock kept spurting into her, washing her with his hot, virile cum. His sperm eagerly swimming into Sarah's fertile womb, seeking to accomplish Lester's goal and breed Sarah Williams in her own marital bed.

"Ah fuck," Lester groaned as he sunk back against the bed, completely spent as his cum continued to ooze out of his cock as Sarah's pussy milked every last drop from him. This was 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. 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 dizziness. She blinked her eyes to try to help and looked down at 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, 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, 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.

Gently, she pulled herself up and off of Lester. His cock plopped out of her as she shifted her weight on the bed. Lester's cum immediately began to leak out of her. Sarah shimmed herself to her side of the bed and put her hands between her legs. It felt damp, Lester's cum dribbling out of her, making a stain on her sheets.

Sarah swung her legs off the bed and walked on uneasy legs to the bathroom. 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.

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. After she splashed some water on her face, she sat down 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 stepped into the shower to rinse off her lower half. She was surprised how much cum was still leaking out of her. *<i>If Lester hadn't had that operation, could knock someone up.</i>*

Turning off the shower, Sarah stepped out and toweled off before brushing her teeth, cleaning the makeup off her face and opening the door back to the bedroom. There in the dimlight, Lester's obese body looked completely out of place laying 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 and she felt too tired to wake up Lester and kick him out before bed. Sarah quickly put on a pair of flimsy pajamas and got under the covers next to Lester. She could have gone and sleep in another bedroom but this was her bed and she hated sleeping anywhere else. Besides, Lester's body heat seemed to be keeping the bed warm which felt pretty nice. It felt like she was falling asleep, wrapped in a warm cocoon.

Part of her brain were trying to tell her something. Remind her of something important. But they were no match for the heaviness of sleep that 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 travelling 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 up to his floor. As he was pushing the door to the hotel room open, his phone started to ring.

It was late. No one would call 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. He felt like a bumbling idiot with the way he entered the room but he was eager to talk to his wife.

They had left things in a really bad place and the fact that she was calling meant there was either an emergency or she 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. Dan double checked the time. What was Walt doing calling him at this hour? Worried, Dan answered it.

"Hey, Walt, whats going on?" Dan said.

“Dan, thanks for answering. So sorry to call this late I hope I didn’t wake up your kids,” Walt said. Dan set his carry on down on one of the beds. As far as Walt knew, Dan was back in Middleton visiting his family.

“No. Nope. You’re good. The girls have been in bed for awhile and they are pretty good sleepers. Whats up?” Dan tried to hurry the conversation along, not wanting to linger on the phone.

“Sorry for calling so late. Its just that I got some exciting news thats going to impact you and I, well, I wanted you to hit the ground running with it tomorrow.” Walt was clearly excited.

“Well thats great. You know I’m up for anything. Whats the news?” Dan asked.

“Funny enough it comes from your old protege. You remember Jesse right? Wel apparently he has linked up with a new company and isn’t olding any grudges against us. He has a client over there who has a sustainability project and they don’t have that expertise over there. Jesse wants us to sub-contract for him and Dan, they are going to pay us quite well for this.”

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 your working experience with Jesse, you were a no brainer to lead this. I’ve already reached out to 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 hear to help you. Jesse should be your number one priority going forward though.”

“Sounds great Walt. Can’t wait to get started.” Dan exchanged wrapped up the conervation and hung up the phone. He flopped back onto the bed and sighed while staring up at the white ceiling.

He should have seen this coming but he was surprised Jesse had thought of going around him and engaging with Walt. It seemed more calculating then Jesse usually was. Dan thought that his ‘no’ earlier would have been the end of 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 it to be.

Dan needed to focus on building up his side business and not get dragged back down into workplace games with his old protege.