

Lester's eyes were glued to the screen as he sifted through the treasure trove of information on Jesse's employers. He'd downloaded terabytes of data from Jesse's work network that he would dive into later. But his real target was the shady Lincoln Group that Jesse seemed to work with. It was one of these fuckers that had fucked Sarah after all the groundwork that Lester had spent time laying down.

He wasn't just going to sit there and let that happen. He needed them to experience a reckoning, and Lester knew just how. He'd use his Bad Rabbit malware to take control of their systems and ransom them. Download whatever data he could find on them and figure out how to fuck this Byron guy over.

Lester used Jesse's workstation to relay his attack on the Lincoln Group's network. It wasn't difficult, and Lester had already identified a backdoor.

Lester typed furiously on his keyboard simultaneously as coded text lines appeared on his screen. His second monitor showed his progress as he pushed past their security.

A bead of sweat trickled down Lester's furrowed forehead. Every time he bypassed one security wall, two more seemed to pop up, slowing him down considerably. He gritted his teeth, not expecting this level of resistance. Still, he pressed on, throwing off whatever this company tried to muster.

It wasn't long before he punched through the last layer of security and gained full access to Byron's files. Lester began downloading them and grimaced when he realized that most of the files had a high-grade level of encryption.

Fuck. He'd download them and then crack them later. His eyes narrowed as he scanned the remaining unencrypted files that he could access. This was weird. Files and text cascaded down his screen with secret projects related to cognitive restructuring, memory implantation, and subliminal persuasion.

There was even something about neural hacking.

Just as his interest was getting piqued, a significant red exclamation mark flashed onto his monitor. Someone was actively suppressing his access and trying to track him. The download wasn't even five percent complete, but if he didn't pull out soon, he might compromise himself.

Lester shut down his link to the Lincoln Group's network. Using Jesse's computer as a relay had been one barrier to insulating himself. The best they probably could have done is track him to that machine. Lester still had access to Jesse's company network and decided to clear his trail. He uploaded his Bad Rabbit malware to it and locked them out.

He was still shaken by how quickly countermeasures were put in place after his hack. That had never happened before. As an extra precaution, he liquified Jesse's employer's network. Even if they paid the ransom, their files and any possible trace back to him were gone.

Lester closed down his sandbox environment and wiped the remote server he had used to access Jesse's computer. He sighed and pushed himself out of his chair, plodding to the kitchen to grab a coke. His naked body shambled towards the humming refrigerator.

He wished he could have gotten more information from his hack, but it looked like their security was stronger than he was used to. He'd have to find another angle of attack. At the very least, he should probably focus his efforts on breaking Sarah and Dan.

He'd been dumping thick loads into Sarah for months, and she wasn't pregnant yet. There was some variable he wasn't seeing. The most obvious would be that Sarah had taken some precautions he wasn't aware of.

Well, precautions could be destroyed. Moving back into the kitchen doorway, the odd round man looked

out into the living room, the site of his latest triumph over Dan. Lester watched the pathetic husband sleep, snoring in the chair he'd been sitting in when Lester had defiled his gorgeous wife in front of him hours earlier. His ugly grin grew wide; at least this part of his plan was bearing fruit.

Lester left the kitchen doorway and quietly slunk around the couch so that he now stood between his roommate and his sleeping wife. For a few minutes, he just stood there, staring down at Sarah's nude body as she slept, following the curves of her delectable ass and her toned back as they moved in time with her breathing. Being anywhere near Sarah had always given him a massive erection, and standing before her, his cock expanded until it pointed up and away from his body, directly at the beautiful mother's head. Lester's toothy shit-eating grin grew more expansive, and he scooped up his firm length in his hand. He slowly stroked himself with the vague idea that he'd cover Sarah with a fresh load and then head to his room. She might think it was from her husband if she didn't wake up. The thought made him even firmer than when he'd begun. He increased the speed of his strokes, visualizing her shocked and confused reaction.

Sarah's eyes opened, and her surroundings immediately disoriented her. A leather couch cushion was in front of her, and she wasn't immediately sure of her location or what time it was, but she knew what had awoken her.

Lester. The combined smell of primal lust and mustiness that was unique to Lester's crotch had hit her nose and ended her sleep. She got herself reoriented and began to rise off the couch to turn around. She was almost shocked that Lester was there, masturbating over her nude body. Now that their eyes had met, she could make out the man's creepy grin and how he shook as he played with himself. She looked down and saw his perfectly huge cock in his meaty paw. Her eyes followed his other hand as it rose to his lips, and then he stepped slightly aside, revealing her sitting husband asleep in the chair behind him.

Lester slowed his strokes, simply touching himself to remain rock solid. Then he stopped, keeping his huge cock directly in front of the young wife's gorgeous staring face. Sarah's eyes moved between his face and his twitching mammoth cock. The desire she'd felt for him in Minnesota and earlier on this very couch rekindled into a fire. Just as she'd decided to begin sucking him off again -her head had already started to lean in towards him -Lester moved further aside. Returning her gaze to his face, Lester nodded his head down the hallway and proceeded to creep in that direction, his firm upright pole bobbing with each of his steps. The fire rose in her. Sarah watched her husband in his sitting sleep, head nodded forward, chin lodged in his muscular chest. After a moment, she decided and followed Lester down the hallway.

The restaurant was one of his favorites, and why shouldn't it be? It was his birthday, after all. The old-fashioned lamps and decorations reminded him of the diner he'd grown up near, but this one somehow had a long table, so long that he couldn't see the other end from where he sat at the head. His daughters, his parents, and Sarah's parents were seated to his left and right. Beyond them on both sides were extended family, but after a few cousins and aunts, he could no longer make out anyone's faces. One person was missing. Sarah. As soon as he thought her name, his family members began getting up and leaving his birthday table. His daughters left first, exiting through a doorway he hadn't considered was there a minute ago. His parents and in-laws followed immediately after. Now slightly worried, Dan noticed that the table in front of him was shrinking. Someone was at the other end, and they got closer as more people left the table.

Time jumped ahead. Dan was sure he was dreaming then, but, as in his waking life, he needed to see what happened next. Now, it was only him and his homely roommate facing each other at a regular diner's floor table. He'd eaten at one just like it throughout his youth. A cake was between them, and one slice of a candle had been cut from it. It seemed like they'd been facing each other for hours when Dan

became aware of a familiar sound...

Sarah entered the pigsty of a room set on the one thing she wanted. Lester, ahead of her, walked over to his desk chair and sat, his froggy folds offset by the thick column of flesh that jutted from his crotch. Before he could break the silence with his commands, the hot wife rushed to him and began to stuff his enormous cock into her throat. She first bent over, fully savoring the meaty flavor and wafting aroma of its tip, then went to her knees to properly worship Lester's admirable cock. Sarah's gag reflex began to kick in, but she had experienced this before and fought it back down. Lester's giant cock interrupted her air supply, causing her to gag loudly in the otherwise silent apartment.

"ccaaggrr, ggaachmmmmaawwmm, chu-cchck, mmmm, hhhuu..."

"-huh, gaaggckggmgmmm, oogghh, gguumhmggoomm, hhgaamgggmm"

Dan sat still, watching his roommate's grin grow to its typical shit-eating dimensions. The cake was gone now, but the slice cut from it sat before Lester.

Dan knew his wife was here in the room. He could hear the sounds of her enthusiastically fellating his roommate, and he somehow knew that was why Lester was smiling as they watched each other. After a few moments or maybe hours, his wife, looking gorgeous in her business clothes, got out from under the table. As Dan watched her rise, he saw her look at Lester, seeking his approval for what she'd just been doing.

Then Sarah turned to her husband, and on her face was the same sexy look she'd fixed him with when she came out of Lester's bedroom that morning. Dan could hear his heartbeat as he searched her face, looking for any sign of regret or negativity, finding none. Sarah offered her hand to Lester, and the fat man got up from his seat, the fly of his wrinkled pants open, and left the room with her exiting the same way the others had.

Dan stayed in his seat, still reeling from the envy, the horniness, and the anxiety the look from his wife had dredged up in him. The times he had seen his wife with his roommate began flashing in front of him. Her chest painted with his cum, then her hand encircling his big thing, the two of them kissing as he removed her bra. More and more of these visions flooded his mind. Underneath them, he began hearing the familiar sounds of his wife, further enjoying his monstrous roommate's company. He got up from his seat at the table, looking for where Sarah had gone.

Sarah, a sheen of sweat on her forehead and fresh tears on her cheeks, was taking a break from throating Lester's monstrous shaft. She was on her knees before the ogreish man as he sat in his dingy office chair, making lustful eyes at him as she swirled her tongue around the tip of his cock, lazily enjoying the taste of him.

In the computer's blue glow of his filthy command center, he watched her and breathed deeply, his heavy-lidded eyes not blinking. Just as she was readying herself to swallow his cock again, Lester croaked a suggestion:

"Let's fuck, slut."

With a smirk, he watched as she kissed his cock and got to her feet, turning to his bed. He grabbed both of her hips in his hands and pulled her backward so that she would fall back onto him. By now, Sarah was

somewhat used to Lester's manhandling; she giggled as she lost her balance and tumbled back. His hands maneuvered her expertly so that his cock speared right into her flooded pussy as she fell back onto him. He pushed her hips down firmly as he thrust himself up, his full length entirely inside her.

"Uhh, OH! Jesus Christ! How, how are you always so huge?" Sarah had forgotten herself and said the words louder than she intended. Even so, it hadn't even occurred that she might wake her sleeping husband.

The dining room behind him, Dan searched the place for Sarah and Lester, still hearing them somewhere.

"... always so huge?" he caught a phrase of his wife speaking. Just then, Dan turned a corner and saw the restroom hallway much further away than he had ever remembered.

"Unnggh, fucking tight, so tight," Lester grunted near the other end of the hallway. Dan tried to hurry down the hall, but the restrooms didn't get closer.

He tried running and focused on his destination. The men's room sign stayed in place as the sounds of their illicit coupling grew louder.

"Ooooh. Oh, Oh my God, Lester. Never, never ever stop fucking me!" Sarah again threw herself down onto the odd man and shuddered silently, relishing the feeling of getting fuck raw by this monster. Using the armrests for leverage, Sarah pushed her creaming pussy back onto Lester's cock as he held her hips and thrust forward. She found this new position immediately mind-altering and vowed to herself that she would repeatedly have him again this way. "Uhh. Uh uh-huh, baby. Oh, oh, my sweet Daddy, you-you're going to make me cum again."

"Me t-too." Lester was sweating profusely, and he knew he was close. He clasped the hot mother's hips tightly and increased the tempo of his fucking, sending the wife into a series of spasms and contortions as she came spectacularly.

"OOOOH OO-oh. OH FUCK! FUCKING FUCK! LESTER!"

"UHHHHGH, fuuuuck!

Lester rested his sweat-soaked head against her gorgeous twitching back and moaned as her clutching pussy drew a massive churning load from his balls, filling Sarah with his potent seed again. Sarah ground herself into him again, the explosion of his cock sending her into a sexual supernova.

"OH, OH SHIT! FUCK! I, I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! FUCK ME LESTER, FUCK ME!"

He knew that was the sound of Sarah cumming hard. He also recognized the sound of his roommate finishing inside of her. He looked at the men's room sign and then down at the door beneath it. It was right in front of him now, and he pushed it open, still hearing the sounds of his wife atop the strange man.

There were three stalls in the room, each painted black. He went to the first one and checked it. Empty.

"So much cum, Lester. So much." His wife's voice was so close now. He went to the next door down and pushed it open. An empty, unclean toilet was the stall's only occupant.

He then heard the unmistakable sound of Sarah making out with Lester. The desperate, hungry collision of mouths unique to them accompanied whatever else their bodies did to enjoy each other. Dan knew exactly what he'd see when he opened the third stall.

He moved to the third door and waited, girding himself against the shock of actually seeing his wife sucking on his roommate's tongue. He opened the door to a third empty stall, and as he watched, the toilet's automatic flush engaged.

Dan snapped awake. The flush of the toilet had broken his slumber. Realizing he had fallen asleep in the living room made him question if what he'd seen earlier had all been a dream. His roommate Lester had fucked his wife in front of him, and she'd told him she loved him. Lester. The Cheeto-loving, World of Warcraft, Dungeons and Dragons nerd of a roommate. Dan shook his head. Clearly, the dream had been influenced by last night's events. Then he heard Lester's footsteps plodding from the bathroom back to his bedroom. Dan waited for the glow in the hallway to disappear. When it didn't, Dan carefully got up from his chair and noticed Sarah was no longer in the living room.

Dan entered the hallway and saw Lester standing in his doorway, wearing a grin and nothing else. Dan's eyes flicked down, and he noticed that his roommate's flagging erection was slicken and dripping as if newly dipped in oil or something. Again, Lester noticed what Dan's eyes had seen. He closed his door with a smirk. Dan stood in the hallway momentarily, wondering if Sarah was in the room with Lester. The comforting sound of Sarah's light, halting snore came from his room behind him, and he relaxed, not realizing how tense his muscles had become.

Ugh. Maybe he was just jerking off. Opening his door, Dan winced at the sudden glare of the overhead light. Letting his eyes adjust, he now saw his wife was on his bed, also fully nude. She lay on her side with her back to him, her skin flushed and sweat cooling as her breathing deepened in slumber. He looked further down her body and saw a fresh stream of cum, oozing out from her crotch, staining his bed sheets. With a full understanding of what he'd slept through, Dan turned off the light and got into the other side of the bed, his cock straining. He was careful to avoid lying anywhere near the puddle he'd seen beginning to form on the sheets.

"Can we talk about last night?" Dan said from the passenger seat of their car, which was idling in the parking lot as Sarah was ready to head back home, her luggage packed up behind them. "I didn't want to talk up there, not with Lester listening."

"You think Lester eavesdrops on our conversations?" Sarah smiled and shook her head as she looked at her husband, "Like with a glass against the wall or something?"

"I don't know, I just know that he seems a little too, uh, well informed," Dan shrugged his shoulders, "There's been a few things that... aren't important right now. I can't stop thinking about what happened last night. It's just replaying over and over in my head, and I think I will go crazy if you leave right now without us talking about it."

"Okay," Sarah bit her lip in thought as she looked out the windshield. She turned off the car, sat back in her seat, and looked at her husband, "Last night was... intense. I didn't know it would happen or go the way it did. I'm still processing most of it myself. Did you hate it?"

"No," Dan started, "Yes. I don't know. I feel like I should, but part of me just got off on a lot of it. You know how messed up my head is about all of this stuff. Ever since the bar in Minnesota, it's like I was just super turned on and needed a release, but then last night happened, and again, it felt like I couldn't control

myself."

"I know the feeling," Sarah said, "Lately, it's like a switch gets flipped in my head, and I just give in to whatever. It's kind of like how last night went. Lester pushed for things, and I couldn't say no."

"Isn't that a problem?" Dan asked.

"I don't know," Sarah closed her eyes, "I know that logically I could have said no. But in the moment I didn't want to. I want to do it. It's not like he's forcing me to do things I don't want to do or don't turn me on somehow. And I want to do things to get him off. To get both of you off. The look in your eyes last night was intense and probably turned me on more than anything else."

"I felt like I was a comatose zombie... " Dan said.

"Maybe that's part of it? You're so Type A that being able to do something and see you lose that. To lose that control. Knowing something I'm doing could turn you on that much and that it affects you like that. It's hot."

"Believe me, it does feel like a loss of control. It feels like my hands slip off the steering wheel, and Lester just takes control of it. Seeing you let go, I don't know, it just drives me wild. Knowing how prim and proper you usually are. Just seeing you act kind of slutty just unlocks this part of my brain that just wants to shut everything else down and watch."

"Hey!" Sarah said, slapping him playfully on the arm. "I'm not a slut. Maybe I can act a little slutty sometimes, but you put us on this path, mister."

"You're enjoying yourself just as much as I am," Dan said.

"Maybe more," Sarah said, focusing on another car pulling out. You're still wrapped up in angst and guilt."

"I know," Dan shook his head, "I know what we are doing isn't right. At least not from what society tells us. But I can't help it. I mean, I don't like Lester. At all. He's been a really shitty roommate. And I want to wring his neck most of the time. Knowing someone like that is getting you off... "

Dan exhaled, letting out a long, calming breath, trying not to get himself worked up again.

"I realized you went off to his room in the middle of the night again this time," Dan said. "Last time, I couldn't believe it, and I knew I just had to have you right there in the shower. But last night was something else."

"What part are you stuck on?" Sarah asked.

"Uh, god, I don't know. All of it? Even just like how it started, him pinning you against the counter, seeing you just melt into his advances so easily," Dan said.

"Well, what do you want me to do? Kick and scream the entire time while letting him do whatever he wants? That isn't really something that I'd be into. I do like giving in, part of just giving control over to someone like that to do what they want with me. Especially when I know you're watching. That I find extremely hot." Sarah said.

"No, no, I don't want you to feel like you need to put up some kind of fight," Dan said, "I guess it's more just like, it turned me on but tugged at my heartstrings at the same time." Dan ran a hand through his hair. "It's all these emotions at once inside me. It's like an intoxicating cocktail of guilt, shame, jealousy, and arousal that I just can't help but take a big drink of."

Sarah stayed quiet, waiting for Dan to continue.

"That's how it felt when you told him you loved him. It was like a dagger to the chest but an adrenaline needle to my dick. I can't remember the last time I came that hard. And ever since, I can't stop thinking about the look on your face as you said it. You don't really love him, do you?"

"Dan, that's just sex talk," Sarah smiled at him, "I knew it would push you both over the edge, and that's what I wanted to do."

Dan nodded along, processing her words. He was ready to follow up with another question, but Sarah spoke first.

"I'm surprised the rimming wasn't the first thing you asked about," Sarah chuckled and put her hands over her face.

Dan shook his head, losing his prior thought, "That was... I don't even know Sarah. I can't believe you did that."

"Me neither," Sarah said from behind her hands. Finally, she put them back into her lap and rested her head against the seat. "That wasn't something I'd ever thought about. Lester had done it to me, and I knew how good it could feel. At that moment last night, I just wanted to deliver that kind of pleasure back to him, too. I got caught up and was lost in the moment."

"So you didn't enjoy that?" Dan asked.

"The idea of it, admittedly, is disgusting," Sarah said, "But in the heat of the moment, and seeing how his body responded to it, and your face... I don't know. I don't think I want to do it again."

Dan nodded, keeping his thoughts to himself. In the heat of the moment, what else could Lester make his wife do?

"Are you okay with some of the things Lester made me say, especially at the end?" Sarah asked, "And the things he said?"

"The shit talking?" Dan asked.

"Yes," Sarah whispered.

"When we are there, where I am watching. I don't always want to be brought into it like that. I'd rather be a fly on the wall, just watching it happen. But I love seeing the complete desire on your face when you look at me in those moments. It's really fucking hot. The shit talking... I don't know. It's always hit me kind of weirdly. It's sort of the same feeling as the 'I love you' stuff. That mix of deep jealousy and rage. Hearing those things come from your lips. Even at that moment, Lester was taking you away from me. Winning. Logically, I don't like it, and I know I should hate it, but..." Dan chuckled and shook his head, "Like you said, at that moment, somehow it worked."

"That's good to know. I was afraid we might have crossed the line. Just know it's all just sex talk. All of it." Sarah said.

"What about when you said you only want Lester to fuck you raw from now on. Did that mean you want me to wear a condom or something now? What was that?"

Dan asked.

"That just meant no condom for him. I didn't mean that you needed to wear one," Sarah said with a small smile.

"Would you ever consider going back to making him wear one?" Dan asked.

"I..uh... don't think so," Sarah said, "I've always really hated them. They always take me out of it. It's just better for me without them."

"What about Lester saying he's going to pimp you out to some randos? Is that just sex talk, too?" Dan challenged.

"That... I don't know about. I never know with Lester. I don't know what's sex talk to him and what's real life," Sarah said.

"Well, if that situation happened. In the heat of the moment, what would you do?" Dan asked.

"I'm not sure," Sarah said.

That wasn't a 'no,' Dan realized and felt his cock swelling in his pants.

"What would you think?" Sarah asked, "If I did something like that."

"Like you did with Byron?" Dan asked.

"That was different. I was on a mission. A shitty mission that failed, but it was still different," Sarah blushed. "But what would you think? Is that hot to you, or does that cross the line."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "Honestly? I don't know. It's like all of this. I know I shouldn't like it, but if it were happening... in the moment, I don't know how I would react to it. I guess it's like all these games and scenarios we used to play with before Lester. But I never would have thought that someone like Lester would be pulling the strings. I would have thought it would be like you and me at a bar picking up a stranger. Not like this."

"So where do we go from here? With Lester, I mean. If I arrive at the apartment one day and you're still at work. I know things weren't great when he was at our house without you knowing before. So, should I make sure you are in the room? Do we talk about this beforehand? How do we move forward here?"

"Honestly," Dan breathed, "I don't know if I always want to be there, up close and personal. Sometimes, yeah, I think it's hot to watch what unfolds. Other times, knowing you're doing something naughty could be enough for me. Last night was intense; I don't know if I need that again for a while. I would definitely want to hear about anything afterward. Maybe even if you record it for me. Sometimes, the surprise and unknown element could be interesting."

"We'll see about recording. I don't know about that. The unknown is kind of hot, though," Sarah said, "Just giving up the control like that."

"I still think we need to be careful who we are giving up that control to. Something doesn't sit right with me regarding Lester," Dan said.

"Oh yeah? What tipped you off about that? Was it the disgusting room and his lack of personal hygiene? His Cheeto addiction or his general incel-like behavior?" Sarah asked.

Dan put up his hands in self defense, "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my wife's lover."

Sarah shook her head and rolled her eyes, "You're a dick."

"But you love me," Dan smiled, "Well, me and that troll of man now, I guess."

Sarah playfully stared daggers at her husband, "Well, he does fuck me so, so very good."

"Ouch," Dan said, "Cutting me deep, Sarah. You better get out of here before I get riled up again and take you in the backseat."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at him, "Isn't that Lester's domain now?"

"Another low blow," Dan narrowed his eyebrows and stared at her.

After a few seconds, they both cracked up laughing.

"I love you," Dan leaned in for a parting kiss. "I love you too," Sarah said before planting a soft, wet kiss on her husband's lips. They pulled apart, and Dan glanced at the clock. "You had better hit the road. I'm sure your parents are eager to get rid of the kids."

"They'd keep them full-time if I asked. They love having them there. But you're right, I should probably get going."

Dan opened the car door and stepped out, "Drive safe, baby. Text me when you get home."

"I will baby, don't miss me too much," Sarah blew him a kiss as he closed the door. Sarah's car pulled out of the parking lot, leaving Dan standing there by himself. He already missed her. As he walked back towards his apartment building the events of the previous night were still gnawing at him.

His conversation with Sarah had gone better than he'd hoped. He didn't want to push too hard or make drama out of nothing, but it still irked him that Sarah hadn't definitively said that she didn't love Lester. He could have pushed for it but what else would she have said? Something else Lester said last night was bugging him. It wasn't just all the shit-talking and trying to put him in his place. Lester had said something about Jesse being in Minnesota.

How did he know that? Maybe Lester had overheard something Dan had said to Sarah on the phone leading up to their trip. Or there could be more to it. Something else that Dan wasn't seeing. Either way, he needed to figure it out.

"It's done. Break all ties with them," Byron's boss, Marcus said as he peered out the expansive window behind his desk. Byron was sitting uncomfortably in one of the plush leather armchairs in front of Marcus' desk.

"But Marcus," Byron said, trying to figure out a way out of this. Shit had gotten bad overnight, with news of their network having been breached, making the rounds. Byron suddenly felt his neck unexpectedly on the chopping block. "I need his expertise to push this project forward and get –"

"No, you don't," Marcus said, turning around. His dark skin highlighted his piercing eyes as they bore into Byron. "I've let you play out your little game but it's done now. We suffered a major security breach last night from one of your contractor pets. Now you have my attention, which I assure you is something you don't want, not like this. I know all about how complicated you've made all of these plans. And for what? Just so you can get revenge and fuck some poor stiff's wife? Pull your head out of your ass. Look at Archer; his operation was clean and simple, and now he is reaping the rewards. You've cocked this up. So I say again. Cut ties completely. We need to shore up any weaknesses we can find, and right now, I'm looking at you. Are you weak, Byron?"

"No," Byron said assertively, "I'm not."

"Yes. Yes, you are. You've let yourself become weak by focusing on this guy who upset you and overcomplicated everything. You need to get your shit together. That includes the drinking. Fortunately, I don't think you're completely hopeless. You still have potential but need to cut out the cancer and focus on your project. It's already behind schedule." Marcus spat.

"I'll need to find another sustainability expert then. To keep this off the authorities' radar." Byron ran his hands through his hair. He didn't like being talked to like this. He knew Marcus held a lot more power internally at the moment. But he wouldn't forever. Byron had to grit his teeth and put up with his condescending attitude.

"You'll have it," Marcus said, "I'm retasking other resources to you. Now make it happen."

Byron got up, "I'll fire them now and get everything else in place by this afternoon. We're gonna have to pay out the stipulation in the contract though.

It'll probably be a couple hundred grand."

"Pennies on the dollar," Marcus waved his hand dismissively and turned back to the window, "Pay them out or kick it to legal to fight it. You need to be laser-focused from here on out."

"What are we going to do about whoever hacked us?" Byron stood up, getting ready to leave.

"I have people on it. We'll find them."

Byron took that as his cue to leave. He walked towards the door, ready to crack open another bottle of bourbon when he returned to his office.

"And Byron?" Marcus said without turning around.

"Yeah?"

"Don't fuck up again. If you want to fuck someone, make sure it doesn't fuck with our business, or you'll be the one getting fucked."

"You got it," Byron tried to keep the contempt from his face as he closed the door behind him.

It had been a crazy couple of weeks for Dan. Work was picking up, both at his day job and with his side clients. While things were still touch and go with his company, new clients seemed to be trickling in, and cash flow was still tight, so his boss, Walt, was still running things with a skeleton crew. More people had left, leaving more responsibility on Dan's shoulders. One notable bright spot was that The Lincoln Group had canceled its project with Jesse's company. It was probably due to that company getting hit with a ransomware attack and The Lincoln Group not wanting to be tied up with any place that had issues like that. Dan kept waiting for the other shoe to drop and get a call from Jesse or Byron but so far nothing had happened.

Walt was happy, getting paid while freeing up Dan's time to work with other clients, so it was a win-win situation. Dan didn't want to look a gift horse in the mouth but still felt uneasy about the whole thing.

It seemed like these cyberattacks were becoming more frequent—first Sarah's hospital, now Jesse's company. He wondered how many firms in the Chicago area were experiencing the same thing.

He didn't have a ton of time to dwell on it, though, as his side clients were cutting into his free time. Dan had spent many nights, early mornings, and lunch breaks working on projects for Sentinel Securities. They were happy that Dan seemed more responsive and timely than in the past, but they were still quite demanding of his time. It was like they failed to realize that he wasn't their full-time employee. If the Lincoln Group hadn't freed him up, he would have been seriously worried about them dropping him.

Despite his busy schedule, Dan managed to stay afloat, even with his smaller clients like Elevate Entertainment. Sitting at the small table in his apartment's kitchen, Dan even broke his ideal working environment.

He was discussing a new project in California while talking to his counterpart at the company, Bill. He liked Bill well enough, even going out for the occasional after-work drink or business lunch. Dan considered their relationship friendly, and they could have been close friends in another life.

Dan sat at the table talking to Bill while looking over documents and some web pages Bill had linked him to. He didn't like working at the apartment, still wary of Lester listening in, but tonight, it was just something that he had to do. The rain outside made the journey to Starbucks very unappealing.

Lester listened intently in Dan's conversation in the darkened bedroom at the end of the hall. Lester was packing a bag while the boring conversation played out. This is really what he does for a living? No wonder Sarah's bored. Lester took out his phone and texted the young wife.

L: Daddy's cumming to town.

He zipped his duffel bag shut and left it on the floor. He turned his attention fully back to the one-sided conversation he could hear while watching the web pages Dan was visiting. It quickly became apparent Dan was talking to someone named Bill from a company called Elevate Entertainment. While he would normally disregard listening to conversations that didn't include Sarah, Lester was hoping his diligence would pay off with an opportunity he could exploit and turn the gears on Dan. So far, this conversation hasn't been bearing fruit, but Lester decided to be thorough and investigate the man on the other end of the phone.

Hello there. Bill should have increased his Facebook page's privacy filters. Lester quickly deduced that Bill was a fellow Chicago native and had a smoking hot wife who, like Sarah, worked in health care. He documented some of their details in case he found himself needing a new project in the future.

After a few more minutes, Dan wrapped up the call. Lester didn't believe in god but thanked him anyway for his mercy. He grabbed his bag and keys and headed for the door.

Dan scooped up his things from the kitchen table with his laptop under his arm and moved towards his bedroom. As he crossed the living room, Lester stepped out of the hallway, holding a duffel bag. Dan narrowed his eyes, unsure how to react to Lester's presence.

They'd barely engaged in any words since Lester's dominating performance on the couch with Sarah. Dan hated feeling like the runner-up in some fucked up sex contest. Much to his dismay, he felt his breath growing shallow and his body temperature rising at the thought of his ugly roommate with his wife. It was almost a Pavloviann response at this point.

"Heading out?" Dan feigned interest in Lester's affairs while wondering how suspicious he should be.

"Yep," Lester didn't look Dan's way while slipping on his shoes, "Heading to Middleton."

"What? Why?" Dan gripped his laptop tighter, and suddenly, images of Sarah being pinned to the bed under Lester took over his mind.

"The new boss at the hospital wants to see me tomorrow," Lester said nonchalantly.

"Why would he want to see you?" Dan put his laptop and other items on the couch and crossed his arms.

"I don't know, Dan, he didn't say. I'm guessing I'm getting fired like Jerry, or I'm getting a promotion. Who knows? Maybe I'll be working in Middleton full time." He grinned as he looked at Dan.

"Does Sarah know?" Dan asked.

"I just texted her to let her know," the grin still plastered onto Lester's face, "I wonder what she'll think."

"Listen, Lester, you need to –" Dan started.

"Not everything is about the sweet sounds Sarah makes when I'm inside her, Dan," Lester chuckled, "You need to get your head out of the gutter. Some things are strictly professional."

"I don't think you believe that," Dan said.

Lester chuckled, "Maybe. Maybe not. I guess that's part of what makes this fun."

"You know," Dan exhaled, "This would be much easier if you weren't such an asshole."

"It's plenty easy for me as it is, Dan," Lester said, "You're the one who seems to have a problem with all of this."

"Yeah? What exactly is my problem?" Dan said, squaring his shoulders.

Lester shook his head, "You can't just sit back and enjoy how things are going. Even though you really want to. You think you have to get all upset with yourself, even though we both know you enjoy watching what I do to your wife. What she does to me."

Dan was about to respond, but Lester's statement hit too close to home. To something he had been struggling with for a while. Lester took Dan's silence as acceptance and headed towards the apartment door.

"I'll tell Sarah you say 'hi,'" Lester said, opening the door.

"I had an interesting chat today," Dan blurted out. This wasn't how he wanted to bring this up, but now the horse was out of the barn. Dan squared his jaw and raised his most confident front to cover his bluff. He wanted to see how Lester would react to his gamble.

"Oh yeah?" Lester said, holding the door open impatiently, "Is that something I'm supposed to care about?"

"It was with my old coworker Jesse," Dan said, "He had a lot of very interesting things to say."

"Fascinating," Lester said, stepping into the hallway and closing the door behind him.

Dan gritted his teeth and kicked the side of the couch. His big confrontation had fizzled out. He ran a hand through his hair. Letting out a long breath, he grabbed his phone and called Sarah. Maybe he should

have interrogated Jesse before throwing this at Lester, but he didn't want to show his cards. And sometimes, it was better to let sleeping dogs lie. If he was actually free of Jesse and The Lincoln Group, Dan wasn't about to initiate contact.

"Hey," Dan said when she answered, "Apparently, Lester is heading to Middleton to meet with your boss."

"I know. I just read his text," Sarah said. Dan's cock stiffened at the thought of Sarah and Lester being in contact behind his back. I'm so fucked up.

The couple both stayed silent for several seconds. The idea of Sarah rendezvousing with Lester without him hung over the conversation.

"Do you think Lester will try to —" Dan started.

"Yes," Sarah said quickly, "I don't see how he wouldn't try something."

"He better not go anywhere near the house," Dan said.

"He won't. I won't let that happen," Sarah said.

"Are you sure? After last time..." Dan trailed off.

"He won't get in the house, Dan. I promise." Sarah said sternly, "But that doesn't mean he won't try something else."

"What if he does?" Dan said.

"What do you want to happen, Dan?" Sarah asked.

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

"I think you do," Sarah said with a new authority in her voice, "I have a feeling it's all you're going to think about while you're there by yourself."

"Uh, fuck," Dan breathed into the phone, "I don't, uh..."

"I'll make this easy, Dan. If Lester approaches me... if you want me to say no to him. Just say something right now. If you keep quiet, I'll know your decision. I can't promise anything will happen, but I want to know where you stand."

Words churned in Dan's head. The different responses he could utter. He searched for the perfect phrasing to encapsulate his complicated emotions, but nothing came out. Dan heard Sarah opening a drawer and rummaging around before closing it. He wondered what she was doing but never found his voice.

Lester hid the smirk threatening to appear on his face. He was in the new CEO, Richard's office. The pathetic excuse for a man was trying to pull a typical powerplay, making Lester sit there obediently while he finished a phone call.

Lester almost respected the blatant manipulation tactic, even if it was basic. Within a few minutes, he had this guy pegged for what he knew him to be—a corporate asshole who likes power and control. Lester couldn't begrudge him for that. After all, those goals were exactly in line with his own. He didn't care for

the ramifications of this meeting and what that would entail for his Sarah project.

The excuse of 'working' in the hospital was quite convenient to being in Sarah's proximity. And if Lester could be so humble, quite the masterstroke of his planning. Now this jackass might threaten to bring his ruse crashing to the ground. Lester should have looked further into the changes at the hospital but they had previously seemed irrelevant to him. He assumed things would just go on as they had. Now, this Richard was another unknown variable he hadn't accounted for.

"Sorry about that," Richard said as he hung up the phone. "You know how it is."

Lester nodded his head, "Of course."

The plan was to be docile and pliable. Appear as a tool for Richard to take advantage of and feel good about doing so like he had one over on Lester, at least one. After all, that kind of seemed to be this guy's thing.

"So listen, ummm," Richard looked down at his notebook, "Mr. Matthews."

"Lester," Lester said, "Please call me Lester."

Richard gave him a flat smile that didn't quite reach his eyes, "Right. Sure, Lester. As I'm sure you're aware, we've been making some staffing changes. We are in the middle of restructuring our IT department. Unfortunately, that means that we need to eliminate some positions. While we all recognize the importance of your contributions, particularly during our recent ransomware crisis, the decision has been made to eliminate your position. So, as of today, your contract with us is ending. We know that you'll land on your feet and do well in your next position. Our new head of HR will be waiting for you to discuss any lingering issues pertaining to your contract."

Lester watched Richard closely while feigning panic and disappointment. This guy could have easily had someone else fire him. Judging by the predatory look in his eyes, Lester suspected he probably enjoyed firing people.

"But, but," Lester stuttered, playing into the bumbling IT nerd trope, "I've done everything I can. I got the entire hospital back up and running. I saved the hospital hundreds of thousands of dollars for all the systems and networks."

"Yes," Richard waved his hand dismissively, "Like I said, we're very thankful for your contributions, talk to HR, they might have a gift card or something they can give you."

"But I won't be able to afford my mortgage," Lester lied. He knew this came down to control and probably the expensive price tag Lester had negotiated for himself. "Please, I'll do anything. You can cut my salary by twenty-five percent, no, fifty! Whatever you need, I can do. I can do more than just keep your network safe; I've seen a ton of inefficiencies in that department. There are plenty of synergies just waiting to be exploited. I can help you streamline their operations without negatively impacting your bottom line. Please, sir, my fate is in your hands."

Richard raised an eyebrow at him, clearly enjoying that he held so much power over Lester. Lester chose each word deliberately to play into this man's fantasies for control over people and the corporate language he was sure this guy probably threw around.

Richard leaned back in his chair, his fingers making a steeple before his face, "Tell me more about how you could streamline things."

Sarah closed her eyes tight and let out a long, quiet breath. She hated this time of the day. It was just after lunch, and the new head of HR was getting back from her lunch with Richard. While she'd only had a few conversations with the woman, she didn't like her. Sarah had adored Marcie, the previous head of HR, and didn't like Richard's new pick. She was a suck-up and Sarah could see she'd been hand-picked to do Richard's bidding.

The reason Sarah hated this time of the day is that the head of HR would walk past Sarah on the way to her new office. Sarah's old office. Richard's new appointments were being given the choice of offices while everyone else from the old guard was being relegated to small cubicles. Sarah had been politely told to vacate her office and settle down in the line of cubicles alongside the coordinators and other administrative staff.

While Sarah had no problem working more closely with others, the way it had been done left a sour taste in her mouth, she felt like she'd been cast aside yet again. Richard had disbanded their daily meetings, citing the end of the ransomware crisis. He'd started a new series of meetings with his department heads, excluding Sarah entirely. While she technically still had her title and the respect of her legacy colleagues, she couldn't help but feel at some point that she would be let go as well.

The new head of HR walked by, trailing a couple of her new staff members. They disappeared into Sarah's old office, closing the door behind them. Sarah sighed and stood up. She couldn't just sit at her desk anymore and needed to walk and clear her head. She grabbed her purse, walked to the elevators, and rode them down a few floors.

As the elevator doors opened, Sarah began to feel angry and marginalized. She used to love her job and the sense of fulfillment it gave her. Now, she regularly felt worthless and overlooked. Logically, she knew it wasn't entirely her fault. Sure, maybe she could have made a better first impression, but since then, she had worked her ass off to no avail. It was just Richard consolidating power and removing the old guard. Even though she knew that was the case, it didn't help her self-esteem. Sarah felt like she was spiraling again.

Sarah got off the elevators and found herself in front of a wall of vending machines. Chocolate might help. She looked over her options, contemplating which delicious morsel of goodness would be hers. Looking over the selection in front of her, she noticed movement in the corner of her eye. Glancing towards it, she noticed Otis, the janitor, peering at her from down the hallway.

Otis leered at her for several seconds, seemingly running his eyes up and down the curves of her body. When he noticed that her piercing green eyes were staring back at him, he quickly shuffled away, pushing his squeaking cart down an adjoining hallway.

She had periodically caught Otis looking at her over the last few weeks. It happened frequently enough that she'd noticed that he wasn't always doing his job, coincidentally turning up in places she just happened to be. She shook her head and looked back at the vending machines. Just another thing she needed: a creepy older stalker at work. Otis seemed relatively harmless, but that might not always be the case. Otis was older than her, probably even older than Lester was. His gray disheveled hair and his permanent five o'clock scruff didn't do him any favors. The concerns of hospital staff had been raised at more than one of the weekly meetings she no longer attended. At one point, Sarah had been in contact with the now-fired head of HR, Marcie, about complaints of Otis's breath reeking like alcohol while on the job. Sarah didn't want to get anyone in trouble but was also concerned that the hospital shouldn't be exposed to issues like that either. But now that problem was in the hands of the new head of HR, and she could just stay out of it.

The way Otis always seemed to appear around her and the way he stared at her reminded her a lot of her early days in the apartment with Dan, with Lester seemingly lurking around every corner. She couldn't believe just how far things had come since then. Sarah had no intention of walking a similar path with Otis as she had with Lester.

Sarah pressed the buttons on the vending machine, and a Mars bar dropped out. Chocolate sounded exquisite right now. Sarah unwrapped the bar and bit into the candy, closing her eyes and savoring it. People always said good chocolate had the same effect as sex on the senses. While Sarah understood what they meant, she couldn't help but think about how fucking good Lester could make her feel. This chocolate bar paled in comparison to the feelings her obese lover awoke inside her.

As if on cue, her phone chimed. There was a text message waiting for her. Her eyes widened, and she felt her knees grow weak when she checked it. There on her screen, in the middle of the hallway, was Lester's delicious juicy cock. It was hard and veiny, sitting fully erect on a tabletop surface that Sarah knew was a standard issue cubicle desk in the hospital. A message quickly followed up the photo.

L: Miss me?

Sarah stood transfixed in the middle of the hallway, staring at the mammoth cock on her screen as her pupils dilated. The chocolate bar was half sticking out of her mouth as she'd stopped biting it. Her lips closed around it as she stared at Lester's cock, her tongue flicking out to lap up the caramel from it. Sarah rolled her tongue around the tip of the snack before coming to her senses and looking around. Thankfully, no one had noticed her lost in thought with the bar in her mouth.

Sarah, her face flushed, typed up a quick response.

S: Where are you?

L: At your desk, looking for you. Someone else is in your office. Do you miss me?

S: Yes. I miss what I saw in that pic L: Let's meet up somewhere.

Sarah bit her lip. That cock sure did look more appetizing than the half-eaten chocolate bar in her mouth. All she wanted to do was attack it and let it distract her from all the bullshit going on in her workplace. Taking hold of Lester's cock would let her regain her sense of control and power that she desperately felt slipping through her fingers at work. She had no doubt that making that big cock cum would make her day better.

Plus, it would mean getting out of the building, away from Otis's prying eyes. The way he looked at her unnerved her. She knew what thoughts lay behind the intense gaze.

Sarah texted Dan, telling him about Lester and letting him know she wanted to play, giving him the chance to tell her not to. She stared at the screen, waiting for Dan to respond. In the meantime, Lester kept messaging her. Asking her for a discreet meeting place, sending more shots of his cock.

Sarah was getting impatient, waiting for Dan to respond. She was leaning against the side of the hallway and felt the need to remove some layers. Her body was already heating up from the idea of being around Lester. Without her office for privacy, her mind raced to try and think up places in the hospital where she could potentially sneak away with him.

All of the places she imagined carried a level of risk that sent a jolt of excitement up her spine. The feasibility of an empty patient room, utility closet, or even nap rooms for doctors and nurses would all depend on timing -something she didn't have the best handle on. In the end, the best place Sarah could think of was a secluded part of the parking lot, around the side of a building that didn't get a lot of traffic, near some rarely used access doors, away from the windows of hospital staff.

She stared down at the conversation with Dan on her phone, waiting for him to respond. If she said no, could she really just ignore Lester? He was what she needed right now. Her eyes waited for the three little dots to appear, indicating her husband was typing a response, but they never appeared. With trembling

fingers, she switched to her conversation with Lester.

S: Meet me at my car in ten minutes. Lot A, area 2.

L: Tell me what you want.

S: Your cock.

Sarah felt giddy as she rode the elevator down to the main floor. She was tempted to check her phone but left it in her purse. Lester could have sent another dirty picture, or Dan might have sent a message telling her to stay away from his roommate. If she didn't check her phone, she could feign ignorance. If she didn't read it, the message didn't exist.

She knew this was what her husband wanted anyway, which, she reasoned, was why she was so eager to do it. The elevator doors opened, and Sarah stepped out, walking across the atrium towards the back of the building where the exit to the staff parking lot was.

At least this time, she wasn't going to sleep with a slimy alcoholic for nothing like she had with Byron. Even though she had gotten off on that experience, she had done it for no reason other than her own orgasm since she hadn't been able to find anywhere to plug in the USB. No, she had just let that brazen alcoholic fuck her and cum in her mouth for his own enjoyment. At least today, she knew what she was getting into and could enjoy herself with Lester. Sarah couldn't wait to wrap her mouth around Lester's hefty cock. Saliva flooded around her tongue at the mere thought.

Sarah rounded a corner, walking towards the exit. She felt eyes on her, and a quick glance at her side showed her that Otis was leering at her again. The pot-bellied man was mopping the floor while failing to hide his constant awkward gaze.

The idea of this man catching her on her way to a discreet rendezvous sent a thrill through her. The act of getting caught. Walking through a hospital hallway to the parking lot wasn't a reportable offense, but Sarah still knew she was heading somewhere she shouldn't.

Sarah hurried, exiting the hospital and walking across the parking lot to find her car. She stopped in her tracks a few feet away from her vehicle, her pussy growing slick with expectation. Leaning against her car with Lester with a shit-eating grin on his face. His arms were crossed, and he was wearing his same schlubby, business-casual outfit that looked entirely out of place on his body. He didn't look attractive, but Sarah couldn't help but feel intensely drawn to him.

She walked past Lester, only giving him a quick glance as she unlocked her door with her key fob and entered the driver's seat. Lester followed suit, pushing his frame off the car's hood and squeezing himself into the passenger seat.

"Couldn't resist a little afternoon delight, huh?" Lester said.

"Shut up," Sarah said, turning on the engine and pulling the car out of her designated spot, "Don't ruin a good thing by talking."

"Heh, either way, we both know you're not kicking me out of this car," Lester chuckled, "Did you tell Dan that you were meeting me."

"Yes," Sarah said, hoping Lester wouldn't press for more details and learn that Dan hadn't given his consent yet.

"I bet he's already creaming in his pants," Lester said, "Did you see how fast he came last time? Especially after you revealed how you love me? Quite a mess he had to clean up."

"Don't get excited," Sarah said, navigating her car through the parking lot. The further away they went from the main entrance, the less populated the parking lot became. "You know that was just sex talk."

"Sure it was," Lester said, "Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't. But I think it was real."

Sarah rolled her eyes as she drove the car around the hospital's annex. This building was connected to the main hospital, but no patient areas were found there. It was part of the original hospital and was used before the newer parts of the building were constructed. The patchwork of brick didn't match that of the newer wings. The rooms here were mostly used for storing old equipment and paper records. It was a place the current staff rarely visited to the point that Sarah was confident they wouldn't be discovered. The grass around this part of the building appeared recently cut, so she hoped no one from building maintenance would disturb them. Since it was far enough away from the entrance, she doubted any smokers would wander over here. She was on the lookout for anyone, but thankfully, everything looked clear.

"You sure are full of it," Sarah said.

Lester grinned and raised his eyebrows, "You're going to be full of it. I love your 'hard to get' banter. It makes taking you all the sweeter. I don't think you love me the way you love Dan. Not completely romantically. But a part of you loves the way I make you feel, loves how shitty I am to your husband. Loves that I can unlock this side of you that you bury under Missus Little Goody two shoes. I think the real Sarah under that perfect little mask you wear, that's the one who loves me."

Sarah pulled the car to a stop in a shaded area next to the building. They were far enough away from the bend in the road that they would see another vehicle coming. It wasn't a dead end, so she could still drive off quickly if she had to. She turned to face her rotund passenger, looking at her like a lion looks at a fresh kill.

"You sure have thought a lot about this," Sarah said, "It's a nice story you've created for yourself. Now, will you keep talking or shut up and get in the back seat?"

Lester looked into the backseat of her car. "You know, my SUV would have been roomier," she said.

"That's a 'you' problem," Sarah said, sliding awkwardly to the side so she could move into the back seat. Her breasts brushed up against Lester, and he let his hand linger on her ass as she moved. Sarah turned back towards the front seat, bent over, and grabbed the adjustable bar under it as she pushed on the back of the chair, sliding it forward. This gave her more room in the back.

"Do my side," Lester said as he exited the car. The passenger seat slid forward as Lester opened the backdoor and got into it. The car's frame sank a couple of inches as Lester's weight settled into the backseat.

Much to Lester's delight, Sarah's hands were immediately on his belt, quickly undoing it, "Eager, I see."

"I just don't want to waste any time," Sarah breathed, her eyes growing wide as she freed Lester's belt and started tugging on his pants.

"Take off your top," Lester said, "Show me my girls."

Lester started to awkwardly shimmy himself out of his pants in the cramped confines of the car's backseat. Sarah folded her blazer over the headrest of her seat and pulled her emerald shirt over her head, revealing a white lacy bra.

"Did you choose that bra before or after I texted you that I'd be here today?" Lester asked.

"After," Sarah breathed huskily and met his eyes as she tugged Lester's raggedy boxers. Lester didn't bother taking his wrinkled shirt off. He pushed his hips off the seat as Sarah pulled his stained boxers down to his ankles. Lester's thick cock sprang into view, causing Sarah to stop and stare at it momentarily, the hungry lust evident on her face.

Lester smirked, "Told you. You love me."

"Maybe. Parts of you," Sarah looked up at Lester's ugly face with a playful smile.

"Good thing we're a package deal," Lester chuckled. Lester shifted his hips up and pressed his cock against Sarah's face. It ran down the length of her cheek, Sarah turned her head instinctively, and her tongue licked the bottom of his cock as it slid down its length. She was about to open her mouth when Lester stopped her.

"Today, you're going to suck my cock until I cum down your throat," Lester said, "The next time you're in Chicago, I have something special planned for you."

Sarah was surprised that she didn't feel more disappointed. As much as she wanted Lester's thick cock shoved inside of her, she loved the idea of stroking and sucking on it to bring him off. The idea of just pleasing the disgusting man in front of her seemed to push all the right buttons for her.

"And what's that? What do you have planned for me?" Sarah forcibly gripped Lester's cock at the base and began to stroke him intently. Lester took a sharp inhale of breath at the sudden action. "What does daddy have planned for me?"

"Whatever I want," Lester breathed, staring into Sarah's green eyes. "You'll do whatever I want, won't you?"

"Have I ever said 'no' to you before?" Sarah asked as her hand pumped rigorously up and down Lester's shaft.

A predatory grin spread onto Lester's face, "That's my girl."

Sarah smiled back and lowered her head towards Lester's cock.

"No," Lester breathed, "Not yet. Get up here and give me some sugar."

Lester licked his lips as Sarah moved over his body until her lips met his. He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her hard into him. Sarah's hand never left his cock as she opened her mouth and let Lester's large tongue invade her mouth.

Sarah's tongue ran across Lester's, tasting the odors in his fetid mouth. She ground herself against Lester as the pressure of his tongue on hers caused her to moan into his mouth. Part of her mind registered some of the foul tastes of whatever he ate earlier, but her body was far past that as cause for her to stop.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester held her head in place, ramming his tongue into hers. He pulled her head to the side, switching positions as their lips smacked together, opening and closing as their tongues clashed and pressed together.

Lester's hands were on her ass, each one grabbing one of her ass cheeks, pulling her against his overweight body. Sarah stroked his cock faster, not worried about how dry it still felt. She knew it might hurt him without some saliva, but for now, she was captivated by the dirty, sloppy kissing they were both engaged in. It was more a carnal expression of how intense the sex between them was than making out with each other. She sucked on his lower lip as his fingertips traveled closer to her ass crack.

"Fuck," Lester moaned between kisses. His hands started working on the zipper on the back of her skirt. He groaned inwardly as he began to unzip it down, releasing it. Sarah didn't seem to notice, never breaking her lips from Lester's, but she shimmied her hips, allowing the form-fitting material to drop down to her ankles. Sarah felt an electric surge run through her body. She didn't have time to stop and analyze it. It was part Lester and part being naked in the back of a car so close to where she was supposed to be a consummate professional.

Right now, in the backseat of her car, she was anything but professional.

Sarah broke the kiss and stared deep into Lester's beady eyes. She couldn't help but feel an intense longing for the troll-like man. She caught her breath and looked down at his cock, jutting up towards her. Lester hadn't said anything, but she knew her dry hand was probably causing him discomfort. She licked her lips the same way Lester would and started to lower herself down towards his cock.

"I, I love... your huge cock." she moaned as the eager wife moved downward.

Lester didn't stop her. Instead, he put his arms behind his head and leaned back into the seat to enjoy himself. He wished that Sarah still had her office; he loved debasing her in there. For now, this car would work fine. Perhaps one day soon, he'd have an office of his own for Sarah to visit.

His body shuddered as he felt Sarah's lips press and spread over the tip of his cock. Her warm eager mouth engulfed his cock, tongue running and whipping along the underside of his cock. Sarah's head swam in a fog of sexual hunger as Lester's cock stretched out her mouth.

"Mhmmmm," She moaned at how stuffed her mouth felt. She was loving every minute of devouring Lester's bulging cock. With his pole now well coated with her saliva, Sarah could stroke his shaft with frictionless abandon.

"That's a good girl," Lester sneered, "You're such a good cock sucker."

Sarah tried to respond, but Lester held her head in place. He pushed his hips up off the seat, driving more of his cock into Sarah's mouth. She kept moaning, so Lester pushed harder. Sarah tried to breathe out of her nose as more of Lester's cock pushed into her mouth. Soon, it pressed against the back of her throat, as Sarah found her nose firmly embedded in Lester's messy, fragrant public hair.

"Glllluuuuuck," Sarah's throat made an involuntary sound as the head of Lester's cock pushed into it. Sarah pushed down on her choking relief and started to deep-throat Lester. The ogre-like man grabbed both sides of Sarah's face and pulled her down onto him, pistoning his cock into her.

"Glllluuuuccckk, glllackkkk, mhmmmmmm, uuuullllllchhhhhh," Sarah's moans were muffled by Lester's throat fucking. Sarah's hands were bracing themselves against Lester's thighs. The more he forcibly fucked her throat, the more wet and aroused Sarah became. She was growing lightheaded from being face fucked so hard, not being able to breathe regularly.

Finally, Lester let go of the back of her head, allowing Sarah to push herself up and off him. Sarah breathed hard, a long string of Saliva connecting Lester's pulsing cock to her lips. Sarah panted, catching her breath.

Lester just looked down at her with amusement, "Did I ever tell you how good you look with a cock in your mouth?"

"I'm sure it's come up," Sarah smiled, "Don't you mean your cock in my mouth?"

"You heard what I said," Lester said, "Even when you had Vernon's cock in your mouth, you still looked

damn good. Like it belonged there."

"I thought you didn't like that."

"I didn't like him doing it, but I'm not an idiot," Lester said, "You still looked hot as fuck doing it."

"I didn't think you liked to share," Sarah bit her lips, her right hand finding Lester's shaft, and began stroking it again. Soon, it was followed by her left hand, and they each took a section of the overgrown shaft. Sarah lowered her mouth to the organ and licked some precum forming at the slit of Lester's cock.

"I don't," Lester said. You're mine, and you know it. But I do like making you do things you normally wouldn't. I love seeing how far you'll bend for me."

"You sound like Dan," Sarah suppressed a smile.

"Your husband's a dumbass who's letting his precious wife run around with someone like me," Lester jeered, "I'm more interested in making you my slut and teaching you to do what you're told."

"I like that," Sarah whispered, "I like being a good girl."

"You are," Lester said, "I knew when you first walked into the apartment that I would break you, and now here you are sucking my cock while you should be working."

Sarah shook her head, "I still can't believe it. It's like, I don't know. Like, I've always wanted this, but you just managed to unlock it. I still know it's wrong and can get in serious trouble, but I can't help myself."

"That's what I like," Lester narrowed his eyes and smiled, "Making the good girl go bad. That's what I'm planning for you next time in Chicago."

"What do you mean?" Sarah whispered.

"I had to make your husband and your fantasies come true. Neither of you would have crossed that line without me. But now I'm going to take that fantasy further. I'm booking us a hotel room, and you're going to fuck someone else in front of me. And then I'm going to fuck you all night. I will make Dan's fantasy come true again, but he won't be invited. It'll be me and you exploring it alone, letting Dan's mind run wild."

"You're bad," Sarah looked down at Lester's cock, "I could say 'no.'"

"Like you said earlier, when have you ever said no to me," Lester chortled.

Sarah gave him a flat look, pausing to lick up the underside of his cock until her tongue flicked over his balls. "I could say no this time. I don't even know who this guy could be. And it's just outright mean doing that to my husband," Sarah said.

"You love it. I know you enjoy torturing Dan, and this plays right into that," Lester said, "And the guy, the cock, it doesn't matter. You're there for me."

Instead of replying, Sarah lowered her head and gently took Lester's cock in her mouth again. "Mhhmmmmmm," she savored the slightly sour taste of his cock. Her hands gripped his shaft tightly, stroking him with two hands while she sucked it hard. Lester put his hand gently on the back of her head, enjoying how little resistance Sarah put up these days. She was so eager to take it now. Dan and Sarah may have only seen gradual progress in their fantasy, but Lester saw it as a wrecking ball that was demolishing the protective barriers of their marriage and Sarah's virtue.

"Tell me you're going to do it for me," Lester said. "I'm going to make you fuck someone else, and you're going to love every second of it."

Sarah took her mouth off his cock and looked up at his ugly face. She let her tongue dangle out of her mouth and licked the underside of his cock, lowering herself down until her tongue reached the messy patch of public hair.

"Yes," she whispered, closing her eyes as her tongue started to lap at his hairy nutsack. "Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as her tongue swirled around his balls, flicking over skin as his pubic hair caught on her tongue. Lester shifted his weight, pushing his balls into her mouth, eliciting louder groans from Sarah.

His thick shaft rested heavily on her face, blocking her left eye.

"God, that feels good," Lester grunted, "Such a good little slut wife."

Sarah chuckled from deep under Lester's balls, "You made me this way."

"I know," Lester said, "And you've enjoyed every minute of it. Whose fucked you more the past couple of months, me or Dan?"

"You've both have had me –"

"Not who had sex with you, who fucked you more, me or him?" Lester demanded.

Sarah didn't even need to think. There was no reason to lie. She knew the truth, "You've fucked me more, Lester." She sat up and answered, seeing him.

"Who's made you cum more?"

"You have," Sarah breathed, not breaking eye contact with Lester, "you."

"Who has put more cum inside that pretty little pussy of yours?" Lester chided.

"You. Your cum has filled me up more than Dan's," Sarah said.

"Whose slut are you?" Lester asked, his grin appearing evilly.

"Yours, I'm your good little slut, Lester," Sarah said slowly, accentuating each word.

"You'll do whatever I want, right?" Lester asked. He nodded to her.

"Anything," Sarah said. "Fuck. Anything."

"My SUV would have been better than your car with the tinted windows." Lester said, "You have an admirer."

Sarah's eyes grew like saucers, darting to the window next to Lester. Nothing there but a brick wall. Her head snapped over her shoulder to look out the other window. Her heart sunk in her chest as she saw Otis, the pudgy, older janitor, staring at them from a few feet away.

Sarah and Otis locked eyes. A million thoughts were going through her head simultaneously. What would he do? Was her career over? Was her life over? Otis seemed to be watching her, unsure of what to do next. He wasn't stroking himself, but Sarah could see the unmistakable lust painted on his plain face.

Lester's hands were on the back of her head, turning her back towards the tip of his cock, jutting up

towards her.

"Lester, wait," Sarah said, but he didn't listen. He pulled her head back down at the same time he thrust his hips up towards her. His beefy cock disappeared between her lips as he thrust up off the seat. Sarah slapped his thighs in protest, but those slaps slowed as another sound escaped her throat, "Mhhmmmmmm."

Lester knew she liked being exposed. Both being naked and in the midst of a sexual act. Someone wandering into their rendezvous was an opportunity he was more than happy to exploit. Lester didn't know the guy, but he looked like some kind of janitor. He didn't really care what the consequences might be at the moment.

Soon, Lester didn't have to put much pressure on the back of Sarah's head. She was rapidly bobbing up and down on his cock again with little resistance.

Lester glanced at the older man, who stepped towards the car, taking Sarah's continued actions as a green light to proceed further.

That's good. Lester thought. The man wasn't about to run away and report them, but also, Lester had turned the hot mother into an amazing cocksucker. Lester gestured to the man to come forward. Emboldened, the man stepped up to the car window, peering in. His eyes seemed wild, staring down, feasting on Sarah's near-naked body. It was clear to Lester that this man had been lusting after Sarah from afar and was now eager to take advantage of this opportunity.

"He's at the window. Watching you perform," Lester said. He kept a gentle hand on the back of her head, encouraging her to keep doing what she was doing instead of stopping to look. Lester kept his eyes on the man, watching as he unzipped his coveralls. Lester couldn't tell for sure but knew that the man had found his cock and was stroking it. The arms of the coveralls flopped down around his waist as the man struggled to get his torso out of it. Beneath was a battered white t-shirt with old sweat stains visible around the armpits, neck, and stomach.

"Touch yourself," Lester said, "Play with your breasts and your pussy. I want to watch you cum today."

"Mhhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her left hand running over her breasts while the other dropped down to her panties. Her fingers went underneath the lacy white material until her fingertips touched her sensitive clit, slick with moisture. Sarah groaned at the sensation. Jolts of electricity coursed through her body at her knowing touch.

Sarah was lost in the sensations, her fingers pleasuring herself as the turmoil in her mind over Otis watching her raged. She knew it was a bad idea but was already so turned on. Being exposed to someone she knew she shouldn't have just upped the ante for her. Lester continued to fuck her mouth, causing her lips to stretch around his thick cock. Sarah loved every minute of this. Her body was in heaven. With each sensation of her fingers on her pussy and clit, Sarah's internal arguments grew weaker and weaker.

She didn't know how long it would take for Lester to cum, but she immediately felt herself well on her way to one. Even though she had only been touching herself for a few moments, her body already felt like it was on fire. The situation quickly spiraled out of control, and she couldn't help herself.

Part of her brain faintly registered the notification sound of her cell, but she quickly filtered it out as background noise, unimportant to the task of making Lester cum in her mouth.

The door clicked, and Sarah felt a rush of cold air dance across her body and the side of her face. Goosebumps rose on her otherwise perfect forearms as the humid heat that had been contained in the car rushed out. The door opening surprised Lester. His jowls shook as his head snapped to the door.

Sarah tried to raise her head to look over her shoulder, but Lester held her head down, her mouth full and stretched out by his girthy pistoning cock.

"Like what you see?" Lester said to the janitor behind Sarah. She knew that her bubble butt would be on display for him as she knelt on the car floor.

Sarah felt at once humiliated and turned on that someone from her work life was seeing her in just her bra and panties, let alone this janitor who creepily lusted after her from afar.

"Yeah," a guff, hoarse voice croaked out. Sarah's fingers started stroking her clit faster. Sarah felt so out of control but was reveling in the sensation of her body and her impending sense-frying orgasm. She knew deep down that there would be unintended consequences over this wild tryst, but she couldn't dwell on them. At the moment, the mere idea only added fuel to the burning fire of lust ready to boil over inside of her. She pushed down on her clit, sensing the edge of the inevitable.

"Do you know her?" Lester asked Otis.

"Yep," Otis grumbled. Sarah could hear the sounds of his clothes rustling and the flesh of his hand stroking his cock. "She's one of the hospital's bigshots. I always thought she probably liked getting dirty. Now I know for sure. Damn that ass." His last few words sounded like a condemnation. The older man's bloodshot eyes were wide open.

Otis started stroking his cock with more urgency. His eyes glued to Sarah's ass, rocking back and forth as she sucked on Lester's cock. Lester alternated between watching Sarah bob her head up and down on his cock and the man with his eyes glued to her.

"Ugh, you're such a good little cocksucker, Sarah," Lester groaned, holding a fist full of Sarah's hair in one hand. "And now your coworker knows it, too."

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned from around Lester's cock. Part of her wanted to close the car door and drive away. That was why she had chosen this spot, in case someone she knew came by. But Lester seemed to have other plans, and Sarah loved being exposed like this, even if it wasn't an ideal situation.

"Fuck," Otis mumbled from somewhere behind Sarah. She could just picture what she looked like right now from his viewpoint, bent over, ass sticking out as she sucked on Lester's cock.

"Put on a show, Sarah," Lester said, "I want that tongue on my balls again."

Lester roughly grabbed Sarah's hair and pulled her off his cock. She quickly caught her breath and glanced over her shoulder. Her stomach twisted seeing Otis so close to her, his calloused hands stroking a long uncut cock. Sarah gulped, staring at it. Lester turned her head back towards him and guided her face back down to his balls. Sarah shifted her position to get better access as her tongue started lapping again all over Lester's nutsack. She realized that her ass was probably sticking out further for Otis to see. She took one of Lester's balls in her mouth and massaged it with her tongue.

"Hey buddy," Lester said as he opened the car door next to him. Why don't you come over on this side and get a better view?"

Otis didn't need to be asked twice. Leaving the door on his side open, he quickly moved around the back of the car until he stood at Lester's open door. He stared angrily down at Sarah, watching her pretty blonde hair fall on Lester's crotch, her face obscured by Lester's thick cock.

Sarah was still stroking it with one hand as her tongue ran over Lester's balls, twirling around in circles, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

"I've trained her really well," Lester said, "Now I get her more often than her husband does."

"Ain't that somthin'," Otis sucked in a bit of drool that had formed at the corner of his mouth. "She sure does look like she knows what she's doin'."

"She's a pro now," Lester chuckled.

"Were you two in her office awhile back?" Otis asked, "I cleaned up in there, and it looked like there were sex stains on the window."

"Guilty," Lester chuckled. Uhhh, that's good, Sarah. Why don't you say hi to our new friend?"

Lester loosed his grip on Sarah's head, allowing her to pull her head up. Sarah bit her lip and opened her eyes. Otis' uncut cock was way closer now. Her eyes lingered on it briefly before roaming up his pudgy body to look at his weathered face. Her body shuddered involuntarily at the hunger in the man's eyes. She recognized it. This was the kind of man a girl would cross the street to avoid after noticing that intense gaze.

Otis's scent was quite strong, and her nose was free of Lester's public hair. He smelled like an old gym bag, ancient.

"Hi, Otis," Sarah squirmed at the fact that Lester was making her acknowledge this man.

"Hey there, darlin'," Otis croaked, "Never thought I'd see you like this."

"Well, today's your lucky day," Lester grunted. Sarah's hand was still stroking his cock, running it up and down his shaft. "I'd shake your hand, Otis, but it looks like it's full at the moment," Lester chuckled.

"Sarah, do you want Otis to keep stroking his cock for you," Lester said. Sarah looked down at Lester's cock and then back up to his face. This all felt so wrong, so dirty, but so, so right. Sarah nodded.

"Good girl," Lester said, "Now let's show your coworker how you suck a cock." He guided her head back down onto his cock. Lester just groaned at the sensation. "Fuck Sarah, that's my girl. Yeah. Yesss."

Sarah bobbed her head up and down on Lester's cock, taking several inches into her mouth while both her hands clasped onto his shaft, stroking him. Sarah could hear the fleshy sounds of Otis beating his meat in her ear. She was worried and excited about what Lester might make her do in front of this man she hardly knew.

Sarah sucked determinedly on Lester's cock, running her tongue deftly around his shaft. Lester was in ecstasy at the professional blowjob Sarah was giving him. It had been too long since she had blown him to completion. He made a mental note to make her do this more often.

"Put your hand back on yourself, don't stop, I want you to cum to this," Lester commanded.

Sarah dropped one hand off his cock and put it back into her panties. She moaned around the cock filling her mouth, and she resumed massaging her clit.

Sarah's hips swayed back and forth as her body gently ground itself against her probing fingers.

"You fuck her a lot?" Otis asked breathlessly.

"All the time," Lester chuckled, "More than her husband does at this point."

"Lucky fucker," Otis growled.

"She's a great fuck. Moans like crazy. She loves my cock. I mean, just look at her." Lester sneered.

"Does her husband... know? Does he know she..." Otis stared hungrily as he stroked himself with abandon.

Lester chuckled, "Oh, he knows." Lester wanted to brag more but bit his tongue. Information is power, after all.

"He doesn't stop you? He knows?" Otis stared at Sarah's beautiful face as her lips stretched tightly to accommodate Lester's girthy cock. Her eyes were closed, and she was quietly moaning in her throat.

"He knows his place," Lester said sternly. "His wife is my slut now."

"Damn," Otis said flatly, "I always knew she was a hot little bitch, but this is wild."

"Don't go getting any ideas," Lester said, "Like I said, she's mine. She does what I say."

Otis didn't respond. He just continued staring intently at Sarah. Her moans were getting louder even with Lester's cock in her mouth. She was gyrating her hips against her hand in her panties.

Sarah's cell phone started ringing from the front seat.

"Don't you dare stop," Lester said.

"Mhmm-hmmm," Sarah moaned in agreement, Lester's cock still buried in her mouth.

"Sarah," Lester said, pulling her up by the hair on the back of her neck. "Tell me, who is this guy? You know him?"

"He works in the h-hospital," Sarah breathed, "He's uh –"

"Don't stop touching yourself. Keep going," Lester interjected.

Sarah closed her eyes as she kept rubbing her clit. Doing this in front of Lester and a relative stranger like Otis was feeling intense. Someone she knew little about but knew enough to know that it was far from a good idea.

"He's a janitor. I don't really know him. But I've ssseen him watching mhm-me," Sarah said.

"I bet he has," Lester said, "How does he watch you?"

Sarah's eyes darted to Otis's uncut cock sticking in through the door, less than a foot away from her face. "He watches me like he's checking me out. More than that. Like he's waiting for an opportunity," Sarah breathed hard, closing her eyes as her fingers danced with her clit.

"What do you think about him? Be honest. We're all friends here," Lester said.

"I doh-don't really know him," Sarah said, "But the way he, uhh, is, oh, a-always watching. It's creepy."

"You don't think he's attractive?" Lester asked.

Sarah tried to lower her mouth back to Lester's cock, but he stopped her. "Answer the question," Lester commanded.

"No," Sarah whispered, closing her eyes as she stifled back a moan. It felt so fucking good touching herself like that.

"Open your eyes. Let us hear you moan. Let Otis hear those sweet moans of yours," Lester said.

"Uhhhmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned louder than she had wanted to. Anyone nearby would hear it, but now she couldn't stop herself. She kept rubbing her pussy while his other hand resumed stroking Lester.

"Take off your bra," Lester said, "Let the janitor see you naked."

"Leh-Lester...," Sarah bit her lip. She knew it wasn't a good idea and was crossing the line. But she was already well over where that line was supposed to be.

"Do it," Lester said.

Sarah let go of Lester's cock and took her hand out of her panties. She reached behind her back and undid the clasp on her bra. She was about to take it completely off when Lester stopped her.

"Uh-uh, wait. Wait one second," Lester sneered.

The bra was unclasped, the straps still sitting on her shoulders.

"Otis," Lester said conspiratorially, "Do you want to do the honors?"

A shocked expression appeared on Sarah's face, but before she could react, Otis stopped stroking his cock. With the same calloused hand that had been sliding up and down his shaft, he reached out and slowly hooked a pudgy finger under one of her bra straps.

Sarah shuddered, feeling his skin touch hers, knowing it had just been on his cock.

"Touch yourself," Lester commanded again.

Sarah lowered one of her hands back down into her panties, her fingertips sending an electric jolt into her clit as she started massaging herself there again. Otis slowly lowered the white bra strap over her shoulder until it fell loosely by her bicep. His dirty finger lingered against the flawless skin of her shoulder.

Otis slowly ran his finger across her collarbone, lingering around her neck before slowly moving onto the other shoulder. He took his time, running his calloused fingertips over her bare skin until he finally found her other bra strap. With a sharp intake of breath, he slowly lowered this one down to her shoulder. Her lacy white bra hung there loosely as Sarah closed her eyes, enveloped in the pleasure of touching herself.

Otis' fingers ran down her chest, leaving goosebumps in their wake. He grabbed the lacy material of her bra and yanked it off. Sarah shuddered at finally being exposed to her creepy coworker. Her breasts heaved up and down in time with her rapid breathing.

"Open your eyes," Lester said.

Sarah did as Lester commanded. She watched as Otis' gnarled and dirty fingers held her pristine white bra. He brought it up to his nose and took a long sniff. The older man groaned in pleasure while he inhaled her scent.

Something about that made Sarah shudder. Her fingers never stopped working her clit, and somehow she found herself pleasuring herself while staring at Otis' ugly, weathered face. It was such an illicit experience. Sarah barely recognized the woman she was at that moment.

Otis opened his eyes, his face looking wild, like he had gotten high from inhaling Sarah's scent. He lowered Sarah's white bra and started running his long uncut cock all over it. Sarah watched in horror and fascination as his cock dragged across her lacy white bra, the uncut cock head rubbing against the inside and outside of her lace cups.

Otis smiled at her, but it didn't quite reach his eyes. They looked cold and unfeeling like they had earlier when he leered at her by the vending machine.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned despite herself.

"What do you think of Otis' cock?" Lester asked.

"It's nice," Sarah breathed, one eye lazily open, looking at the strange man's cock as she continued to touch herself, "I've never seen an uncircumcised one before."

"Tell Otis that you like it," Lester said, "Look at him."

Sarah felt her body quiver at Lester's commands. Her thighs tightened around her hand as she looked up at Otis' hard eyes, "I like your cock, Otis. It's long."

"Heh, it likes you too," Otis snarled, "Maybe you should come a little closer and get to know it better."

Sarah's eyes darted to Lester's, wondering what she should do next.

"She's occupied with mine," Lester said sternly. "Speaking of, get back down there and do what you do best."

Sarah licked her lips and eagerly licked up and down Lester's shaft. Her tongue swirled over the head of his cock. Sarah furiously stroked Lester's cock.

He never seemed to complain, no matter how hard she tightened her grip.

"God, that feels good, Sarah," Lester grunted. "Just like that."

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock. Despite the cool breeze and lack of clothing, she could feel her body heating up. She knew it was only a matter of time before she would come for Lester and Otis to watch.

"Those tits are amazing," Otis mumbled. He stared at the tops of her breasts, swaying as Sarah's hand was rapidly pumping Lester's shaft. Otis' face was making a scowl as he pumped his cock, desperate to cum to this woman. He had dropped Sarah's bra onto the floor of the car as he focused on jerking himself off.

Lester felt his balls begin to tingle. He loved that he'd put Sarah on display like this, stoking the fire of her kinks, bending her to his will, and pushing her well past whatever barriers her idiot husband wanted to put in their way.

As if on cue, Sarah's phone started ringing again, but Lester wasn't about to let that deter him. His balls felt full and were ready to unleash the torrent of cum he had built up in them, and he had the perfect place to put it.

"Fuck Sarah, I'm gonna cum," Lester growled, holding onto the back of her head, "Get ready,"

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned in response. She opened her mouth and spoke around his shaft with a desperate plea, "Cum for me." Neither man in the car understood her words, but they knew what she

meant.

"Ughhhhhh," Lester groaned as his testicles spasmed, cum exploded out of them, rushing up his shaft. Sarah could feel Lester's cock pulsating in her hand.

She locked her lips onto his cock as she felt his cock head expand in her mouth. Thick ropes of hot hot cum blasted into her mouth. Each frothy rope filled her mouth up, and Sarah struggled to swallow one down before another filled her mouth. Lester held onto the back of her head, groaning with delight as he emptied himself into Sarah's waiting mouth.

Sarah stopped stroking him, holding on tightly. She even stopped playing with herself, even though she was on the cusp of cumming herself. She didn't want to miss a drop of Lester's delicious cum.

"Uhhhhhh," Lester groaned as his balls wholly emptied. The only sounds in the car were Sarah's wet slurping sounds and Otis' beating his meat next to them.

As the torrent of cum stopped spraying into her mouth, Sarah's finger started touching herself in a frenzy. She could feel her orgasm just out of reach, and she needed to get it, especially now that Lester had cum.

Sarah let go of Lester's shaft and did one long final lick up the entire thing, opening her eyes as her tongue reached the tip of his cock.

"God, you're beautiful," Lester grumbled. Sarah bit her lip, her face flush. She was so close to cumming, quivering as she smiled at him. Lester read her like a book.

"You're close," Lester said, "You gonna cum for daddy soon?"

Sarah just nodded her head, not wanting to speak. She just wanted to focus on making herself cum. It would be soon. It would be considerable. She was breathing hard, her body getting ready for it. Otis was now beating his meat with abandon. His arm was bracing himself against the car, and his hips were pumping his cock into his hand like he was air fucking himself. It wouldn't be long before the dirty janitor blew his load.

With a sick smile, Lester grabbed Sarah's hair in one fist, pulling it back into a makeshift ponytail. Sarah winced in pain but didn't stop touching herself. Rubbing her clit. This situation was like kerosine, and her body was a bonfire, ready to explode.

Lester pulled her up roughly by her hair and pulled him over his crotch toward Otis' cock.

"Tell him you want his uncut cum," Lester snarled. "He's going to paint your face."

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, "Fuck... uhhhhh, mhmmmm, I want it... god. Fuck. Uhhhhh Otis... I want your cummm..." Sarah moaned, "Oh fuckk.. FUUUCK."

Saying those illicit words pushed Sarah over the edge. She opened her eyes to see Otis' uncut cock staring back at her. He was jerking it with abandon while Sarah's orgasm exploded out inside of her. All her muscles went taut, her face contorting uncontrollably with orgasmic bliss. Sarah felt like her insides were on fire, running all over her body, each new nerve touched by the fire exploding into pleasure sensors for her brain.

Sarah watched as Otis' body shuddered and his cockslit expanded. Lester held her hair firmly in place, keeping her face positioned right in front of Otis' cock. Cum exploded out of it, shooting straight at her. Globbs of the janitor's sticky cum blasted Sarah right across the forehead. Another huge strand painted her eyes closed.

"Uhhhmhmmmmmaaaaahmmmm," Sarah moaned in ecstasy as she came hard, her body continuing to ride the wave of unfiltered pleasure. Her jaw went limp, and she opened her mouth to moan. At the same time, Otis shot another massive load of cum, and it blasted across her lips, shooting into her waiting mouth.

Sarah swallowed instinctively, tasting the sour cum. Without thinking, she licked her lips, cleaning her face and getting another taste of the janitor's cum. Another rope of cum landed squarely on her exposed tongue, sending a jolt of electric pleasure right to her brainstem. Sarah's pussy throbbed as Otis painted her face with his cum.

Eventually, Otis staggered back, leaning against the brick wall to catch his breath. Sarah just stayed there, frozen in time, her fingers gently playing with her pussy as cum dripped down her face.

Sarah kept lapping up the cum. She wasn't thinking straight, still just running on autopilot as her body came down from its intense orgasm. She stayed like that for several seconds, basking in the warm glow, partially hunched over with her hand still in her panties.

Sarah's senses started to come back to her. She withdrew her hand from her panties and wiped at the cum, holding her left eye shut. The taste of his cum in her mouth lingered, and only then did Sarah realize how sourly bitter it truly tasted.

Sarah reached around with her other hand and found Lester's pants on the floor. She grabbed them and began cleaning her face with them.

"Uh fuck Sarah," Lester complained, "Not my pants."

"Deal with it," Sarah said as she tried to open her eyes. Otis' cum was still embedded into her eyelashes, holding them together.

Lester turned to look at Otis, "Alright, time to get out of here."

Otis just stood there, staring at Sarah's heaving breasts and her cum covered face. He slowly got back to his senses and tucked his cock into his coveralls, and pulled them back on. Lester could tell the man wanted to stay. The men nodded knowingly at each other, and the janitor reluctantly shuffled off, disappearing behind the corner of the building. Sarah was leaning over the seat, getting something from the glove compartment, her gorgeous ass near his face. He kept his eyes on her as she leaned back with some wet naps and thoroughly cleaned Otis off her face and chest.

Lester closed his eyes, leaning his head back against the seat. His shit-eating grin appeared on his face. He was thrilled with how far he could push Sarah now. He hadn't expected her to keep going, not when she recognized the janitor from work. She might have stopped the whole thing if he hadn't held her head down. But now she had just taken a facial from the guy, forever altering her work-life.

"Come here," Sarah said, grabbing Lester's fat hands in hers. Lester opened one eye as Sarah pulled on his hands, urging him out of the car.

"What?" he snapped.

"We're not done yet," Sarah said sternly. "You're going to fuck me."

"What? We just –"

"Shut up, Lester, and get out here. I need this," Sarah let go of Lester's hairy knuckles as she exited the car. She slipped off her lacy white panties and threw them over Lester's shoulder into the car.

Lester hefted his heavy body out of the car. The car's frame rose up an inch as he got to his feet. Sarah was bent over the hood of the car, looking at him.

"How am I supposed to get hard again? You just swallowed everything in my balls." Lester was grinning. His cock hung down between his legs. It was semi erect and rising, watching the beautiful wife's ass.

Sarah pushed herself off the car and moved back toward him. "You? With that thing? You're kidding, right?"

The loving wife hugged Lester close when she reached him, their bare crotches rubbing against each other. She whispered in his ear, "Does my Daddy need help getting hard?" Sarah could already feel that Lester was growing, well on the way to fucking her. She was soaking wet. "Lester, I've thought about what you said earlier, and I guess you're right. I love your perfect fucking cock." Her hand had found his cock and was stroking him harder as she spoke. "And I love how my Daddy treats me..." her face had moved to face him. She looked directly into his eyes. "I-I lo-." Her tongue went directly into his mouth, cutting off her sentence as she stroked him desperately. Sarah looked down to see Lester at full size and length. Her eyes went wide.

"Great! Now please fuck me, Lester," Sarah backed off and returned to the car, where she bent over the hood again, offering herself to the odd fat man.

Lester felt his cock getting rock hard a second time. His eyes ran up Sarah's long legs to her perfect bubble butt. The sexy arch in her back as she bent over, her hands on the hood of the car as her breasts swayed, waiting for him. She didn't care that her bare feet were touching the asphalt. Or that she was naked in broad daylight for anyone to see.

Lester smirked, thinking back to how worried she'd been a few months ago when he fucked her in her office on display at the window. Now here she was, bent over, waiting for him to slide his cock into her almost in public.

"What if someone sees?" Lester said as he waddled up behind her. He ran a hand over her flawless bare ass. Sarah swayed her hips, pushing her shapely cheeks back into Lester's waiting hands, clearly hoping for more.

"It's a little late for that," Sarah said.

"Someone else might come and catch us," Lester held his freakishly large cock in his hand. It was already hard as a rock again, the purple veins pulsating in his palm.

"I don't care. Just shut up and fuck me," Sarah growled.

Lester licked his lips and reveled in the sight before him. The shit-eating grin was plastered on his face and probably would be for the rest of the day.

He stepped forward and ran his cock up and down Sarah's already drenched, dripping slit.

Sarah pushed her ass back at the perfect time, taking the fat head of Lester's cock into her pussy. It occurred to her that the timing was something she'd learned from Lester, but the thought was fleeting. "Ohhhhhfuuuuckk," Sarah moaned as Lester's surging cock started to spread her pussy lips further open.

Lester slowly shoved more of his throbbing cock into Sarah's pussy. "Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah groaned, dropping her head below her shoulders as she felt another of his inches disappear inside of her. "Jeessuuuusss," Sarah wailed.

"Fuck! How are you still so tight?" Lester grunted, pushing more of his reddened pole into her. "So fucking tight."

"Uhhhh god, Lester. Feels so fucking good, baby," Sarah moaned. She could feel Lester's cock expanding and stretching her pussy. His cock already felt so deep, pressuring and sliding across the walls of her pussy. "Mhmmmmhmmmm."

Lester's cock already felt extra sensitive from just cumming. He was turning Sarah into an insatiable sex fiend and loved corrupting her.

"Fuck me, Lester. Shove it in. PLEASE," Sarah groaned.

"You got it," Lester sneered, pulling his cock all the way out to his head before ramming it back in fully to the hilt. His balls bounced raucously off her pussy lips as he fully buried himself into her at a rapid tempo.

"OHHHHGOD! FUUUUUUUCKKKKKK," Sarah screamed.

"Someones. Gonna. Hear. You," Lester punctuated each word with a large thrust juddering into the young mother.

"I DON'T CARE," Sarah moaned loudly, her fingers splayed out on the hood of the car as she thrust her ass back onto Lester's cock, receiving his thrusts ecstatically. "GOD, Lester fuck me."

"With pleasure," Lester said. He grabbed her hips with both hands and started pumping into the young wife. His gut sat on top of her perfect ass. With every thrust, her ass cheeks slapped against his fat hips.

"MHMMHMMMMMHHUHHHHHHMMMMMM," Sarah moaned. Sweat was already running down her back, and her face flushed. Lester gritted his teeth and kept jackhammering his mammoth cock into Sarah. Her pussy squeezed him like an iron fist, not willing to let him go.

Sarah's mind raced with every person from the hospital who could come around the corner and possibly see them. While it was a low-traffic area and well out of the way, she knew others could still discover them. Hell, even Otis could even come back and see them. Who knows what he would do then? Of all the people that crossed Sarah's mind, not one of them would prompt her to stop fucking Lester. She just imagined a group of her coworkers standing around her car, watching her get fucked.

"Oh Fuck," Sarah breathed, "Don't stop, baby."

Lester ran one meaty ham hand over her ass, up her back, and gripped the back of her neck. On his next thrust forward, he pulled her back by the neck, impaling his cock deep inside her pussy. Sarah drew in a sharp breath, loving the way Lester was manhandling her.

"OHFUCK. OHGOD," Sarah moaned like a wolf howling at the moon. Lester grinned and did it again. And then again. Fucking Sarah. Pulled her back onto his cock while he thrust his hips up and forward, plowing his iron rod cock into her.

"Oh shit. Oh yes. Please, Lester," Sarah moaned. His cock was hitting her at the perfect angle, and she could feel another orgasm quickly rising up inside of her. Her thighs pushed against the warm steel body of the car, but nothing else mattered besides Lester's cock inside of her. "Please don't stop.

Please."

"You gonna cum for me?" Lester chuckled, "Cum on my cock? Maybe we should stop and see who it was that had been calling you." The car rocked on its suspension in time with the rutting couple.

"Don't stop. Don't you fucking dare," Sarah moaned as Lester continued to piston in and out of her.

"Who do you think it was?" Lester teased, "Who was calling you while you had my cock down your throat."

"Dan," Sarah said through gritted teeth, "It was Dan."

"Heh, so you ignored your husband so you could taste my cock?" Lester sneered, "How do you know?"

"Uhhhh. I... ,uhhhhfuck, I text him before... asking if it was okay... god," Sarah moaned.

"What did he say?" Lester asked.

"H-he didn't answer in time," Sarah moaned her confession.

"What if he was calling you telling you not to? Trying to stop it from happening. Now he's alone in Chicago, worried while you're getting your brains fucked out behind a building at your work." Lester chuckled.

"Just shut up and fuck me," Sarah said.

Lester slowed his pace. Sarah tried thrusting her hips back onto his cock, but he held her at bay, pulling his cock back so just the immense head stayed inside of her. Sarah whined her disappointment, cajoling him to fuck her silly.

"You have a choice to make," Lester said, breathing heavily. "Stop and go call Dan back. Be a good wife and mother." Lester then shot his hips forward in a series of short thrusts into Sarah, causing her to moan pathetically.

"Or keep fucking me on your car and be my slut instead. Which would you rather be? The good wife or my personal little slut?" Lester growled deeply.

Unsure, Sarah looked back at Lester over her shoulder. The lust apparent on her face told Lester her answer. He stood still, waiting for her to say it.

"I want to be your slut, Lester. Now fuck me," Sarah demanded, turning back and presenting her ass to the man inside her.

Lester grinned, grabbing her neck in a firm grip and pushing her body down onto the dirty hood of her car. Sarah's bare breasts mashed against the hood.

Lester pushed his cock rigidly into her, her hips mashing against the steel frame of the car.

"OHHHFUCK," Sarah moaned, her blond hair splayed out in all directions over the hood, "GOD."

"God, rrrgh, God has nothing to fucking do with this," Lester grunted, thrusting into her. Beads of sweat dripped copiously down from his forehead, pattering onto her lower back. "Say my fffucking name slut."

"Lester," Sarah purred, "Lester! Fuck me, Lester. Oh, oh, OOOH. Fuck me. Please, Lester. Don't fucking stop. I'm so close. So fucking close, Lester."

"Uhh yeah," Lester groaned, his huge cock sliding rhythmically in and out of Sarah's clasping pussy. He had her pinned against the hood of the car as he sunk into her, and Sarah loved every minute of it, her body thrusting back, trying to take more and more of his hammering cock into her. "You gonna cum for me? Huh?"

"Yes," Sarah wheezed, having trouble catching her breath. "I'm close. So fucking close."

"Me too," Lester said. "I can feel another load ready to blow."

Sarah's body started thrusting back with abandon at his words, ready for the flow of his cum, Needing his sticky seed. Lester pushed down on her body hard, wedging her against the side of the car. She didn't have any leverage as he pulled his cock almost all the way out of her. She tried in vain to push back into him.

"Why?" She squealed, "Give it to me. I need it."

"Tell me you love me first," Lester said, "I, I want you to admit you love me."

Sarah didn't say anything. She pushed into the ground with the balls of her feet and tried in vain to thrust back onto his inflexible cock. But he held her still, not letting her move. "Please, Lester! I'm, I'm so close."

"Then say it. Tell me what I want to hear," Lester said. She knew he was grinning.

"Ughhhhhhh," Sarah moaned as she squeezed her pussy around the bit of Lester's cock inside of her. "I love you. Okay? I fucking love you. Now, fuck me."

"Keep saying it," Lester said as he slid his entire length back into her quickly. He pulled out and repeated the same thing, "Like you mean it now. I want to cum again, hearing you scream it."

"OH FUCK," Sarah moaned. Lester was pounding into her now, and it felt like he was getting deep enough to split her in two. She was in heaven. "FUCK LESTER. I, I FUCKING LOVE YOU. DON'T STOP. I LOVE YOUR HUGE COCK. MAKE ME YOUR SLUT."

"UHHHRRGH, AGAIN," Lester croaked. He could feel his balls begin to tingle and knew he was going to cum again. This time, he was going to plant his load deep into Sarah Williams as she professed her love for him.

"I LOVE YOU, LESTER, I LOVE YOU," Sarah screamed, her pussy clenching down onto Lester's cock.

Lester felt his balls tighten as Sarah squeezed around him.

"OH FUCK, OH FUCK, DON'T STOP," Sarah screamed, causing birds in a nearby tree to take flight.

"HERE IT CUMS," Lester bellowed as his whole body shook.

Sarah was on the cusp of cumming explosively when Lester's cock expanded inside of her pushing her over the edge. Sarah's orgasm crashed down onto her like an unexpected tidal wave. A surge of cum blasted into her, spraying across all of her sensitive nerves. Each rope that hit her insides was like a crescendo, shooting her orgasm up to another level.

"FUUCKKKKKK," Sarah screamed, "I FUCKING LOVE YOU LESTER. YES. GOD FUCK YES."

"FUCK YEAH," Lester came triumphantly, "That's right."

Sarah's entire pussy felt full of Lester's cum, but somehow he kept adding more volume to it. Sarah's body was still going through the throes of her orgasm as Lester collapsed down onto her. His warm breath on her neck, his sweat-slick chest melding with the sheen on her back.

"Mhmmhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah mewed, her body tingling all over from the fireworks that had just rattled

her insides.

Lester kissed her on the back of her neck and then pushed himself off of her and her car. He pulled his cock back out of her with an audible plop they both heard. Sarah immediately missed the comfort of the feeling of Lester's cock inside of her. His vicious cum started oozing down her leg.

Lester looked around for any voyeurs but didn't see any. He glanced at Sarah, still bent over the hood, his cum bubbling out of her used pussy. I do great work. Tired and exhausted, Sarah eventually collected herself and managed to stand up straight on unsteady bare legs. This had not been how she thought her afternoon would go, to say the least.

"We'd better hurry up before someone else finds us," Lester said, still admiring her nude figure.

Sarah just nodded as she found her clothes in the backseat and started to put them on. Based on her previous experiences with Lester, her white panties were going to be soaked with fragrant cum by the time she got home. She grimaced at the new yellow stains on her previously pristine bra. It looked like Otis left some pre-cum stains on it that she knew would never wash out. Her stomach churned at the realization that someone from her work had seen her and, more than that, had actually cum on her. On her face. She didn't know if Otis would try anything in the future, but she needed to be ready for anything if he did.

Lester got himself dressed and plopped into the passenger seat. As Sarah got behind the car's wheel, she heard Lester chuckling.

"What?" Sarah asked.

Lester held up her phone for her to see. The notifications on the screen said she had a few texts and two missed calls from Dan.

"I wonder whether Dan would give you permission or not?" Lester put the phone down in the cupholder. "You're a mess, by the way."

Sarah looked at herself in the rearview mirror. Her hair looked like she just had sex, and her makeup was smeared. She sighed, unsure how she would go back to work looking like that.

"Thank you, officer," Lester said into the receiver, "I'll swing by the station and pick it up as soon as I can."

Lester smiled and hung up the phone, leaning back in his chair. Vernon had been dealt with and arrested on theft and fraud charges. Now, it was time to knock Dan down a few pegs. It felt fitting to do that next. Lester swiveled in his chair and looked around at his new office. It was plain and bland, just as Sarah's had been.

The view out the window overlooked the roof of another section of the hospital. All in all, it was fine. It had been relatively easy talking Richard into giving him a temporary trial run as the interim head of the hospital's IT department. Lester knew it wouldn't last, though.

While he could no doubt do the job, he didn't care to. Sitting through boring meetings and making comments on quarterly strategic reviews sounded like a death sentence. But he had what he wanted for now—another foothold into Sarah's William's life and a private room at her job.

There were a lot of logistic considerations he needed to figure out, namely the expectation for him to be in this office when his command center was in his Chicago apartment. Richard begrudgingly had only given

him a few weeks to settle his affairs with his 'previous employer.' The idiot had seen it as a power move to try and make Lester start right away with little consideration for anything else. Richard probably felt great about his business acumen in pitching him the lowball offer Lester had accepted. Perhaps he would return to Chicago and dig up more dirt on the man to extort him.

Lester got up and walked around his desk to the door. Before he wrapped up here for the day, he needed to take care of a few pieces of business. The first was to track down the facilities department location and talk with Otis. The second was to inquire with HR about the possibility of reallocating a particular administrative resource from the top floor to work under him.

Sarah swore that the head of radiology knew that she had just received a facial. She pushed down the urge to touch her face, instead plastering on a trademark smile as the meeting went on. It felt like everyone else in the room was staring at her.

She shifted uncomfortably in her seat as she felt a thick glob of Lester's cum leak out into her panties. While her colleagues discussed department key performance indicators, Sarah's mind was reeling with the thought that Otis knew her secret and that he and Lester had used her just an hour before.

Sarah had done her best to clean herself up. She knew there wasn't any cum on her face or hair. She had already washed her face and reapplied her makeup but could still feel it, likely deep in her pores.

There were messages and a voicemail from Dan that she would check once she was done with work.

As one meeting rolled into the next and Sarah was treated to more PowerPoint slides, she felt herself growing turned on at the fact that she had been so thoroughly used and no one knew about it. The meetings were mostly filled with colleagues who respected her; if only they knew what she had been up to.

Sarah bit her lip as someone showed a series of bar graphs. She didn't know which was hotter to think about. The fact that no one knew about her tryst or the idea that some of them knew but didn't say anything. She felt herself growing flush. Suddenly, the meeting room felt too small and hot as her brain struggled with her fantasies.

The rest of the day went by quickly. Thankfully, she didn't run into Lester or Otis. She half expected one of them to intercept her in the parking lot, but thankfully, she picked up her daughters and got home without issue.

After dinner and tucking the girls in, she was finally about to turn off mommy mode, but the day's events replayed in her head. It was only then that Sarah realized she was still wearing her soiled clothes from earlier. Shaking her head, Sarah stripped out of her clothes and underwear, leaving them in a clump on her bedroom floor. Then, she turned on the water in the bathroom to draw herself a bath.