

Sarah just blankly stared down at the desk in front of her. She almost felt comatose. Her mind was racing, but each thought was more fleeting than the last. She couldn't hold onto any of them. She was aware of them but it was like her brain wouldn't let her go down any one pathway. Like it was trying to protect her from herself.

Her mind was running through everything that had gone wrong. Everywhere she had mistepped. All her mistakes. At the same time it was trying to think of a way out of this. A way to save her ass, trying to find a way for her to fix her situation. She was also mentally berating herself, how could she have been so stupid? Why had she so easily given in to her base desires? Her mind felt like it was spinning. She just wanted it to stop. She wanted to be out of this room, home curled up in bed with a glass of wine in her hand, numbing her brain until she could fall asleep and escape her life.

"Sarah?" a grating, condescending voice snapped her back to reality. Sarah felt tears in the corners of her eyes and berated herself again for being so weak. The last thing she wanted was to give this bitch the self satisfaction of seeing her cry.

"Sarah," Mary's voice came again, further rousing Sarah from her thoughts.

Sarah let her gaze linger on the wooden desk in front of her. She stared at a knot beneath the lacquer for a few more seconds. It's shape burning into her memory. Finally she mustered what little courage she had left to look up at the woman sitting across from her. Sarah was back in her old office, the one she has coveted so much. The one Lester had fucked in her in. But it was Mary sitting behind the desk – Sarah's desk. Sarah was seated in one of the guest chairs. An HR flunkie was sitting in the other.

Sarah had been to enough meetings to recognize this set up. The HR flunkie was here as a witness. To back up Mary's account of events during a termination incase Sarah sued them with wild accusations. It was all to cover the hospitals ass. Sarah had been that witness before. She'd even sat where Mary was. She wondered if that cruel old woman would take the same delicate care Sarah did when letting someone go.

Sarah met the older woman's eyes and refused to wipe the tears from her own eyes. They were already there, evident to everyone in the room but she didn't want to acknowledge them.

"Sarah, I think we all know why we are here right now," Mary said, "Normally we wouldn't be here so late but this matter had to be dealt with immediately."

What could Sarah do? Should she beg? Would begging work with this woman? Could Sarah even bring herself to beg? She needed her job. Her family needed her job. They needed this money to stay afloat. Both her and Dan couldn't be unemployed. The job market sucked right now and they had a mortgage and bills to pay. They had two little girls and now they wouldn't have any health insurance.

Sarah didn't say anything. She kept her lips in a flat line and just stared at the woman across from her.

"Do you know why we are here Sarah?" Mary said in a condescending tone.

Sarah steeled her nerves, worried that if she made any sound, they would come out as sobs, "Yes."

"For the record," Mary started, trying to conceal the smile from her lips, "Can you tell us why we're having this meeting today."

The bitch wanted Sarah to spell it out for her. Sarah was torn. She wanted to play along and give this woman what she wanted. To throw herself at her feet and pray for mercy. But she also knew that Mary was enjoying every second of this. There wouldn't be any mercy. And Sarah knew that her best bet was to keep her mouth shut and not incriminate herself further. On the off chance that she ever needed a labor lawyer to deal with the hospital, a confession like this wouldn't help her case.

Sarah tried to focus her mind. Racing, distracting thoughts wouldn't help her here. "I assume," Sarah started, looking at the HR flunkie, "that you want to discipline me."

Mary looked disappointed in Sarah's response. The older woman with the terribly applied make up leaned forward, "Not just discipline Sarah. Today you crossed several ethical boundaries that the hospital cannot look away from."

Mary slid a printed out stack of papers across her desk. Sarah recognized them and felt her heart drop.

"Do you know what this is Sarah?" Mary asked.

"It's the hospital's policy manual," Sarah said softly. Of course Sarah knew it. She had helped Mary's predecessor format it and put it together.

"That it is. I'm sure you haven't read it lately, otherwise you'd know about the hospital's policy and fraternization. Especially when it comes to engaging in such activities while on hospital grounds," Mary said. "You've broken those policies and may I add, quite explicitly today."

Sarah felt her shoulder's slump. She hated this. Hated sitting here in her old office being talked down to by this cruel old woman. The only reason this woman had any power over Sarah was because Sarah was desperate to keep her job.

"Ha," Mary sat back in her chair, "Oh I can't keep that act up any more. God this is hilarious."

Sarah's eyes flicked up to the old woman whose face had a cruel smile on it.

"How long were you fucking one of the janitors? I don't even know what his name was but that old creepy one. Really? I thought your oh so impressive husband got you some big new wedding ring yet here you are sneaking off to a meeting room to fuck that guy," Mary shivered.

Mary didn't stop, "I always knew miss good two shoes was hiding something. And to think you always acted like you were so much better than the rest of us, dressing up to get all the men's attention and acting like you knew everything. How many other men have you been sleeping with here? Is it just the one janitor or all of them?"

Sarah stared blankly at Mary. This woman sitting behind Sarah's rightful desk seemed happier than Sarah could ever recall seeing her.

"Months and months of you being a pain in my side and now you make it so easy for me. I hope the sex was good because you've really fucked yourself," Mary chuckled, holding both of her hands out in front of her, palms facing up like she was holding two plates.

"And now your fate is in my hands," Mary smiled widely, loving every second of this, "Right now no one knows besides me and a few of my team." Mary nodded her head to the HR flunkie sitting beside Sarah, "But what should we do? The policy manual is clear that you should be fired along with your janitor lover. But maybe there is a way we can let you keep your job. What do you think?"

Sarah blinked her eyes. She knew it was too good to be true but she lunged at the opportunity, "How?"

"Beg," Mary said, "I want the proud and untouchable Sarah Williams to beg me."

Sarah's mouth hung slightly agape at what she was being asked. Did Mary really want her to beg? Would she really let her keep her job? She knew that the compromising position she found herself in was an instant fireable offense, one that not even Lester could save her from this time.

"Really?" Mary scoffed at Sarah's silence, "You're too proud to beg? Don't you have children to take care of? Or is that husband of yours so well off that you don't really need this job? You always seemed to treat it more like a hobby than anything else."

“No,” Sarah said softly, finally making up her mind. She felt the tears welling up in her eyes again. “I need this job. Please, Mary, I know what happened was wrong. Inexcusable. But I need this job. Please let me stay. It won’t happen again and....I’ll even do whatever you need. I’m sorry for everything. Please Mary.”

Mary sat back in her chair, a self satisfied smile on her face. She didn’t say anything, just looked judging over Sarah. All Sarah could do was sit there and let this woman gaze at her. Shame welled up inside her. Shame at having to beg, shame at being in this situation in the first place.

After a full minute of silence there was a knock on the office door.

“Oops. Silly me,” Mary said to Sarah. Then raised her voice, “Come in.”

A security guard entered, one that Sarah had been on the interview panel during his hiring process. He was young and handsome in a boyish way. Sarah had ignored his stares in the past and hadn’t talked to him much. There wasn’t much interaction in their day-to-day.

“I’m sorry Mrs. Williams,” Mary said with a straight face and a glint in her eye, “But engaging in sexual activities with the janitorial staff is inexcusable. It’s right here in our policies that you agreed to when you started with us.”

Mary jabbed her finger down at the stack of papers in front of her, “I’m sorry but you left us with no choice. Your employment with the hospital is terminated. This fine gentlemen from security will escort you to your desk to collection your personal belongings. You will hand in your badge, keys, computer and any other company property to him before exiting the building.”

Sarah just stared daggers at Mary who stood up and moved to leave the office. *Fucking bitch.*

The HR flunkie had a banker box in her hand. Sarah didn’t know where it had come from. She handed it to Sarah and followed Mary out of the office. Sarah closed her eyes and bowed her head, trying not to cry.

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Sarah’s heels clicked as she crossed the parking lot. Thankfully most people had already left for the day. She still felt like everyone in the building was staring at her from the windows. She could almost feel their gazes on her back, judging her as the rumors swirled about her firing and the shameful circumstances surrounding it. That the once proud hospital administrator had been caught fucking the sleazy, creepy janitor. She just prayed that the rumors wouldn’t spread into the wider community and get back to anyone she knew.

She sighed as she passed by a parked car and saw the reflection of herself. She looked like a hot mess. Her hair looked like she’d just been through a tornado thanks to the fucking Otis had

given her. Her make up almost looked worse than Mary's with her mascara running from her tears. Her eyes were red from all the crying and she was pretty sure her shirt was on inside out.

Sarah unlocked her car and shoved the banker box full of her personal possessions into the passenger seat. Then she slumped over the wheel and finally let herself cry. She ugly cried for several minutes, sobbing into the steering wheel. She didn't know what to do. She felt like such a failure. She was lost, without an anchor and her mind started to drift into all the dark possibilities that life held in store for her.

She let herself wallow in self pity for over twenty minutes before she finally regained a shred of dignity and started to compose herself. She had to go pick up her girls and hopefully evade any questions from her parents. She would take the next day to feel bad about herself then she needed to figure out if she would still get severance and see how long her health insurance would last.

Sarah put her key in the ignition and turned it. Nothing happened. She let out a long, frustrated, pleading breath and tried it again. The engine didn't make a sound. It didn't turn over. She tried it again and again and again but it wouldn't start.

"FUCK ME," Sarah screamed at her car ceiling and smacked the steering wheel. She was breathing hard and she felt her chest tighten and the tears of frustration well up again. She couldn't just sit here and cry. She had to do something. She popped the hood and got out of the car, and stood looking down at the complicated maze that was her engine.

She just started at all the parts. People did this in movies. They'd look under the hood and have some kind of Ah-Ha! moment of clarity and figure out the problem. Sarah just looked down at the engine parts, the only thing she could discern was where the windshield washer fluid went. She looked at her phone and typed in 'car engine won't start' and tried in vain to look for a quick solution. Every page she went on offered a myriad of possible issues, each sounding complicated and expensive to fix. All being well out of the realm of her capabilities.

Sarah was about to call Dan but reminded he was probably flying home right now. She pulled up her father's contact info. Her finger hovered over the call button. If she called him, her dad would come here. He'd come with more questions and the possibility existed that they'd have to interact with someone from the hospital. Just the thought of her parents knowing she was fired and why made her close her phone. They were already worried that Dan was unemployed, even if he had a handful of clients. If they knew she was unemployed now too, they'd have a full on meltdown.

Movement across the parking lot snapped her out of her shame spiral. She'd recognized that slovenly body and its plodding footsteps. Lester was walking towards his black SUV. Anger seethed under her skin. She was mad at him. Furious. If he hadn't ditched their meeting this wouldn't have happened.

She forced herself to breathe. He hadn't forced her to fuck Otis. She'd done that on her own. Sure, she'd done it as a way to get back at him. To hurt him. But she'd chosen that. People cancelled meetings at the last moment all the time. And right now, she needed him.

Sarah was about to shout his name across the parking lot but the hospital looming over her stopped her. She imagined all the eyes watching her. She quickly dialed his number. Sarah watched as Lester answered it.

"Hey gorgeous," Lester said, "Are you okay?"

"Look to your right," Sarah said.

Lester turned and saw her. He didn't wave, just stood and stared at her.

"I heard you got fired," Lester said.

Sarah's heart sank. As his direct manager he would have heard all the details by now. He would know she had been caught fucking Otis. He'd be hurt. He probably wouldn't help her.

"Yes, please Lester I don't want to talk about it right now," the words tumbled out of Sarah's mouth, "My car won't start. Can you help me?"

"I'm not a mechanic," Lester said.

"I know. But can you give me a ride?" Sarah asked, "Please?"

She hated the way her voice sounded. Like she was begging. Begging just like she had with Mary.

"Fine," Lester said and he hung up on her. His portly body got in his SUV and he drove it over to her. Sarah retrieved her banker box and got in the passenger seat.

"You okay?" Lester asked a few minutes into their drive.

"No, not really." Sarah said, just staring ahead at the road.

"It's late. Don't you have kids to pick up or something?" Lester asked.

"My mom got them. I was going to pick them up but..." Sarah trailed off unsure what to do. With everything that had happened, she completely forgot about her girls.

"Want me to swing by your parents place? Pick them up?" Lester was acting surprisingly nice. She had expected him to talk shit to her about Otis but he appeared to show some actual empathy and was treating her with kid gloves.

Still, the idea of Lester's SUV pulling into her parent's driveway mortified her. Not only would she have to explain to her parents why Lester was in Middleton but she'd have to explain why he picked her up from work instead of her calling her dad for help. And she couldn't imagine the awkward glances her parents would share or putting her girls into a car with Lester.

"No, that's okay," Sarah said pulling out her phone to text her mom. She'd see if her parents could drop the girls off. "Thank you though. They need their booster seats anyways."

Sarah glanced into the bench seat behind her where the boosters could be installed. It was covered in fast food wrapper and other filth. She couldn't believe Lester had fucked her back there before.

"Just take me home please Lester," Sarah said, defeated.

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Lester tried his best to stop himself from humming the imperial march song while he drove down Sarah's street. She was a mess of a woman, sitting in the passenger seat just staring blankly out the window.

Perfect. Sexy, vulnerable and impressionable. Like putty in his hands. There was no way the hospital would ever take Sarah back. Not after being caught fucking Otis by someone who wielded as much power as Mary did. Mary was a vindictive bitch and she unknowingly played her part in Lester's plan to the letter. So did Otis. Did he get fired too? Lester wasn't sure and frankly didn't really care. He served his purpose in Lester's designs and could now be put out to pasture.

Lester was ecstatic that he didn't have any reason to linger in the hospital any longer. No more frivolous meetings or dealing with inept scyophants. He'd achieved his goals and then some. He turned his head to look out the driver side window, hiding the smile he was unable to keep from his face.

It had been almost too easy to manipulate the different variables and send Dan and Sarah spiralling onto this path. He'd engineered both of their professional downfalls. He just needed to apply pressure to the right areas and Sarah had spun out of control. And Lester and thrown Otis into the mix and changed a couple calendar invites and Mary was there. And the sad, desperate and volatile Jesse had been so impressionable to believe that Dan was hiding Sarah from him. Confronting him in Dan's office and causing a scene had been an unexpected yet oh so delicious surprise. It had worked out better than Lester could have planned.

Lester cleared his throat as he pulled his SUV into Sarah's driveway. The sun had already gone down and the neighborhood was dark. He felt like a predator stalking his prey in the dark. He'd almost let himself hum the song again. He needed to play the supportive rock character, despite

his internal excitement. This was too much fun. He'd never expected to have this much fun, pulling the blocks out of Sarah's life and watching the Jenga tower fall.

Hell, just a few YouTube videos and he'd easily figured out how to loosen the starter relay, unplug the crankshaft sensor and loosened the negative battery terminal on Sarah's vehicle. Then he just had to wait for the right time to make an appearance in the parking lot. When Sarah was at her lowest. All of which lead him here, back to Sarah's home and the place of more opportunities to corrupt her.

It would take a mechanic a little while to figure out what the issues would be. Hopefully long enough to rack up a nice bill that Dan and Sarah wouldn't be able to afford. They were both so susceptible to financial manipulation, it was almost too easy.

Lester's mind raced with all the possible ways he could fuck with someone's life. Drugging his roommates seemed so juvenile and beneath him now. It was so, so much more satisfying when they willingly gave themselves to him, unaware of his machinations. That sweet first push into them. Their face contorting from the unplanned pleasure. He hadn't ever had a desire to be watched by another man but taking another man's mate in front of him fueled something deep in Lester. A desire to conquer.

"Thanks Lester," Sarah said softly as she opened the car door. Lester snapped out of his reverie, grabbed his black backpack and quickly got out and followed Sarah.

"Lester..." Sarah said as he caught up with her on the walkway to her front door, "Not tonight. I just want to be alone."

"I know," Lester said in a comforting voice, the Imperial March still playing in the back of his head. "Let me just get you inside and settled and then I'll go, okay?"

"It's okay, you don't have to do that. I'm okay," Sarah said unconvincedly. Her hair was a mess and her eyes were almost bloodshot from crying. Complimentary seasonings to the perfect dish.

"You're not," Lester said as they stepped up to the door, "Believe it or not I care about you. I want to make sure you're okay."

Sarah didn't reply. She just opened the door and let them both in, "Five minutes. You can stay for five minutes, okay?"

"Okay," Lester said. Sarah walked into the house, dropping her purse onto a table. Her white, sleeveless blouse was on inside out. Her tight pencil skirt accentuated her perfect ass nicely. Lester narrowed his eyes watching her body and he his cock began to stiffen. He put his bag down against a wall, never once taking his eyes off her majestic form. He couldn't stop the smile from spreading onto his face as he followed her deeper into her home.

Sarah collapsed onto the couch burying her face in her hands. Lester couldn't stop smirking. He went into the kitchen and lightly slapped himself on the cheek to regain some control. He didn't like his body not doing what he needed it to do. He knew it was all too delicious and that he'd be fucking her soon. Sliding into her. Five minutes? Lester wasn't leaving.

He took two wine glasses out of the cabinet and generously poured Sarah's favorite red into one of them. He poured a bit in the other for himself, mainly for appearances then joined Sarah back in the living room.

"Here," Lester said holding out the glass. Sarah lowered her hands and looked at the wine apprecitively.

"Thanks," she took it from him and took a long sip from it. *Excellent.*

"I didn't get much details from Mary. She said it was sensitve and that she'd fill me in tomorrow. All I know is that you got fired and there wasn't anything I could do to change it. I tried Sarah, I really tried to get her to change her mind. What happened?" Lester said laying it on thick.

"I..I thought they would have told you. I don't want to talk about it right now, Lester," Sarah said staring into her wine. Lester moved and sat down next to Sarah, forced his arm around her and pulled her into him.

"It's okay Sarah, its going to be okay," Lester said, putting his fat hand on her had and pulling her body to his shoulder. He stroked her hair comfortingly while he sniffed and inhaled her sweet, sweet strawberry scenet. His repositioned his legs as his cock was growing stiff again. He didn't want her noticing it. Not yet.

"It's not okay Lester. Everything is fucked," Sarah's voice broke. Physical contact in highly emotional states tended to amplify emotions, especially in females. He needed to bring down her barriers and progress their night along. When she was at her lowest, he would build her back up. Conciously or subconciously she would see him as an emotional pillar, holding up her rebuilt self. Further entwining her to him.

"You don't have to hold it in anymore. It's just us," Lester licked his lips, "Let it out. I'm here. It's okay."

Sarah let out a strange noise he hadn't heard from her before. It took a second before his brain registered it as a sob. This sound was followed by more sobs as she buried her head into his chest and wept openingly. Lester could feel her tears on his shirt. None of this did anything to dampen his arousal. If anythign it only served to heighten it as he knew that soon he would be spreading those blemish free legs open and wrapping them around himself.

He gently stroked her hair, holding her tight to him. His other hand running up and down her back. His cock ached. He couldn't wait to slip off his pants and free it.

"Shhhhh," Lester said as reassuringly as possible, "It's going to be okay. You're okay."

Sarah pushed up off his chest and looked at him. She wiped the tears from her eyes, "It's not going to be okay. How is it going to be okay? I got fired Lester. Dan doesn't have a job. My family..." she gestured to the room around her, "all of this is at stake. We're going to be out on the street."

"I won't let that happen," Lester said as he cupped one cheek with his hand. He stared into her eyes. "I won't let anything like that happen to you okay? I'll take care of you. You and your girls. Nothing bad will happen as long as I'm around."

He saw the brief spark of hope behind her beautiful green eyes. He knew Sarah. He knew she'd run away from these feelings. Just like she ran away from her problems with her parents and work and into Otis's orchestrated arms, she'd want to escape this feeling of helplessness. She hated feeling weak and powerless. She wouldn't want to be a crying mess. She would be so desperate for feel anything else.

His hypothesis proved correct when Sarah leaned forward and kissed him. He held onto her face and kissed her, tenderly at first as he stepped into the role of her lover and protector. He felt the tears on Sarah's cheeks press against his.

She was grabbing onto his shirt, pulling Lester against her lips. He ran his chubby fingers through her hair as he held her head. His lips kissed, softly, tenderly. Furtive touches of their tongues as they just tasted each other and got lost in the moment. She needed this. It was clear to him. He decided to kiss her a little harder, stick his tongue into her mouth further, hold the position longer. Sarah moaned into the kiss, responding in kind just as he had hoped. He wanted to escalate their kiss from soft reassurance to the passionate on the path way towards copulation and insemination.

Sarah bit his bottom lip and pushed into him. Lester let himself fall back, Sarah lithe young body falling onto his. His hands began exploring. Running down her back and gently grabbing her supple bubble butt. Sarah moaned so he grabbed her harder, pulling her body against his. He slipped his hand underneath the material and kneading her bare ass cheek.

"Mhmmhmm," Sarah moaned into his mouth. Their tongues slid against one another as the young mother lost herself deeper into Lester's embrace. Their lips never broke from one another. She was just as hungry as he was for more of each other. Of connecting, of becoming one.

Sarah's body shuddered as Lester held her pinned to himself. Her hips bucked up and down as she grinded her skirt covered pussy against his flabby frame.

“Mhmm,” Sarah gently moaned as she rocked herself back and forth on him. Lester licked all around Sarah’s mouth and her own tongue licked up and down his. His hands were running all over her body. He couldn’t hold himself back anymore. He grabbed her ass, he cupped her breasts. Sarah pushed her chest into Lester’s had, so she could rub her shirt covered nipple against his palm. He pushed into her nipple with his thumb eliciting a sob like moan from her throat.

Sarah’s hand traced down Lester’s body until they found her intended target. She expertly undid his pants and slipped her hand inside his older boxers and gripped his throbbing shaft. Sarah broke their kiss and let out a deep breath as she just held his cock in her hand. She was breathing hard, clearly very aroused.

Lester was pleased they had gotten past the crying portion of the night and onto the main event. So much for five minutes. Sarah was breathing hard, her hand began running up and down Lester’s cock. Her eyes were unfocused, by kept flicking between Lester’s gaze and his lips.

A bright light shone across her face and Sarah froze. Headlights pulling into the driveway. Without letting go of his cock she sat up on the couch and peered out the window. Lester just laid there looking up at the angelic beauty in above him, her blonde lockes dangling down and tickling his cheeks. Even when she was a hot mess who had been crying she was still radiant.

“Fuck,” Sarah said and pulled her hand from his cock.

“What?” Lester said, staying where he was.

“My parents. My fucking overbearing parents.” Sarah stood up and began straightening her clothes, “Fuck they are going to see your SUV. Lester please. You need to go down to the basement and hide.”

“Hide?” Lester said. Fuck this. He was just so close to fucking her and now her parents showed up? Maybe he shouldn’t have gotten them involved in the first place.

“Yes, please. Hurry. I’m sorry. It’ll just be for a bit until I get them to leave. Or until I get the girls to bed. Please Lester I’m begging you,” Sarah said.

Car doors slammed shut outside. Lester wanted to protest. Wanted to open the door and wave his girthy cock at Renee and James and tell them that he was going to fuck their daughter and to come back later. But he needed to slip back into the supportive boyfriend role. He closed his eyes for a second and let out a breath, “Okay.”

Lester got up and grabbed Sarah around the waist and pulled her body to him. He gave her a deep kiss that she didn’t immediately return.

“We’ll continue this later,” Lester said. It wasn’t a question. Sarah’s shoulders slumped and she nodded. Then Lester moved quickly to the basement door and disappeared down the steps. Sarah grabbed the two wine glasses and quickly hid them in the kitchen.

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Satisfied that Lester was tucked away in the basement and hopefully wouldn’t make a surprise appearance, Sarah steeled her nerves once again and walked to her front door. Hopefully it would just be a quick drop off and she wouldn’t be interrogated by her parents again. She’d been avoiding them and they probably realized that. She really wished she hadn’t asked them to pick up and babysit the girls but she’d been in a pinch with the late meeting Lester had invited her to. The one that he had cancelled and Sarah had ended up fucking Otis and getting caught by Mary.

Sarah let out a long breath and closed her eyes. When she opened them a warm smile was on her face, all trace of nervouness fading from her features. She opened the front door just as her daughters and parents were coming up the walkway.

“Mom!” Her daughters yelled and hurried up the front steps to Sarah. She bent down and threw her arms around both of them. Sarah held her daughters tightly, trying not to let herself be overwhelmed by the thoughts of losing their house and putting these girls through hard times. She pushed the thoughts down and squeezed them tight.

“I’ve missed you guys,” Sarah whispered in their ears and gave them each a kiss on the cheek. Her parents had caught up to the girls and were standing on the porch watching the embrace. Sarah didn’t want to raise any suspicions with them, so she let go of the girls and stood up, “Okay girls, go on in and empty your lunches and whatever is in your school bags.”

The girls moved past Sarah into the house, she stood there looking at her parents who seemed to be waiting for an invitation to come in.

“Thanks for dropping them off,” Sarah said.

‘It’s not problem dear,’ Her mother said, “We’re always here to help you and the girls out.”

Sarah wondered whether her mom omitted Dan was intentional or not.

“Whose car is that?” Her Dad asked, thumbing over her shoulder at Lester’s black SUV in the driveway, “Your mom said your car wouldn’t start.”

“A coworkers’. She works at the hospital with her husband. When my car wouldn’t start she let me borrow it and rode home with him,” Sarah said. It was the best excuse she could come up with in such a short time.

"That's nice of them," Renee said, "It's always a plus having great coworkers," Renee said.

"Kind of a slob though," James said. He looked skeptical, "The car's full of junk food wrappers. Must stink in there."

Of course her dad had peeked through the window.

"Well I'm sure if they knew my car was going to break down and they were going to lend me theirs they would have cleaned it dad," Sarah said.

Her just shrugged his shoulders, "Alright well your mom is gonna stay here with the girls. Let's go take a look at your car and see if we can't get it started."

"What? Dad I just got home myself," Sarah said.

"I told your mom I'd come out and grab you at work but she said you were already on your way home. Well this way your mom can get the girls in bed and you and me can go take a look at your car," her father didn't wait for a response, her turned and headed back to this vehicle.

"You're father," her mom shrugged and moved past Sarah into the house. Sarah bit her tongue. This is exactly what she didn't want. She loved her parents but she didn't want to be told what to do. Behind her, her mom was helping the girls empty their bags. She trusted her mother to get the girls settled.

<i>Fine. Just get it over with.</i> Sarah thought to herself as she grabbed her purse and car keys. Locking the door behind her, she went out to join her father his the car. Just as she settled into the passenger seat, she realized that she had left Lester alone in the basement. Alone with her girls and her mother. Sarah gulped and was about to make an excuse to go back inside when her Dad quickly backed out of the driveway and took off towards the hospital.

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Lester frowned from the stairway leading to the basement. He was crouched over, his chest tight as he breathed hard squinting under the door. He'd been listening in to the conversation and Sarah had just left.

Well this isn't what he'd wanted. He should be buried inside of Sarah already, making her beg for his cum. He rolled his eyes as two pairs of feet ran past the door, followed by Renee's toned calves.

Now what the hell was he supposed to do? Did Sarah honestly just expect him to stay in her basement and wait for her? He turned and carefully made his way down the stairs. Turning on the light, he looked around the room. There was nothing down here besides the old futon he'd

fucked Sarah on and a bunch of storage boxes. What the fuck was he supposed to do? Just sleep?

There wasn't even a computer down here. Lester stopped and looked up at the ceiling. His bag was still up there with his laptop in it. If he could get that, he could get into the William's network and get onto the Internet.

Renee was supposed to get the girls down to sleep soon. It was dark up there. Once she was up on the second story with them, Lester could sneak out and grab his bag. Lester slowly went up the basement stairs, trying not to make any sounds. He wondered what would happen if Renee discovered him. That was an unpredictable predicament. Would he still be able to follow through on his long term plans with Sarah? How would they explain his presence there. It could be fun to test this and see what would happen.

But that scenario would take too much control out of Lester's fingers. It was better for him to control the reigns a bit more tightly. He crept his way up to the top steps and crouched over again, putting his eyes up to the crack beneath the door.

He couldn't see anything. He closed his eyes and listened. Water was running upstairs. It sounded like a bath tub was filling up. Renee must be giving the girls a bath. Now could be the perfect time to get his bag.

Lester waited a few more moments before cautiously turning the knob on the basement door. He edged it open slightly and listened. Nothing. Lester pushed the door open more and spied his black back pack sitting where he had left it. Most of the lights were off on this floor, besides the one outside the front door casting some light in. It was dark, further evidence that Renee was getting the girls ready for bed.

More confident now, Lester pushed the door open and crept out towards his bag. He grabbed it and turned back towards the basement when he heard small steps coming down the stairs. Lester lunged out of sight back towards the basement.

But he wasn't fast enough. A small scream filled the house as Lester pulled the basement door shut. His heart was beating fast as he rushed down the stairs. He pushed himself between some boxes and ducked underneath the unfinished wood stairs. He was breathing hard and he hated himself for it. Why was he running and scared just because a kid was screaming? The fear of being caught? He didn't know. He really shouldn't care but he still sat there crouched in the darkness.

The water upstairs stopped and he heard two more pairs of footsteps coming down the stairs.

"Whats wrong?" Renee asked from somewhere above, "Why are you screaming?"

“There...I saw....There’s a,” the girl stammered pathetically before finally finding her voice, “There was a monster. It was fat and ugly with hair all over its body. It looked like one of those trolls in that movie you yelled at Grandpa for letting us watch It just ran into the basement.”

Lester felt his ears get red and his nostrils flared. He wasn’t sure if he was more mad at the girl’s description of him or that fact that she was alerting someone to his presence.

“Well I’m going to talk to Grandpa about the kind of movies he lets you girls watch again. They get your imagination working in overdrive,” Renee said.

“I wasn’t imaginging it Grandma! I saw it. It went into the basement. I swear,” the girl said.

“Well lets forget about it for now and get you up into the bath,” Renee said.

“No grandma you have to check the basement to make sure its gone,” the girl demanded.

Lester could hear Renee sigh from his hidden spot in the basement before her footsteps grew closer. The basement door opened and Renee came down the steps. She stopped mid way down and turned the light on, peering around the basement.

“I don’t see anything,” Renee said. Lester stared up at her toned calves through the open slots in the staircase. He inched closer and smelt Sarah’s mother. She smelled just as good as Sarah did. He wanted to lick the back of her legs but held himself back from doing so.

“I think you’re scream must have scared the troll away. Its all gone,” Renee said. Lester wished the older woman had been wearing a skirt so Lester could peer up it. But soon she had walked back up the stairs and shut the door behind her. The water to the bath started up again and Lester left his hiding spot and moved onto the futon. He puled his laptop up and fired it up.

Within a few minutes he had brute forced is way onto the William’s network and connected to the internet. He noted that Renee’s phone was connected to the nextwork and he jotted down some information about it. If she browsed anything later he’d take a peek at it.

Once has behind a firewall and logged in through a secure VPN, Lester’s was logged into his private discord server. Not the one he used to coordinate WoW raids with Ned, Eugene and the others. But the one that helped faciliate his private business dealings. Business was still good but the lack of fresh content was going noticed by his customers.

Lester’s eyes bugged out of his head at the dozens of unanswered direct mesages waiting for him. He never had that many messages. He read the first one and frowned. When he read the second his frown deepened further. Each message was from someone on his server thanking him or alerting him to the fact that someone was releasing his entire catalog of videos. Each person claims someone had sent them dozens of videos that Lester usually charged for.

Someone was targetting him. He scrolled through his server and found people discussing the videos. Users he knew had never paid or who had only purchased a handful were eagerly discussing them. He immediately thought of Dan but quickly dismissed it. That idiot had no idea about Lester's private business nor would he have the ability to do this.

But each new person discussing it were lost sales to Lester. Why would they buy them when they could have them for free. There were also several messages taunting Lester and mocking him. Both as private direct messages and public messages for everyone to see. Lester checked his crypto wallets and ensured all his funds were still there. Nothing was missing. Even the new funds from his sale of the Lincoln Group Data was still there.

A few weeks ago Cronos had tried to hack him. Lester knew Cronos had deep pockets and likely had a team of hackers helping me. Lester wanted to slam his laptop onto the concrete blocks of the basement. He shouldn't be here. He shouldn't be in Middleton at all. He should be back at his command centre where he felt more comfortable tracking this down and fighting it, not stuck on a shitty futon while someone sang lulabies upstairs. He was under attack and felt impotent to do anything about it.

Lester decided the best course of action was to stop the bleeding. Reduce the amount of ways he could be targetted. He shut down his discord server and took it completely offline for the time being. There was only so much he could track through the private messaging client. Still, Cronos had been able to track him down before and try to infiltrate his network.

Lester clicked through his remote desktop monitoring software and saw that everything was secure and quiet in Chicago. The lack of discord would be a hit to his business but he could still sell directly through sites on the dark web, it would just be more annoying and require more legwork.

He spent the next half hour locking down any avenue of attack he could think up. He'd need to go on the offense soon but he couldn't do that until he was better situated. A window lit up on his laptop.

Lester eyed it. Renee was on her phone browsing the internet. Lester couldn't see her screen or which apps she was using. He could see the data packets in the transition and the URLs of the websites she was visiting. If Lester had to guess she was scrolling through Facebook or Instagram and clicking on the occasional link.

It would have been better if Lester had spyware installed on her phone, then he could see what she was really doing. Still, he needed a distraction from the issues surrounding his businesses. He uploaded one of Sarah's favorite pictures of his cock to the cache on the William's router. It was a great angle, showing off his length and girth and the thick veins running down it. Inside the router settings, he limited Renee's access to all websites and made any links she clicked direct to the picture.

He wasn't sure what was going on upstairs but he guess that the girls were probably asleep by now.

"Oh!" Renee exclaimed. Lester smirked as she quickly closed the picture. She must be upstairs on the couch, just a short distance away from the basement door. A few minutes later, Renee opened another link and Lester knew his cock appeared on her screen again. This time she didn't make a noise. He watched as this time she didn't close the link until almost a full minute later.

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Sarah was finally back in her own house. All she wanted to do was shower the stench of Otis off her and crawl into bed with a bottle of wine. Her dad hadn't been able to figure out what was wrong with the car.

That didn't stop him from poking around under the hood for the better part of an hour. Sarah hated being back at the hospital, even if it was just in the parking lot. She never wanted to go back there. All she could feel was the judgement coming from the windows of the hospital and her skin crawled with shame and regret.

Eventually her dad had given up and had called a tow truck for her. With her car on the way to the mechanic, Sarah and her Dad had drove back to her house. He had tried, awkwardly initialting conversation several times but Sarah just couldn't find the mental energy to engage with him.

Now back at her house, all she wanted was for her parents to leave.

"How did the girls go down?" Sarah asked her mom.

"Hmmm?" Her mother asked. She was sitting on the couch engrossed in something on her phone.

"Mom, did the girls go down okay?" Sarah repeated.

"Uhhmmm," Sarah's mom's eyes finally broke from her phone and she snapped out of whatever had her attention. "Yes. They were angels like usual. I gave them a short bath, brushed their teeth and tucked them in with a bedtime story. They were easy."

"Thats good," Sarah said hiding her disappointment. She'd wanted to be here for that. To just spend some time with her daughters. But between what happened at work and her dad insisting they go look at her car, she'd barely seen them. Maybe she would keep them home tomorrow since she didn't have to work.

“So what was your late meeting about?” Her mother asked her, tucking her phone into her purse.

“Just some boring administrative stuff. The HR team wants lots of changes again and need us to support them,” Sarah said.

“Not more staffing changes I hope,” Her dad chimed in, “They’ve already cut enough positions from what you’ve said. I’m just glad they know how valuable you are. I couldn’t imagine them axing you while Dan is still unemployed.”

That was the in Sarah could use to tell them she had been let go. That it wasn’t her fault. That it was due to staffing changes. As a former management consultant, her dad understood that. He’d probably even recommended staff reductions many times over his career. But Sarah couldn’t bring herself to say it. She didn’t want to open that Pandora’s box of questions. Especially not after what she had just went through with them over the weekend.

“I’m just glad you’re back at work, here at home,” her mother said, “After what happened in Chicago I think its best to just stay here and focus on work for awhile.”

Sarah felt like he had been backhanded. It was such a leap for her mom to bring it up, to connect these two things. It was clear her parents didn’t consider the matter settled.

“Thats the plan mom,” Sarah tried to say calming. She could feel the presence of the wine bottle in the kitchen behind her and wished more than anything she could just grab it. She wanted to feel numb. She just needed something to distract her from this. From all this stress. From her life. She just needed to escape for a little bit. She thought of Lester and wondered what he was doing. If he was still in the basement. If he still intended to finish their conversation from earlier.

“Mom, Dad. Thank you for everything today. I couldn’t have made it all work without you,” Sarah knew her parents liked having their egos stroked. So continued, “Not just picking up and feeding the girls, but for helping me look at the car and taking care of everything. It really means the world and I couldn’t have done it without you.”

“Oh its no problem dear,” Sarah’s mom leaned forward and gave her a hug, “Thats what parents are for.”

Her Dad flashed her a warm smile, “I’ll call the mechanic tomorrow and we’ll figure out —”

“We’ll figure it out,” Sarah cut him off, “Tomorrow. I’m sorry I’m not being a better host but I think I’m ready to go to bed and crash.”

“Alright Renee,” Sarah’s Dad said, putting her hands on her mother’s shoulders, “Let’s get going.”

Her parents said their goodbyes and soon Sarah was alone again. Her daughters were upstairs sound asleep and she assumed Lester was somewhere beneath her, doing god knows what. She knew she'd have to deal with him somehow. He had definitely stayed past his allotted five minutes. Still, the moment they'd shared on the couch earlier had been nice. With all the things going on today, it felt good just to be seen and held like that. She was still mad at Lester for the late meeting and his abrupt cancelling of it but she felt her stance towards him softening.

Sarah went upstairs to check on her daughters. She opened their bedroom door and the girls were sound asleep, little angels just like her mother had said. Sarah's chest was tight as she looked them. They only knew this house and their struggle free life. It had been an adjustment having their father live apart from them but they had adapted well. Could they adapt if they had to sell their house? What if the girls had to change schools? Sarah's mistake had the potential to flip their entire lives upside down. A sob caught in Sarah's throat as she closed the door and leaned against the hallway wall with her arms crossed.

She leaned her head back against the wall and closed her eyes, trying to push all the bitter feelings down. Her hands ran across her bare arms and all she could feel was the sweat from the sex with Otis. She needed to clean herself. Needed to get him off of her.

In the back of her mind she knew Lester was still waiting for her in the basement but just couldn't yet. She'd shower and ask him to leave. She just needed to feel clean. Wash off today from her body. Sarah went into the master bedroom and debated locking the door so Lester couldn't enter. But she needed to be able to hear the girls if something was wrong so she left it open.

It didn't take her long to strip naked and toss her clothes in the laundry bin. She debated just throwing those clothes out and being rid of them. Her body began to relax as the warm water poured out of the shower head. A bath would have been nice but she could mentally detach more with a shower.

Sarah stepped into the shower and let the rest of the world melt away. The warm water ran through her hair and over her skin washing away the day. Washing away her tryst with Otis and the panic that she felt when she locked eyes with Mary. Sarah let the warm water envelope her and let her mind drift away. She robotically, slowly cleaned herself. She washed every inch of her body, leaving no trace of Otis or the hospital behind. Then she just stood there, letting the warm water hit her body with her eyes closed. She wasn't sure how long she had been in the shower. It could have been ten more minutes or it could have been an hour. With their tankless hot water tank she never would run out of hot water.

It was only when Lester opened the door to the bath room that her mind finally returned to the present. She stiffened, realizing that Lester had to have travelled up past her sleeping daughters. Her two worlds colliding again.

“Lester. I’m sorry I completely forgot...” Sarah said wondering how long he had been down there waiting for her.

“It’s okay. I know you needed this. I was going to leave but I didn’t want to without saying goodbye. And I can’t lock your front door from the outside either,” Lester said. He had a somber look on his face, like he was really feeling sorry for her. It felt nice. Just to have someone there for her. No judgement like her parents, just here to support her.

“I’ll be out in a second,” Sarah said.

“No. Take as long as you need. I’ll be out in the bedroom waiting,” Lester turned towards the door.

“Lester,” Sarah said, her voice catching in her throat. The ugly fat man turned to look at her. “Do you want to join me in here?” Sarah said in a low voice.

Lester stood at the doorway, seemingly thinking it over. Sarah held her breath waiting for the rejection to come. For another fresh wave of shame to hit her. Sarah finally let out her breath when Lester began stripping.

Sarah watched him expose his hairy and flabby body. How the rolls of his skin almost fell out as he disrobed. She couldn’t look away. He was mesmerizing. She felt her skin heat up and herself grow wet between the legs. She still couldn’t believe this man in front of her could make her react like this. When his large cock swung out of his tight once-white underwear, followed by his heavy balls Sarah unconsciously licked her lips. She’d just wanted him to hold her. To comfort her. But now she wanted something else. She knew it was wrong. Especially after Otis earlier but it would be the perfect distraction that she needed.

Lester opened the shower door and stepped in with her.

“Just hold me. Please,” Sarah whispered. Lester’s arms encircled her and she closed her eyes and laid her blonde head on his chest. Neither of them said anything. Lester just held Sarah like that as the water washed over both of their bodies. They stayed like that for what felt like an eternity. Just the two of them in their own private bubble where the rest of the world couldn’t get to them.

After some time, Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at Lester. She hadn’t realized it but he had been stroking her hair. His cock was pressing into her thigh but he hadn’t made any moves on initiating anything.

Sarah reached up and gently grabbed the back of his head and pulled his lips down to hers. She didn’t want to think about what happened at work, her parents, her financial situation or any other stressor in her life. She just wanted to get lost in this kiss and let Lester make her feel better.

As her lips gently crashed into his, she felt his cock rub against her thigh. She knew that she wanted it inside of her. For it to take her places nothing else could.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah softly moaned into Lester’s lips. The fact that these lips were attached to someone like Lester, to an ugly face and unattractive body such as his only deepened her arousal. It had all started as that beauty and the beast fantasy to her but somewhere along the way she began associating him with her own intense sexual satisfaction. He was like a trigger to her. He just flipped a switch inside of her.

Her arms went behind his neck as their lips tasted each other. She loved how aggressive he could be. The dirty shit he would say to her and about Dan and the way he would pin her down and take whatever he wanted. But she loved how tender and sweet her could be too. Almost like she was taming the raging beast that still existed inside of him.

Sarah’s tongue slid past Lester’s lips and found his tongue. She twirled her tongue around his and explored deeper into his mouth. Lester turned his head and their lips locked together as their tongue danced with one another. He pulled her tightly against him, her heavy breasts pushing against his chest. Another hand went to her perfect bubble butt and gently began massaging it.

Her naked pussy pressed against Lester. Even with the water streaming down on top of them it still felt great just gently grinding herself against his skin. The stresses weighing her down slowly became background noise in her mind. All she wanted to focus on was Lester.

Sarah slid her hands through his thinning greasy hair and ran them down his oddly portioned body. At one point she couldn’t imagine someone built like this turning her on but now she craved him. She couldn’t get enough of him.

Her hands ran over this flabby skin and she felt an electrify surging through her nerves. She kept running her hands down, lower and lower until her finger tips touched the base of his cock. Sarah couldn’t help herself. She grabbed onto this thick shaft with one hand and moaned into Lester’s mouth. Sarah started to slowly stroke him. Slowly running her hand up and down Lester’s thick shaft.

“Mhmmmm fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned, breaking their kiss. Lester’s lips didn’t stop. He kept kissing her. Her cheek. Her ear. Down her neck where his tongue swirled around her skin. Sarah tugged on his cock harder as her own lips pressed against his neck. Her tongue lashed out and swirled at the skin there, twisting around the hair that covered him. Their movements grew more frantic, both wanting to explore the other.

Sarah never stopped stroking his cock. She arched her chest into his as his tongue on her neck drove her crazy. She pulled his cock from her thigh towards her pussy so his cockhead could

press against her clit. Sarah stroked him up and down on herself, causing her to bit her lip and lean into him for support.

Finally she couldn't take it any more. She needed him. "Lester," she whispered, "Make love to me tonight. I need you. I need to feel you. God I need you Lester."

Out of the corner of her eye she could see the smirk spread on Lester's face. That annoying, frustrating smirk. She loved it. Loved that cocky confidence on someone like him. It was intoxicating.

Lester didn't respond at first. He reached out and turned off the water. He pulled back and looked her deep in her eyes, "I need you too. I've been aching for you all day."

"Then lets go," Sarah said pushing the shower door open. The heat in the shower escaped into the bathroom beyond. The cool air of the rest of the house washed over Sarah's naked body sending a chill through her, "I'll need you to warm me up lover boy."

Sarah stepped out of the shower but Lester grabbed her hand. With one foot on the cool tile floor of her bathroom, she looked back at Lester. He was standing there with lust painted on his face, staring at her. Sarah couldn't help but remember the dream of Lester in the cave. He was looking at her just the same way, the heat pouring out the shower felt like the fire she had experienced and the shower was kind of like the cave he had been standing in.

"Where do you want to make love?" Lester said stepping out of the shower to join her. Her pushed his body against her making her take a step back.

"My bed," Sarah breathed looking up at the man who would be inside of her soon.

"You mean your martial bed," Lester said continuing forward. Sarah kept stepping back until her naked bubble butt was pressed firmly against her bathroom counter.

"Yes," Sarah breathed, "I want you in my martial bed."

"Condom? Or no condom?" Lester grinded his cock against Sarah's pussy.

"No condom," Sarah said too quickly. They both knew he hadn't brought any and she didn't have any either. Not that she'd use them, "I don't want anything between us."

"Good girl," Lester said and kissed her forehead, "You want to make unprotected love on your martial bed with someone other than your husband?"

Sarah put a hand on Lester's chest and gently eased him off her. She moved aside and went out into the bedroom, walking backwards never taking her eye off Lester. She was dripping wet, soaking the carpet beneath her feet.

Lester stood in the doorway watching her. Sarah crawled, naked onto her bed never breaking eye contact with Lester, "I thought you were supposed to be my Chicago husband? You've given me a ring and fucked me in my wedding dress. Get over her and start doing your husbandly duties."

That cocky, arrogant sexy smirk spread onto Lester's face. His cock literally bobbed up punctuating the end of her sentence. The fat man didn't waste anytime, he crossed the distance to the bed quickly and clambered on.

Water was still running off of him as he lowered himself onto Sarah. Their wet bodies molded together as his lips gently pressed down onto hers. He didn't try to fuck her immediately, even if she wanted him inside of her. He kissed her like a lover would. His hands gently caressed her bicep as they exchanged soft kisses. He held her face and pulled back, staring deep into her eyes. He kissed her lips and pulled back, still looking at her. He held her like that, just staring at her.

Sarah gently rubbed his back as she stared up into his ugly face. It felt intensely intimate to Sarah and her heart threatened to beat out of her chest. His gaze seemed to say that Lester saw her. For all her faults or graces he saw her and accepted her completely. She felt safe in that moment and another emotion came through his gaze. Love. She felt loved. Loved by this odd little man who was blessed with a fantastic, monstrous cock.

Their chests rose and fell at the same time, like their breathing was insync. She felt warm all over, the cool air of the house a distant memory, just like all the issues she was facing in her life. In that moment nothing else seemed to exist. Lester leaned in and Sarah closed her eyes. He kissed both of her eyelids, slowly, one after another before his lips returned to hers.

His fingers traced down her body, gently caressing her breasts and teasing her nipples. Sarah softly moaned into his mouth. He pulled back again and looked at her, "I love watching you. I love watching your face as I touch you."

Sarah didn't respond. She kept her eyes focused on Lester as her breathing grew more and more frantic. As his hand trailed lower and lower. She loved the way he was looking at her. The lust on his face. The lust for her. The way he watched her. She loved being watched, especially by him.

Lester's fingers found her clit and she breathed in sharply. His middle fingers expertly manipulated it. Teasing it. Drawing circles around it. Apply just the right amount of pressure and then backing off, going back to teasing it with light little touches.

Sarah's hips moved side to side on the bed, desperate for his touch. Her breasts were rising and falling on her chest. Lester's lips went to her collar bone as he touched her. His tongue snaking out, licking, leaving a trail of saliva on her.

Lester's fingers plunged lower, leaving her clit. They stroked up and down her soaking wet slit. When they slid back up to the top he'd apply a little bit of pressure to her clit again, drawing a circle around it. Sarah sharply inhaled and she could feel Lester smile against her chest.

He kept this up, stroking her slit. Teasing her and then giving her just a bit of extra attention to one of her body's most sensitive areas. Sarah felt like she was being tortured. Her hips were softly pressing off the bed, trying desperately to feel more of Lester's fingers. She reached out desperately until her hand found his cock. She licked her lips and to stroke him again, she needed to feel him in her hand.

All the while Lester's eyes just bore into hers. Studying her. Watching her. It was like he was seeing into her soul. He knew who she really was and wasn't looking away. He liked what he saw.

Lester's fingers went further down her slit until he touched her entrance. Sarah looked at him and felt the desperation in her eyes. Her desire to be touched there by him. He agonizingly touched the outside of her entrance, just barely. He grazed it sending shivers of pleasure all throughout her body. He was simultaneously denying her while also gently just giving her a little bit of what she wanted. Her hips pushed off the bed, trying to find his fingers. But each time she did, Lester moved his fingers away.

Her body was on fire. She wanted him. She needed him. She couldn't wait any longer.

"Lester please," Sarah said breathlessly. When had she lost her breath? "I need you inside me. Put it in me please. I need to feel you. Please Lester."

Lester smirked again and pulled his hand away from her. He moved his body on top of hers, crushing her torso with his fat gut. His cock rested right on her slit and Sarah's body was already writhing beneath him, grinding her slit and clit against his shaft.

"Mhmmfuckk," Sarah moaned as she turned her head to the side and closed her eyes. His cock felt so big against her. She kept rubbing herself against him, working herself up further and further. God she needed him. She needed him more than she needed anything in her entire life.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah moaned as he started to pull his hips back and push them forward. He was sliding his girthy cock up and down her slit. "Stop teasing me," Sarah choked out, "I need you."

Sarah tried to push her hips up further. Lester's cock slid down her slit but not enough for her to line it up with herself. She tried again, tried to get his cockhead to her entrance but it was too long. She could push up enough. She didn't have the leverage, Lester's large frame kept her pinned, unable to get a better angle. He kept sliding it up and down against her clit, up and down her slit, all the while looking at her with that shit eating grin.

“Lester please,” Sarah whined.

“What do you want?” Lester said staring down at her.

“You. I need you,” Sarah whined, “I need your cock. Give it to me Lester. I need it inside me. I need to feel it deep inside me.”

“Oh bad do you want it?” Lester teased.

“God just shut up and make love to me with that massive thing already,” Sarah gritted her teeth and grabbed onto Lester’s back with both hands, she tried to bring her knees up higher, contorting herself to embed herself on Lester’s cock.

“You want it bad tonight,” Lester said looking into her eyes.

“So bad Lester. I need it. I need you inside me so badly,” Sarah bit her bottom lip, “Please Lester.”

Lester leaned down and gave Sarah a soft kiss on the lips, then moved his mouth to her ear, “That’s my good girl, using her manners.”

He pulled back and looked into her eyes as he dipped his hips and pressed his cock head at her entrance. Sarah’s hips bucked, trying to connect with his fat appendage but Lester held her at bay.

“I’m going to take care of you. Everything’s going to be okay,” Lester said. He grabbed his thick shaft at the base amid the thick pubic hair. “Now tell me, whose my good girl.”

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, her hips pushing off the bed just so she could take a glancing rub at Lester’s cock, “I am. I’m your good girl.”

Lester narrowed his eyes and dipped his hips, plunging his massive cock into Sarah’s wet, warm waiting pussy. She felt herself stretching, amazed at how her body bounced back everytime after taking Lester. Pleasure rushed over every cell of her body as Lester’s girthy, veiny cock touched her waiting insides.

“OhgodLester,” Sarah moaned, holding him tightly to her as inch after inch of Lester’s cock pushed deep into her. Finally, his massive organ was fully inside of her. It hurt. But it hurt so, so good. Sarah felt her body adjusting itself to Lester. She couldn’t believe how wet she was.

“It’s been too long since we’ve made love like this. Just you and me, here in our marital bed,” Lester said kissing her ear lobe. Sarah just moaned in response as Lester slowly pulled back his cock half an inch and pushed it back in. He kept repeating the move, slowly teasing Sarah and giving her just enough of what she was craving.

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed, “Make love to me Lester. God I love how you feel inside of me.”

“I love being inside of you. Deeper than anyone ever has,” Lester grunted.

“So deep. So deep baby. God you’re so deep inside me,” Sarah tongue lazily licked the side of Lester’s face. Lester snaked two fingers up to Sarahs lips and pushed them inside.

“Mhmmhmmm,” Sarah moaned around Lester’s index and middle finger. Lester stuck them deep into her mouth and Sarah welcomed them with her tongue. She licked the underside of Lester’s fingers, tasting him. Lester fucked Sarah’s mouth with his fingers, relishing in the sensation.

He pulled back his hips and pushed inside of her pussy again. Sarah moaned louder around Lester’s fingers.

“Suck it like you would my cock,” Lester whispered.

“Mmmm-hmmm,” Sarah nodded and grabbed the back of Lester’s hand pulling his fingers deeper into his mouth. Her eyes were closed and her hips we bucking off the bed as she sucked Lester’s fingers. She pulled them as far into her mouth as she could, until her lips were touching her knuckles.

Her body was on fire as she sucked and fucked back against Lester. Just imagining having two of his cocks to play with. One in her mouth and another in her pussy, fucking her from both ends.

She tore his fingers from her mouth, gasping she said, “God I want your cock in my pussy and mouth at the same time. I’d let you do this to me all night. Fuck Lester.”

“Heh,” Lester chuckled, “I only have one cock to give you.”

“I know, I just want it. Fuck it would feel amazing,” Sarah said.

“You had more than one cock the other night at the movies,” Lester teased.

“None of them had a cock like this,” Sarah said as she squeezed her pussy around Lester’s cock, “None of them fit me this well.”

“I don’t know. You didn’t get to experience everyman there. Maybe another was just as blessed as I am. We really should have stayed to find out,” Lester teased.

Sarah shuddered and imagined herself taking all of those dirty men. Letting each of them use her one at time. Doing whatever they wanted to her. Lester’s hips pulled back and before he

could slam back into her Sarah's ass lifted off the bed and around his cock. His words echoed in her ear as she felt that familiar warming sensation building inside of her.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah said. Her eyes were closed and she could picture herself back there in the movie theatre. Putting on a performance for all the degenerate men. Being the center of attention as Lester slowly made love to her like this. The men all standing around her, staring down at her, stroking this cocks while devouring her with their eyes.

"How many cocks did you satisfy that night?" Lester asked.

"God," Sarah moaned. She couldn't even picture the men's faces but she could picture their cocks, "Three. Yours and those two others. The guy from the counter and that black guy."

"No you satisfied more than that," Lester said, "Don't forget the creep behind me and those other guys all stroking to you. I bet all of them came for you that night Sarah."

'Ohfuck Lester," Sarah's bubble butt was slamming off the bed, desperately trying to urge Lester to increase his frustratingly controlled pace.

"Say it. Say they all came for you," Lester demanded.

"All for me. They came all for me," Sarah breathed.

"How does that make you feel?" Lester asked.

"So fucking horny," Sarah's nails dug into his back, "God I wish were were back there right now. I'd make sure all of them came for me."

Sarah licked her lips and looked into Lester's eyes, "And I wouldn't miss a drop."

"Heh now thats my good girl," Lester laughed and kissed her hard. Hearing Lester call her a good girl did something to Sarah. She didn't understand it but that outside validation made her pussy soak around Lester's cock. Their tongues slide across each other and Lesters fat face devoured her lips. They moaned into each others' lips.

"Say it again," Sarah said between kisses.

"You're my good girl. So good," Lester murmured in her ear. His words tickled her ear and wormed their way into her body sending an electric shiver from her brain to her pussy. The warmth in her stomach ignited and Sarah was about to get what she'd been desperately craving. Her sweet escape from everything around her.

"Fuck. Don't. Fucking. Stop. Please." Sarah said through gritted teeth. Her ankles locked around Lester's hairy ass, determined not to let him go. She pulled him as hard into her as she could as

her pussy held him in an iron grip. Lester's arms came up and he put his hands on her biceps, pinning her to the bed. She couldn't move under his weight and the strength of his arms. Not that she wanted to. But the added pressure made her explode.

"FFFFFFUUUUCCCCCKKKKK," Sarah screamed. Her throat felt raw but she didn't care. Nothing else mattered. Her eyes seemed to roll back in her head. White light flashed behind her eyes lids as her mind and body spun. Her senses were overloaded by the way Lester's cock made her orgasm. The room felt like it was spinning and her entire body had a pulsating warmth spreading throughout it. Every fiber of her being was warm, a threatening all consuming warmth that she never wanted to let go of. Sarah squeezed Lester's cock, her body shaping to it, molding to every vein and curve, like her body was memorizing it. Sarah's jaw hung agape and she felt her nails pierce the skin of Lester's back as her body rocked from the powerful feeling.

Sarah was still panting when her orgasm finally began to subside. She still felt its lingering after effects throughout her body. Everything felt warm and her skin was so sensitive. Lester's weight and his gut pressing into her felt so domineering. She finally opened her eyes and looked up at Lester's fat face.

"You really are a good girl," Lester whispered.

Sarah's body shivered, "I love when you call me that. I don't know why."

"Heh, it must be those deep seated daddy issues," Lester chuckled and kissed her. Sarah rolled her hips as Lester's cock dipped in and out of her at an agonizingly slow pace. He was focused on her lips, softly, kissing them tenderly. Sarah returned the kiss. It felt so intimate. She loved the way Lester would power fuck her and just dominate her but there was something so tantalizing about the way he was slowly kissing her, focusing on her, like he was savoring being with her. It felt like the way her and Dan had made love on their honeymoon, both of them just solely focused on the other and not caring about the world outside.

"God, I love when you kiss me like that," Sarah said.

"Then I'll keep doing it," Lester said looking deeply into her eyes. His thumb caressed her cheek as he dipped his head down again and pressed his lips to hers. Sarah felt butterflies in her stomach as he kissed her. She knew he was ugly. That his body was as repulsive as his personality could be but the warmth she felt inside of her wasn't part of a pending orgasm. It was something else. Something she couldn't comprehend. Something she was scared to acknowledge.

Lester held his cock still inside of her as they kissed. Sarah didn't know how long he kissed her for but it felt like it went on for minutes. Maybe hours. She was lost in his deep embrace. Even though her body craved more of his cock, she was so taken with the way he was kissing it that she somehow put it all on hold.

When their lips finally parted, Lester rubbed his nose against hers and they both gently laughed at it.

“So this is what I get for being a good girl?” Sarah whispered.

“Yes,” Lester said, “And you’ve seen what happens when you’re bad.”

“I...god,” Sarah shook her head.

“What? Having trouble deciding which one you like better?” Lester chuckled.

“No. Yes. They are both so..I don’t know. It’s hard to explain it,” Sarah whispered.

“You don’t have to explain anything. Remember, I get you. Completely. More than anyone else. I know you. I know what you like and what you need. You don’t need to choose either one. You can be both,” Lester kissed her again, this time he parted her lips with his tongue as he ground his cock into her.

“Uhhmmm,” Sarah moaned at his invading tongue and cock pressing into her body. Lester’s hands ran down her body and each grabbed one of her hips. He put pressure on them, pinning them to the bed. His lips never left hers as he held her in place. His hips rocked back and then dipped forward. Lester started giving her quick shallow thrusts that made her body crave more of his cock.

Then he pushed in deep. So fucking deep. Just when she was about to go crazy on his cock, he switched back to the shallow thrusts, just giving her a couple of inches of himself. Sarah bit his bottom lip when he thrust his entire length into her again quickly. This thrust was followed by several others in quick succession before he gave her just a couple of inches slowly.

Sarah started to whimper and a tear rolled down her cheek. It was glorious torture that she both wanted to stop while also never wanting it to end. Lester knew how to play with her body better than anyone she had ever been with.

Lester teased and tortured her like this for the next five minutes, making Sarah’s body quake. Eventually he slowly pushed his entire length into her waiting pussy and held it, firmly entombed inside of her.

“So you liked being my bad girl too?” Lester asked. Part of Sarah’s mind rebelled at the notion, the same one that had acted out during her day at work. But that part didn’t have a hand on the steering wheel.

Sarah moaned and gripped Lester’s cock with her pussy and said in a low, sultry voice, “God. I’m such a slut but yes. Yes. I loved it.”

“You liked me taking you to that dingy store?” Lester asked.

“It was such a dirty place. I was scared at first. Maybe nervous but yes, I did. I liked it. It was so raw,” Sarah was surprised as the words came out of her mouth. She hadn’t had a second to process that night yet she felt the truth pouring out of her.

“How did you like being the star of the show? Everyone’s eyes on you,” Lester said.

“I loved being watched by all those desperate men. The hunger in their eyes was unreal. I knew how badly they wanted me,” Sarah breathed feeling herself getting worked up again. She squeezed Lester’s cock and tried rocking her hips, desperate for more fucking but he wasn’t moving.

“Some of them got you too,” Lester said, “You were covered in cum, inside and out when we left.”

“Fuck,” Sarah’s body strained back, trying to get more of Lester’s cock.

“Maybe next time I’ll just leave you there,” Lester whispered as he licked her earlobe. Sarah’s body shuddered. She knew if Lester wasn’t there, all of those men would have taken a turn with her. She’d only fucked Lester that night but if he wasn’t there she didn’t even know how many of the men would have experienced her.

“Next time...” Sarah started and she looked up into Lester’s eyes, “Next time I want to try those booths in the hallway.”

Lester’s ugly shit eating grin spread onto his face, “Now thats my good girl.”

Sarah’s pussy pulsed at Lester’s words. God he knew just what buttons to push.

“You’re going to have a lot more time on your hands now that you aren’t working at the hospital,” Lester said. Sarah’s heart stung at his words. The wound still to fresh for him to casually bring up, especially in a setting like this. She was about to say something but Lester spoke first.

“Just think, instead of running around going to those dumb meetings, we can spend all day fucking and you can show me just how bad you can be,” Lester looked down at her completely serious. Sarah thrill ran through Sarah’s body at the idea of just giving herself to Lester everyday. Letting him guide her through all these new experiences she found herself craving.

There were a million things she wanted to say but the only thing that came out was, “But what about your job? At the hospital?”

“There’s no way I’m sticking around there. Not after they let you go. Not after how they treated you. Why would I want to be there without you?” Lester said.

Sarah's heart started pounding faster. It was such a sweet and sincere setiment. Lester only wanted to be there to be closer to her. She knew he probably need the money. And with how she was treated, Lester was going to leave in solidarity. He chose her over them. The butterflies in her stomah started beating their wings harder and harder.

"Does Dan know, about what happened today?" Lester asked in a whispered tone.

Right. Dan. She hadn't had a chance to talk to him yet. She probably should have called him right away but Lester had picked her up. She wondered how he would react to everything that happened.

"No," Sarah said, "Not yet."

She felt Lester's cock throb inside of her and she closed her eyes. Sarah bit her lip as Lester's cock slowly dragged out of her before slowing pushing back in. It felt so fucking good. Lester kept up his slow, deep pace, making her head spin. Her own hips rocked back and forth, meeting his cock each time.

"Maybe he doesn't have to," Lester said. Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked.

"You don't have to tell him. It can be our secret. I'll make sure you have enough money in your account every week. Instead of going to the hospital we can just spend our days in this bed," Lester's eyes bore into hers. He wa serious. Was this prostitution or just him taking care of her. She mind raced but it was clouded by the cock inside of her.

"God, Lester. I don't know....." Sarah trailed off, her mind not wanting to weigh the pros and cons right now. All she wanted was for him to fuck her so she could cum on his cock again.

"Just think about it. It can be our secret," Lester murmured as his tongue and lips danced down her neck. Sarah felt the goosebumps rise on her skin after Lester's lips passed them.

Sarah closed her eyes and pushed his proposition to the back of her mind and just focused on feelings inside of her. The butterflies in her stomach, Lester's cock inside of her, the way her body was heating up again. Her heart threatening to beat out of her chest and the rapid rising and falling of her chest as she tried to breath.

The idea of keeping a secret like that from Dan felt like such a betrayl but she couldn't help finding her body responding to it. Her ass pushed off the bed harder than before, she felt the tension all across her body. Had she always been like this or was this what Lester and Dan' fantasires turned her into. She didn't know but she really didn't care as long as it made her feel this fucking good.

Lester reared up onto his knees. The weight that had been threatening to suffocate her lifted from her frame and Sarah found it easier to breath. Lester knelt on the bed, towering over her. He looked so much larger and domineering from this position. His cock was still fully engulfed inside of her, he pulled her legs up and rested her calves on his shoulders while looking down at her. Sarah's hip rolled back just slightly and Lester fat cock pressed against her G-Spot and Sarah let out another whimper.

"How's that feel?" Lester asked.

"So fucking good Lester. So good," Sarah moaned.

"Good," Lester said before giving Sarah several deep, thrusts inside of her. His thrusts were coming so much faster than before but they were still slow, and controlled driving her fucking insane.

Sarah was going crazy. Everything inside and outside her body felt extremely warm and she was finding it hard to breath. Her head rolled to the side, eyes closed focusing on Lester's cock and nothing else. The head of his cock pressed hard against her G-Spot before pushing further down into her pussy. His cock pounded into it and then the rest of his girthy, veiny shaft rubbed against it. Sarah knew it wouldn't be long before she came again. Her pussy stretched wide around Lester's cock and she could feel every little bit of it as it dragged and pushed inside her.

"Fuck Lester. Don't stop. Mhmmhmm. Uh. Mhmm, Uh. Uh God," Sarah moaned. The ball of heat in her somtach was getting hotter. She could feel the wall holding back her next orgasm quaking inside of her, the bricks coming loose as it was all about to come crashing down, "Uhhh, mhmmhmm, don't stop. God don't stop Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh I love it. Lester. God please. Please. Please Please don't stop."

Lester slowed his pace. A desperate whine escaped Sarahs throat, she balled the bed sheets into her fists and wanted to cry. Wanted to scream in frustration. She just wanted to cum on his beautiful cock.

"Don't stop Lester. Please. Give it to me. I'm so close," Sarah moaned, she pushed her forearms into the bed trying to rock back and forth on Lester's cock. But he was holding her calves over his shoulders, he ass was partly off the bed and she didn't have a lot of leverage to do what she wanted, "LESTER."

"Tell me how much you love fucking me," Lester said, his cock pulling back and poking her in the G-Spot with just a enough pressure to keep her going crazy but not enough to push her over the edge.

"I FUCKING LOVE IT. I LOVE FUCKING YOU. God you make me feel so fucking good. So fucking good. You make me cum so hard Lester. Please, keep fucking me I need it." Sarah pleaded.

"How much do you love my cock?" Lester demanded.

"Your cock is the best fucking thing in the world. Nothing else fills me so good. Uh, Mhmmm. So fucking good. I love your cock, Uh. Okay? I fucking love your big, monster of a cock. Mhmmhmmm. I love it. I love every fucking inch of it. I want to worship every inch of that cock. It feels so fucking good inside of me. I need to cum on your cock Lester. PLEASE." Sarah moaned, screamed and whimpered.

"How much do you love me?" Lester growled.

"Oh fuck Lester," Sarah whined. Lester's changed his pace, the head of his cock wasn't hitting her g-spot as often. It came softer. Her impending orgasm was beginning to slip away. She couldn't let it happen. She needed it to happen. She couldn't live without it. Sarah desperately wanted to cum. The butterflies she had felt earlier in her stomach were going crazy, their wings beating harder than ever, threatening to overwhelm her. "FUCK. Uh. Mhmmhmmm. I love you. I love you Lester. I love everything about you. I love how you look at me. I love how you fuck me so good. So fucking good. I love how you fuck me with that big cock of yours. God Lester I love how you fuck with Dan. I hate you sometimes but I fucking love it. I love you Lester now FUCK ME."

Lester grinned and pulled Sarah's calves off his shoulders and dropped them to the bed. Sarah was about to protest when he slammed her ass down onto the bed with his cock. The weight of his gut and frame was back on her, crushing her.

Lester thrust his cock into her quickly, giving her the entire length of it. He pulled it back all the way until just the head was still inside of her and slammed it back into her again. He was still making love to her but he was fucking her at the same time. Sarah whimpered and felt the walls holding back her orgasm shaking again. She could feel her impending release and she wasn't going to let anything stop it. She'd do or say whatever Lester wanted as long as he made her cum.

"Oh god Lester fuck. YES. GIVE IT ME. I'm so fucking close! LESTER!" Sarah moaned.

"You feel so good baby," Lester growled in her ear.

"Fuck your COCK FEELS AMAZING. ITS going to make me CUM," Sarah moaned, slamming her perfect bubble butt up off the bed to meet Lester's dominating thrusts. His body weight was crushing her, she couldn't breathe but she couldn't stop either.

"I love you Sarah. I love you," Lester whispered.

"Mhmmhmm, I love you too," Sarah moaned without thinking. It just came out as an automatic response to Lester's words. Her mind spun as she fucked him. Lester's lips landed on hers and they kissed. Tender at first but their tongue quickly clashed as they tried to devour one another. Lips, tongues, teeth all colliding as they tasted and fucked and made love.

"I want to get my operation reversed. I want to cum inside of you and knock you up," Lester said breaking their kiss. The mental image and feeling of Lester's warm, illicit sperm flooding into her made her squeeze her pussy onto Lester's cock. She was holding him in a vice grip, not willing to let him go. Desperate to milk every last drop of cum from him.

"Mhmmhmm. Jesus. God Lester. That's so fucked. So fucked up," Sarah mumbled.

"But you fucking love it don't you? The idea is going to make you cum tonight," Lester said. It almost came out like a command. A command for her to cum to the idea of carrying this ugly bastard's child.

"Fuck Lester please. PLEASE. DON'T STOP," Sarah screamed. She was so close. So fucking close. Her body was ready to cum. Warmth was beginning to spread out from her stomach.

"Tell me you want it. Tell me how much you love me. Tell me how much you want me to cum in you and knock you up," Lester commanded again.

Sarah couldn't disobey. She'd do anything this man wanted. Anything for this cock. Anything to let that wall come down so she could explode and cum.

"FUCK," Sarah screamed. The idea of Lester, someone not her husband cumming in and her getting her pregnant wormed its ways into her brain. Her brain lit up on fire as she felt all the nerves in her body light up in response. She couldn't hold it back any more. She was going to fucking explode. "YES. GOD YES. I WANT IT. I LOVE IT. I LOVE YOU. FUCK. MHMMM. GOD. FUCK. LESTER. GIVE IT TO ME. FILL ME. KNOCK ME UP. I NEED IT. I NEED TO FEEL YOUR CUM IN ME. FILL ME. LOVE ME. FUCK A BABY INTO ME. FUCK LESTER. FUCK I'M GOING TO CUM. DON'T STOP."

"I'M NOT STOPPING," Lester shouted back, Sarah ran her hands down Lester's sweaty back and gripped his ass cheeks, nails digging into his flesh as she pulled him tightly into her. She wasn't letting him go. "I'M GOING TO FILL YOU. YOU'RE GOING TO BE A MOMMY AGAIN."

"YES," Sarah shouted her ass pounding off the bed. "DO IT. KNOCK ME UP LESTER. GIVE ME A BABY. FUCK. YES. I. WANT. IT. LESTER. FUCK."

"TAKE IT," Lester roared. Sarah felt his dirty, filthy fat cock begin to throb inside of her. The veins running along his shaft pumping extra blood into it. She felt the head of his cock open up and the first blast of his illicit seed shoot into her.

“OH FUCK. YES,” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as all the muscles in her body flexed. She pulled Lester’s ass, trying to take more of his beautiful cock inside of her. The wall that had been holding back her orgasm crumbled and came crashing down. It exploded inside of her igniting all of her nerves at once. She felt everything, from the her toes to her head all on fire, goosebumps spread over every inch of her skin. Sarah closed her tights tight and screamed. Her eyes rolled back in her head. Her nails dug into Lester’s ass. Her bubble butt pushed up off the bed as rope, after rope of Lester’s hot cum blasted into her, filling her. It went off like a geyser inside of her, never stopping. Sarah’s pussy clutched his cock, milking every drop. Taking every ounce of his deliciously hot cum deeper into her. Desperate to hold onto all of it and not waste a single drop.

“GOD,” Sarah screamed as another orgasm ripped through her, almost knocking the wind out of her. She couldn’t breath. She couldn’t catch her breath. All she could do was clutch onto Lester and his cock as the room started to spin.

Lester’s heavy frame collapsed onto her as the last spurts of cum from his cock dribbled out of inside of her. His sweaty frame pressed into her skin as she felt his balls finally empty. He was breathing hard. Sarah couldn’t breath with him on top of her and desperately tried to catch her breath.

Lester grunted and rolled to the side, his slick cock sliding out of her. Sarah inhaled a lung full of air and let her post orgasmic bliss wash over her. She shivered as the lingering effects of her orgasm tingled all across her body. Everything still felt warm and Sarah felt like she was floating. She never wanted to come down. She wanted to stay in this moment forever and let the rest of the world burn around her for all she cared.

Sarah felt the room spinning and let herself spin with it. That was one of the most intense orgasms she had ever felt. She could only imagine what it would feel like if Lester hadn’t had that operation. In the back of her mind she always knew Lester couldn’t actually impregnate her which only took a little bit of the fun away. It took away the thrill and the risk that might make her go unconscious from an orgasm. Still, just the idea of Lester’s cum full of deranged, swimming sperm seeking out her egg and connecting them on a more primal level made her head swim. It was fucked up. It wasn’t something that should turn her on. Logically, she knew it was stupid and something like that would truly fuck everything up for her. But the idea of Lester claiming her like that.....it was too much to think about right now. She’d have to get a therapist to even dig into that and unlucky for her she didn’t have health insurance anymore. Maybe she did, she didn’t know. It was another thing she needed to figure out in the coming days.

Sarah hated that the thought of work and of her firing had already wormed their way into her head. Her body was still overheating and coming down from the big orgasms Lester had given her yet here she was thinking about all of her problems.

“Come here,” Lester yawned and snaked his arm behind her neck. He grabbed her shoulder and pulled her naked body towards him.

“One second,” Sarah said trying to get up. She needed to get into the bathroom before all of Lester’s cum leaked out of her onto the bedsheets. “I just need to clean myself up.”

“No,” Lester said with a tired smile as he pulled her shoulders down towards him. Sarah landed on the bed next to him and he quickly draped one arm around her, pulling her body into his, cuddling her.

“Leave it in you,” Lester said with some amusement in his voice, “Don’t clean it up. Besides isn’t that what your supposed to do when you want to get pregnant?”

Sarah shook her head and rolled her eyes, deciding to stay put for now. She could always clean the sheets if she had to. She rested her head on Lester’s soft chest and closed her eyes, “Yes. Yes it is.”

“Good, then just stay here with me then,” Lester said through another yawn. Sarah tried to focus on Lester’s heartbeat but her mind kept going to the way that Mary had talked down to her. Of all the issues she’d have to deal with soon.

“Wonder what Dan would say if I really knocked you up,” Lester chuckled.

“He’d probably shit a brick,” Sarah said, “So its good you are fixed. Who knows maybe we could milk you dry for child support payments.”

“I’d never leave you wanting. I meant what I said earlier about taking care of you,” Lester stroked her blonde hair.

“I know,” Sarah said quietly to herself. One thing had begun to nag at the back of her mind. That fact that Lester was still so normal with her after she had gotten fired for what happened with Otis.

“How much do you know about why Mary fired me?” Sarah asked.

“Not much unfortunately,” Lester said, “It was weird. They wouldn’t say before I left, just that they’d give me more details tomorrow once they could ensure everything happened the right way with letting you go.”

“The right way?” Sarah scoffed, “That bitch Mary was terrible to me and made me beg for my job. When I did, she just laughed at me and had security kick me off.”

“Bitch,” Lester agreed, “She’ll get hers soon. I’ll make sure of it.”

“Why did you get fired?” Lester asked quietly, “Laid off I would understand but not fired. Not you. It doesn’t make sense.”

Sarah sighed and looked up at Lester’s face, “It’s bad.”

“It’s okay,” Lester said, “You can tell me anything. I won’t judge you.”

Sarah gave him a sad smile and let her shoulder slump. “You know that meeting you cancelled? I was already up in the room. Otis came in and well,” Sarah paused looking at Lester’s concerned face, “one thing led to another and I, sort of, fucked him. I know that it was wrong and stupid but I wasn’t thinking straight. I’m still probably not thinking straight. But then that bitch came in and caught us.”

“She saw everything?” Lester said in a quiet voice.

“Yes,” Sarah said as she squinted and furrowed his eyebrows looking at Lester, “Are you okay?”

Lester’s ugly face looked flush and his breathing was strange. It wasn’t like it had been a few seconds ago after sex.

“It’s just, I didn’t think you would do that with him again,” Lester said, “I thought we talked about this. I thought all these things we did were special. Between us. Something just we shared. It sucks hearing about you with someone else. I didn’t think it would but it does. I’m not sure what I’m feeling. Jealously? Sadness maybe. I don’t know Sarah....”

“Lester,” Sarah said, “What was with that whole ‘are you going to be a good girl or bad girl’ thing then?”

“That was just my way of trying to take back control of the situation. When you told me you did that in my office with Otis, I just felt left out. That you were going to out grow me. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe this is just a sex thing to you. Is that all it is? Am I just a puppet for Dan’s fantasies?”

Sarah’s heart was beating in her chest and she leaned up to look at Lester, “Lester I don’t know what this is, okay? But you aren’t just a puppet. I don’t know what we ae. Honestly maybe there isn’t a word for it. Its all kinds of fucked up but I think we’re both loving it and want to keep going with it. I know I do. I’m not sure where Dan’s head is at these days. But you make me cum harder than anyone, Otis included. And you don’t judge, and you know me so well. Taking me that that movie theatre....as much as my parents finding out have kind of messed my life up, you still were there with me to give me that experience. And I loved every second of it.”

Sarah put her hand on Lester's chest and looked into his eyes, "I'm sorry that I hurt you. I knew you wouldn't be thrilled with me. But I didn't think you'd feel...like this. Maybe I did it out of anger but now I'm feeling like a shit."

Lester sighed and put his head back on the pillow. He didn't say anything. Sarah didn't want to leave his arms. She put her head down on his chest. After a minute he started to stroke her hair, "I get it. This is all part of you taking control and exploring this side of you. I just don't want to be left behind. I want to explore it with you."

"I'm never leaving you behind," Sarah caught herself drawing circles on Lester's chest with her finger, "Not as long as that cock is attached to you."

Lester grunted in affirmation. Sarah's mind was mulling over how hurt Lester had appeared. Was he really okay with everything? With her still doing her exploration as he called it. He confused her. He could be such an asshole, so degrading and controlling. Just a toxic person. But then he had fleeting moments like this. Almost like Sarah was seeing behind the curtain. She felt the butterflies in her stomach again and closed her eyes.

Her eyes weren't closed for long before she heard the doorknob to the room jiggling. Both Lester and Sarah shot up into a sitting position. The doorknob turned but it never opened.

"Mommy?" a small voice said from the other side of the door. Sarah winced.

"Yes baby?" Sarah said getting off the bed and pulling on a pair of panties. They felt wet on her immediately and she remembered she'd never cleaned herself up.

Sarah grabbed a t-shirt and covered herself up as the voice said, "I need you. Are you okay? I had a nightmare about the monster in the basement and then I heard you screaming."

The voice came with little sobs inbetween the words. Sarah shot Lester a look telling him to stay put. She unlocked the door and opened it just enough for her to step out into the hallway and pick up her little girl. Sarah pulled the door closed behind her and started back down the hallway towards her daughter's room.

"It's okay. Mommy is fine. Don't worry it was just a dream," Sarah said stroking her daughter's head. She needed comforting by Sarah hadn't had time to wash the sweat or taste of Lester off of her. She winced but kept going until she got to the room.

"But I woke up from my dream. I couldn't move. I was too scared and I was crying and then I heard you screaming," her daughter said.

"Maybe I had a bad dream too," Sarah said lying her daughter down and tucking her in.

"Stay with me okay?" her daughter asked.

“Sure,” Sarah said lying down on the bed, “Just for a little bit until you fall asleep.”

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Dan drove past the ‘Welcome to Middleton’ sign as his stomach turned to knots over the text he’d received from Sarah. It was cryptic. All it said was ‘We need to talk.’

In the history of relationships and marriages, nothing good ever came after those words. Dan would be home in a few minutes. He could get in and relax for a bit before everyone got home. It was just past noon so Sarah should still be at work and his girls at school. He could run out and grab some stuff to make dinner as a surprise. Hopefully it would soften Sarah and help negate whatever was going to follow that text message.

Whatever it was, he didn’t know how he was going to handle it. Everything had been so fucked up lately. Between him losing his job because of that asswipe Jesse to trying to balance everything with Sentienel Securities. And all the shit Lester had put him through, not to mention the stress the issues with Sarah’s parents were causing. There was just too many stressful things going on at once. Not to mention the fact that he now had Lester’ ex-girlfriend Lizzie’s address.

When he’d first met her, he couldn’t believe someone like that would ever date someone like Lester. But since then, he could maybe see why a girl would stick around Lester. Despite their differences in appearance, Lester had certain <i>assets</i> a girl might like.

When he got back to Chicago, he was going to figure out just what the hell he was going to do with that address. He wanted to learn more about Lester. He’d told Sarah he’d stop looking into things but he couldn’t. There was something just itching at his brain that he couldn’t look away from. Hopefully Lizzie would have some answers. And hopefully she wouldn’t let Lester know they’d talked.

His ringtone chimed out from the phone attached to the dashboard. Dan put Lizzie to the back of his mind and frowned at the screen. Sarah’s Dad was calling him.

Dan pressed the answer button, “Hey James, whats up?”

“Just calling about Sarah’s car,” his Father in law said with an edge to his voice that Dan wasn’t accusomted to hearing. There was something else he wanted to say to Dan but was restraining himself. Probably something about what he’d learned in Chicago over the weekend.

“What about Sarah’s car?” Dan asked.

“She didn’t tell you?” James said, confused.

"No. We haven't had a chance to talk yet. James, what's going on with her car?" Dan asked.

"Uh, well last night it wouldn't start. She got stuck at work. I couldn't get it going we got it towed to a mechanic who just did a quick look at it. He doesn't know what's wrong with it and needs a few more hours to look into it."

"James what's that going to run me?" Dan fought back the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose while driving.

"Between the tow and the inspection it's going to be at least six hundred. We still don't know what the issue is and the labor required to fix it. Not to mention if it needs any parts," James said.

<i>Really? Fucking really? Another bill to pay. </i>

Dan pulled onto his street and narrowed his eyes. He stopped, idling his car in the middle of the road, "James, I'm going to have to call you back."

Without waiting for a response, Dan hung up the phone and stared at the black SUV in his driveway. He knew the vehicle. It was Lester's. Lester's car was parked in his fucking driveway. Lester was never supposed to be there unless Dan was, even then this asshole should just be banned permanently.

Dan accelerated and swung his car into the driveway. He was up the walkway in seconds and opened the front door. He expected to hear the sounds of sex echoing throughout the house. What he heard instead, surprised him.

"Daddy!" his daughters yelled and ran up to him, throwing their arms around his waist. Dan was taken aback for a few seconds before returning the hug.

"Girls, why are you home? Where's your mom?" Dan said confused, looking around for either his wife or his roommate.

"Mom said we could stay home today. She's staying home too," one of his daughters said.

"Okay," Dan said confused. He ruffled the girl's hair, looked around for Sarah. "I'm going to go find your mom and talk to her for a second. Then I'll be right back."

"No Dad!," one of his daughters said tugging on his arm. She was trying to pull him towards the basement door.

"What?" Dan asked.

"There's a monster in the basement! Can you go look? Please?" His daughter said.

“She had a dream the monster was hurting mommy,” his other daughter chimed in.

Dan eyed the door suspiciously and then stepped around his daughter, “Okay. I’ll go look. You two go turn on the TV and I’ll be right back.”

The girls ran off and Dan flung open the basement door. He pulled it shut behind him and flicked on the lights. Stomping down the stairs he expected to see Sarah and Lester on the futon, bodies went in unneutral ways. But nobody was done there. It was just all their old junk and stuff in boxes.

Dan shook his head and went back upstairs. Sarah was waiting for him, her blonde hair falling just past her shoulders, those green eyes boring into him. She looked amazing and he felt his heart skip a beat. But then he saw the expression on her face and felt his heart drop.

“Where’s Lester?” Dan hissed.

“Dan, its okay. He’s upstairs,” Sarah whispered. Dan spun on his heel ready to march up the stairs. No hug, no kiss, no warm embrace for his wife, he just wanted to put his hands around Lester’s fat throat.

“Dan wait,” Sarah said grabbing onto his wrist.

“Wait for what?” Dan said, “He’s upstairs and our daughters are right here? Sarah what the fuck?”

“I know. I know,” Sarah said sheepishly, “the girls got up early and I kept Lester up in the bedroom so they wouldn’t see him leave.”

“He’s in our house when the girls are home Sarah. Thats fucked.”

“My parents dropped them off before I could get Lester out. I had to hid him,” Sarah said pulling him into the kitchen.

“And did you have to fuck him? He could have left anytime. We agreed not to do –”

Sarah held up a hand to silence him and tears streamed down her face, “I know! Okay I know! It’s just....it’s just things have so fucked up. I didn’t know what to do. I just I don’t know, Dan I just fucked up.”

Sarah’s eyes were red as she cried in front of him, “I fucked up. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. This isn’t me. I’m just, I can’t even. Its like everything is out of control and I just needed to grab onto something steady.”

She was shaking. Dan pulled out a chair and sat her down. He eyed the ceiling above him suspiciously, "What happened?"

"Dan," Sarah breathed looking up at him, "I got fired. I got fucking fired yesterday."

"What? No..What? How? Why? What the fuck happened?" Dan exclaimed louder than he intended to.

Sarah held up a shaking finger to her lips. Thankfully the sounds from the TV in the living room continued. Dan peeked his head out and saw both girls sitting on the couch watching the screen. Hopefully they hadn't heard his outburst. He went back to Sarah and he motioned for her to join him in the kitchen, further away from their daughters.

"Okay," Dan whispered as his mind raced. He was torn between finding out just what the hell happened to doing quick calculations in his head about how they'd stay above water now. How tight would things be? What else could he do to make ends meet? "What happened? Did that new fucking CEO make more cuts? Isn't your IT department running a skeleton crew as it is?"

He'd known things were shaky at the hospital. All the massive cuts and Sarah's old position even being eliminated entirely. It was only because of Lester that she'd been able to stay on. That fact made Dan's blood boil.

"No," Sarah said quietly looking at her feet, "I fucked up."

"What happened," Dan said flatly. What could her fuck up have been? Did she make a mistake or did she finally snap and tell someone off? She wouldn't embezzle money.

"You know that new head of HR I told you about?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah. The bitch. The one that seems to hate you. Did she do something?" Dan leaned against the counter, crossing his arms. Sarah seemed broken, she was still staring at the ground. Where was his confident and outgoing wife? Her shoulders were slumped and she was fidgeting with her hands.

"It's been so fucked up Dan," Sarah held back a sob, "I just didn't know what to do. Everything just seemed to come to a head yesterday. I couldn't handle it anymore. I don't want to make excuses. I don't. I just want to explain it. Everything. Everything that's been going on for months. How tight things have been. Financially. All the stress we've been under. Then all cuts and changes at work. All the new people changing everything. The way they hate me and look at me like I don't know anything and belittle me. Then my parents finding out about things this weekend and not leaving me alone about it. My mom is still calling wanting to talk about."

Sarah was breathing hard, her breasts rising and falling as she talked. She still was staring at the ground, "It's all just. It's just too much. And then Lester. He just pissed me off in Chicago the

other night. Talking like he controlled me. I just. I needed something. Something that I could control and just do and ignore everything about life for a little bit. I've felt like I've been slipping. Like I'm just being dragged along through life and someone else is making all the decisions."

Dan stayed silent, letting Sarah continue.

"Last night. Lester scheduled a late meeting. I couldn't get a hold of him so I had to stay late. My parents picked up the girls. God I hated having to ask for that favor," Sarah bit her lip.

Sarah was fiddling with her hand and swaying her one leg side to side. Her eyes were locked on her own foot, like she was studying it. Dan waited, his wife was working up the courage to say something.

After almost a minute, she finally continued, "Then Lester cancelled the meeting. And I was pissed. And I wanted to hurt him. To piss him off. I didn't want to be a puppet on a string for him. Then the janitor came in. I knew I was going to do something stupid so I tried to leave. God I wanted to leave but I knew how much our last tryst with the janitor pissed off Lester."

It clicked in his brain. He knew where this was going to end but he didn't know how it all fit together.

"You fucked him. The janitor. The same one from the other night," Dan said. He didn't ask. He already knew based on how she was holding herself.

Sarah just nodded as another tear ran down her cheek.

"So what happened," Dan asked.

Sarah shook her head and looked up at him, a flat smile on her face. She closed her eyes shook her head again, "Right at the end. That bitch Mary walked in. She saw us. And she was oh so fucking happy she did."

"Then she fired you," Dan asked.

"Not before making me beg for my job. I did. I shoved down my pride and ego and I fucking begged her in my old office. But she still fired me anyway."

"And then the fucking car wouldn't start!" Sarah put her face in her hands.

Dan didn't say anything. He moved to one of the chairs under the barstop and took a seat. He just stared at the counter as he tried to process everything Sarah had just told him. It was a lot. His mind raced as he felt conflicting emotions. Anger, jealousy, betrayal, arousal. He was furious for Sarah, at her workplace and how they treated her. He was mad at her too. That she'd be so stupid to do something like that at work when people were around. Maybe she'd gotten

cocky with it since the few times she'd done things at work lately. But still, how could she just so easily let someone like that fuck her? They were supposed to be in this as a team, together. Doing these things together. He was still pissed about the theatre thing. At least then she had facetimed him in a weak effort to include him in things.

She fucked up. And she acted stupid. He got it though. He knew how stressful things had been. He'd felt like that too. The spinning. Being out of control. Feeling like he was on someone else's leash, dragging him through life. Hell, if Tricia was more forward and they'd already had established a relationship like Sarah had with Otis or Lester, who knew if Dan would be able to control him. He liked to think he could be stronger than that but Sarah was so far down the rabbit hole.

Dan knew he wasn't a saint either. He'd been there right along side Sarah for so long. Letting things slide and hoping things would happen.

He wanted to scream at her. To scream at her for being so stupid. To scream at her for yet again doing something like this. Doing it without his knowledge. It turned him on that she didn't and he knew his head was fucked. He needed a shrink to fix him. He wanted to make her hurt as much as he did. But the thing that weighed heavily on his mind was just what the hell they were going to do?

Sarah's job at kept them afloat. It had helped cover the mortgage and some of the bills. He wasn't fully employed even though the money with sentienel was good. It wouldn't cover that gap.

"Dan," Sarah said snapping him out of his thoughts. She was looking at him, finally able to make eye contact. She looked like a deer in the headlights, awaiting his judgement, "Say something. Please."

"I don't know what to say Sarah," Dan shrugged, "it's really fucked up."

"Why didn't you just call me, while you were at work? We could have talked though it," Dan said.

"I was still mad at you. I know its dumb and doesn't make sense. I think I was just mad because my parents kept hounding on me and it was easy to blame you. You didn't forgot my phone at that place. You didn't make me go there. But I did hope you could have covered for me," Sarah said.

"I didn't even know if you were alive," Dan said.

"I know. I know that. Thats why its dumb. Have I mentioned how I am spinning out of control?" Sarah tried to weakly joke, "I didn't want to call. I just needed to be away from everything. To get my mind on right. Who knew work wouldn't let that happen."

“And you fucked that janitor again. Without me. We are supposed to be a team. That’s what we keep saying yet you keep doing things by yourself,” Dan said, “And this time it came back to bite you on the ass and we’re all going to pay for it.”

Sarah let out a long breath and visibly slumped, “I know.”

“Sarah, I don’t know what to be more pissed with. That fact that you fucked Otis again. Without me. Or that you lost your job because of it. I don’t know what we are going to do.”

“Drink. A lot,” Sarah mumbled.

“We aren’t going to have any money to buy alcohol,” Dan said.

“Do you still love me?” Sarah asked quietly.

Dan just gave her a look and sighed, “I do. Yes Sarah. I do still love you. You drive me crazy and I know I am partly responsible for a lot of this shit lately. I do still love you. But I’m also fucking mad at you for putting us in this position and for acting like you have been. I don’t know where we go from here and I’m not just talking about our finances.”

Sarah nodded, “We’ll fix it. I’ll fix it”

“I don’t even know where we start,” Dan said leaning back in the chair, “It’s like we’ve dug ourselves deep into a hole and can’t get out. And the vultures are swirling overhead.”

Dan imagined himself deep in a hole, looking up at a blue sky while the birds circled in the air waiting to pick the flesh off their bodies. He looked up at the ceiling. Lester was still up there. Still in his house, his bedroom. Dan balled his hands into a fist and narrowed his eyes.

Yes, he didn’t know what to do. He didn’t know how to fix their situation but he could at least solve the problem right in front of him.

“We’ll figure it out Sarah. We have a lot of work to do. You have a lot of work to do. But just like any problem at work, we break things down into bite sized chunks and tackle them. And for me, that means starting with kicking that fat leech out of our bed,” Dan rose to his feet.

“Dan, maybe we should go easy on him he might be able to –”

Dan cut her off raising his hand, “No. Not today. You take the girls into the backyard. I’m throwing him out.”

Without waiting for a response, Dan went into the living room, “Hey girls. Turn off the TV, mom wants to play with you in the backyard.”

To his surprise the girls eagerly turned off the TV and ran into the kitchen to join their mom. Sarah looked at Dan with a worried expression before leading the girls outside. When the patio door was closed. Dan headed upstairs.

When he opened his bedroom door, Lester was sitting in his bed wearing just boxers. It angered him to no end that this guy just acted so loose and casual in Dan's house. What if one of his daughters walked into the room and saw this troglodyte sitting here like this.

Lester was munching on something while on his laptop. A black bag was next to him, propped up on Dan's side of the bed.

"Time to go," Dan scowled stepping into the room.

"I don't think so," Lester said, "I'm comfortable and I'm in the middle of something."

"No, you aren't. You are in the middle of leaving," Dan corrected marching over to the bed. He slammed Lester's laptop shut and yanked it out of his hands.

"Hey!" Lester shouted, "You're going to break it."

"Break what?" Dan said as he dropped the laptop onto the carpeted floor, "Oops."

"What the fuck!" Lester's face was red as he comically rolled himself out of the bed.

"Maybe you didn't hear me, but you're leaving. Get dressed, nobody needs to see that," Dan said. Lester reached for his laptop but Dan grabbed it first, "No. I'm holding onto this until you leave. If you aren't out of here in two minutes I'm throwing it out the window onto the concrete driveway."

Lester stared daggers at him, "Fine."

The fat man quickly got dressed and grabbed his backpack.

"Go," Dan said gesturing to the door.

"Give me my laptop," Lester challenged.

"When you're outside you get it back. Now move," Dan said.

"Whatever," Lester said and left the bedroom into the hallway. Lester stomped down the stairs as Dan followed behind. Dan resisted the intense urge he felt to kick Lester square in the back and send him tumbling down the stairs.

"You know, you should really treat the guy covering your share of rent better," Lester scoffed.

“Who gives a shit man,” Dan said, his tired mental state leaking into his voice. “I probably won’t even need that place anymore.”

“Oh yeah because you got fired. Say what are you going to do about things now that Sarah got fired too? You guys sure know how to fuck up,” Lester said opening the frontdoor. He turned around and held his hand out, “Laptop. Now.”

“No. Laptop when you are in your car,” Dan said stepping through the door into Lester’s personal space. Lester just scoffed and turned and walked towards the driveway. “And our financial situation is none of your business roomie.”

“You’re the worst roommate I’ve ever had,” Lester said.

“Same here bud,” Dan followed Lester to his car. His roommate opened his door and held out his hand. Dan tossed the laptop to Lester, enjoying watching the man’s eyes going wide as she moved to catch it.

The laptop landed clumsily in Lester’s hands and he shot Dan an intense scowl. Dan just chuckled. It felt good making Lester react like that. It finally felt like Dan had taken back a bit of that control Sarah was talking about. Between this and how things were going with Sentinel Securities, he felt good. Maybe this was the start of a turnaround.

“You know, I really like your house,” Lester said, “I think I’m going to buy it when the bank forecloses on you.”

“Fuck you,” Dan tired back.

“Thanks but no thanks. You’re wife already took care of that. You should ask her how tender our love making was last night. Ask her how much she loved it,” Lester said before hopping in his car and pulling the door shut.

Dan balled his hands into fists.

The engine roared to life and the driver side window rolled down.

“Check your cell later. I’m going to send you a new proposition,” Lester spat.

“Didn’t you hear me? I’m probably moving out soon,” Dan said. He still liked having the apartment. Not that he wanted to live away from his family but if he had clients in Chicago it made doing business easier for him.

“You will be moving out of this house soon unless I save you. I can’t let future Mrs. Marshall living on the streets now can I?” Lester chuckled.

“Get the fuck out of here,” Dan said. Lester just stared at him before backing out the driveway and taking off. Dan stood in his driveway until he saw Lester turned the corner.

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<i>What a mess.</i> Sarah thought as she looked over the papers scattered over their dining room table. They were digging deep into their financial situation to try and figure out how much runway they had.

The girls were upstairs asleep. Dan was pacing in the living room talking to their realtor to try to figure out if they should sell the house. Sarah wanted to wait and see what happened. Truthfully she didn't want another stresser like selling a house on her mind. Just the idea of trying to keep it clean for each showing made her uneasy.

She looked at the laptop in front of her. At the spreadsheet containing some of their financials. Her eyes glazed over so she shifted to some of the bills in front of her. It was too late in the day. She knew they needed to do this but she just couldn't bring herself to dive into it yet.

She heard Dan sigh from the other room, his footsteps followed shortly after. Looking dejected he sat down in the chair next to her.

“What did he say?” Sarah asked, her heart quickening at Dan's sour expression.

“That the market is going through a correction right now,” Dan sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “If we sell now, we are going to take a big loss on the house.”

“How big of a loss?” Sarah asked, “Enough that we'll still won't be able to cover the principal left on our mortgage.”

“Really?” Sarah said back shocked, “What the hell are we supposed to do then?”

“I don't know. We could still try to sell it. We'd just have a small mortgage to pay off.”

“I don't think the bank would let that happen,” Sarah said.

“I don't know,” Dan sighed, “What about you. What have you got here?”

“Honeslty, my brain can't function right now. We need to cancel Netflix and other subscriptions,” Sarah said.

“Okay. But still that isn't a ton of money saved,” Dan replied.

“No but it adds up. Especially because we pay every month. It’s hundreds every year. And we can find other ways to cut things down. Maybe reducing our life insurance. Or taking faster and not so hot showers. Maybe we can do a yard sale and sell some stuff. Or Facebook marketplace,” Sarah added trying to sound like she had useful ideas.

“When do you want to tell our parents?” Dan asked.

Sarah felt the ball of tensions tighten in her chest. The last thing she wanted to do was bring this up to her parents. Especially when they’d want to dig into why she lost her job. They’d think her and Dan were failures and she couldn’t bear that.

“I don’t want to tell mine,” Sarah said.

Dan narrowed his eyes, “Mine won’t be able to help. They can’t even take us in. They don’t have the space. And then don’t have the money to help us. Your parents might be able to help us Sarah.”

“Not yet. If it comes to that, we will cross that bridge when we come to it but not yet. I can’t,” Sarah said.

“The sooner we do, the less cash we burn through,” Dan said.

“Dan we can’t live with them and I can’t ask them for a loan. You know how my dad is about handouts. We are talking like neither of us will be able to get new jobs. I haven’t even started looking yet. I might get something that pays better.”

“True,” Dan sighed, “I just haven’t had any luck.”

“Maybe look outside your field. We just need something to get us through the next little bit. Soon your consulting business will take off and you won’t need that new job. Maybe I’ll be working for you,” Sarah smiled and squeezes his hand.

Dan pulled his hand back and winced, realizing what he unintentionally done. Sarah held it together but felt something break inside of her. Dan gave her a flat smile and tried to change the subject, “So if we cut everything you’ve found, how are we looking?”

“It’s still in the red. We can’t touch our 401ks yet with how our old employers set them up. So its all savings which we don’t have a lot left of.”

“How did we get here?” Dan said closing his eyes, “I wish we just had a magic wand to go back in time and fix things. I go back and keep my job, you go back and stop that hack at the hospital so Drew would still be the CEO and you’d have things running smoothly.”

Sarah hadn't thought about her old CEO in a long time. Not since he was replaced in disgrace because of his double dealings. The hospital's new CEO, Richard Thornhill was such a sleazebag who clearly wasn't above kickbacks despite how he proclaimed about cleaning up the hospital's operations. He was just there for himself, like all men in those positions.

"Come on," Dan said getting to his feet. He reached out and grabbed her hand, "Let's go upstairs."

His hand felt warm around hers and she eagerly stood and followed him. "Upstairs?" Sarah asked, "Do you mean?"

"Yes," Dan said, "It's been too long."

Sarah felt her chest flush and that butterfly feeling in her stomach, "I just thought that with everything.....you wouldn't want to."

"Our finances aren't the only thing we need to work on. And I'm a very jealous man," Dan said and led her up the stairs. Sarah smiled and followed him.

Dan wasn't like other men. He was a good one. She wondered how she would have been as the hospital CEO. He wasn't selfish like Richard Thornhill was. Her husband was a good man. She tried to push Thornhill out of her head as she followed Dan to the bedroom. He was a selfish bastard. So sleazy and arrogant with a high opinion of himself.

The idea struck her as she crossed into the bedroom and Dan began disrobing. She could get her job back. She just had to go above Mary and talk to Richard. She visibly shook as a shiver ran through her. She knew if she went to him, what he would want for her in return. Sarah was breathing hard both at Dan in front of her and the idea beginning to form in her head.

Dan would say no. He wouldn't want her to prostitute herself out like that. But Sarah needed to fix her mistake. She needed to course correct and make sure her family was secure. She had to secure their future. She was going to do it.

Sarah took off her clothes and revelled in Dan's eyes going over her body. She'd do it for Dan and for the girls. But right now, she was all Dan's. Sarah walked over to her husband and pushed him down onto the bed and straddled him.