

It's Friday! Maybe we can make the last day of the week even better with some Toxic Attraction! Before we jump into it, I just wanted to say that after all the recent struggles and setbacks on my end, I truly do appreciate you reading my stories and supporting them. It means the world - thank you.

Now enough with the mushy stuff, let's get into the good stuff. Below is Toxic Attraction: Chapter 38. You'll notice a lot of things are kind of coming to a head here. I had a lot of fun writing this one, and I hope you enjoy reading it just as much.

(Quick aside, Neighborhood Encounters Chapter 5 is imminent. I just have to write some of the juicy parts. It may end up a bit shorter than a toxic chapter, but I don't want to artificially pad the word count. I've been trying to be conscious of getting my thoughts and scenes across as efficiently and impactfully as possible.)

Anyways, here's Chapter 38 of Toxic Attraction (Dan: Stop... Sarah... no!... Wait! Is this thing on??)

Sarah pulled up to the kiss-and-ride spot in front of the school, turned around, and helped each of her two girls out of their booster seats.

"Bye mom!" Ava and Sophia both yelled in unison as they hauled their backpacks out the door. Sarah sat at the wheel, watching her girls catch up to their friends and walk into the school.

"Love you too," she muttered. The car behind her honked, and Sarah immediately felt her stress return. She pulled away, trying not to let her girls' nascent independence get to her. They were growing up. It was part of the deal. She reminded herself that it wasn't because of her issues with Dan. She was conflating unrelated things. Sure, maybe they'd picked up on how icy things were at home, but the way they'd left the car had nothing to do with that.

Ever since Dan had gotten back from his trip, they'd done their best to avoid each other. Which only made Sarah's head spin more. She didn't want to have another argument. She didn't want to feel any hurt or guilt anymore. She couldn't handle any more of that, not with her parents, her job loss and everything else going on in her life. And the fact that Dan wasn't trying to talk to her, to bridge the gap, only made her mind jump to conclusions and made her angry and hurt all over again.

She wanted things back to the way they were. Only, she knew that wasn't entirely true. She wasn't ready to cut off Lester. Sure, he was their financial lifeboat, but the fat, ugly man had somehow managed to worm his way into her life, and she wasn't sure she wanted to let him go.

Her mind was a mess. Which caused another car to honk at her for overstaying her welcome at a stop sign. Flustered, Sarah drove her car on autopilot until she found herself in front of her parents' house.

She didn't pull into the driveway, just stopping across the street, wondering how she got there. It would have made more sense for her to go home, but here she was. Part of her longed to go in, back into her childhood bedroom, back to a time when things were just simpler. But she couldn't go in. Not with how nosy her parents had become. Sure, it would be nice to visit, but she knew they were worried and eventually the conversation would turn to her and Dan and their activities.

Sarah laid her head back against the headrest, knowing she needed to drive away before being spotted. As she was about to start towards home, her phone rang. There was a moment of expectation; she hoped it was Dan, but the display showed it was Lester.

She hesitated for a half second, but then answered it. "Hey Lester."

She put the car into drive and drove away from her parents' street.

"You mean, 'Hello Daddy', don't you?" Lester's deep voice said. Just hearing him correct her sent a shiver up her spine. *What is wrong with me? When did I become so easy?*

Sarah bit her lip; her eyes widened when she saw how fast she was speeding down the cozy residential street. She needed to get under control. When she didn't answer, Lester's voice came through the speaker again, more decisively this time.

"Say it."

Part of Sarah wanted to roll her eyes, thinking of the short, fat man on the other end of the line. Her own mouth betrayed her, as she was surprised to hear her sultry voice purr out and say, "Hello, Daddy."

"Mhm, that's much better, Sarah. You got my cock hard just hearing your voice," Lester said.

Sarah felt her chest getting warm and tried to keep her focus on the road. "Lester," Sarah said, the sultry leaving her voice, "I'm driving. I need to be careful."

"Find somewhere to pull over. I got something to show you," Lester said.

"Send it. I'll check it when I get home," Sarah said.

"No. Pull over now. You need to see this. Now. It's happening live," Lester said.

Sarah sped through her immediate surroundings and pulled off the road, steering her car behind a deserted gas station that nature seemed well along in reclaiming. There was no good reason for anyone to be back here, and thankfully, there weren't any derelicts loitering around. The asphalt was roughly potholed, and an old chain-link fence ran around the back of the store; large plants and bushes grew between the steel posts.

She parked and took her cell phone out of its holder. "Okay. I'm parked. What's up?"

Instead of replying, Lester hung up abruptly. One second later, she got a video call from his phone. She pressed the button, and Lester's fat, hairy neck filled her screen. He pulled the camera back, and she saw his signature shit-eating grin that both pissed her off and instantly made her a little wet.

"Just watch," Lester chuckled. The camera switched to the back of his phone, and she saw Lester's shuffling feet as he walked down a hallway. She recognized the floor. He was at the hospital. The angle shifted, revealing a clear glass railing, then turned downward so it looked over the lobby atrium. An unusual number of people were loitering around in one corner, and Sarah couldn't figure out why. A few seconds later, two uniformed police officers, flanked by hospital security, appeared in the frame, escorting a handcuffed Mary out of the building. Her head was turning back and forth, speaking frantically to both officers, but whatever she was saying was drowned out by the murmuring of the crowd.

Sarah watched as they took her outside, and Lester moved the phone to a window view overlooking the area in front of the building. Mary was being placed into the back of a police cruiser as confused patients and families looked on.

When the police drove away, the camera's angle changed back to Lester's triple-chinned, stubble-filled neck and face.

"You like that?" Lester chuckled into the phone, the low angle capturing his gullet bouncing as he walked. Ceiling tiles and lights flashed by his head as Sarah watched the unflattering image.

"That was..." Sarah sorted through her feelings, trying to process what she'd just seen. On one hand, it was mortifying to see an executive at the hospital she'd worked so hard to build and maintain be escorted out, handcuffed, by police in front of the staff and the public alike. This would surely incite a firestorm of bad PR and controversy. On the other hand, it wasn't her responsibility to care anymore, and she loved, absolutely loved, seeing that bitch taken down and thoroughly humiliated. She loved that it happened in front of everyone and knew how embarrassed Mary must be. It was even better knowing that Mary had nothing to do with it. It was all karma for how she'd treated Sarah, and now justice was being served.

And she had Lester to thank for all of it. It was wrong. Logically, she understood that. She knew that framing someone was bad and completely immoral, but what had Sarah gotten from trying to be good and playing by the rules? Getting shafted by the hospital's board only for them to bring in another shitty old white man to run the hospital when he had no business doing so? Dan had been good his whole life, but he had been laid off twice. Both of them had been upstanding people, and now they lived in a smoking crater of financial ruin. What was the point of playing by the rules anymore?

"Amazing," Sarah finally breathed, replaying the events back in her head. Watching the look of anguish on Mary's face. It was delicious. "Fuck Lester, that was the best thing I've seen all day. I thought watching all those guys bang on her door was satisfying, but this. Shit, is she going to go to jail?"

"She'll probably do at least a bit of time, waiting for her trial. I don't really know. But there's no way she's coming back to the hospital. Not after that. Richard's already spinning it. It's fucking great." Lester chortled. He was still walking through the hallways, but Sarah didn't know where he was.

Sarah found her breathing was coming in shallow bursts. Her skin felt warm, and she realized she was incredibly turned on. Maybe it was from getting payback, or maybe it was because she'd been talking to Lester and he had helped her dominate the woman. Whatever the cause, she felt an electric thrill run through her. Then felt several more bolts pulsing across her body.

She heard the sound of a door opening and then closing from the audio of Lester's phone.

"Where are you?" Sarah said, staring intently at Lester's ugly face from the unflattering angle.

"Mary's office," Lester smirked, "Just taking a poke around while everyone is busy gossiping."

"I don't know why..." Sarah started, ashamed and unsure as the words tumbled out of her mouth, "But that, that really turned me on."

"I can tell," Lester said, "Your face is flushed. And you're giving me that look."

"What look?" Sarah challenged. She wasn't that predictable, was she?"

"That look like you want to fuck," Lester said. He flipped the camera and showed Sarah the view of Mary's office. Her personal items were still there, waiting for her return. They would all be loaded into a banker's box and tucked away in the security office until she showed up to claim them. Mary's cellphone was still sitting on her desk. Lester put his phone over it. Sarah didn't understand what he was doing until his large, thick cock appeared. It was already half hard. Lester flopped it down on Mary's phone.

“She’ll eventually get this back and put her face up against it,” Lester chuckled as he slowly rubbed his hand down the length of his gigantic cock. Sarah stared at the screen, watching in awe and envy as Lester’s cock grew and grew until it was as hard as a steel pole, entirely dwarfing the phone. The device looked almost comically small in comparison.

“Like what you see, blondie?” Lester chuckled.

“It’s...” Sarah trailed off as Lester continued to stroke his cock over Mary’s phone.

“It’s that hard because of you,” Lester said, seriously, “I’m thinking about what we did the other night. How we made all of this happen. And I’m still looking at you, right now. Watching me. Your eyes are glazing over, and your chest looks sexy as fuck when you breath heavy like that.”

Sarah’s eyes refocused, and she forgot that Lester could see her. Even though she was staring at his cock, she realized that he was probably staring at her eyes and face. She shifted in her seat, unconsciously moving into a more seductive pose. She licked her lips and stared at the phone like it was a piece of meat she wanted.

“Oh, I like that,” Lester’s voice said through the speaker, and he started stroking himself faster. “Put on a show for Daddy.”

The word sent a shiver straight down Sarah’s spine. She started to sway, rhythmically in her seat, her green eyes locked on the screen and Lester’s sweeping strokes.

“I want to see it,” Sarah said, biting her lip. “I want to watch it explode.”

“I can do that,” Lester said, “But I want to watch you too. Why don’t you get more comfortable?”

Sarah looked around at her surroundings. An abandoned gas station, the high chain fence with overgrown weeds linked through it. She could hear the sound of cars passing on the nearby street, but couldn’t see them. Sarah reached down and slowly peeled off her t-shirt, letting Lester feast on the sight of her breasts barely held back by a lacy blue bra. She tossed her shirt into the passenger seat and put her full attention back on Lester.

He started to speak but stopped as Sarah’s fingers began to trace a line along the top of her bra cup, running over her exposed skin. Now it was her turn to hear Lester’s heavy breathing over the phone, like a stalker from a 90s movie. Like so much about her lover, the sound both disturbed and turned her on.

Sarah knew she was slipping again, falling into Lester’s web, but it made her feel so much better - she couldn’t stop herself. She listened to his creepy, heaving breath as her fingertips trailed along her skin. She slid them up her bra strap on her left shoulder and heard Lester’s voice hitch. She remembered when he had done this to her, reached out while she was being intimate with Dan and pulled down her bra strap. It was the first time he’d touched her there. She hooked a finger under it and let the strap fall.

She smirked at the screen, knowing Lester was watching her. She wanted to put on a good show for him. She ran her fingers between her cleavage before moving over to the other strap. She played with it, teasing the camera. On the screen, Lester’s huge cock was still there, but he wasn’t stroking it; he was just holding it.

“Lester,” Sarah whispered, “Don’t stop stroking him. I want to keep watching. You stop. And I’ll stop.”

Lester didn't respond, but his hand began sliding back up and down his shaft. Sarah reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. She held it in place with the other hand but took her arms out of the straps.

"Let me see 'em," Lester commanded. Sarah smiled wickedly and leaned towards the camera, giving Lester a fantastic view of the tops of her breasts straining for freedom.

"No," Sarah said.

"The fuck?" Lester growled, "Take that fucking bra off now."

"No," Sarah repeated, "I want you to ask nicely. Say please."

"What the fuck?" Lester snarled.

"Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Language," Sarah smirked and waved a finger at the screen, "Naughty boy. Now say please, or I'll put them away."

"Sarah, you don't –"

Sarah raised one of her bra straps, and Lester stopped talking abruptly. She raised her eyebrows at the screen. There was silence for at least a full minute.

Then she heard something she'd never heard Lester say before, "Please."

"Good boy," Sarah said, and she let her bra fall off her, her heavy breasts coming into full view for Lester. Anyone walking by or peeking behind the gas station would see a gorgeous topless blonde in her thirties, moving seductively in her car.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" Sarah mewed. It was easier to be like this when Lester wasn't here in person. If she'd tried that in the bedroom, he would have just thrown her on the bed and done what he wanted. But she had some power here, and she loved using it.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard the next time I get you alone," Lester growled, "Make you pay for this shit."

"Promise?" Sarah licked her lips and leaned forward towards the phone. She cupped her breasts and let her fingertips graze the skin. She threw her head back as her fingers passed over the nipples. She inhaled sharply as her other hand unbuttoned her mom jeans and her hand dove into her panties.

"Fuck Lester. I want that beautiful cock of yours," Sarah said, her fingers finding her clit. Sarah looked seductively at the camera mounted on her dashboard and rubbed herself. She knew Lester was liking what he was seeing. His fist was running up and down his cock with abandon now, Mary's phone still in the background.

"That's it, Lester," Sarah moaned, "Stroke that big fucking cock for me. God, I want to see it explode. Fuck."

Sarah could just picture the geyser of cum that Lester would unleash. She knew how it felt inside of her, the feeling of his massive cock pulsating. His heartbeat thrummed through his cock as it was buried inside of her. Then it began twitching as it exploded. A torrent of cum blasting out of it, soaking her insides with gouts of his seed.

Sarah's fingers danced over her swollen clit as she grabbed her breast hard, just like Lester would.

"You're gonna watch it explode," Lester breathed, "But soon you're gonna feel it explode inside of you. I really hate wasting all this cum when I could be dumping it in you."

"I like that. I want that. Lester," Sarah hummed.

"You want what?" Lester growled as he jerked his cock.

"Cum. Your cum. In me. On me. Fuck I want it everywhere, Lester," Sarah let go of her breast and slid two fingers up to her mouth, "I want to taste it. Taste you. I want it pouring down my throat. Fuck I want you cumming in my mouth while you cum in pussy at the same time. Fuck Lester, I need it."

"You're gonna get it. Don't you worry," Lester chuckled, "I'm going to fill you up so much that it won't matter that you're still taking that stupid pill of yours."

"Oh god," Sarah groaned as she bucked against her hand. Lester's nasty words danced through her ears and tickled a part of her brain that pushed her ever closer to her inevitable orgasm. Her clit was so sensitive. She wanted to close her eyes and just let her imagination get her there, but she couldn't keep her eyes off Lester's massive organ and the way he was deftly stroking it. It was seductively mesmerizing.

A bit of precum leaked out the end, and Lester paused mid-stroke, adjusting the angle of his phone to show it. He dabbed the head of his cock down onto Mary's phone, and Sarah licked her lips, watching the string of cum connect to Mary's phone before it broke. Her stomach flared with a sense of jealousy that didn't make any sense, but for a moment, she hated Mary just a little bit more than she had before.

It was irrational, but she didn't want that woman anywhere near Lester. He was hers.

"You think..." Sarah started but trailed off as she watched Lester begin stroking his cock in earnest again. He paused his fist, waiting for her to continue talking. "You think your cum is that potent that you could just defy science, Lester?"

"I know it," Lester said back. "It's just nature taking its proper course. Like they say, nature finds a way."

Sarah shook her head but couldn't keep the sly smile from his face. Lester was so full of himself and so full of shit. But he knew how to work her up. She leaned towards the camera, hands back on her heavy breasts. "Hmm, I'd like to see that," she said sarcastically. She tried to say it in a sexy way to challenge him.

But Lester took her comment a different way, "You want to see that? You want to see me knock you up?"

"I.."

"You want to see your tummy swell with Lester junior?" Lester snarled, "What'll your parents say when they see that the kid looks like me, huh? They'd know, and your entire world would come crashing down."

"Jesus," Sarah muttered, feeling the heat rise inside of her, "That's so fucked up, Lester."

"It's going to happen, Sarah," Lester said.

“Won’t your vasectomy have something to say about that? Even if your little swimmer found a way to beat the pill,” Sarah breathed, she pinched her nipple and her fingers rocketed across her clit. She was getting very close.

“Nature finds a way. God’s will and all that shit,” Lester belched.

“God’s will,” Sarah moaned unintentionally. Half laughing, half delirious, well along the path to her orgasm.

“Yep,” Lester grunted, his hand flying up and down his cock, “It’s fate. Your pussy, my cock. You’re a great mother, Sarah. I couldn’t think of anyone better to raise my spawn. What do ya say?”

“It’s hot. A hot idea,” Sarah panted. The windows of her car were fogging up. If someone came around the corner of the building, they’d no longer be able to see her. “But crazy. Couldn’t happen.”

“But what if it did?”

“Fuck, Lester. I’m close.”

“Just picture it,” Lester said in that gross whisper through the speaker, “My cock buried deep inside you. So deep. Deeper than Dan was when he did it. My cum exploding out into you. Flooding every little crevice inside of you.”

Sarah’s fingers danced over her engorged clit. Her hips bucked against her hand, and she desperately wished she’d pulled her stupid mom jeans down to her ankles. She squeezed her breasts and threw her head back against the chair. Through half-lidded eyes, she watched in desperation as Lester pumped his cock in his hand.

“You know how much cum I make. I could probably fill a glass with it. Just imagine all that cum. Millions of my swimmers battering at your eggs, piercing one and rushing in.” Lester said, “We both know it’d happen. There’s no way around it.”

“I thought....” Sarah panted. “You didn’t want kids. That’s why you got the...”

“I don’t. Still don’t,” Lester said, “But that doesn’t mean I wouldn’t want to fuck a baby into you. You Sarah. No one else. I’d want to fuck a baby into you. Watch your eyes dilate, and you feel me cum and know that my seed is taking root. That I’ve inseminated you. That someone besides your little husband has knocked you up.”

Sarah grabbed her breast hard. Her mind reeled at the thought. She’d always had a Beauty and the Beast type fantasy, and the idea of a beauty like herself being impregnated by an unworthy beast like Lester seemed like the ultimate height of that fantasy. Especially if she begged for it to happen.

“Fucckkk, Lester,” Sarah moaned, “I’m so close.”

“Open your eyes,” Lester snapped.

Sarah hadn’t realized she closed them. Her heavy breasts were rising rapidly as she struggled to breathe. Her thighs pressed down around her hand. She lazily opened her eyes and saw that Lester had put the phone down on Mary’s desk.

The angle had changed. Now she could see his entire, disgusting body, cock in hand as he pumped it. Mary’s phone was still there, sitting just below the head of Lester’s cock. Her eyes were glued to the phone, watching Lester vigorously masturbate, watching his beautiful cock. Watching his oddly

proportioned body gleam with sweat, his hairy chest heaving just like hers. She felt so fucking turned on.

"Think about it," Lester grunted, "Think about the look of shock and horror on Dan's face when he realizes you're pregnant. The doubt and pain he'd feel. Think about how he'd react when he realized it wasn't his. When you told him you were carrying my child."

"Lester...." Sarah whined. It was a poisonous thought. It was too fucked up. She didn't want to think about it. But it was there, playing in the back of her mind. The look of hurt on her husband's face. The pain he'd feel. The mixed emotions he'd face.

"And then watching as you push a child that isn't his into this world," Lester said, "And you loving that boy more than you do him."

Sarah's fingers flew across her clit, picturing Dan standing there like an outsider watching as she embraced her new family. Dan outside the window as she cuddled with Lester, sharing soft romantic kisses. The driving rain pouring down on him.

"You want that, don't you. You want my cum to flood you and knock you up. Say it." Lester demanded.

Sarah's breaths were coming in short, ragged bursts now. She bucked her hips into her hand, pressing her clit hard into her fingers. Her nipples pressed into the palm of her other hand.

"Yes..." Sarah's traitorous words left her lips, and she came. Hard. She screamed in ecstasy as her hips bucked off the chair and she came onto her stroking hand. White lightning shot up from her pussy, rocking across her body.

"Open your eyes," Lester said sharply.

Despite all her muscles seizing, she opened her eyes, and Sarah saw Lester's cockhead expand, and then ropes of cum came blasting out, landing on Mary's cellphone and desk. Sarah's orgasm crescendoed, then another hit her at the sight of his explosion. She didn't look away. She didn't blink. Her eyes burned as she held them open, witnessing the beauty of Lester's cock spasming and cumming all over Mary's things.

Sarah's thighs pinched her hand, and her body flipped to the side as rope after rope of cum painted Mary's desk. Lester's groan emanated from her phone, and it was music to Sarah's ears. Her second orgasm raced through her body, electrifying her nerve endings and sending her mind reeling to a higher plane.

As the last rope of cum sprayed out of Lester's cock, she almost let her eyes close. But he firmly slid his fist down his shaft, pushing out a few last drops that fell lazily onto Mary's phone. Finally, she slumped behind her steering wheel, spent.

Lester smeared his jism on the desk with Mary's phone, her purse and other belongings.

"You're such an easy slut," Lester sneered into the phone. His three chins back on display. "Such a slut for my cum."

"And you're a fat pig," Sarah groaned, exhausted from her seat, "Who fucks like a thoroughbred."

"You're not wrong," Lester chuckled, "I can't wait to slide this inside of you soon."

“Ugh, I don’t even think I can drive right now. I feel drunk,” Sarah said. She wasn’t kidding. Her knees felt weak, and her head was spinning. All she wanted to do was crawl into bed and sleep for the next week.

“I’ll pick you up later then. Go home and sleep. And say hi to Danny-boy for me, okay? I need you rested for what comes later.” Lester said.

“What’s coming later?” Sarah said, her mind still in the process of returning to earth from her orgasm.

“You will be,” Lester answered. “And me, - a bucket full of cum.”

Lester ended the call. Sarah just slumped back in her seat for the next fifteen minutes, catching her breath and then drifting off for the last few minutes. She woke up with her pants around her thighs and her hand buried in her panties with all the windows fogged up.

She looked at herself in the rearview mirror and saw that her mascara was running down her face, “You’re a mess.”

Lester slumped back in his shitty hospital office. He hated this place and counted down the days before he could leave this dumpster fire forever. With Mary out of the picture, there was only one thing keeping him here, and that thing was Richard. The miserable shitstain really thought of Lester as an IT flunkie subordinate. Lester didn’t care. It was to his benefit to be viewed at the margins of society, just as Dan had seen him.

People always underestimate you and leave themselves open to attack.

He rubbed his pants against his cockhead, as a little bit of fluid leaked out. He rolled his computer chair forward and powered on the machine. The nice thing about his position was the expense account. Unlike the rest of the plebs in the hospital, he’d made sure to give himself quite the nice little rig that he was going to take with him. It had way more computing power than anything else in the hospital, which is exactly what he needed.

He loaded his attack kit and went after his own private network back in his Chicago apartment. He hit it from several different vectors, just as he had been doing for the last few days. Even with his intimate knowledge of how his own network was set up, its defenses and its weaknesses, he wasn’t able to penetrate it. No network was one-hundred percent secure, but he felt confident that if he couldn’t penetrate it, no one other than well-funded state actors could.

That fucker Cronos and his minions wouldn’t be able to get past his beefed-up security. He just wished he’d scraped more information on the guy. He’d have to start doing that for all his clients, he knew he was dealing with. He didn’t like an unknown variable on the field. Especially one that seemed to have a hate boner for him. His comment about ‘interested parties’ wanting access to his network had irked him. It wasn’t his local network the guy was talking about, but the business network of buyers and sellers Lester had cultivated over the years. He didn’t understand why someone other than the police would be interested in that.

Lester navigated away from his attack packet and back onto the hospital network. He zeroed in on Richard’s terminal and saw that it was active. He mirrored the screen and watched as Richard spent the next five minutes trying to compose a bland, generic, inspirational CEO LinkedIn post. It was nauseating, and Lester couldn’t wait to be done with this place.

Lester rolled his eyes and tried not to vomit. It was all so performative. All corporate culture was. Employees perform for the manager; they perform for the executives, who then perform for the board. They perform for the stockholders and investors. Theater all the way up. It was all such a waste of time.

He hated sitting in that dingy office. But he wouldn't have to for much longer. As he watched Richard's screen, he noticed, not for the first time, that the man stored all of his passwords in his Chrome browser. This man was old enough to have been around during the beginning of the Internet. Did he really value convenience over privacy that much? Sometimes these plebs really just made it too easy for him.

He could remote into Richard's laptop and cause all kinds of havoc, but he needed to bring Sarah into this to get her revenge. Let her enjoy it and cum to it the way she had the other night with Mary and how she'd exploded a few hours ago on the phone.

It was hilarious to Lester how Dan didn't seem to factor into this equation at all. He knew Dan was back in Middleton, but Sarah hadn't so much as mentioned him. It was like her husband didn't exist. She used to try to loop him into things, but now it was like he was just the forgotten third wheel in their shame throuple.

Lester turned off the screen mirroring. He had everything he needed. It was time for Sarah to play her part. And finally, after all these months, it was finally time to start pumping his baby-making batter into Sarah and knock her up. From what he'd read online, most women who go off the pill get pregnant after the first year of trying. Some after the first three months. Lester didn't want to wait that long and planned to bathe her in his cum. Repeatedly.

Dan checked his phone for the third time that morning. His texts with Sarah had slowed to a glacial pace. She hadn't responded to his last message, but he saw that she'd read it. He sighed and trudged down the stairs to the basement.

Everyone was gone. The girls were at school, and Sarah was off to who knows where. She should've been back from dropping the girls off by now, but he didn't want to send a text asking where she was, only for it to lead to another blow-up.

He passed his college futon, which was now serving as his bed, and headed to the breaker box. Opening it, he scanned the breaker names and switched several off. Back upstairs, he got out his screwdriver and started removing the plate on the plug in the living room.

He used his power tester to ensure there was no current running through the plug before removing it from the housing. He disconnected it and fished one of the security camera plugs he brought from Chicago out of his bag. It was easy to install; he just reconnected the wires, secured it to the box and put the new cover over it. There was a pinhole slit in the cover that would let the camera see out into the room; all he had to do was connect to it using an app on his phone.

In a focused, half-conscious daze, Dan spent the next hour mechanically removing and replacing the plugs in different rooms throughout the house. He still wasn't sure why he was doing it or what he hoped to achieve.

At one point, it was just to monitor the house and know when Lester tried to show up. But things had shifted so much lately that part of him thought he was collecting evidence for an eventual

divorce. The idea of him being kicked out of the house and Lester moving in, raising his girls and sharing Sarah's bed plagued him during the early hours of the morning.

He reached into his bag for the last plug. This one was going in their ensuite bathroom. He felt around for it, but his hand grasped something else. It was a piece of plastic the size of his thumb. He pulled it out and recognized the keylogger that Martin had given him, the one he was supposed to install in Bryon's office in Minnesota. That hadn't worked out, but he'd still held onto it.

He gave it a once-over, trying to decide whether to throw it out or see if there was any use for it. His phone chimed from his pocket, and he threw the keylogger tool into his backpack. Sarah must have texted him back.

But when he opened his phone, it wasn't Sarah. It was Tricia, his flirty coworker from Sentinel Securities. He didn't open it. He put the phone on the cool tile floor and sat against the wall, head in his hands as he tried to figure his life out.

Tricia's message made him think of Carlo telling him about the tipline. He still hadn't found anything on Discord that he felt like he could report to it. Nothing on Lester's Darkspire online persona.

Even if Dan somehow took Lester off the board, how would Sarah react? Would she be happy, or would she get even more pissed at him? He really needed to man up and try to talk to her, but part of him was afraid of what he would hear.

With another sigh of defeat, he opened his phone and checked Tricia's message.

T: Hey there, where's my big Dan? I miss that guy. The office is so boring without him. When is he going to come back here? I have so many things that need his special attention.

Dan read it over a few times, the words burrowing into his mind. He flipped to his conversation with Sarah and saw she still hadn't responded. When was the last time she even opened it?

Dan fired a response back to Tricia.

D: Oh, really? What needs my special attention Trisha?

He left the phone on the floor and went back to installing the last hidden camera.

It was just bad timing. Sarah opened the front door to their house at the same time that Dan was coming down the stairs. He froze when she walked in. Her stomach turned, feeling a mix of anger, guilt and sadness as she saw him stop. She felt like she was walking on eggshells around her own home lately.

"Hi," she barely managed. Hoping that it would ease the tension. The other half of her was ready to jump into an argument at whatever Dan said in response. She hated being this way, but she was just so angry. Angry at him. Angry at their fucked up situation. She had so much anger coursing through her that it seemed to rule her every response. The only time it ever abated was when Lester made her feel something different.

"Hi," Dan said. He hadn't moved, but he also wasn't making any eye contact. Was he standing still because he was afraid? Ready to fight? Or was it because he wanted to reconcile? His inaction irked her. His inaction was what had put them in this situation in the first place. Her mind slid into an angry place without her even realizing it.

Sarah let out a deep breath and tried to control herself. She took off her shoes and tried to pretend like Dan's presence wasn't painfully awkward.

"How was drop off?" Dan said.

It was a neutral question. Something she could work with, "It was fine."

She realized that it sounded bitchy and was a conversation-killer. Then she added, "The girls jumped out of the car without saying 'I love you,' they ran off to their friends and didn't look back. I keep forgetting how old they've gotten now."

"It's crazy," Dan said with a sad smile on his face, "Seeing how fast they grow up. Seeing how fast things can change. For all of us."

Sarah didn't know how to respond, so she just leaned against the door, waiting for him to say more. It took almost a full minute, but he finally did.

"Look, Sarah, I don't want to fight. I don't. I really don't want to fight with you. You're the person I love the most in the world. I, I don't want it to be like this. I'm sorry for what I said. It's just...things have been so messed up. I don't....my mind is fucked up. I can't think straight, and this whole situation....Lester...your parents....work....the money....it's all just too much. It's so stressful and fucked. I really just wish we were back like we used to be," Dan said.

He finally looked up at her, and she felt her heart skip a beat. She knew he was hurting, but his face just looked so frail and weak. Desperate. She sighed and stared down at the laminate flooring.

"I don't..." "I don't like it either," Sarah said. "Everything is harder than it needs to be." But I don't know if we can ever go back to the way things were, Dan. Too much has changed. I've changed. We've both been through so much. Even when it just comes to work, we've both been through the blender. I don't even know what I'm going to do for work, I have no idea where we're going," Sarah said. She hadn't expected the tears to well up in her eyes, but here they were.

"I don't know either, Sarah. I want us back to where we were, but maybe we can try to figure out something new. Something that fits us now. You, me and the girls. Together. We'll figure it out together." Dan said.

"Dan, it's just...fuck.... It's all so fucked. How can we even figure anything out when we are both unemployed? Where do we go from here? Just leech off Lester for the rest of our lives? I feel like everything is crumbling around us, and he's our only lifeline. I don't know how to build a new future together right now. I'm not seeing it."

"We can't just keep treading water. We need to move in a direction here, Sarah," Dan said, "We gotta figure out that direction."

"I can't even see it, Dan," Sarah said, balling her hands into fists, "I don't know where we go. I don't know what it is I want."

"Do you still want me?" Dan said, his voice weak, "Do you know that much? About what you want?"

Sarah finally looked up at him and saw the hurt and desperation in his eyes.

"I think so," Sarah said quietly, "I want to. I want us. I want you in my life. I still want our family. I just don't know how we get back there."

“Let’s not overthink it,” Dan said, “I want you. You want me. You, me and the girls. That’s all that matters. Fuck everything else, okay?”

“What about Lester?” Sarah said.

“What the fuck about Lester?” Dan shouted angrily. “He’s not part of our family, Sarah.”

The anger boiled up inside of her. She thought she had control over it, but it burst up like a pot of water boiling over, “He’s our fucking breadwinner, Dan. Without Lester, we don’t have a house. We can’t pay the mortgage. It’s nice that you want us to be together, but without Lester, our life falls apart. We can’t just live in a fantasy scenario where love is enough. Love doesn’t pay the bills, love doesn’t keep food on our kids’ plates, Dan. We can’t just cut him out.

“And because you love fucking him, right?” Dan spat.

“Jesus, Dan,” Sarah shouted, “Yes, I love the way he fucks me. Is that what you want to hear? I love how rough he is. I love letting his disgusting hands touch me. I love how good his giant cock feels inside of me. Is that what you want to hear? That the man who is paying for your family to survive is an amazing lay too? Get over yourself. I’m talking about our family’s foundation. We don’t have one right now. We have no money. We can’t build a future like that.”

“We’re in a shitty spot,” Dan said slowly, the anger still seething from him, “It’s really shitty. But it’s just for a little bit. Lester’s lifeline was only supposed to be for a little while. I’m close, Sarah. Close to getting something more permanent or at least something more lucrative with Sentiel, okay? I don’t know the details. Maybe it’ll be enough for us.”

“We can’t plan around maybes, Dan. I want to. I do. It sounds nice. But maybe it isn’t a plan. Maybe it isn’t a future. Would you risk the girls’ future on a maybe? We’ve been doing maybes for a while now, and they keep backfiring. Maybe moving to Chicago will help, maybe finding a roommate will make things easier. Maybe business will pick up. Maybe your company won’t lose a client and downsize. Maybe they’ll keep you instead of laying you off. We can’t depend on maybes, Dan.”

“Well, what then? I haven’t seen you apply for any jobs, Sarah. If you’re not willing to settle on maybes, what are you willing to do? I haven’t seen you create one resume or fill out any applications. What are you waiting for? Maybe a job will just fall into your lap?” Dan said.

“It’s not...” Sarah knew he was right. She was coasting. She needed a mental break from working. After every fucked up thing that had happened she just needed a little break. She couldn’t push herself to put a resume together. Not yet. But she couldn’t say that to him. She couldn’t let him win. “It’s not the same. It’s not. And you know it.”

“No. What I know is that the minute I got laid off, I started throwing up applications like crazy. Hell, even before that, I was putting out resumes and trying to get freelance clients. I’ve been working like crazy for us,” Dan said. “I’m working for our future, Sarah. I have been. You know that. Shit, I never wanted you to have to be put in the shitty situation of being fired. I know that sucks. I know it hurts, but we both need to try.”

Sarah stopped herself from snapping at him. He was right. She knew it. She knew she should try. But it just felt so good. So easy to be taken care of. To let Lester help lighten the load. The idea of putting out a resume, going to an interview and being rejected, being thought of as incapable, was incredibly frightening. Being put back into that box like she had been at the hospital, terrified her.

"I know," Sarah said through gritted teeth, "I know I should do more. I just....it....god. What's wrong with me? I don't even recognize who I am anymore. I feel like this scared little girl who can't do anything."

Dan's face softened, and his shoulders slumped, "I don't see you like that. You're not a scared little girl. I know you've taken some punches... a lot of punches lately. But I know who you are, Sarah. You're smart, you're strong, you're confident. You're a kickass mom and wife, and you kill it at work."

"I don't think I've been any of those things for a long time, Dan," Sarah said, wrapping her arms around herself.

"You still are," Dan said, "We just need to get back to it. We'll figure this all out, okay? I promise."

She leaned her head against his chest. Dan's arms encircled her, and for the first time in weeks, she felt good. Secure. She wanted him to hold her like this all night.

"We'll figure it out, okay?" Dan repeated.

"Okay," Sarah whispered into his chest. Then she added, "I'll try to start looking for a job."

"It's not, I didn't mean to sound like an asshole about it," Dan said. "I just...I want you to know I'm trying, okay? I'm trying to build that future for us. Forge a path out of this world of shit we're in now. It will get better. I promise."

"I know," Sarah whispered, "It's just hard to see it. I don't want to hope. I don't want to hope and be let down again. I'm not...I don't mean you let me down...I just don't want to get my hopes up. It hurts too much."

She looked up at him. He was there, staring back at her with those beautiful eyes of his. Before she could react, his lips were on hers. Sarah let the world drift away and melted into her husband's kiss. It felt good, something she had been missing for such a long time.

It wasn't long before they were upstairs, leaving a trail of their clothes behind them. The bed rocked as they fell onto it, tearing at each other. Mouths on skin, hands everywhere. Sarah gasped as Dan pushed into her; she clawed at his back. She needed this. She needed his cock inside her. After all their fights, she needed this moment together. But even more, after her morning with Lester in the car, she desperately needed to do this.

Dan pumped his hips, and she felt him bottom out inside of her. She wanted more. She wanted to be touched deeper. He slid in and out of her, desperately pumping his dick into her. Sarah bit her lip and tried to focus on how good her husband felt, but her mind kept drifting to Lester. She knew it was fucked up. Thinking about another man while she reconciled with her husband, but the more she tried to fight against it, the more her thoughts betrayed her. Lester's cock filling her cellphone screen. Mary being marched out to her car. Lester and Sarah entwined, watching those dirtbags knock on her door and yell at her. The look of fear, the way she was humiliated in front of everyone.

Dan's cock slipped out of her. She was soaking wet. Too wet.

Dan lined himself back up and pressed in. Sarah shook her head, trying to dislodge the thoughts of Lester. She didn't want to ruin this moment. Dan was pumping into her; his breathing was heavy and hot on her neck. The room was filled with the wet sounds of their coupling, and her head was filled with thoughts of Lester.

“Take me, Dan,” Sarah purred. She couldn’t hold the thoughts back. She leaned into them. “Reclaim what’s yours.”

She bit his earlobe as she said it. Dan’s hips bucked at her words, as a shiver ran through his body. He started breathing harder. She knew she had him. Despite everything, the fantasy still had its hold on him.

“Fuck me, Dan,” Sarah moaned into his ear, “Fuck me. Fuck your wife.”

Dan’s hips pumped. And Sarah felt the sweat on his back. “Fuck me better than him, Dan.”

Sarah’s ankles locked around Dan’s waist, desperately urging him deeper than he was capable of going. Her hips rose off the bed, slamming into him, trying to make up the difference. She needed more.

“Ughfuck,” Dan groaned as her pussy clenched around his cock.

“Fuck me Dan. Fuck me better. Do it. I know you can. Harder. Fuck me harder, Dan,” Sarah whined. Dan slammed his hips into her, hard. He was slamming himself in and out of her. “Fuck me like Lester does,” Sarah moaned in his ear.

“Fuck me hard and deep like he does Dan. Fuck me,” Sarah moaned wantonly.

Dan slammed himself into her. He gasped and did it again. And again. Sarah’s hips were flying off the bed to meet each thrust, only to be slammed back down into the mattress. She clawed at his back.

“Dan. Fuck me. Harder.” Sarah gasped, finally feeling something. She could feel a spark of an orgasm, teasingly, tantalizing, just out of her grasp.

“Don’t stop,” Sarah gasped. She could get it; she could get her second orgasm of the day. She knew it. Dan started to slow; he was gritting his teeth, like he was trying to hold himself back. Sarah’s head thrashed on the bed, her nails dug into his ass cheeks.

“Don’t...don’t stop, Dan. Please. I’m so close, don’t fucking stop,” Sarah said.

“Hold on, just stop for a second,” Dan grunted. She felt his hips flex.

“No. Don’t stop,” Sarah said, “If you stop...” she looked her husband hard in the eyes, “I’m going to have to go back to Lester tonight so he can fuck me properly.”

“Ugh,” Dan grunted, going rigidly still. His eyes closed, and she felt his ass cheeks clench even more firmly. His cock spasmed inside of her, and they both felt it as his cum blasted into her. Sarah held onto him, pumping her hips up off the bed onto his cock as he tried to thrust inside of her.

She was so close, so agonizingly close. All the cum pouring into her mixed with her own juices made his cock slid in and out without gaining any purchase. She slammed herself down on the bed and thrust upwards, trying to take his cock into her.

She groaned in frustration as it slipped out, cum and her juices spilling out of her onto their comforter.

“Fuck,” Dan grunted, punching the pillow as he flipped his body off of her. Sarah clasped her hand between her legs, not wanting more of it to spill out onto their bed. She shuffled off and darted into the bathroom and into the shower to clean herself.

When she returned to the room, Dan was still lying on the bed waiting for her. He looked conflicted.

“Did you cum?” He asked quietly.

“I was close,” Sarah said, not meeting his eyes, “Really close.”

“Fuck,” Dan said, “I think I was just too worked up.”

“Oh, I could tell. You love it when I talk about Lester,” Sarah said.

“I hate it,” Dan muttered, but then they shared a glance that told her everything she needed to know.

She got up, walked over to the closet and started going through her clothes.

“What are you doing?” Dan asked.

“Trying to find an outfit to wear with Lester,” Sarah said, “He’s supposed to be taking me out tonight.” She levelled a wicked gaze at him. As much as she knew things had to change, how they had to evolve and find a better path forward, a better future as a family. She didn’t want to let go of Lester. Not yet. She knew it hurt Dan. It was a point of contention. Lester. It hurt his pride and his ego; he wasn’t any different than most other men. And she knew that Lester liked to turn the knife and torture him. But on some level, she knew her husband liked it. And if she could walk along that knife’s edge and have the best of both worlds, she would.

“What?” Dan said, his face a mask of hurt and jealousy. Sarah didn’t want to fight. Not now. She was tired of the drama and fighting. She let her towel drop. Dan’s angry eyes left her face and cascaded down her body.

She sauntered over to him, giving him her fuck me eyes. She crawled on the bed towards his still naked body. “I told you,” she whispered, “That if you don’t make me cum. I’m going to go to someone who will.”

Dan opened his mouth to reply, but Sarah’s mouth opened faster. She pushed down on his chest as her head descended towards his crotch and took her husband’s cock, slick with her own juices and his dribbling cum into her mouth.

“Goddammit,” Dan muttered as Sarah worked on her husband and urged him to cum again.

The girls were upstairs playing in their room when Lester’s SUV pulled into the driveway. He didn’t bother getting out. He’d insisted on picking her up. Sarah knew it was another of his male power plays.

Dan fumed at the imposition, but she’d sapped enough of his energy during their afternoon tryst that he didn’t put up much of a fight. He still didn’t like the arrangement. But he’d come around to her way of thinking. They needed Lester. At least for the short term. They needed his help financially to stay afloat, and Sarah needed him to keep fucking her.

She felt a pang of guilt at forcing the issue. Using the taboo of their sex to help coerce Dan. But Lester had blown her mind wide open at the possibilities of what sex could be. And she didn’t know if there was any way she could ever close that Pandora’s box now.

Dan stood at the door, his face beet red, a pouting mixture of anger, arousal and injury. Sarah hated how much his look turned her on. Lester honked from the driveway, and Dan turned to the open door, staring daggers at him.

"Someone's gonna see if he keeps doing that shit," Dan said through clenched teeth. "The girls are right fucking upstairs, and we have nosy neighbors."

"Shhh," Sarah said, putting a finger on Dan's lips, "It'll be okay. Give me a kiss before I go."

Dan pried his eyes away from the dark SUV and reluctantly leaned in and gave Sarah a quick kiss.

"Did my lips hurt you that bad?" Sarah said with mock offense, "That looked painful."

"No. It's not...you know what it is," Dan said.

"I know," Sarah whispered, "I know. It'll be okay. I promise. Like you said, we'll be okay, right?"

"Right," Dan said, "I'm looking up jobs for you while you're gone."

Sarah chuckled, "Okay. I can't wait to look at them."

"You sure you have to go?" Dan said as Sarah stepped to the door.

"I have to earn my paycheck somehow," Sarah said, her eyes flicked up to the top of the stairs, "Besides, I don't think you want us in here."

"We should have got your parents to babysit," Dan said.

"We already use them too much as it is," Sarah said. Lester honked his horn again, and Dan stiffened.

"Alright, I'd better go," Sarah said as she flashed him a sweet smile. She turned and went down the front walkway and met eyes with Lester. Her sweet smile grew until it went from ear to ear. She hurried around to the passenger side of the car and got in. Lester was still staring out his window at Dan.

When he finally turned to look at her, he smirked, then reached over and roughly grabbed the back of her head and pulled her into a sloppy kiss. Sarah was taken aback and caught herself on the center console before melting fully into the kiss.

When she finally came up for air, she saw Dan over Lester's shoulder, standing in their doorway with that same conflicted erotic expression on his face. Lester followed her eyes and chuckled, "Put your seat belt on, safety first."

Then he giggled; she wasn't sure why, but he started backing out of the driveway. As he pulled onto the street, he honked again and took off. Sarah looked over her shoulder as they drove down the street until she couldn't see Dan waiting in the doorway any longer.

"Where are we going?" Sarah asked, looking down at the tight black dress she had struggled into. It fit her curves all the right ways. It hugged her hips and breasts, pushing the girls up in a way that screamed for attention.

"Revenge," Lester said, raising his eyebrows comically at her.

She pursed her lips before saying, "Richard?"

"Richard," Lester confirmed, nodding his head, "By this time tomorrow, he'll have been fired by the board."

"How?" Sarah said, "What are we going to do?"

“Nu-uh,” Lester said, “Not we. What you’re gonna do.”

“How am I going to get him fired by the board?” Sarah asked, “Are we roping him into the whole selling diabetic strips thing? I don’t see that working.”

“You’ll see,” Lester said, running a red light. “Right now, Richard is sitting alone at a bar like he usually is every night. He doesn’t like going home to his wife until it’s late and she is blitzed out of her mind on wine and valium.”

“How do you know that?” Sarah said, looking skeptically at Lester. He was smart. Creepy smart. But even that seemed like a stretch, “Did he tell you that?”

“No, I inferred,” Lester said, “He uses a company phone, remember? I have his location sharing turned on. He’s there every night after work. I’ve peeked in at him. He’s always alone at the bar. He stays until late. And he’s had conversations with his wife about picking up her prescription or wine on the way home.”

“That’s such an invasion of privacy,” Sarah said, crossing her arms. “It breaks so many hospital policies.”

“Do you want to get revenge on this fuckwad or not?” Lester said, raising his voice.

“You really enjoy fucking with people, don’t you?” Sarah said.

“I do. Some more than others,” Lester said.

“Do you get off on it?” Sarah asked.

Lester chewed on her words before answering, “I like winning. But sometimes I get off on it. In the right scenario, like fucking with Dan. I love fucking you and making him watch like an impotent little boy.”

“That’s fucked up, Lester,” Sarah said.

“I know you get off on that shit too, Sarah, don’t lie to me.”

Sarah didn’t respond for a full two minutes, just staring out the windshield, mulling things over.

“So, what’s the plan tonight?” She finally said, breaking the silence.

“That’s my girl,” Lester said, leaning over and grabbing a handful of her thighs. His fat fingers dug into her flesh, and she winced in pain.

He let go of her leg and reached into the glove box. A grungy-looking plastic red diamond attached to a key dropped out. Sarah recognized it.

“Is this?” Sarah started as she reached down to pick it up.

“Yup. Same place,” Lester said. “Same grungy fucking motel where you fucked Richard behind my back.”

“How did you know what motel?” Sarah asked.

“Richard’s phone’s location is always on. I made sure of that. It’s a corporate phone. It wasn’t hard to put the pieces together.” Lester mocked.

“Okay, sure, but why? Why do you have this key here?” Sarah asked, but she already had an idea where this was heading.

“You’re going to go into that bar. And you’re going to seduce him back to the room. He keeps a bottle of whisky in his car. When you’re inside, I’m gonna put something in it. Then, when he’s out, we’re gonna blow up his career.” Lester said gleefully.

“Lester, I’m not sure about this one,” She hugged herself as she shook her head, not wanting to go back to the dingy motel where Richard had used her body and discarded her. The final stamp on her tenure at the hospital, a last spit in the face. “I don’t want to go back there.”

“He fucked you over, and then he fucked you there,” Lester spat. “It’s time to fuck him there, too. We’re gonna fuck up the one thing he cares about. Not his marriage. His career, how people see him.”

“How are we gonna do that?” Sarah asked, “What are we going to do once he’s back in the room, passed out? And where did you get something to sedate him with? How do you know how to do that?”

“Never mind the little details,” Lester waved his hand at her dismissively. “It’ll all work, you just need to worry about how you’re gonna seduce him.”

Sarah rolled her eyes, and now it was her turn to chuckle, “Have you seen this dress?”

She gestured to herself, and Lester’s eyes lingered far too long on her body then was wise for someone who was supposed to be driving. She added, “He won’t stand a chance.”

Sarah straightened her dress, pulling it down before she pushed open the doors of the dimly lit bar. All eyes turned to her, but she pretended to ignore them as they ran over her body. It was a necessary skill most women had to develop; she was well aware of every single one.

Sarah looked around without focusing on anyone in particular. This looked like an after-work watering hole filled with the type of businessman who delayed going home to their wives. At least Lester was right about that.

Seated alone at the bar was Richard, eyes fixed on the TV behind the bar, a glass with dark brown liquor in his hand. Lester had suggested she go right up to him and just ask him back to her room. But she knew better; men enjoyed the chase. They enjoyed ‘winning’ and conquering, and Richard was no exception.

She slid into a seat at the bar and ordered a cabernet. It was a shitty vintage, but she kept the frown off her face as she slowly nursed it. It didn’t take long for a man to approach her, directly cutting off her view of Richard. Sarah politely, yet firmly, dismissed him, saying she was waiting for her husband. The man walked back to his table, where the group of men waiting there loudly laughed at his failure.

In the mirror behind the bar, Sarah saw Richard turn to see what the noise was about. When he did, his eyes landed directly on Sarah. He smirked and played with the wedding ring on his left hand. His eyes went back to the screen, but he kept turning to look at her. The smirk didn’t leave his face. Sarah just waited patiently as she sipped the disgusting wine.

It only took two minutes before Richard hefted himself off his stool and walked down next to where she sat.

“Sarah Williams,” he said, his eyes running lasciviously up and down her body. “Been a while.”

“Not long enough,” Sarah said back, giving him a sharp glance. Now that he was so close, she was having trouble keeping her rage at him contained. How easily he’d cast her aside after she’d opened herself for him.

“Come on, don’t be like that,” Richard said, his hand moving predatorily over the back of her stool. She knew then that she had him.

“Be like what?” Sarah said, giving him a dirty look.

“So hostile. We can still be friends, right?” Richard smirked as he stepped in closer to her. She could feel the heat radiating off his old, declining body, the smell of a day at the hospital. His musky, old man cologne was as cloying as the wine in her glass.

She turned, pointing her exposed knees at him. His eyes tracked them, and he looked like a salivating dog. “I’m actually here looking to make new friends,” she said in a sultry voice, “But you’re scaring them all away.”

“Oh, a new friend, huh? Whatever for? Does your husband know you’re here?” Richard said, not stepping back.

“My marriage is none of your business,” Sarah said as she sipped at her glass.

“Still being so standoffish, just like at the hospital,” Richard shook his head, “What kind of new friend are you looking for?”

Sarah levelled her gaze at him, reached into her purse and pulled out the hotel room key. She set it on the bar top and held Richard’s gaze, “The kind of friend who can give me what I need.”

Richard cocked an eyebrow at her, and the grin stayed plastered to his face. “Why roll the dice on a random new friend? Last time we had our fun, you seemed to really enjoy yourself. I did too.”

He picked up the key and slid it into his pocket. “Let’s go.”

Sarah held his eyes with hers for several seconds, giving him a contemptuous gaze. She reached out for her glass and downed the last of it before throwing some money on the bar. She slid out of her chair and headed towards the door without another word. There was a groan from the group of guys in the back, and she saw Richard wave at them from the overhead mirror as he followed her out.

“Come on,” Richard said once they were outside. He slid his hand around her waist, “My car’s this way.”

Sarah’s skin crawled under his touch. His fingertips pressed into her dress, eager to touch what he could feel underneath. “I knew you’d want more,” Richard whispered in her ear. When they got to his car, he pinned her against the passenger side door. His lips were on hers. He tasted like cheap whisky, but Sarah returned the kiss as he pressed his crotch against her. She could feel the heat from his growing cock as he ground himself against her. Despite her contempt for this man, her body was responding to his actions. Her back slackened against the door, and Richard pressed in harder. Sarah stifled a sincere moan as his tongue speared past her lips, spreading them.

Before she got lost in the moment and fucked him right here in the parking lot, she pressed a hand to his chest. "Slow down, big boy," Sarah gasped, "Let's go back to the room. I need something else to drink before I do this."

Richard smirked as he withdrew, clearly happy with himself. He backed away and opened the passenger door for Sarah, a stark contrast to when he'd last kicked her out of it. Sarah got in and Richard went into the driver's side. He reached into the back, where there was a leather satchel. He rooted around in it until he pulled out a flask filled with whiskey.

"Here, take a swig," Richard said as he started his car. It didn't seem like Lester had gotten in here, but she pretended to take a drink anyway. Richard drove them to the rundown motel, his hand greedily massaging her thigh the entire time.

"Your turn," Sarah said, handing him the whiskey. He took a long pull from it.

"Bring it in the room," Sarah said, opening her door, "Let's party."

Richard's smile widened. He took another drink, grabbed his satchel and followed her into the dirty room, different from the one they'd used, but just as squalid. Sarah took the whisky from him and pretended to have another drink. She handed it back to Richard as his arms encircled her from behind. His cock pressed against her backside, and again, Sarah found herself responding to its growing presence. Her ass wiggled back against it seductively without her even realizing it.

"Let's finish this," Sarah said as she let go of the bottle. Then his lips were on her neck, kissing the area that Dan, and then Lester, had learned could work so well to get her going.

"Mhmm," Sarah let a moan slip out. If Lester's plan didn't work, she would be bent over the bed soon. Richard took another long pull of the whisky and handed it back to Sarah. His hands landed on her breasts, and he gave them a gentle squeeze. He quickly found the straps of her dress, and it wasn't long before he'd pulled them down her arms. He wasn't watching her pretend to drink.

He pulled her to the bed and sat on it, as he pulled the dress down her body, exposing her lacy white bra and thong underwear. He clearly liked what he saw as her dress dropped to the floor. He didn't even seem to notice as Sarah handed the whisky back to him, and he absent-mindedly drank a healthy swig from it.

Sarah stepped up between his manspreading legs and swayed her hips alluringly. His grubby hands were on her thighs, running up the delicate material still hugging her hips. She pushed them down as she knelt. Her knees pressed into the disgusting carpet that was harder than it should've been. Sarah suppressed a gag, wondering when the last time the rug had been steam cleaned. Her hands ran up and down Richard's pants-covered legs, teasing him. She raised an eyebrow at the flask, "You gonna finish that?"

Richard looked at her through half-lidded eyes, seemingly swaying in place. He offered it to her with a shaking hand, slurring his words, "You want it?"

"I'm gonna have my mouth full of something else," Sarah said as she tugged at his worn belt.

Richard laughed and leaned back on his elbows, emptying the contents of the flask down his throat. In one swift motion, Sarah pulled Richard's belt out of his pants and threw it on the floor. Her hands quickly worked the clasp of his pants while Richard started unbuttoning his shirt. He raised his hips as Sarah pulled down his pants and boxers together, letting his fat cock spill out.

Sarah let out an unsteady breath, staring down at its length. Thoughts of her scheme with Lester slowly retreated to the back of her head as she grasped his cock and felt its warm power in her palm. Without waiting, she lowered her mouth to it and sucked it in.

“Ughh,” Richard groaned as he laid back on the bed. The empty flask tumbled to the floor. Sarah stroked his swelling shaft and savoured the taste of the man as his hard cock slid in and out of her mouth. Sarah moaned and pulled off his cock, licking down his hardened shaft, her hand running up and down it. She moaned into his cock, getting lost in the act. Her other hand cradled his wrinkled balls. Sarah licked up his shaft and swirled her tongue around his cockhead, catching the precum that had begun to slowly ooze out of it.

There was a click from somewhere close by, but only part of Sarah’s brain registered the sound.

“Such a trooper. Still going at it, huh?” Lester’s voice said, shocking Sarah out of her sex induced trance. She looked over to see the odd little man standing at the foot of the other queen bed, going through Richard’s satchel. Fear spiked in her, and she glanced up at Richard. He was splayed out, starfished on the bed, heavy breaths coming from his throat.

Sarah pulled herself back, her hand still wrapped around his cock as she regarded him.

“He’s out,” Lester said tersely, “Good job.”

Sarah reluctantly let go of the cock and rose to her feet. She went next to the bed and tentatively poked Richard in the chest. He grunted in his sleep in response. Lester came and sat down next to the passed-out executive. He had Richard’s laptop on his lap. He grabbed Richard’s hand and pressed his finger to the key on it, unlocking the system.

“He saves all his passwords to Chrome,” Lester chuckled, “Idiot.”

Sarah noticed for the first time that Lester was wearing latex gloves as he typed away on the computer. She looked between her passed-out former CEO and her husband’s roommate’s fat frame, hunched over the laptop. It was surreal to know this was happening in a dirty, no-tell motel. When had this become her life? She should be home watching trashy reality TV on Netflix right now, not living it.

Instead, she was standing in nothing more than her lacy white bra and panties in the middle of this bizarre scene. Lester continued to ignore her, typing away, and Sarah began to regret the whole thing. At least Richard had been paying attention to her.

“Come here,” Lester said, patting the bed next to him. Sarah wrapped her arms around herself and walked to him. She had to move Richard’s arm in order to sit. The screen in front of Lester was filled with a myriad of different windows, some she recognized as hospital applications, others looked like Richard’s personal files.

“Let’s get started,” Lester said and pulled up LinkedIn. He had a message composed that appeared to be formatted as a DM. It was sloppily written, the hallmark of someone who was drunk. Instead of being sent as a DM, it was going to be posted to Richard’s wall. It made it seem like Richard was talking shit about hospital staff and a couple of the board’s members.

“Shall I do the honors?” Lester asked. Sarah swallowed, knowing there was no going back from this. She nodded, and Lester pressed the enter key. The screen refreshed, and the post was now up on his wall.

Next, Lester opened Richard's email. There was suddenly another sloppily written email, and this time she recognized the name of the female department head it was addressed to. But Lester had added the entire hospital directory to the email.

"Gonna be hard to walk this back, especially without Mary to cover for him," Lester said, "I'm sure the board is gonna want to get an emergency HR person in sooner rather than later. They'll have to deal with this at once."

"It's crazy," Sarah said, knowing it would land like a bomb in the hospital. The email was quite suggestive and propositioning of the married department head. Sarah knew her, she wouldn't take it well. This is something she'd bring right to HR.

"He's going to know it's me, Lester," Sarah said, "He'll know I did this."

"His memory will be fuzzy. Trust me," Lester said, "Besides, what's he gonna do? Tell his wife you went on his laptop while he was innocently in a grungy motel room with you? The divorce will ruin the guy. I mean, so will this, but you know what I mean."

"Let's wait to send this one," Lester said, putting the laptop onto the nightstand. He eyed her up and down, "Now what can we do while we wait?"

Before Sarah could answer, Lester's hands were on her bare hips, pulling her towards him. He licked his lips, and she felt his cock pressing against his sweatpants into her hip. She stifled a moan as his fat lips kissed her neck and trailed down to her heaving chest.

"Been dying to fuck you since our little video call this morning," Lester said, "Should have made you drive over and suck me off in the hospital parking lot."

"Mhmm, what made you hotter? Seeing me in that car playing with myself or fucking over someone like Mary?" Sarah held onto his shoulders as Lester's tongue started its expert lapping at her breasts.

"Both. I love fucking with people. Like Mary. Richard. Dan. Mhmmm. Whoever," Lester said between slurps of her breasts, "But it was hot seeing you get off to it too. Touching yourself while I stroked my cock. Knowing what we did together. Real partners in crime."

"That was so hot," Sarah breathed, revelling in the memory of Mary being escorted out of the building. She'd reclaimed some of her power. She opened her eyes and looked over at Richard's passed-out form. And she'd reclaim just a bit more of the power they took from her tonight.

Lester pulled her down onto the bed, lying with his waist right next to Richard's head, "Take it out."

Sarah cocked an eyebrow at Lester, but wanted to see where he was going with this. She pulled down his ratty sweat pants. The large bulge in his tight white underwear looked cartoonishly comical. She shook her head and pulled the raggy briefs down too, freeing the massive organ that she had been salivating over since earlier in the day.

"This is what I wanted," Sarah said aloud to herself. Lester possessively grabbed a handful of her pretty blonde mane and pulled her down onto his cock. Sarah didn't so much as hesitate. She opened her mouth and took Lester's enormous cock into it, moaning as it filled her. She slid her tongue underneath his bulging cock, tasting him, confirming that he hadn't cared to shower before their 'date'. It disgusted her, but another part of her was so attracted to how Lester just did whatever he wanted and made no apologies for who he was.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned around Lester’s cock. She looked up at him seductively, seeing his fat head and stubble spread unevenly across his three trembling chins. It wasn’t a great angle, but she was looking at him through eyes shaded with lust, knowing what he could do to her.

“Suck my cock right next to your boss,” Lester chuckled.

Sarah’s eyes darted to Richard’s passed-out face, his mouth hanging agape as he snored away. Part of her wished he was awake to watch what was about to happen. She loved putting on a show for an audience. This was fucked up, but she was loving it. Richard had walked in here thinking he was going to fuck her, only for Lester to take his place.

“You’re essentially cucking Richard tonight, you know that?” Sarah asked as she lovingly licked up Lester’s hairy shaft.

The fat man chuckled, “Yeah, I guess I kind of am, aren’t I? Too bad he’ll never know about it. Not like old Danny boy - did you see how impotent he looked standing at the door? Jesus, how could he just let you leave with another man like that?”

“Mhmmmm, it must have been humiliating,” Sarah teased as she worked Lester’s shaft with both hands, admiring it as it grew even larger.

Lester slapped Richard on the face and chuckled to himself. “Dan is the best to fuck with. He’s always so weak. And he hates how much he enjoys all of it.”

Sarah thought back to their afternoon reconciliation. Dan had been so angry and worked up before, yet a few hours later, he’d just stood by as she walked out the door to go to Lester, knowing she was going to fuck him.

“God, you’re a pro at that,” Lester said, hands behind his head as Sarah bobbed up and down on his cock in a well-practiced motion. She licked the underside of his cock in her mouth while her hands consummately worked his shaft and gargantuan balls. She could do this all night, worship his powerful cock. She lowered her head, pushing his cock into the back of her throat. Her lips were spread wide as she struggled to take all of him in. The angle wasn’t the best when she came from above; she couldn’t fit his entire length all in. His pubic hair wasn’t even touching her nose.

“You’ve taught me well,” Sarah purred, “I’d never sucked a cock this big until you came along.”

“I love when you talk dirty. Fuck, it’s hot knowing an innocent little milf talks like that now,” Lester said.

“I was never innocent,” Sarah said, playing with his cock. Looking at it thoughtfully, “And I’ve always talked dirty.”

“Well, you better save some of that dirty talk for when we call Dan in a minute,” Lester said.

A shiver shot through Sarah, her thighs rubbing together. “You want to loop Dan into this? I thought you wanted me all to yourself?”

“Let’s just say I’m in the mood to spread the humiliation around tonight,” Lester shrugged and pulled off his dirty shirt. “And I know it gets you off, too. Mary, now Richard here. Dan needs a turn. Actually, get up here now. Take those panties off.”

Sarah shimmied out of her white lacy thong and gave one more look to the sleeping Richard, then crawled up the bed to Lester’s cock. The feeling of the cool air of the motel room on her newly

exposed pussy reminded her just how wet she was. She was about to mount him when his hand stopped her, "Not yet. Just rub yourself against it for a second."

Somewhat annoyed, Sarah pressed her pussy lips against the girthy shaft of Lester's cock. She ground herself against it, feeling its hardness and veins run over her clit and pussy lips. It felt good, and soon she got lost in the rhythm. But each time she pulled up near his cockhead, she had to stifle the instinct to just slam herself down onto his massive shaft.

Lester fumbled for his phone at the side of the bed. He gave her a sly smile as he opened it up. He showed her the screen when he'd pulled up Dan's contact info, and he hit the dial button for a FaceTime call.

It rang and rang. Sarah was worried that he wouldn't answer. But then she heard her husband's voice.

"What do you want, Les..." Dan trailed off, and it took Sarah a minute to figure out why. Lester was now pointing the camera directly at his cock with Sarah's pussy behind it in the frame.

"Okay, Sarah," Lester said, "Now be a good girl and slowly get on my cock. We don't want Danny to miss any of this."

Sarah bit her lip, wishing she could see Dan's face, but Lester held the screen toward himself. She wasn't entirely sure if her husband was still there with the lack of sound from his end. Sarah pushed her pussy against Lester's thick shaft and rose, inch by inch, until her pussy was positioned directly over Lester's surging cock head. Without waiting for permission or another denial, she slowly lowered herself down on it.

Lester's fat cockhead pushed her lips aside, then gradually disappeared inside of her.

"Ffffuuckk," Sarah moaned. Lester was pointing the camera up at her face now, capturing her reaction to taking in his cock. She looked at him seductively, pleading to the camera and Lester for more as she lowered herself further.

"Stop," Lester said, his hand on her hip. Sarah shot him a disappointed look. Lester pointed the camera at his cock and her pussy again, "See that, Danny? I think that's about your whole length. What I've got inside her right now."

He panned the phone down to the bottom of his shaft, showing him the extra exposed inches of his throbbing shaft still not in Sarah yet, "We've got a long way to go until she's properly filled up. How's it feel knowing I touch parts of your wife you'll never be able to? Hell, your fingers probably can't even get as deep as my cock can. And that's not even considering how much wider I spread her pussy open."

"Okay, Sarah, all the way down now. Make sure Danny sees how much of my cock you can take," Lester said. Sarah bit her lip and nodded, lowering herself down Lester's massive appendage, inch by heavenly fucking inch. Lester kept switching the camera to frame her face and then lower to show Dan as his cock slowly disappeared within her.

Finally, Lester was fully embedded inside of her, and the lust-racked wife took a second to breathe and adjust to his size. All the while Lester was filming her reaction, "Faces you've never seen on her, right little buddy? Sarah, you ever notice how Danny just doesn't talk or respond when we're fucking? Weird right? Like I kind of want an 'atta boy' or high five, ya know? I mean, I am doing his

job in keeping you satisfied. Or should we call it my job now that we're in a throuple? It's hard to keep straight."

Sarah groaned. Lester's cock felt so fucking good inside of her. She needed this. Needed to feel this full. Through half-closed eyes, she stared down at the obese monster that was Lester. His wispy hair on his head was out of control like a dishevelled mad scientist. She knew it signalled a lack of proper care and hygiene but her body didn't care. To her, in that moment, it told her that he didn't care about anything else, other than being with her. Other than making her feel amazing. She bit her lip and found herself drawn to his scruffy and unkempt look.

"All I know is now I'm bringing home the bacon and giving Sarah what she needs." With that, Lester thrust his hips up, pushing deeply into Sarah and making her jump with pleasure. "You're kinda expendable at this point, little buddy."

"Fuckkk Lester," Sarah moaned, her jaw hanging open as she looked past the phone, locked on Lester's glaring beady eyes. He felt so fucking good, better than the last time. She felt so full, fuller than she had earlier with Dan.

"I needed this," Sarah panted. She ran her arms up Lester's body, almost ignoring the camera entirely. Lester eagerly angled the camera to catch every move she made.

"Tell Danny," Lester said. Sarah gave Lester a naughty smile and looked down at the back of his phone.

"I needed this," she whispered huskily. She licked her lips and gave Dan a special message, "I didn't get what I needed today."

"And what did you need, baby?" Lester whispered.

"Lester," She moaned into the phone's camera, "I needed Lester."

Lester's smirk grew, and he laid back as far as he could, holding his phone close to his chest to point it up at Sarah's beautiful form. He captured her as she eagerly rode his cock, up and down, her mouth quivering with pleasure. She threw her head back in ecstasy, her hands grasping her breasts. She played with herself, palms pressing into her firm nipples, all the while Dan stayed silent on the other end.

She both hated and loved his silent complacency. Sarah looked down at Richard lying there, unconsciously playing a part in a wicked threesome. Or foursome, she reminded herself. It was all so deliciously fucked up. She knew Lester liked fucking with people. She knew Dan got off on being humiliated. So she decided to lean into both urges.

She bit her lip and leaned forward, giving Dan a great view of her ample hanging breasts. She continued to frantically ride Lester's cock, it hurt so good, felt so right inside her. She stifled a soft moan. "Dan, he's, he's going to make me cum."

The words were like music to Lester's ears. He was half tempted to look down at his screen and see Dan's reaction, but Sarah was a much more appetizing vision to look at. Sarah's little whispers toying with her husband were cute, and all but Lester wanted to kick things up a notch. Pull them both into his own perverse fantasies, letting the couple act them out without either one realizing it.

"Did you tell him?" Lester asked as he strenuously pumped his misshapen hips up off the bed, "Does he know?"

“No,” Sarah said. A confused look momentarily appeared on her face, then quickly disappeared, replaced by the seductive look of a willing accomplice. “I was waiting for you to do the honors.”

“Good girl,” Lester said, letting one of his hands trace up Sarah’s thigh and hold her hip in a domineering fashion. She was finally his. It might not be tonight, but he knew it would happen soon, once her hormones regulated. She wasn’t on her birth control anymore. To Dan and Sarah, the words would all just be the pretense of dirty talk, but he knew the truth behind them.

Lester suppressed a cackle as he watched Sarah ride him. Ride him with her fertile body on his naked, unprotected cock.

“Danny,” Lester said, unable to wipe the shit-eating grin off his face, “We’re trying.” He stopped himself from saying more, his laughter almost bursting out.

Dan didn’t respond, but Lester could hear his pathetic breathing and the sound of ruffling coming from his phone. He didn’t care to look at his roommate’s face. Lester controlled himself and continued, “Sarah, Sarah’s stopped her birth control. And I got my operation reversed.”

Sarah cocked her head, trying to read him. He thrust his unfit hips up off the bed to silence her.

“Ughnmhmmmm,” She moaned, her hands slapping down on his gut to brace herself for the pounding from below. She panted hard, and her pussy tightly squeezed his pistoning cock. She loved all of this.

“Your wife is unprotected,” Lester said, “You really should have stopped her from leaving tonight. You just let her walk out the door to be impregnated. Fucking cuck.”

Sarah shivered on top of him, her blonde hair framing her beautiful face as she sucked in a hissed breath. She opened her eyes and looked up at Lester with the rawest, most animalistic fuck me eyes he’d ever seen from her. She was practically glowing with incandescent lust.

“We didn’t want you to miss out on the moment,” Lester said, “Sarah wanted you to be there at the conception of the next mouth you’re gonna have to feed. We decided to try for at least one more.”

“Fuck baby,” Sarah raked her nails against his sunken chest and bloated gut as she rode him cowgirl. Lester wanted to flip her over and pound her. To really drive into her spread-eagled when he unleashed his cum into her. But there was something wicked about watching her willingly ride him to the point of no return, pushing him up into her of her own will, accepting it and letting it happen.

And a perverted part of Lester wanted Dan to sit there and watch the insemination happen. He never cared or got off on Dan being there. But he did take great pleasure in inflicting mental scars on the man, and this could be another, perhaps the greatest of them all. Sarah’s complicity in the act made it feel like his cock had never been harder than it was in this moment.

“I’m sorry,” Sarah said huskily, staring down at the phone, “I didn’t know how to tell you. I know we always talked about stopping at two, but...god Dan...”

Sarah was playing her part perfectly, but she didn’t know how close to reality what she was saying was. “Just the thought of Lester cumming in me and knocking me [up....at](#) first it was just a fantasy but fuck...I can’t....I want it to happen, Dan...God, I need him to....I want him to explode inside me completely unprotected and do it. Do it. FFuuck...”

“Don’t be sorry,” Lester said, comfortingly rubbing her thigh as he filmed her, “Danny wants this to happen. Otherwise, he’d speak up, right?”

Amidst her involuntary expressions of lust and pleasure, she managed to give him a knowing smile, "Dan, you want Lester to put a baby in me? To fuck your wife like crazy until he finally claims me completely like this? By making my belly swell with another child? Is that what you want, Dan?"

Lester chanced a glance down at the screen. Dan's face was an intense mix of arousal and anger. Surprisingly, both of his hands were visible, balled into fists. Lester noted that the man wasn't jerking off as expected of the sad cuckold he'd become. It looked like he was trying to muster the mental fortitude to respond. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, Lester pressed the mute button on the screen.

Sarah licked her lips, expectantly, waiting to savor her husband's reply. All the while, she slowly teased herself, riding up and down Lester's staggering cock at a snail's pace. Dan's mouth was moving on the phone screen, visible only to his roommate. Lester looked up at Sarah, "I guess he does, otherwise he would say something, right?"

"Okay. Fuck. Okay," Sarah breathed as she increased her pace, eyes locked on her obese lover's. Lester felt her vaginal walls tighten around his cock, and he gave a couple of lazy thrusts up into her in response. Sarah's mouth hung open agape with each one. "We're doing this," she breathed, fully getting into the fantasy, letting it run rampant through her mind, "Lester's really going to knock me up. Your fat, creepy slob of a roommate is going to impregnate your wife. This is what you want? Is my husband really going to let this happen? That's so, sooo fucked up."

"It's fucking pathetic," Lester growled. He held the phone and leaned his arm against the cheap plywood headboard, propping it up so the screen faced the wall. He was done fucking the young mother with one hand. He grabbed both of Sarah's lithe hips and pulled her down onto his straining cock.

"Ughhhhhh...mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, rolling her hips in time with Lester's angry thrusts. She was already working herself up to an orgasm. She planted her hands on Lester's chest, then slid them up to his slumping shoulders and started licking his hairy chest while her perfect ass worked up and down the contours of his ridiculously large cock. The angle felt amazing. Between loving licks, she whisper-groaned, "Fuck. Close."

Lester ran his hands over her hips and ass, letting the woman he owned do her thing. She bucked spastically up and down on him, her tongue bathing his skin in cool saliva. She pushed herself up so that she was face to face with Lester, looking into his beady eyes, "Feels so good, Lester. I'm almost there."

"Cum for me, Sarah, give me one. Squeeze me. I have buckets of my cum to dump into you tonight," Lester breathed foully.

"Fuck I want it. I want it, Lester. I want all your cum. Fuck, please," Sarah's eyes rolled shut as she focused on the sensations of Lester's disproportionately grandiose cock sliding in and out of her sopping slit. She pushed her ass up and down, taking his cock in her pussy, sliding against the rough ridges of her G-Spot.

An entirely new feeling began coalescing in her stomach. It had the tingling of a massive orgasm, but it felt deeper somehow, like it was bubbling up from where her mind connected with her body. In an instant, something essential felt like it broke, and all at once, a tsunami of pleasurable fire seemed to rip through the break and spread out across her quaking body. Her toes curled, and she forgot how to breathe as all her muscles tightened in excruciating rapture. Sarah's mouth hung open, twisted in

ecstasy as her orgasm hit her in exultant waves, spiralling across every inch of her soul. “Guuuhhh-Mhmmmmmmmmmm-Uhhohhhhhhhh.”

“Not sure Danny knows that sound,” Lester muttered to himself in awe of the shaking wife’s display. Sarah’s pussy squeezed his cock like a vice and stayed perfectly still, gripping the bulky girth mid-shaft for several seconds. Once Lester heard Sarah take a breath, both of his fat hands dug into the skin of her hips. He hoisted up his sizable waist and speared her pussy deep with his overgrown cock.

“Uhhhh,” Sarah said, caught utterly off guard. Lester dropped his jutting hips back down to the bed, then repeated the emphatic movement, lifting Sarah’s body up with him. Each time she inhaled sharply in response. It took three or four thrusts for her to begin to catch her breath and start aggressively pounding back down onto him, “Uhhh.”

Lester’s grungy hands were all over her now. Her toned back, her bubble-shaped ass, her sloping breasts. He was hungry for her, hungry to plant his sloshing seed deep within her fertile womb. Sarah ground her hips down on Lester’s towering cock, agonizing over how amazing it felt inside of her as it touched deeper than Dan or any other man had ever been. Ignited more of the nerve endings inside of her, filling her with life-altering pressure. The urgency of his hands on her body made her wetter than she could ever remember, but this beast of a man was in no danger of slipping out of her. Not when there was so fucking much of him.

Lester again pushed his hips up hard, pushing Sarah further up off the bed. He felt like this must be what a fucked up yoga pretzel pose felt like, but then Sarah’s eyes closed while her mouth expelled a held breath. It was worth the exertion. With another huff of breath, he dropped his jiggling hips to bed, eliciting another loud moan from the sexy mother of two. Lester kicked his leg out in exertion, and it hit something hard. He didn’t have time to look, but he suspected it was Richard’s head. As he thrust up again, he gave it another boot for good measure.

Sarah responded to the motion, “God Lester. Fuck. Feels so good, baby. Sooo good.”

“It’s gonna feel even better when my cum explodes into you. Hitting every part of you, filling you up, making you...”

“...Knocked up,” Sarah finished his sentence, “Making me pregnant! Putting your baby in me! Fucking it into me! Fuck I’m gonna have Lester’s baby, Dan.”

“Beg for it,” Lester said as Sarah’s well fucked pussy squeezed his cock firmly again. She felt amazing, wrapped around him. It felt deeper than any connection she’d ever experienced. He stared up at her, her beautiful face staring back at him with an unquenchable blaze of want and desire. Looking at him like he was the only thing that mattered to her. The phone had been completely forgotten as they held each other’s loving gaze. Lester’s giant balls prickled, an early sensation of his impending eruption.

“Please, Lester. Please do it. Do it. Fuck. Explode in me. I want to feel your cum pouring out of me,” Sarah humped on his piercing cock. Each time she went up and down, her mouth seemed to quiver. As the words poured out of her, she repeatedly slammed herself down on him faster and faster. There was a light sheen of sweat on her immaculate face and shoulders. Lester’s hips thrashed wildly up off the bed, meeting her downward momentum. He kicked Richard in the head again in their passionate frenzy.

"I need to feel your cum, make me pregnant, Lester. Knock me up. Fuck. Make me a mommy, Lester. I want it!" Sarah cried, pounding down so hard on his inflated cock. Sarah let the words slip from her mouth, lost in the sensations of Lester's giant cock deep inside of her. She'd say anything to keep feeling like this.

Lester grabbed both sides of her face and pulled her lips down to meet his. They mashed together, tongue and teeth. A kiss as ugly as it was fiery. Both of them hungry for the other. Their tongues clashed, battling for supremacy in each other's mouths, swirling around ferally, exploring every inch of the other's open oral cavity.

They parted, a strand of saliva breaking between them, both panting hard, each of them fucking the other into delightful oblivion. For a moment, Sarah forgot all about her birth control pills and felt like she was actually on the verge of being impregnated again. Being knocked up by this beast of a man, by their outlier on the edge of society. But she didn't stop for a single second. Not even to give it a moment's thought.

"I'm gonna cum," Lester declared in a bellowing voice. Someone in the room next door knocked hard on their wall, angry at the interruption.

Sarah slammed back down onto Lester, his declaration and its consequences clear in her mind.

"Do it!" Sarah screamed, "Cum for me, Lester! Cum...Mhmmm....FUCK CUM. GIVE IT TO ME."

"GONNA," Lester breathed hard, "GONNA KNOCK YOU THE FUCK UP."

"DO IT!" Sarah screamed in his face. She pushed forward and kissed his lips again. Lester's body was thrashing beneath hers as they fucked athletically. She broke the kiss and in a hoarse whisper, said, "Knock me up, big boy. Fill me with your seed. I want your cum. Drench me. I want it. Make a baby in me."

Lester roared, his hips raising off the bed as he rammed his cock as deep into Sarah as he possibly could. She held onto him, wrapped around him with both her arms and legs. She clenched down with her pussy around his cock, feeling every inch, every twist, every vein of his perfect organ. As she did, her body shuddered, and she screamed as an incredible orgasm tore through her shaking form.

The knock from the other side of the wall came again, and the sound left her conscious brain as everything, every stimulus and sensation seemed to swirl together inside her. She was a mass of writhing, pleasure, fireworks going off inside of her, her eyes rolling back until just the whites of her eyes were exposed as her head tilted back to face the ceiling. She lost her breath as her body tensed to a breaking point, and a fluid warmth spread through her in a mind-blowing, nuclear chain orgasm.

Then the awaited event happened. Lester's cock expanded inside of her, and she felt a magnified waterfall of splattering cum deluge inside of her, blasting across her insides, bathing her in gouts of Lester's hot, sticky, forbidden baby-making batter. It felt so thick and heavy as it poured into her. It was impossibly scalding, and her body rocked as another unthinkable orgasm rose up out of nowhere, dwarfing the detonation before it and crashing down on her writhing form, making her go completely limp.

Sarah's exhausted body fell onto Lester's, forcing him down to the bed as she continued convulsing in abject mind-shattering pleasure. Lester's cock kept emptying itself inside her fertile pussy. Loads and loads of Lester's illicit swimmers blasted into Sarah, exploring each part of her, flowing down his balls to stain the unclean comforter.

They breathed hard together, a hot sticky mire of limbs and fluids, lying together connected as one entity. They both drifted off to sleep contentedly, completely forgetting the cellphone that had fallen onto the floor.

Across town, Renee was seated on a barstool. She was supposed to be at her book club, but when she arrived, she saw a text saying it had been cancelled. James was already off playing pool with some of his friends, and she didn't want to go home to an empty house. But she hadn't explicitly planned on going to a bar.

She sat there, hesitantly drinking her fine wine, aware that men were looking at her. She wondered if any of them would approach her. She'd stopped at the first place she'd seen, and normally, she wouldn't ever step foot in a place like this, let alone on this block. It was what she could only describe as 'seedy.'

But she sat there and sipped at her drink. When it was done, there was an itch she just had to scratch. It had been plaguing her. Always there at the back of her mind at the most inappropriate times. She slid off the barstool and headed toward the bathrooms. The hallway was gross, the walls looked sticky, but she soldiered on.

Just a quick bathroom break and I'll go, she told herself. She found the door marked for women and went inside. It was just a single stall, and she locked the door behind her. She glanced at the wall but didn't see what had filled so many of her recent dreams. There was no hole in the wall. No hungry man on the other side.

She shook her head. It was stupid. She shouldn't even be here. Without using the facilities, she went back out to the bar to settle up. As she did, a man approached her. She saw him coming from across the bar, his eyes trailing her up and down. He looked like the kind of rough-and-tumble man a sub-contractor might hire for manual labor. Before he could get any closer, she dropped a ten on the bar and hurried out the door to her car.

As she drove off, peeling out of the run-down neighborhood she was acutely aware of a hot dampness starting in her panties.

The phone rang twice before Marcus answered it. He didn't check the number but muted himself on the video call.

"Marcus," he said, watching the screen. One of the scientists in their cognitive divergence division was presenting on results from one of their latest test subjects. How he'd scored on his most recent test. It was promising to see how much he'd changed after their repeated nudging and influence while the man slept.

The integrated audio and visual system built into the house had made their delivery system all too easy. And the scientists could even test and deploy new hallucinogenic messages remotely.

"It's me," a deep voice said from the other end of the line.

"Right," he said, recognizing the voice. It wasn't a high-priority call, but it was the one he'd been waiting for. The on-screen demonstration was much more promising for the future of the Lincoln Group and its benefactors than whatever information the caller could provide. "What do you have?"

“Interesting stuff here. Fucked up stuff, actually. Maybe it’s something in the water here, but I followed ‘em. The guy, Lester, from the hospital. I don’t know how he does it. But get this, he overlaps with the other people you sent me to look at.”

Marcus rolled his eyes. *Obviously*. He didn’t say it; he always kept his information siloed, especially from those in the field.

After a bit of silence, the man continued, “Anyways, the blonde, Sarah, she’s got two kids and, as you know, she’s married to Dan Williams. Well, get this, she’s some kind of freak, right? Pulling behind a gas station in the middle of the day just to have a go at herself. Later that night, Lester picks her up from her house, where her husband is just standing there, letting her go with him. So fucked up, right? Well, it gets even weirder. They go to a bar, and she heads inside. Then Lester gets out of his car and goes into the parking lot, gets in another car for a few minutes, then gets back in his own car. Sarah then comes out with another man and leaves with him in his car, the one Lester had gone into. Our boy Lester tails them back to this rundown motel. Sarah and the guy go in, and then Lester follows them after a few minutes. There was a gap in the curtain, and I could see inside after Lester had gone into the same room as Sarah and the old man she’d picked up.”

“The old man was passed out on the bed, while they fucked, loud too. All about knocking her up and stuff while he filmed it.”

Marcus tapped the desk with his fingers. It was a messier situation than he’d expected, but none of it had to do with Lester hacking into their network.

“Anything else?” Marcus asked.

“They both woke up in the middle of the night and left the room with the old dude still passed out. He drove her home. I didn’t stay to see what happened with the old man.”

“I want you to get into Lester’s office at work and take pictures of everything, got it? Don’t be seen.”

“I know how to do my job,” the voice said before the line cut out.

Marcus rolled his eyes again and filed the information away for later. He unmuted himself and returned to his meeting to see what developments were coming from their other divisions.