

Here we are at the end of February. Did this month fly by for anyone else? Anyways, things seem to be getting a bit better on my end (fingers crossed). We'll see if that holds. I really hope it does.

But lets get to the good stuff shall we? First, here's Toxic Attraction Chapter 39. A lot happens in this chapter and it was blast to write it. I hope its a fun read for you as well. In the next few days I'll finish editing Neighborhood Encounter five and get that one up on here too.

Lets dive into 39.

“Just stop,” Dan said firmly into the phone, watching Sarah enthusiastically ride his disgusting roommate. He waited for his loving, yet estranged wife to slow but she never even slowed down. She just kept riding that slob’s massive organ. “Sarah, stop. Pineapple. For fuck’s sake.”

It had taken all of Dan’s willpower to finally voice the words raging through his head. Having already cum to the scene on the phone had helped clear his mind, too. But Sarah didn’t stop moving, her face contorted in pure sick pleasure. The arousal that had been pumping through his veins dissipated, and Dan felt his heart begin to sink. His chest felt heavy as the lurid scene continued to unfold. Then the camera shifted, and he had a new view of Sarah, mostly obstructed by Lester’s pudgy arms that were grabbing at her hips.

He couldn’t tear his eyes away from the screen, ashamed that his cock was still hard watching his wife being thoroughly defiled. A text message from Tricia popped up at the top of the screen, but he quickly swiped it away.

Sarah and Lester shifted, and the phone spun dizzily before going black. Dan ended the call and lay back in his bed. He looked over himself in disgust. On a whim, he opened Tricia's message.

T: I need it.

It took Dan a second to understand what she was saying. In his last message, he’d asked what needed his special attention. Dan fired back a response.

D: Professionally?

T: Maybe.

Dan sighed, knowing he was moving down a dangerous road. But he’d just watched his wife riding his obese roommate begging to be impregnated in their far-out-of-control bedroom fantasy. Dan and Sarah had briefly reconnected, but now it felt like they were still oceans apart. Dan decided, not for the first time, that he needed to do something to change his situation.

D: Let’s talk once Sentinel hires me full-time.

T: Negotiating? Now? Gotta admit, that’s kind of hot.

D: What would it take to make that happen?

T: There’s already been chatter about it. I’m sure I can tip the scales. But you’ll owe me.

D: Oh yeah? And what would you want?

T: I’m sure you can guess.

D: I have a pretty good imagination.

T: Kinky.

Dan put the phone on the bedside table and ran his hands over his face. He didn't want to sleep on the futon tonight. He was going to sleep in his own damn bed. He pushed himself up and crossed to the door, going down the hallway to check on the girls. They were sleeping soundly, blissfully unaware of the issues between their parents. He pulled the door shut and rested his forehead against it, longing for simpler times.

Downstairs in the kitchen, he poured himself a glass of water and tried to calm himself down. The laptop was still open on the dining room table. The same table that Lester had so blatantly taken Sarah on during their recent dinner conversation.

He'd reformatted and updated Sarah's resume for her, a token sign of his effort in still wanting her, wanting them, to succeed. He'd even found a few jobs nearby, and in Chicago, she was qualified for, and had them printed out and had arranged them in a neat stack. Why did he even bother? It all seemed so pointless in the face of being ignored and emasculated on the phone again.

Dan so wanted this day to be over. He went upstairs and crawled into their marital bed, pulling the sheets over him. He lay on his side, eyes closed, but his brain wasn't turning off. The mental images of Sarah's seductive face, moaning and screaming in pleasure, were burned into his mind. He drifted in and out of consciousness. In and out of reality. His fleeting dreams were filled with visions of Sarah and Lester. His conscious thoughts held the same pictures. Sometime in the middle of the night, or it may have been early morning, he heard the front door lock engage. A single set of footsteps slowly crept up the stairs and came to their bedroom entrance. Dan held his eyes shut and swore. Sarah stood there at the door, just looking at him for several seconds. He didn't stir.

She went into the bathroom and started a shower. Dan braced himself, waiting for a second set of footsteps. This set plodding and monotonous, but that sound never came. She was alone. The shower cut off after a few minutes, and Sarah slid into bed next to him. He didn't dare turn and look at her, afraid of what he'd see. Was she on her side, looking at him, waiting for him to say something? Or was she content, oblivious to his pain, perhaps she'd turned away and was facing the wall?

Dan just lay there until he drifted off to more uncomfortable dreams.

Sarah had slept in way longer than she would've if she'd still been working at the hospital. She'd loved her routine of making coffee, getting the girls off to school and then fully attacking her workday. She'd prided herself on being the most capable person at the hospital and getting the most done in her day. Sure, her job wasn't as directly impactful on patient health outcomes as a surgeon, doctor, or even a nurse's, but she helped in ways often overlooked or unseen by patients and staff. She kept everything running.

Now she woke to an empty house. Dan was gone, presumably he'd dropped the girls off at school. She checked the time on her phone and groaned. Almost noon.

The events of the night before slowly returned to her mind. Her rendezvous with Richard, luring him to the hotel and then....her insane lovemaking session with Lester.

"Lovemaking," Sarah scoffed at herself. But she couldn't deny that's what it had felt like. They shared something more than just fucking now. Sure, sometimes it was just getting pounded, but last night, their dirty talk....part of her almost believed what they were saying to each other.

She sat up with a groan and put her head in her hands. Her skull was throbbing, and she made her way to the bathroom to pop a Tylenol. She felt some of Lester's warm cum seep down her leg, and she quickly wiped it up. Before bed, she'd gone into the shower to clean herself up, but still some of his generous load was embedded inside of her. While she was there, she grabbed her birth control pill and swallowed it. As it hit her tongue, it tasted funny, but she quickly forgot about it, moving downstairs on autopilot for coffee.

The pot dripped excruciatingly slowly as she swayed unsteadily. Finally, her cup was full, and she tasted the warm heavenly nectar, giving her brain the wake-up call it needed. She spotted Dan's laptop and papers on the dining room table, and she moved over to see what he'd done.

She picked up the first sheet of paper and saw a new resume for herself, professionally formatted and updated with her recent experience. She couldn't remember the last time she'd even made a resume, and the idea of making one had been a barrier to her even wanting to start her job search. She put her resume down and looked at the other stack, which was printed and stapled job postings. She took the papers and her coffee to the couch and thumbed through them.

Some of them were actually interesting. Better than that, she didn't feel intimidated by any of the jobs. She knew she was more than qualified and could kick ass in these roles. None were on the level of hospital CEO, but all of them would be fine for the short term.

"Thanks, Dan," Sarah said to the air, feeling the knot tighten in her chest. He was still there for her. After everything. She'd wanted to ask him about last night. What he thought of it. Why hadn't he spoken up? She knew when he was really turned on, he'd just freeze, his brain unable to process what he was seeing. Not wanting it to stop.

She grabbed her phone and texted him, "Thank you." She didn't know where he was, but she'd give him space. Things were delicate, and she didn't want to push. Another notification at the top of the screen caught her attention. She opened Instagram and saw a request to follow her. Otis.

She scrunched her nose up seeing his name, but clicked through to his profile. It was exactly as she expected: shirtless pictures of the man, him posing with a beer or guns. Lots of political ramblings. She denied his request. She had enough going on right now and didn't want to allow that kind of additional chaos into her life. Though a small smile played at her lips, thinking of their encounters in the hospital. While she regretted them on the whole, she couldn't deny that she'd fully enjoyed her time with the former janitor.

She opened her texts and didn't see anything new from Lester. That irritated her. Especially after last night. She fired him a message.

S: Anything new happening there?

After a few seconds, the three little dots appeared, followed by Lester's response.

L: Yup.

She stared at the screen waiting, but a follow-up response never came.

S: And? What's happening?

L: Richard stumbled in late.

Sarah was getting frustrated, but Lester sent her another text before she could type one.

L: Talk later. Don't want to text about it.

Sarah stared at the words for a minute before they clicked for her. He didn't want to leave a trail back to either of them. She hadn't thought of that. Lester's level of conniving always surprised her. It should be worrying, but she found it a comfort in situations like this one.

L: Did you have fun?

Sarah licked her lips and texted back.

S: Oh, I did. It was quite explosive.

L: Did you take a pregnancy test yet? Did I knock you up?

Sarah shook her head and rolled her eyes, thinking of the impossibility of what he was suggesting. They were double-protected, but she was getting turned on that Lester was bringing up his fantasy. She'd be lying if she said it didn't turn her on, too.

S: I don't know, I think you're going to have to try a few more times to make sure it happens...

S: ...Daddy

L: I'll fill you up as many times as I have to.

Sarah smiled, thinking of the stream of cum that had still leaked out of her this morning. Before Lester, she hadn't known that a man could make that much cum.

S: Promises, promises.

Sarah put her phone down on the table, her eyes landing on the stack of job postings. After another cup of coffee, Sarah took the papers over to the laptop and decided now was the time to throw her hat into the ring again.

The links were all still open in the browser, and her resume was open in Word. She saved a PDF of her resume and started applying for jobs. Writing a cover letter for each one was annoying, but she powered through. One of the postings asked her to apply on LinkedIn. When she logged in, she was greeted by an out-of-date profile she had yet to update. But what caught her eye was a post in her network that was suddenly getting a lot of activity.

It was Richard's post from the night before. It looked just like a drunk rambling DM. The message bashed the hospital, some of the board members and really made Richard look bad. It was a surprise he hadn't taken the post down yet. Sarah's jaw dropped open when she saw that there were over 200 comments and reactions on the post. Scrolling through them, Sarah saw several of the named board members and other notable hospital community members.

"He's cooked," Sarah said, pushing herself back in her chair, staring at the screen in disbelief. Then a wide smile spread across her face. "He's done."

She sent Lester another text.

S: Saw a wild post on LinkedIn.

Lester just sent back a shocked emoji. Then, a link to a local news website. There was a story about a local, unnamed executive at the hospital who'd been arrested for fencing critical diabetic test strips online. There was even a picture taken in front of Mary's house.

S: I want to fuck you.

L: Soon

Sarah pushed away from the table. She'd work on the rest of the applications later. At the moment, she was too turned on to think properly. She marched up to her room, clutching her phone in her hand. Pulling open a drawer, she rooted around until she found a vibrator that hadn't been used in a long time.

She pressed the button and smiled as it started to pulsate in her hand. The batteries were still good. Sarah laid down on the bed, dropped her panties and touched it to herself. Her eyes tightened in pleasure, and she started to suck in small breaths. Lazily, she opened her phone and sent Lester a text.

S: Send me a pic of your cock.

L: Why

S: I need it. Now.

Sarah threw her head back down and went to town on herself, working the shaft of her vibrator inside herself. Her thighs clamped around it, and she turned on her side, running, bucking her hips against it. Her phone dinged, and she slid it open to see a picture of Lester's massive cock filling her screen. It was from his office, but that detail didn't matter to her. She stared hungrily at its veins, how thick it was and how her phone's screen couldn't contain it.

"Fuckk," Sarah whispered to herself. Her eyes alternated between closing and being lost in pleasure to looking at her phone through her slitted lids. Another picture of Lester's cock head appeared in the chat, and Sarah moaned, "Mhmmm."

S: Don't stop.

Another picture, this time of Lester's giant, hairy, heavy balls, came in. Sarah pressed a button, and the vibrator's speed increased. Her head lolled to the side, and she worked the amazing invention in and out of her. Her phone dinged again, and another shot of Lester appeared; this time it was his gross lips with his tongue sticking out of his mouth.

Sarah groaned, her eyes locked on his disgusting tongue. She licked her own lips, imagining how that fat tongue tasted. Another picture. Lester's ugly face. Another picture, Lester's shirtless body,

"Mhmmmmffmm," Sarah moaned. She felt it. It was close. Just a small one. Right around the corner. "Mhmmmm....Lester.....mhmmmmlessterrr....god..."

Sarah stared at Lester's shirtless, disgusting, oddly proportioned body. She craved it. Sarah's mind was lost in lust. She pushed her vibrator in and screamed hoarsely as she came. An erupting warmth spreading out from her pussy and flooding into her entire body. Sarah dropped her phone. The mental image of Lester burned into her mind as her vision blurred, her eyes closed, and she saw stars.

"Fuck..." Sarah groaned in the aftershocks of her orgasm. She pulled her vibrator out and dropped it onto the sheets as she fell back to sleep.

Lester sat in a meeting room with the other remaining executives at the hospital. Notably absent was Richard. But on the large projector screen in front of them was John Walsh, a member of the board. Lester was eagerly casting glances around the room, watching each of their reactions in turn.

Lester's face held contempt and worry, but beneath the surface, Lester was gleeful. It was a new sensation to be inside the belly of the beast when one of his machinations had successfully attacked it. He'd taken down the systems of over a dozen companies through the years and always wondered what it would be like to be a fly on the wall as they panicked and strategized on the inside. He'd seen some of that when they'd first brought him in to help with the ransomware attack he himself had orchestrated.

"Richard is stepping down as CEO," Mr. Walsh said to the room from the screen. "We misjudged his character when we recruited him, and for that, the board would like to apologize to you and your teams. We should have gone with our other choice at the time, but regrettably, that is no longer possible."

Lester met the eyes of his fellow executives, matching their shocked disbelief. He mirrored their shaking heads and distraught appearances. While hanging on to John's every word.

"Some of you may have seen Richard's unfortunate LinkedIn post before he took it down," John sighed into the camera. "Suffice to say, he was trying to message someone else privately while accidentally posting it to his wall. The content of that post, combined with other emails and communications he sent are the reason for his dismissal. The role of the CEO should be to lead the hospital and improve patient outcomes, and the board feels that Richard no longer possesses the tools necessary to accomplish that."

"The content of some of those other communications is quite sensitive and will not be repeated here. The board has been made aware of a handful of them. Unfortunately, we expect at least one will result in a lawsuit against Richard and, possibly, the hospital. As I am sure many of you are aware, after the hospital's recent ransomware attack, we cannot afford another public controversy. It is critical that we maintain the faith and trust of our community. If asked about Richard or the lawsuit, simply say you can't discuss it. If issues or questions continue to be directed to you, please get in contact with the hospital attorney who has been briefed and is standing by."

Lester could feel the tension in the room. He wished he could taste it. It was palpable, and the only thing better would be fucking Sarah on the table in front of everyone and rubbing his ability to do so in all of their faces.

"The board is immediately conducting an extensive and exhaustive search for a new CEO that can pick up the pieces from this and lead the hospital to a new and prosperous future," John added, "I am back to being your point person on all corporate matters for the time being until that new person is in place."

When John disconnected from the meeting. The other executives just sat in silence for a few moments before quickly devolving into petty gossip about Richard and the new allegations. Lester stayed silent, observing how these so-called corporate executives were nothing more than teenagers in business outfits, just like the rest of corporate America.

The system was broken and run by idiotic performative children. It didn't take long for everyone to start filing out, going back to their respective domains across the hospital. Lester headed down to his gutted IT department. When he left, which would be soon, this place was going to crash and burn. He was holding it together on his own, and whoever took his position after him would need to restaff

and retrain from the ground up. With Richard gone, Lester had a great, plausible reason to depart. He'd say he didn't want to be involved with a team like the one Richard had personally put together.

Lester pushed open the door to his office and looked around. He'd only been in here briefly this morning before the meeting, but he had the same sense of unease as before. There was something off about his office, but he couldn't place his finger on exactly what it was. He hefted himself into his chair and checked out his surroundings. Running his hands over his desk, he couldn't find anything different. His mouse was slightly askew, but that wasn't out of the ordinary.

He sat with a frown, examining his surroundings. His phone chimed, pulling him out of his observations. He cocked an eyebrow. It wasn't who he expected.

Sarah's mother's message surprised him.

R: Can we talk later this week? I'd like to ask more about the sort of things that happened in Chicago.

L: What sort of things are you talking about?

Lester sent a message to Sarah while he waited for Renee's response.

L: So what do I get for sending you those pics?

Lester didn't need to wait long before another message came in.

R: I'd rather talk than message, if that's okay.

L: Sure, Renee, how about tonight?

Three dots appeared, then disappeared. She was trying to compose a response and was second-guessing herself. Lester smiled and pressed his advantage.

L: I'm actually in Middleton on business, but leaving in the morning. I'm heading overseas and won't be able to talk while I'm away. Let's meet and talk face to face.

He knew Sarah's mother was nonconfrontational and accommodating. He just needed to tip the balance in the right way to make things happen.

The three dots appeared, but before her message appeared, Lester fired off another one.

L: I have to run to a meeting. Let's talk tonight. 7:30 at The Varnish. See you then.

The three dots disappeared, and Lester smirked to himself. *Gotcha.*

His phone chimed, and his smile grew even wider.

S: Me.

L: What time?

S: Once the girls are asleep.

L: I'll come around nine.

S: Don't be late. I need it.

L: You're gonna get it.

S: You better deliver big daddy.

Sarah watched from the kitchen as Dan wheeled his carry-on suitcase to the front door. He didn't look at her. She was annoyed by his silence. She was tired of how, one minute, he could be hot and the next, cold, like he was now. He'd come around and even taken her to bed, and now he wasn't even going to say goodbye. She'd invited Lester over for some fun and thought it might be a nice change of pace for Dan to be present, but now he was leaving. She debated for a second, not necessarily cancelling her plans, but she wanted to at least try to talk to her husband first.

Part of her wanted to just go upstairs and take a bath with a glass of wine. She couldn't believe he was going to act like such a child and just leave. Where was that assertive man she'd fallen in love with? The man she'd had two children with. She hadn't seen that guy for a long time.

She ground her teeth and walked to the edge of the kitchen, leaning against the doorframe, "Going to Washington or Chicago?"

"Washington," Dan said without looking at her, "It sounds like they might have something big for me."

"Sounds great," Sarah said sarcastically. She couldn't hold back her anger anymore, "Were you just going to leave without saying anything? What's going on?"

Dan dropped his luggage to the ground and slumped his shoulders. He sighed, "I don't know how much longer I can do this, Sarah. This back and forth. This up and down. It's killing me."

"It's killing me!" Sarah shouted. "You're the one who is acting like this. Why?"

"Why? Why?" Dan repeated, half laughing. She heard the hurt and pain in his voice. "Why the fuck do you think? I asked you to stop. I asked you to stop with Lester last night but you didn't. You just kept riding him. You chose him over me. Again."

"I didn't..." Sarah started, biting her tongue. The anger in his voice was setting her off. She wanted to snap at him. She couldn't hold it back, "You didn't say anything. You just sat there not saying anything, like you always do. Letting another man take your wife. Again."

"I did. I told you to stop. I even fucking said pineapple, but you didn't stop," Dan said. His phone buzzed, and he checked it. "My Uber is here."

"Whatever," Sarah said, "Go."

Dan slammed the door behind him. Sarah walked to the door and watched him get in the black sedan. Part of her wanted to go after him, the other part of her wanted to curl up on the couch and numb herself with a glass of wine.

She rested her forehead against the door as the sedan pulled away with her husband. *What the hell is happening to my life?* She thought back to when they'd gotten married and then when they'd had the girls. Their quiet nights together. The fun they'd had going out on dates. Her life had been perfect, exactly what she'd always wanted. How did they get here?

Her thoughts came back to how unreasonable Dan was being. It was like he was trying to push her away. He hadn't said anything on the phone and was probably just pissed at himself yet again for being overcome and freezing at the sight of her and Lester enjoying themselves together.

She still couldn't believe that Lester had fucked her in the same bed as her passed-out boss while her husband watched on the phone. It was deliciously fucked up and something only someone with a sour mind like Lester could come up with. He just loved fucking with people, and Sarah found an odd power there that she was attracted to.

Even as Sarah performed for the camera, her mind had been on Lester and his lovely cock. Part of her had wondered if Lester had even called Dan or if he was just recording her. Lester held the phone, but his eyes were always on her.

Lester held the phone. Lester enjoyed fucking with people. He especially enjoyed fucking with Dan. Could Lester have muted Dan on the call? Had Dan actually tried to stop them? Had her husband manned up and commanded her to stop? Would she have if she'd heard him?

Sarah quickly ran to the kitchen, grabbed her phone, and texted her husband.

S: I think Lester muted you on the call. I couldn't hear you say stop.

Dan read Sarah's text for the third time before turning his phone face down on his desk. He'd come right to the Sentinel offices after landing in Washington, eagerly burying himself in work to distract himself from continuing the conversation with Sarah. He was happy to be away. He didn't want to be anywhere near that house at the moment. If his daughters weren't there, he seriously didn't know if he'd ever go back.

It was too painful. Going around and around. The same issues, the same arguments, the same outcome. He was tired. Tired of feeling like shit. At least here, at Sentinel, he could be himself, his old self. The one who he really was, not the pathetic cuckold he found himself assuming the role of in Middleton.

Dan turned back to the current conversation. Carlos was sitting in Dan's cubicle, speaking in an animated yet hushed tone.

"I mean, it's kind of nerdy, I know, but a couple of us get together at lunch on Fridays. We book one of the meeting rooms on the third floor. There aren't many people using them, and most people on the third floor don't come into the office. " And no one else likes going all the way down there for meetings," Carlos said. "You could come and just check it out, right?" No commitment. Easy. Once you start with us full-time, you don't have to come every Friday, but it sounds fun, right?"

Dah held up his hands in defense, "Let's not put the cart before the horse. I don't have an offer yet. Hell, no one besides Tricia has even talked to me about it. I'm just gonna keep my head down and keep doing my work, alright?"

"Semantics, whatever," Carlos said with a shrug, "I hear it's gonna be a done deal. I didn't want to invite you before, since no one would be looking to bring in a part-timer to the game who might leave and throw off the dynamic. But since, or if, you get in full-time, you can join us now, right? Have you ever played D&D before?"

"Once," Dan said, shaking his head, "It wasn't the best experience."

"You probably had a shitty dungeon master," Carlos said without missing a beat, "Just wait until you meet Omar. He's from accounting, and he's the best. He comes up with some insane campaigns, and there's always a twist or a way to defeat the boss that you just don't realize. It's a ton of fun. We've

been running our current campaign for a few months now, and it's awesome. What class did you play as?"

"I don't know, I think it was some music guy or something like that. Everyone thought he was weak," Dan said.

"Bard probably," Carlos said, his fingers tapping the desk, "Not my favorite but they can be cool. Maybe I can help you come up with your build at lunch tomorrow if you want."

"Sure, man," Dan smiled at his new friend's eagerness. He didn't want to shut the guy down or tell him that he had no interest in D&D. It reminded him of his roommate and his fucked up situation, something he definitely didn't want to think about.

"Alright, coolio," Carlos said as he rolled up his sleeve to check his watch, "I gotta go. Meeting on redoing some of our technical SOPs." He made a gun with his hand and mimed shooting himself in the head, "Kill me now."

Carlos got up and left the cubicle, leaving Dan alone with his thoughts. He opened the Chrome browser on his computer and started typing in an address before thinking better of it. *Probably best not to do that on the company network.*

He turned his phone over, pointedly ignoring Sarah's message and opened Chrome, going to the address he'd memorized. He logged in, and his screen populated with several camera feeds of his house. He had a view of their bedroom, the master bathroom, the kitchen and the living room. Thankfully, the bed was empty, but so was the rest of the house. Sarah must have gone out.

Images of her riding Lester's cock in his car filled his mind until he got up to go for a walk.

Lester sat in the crowded bar parking lot as the sun was beginning to set over the small town of Middleton. He hadn't had a reason to come to the seedy part of town again lately, but it reminded him of some of the less-than-reputable neighbourhoods in Chicago that he liked to frequent. The ones with businesses like adult theatres would be shunned and ostracised, or gentrified out of nicer areas. The underbelly, where outliers like him could thrive.

He saw her car drive by once again. Lester couldn't keep the smirk from his face. It was the third time Renee had passed the bar, trying to work up her nerve to park and go inside. Lester just waited. Patience had always served him well.

Worst case, she drove home. In which case, Lester would go pay her daughter a visit for a night of festive debauchery and impregnation. Best case, she went in for a drink, and Lester pushed things further with her. Then he'd go and visit Sarah. In either scenario, he won. This was just a pleasurable distraction.

Lester's cock stiffened when her car finally pulled into the parking lot. She sat there for another five minutes before she finally composed herself and stepped out. Lester's eyes drank in her form. She was wearing plain jeans and a loose t-shirt, but there was no hiding her curves. Lester's eyes travelled up and down her form as she nervously walked across the parking lot, clutching her purse. She looked like she could be Sarah's older sister. From her blonde mane to her heavy chest and bubble butt, she had just about everything Lester liked in a woman.

When she disappeared inside, Lester opened the center console of his SUV and pulled the device out. The car shifted as he got out of it, and he took a roundabout way to the bar entrance, making

sure he passed Renee's car. He bent down as if to tie his shoe next to her rear wheel well and placed the magnetic device under the frame.

He straightened up and went inside. Tracking her could prove useful in the future, but he wasn't sure. It was another variable he could monitor and account for. Serendipitous meetings and all that. The bar was half full, but more people would filter in as they came off shift. Renee was sitting alone at a table, nervously playing with her glass of red wine. Lester hid his scowl and changed back into the nervous, meek roommate Renee had met with her husband, James.

He gave her a polite wave as she met his eye from across the bar. He scooted into the booth next to her as a waitress came over and asked for his order.

"Coke," Lester said, then remembered to add, "Please."

"Thank you for coming, Lester," Renee said over the music. Lester chuckled internally at her thanking him for attending his own setup date that he'd forced through. *So polite.*

"Of course, that's what friends are for, Renee," Lester said, turning his body to mirror hers. People were more at ease when you mirrored them. Their brains unconsciously took note of it and filed it away. Using Renee's name was also part of his game. People liked hearing their names repeated. It endeared you to them. "I was worried when I got your text. Is everything okay?"

"Yes, of course. Sorry to worry you. Everything is fine," Renee waved, "I just...wanted to find out more about...well...you know...it's a delicate topic..."

"Of course," Lester said with a smile, putting his hand on his heart. He held her gaze sincerely as he said, "I can be discreet, but I don't really know what you're looking for me to tell you."

Renee broke eye contact and played with her wine glass again, "I want to know what you know. What you've seen. I know you said Sarah and Dan were into some things, but I want to know what kind of things. All I know is the theater she went to when he was out of town."

Interesting. Lester thought. "Can I ask why you want to know? I know you care about your daughter. About both of them. But I don't know if I feel comfortable talking about things they'd rather keep secret, you know." Lester said carefully, trying to weave the needle.

"I just need to make sure Sarah is okay," Renee said.

Bullshit Lester thought. He wanted to ask her why she stayed in the bathroom of the bar in Chicago so long after she'd heard a woman was getting fucked in there. Or why she stared at his dick when he was naked back in the apartment. She was interested in learning more about what was possible.

"I've never seen her in any danger," Lester said, "But..."

"But what?" Renee asked.

"I don't know if I should say," Lester said, looking down at the table. Renee put her hand on Lester's arm, and his cock sprang away from his body. *Bingo.*

"Lester, please," Renee said, scooting closer to assure him. He looked up at her and saw the outline of her breasts through her t-shirt. He wanted to see what they looked like under there.

Lester let out an exaggerated sigh, trying to be sincere. "Okay, I guess I can tell you. They'd always have these dates when Sarah came into town. They wouldn't always say where they were going, but they'd come back sweaty and smelling like, like sex." He whispered the last word.

Renee's eyes widened.

"Sometimes when Dan would be at work. Sarah would go out on her own, too. She's sometimes come back in the same condition. Maybe she was just meeting Dan somewhere, or maybe she was doing something else. "I don't know," Lester watched Renee's face as she processed the information. "A couple of times they came back to the apartment and went into Dan's room." They weren't alone. I could hear them through the wall."

"Was..um...when they...went into the room," Renee stumbled over her words as her brain tried to process Lester's lies, "Was it with a....another woman...a man?"

"They were definitely men," Lester said.

"Men?" Renee asked, eyes wide.

"Yeah. The few times it was definitely another man, but there was one time where it was at least two guys. They wouldn't stop talking after uh, you know. IT. Even at like three in the morning. I had to bang on the wall to get them to be quiet."

Renee's jaw hung open as she fidgeted with her wine glass. Then she grasped it and downed its contents in one go.

Lester upped the ante, "One time I saw Dan's laptop open on the couch when he went to the bathroom. Don't say anything about this, please? Okay?"

Renee signalled the waitress for another glass and silently nodded her assent for Lester to continue. Lester slumped his shoulders and leaned in, "He was on a website for some kind of sex club in Chicago. It seemed like a club with all these different beds and stuff. I didn't get a good look at it, but I think couples go there to be watched or to...swap."

Renee gulped. The waitress put a new glass of wine in front of her, which Renee quickly took a drink of. "Well, that's... a lot. I'm not sure what to think here."

"I didn't want to get into it, but it feels good to say something to someone finally. I've been holding all that in for months, keeping their secrets. Thank you." Lester said.

"Thank you for telling me, Lester," Renee said with a thousand-yard stare. She was looking out at the rest of the bar. Lester could see the wheels turning in her head. Lester's eyes danced over her body, and his shit-eating grin broke through his meek demeanour. Renee's nipples were as hard as snowpeas.

Lester flagged down the waitress, "I think we need another round, please."

It was getting close to eight thirty, and Lester was surprised that Renee hadn't left the bar yet. Instead, she was complaining to him about things, particularly her husband and his lack of drive to do anything new. He liked eating the same meals and going to the same restaurants.

"There's just no surprise anymore," Renee said, swaying in her seat, "It's just the same thing over and over. The same bland food. On repeat. I want to try new things. I want to live. We're not senior citizens, not yet. There's still life yet to be lived."

Renee's eyes drifted up to the back wall of the bar again. The one with the bathroom sign. Lester could do the math. It wasn't the first time she'd looked back there. She wanted to take a look and

was working her nerve up again. Lester saw his opening and leaned in, "You know, it's okay if you go to a different restaurant."

Renee blinked her eyes at him, like she'd forgotten he was there. She'd been unloading her issues but had seemed to forget who she was talking to, "What do you mean, Lester?"

Thankfully, the music was louder now. More people packed the seedy bar, and Lester had to scooch closer to talk into her ear, "If James wants to eat at the same boring restaurant, that's fine. But you can go to other ones too. Just to have a taste. Maybe dessert. Something sweet. He doesn't even need to know."

Renee pulled back, looking at Lester, trying to parse his words, "I don't want to go to a restaurant alone."

"Who says you have to be alone?" Lester said. "I'm sure there are a lot of delicious things out there just waiting for you to taste them."

Renee's eyes went back to the back wall. She seemed to study it for a moment before she said, "It's getting late, Lester. I'll be heading out soon. I just need to use the little girls' room. Thank you again. For everything. I appreciate your candor. You don't need to wait for me if you want to go."

"Sure thing," Lester said as Renee got to her feet. She steadied herself on the table and walked back through the throngs of people. Lester got up, as though he was leaving. She didn't look back at him, so he turned around and also walked back through the crowded bar, parting people the way a shark would part a school of fish on the way to its prey.

Renee's hand was on the hallway wall as Lester followed her. He ducked back around a corner, and she looked both ways before pushing into the bathroom. Lester went into the men's room and quickly found the stall on the furthest wall that abutted the ladies' room.

The big hole in the wall was still there. Lester had hoped he might end up in here when he pushed this place as their meeting location earlier. He crouched and peeked through the hole. It was so amateurishly made, unlike the discreet creation back at his apartment. The stall door on the other side of the wall opened. Lester saw the familiar t-shirt and jeans and heard a quiet gasp from the other side. Lester grinned.

He couldn't see her face from this vantage point, but he could see her body. She was just standing there, immobilized, looking at the hole. If she'd have crouched to inspect it, she'd have seen Lester's ugly face and beady eye staring back at her from the far side of the stall. Lester waited, patiently watching to see what she would do. If he just stuck his dick through, he might scare her off.

Women were easy, though. The longer she lingered, the more her anticipation would build. She turned around and fiddled with the stall's lock before turning back to the hole in the wall. She paced back and forth for a second, and Lester could make out her nipples hardening through her shirt. Renee went to sit on the toilet, then stood back up, nervous indecisiveness telegraphed through her curt motions. Lester unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants. Renee nervously paced on the other side of the wall. As Lester stood, he lost sight of her as he slid up to the hole and stuck his swelling, hairy cock through.

Renee stopped her pacing in the dirty, repugnant bathroom stall and stared at the growing male appendage that was now pointing at her. Her mouth hung open as she stared at it. It was at least

twice the length of her husband's and much, much thicker. It looked angry and wild, surrounded by a forest of dense pubic hair. She'd never seen a penis that large before.

Her mind drifted to the night in Dan's apartment when Lester had walked into the kitchen naked. She gulped. It hadn't been the first time she'd thought about Lester's tool. Her mind had drifted to it more than once while they'd had their drinks.

She put the thoughts of the odd man out of her mind and tried to figure out what she was going to do. The stall door was right beside her. She could leave anytime. Get into her car and go straight home. But she'd been drawn to coming back here all night, all week really, wondering if one of these holes would be here. She'd lie awake at night fantasizing about this exact moment. But it was all just a fantasy, wasn't it?

Now that it was here, sticking out at her, it was so vividly real, too real. Renee stopped in her tracks, realizing only after a moment that she'd moved her body closer to the fully hard cock. It didn't move. It just stayed there, erect and waiting, sticking out of the wall like a steel bar. It was hard and thick, and she wondered desperately how something that big would feel inside of her. If she could even fit something that size into her body.

She pushed all thoughts of James out of her mind. She needed to satiate her own curiosity, or her fantasy would continue to distract her and dominate her mind. She tentatively reached out and gently grasped the shaft of the cock. It was hot to the touch, and she felt the man's heartbeat in her palm. She'd planned to touch it, wash her hands and leave, but she found her fingers encircling the cock and holding it tight.

A whimper escaped her lips as she saw how her fingers stretched to wrap around it, barely able to touch her thumb and middle finger. Then the cock slowly pulled back and pushed forward, using her grasping hand for its pleasure. Renee's knees trembled. She'd just begun jerking off a cock that wasn't her husband's. The stranger's oversized dick pulled back and thrust forward slowly again, and Renee quivered. She heard a muffled groan from the other side of the wall.

This man. This stranger was using her hand. And she was letting it happen. Renee leaned on the wall, unable to stay upright on her own. She watched in horrified fascination as the man pumped himself through the wall into her waiting hand. There was so much of his length on either side of her hand. She marvelled at how long his cock was. Even if she used both her hands, she wouldn't be able to cover him. His cock was even bigger than she could see when she thought about the part of it in the wall between the two rooms.

Renee's other hand slowly moved up the wall. She knew what it was doing, where it was going, but she just watched as if it were acting on its own. Her delicate fingers touched the edge of the hole, grazing the dense pubic hair until her fingertips glanced off the shaft of his cock. The dick never stopped its slow, pumping. Renee's fingers slid around his shaft and grasped. She held his thick cock with both of her hands as it pumped in and out. In and out.

Renee moaned, feeling the velvety skin of the thick cock slide in and out of her soft palms, using her grip for its own pleasure. She didn't care what the man on the other side of the wall looked like. She was completely lost in the moment. She stared down, watching the cock fuck her hands. The thick head of it pulled back against her grip, then powered forward, forcing her fingers apart. She didn't know when she'd started stroking it on her own. Her grip was tight on the shaft as she worked her hands up and down. It was still insane that both of her hands couldn't cover the length of his shaft.

“Sweet Jesus,” Renee breathed hard. A part of her brain chastised herself for taking the Lord’s name in vain, but it was drowned out by the wanton desire burning through her. She pictured herself dropping to her knees on this filthy floor and letting this stranger put it in her mouth, tasting him. Or even more insane would be dropping her jeans and letting him press it into her.

Renee shuddered at the thought. She wished she could touch herself through her jeans, but she didn’t dare take her hands off the man’s cock. She marvelled at how large he was in her small, soft hands, the strength of his veins pumping blood to his engorged cockhead. The wild pubic hair sticking through the hole was disgusting, and its primal scent twinged Renee’s nose, but it barely registered to her brain. She just leaned against the wall, marvelling at the male organ in her hands. Her breasts rose and fell along with her heavy breathing. Her nipples strained against the cups of her bra.

She bit her lip and stepped slightly closer to the thick cock. This was wrong. She knew it. This wasn’t her husband. He was out, thinking she was at her bookclub again. She moved next to the throbbing cock and could feel the heat emanating from it. Renee couldn’t stop herself.

Reluctantly tearing one of her hands off the massive member, she unclasped the button on her jeans and unzipped them. She struggled out of the oppressive garment until it got stuck just above her knees. Her white panties were already soaked.

She pressed herself forward until her panty-clad pussy came in contact with the side of the cock. The shaft pushed forward, rubbing against her pussy lips and clit. Renee shuddered and held the cock in her hands, stroking it as it ran against her. She leaned lazily against the wall, eyes rolling back in their sockets as she lost herself in the sensations.

Over and over. The cock dragged across her sensitive area, sending electric sparks of pleasure through her body. Her own blonde hair cascaded down her shoulders and brushed her skin; it felt like a lover trailing a feather across her overstimulated nerve endings.

Her eyes shot open as the cock moved. The man on the other side of the wall pulled back, making her lose her grip on it. The angle changed. It wasn’t pumping straight out into the stall. It pivoted and shot out of the hole.

The head of the cock pressed hard directly against her soaked panty covered pussy.

“Ohhh,” Renee gasped, not having expected the quick movement. She tried to pull away, but the cockhead forcefully tapped her pussy and clit again. Her knees felt weak, and she let go with one hand, bracing herself against the wall, while the other held onto his thick shaft.

It kept poking at it. The man on the other side of the wall must be bending his knees. The cock was thrusting into her and rubbing up and down. He was grinding into her and dragging his cock up and down her panty-covered slit. Renee gasped, hanging her head in arousal and shame as she stared down at the man’s precum mixing with her own juices already soaking into her panties.

“Oh god,” Renee moaned and felt her hips move. They turned side to side, rubbing her pussy against the massive organ. Renee let herself go and closed her eyes, feeling the hot, strong shaft glide up and down her smooth palm. Felt it rub itself up and down against her pussy and clit.

Renee groaned and tried to catch her breath. She was thankful the dirty stall didn’t have a mirror, or else she’d have to see herself look like the harlot in Ezekiel 16:15-63. Renee let her jaw hang as ragged breaths escaped her throat.

The cock was pounding against her, running up and down her slit. Renee's hand, bracing herself on the wall, was holding all of her weight, and her pussy pushed against the cock slamming against her. Her half-lidded eyes opened, and she realized that her other hand was stroking the cock. It dawned on her that she could easily step away or redirect the cock away from her with her hand.

But she didn't.

Instead, she let it use her. She let herself get lost in the moment as she used the wide and imposing cockhead to pleasure herself. Renee gasped as the cockhead punched against her slit.

It pulled back and pushed forward again. This time, it dipped lower and pushed between the top of her thighs, coming to rest between her legs. It slowly raised and Renee watched in horrified fashion as it moved up part of her pussy lips through her panties. It pushed forward and tapped against the bottom of her opening. It retreated a bit but pushed forward, back and forth. It dragged against her opening, unable to penetrate her with the right angle.

Renee just ground herself against it, her chest rising and falling in rapid succession. She couldn't take her eyes off the massive organ pushing against the thin, wet material of her panties.

"Ohhh.....myy...." Renee panted. It was so surreal. This had been what she'd fantasized about. She was having an out-of-body experience. This wasn't her. This wasn't real. This couldn't be. Her marriage vows. All the years...

Her cheeks flushed, and she felt her shirt clinging to her body. This wasn't how her night was supposed to go. She'd just wanted information, instead she had the biggest cock she'd ever seen in her life battering up against her sopping wet pussy.

Renee arched her back, revelling in the feeling of her nipples pressing against the restraints of her bra. This was too much. She couldn't breathe. She was standing on the tips of her toes as her body ground itself back against the cock. The cockhead slipped up and pushed hard against her pussy lips, spitting them open as it inched up her. It touched her clit, then passed it.

Renee gripped the shaft in her hand and directed the cock back down to her clit. She pulled it open and down, grinding herself against the cockhead as she directed the motion of the cock. Up and down. Over and over.

Renee couldn't catch her breath. The feeling between her legs dictating everything. She felt on the verge of something she hadn't experienced in years. "Oh god...oh god...oh god...forgive me.." Renee panted, "Please lord forgive me."

"Pleaseeee LORR-UHHHHHH," Renee's head ached back as she bellowed out, "OHHMHMMMMM!" A rush of long forgotten sensations rushed through her, exploding out from between her legs and radiating up her body. Fireworks of pleasure exploded inside of her. All the air left Renee's lungs as her muscles clenched. She gripped the cock in her hand tightly, holding it against her clit. She felt it pulse in her palm.

A flood of wet sticky cum exploded out of the cock head, blasting against her already soaked panties.

"Ohgoo—" Renee cried as her orgasm hit another level, leaving her knees weak and her arched over against the wall for support. Cum kept blasting out of the cock, spraying her panties, soaking into them. She could feel its hot, urgent wetness through the thin material. The cum dripped off them,

running down her thighs, dripping into her jeans below her. Soaking in and permanently staining them. Renee thought she was going to collapse.

As her orgasm receded, she found the willpower to roll herself away from the cock, moving towards the wall to catch her breath. As she did, the cock sprayed, covering her hand in its thick cum. Renee fell back against the wall, panting, staring at her hand in awe as the man's substance stretched between her fingers like thick pancake batter.

The cock was still sticking through the wall, spasming as more cum launched itself onto the floor, pooling and adding to the sticky tiles. Renee's brain finally caught up to the moment. She didn't know what to do. The cock was still here, she could hardly breathe and she was covered in a stranger's cum.

Pushing herself to her feet, she struggled out of the stall to the sink, desperately washing her hands to rid herself of the stench of the other man's cum. She wiped furiously, trying to rid herself of it. She looked down at her soaked panties and tried to decide whether to take them off or pull up her jeans to hide what she'd done.

Voices from the hallway made her decision for her. Female voices, headed this way. She quickly pulled up her jeans just as the young girls entered. Renee hurried to the door. Behind her, she heard one of the girls, "Holy shit, look at that thing! Crissy, come here!"

Renee stumbled out to the hallway in a daze, bracing herself against the wall. She pushed through the crowded bar area and ordered one last drink. Not wine. Something strong. Whisky, straight. She downed the contents in one swift gulp to settle her nerves. What had she just done?

She sat at the bar staring down at the glass. Time stood still, her mind racing, unable to concentrate on any single thought. Her stupor was broken by a male voice too close to her.

"Hey, are you having another drink or are you heading home?"

Renee slowly turned her head to see the beady eyes on the fat face of her son-in-law's roommate, Lester. She shivered and tried not to glance down at his crotch.

"Lester," Renee breathed, wondering if he could tell how flushed her face was. Did he notice? Was she breathing normally? "I thought you left."

"I did...I mean...I was," Lester blubbered. Renee just stared at his ugly face, lost in thoughts of what had just happened in the bathroom. When she finally tuned back in, the awkward man was still stumbling over his words, "I made it all the way to the parking lot when I remembered what a seedy area this was. I thought it would be, uh, chivalrous to walk you to your car. Are you ready to go?"

Renee glanced past Lester at the far wall where the bathrooms were. She was curious to see the man who emerged.

"Renee? Are you okay?" Lester asked.

"I'm fine," Renee said, sliding off the stool. It wouldn't do her any good to see who the man was. Nothing good could come of it. "Thank you for staying. I certainly think it's time I called it a night."

"Let's go, I'll walk you to your car," Lester said, leading the way, pushing through the throngs of people between the bar and the door. Renee resisted the urge to look back over her shoulder. Instead, she focused on how tight Lester's shirt was and the back fat that struggled against being contained by it.

She suppressed the instinct to gag. Thankfully, Lester pushed open the door, and the cool night air was the wake-up call Renee needed. She needed to get home. Now. Renee took the lead, moving through the parking lot towards her car. She'd had a few drinks but felt good enough to drive.

Her sedan was in sight, and she fished her hand into her purse and retrieved the keys. As she was about to open the door, Lester put a hand on it.

"Goodnight, Renee," Lester said from behind her, his warm breath on her neck.

She turned to face him with a polite smile on her face. Her panties were still soaked from the stranger's cum. "Goodnight, Lester, thank you again for coming to meet me— mhmhm."

Lester's fat lips were on hers. She took a step back, her bubble butt pressing against the cold car door. He took a step forward, pushing against her. She put her hands on his chest, and then she felt it. Lester's hard cock pressed against her thigh.

"Mhmhm," Renee moaned. That was the opening Lester needed as his fat tongue snaked its way into her mouth, dragging over her own. Renee's knees buckled, and she melted into the kiss, her pussy still desperate for connection with that large cock in the bathroom. She thought she'd had control over herself, but she found her tongue dancing hungrily against Lester's.

Lester grinded himself against her, and Renee found her body doing the same. Her hands never left his chest, balling his stained shirt in her hands. But Lester's hands travelled the entirety of her body. Touching her. Grabbing her. Pulling her face deeper into their kiss.

A voice in her mind screamed, and Renee broke the kiss, panting. She pushed against Lester. He took a step back with a toothy grin on his face. She stared at him, unsure what to do next. She hadn't expected something so bold from such a meek man. She wiped his saliva off her lips.

"You're welcome," Lester said.

"For what?" Renee breathed, her gaze travelling over Lester, trying to reassess him. Her eyes paused on the substantial bulge in his sweatpants. She fumbled behind her, unable to break eye contact with his tented pants and pulled her door open.

"For coming to meet you," Lester said, "Call me anytime, Renee."

Without answering, Renee got in her car, locking the door. She peered at Lester through the door, and images of him taking her in the backseat flashed into her mind. All she had to do was invite him in. Instead, she keyed the ignition and pulled out of the parking lot. She held a hand up to him, but didn't quite manage a wave. The odd man just stood there watching her go.

Dan was putting the finishing touches on his presentation. It was a big one. The report that would decide his future with Sentinel Securities. He needed them to give him a job. He'd studied their upcoming projects and knew he could help save them a lot of time and effort. His meeting tomorrow with the executives would be his chance to prove himself.

But his mind was not on the project at the moment. His head wasn't even in Washington. Instead, it was back home in Middleton. Specifically, wondering what Sarah was doing at that moment. He knew he needed to trust her. But the way they'd left things made his stomach turn. He opened his phone and read her last message again.

S: I think Lester muted you on the call. I couldn't hear you say stop.

Dan put his phone face down on his desk and pinched the bridge of his nose. He didn't know what to think of her message. It screamed like a desperate attempt by her to explain what had happened. How they had both simply ignored him. Lester, he expected that from him, but Sarah?maybe he should have expected it from her, too.

There was the slimmest of chances that she was telling the truth. Or at least a version of what she believed to be the truth. But Dan didn't want to open his heart up to that possibility. He didn't want to let himself get hurt again.

He focused back on the screen in front of him and mindlessly tabbed through the well crafted powerpoint slides. The only sound on the floor around him was the quiet clicks from his keyboard. Everyone else had long since departed for the night, but Dan needed to nail this. He checked the time. It was late. A small break wouldn't hurt him.

Walking to the breakroom, he stretched and found his phone in his back pocket. He glanced around. The floor was empty, not another soul in sight. With a sigh, he opened the app to remotely view the cameras he'd surreptitiously set up in his home. He braced himself for the inevitable heartache and opened the feed.

The bedroom was empty. He thumbed through the different cameras until he saw Sarah sitting on the couch in a silk emerald robe. She looked incredibly sexy, the garment riding high up her thigh while offering great glimpses of cleavage.

He was relieved to see that she was alone. But the robe didn't sit right with him. He checked the other feeds and didn't see the girls. They were either down for the night or with their grandparents. He didn't know which. Sarah hadn't told him.

He thumbed back to her message and started to type a response. Then he deleted it. Dan didn't know what to say. He didn't know how to find the words that would convey what he was feeling. Like a chump, he just sat there watching his wife for a few minutes before getting a bottle of cold water from the fridge and going back to his desk. Break time was over; he needed to absolutely kill this presentation. For himself and his family, and whatever future he and Sarah had together.

Sarah sat on the couch waiting for Lester. He was late. She sipped her glass of wine and flipped through Netflix, trying to occupy her mind. Dan still hadn't returned her text, but she'd seen that he read it. She'd hoped he'd try reaching out to her. Give her a reason to maybe call things off with Lester tonight.

Another part of her was glad he hadn't. It meant that she'd get Lester all to herself. But she had a bone to pick with the man. Had Dan really tried to speak up? Based on how upset he'd been, she was thinking he might have. Which meant that Lester had probably muted the mic to cut her husband's audio off.

That both irked her and turned her on. It was shameful to admit to herself, but she did enjoy how Lester would constantly fuck with people. The power he wielded over them. In just a few nights, he'd changed the fates of Richard, Mary and the entire hospital. He loved to fuck with people. She got that. She was somewhat surprised to find herself attracted to that.

But Lester was fucking with Dan now. The love of her life. Father of her children. It wouldn't be the first time he'd fucked with him. Ever since Dan had moved into that god-awful apartment, Lester had been fucking with him in one way or another.

Did Lester see Dan as just another person to fuck with? There had been so many times when Lester had claimed to be doing this for them. For their fantasy. He'd seen him do things to benefit Dan. It chilled her to think that all of that might have just been an act.

The doorbell rang, waking Sarah up from her conflicted thoughts. She checked her phone one last time for a message from Dan. Nothing. Sarah gulped down the last of her wine and stood up, straightening her sexy emerald robe and walking to open the door.

She opened the door to see Lester standing there in his stained shirt and dirty sweatpants. There was a fresh, wet stain on one leg. He smirked at her, his toothy smile stretching from ear to ear. She'd never seen him grin like that before.

"What...the girls are asleep, we need to be --"

"Daddy's home," Lester chuckled loudly and stepped into the house like he owned the place. Sarah didn't even have time to close the door before Lester's fat, short, hairy arms wrapped around her waist. He dipped her back, pulling her thigh up as he pressed himself against her. Sarah was nearly horizontal, staring up at the ceiling, feeling Lester's hot, hardening manhood pressing against her through the silk robe. Lester licked his lips, flicking them in and out like a snake and raised his eyebrows comically at her. His lips met hers, and he pried them apart with his fat tongue.

Sarah felt his cock stir to life and begin to increase in length and girth as it inched its way up her slit. A guttural groan escaped Sarah's lips as she felt it pushing into her; she knew the promises of pleasure that it held. She melted into the deep kiss, letting Lester's tongue probe and dance around her mouth like a live serpent. Sarah's arms wrapped around Lester's neck, and her tongue came alive, sucking and sliding over his. Tasting alcohol on him.

Her mind whispered that she'd rarely seen Lester have a drink, but her mind couldn't hold onto the thought for long as Lester ground his hips against her, rubbing his cock against her covered pussy. She moaned into the kiss, battling him with her tongue. His hands ran up her body, grabbing her thigh hard, kneading her ass and breasts possessively.

Finally, Lester ripped at the robe's belt. In one swift motion, he undid the flimsy material. Sarah felt the cold night air dance across her exposed skin. The silk material fell away from her torso. Lester's hand was on Sarah's bare breasts in a second, grabbing them hard, pinching her nipples.

"Mhmfmmff," Sarah groaned at the rough treatment, loving the sensations. She cracked an eye open, and her lips paused in confusion. Why could she see Lester's SUV? *The door is still open....*

"Les-Mmmppppffff," Sarah was cut off by Lester's fat tongue swirling around in her mouth. When it finally momentarily receded, she tried to continue, "Lester! The doorrroooooohhh."

Lester ground his sweatpants-clad cock against Sarah's panty-covered pussy. The thin green material was the only piece of clothing she had left on. It matched her robe.

"Ughnnmn," Sarah moaned, the words getting lost in her throat. Lester sneered, grabbing her by the back of the head and pulling her mouth back onto his. His tongue pushed in again, spreading his acrid saliva into her mouth. Sarah's mind raced, but her body melted again into his kiss, pulling on Lester's torso for leverage so she could grind back against his cock.

Lester's mouth hungrily devoured her own, and she struggled to breathe. And then Lester was lowering her down. She felt the cool tile press against her exposed bubble butt, and it gave her brain a little jolt. She turned her head. Lester's flicking tongue followed, battering at her lips. "Lester, the door," Sarah managed to whisper, avoiding Lester's probing tongue, "It's open."

Lester gave a dramatically exaggerated look over his shoulders, "So?"

He turned back to Sarah, forcing his lips back onto hers. He shuffled on the floor, spreading her legs and sinking his sweatpanted cock onto her damp pussy.

"Ughhmhmm," Sarah groaned, feeling the hot, thick cock pressing against her. The little panties were both a curse and her last lifeline from being taken on the floor of her home for the entire neighborhood to see.

Sarah turned her head again, "Lester. Let's shut the door. Someone might see."

"Fuck off. You don't give a shit. You like being watched," Lester grunted as he pulled his hips back and slid his cock up and down Sarah's slit. Her silk panties were already soaked.

"I..I don't...not them....not here...Lester...please..." Sarah struggled with the words as her body begged for her panties to be ripped off.

"Why not?" Lester sneered.

"Please..." Sarah begged.

"Fine. But you gotta do something for me first," Lester said, pausing his oral assault on her.

"Yes. Okay. Whatever, let's just move this upstairs," Sarah breathed hard, regretting but also relieved as Lester's body weight on her eased up as he moved off her. Lester stood, his cock sticking straight out of his sweatpants, forming an impressive tent.

Sarah pulled at her robe, trying to cover her nudity and ward off the chill of the night air as she sat up. When she was pushing herself to her feet, Lester said, "Stop. Take it out first."

"What?" Sarah said, eyes darting to the open front door. The cool breeze wafted into the house, ruffling her blonde hair.

"You heard me. Don't act dumb. We both know you know what I want. Skip the whole song-and-dance you always put on. You don't wanna fuck on the floor here? Then take it out," Lester said, glaring down at her.

"You can be a real asshole," Sarah mumbled, her fingers going to the waistband of his dirty sweatpants. She hooked them underneath and pulled the ratty elastic down; his sweatpants and tight, once-upon-a-time-white underwear came down to his ankles. Sarah chanced another look out into the dark night, mortified that someone might be out there watching. But all she could see was the light pooling under the street lights and the soft glow of lamps and TVs behind the surrounding houses' closed windows. She eyed her neighbor's house with the best line of sight to her. All the windows were dark, but she couldn't tell if the curtains were drawn.

"Kiss it," Lester said, "Then we go upstairs."

Sarah glared up at Lester, rolled her eyes and quickly darted forward, planting a peck on the massive head of the large bulbous organ.

Lester rolled his eyes, "This ain't a middle school dance, baby, give it a real kiss."

Sarah huffed, glanced outside again before taking Lester's cock in her hand and giving the crown a slow, passionate kiss. Her tongue darted under it, twirling around the head as she sucked and kissed it. Her tongue licked the slit, tasting the flavor of his cum even though she didn't see any leaking out.

A loud slam jolted her out of her reverie. The cold air from outside had been unexpectedly cut off. Lester had slammed the door while she'd lost herself sucking his cock. He grinned down at her, stepping out of his unwashed sweatpants and gross underwear.

"The girls are sleeping," Sarah scolded him in a hushed voice.

Lester just chuckled, "I'm not your husband. Don't you take that tone with me."

"This is my house, Lester, I'll talk to you however I damn well –"

Sarah's scolding was cut off by a mouthful of Lester's fat cock. He swiftly grabbed her hair in one fist, holding it tight while his other hand braced the side of her face as he shoved his cock in. Sarah sputtered as the head of his pole hit the back of her throat. She gagged, her hands instinctively going up to Lester's hairy thighs. The head of Lester's cock aggressively hit the back of her throat again, dragging across her tongue.

Sarah tasted the unmistakable tang of Lester's cum but still didn't feel any of the sticky substance in her mouth. The head of his plunging cock hit the back of her throat again as Lester's grip on her hair tightened. The next time he thrust forward, Sarah was ready for him, and she moved, opening wide. The head of Lester's cock pushed deep inside her throat. His balls slapped at her chin as she extended her mouth as wide as it would go and took Lester's enormous cock down her throat. She suppressed her natural gag reflex and let Lester throat fuck her.

"Mhmmggaggggggfcckkk," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock. Her mouth was going into overdrive, producing saliva to make the process easier. "Gggaackkggaaakkggaaakk." An equal amount of moisture was being produced between her legs.

"Obi-Wan has trained you well, padawan," Lester muttered. He pulled his cock from Sarah's throat as she desperately gasped for breath. Using his dripping hard cock, he slapped her across one cheek and then the other, snickering to himself.

She glared up at him, panting for breath, wiping the saliva from her mouth, "What the fuck has gotten into you?"

"Oh, it's just one of those nights, y'know?" Lester said with a grin. There was something hidden behind his eyes that she couldn't quite understand. "Where do you want it?"

"Want what?" Sarah said, standing on unsteady feet.

"Where do you want to make a baby? Your bed where you and Dan made the other two or somewhere fucking dirty? Lester stood, stroking his cock.

Sarah wanted to be mad at him. Then she remembered she was furious at him. Instead of answering his question, she fired back, "At the motel, with Richard. Did you mute Dan?"

"Fuck Dan," Lester barked, pushing towards her. He backed her up until her luscious bubble butt was pressing against the living room couch. Both of Lester's hands rose in unison to her shoulders. He

roughly gripped the edges of her robe and pulled it down to her waist. Material was still trapped between her ass and the couch otherwise, it would be a heap on the floor.

"Tell me," Sarah said, matching the intense anger now visible on Lester's face.

Lester smirked at her, "Of course I did. Who cares what dipshit Dan had to say?"

"I did," Sarah fired back.

"Bull-fucking-shit," Lester sneered, "If Dan was telling you to stop. You wouldn't have stopped."

"You don't know that," Sarah said.

"I do," Lester said, reaching down between them and directing his cock against Sarah's pussy. He ground it into her. She gasped, marvelling once again at its size and girth even though it had just been in her throat. It was molten hot as it pressed against her, its heat tracing a path between her thighs. "You wouldn't let him take this away from you. Would you?"

Sarah stared back at Lester with a fire in her eyes, but her mouth wasn't able to form an argument against him. All protest was lodged in her throat as she tried to breathe. As determined as she was to maintain a defiant expression on her face, Lester's cock grinding against her broke through her facade as the inevitable pleasure crept into her features. Lester smirked.

"There's my girl," Lester sneered. He roughly ground himself against her, grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her into him for a kiss. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth, desperate to taste him again. The kiss never came.

Sarah opened her eyes to see Lester smirking at her, pleased with himself at how ready she was for him to continue. His meaty, fat hand with its hairy knuckles ran down her skin until it gripped the sides of her panties.

"Admit it. You don't give a shit if I fuck with Dan. Richard, Mary, Dan..." Lester trailed off. "None of them matters."

Sarah gulped. A chill ran up her spine. Lester was lumping Dan in with the people she'd watched him fuck over. The people whose lives Lester had entirely decimated. Lives Lester had ruined. Her breasts rose and fell as a realization washed over her. Lives *they* had ruined. Both of them. Sarah had been complicit, if not outright responsible, for both Mary and Richard's downfalls. But Dan...had she contributed to Dan's downfall somehow? Events raced and replayed through her mind, grasping at disparate puzzle pieces just out of reach. She felt a pit in her stomach, but didn't understand why.

Lester's cock ground into her again, eliciting another small moan from her lips. She knew this was wrong. The girls could come down and see her pinned to the couch like she was by this short beast of a man, scarring them for life. To her right, Sarah realized that despite closing the door, she'd never closed the living room drapes. The house was dark, but still....the danger was there.

"But Dan..." Sarah's mind tried to grasp her fleeting thoughts.

"Doesn't matter," Lester said as he played with her panties. A wicked smile spread across his face. "Unless..."

Sarah's heart hammered in her chest as Lester ground into her. She was hanging on Lester's every word. "Maybe his pretty little wife can properly incentivize me not to mess with him. What do you say?"

Sarah gulped again and slowly nodded her head. Lester's fist seized her panties. Pain seared her ass as the sound of ripping fabric filled the room. Lester pulled his fist up victoriously, holding her torn panties up by his head. He pulled them to his face, inhaling deeply before discarding them over his shoulder.

Dan's presentation sat untouched on his computer. He sat there, looking disgusted as he watched the events unfold on his phone. The pit in his stomach was growing. Shame, anger and a strong tide of arousal battled one another inside of him as he watched his camera feed.

He hadn't meant to get his hopes up. But part of him really believed she wouldn't go through with it. After he'd finally responded to her text, trying to give her the benefit of the doubt on what had occurred. Trying to rebuild that bridge, he'd been dismayed by her lack of response.

He knew she was at home. He knew she had her phone in her hand and was sitting on the couch. Why hadn't she responded? So, he'd opened up the cameras. And there was his loving wife, the mother of his children, lying on her back on the floor, being mauled by his roommate. Moaning for him with the door wide open for the entire world to see.

And now Lester was inhaling the aroma of her panties like some kind of sick pervert, and Sarah was still turned on by this absolute turd of a human being.

On his phone, Sarah moved wantonly to kiss Lester, but he pulled his head back, grinning.

"Beg me to stop fucking with your husband," Lester said. Sarah bit her lip, and Dan watched her face as it slipped into that all too familiar expression of a seductress. It seemed so natural to her. Too natural. *Which one is the real Sarah and which is the role? The seductress or the wife and mother?*

"Please, Lester," Sarah said, her body swaying back and forth, "Leave Dan alone. He's had a hard enough time lately. With losing his job. Twice. And everything else. Please don't fuck with him anymore."

Dan's stomach turned. Even thousands of miles away, he was being used as part of their sick, fucked up fantasy. Putting him down and using him like some absent prop to get both of them off. His dick strained against his dress pants.

Lester had a Cheshire Cat grin plastered on his face. He pulled Sarah from the couch and spun her around, bending her over the back of it. Her nails dug into the leather material as Lester reached down and grabbed his bulky shaft. He held her by the back of her neck, dominantly pushing her head down.

"You're already fucking dripping wet," Lester chuckled as he ran the head of his cock up and down Sarah's slit.

"Please, Lester," Sarah said, "God. I need it."

"Beg," Lester said.

"I'll do anything," Sarah purred, swaying her ass back and forth, seeking contact with Lester's cock, "Just leave Dan alone."

Sarah gasped, and her body lurched forward violently, and Dan knew that Lester was pushing himself inside of her. Sarah's face contorted in pleasure as his fat roommate worked more and more of his

massive organ into his blonde wife. Dan brushed the tears from his eyes and watched as she went up on the balls of her feet, Lester feeding more and more of his monster into her.

Finally, the odd little fat man sighed in satisfaction, and Sarah moaned in ecstasy, feeling the entire length of his cock buried inside of her. Dan slumped in his chair, unable to tear his eyes from the phone but unable to bear what he knew would happen next.

Sarah's angry thoughts fell away as Lester's cock filled her. It hurt as she stretched to accommodate his size, but the pain blended with other sensations to bring her close to orgasm - it felt amazing inside of her. She was bent over the couch as Lester slowly pulled his cock back out of her until just the apple-sized head remained buried within.

With the slow movements, Sarah groaned, "Umhmmhmmmm."

"Poor Danny," Lester chuckled, "Oh well."

"Please, don't fuck up Dan's life like you did to the others." The words tumbled out of Sarah's mouth. Her brain didn't even process what she was saying, let alone fully understand it.

Lester just chuckled, "Who says I haven't already fucked it up?"

Sarah's mind raced. What did he mean by that? Was this all part of his fucked up fantasy? But she needed to hear him talk about Dan. She needed more of it. So the only word that came out was, "How?"

WHAP

Lester slapped Sarah's ass hard, just as he rammed the full length of his cock back into her. His hand stayed glued to her naked ass cheek for leverage, his dirty, cheeto-laden finger nails digging into her supple flesh.

"How haven't I?" Lester said loudly. Too loudly...*the girls*.... Sarah winced in pain, but her body shuddered with increased pleasure from the fullness she was experiencing. "Cuck's in a different fucking zip code, and I'm balls deep in his wife. Mission, nnggh, accomplished."

Lester's immense cock pulled back. Then pushed in. Out. In. Out. In. Slow and steady. Slow and steady. Sarah was gasping for breath as she took it all in. Her bubble butt was spreading against Lester's hairy gut as he powerfully fucked her. Her breasts pushed down into the cold leather of the couch.

"And now....I'm gonna dump....a whole load...." Lester said through gritted teeth and he seesawed his cock in and out of Sarah. "Of my cum....into his wife...and knock her the fuck up....while she fucking begs...me....for...it."

"Uhhmmhmmhmm," Sarah moaned at the vile words. Her mind was a complete mess as the lust-addled words tumbled out of her mouth. "Fuck....Gonna fill me....with your nasty cum...."

"Fucking A," Lester said, licking his lips, "You're gonna be dripping for days."

"You promised...." Sarah breathed hard, "Not to fuck with Dan. Not to fuck with my husband. But you're gonna put a baby in me?"

"I never said I wasn't gonna fuck with you," Lester said cheerfully as he rammed his cock into the hot wife hard and fast. Sarah wasn't ready for it. She'd been used to the slow, steady pace. His meaty fingers gripped her neck and waist, and he took his pleasure and pounded her with abandon.

"Ughhh....mhmmmmmm....godd....Lester...." Sarah screamed from his phone speakers. "You're so....such a fucking asshole.....asshole whose gonna knock me up....ohgod."

Dan felt a bead of sweat run down his temple. His eyes burned. He didn't remember the last time he'd blinked. He forced his eyes shut. Then opened them.

"Uhhhhmhmmmmmmmm.....yes....fuckk...do it....don't tell my husband.....fuckkkkk. FUCCKKYES!"

Something moved to Dan's right. His eyes finally broke from the screen, a momentary reprieve from his heart being totally eviscerated. A slender and toned body filled his view and a hint of perfume filled his nostrils. Dan's eyes traced up the female form until they landed on Tricia's face. She had a bemused look on her face and raised eyebrows.

"Uhhhhhh.....MHMMMMMMM.....FUCK. FUCK. FUCK! FUCK! FILL ME! FUCKING GIVE ME A BABY ASSHOLE!"

Dan gulped.

"Porn? At work?" Tricia said, stepping into his small cubicle, invading Dan's personal space. "Kinky. I never would have expected that from a straight shooter like you. But I guess every man has a dark side."

Dan didn't speak; his mind raced. Mortified at being caught Mortified at someone else seeing the shame of his wife being consummately used and pleased better than he could ever do.

"It's hot. Seeing that side of you," Tricia said, boldly pushing one of her stocking-clad legs between Dan's knees. "I won't tell if you won't. This can be our little secret."

"YES...OH GOD YES..." Sarah's pleading screams filled the silence between them.

"Show me what you're watching," Tricia said, reaching for his phone, "Show me what got you so hot and bothered that you'd risk watching it here, of all places."

Dan grabbed her wrist, halting it as her fingers touched his phone.

"EMPTY THOSE FAT FUCKING BALLS INTO ME YOU BASTARD," Sarah wailed.

Tricia stared at her hand, then back at Dan. The contact of his hand on her wrist was electric. Dan's cock twitched. Sarah's ever louder cries of pleasure filled the dark floor. Dan pulled on Tricia's wrist. She willingly fell onto his lap, and Dan hungrily pressed his lips against hers. She moaned into the kiss as Lester's grunts filled the room.

Lester pulled tight on the soft blonde locks in his fist. Sarah grunted in newly felt pain, her lithe back arching back towards the fat man working behind her. Lester's long tongue snaked out and licked Sarah's neck, sending familiar shivers through her whole body. He yanked her hair again, this time from the side. Sarah turned her head to the left, and his large tongue speared into her mouth. The

angle was awkward, but Sarah moaned into the awkward kiss; their tongues lapped and battled each other. Saliva dripped from their mouths, dripping down onto the leather couch below.

Lester's other hand snaked around and grabbed one of her exposed breasts, palming it. He roughly squeezed and mashed her tender flesh with his fingers. Sarah's mouth opened wider, her moans ringing out through the house. Lester pulled his cock all the way out to just the head and slammed it back in, jolting Sarah forward again, breaking their lusty kiss.

"OHHHHHHHFUCCKK!" Sarah wailed. Lester slammed into her again, and Sarah's grip on the couch faltered. She slipped, her torso falling onto the cold surface, her breasts pressing against the cool leather cushion. Lester's fist still held the hair at the base of her neck, but his fingers splayed out, gripping her neck, holding her in place as he slid his cock in and out of her. Sarah was on the balls of her feet, taking every thrust.

The slapping sound of skin on skin filled the Williams' living room. The air was thick with the odor of their sweat. A bead of it dripped off Sarah's forehead and landed on the couch. She felt another chilling bead roll down her neck and disappear between her ass cheeks.

"Ohgod," Sarah moaned, Lester's vice-like fingers wrapped around the back of her neck.

"God won't help you now," Lester chuckled, "Pray to me."

"Lester...Lester....fuck....LESTER...." Sarah moaned, "Fuck you're such an asshole."

"This asshole's the one that's gonna knock you up," Lester chuckled, "My balls are fucking full of cum. Just waiting to be unleashed."

God Sarah thought, hanging her head. She couldn't think straight. Her mind had already been scrambled by an amazing orgasm and Lester's unrelenting thrusts. She knew what he wanted to hear. She knew the words that needed to escape her throat.

"GIVE IT TO ME!" Sarah wailed. She clawed her way back up the couch, digging her fingers into the leather and thrusting her pert ass back against Lester's ramming cock, "Stop talking about it and just fucking do it! Put a baby in me behind my husband's back. Knock up a married woman, you fat asshole!"

Lester grunted, his breath coming out raggedly as his sweat mixed in with the hair covering his torso. He wiped his thinning hairline with the back of his hand and gripped Sarah's hips, his swollen cock pounding into her. His gut rested over her fantastic ass as their skin slapped together.

"Put your bastard, baby, into me. Fill me with your nasty cum and do it. Just don't tell my husband." Sarah said. As the words left her throat, she felt another orgasm quickly ramping up inside of her. The overt betrayal of Dan was sending her over the edge.

"Oh, he's gonna figure it out when your belly starts swelling up," Lester cackled, his groping fingers digging deep into her flesh. "And here and I thought you didn't want me to fuck with him anymore."

"You can't fuck me without fucking with him," Sarah cried, "I need it, Lester! I need to feel you cum in me!"

"Heh," Lester snorted, "I've been fucking with him since day fucking one."

"I know, you bastard, you sick piece of shit," Sarah cried as she thrust back against Lester's invading cock. Her pussy clamped down around his massive member, holding him like a glove. Refusing to let him go for anything.

"This sick piece of shit is about to impregnate you," Lester said, "How's that for fucking with him? You know what's the best fucking part? I never got snipped. I still got all my swimmers, and they're about to explode into you."

"FUCKK!" Sarah panted; her lungs were on fire. Her muscles felt weak, but she pushed on, chasing that orgasm that was so close she could almost taste it. "FILL ME! FILL ME WITH THEM YOU FAT FUCKING FUCK! IMPREGNATE ME!"

"IMPREGNATE ME!"

Dan was vaguely aware of Sarah's voice from somewhere in the cubicle but he wasn't picking up on every word. His mind was focused on the other blonde beauty grinding against him. Their tongues hungrily intertwined, his hands aggressively exploring the curves of her body.

Dan couldn't wait any longer. Tricia's hands were already undoing his belt. Once freed, she got up off his lap and pulled down his pants. Dan's hands dove under her skirt and hiked it up. *Not stockings*, he thought, garters. Tricia's stockings were held up by garters strapped to her thigh. He swiftly pulled down her panties, eliciting a shocked cry of pleasure from the exposed woman. She was staring down at his erect cock.

"Looks like someone's happy to see – hey...oh," Tricia cried as Dan's hands roughly pulled her back down onto his lap. His cock was sticking straight up as Dan lined her up with his straining cock. Tricia panted, "Do you have any...Ohhhh."

Dan cut her off as his cockhead spread her moistened pussy, and he pulled her down onto his naked cock. Shock and pleasure were plastered on Tricia's face as Dan grabbed both of her ass cheeks and started thrusting up into her off his office chair.

"Dan, my god, who are..." Tricia cried, thrusting her chest against his face, "I never thought--"

Dan nuzzled his face against her blouse. He let go of one of her asscheeks and fumbled with buttons until her chest was partly exposed in the small office. His tongue and lips met the flesh of her breasts, and his hands went back to caressing her ass.

"Dan. Oh God, Dan. You're an animal," Tricia breathed hard.

Dan just grunted an affirmative. Focused on the feeling of his cock inside Tricia. Her little mews of pleasure as he powerfully fucked her.

Both of them were lost in the moment, ignoring the cries of pleasure coming from the phone on Dan's desk.

"AhhFUCK LESTER!" Sarah cried, her body moving rapidly back and forth as she pushed back on Lester's meat only to have his girthy cock pound forward and pin her against the back of the couch in response. Sarah felt like she was in heat. She wanted his cum to flood into her. It felt like more than sex. It felt biological. Primal. Inevitable.

Sarah was also overheating. Her skin radiated heat like she was standing under the sun in the middle of the desert. Her mouth was dry, and her throat felt ragged from screaming, screaming for Lester's cock.

Sarah's pussy clenched down on Lester's cock as she felt another orgasm begin to rear its head, "OH...SHIT....FUCK....LESTER....DON'T STOP..." Sarah cried, arching her back sexily and thrusting her bubble butt towards the obese monster behind her, "DON'T FUCKING STOP YOU UGLY BASTARD!"

"I'm there," Lester growled from behind her. Sarah could hear the sneer in his voice.

She dropped her head fully panting as her lungs burned, "DO IT, LESTER! I NEED IT! CUM IN ME!"

"ARGHFUCK!" Lester bellowed like a moose. His voice echoed throughout the house. From outside a neighbor's dog started barking. Sarah felt Lester's hairy, oversized balls move and clench up beneath her, then the pulse of his cock. The head greatly expanded in size and then...

Hot, sticky cum blasted up and deep into her soaked pussy. The moment she felt it, her orgasm came crashing down on her like a furious tidal wave, washing pleasure over every nerve ending in her body. Sarah went limp, still clutching Lester's cock as she had the wind knocked out of her. Cum exploded inside of her, and Sarah's body convulsed. She felt her eyes rolling up into the back of her skull, and all she saw was white as millions of fireworks of pleasure erupted from her pussy and cascaded throughout her trembling body.

Lester's greedy fingers dug into her flesh as more and more of his illicit seed poured from his shaft into her. Rope after rope of steaming cum blasted into Sarah's fertile pussy. Lester chuckled internally as he thought about the events from earlier in the evening with Renee. He groaned as the last of his cum sputtered out of his cock and seeped into Sarah's pussy. He fell on top of her sweaty back, breathing hard as he caught his breath.

Sarah collapsed under the big man's weight, remaining pinned to the couch. She struggled to breathe as his formidable weight crushed down on her, her mind still dazed from the powerful orgasms. She shut her eyes and focused on her breathing as Lester's thick cock stayed embedded inside of her.

Tricia trembled in the aftermath of an orgasm as Dan's cum drenched her insides. Her hair was a mess, her clothes lay strewn about his cubicle. She'd only meant to come down and tease him. She loved teasing men, especially married ones like Dan. It gave her a thrill.

But tonight...she hadn't expected him to actually act on her teasing. And she hadn't expected him to fuck her. Her mind raced as she pulled herself off her potential new colleague. There was a wet *spluch* sound that was foreign to her, and she realized it was her cum-filled pussy as they disengaged.

How many kids did he say he had? She knew he had at least one. The cum poured down her thighs, and Tricia braced herself against the cubicle, "That..."

Tricia started to say something, but for once, she was at a loss for words. Dan was splayed out on the chair, breathing hard, looking at her like a conquering hero. Her eyes broke from his and went to the phone screen still blasting his porn. There was now a hairy obese man on the screen with a ridiculous horse-like cock dangling between his legs. Tricia didn't see a woman anywhere. *Gross, what the fuck is Dan into?*

"I...Jesus...Dan," Tricia said, debating between using her clothes to stem the tide of cum pouring out of her or just rushing off to the bathroom. They weren't the only people in the building, though. She couldn't just walk out of here like this. She quickly pulled on her clothes, her panties instantly soaked from the outward flow of Dan's cum. She grabbed kleenex from his desk and tried to clean off her leg. She shoved some down into the front of her panties for good measure.

"That was good," Dan muttered as he played with the ring on his finger, "Exactly what the doctor ordered."

Tricia didn't know what else to say. She needed space to think. "I'm gonna go clean myself up. We made a mess."

"That we did," Dan said. As she moved away, he didn't try to stop her. She redid the buttons on her blouse, and she walked towards the door, not sure what to feel about what had just happened.

Sarah Williams lay there lazily kissing the big fat man that wasn't her husband. The fat man rolled away, his sweaty body flopping back on the couch like a beached whale. Mrs. Williams grabbed her robe from the floor and, on shaky legs, disappeared from view.

Ted stopped the recording on his phone and sat back in stunned silence. He couldn't believe what he'd just witnessed. He picked some lint from his belly button, smelt it, then flicked it away. He'd secretly lusted after this next-door neighbor for years.

He loved watching her in the backyard or walking around her house in skimpy clothes, but this was something else. He'd seen this odd fat man around a few times but didn't know what his deal was. But tonight, from his second-story window, he'd had quite the view.

She'd fucked that ugly fat guy. Really, the fatty had fucked the living shit out of her. He rose up off his chair and stomped into the bathroom to look at himself in the mirror. He didn't like what he saw. His stomach bulged over his boxers, and his flabby chest sat on top of the sorry sight. Every time he saw himself, he expected to see the young high school linebacker, but instead, an old, ugly man looked back at him from the mirror. He hadn't been that boy in over fifty years.

But if that ugly fuck had been able to get with the young mother. Maybe he had a shot, too.