

Let's get this posted before April Fool's day tomorrow, shall we? I believe I worked out the issues with the Insider post, so some of the dialogue during sexy times has been tweaked here because of the automod.

Anyways, I hope you all enjoy this chapter and where things are heading. I hope the ending gives you some pause about where this big ol' story is heading.

Anyways, lets dive in!

Renee turned off the engine and sat back into the seat, breathing hard. She'd been shaky the entire drive home and worried she might get into an accident. She half expected James to come out to the garage and ask why she was just sitting there, but she knew she had to compose herself.

After what she'd just done, she needed to steady her face more than anything else. She'd touched another man's penis. Not just touched it. Stroked to completion, until it exploded all over her naked sex. She could still feel her soaking wet panties clinging to her skin and felt shame and arousal coursing wildly through her body. Her face felt hot, and a look in the mirror confirmed that her cheeks were notably rosy.

She still couldn't believe that, on a whim, she'd gone into that bathroom. She hadn't even needed to pee. She'd gone in to see if there was a hole in the wall like the other place she'd been to. She hated herself. And she was mad at Lester for suggesting the place. They could have just talked over the phone.

She shivered and wrapped her arms around herself. Dan's roommate had made a move on her, and she'd been too surprised or maybe turned on to reject it properly. She was a married woman. And Lester had even met her husband, James. It wasn't right. But with how hyped up she'd been from the man behind the wall, her defenses had slipped, and she'd let it happen. Let him press his body against hers. Press his penis against her body. Push his lips and tongue against hers. She still hadn't forgotten that night in the apartment when she'd seen what the odd little man had between his legs.

Maybe she'd done something to give him the wrong kind of signal. Or maybe there was more to Lester than she realized. Either way, she needed to keep her distance from the man. She didn't want to find herself in that situation again. She didn't want to confront how she'd responded to his advances.

Renee took a deep, steadying breath and smoothed out her clothes before getting out of the car. She didn't want to face James, terrified he'd see the guilt all over her face. But she needed him. God only knew how much she needed him in that very moment. She wanted to tear his clothes off and pull him into their bed.

The door to the garage closed silently behind her, and she quickly crept through the house to find her husband. To her dismay, she heard him before she saw him. Heard them.

Loud, obnoxious voices coming from their den. Renee dropped her purse onto the kitchen counter and walked into the adjoining room. James was on the couch surrounded by his buddies watching some football game. Bottles of beer sat on the table in front of them.

"Hi, boys," Renee said from the doorway. It came out way more sultry than she'd intended. All the men's eyes snapped off the screen to look at her. The eyes of James' friends ran over her body, and

she suppressed a shiver. Her mind began to assess each one in ways she'd never done before: bedroom prowess and the imagined size of their members.

"Uh, James," Renee said hurriedly, trying to suppress the uncomfortable thoughts from taking root, "Can I have a word?"

James got to unsteady feet and picked his way across the room until he reached his wife. She grabbed his hand and pulled him into the kitchen. She gave him a playful look and whispered, "Why don't you get rid of your friends, and you and I can have some alone time upstairs?"

James swayed a bit, bracing himself on the counter. It took him a few seconds before a knowing grin appeared on his face. Then a frown, "It's the start of the second quarter. Late game in San Francisco. I can't just kick 'em out now. It won't be long, honey. Tell you what, you go on upstairs and take a nice bath, and I'll come up when the game's done."

"Okay," Renee said flatly. James hadn't noticed her thighs rubbing together, and she tried to contain herself. James leaned in and kissed her. He tasted like beer. Shouting erupted from the other room, and James quickly disengaged with her and ran back to see what he'd missed.

With a sigh, Renee went upstairs, trying to block out the sounds of the loud TV and adult man children excitedly reacting to what came out of it. She took James' advice and got into a bath, letting herself relax under the warm water. Her mind kept drifting back to the lurid events of the night, despite her best efforts. To her eternal shame, her fingers had unconsciously found the sensitive areas on her body, and Renee indulged herself for a few moments before chastising herself and getting out of the bath. She needed James. Now.

After she dried off, she slipped into a sexy pair of lacy purple bra and panties, then pulled a comfy robe around herself. She laid herself seductively on the bed and waited for her husband. Time ticked by slowly. Renee scrolled on her phone aimlessly while her eyelids got heavy. She drifted. Her mind played a reel of the night's events, but altered. In this dream, she let the man on the other side of the wall put his penis inside of her. She felt him stretch her out. When she looked over her shoulder, the wall was gone, and Lester was standing there, embedded inside of her. She opened her mouth to say something, but all that came out were wild moans she didn't recognize the sound of. It was such a shocking and disgusting dream that she woke herself up, her heart slamming against her ribcage.

Renee looked at the time and saw that it was late. Well past midnight and in the early hours of the morning. With a groan, she crawled from bed, tied the robe tightly around herself and tiptoed down the stairs. The TV was still playing loudly from the den, some kind of sports recap show.

James was leaning back, head draped over the back of the couch, mouth open, snoring loudly. A couple of his friends were in similar states in other chairs.

Men, Renee scoffed, turning on her heel and marching back upstairs, not taking care to be quiet any longer. She stripped her sexy attire off and crawled back into bed, desperate to chase the dream she'd just escaped from.

The stress relief from the previous night was exactly what Dan had needed. He hadn't come to Washington to break his marriage vows. Surprisingly only part of him felt at all bad about what had happened. The rest of him felt vindicated. Felt whole. Like he'd recaptured a part of him that was missing.

He didn't let himself dwell on it. Or on Sarah and Lester. Today, he focused on what was important.

"Let's be frank," Dan said, "The kind of threats and issues Sentinel deals with now are only going to grow more complex in the very near future. With the rapid rate of change over the last few years, that future is probably going to be here before any of us expect. Your current infrastructure plan is good, albeit one based on past assumptions. I would expect the need to arise for rapid scaling to meet client demands. That means more data centers and other critical infrastructure to build and maintain. I can help streamline that process and make it profitable from an operational standpoint. It's a heavy lift, but it's not an impossible task. If you give me the opportunity, I'll take this off your plate and run with it, positioning Sentinel Securities for a bright and prosperous future."

Dan confidently pressed the button on the clicker in his hand, and the PowerPoint slide advanced to his closing slide, which featured his headshot and large text that read 'Thank You.'

A few of the men in the room nodded appreciatively and looked around at their colleagues. Tricia was there, but surprisingly, she wouldn't meet Dan's eye. It was odd. She had set up this meeting and had pulled all the strings for him. The video playing on his phone last night must have upset her somehow. He just hoped it didn't cost him this opportunity.

A few of the men and women began an open discussion, beckoning Dan to sit. They asked him questions about his presentation and his opinions on initiatives from various departments. Dan was eager to participate, sliding back into the role of the seasoned professional he was. It felt good, and he knew he was nailing this.

When the meeting was over, Tricia was the first to leave, almost bolting for the door. Dan nodded and shook hands with everyone else. An older man, Gordon Armstrong, stayed behind and pulled Dan into a conversation. Gordon was one of the firm's partners.

"Great work, Dan," Gordon said, "You really gave us a lot to think about. Coming in, I thought our five-year strategy was sound, but now, well, I want to look at it again, especially given all the points you brought up. Do you really think there is that much room for cost savings with our data centers?"

"I do, and to be honest, what I presented was on the conservative end," Dan said with a smile, "I don't like to over promise, so I don't, but I'm confident there's more we can do."

"We're really lucky we found you when we did. How you didn't get scooped up by someone else, I'll never know. It'll be good having you on the team."

Dan cocked his head. Gordon laughed and patted Dan on the bicep, "It's a yes from me. You're employment that is. I'll have HR draw up some paperwork for you to sign, but I think it's a no-brainer. Welcome to Sentinel Securities."

He went to leave before turning back as if an idea had just occurred to him, "You're based in Chicago, right? Maybe we can get together, your wife and mine, for dinner. A welcome to the firm kind of thing. That work for you?"

"Of course," Dan said, trying to keep his best poker face, "I look forward to it."

With that, Gordon turned and left the room, leaving Dan alone. He pumped his fist into the air and couldn't hold back the giant grin from spreading on his face. He couldn't wait to see what the offer was. He knew it would be good, though part of him tried not to get excited. He opened his phone to call Sarah but paused, re-reading their last exchanged messages. Dan put the phone away and headed for Tricia's office.

It took two knocks before he heard her utter 'Come in,' from the other side. He slid into the room, easing the door closed behind him. Tricia looked up at him, and he couldn't read the expression on her face.

"So," Dan said, pushing past the awkwardness, "How'd I do?"

"They loved you," Tricia said with a flat smile that didn't seem genuine. "I think you're a lock."

"Gordon said some kind words to me after, so we'll see," Dan said. He didn't want to give away what was said in the conversation in case Tricia was having a change of heart. "What's going on, Tricia? You are uncharacteristically unflirty today."

Tricia rubbed her eyes, "Just tired."

"You sure? You haven't been the same since you left me in my cubicle last night."

"I just...." Tricia started, "I didn't think that it would actually happen. Not like that."

"Like what?" Dan said, feeling his cheeks start to burn. This was an odd conversation to have with someone other than his wife. His stomach was uneasy. He didn't want to fuck this opportunity up. He never asked for this. It had always been her pushing it.

"I didn't expect you to be so...aggressive," Tricia said, not meeting his eye. "I had to run to the pharmacy to get Plan B this morning. I've never done it like that without a condom."

Dan smirked, and Tricia's gaze got icy. He put up his hands in a placating manner, "I'm fixed, Tricia. I got the snip. You have nothing to worry about."

Her shoulders relaxed, but she kept her icy gaze locked on him, "You have to be more careful. We can't just...God. I sound like a bumbling teenager. Give a girl a heads up next time."

Dan pulled the door open with a smile, "Next time, huh? I guess you enjoyed yourself after all."

Her eyes went wide, darting to the farm of cubicles beyond her door. Before she could respond, Dan stepped out, closing the door behind him. It felt weird, openly flirting with her like that. He'd kept himself reserved for so long, but it was starting to feel like the scales were being balanced. But there was a long way to go before they were.

The sound of stomping feet eased Lester into consciousness. He didn't open his eyes, but he slowly left dreamland. He felt more at peace than he ever had in his entire life. His body was completely relaxed, and everything just felt as it should.

He inhaled, caught a familiar strawberry scent, and knew Sarah was close by. As his mind stretched out and became aware of his surroundings, he knew the pretty little mother was curled up against him, her head on his chest, her luscious blonde mane splayed out over his hairy chest.

She mumbled something in her sleep and nuzzled into him. His fingers traced over the taut muscles of her naked back. She was warm to the touch. Lester couldn't help the shit-eating grin from spreading on his face. Sometimes he had to remind himself to enjoy the little things. Moments like this. He'd come so far. Way further than he'd ever expected to get. Much further than with any of his prior conquests.

Lester's cock grew against Sarah's toned leg. It was time for him to deposit another load into the fertile young mother. He scrunched up his ugly face and heaved his immense bulk off the bed, turning Sarah onto her back.

She groaned in protest, but her eyes fluttered open, staring up at him. She blinked, confusion and revulsion giving way to acceptance and want. Lester smirked again, dipped his fat lips down and mashed them against hers.

"Uffmmhmmm," Sarah groaned, surprised. Lester's flabby chest and large gut pinned her nubile young body to the mattress.

"You're mine," Lester mumbled before resuming his sloppy, saliva-filled kiss. Sarah moaned into his mouth as he ground himself against her naked body. Her hands slid to his arms. Lester grabbed the back of her neck and mauled her awake with his tongue, forcing it into her mouth. He held her neck in a vise grip, turning his head and pushing his fat tongue into every crevice of her mouth. His other hand was underneath her, mauling her ass cheek.

His cock pushed against her bare, naked thigh, inching its way upwards. Sarah's hand went to his chest, pushing against him, trying to get a breather. But Lester pushed ahead anyway.

He shifted his bulk on the bed, his legs pressing into the mattress as he expertly shuffled them, hooking her knees over them. As his giant, hairy stomach pressed her down into the bed, he lined his cock up with her entrance.

Much to his delight, she was already wet for him. He grinned, breaking the kiss as his large cock head ran up and down her slit.

"Lester...I...just..." Sarah started, but the words died in her throat as Lester slowly and firmly thrust forward. The head of his cock separating her pussy lips, barging in, eliciting a sharp intake of breath from the mother of two. Lester ground his fat hips forward, easing her legs open as the head of his cock disappeared inside of her.

A guttural groan of pleasure replaced Sarah's fading words as another inch of his massive veiny cock entered into her. Her face was a mix of pleasure from the sensation and frustration at being silenced, disregarded. Lester pumped forward, his eyes gleaming as he watched her. Watched the fight kindle in her eyes, the desire to say something, the desire to give in to her baser instincts and their shared history. His grin widened when he felt her hips rise off the bed to meet his.

He sank his cock further into her. She cried out, bottom jaw hanging open as he stretched her pussy. He was always amazed at how tight she was. How, no matter how often or how hard he fucked her, she'd somehow transform back to feeling like a virgin's tightness. Like she was new for him every time.

Lester licked his lips, clutched his fingers in the hair at the base of her skull and pulled her face up towards him. He kissed hard, her hips bouncing off the bed now, seeking more of his cock. He obliged. Lester plunged his entire length into the once faithful wife and nailed her to the bed, almost knocking the wind out of her as he drilled down. He grabbed her by the head and forced her to his chest, her tongue lolling out and began licking him through the coarse hair.

Lester pumped his hips, splitting her legs open wide. He felt her calves come to rest on his ass. Her head was held pinned to his chest, but she was like a bitch in heat, tongue circling, licking him, needing to feel and taste him.

After their eventful night, she just couldn't get enough of him. Lester couldn't help the shit-eating smirk from being glued onto his face. He used to have to hide it around her. Not wanting to show his true intentions. They'd come so far. His naked cock was buried in her unprotected pussy, and she was begging for more of him. Needing more of his cum. He was making sure to take full advantage of the time he was given. There was nothing to stop him.

He pulled Sarah from his chest, her eyes lazily opening as his tongue slowly retracted into her mouth. He pushed her into the mattress, hands on both of her shoulders as he pounded her with his cock. His thumbs dug into her collarbone as he fucked her into heavenly oblivion, his cock driving in and out of her at reckless speed.

They grunted in unison, no words passing between them, just a brutal, primal knowledge of what the other was experiencing. Sarah looked up at him, disbelief on her face. She still couldn't get used to how often Lester could fuck her.

His big, heavy, hairy balls were slapping against her ass. Lester hooked an arm under one of her knees and brought it up, giving him a new angle of attack and letting his cock get just a bit deeper inside.

"Ughhhnnn," Sarah groaned in reply, her eyes fluttering closed, her nails digging into the flesh of Lester's arms. He had her. She was his. His to own. His to breed.

Lester felt a primal sense of ownership and the drive to reproduce. His hips began to buck forward wildly, losing control of himself. Sweat trickled down his back and dripped off his forehead, splattering onto Sarah's abundant chest. He flexed his cock inside of her and her body shivered.

"I can't wait to cum in you," Lester sneered, "Again."

Sarah just bit her lip, eyes closed tight, focusing on enjoying the moment. Lester was grunting loudly, plowing forward like a prized stallion loose in the barn with a thoroughbred mare. The bed creaked rhythmically under the violent force of their fucking.

The pitter, patter of rushed footsteps that had awoken Lester floated into his ears, but he quickly dismissed it, focusing intently on the task at hand. Sarah's eyes flew open. With a strength neither of them knew she had, Sarah's hands pushed on his chest. Her exposed hips pushed off the bed, fully embedding his cock into her as she tried to flip him onto his side.

Lester relented and let himself be moved. Sarah's hands reached for the comforter, but it had fallen off during the middle of the night marathon sex session. She reached further forward to grab it and pulled it up over them. But she wasn't fast enough.

Her daughter Ava stood with one hand on the doorknob, a look of confusion on her tilted face.

"Mom?" she said, barely above a whisper. Thankfully her sister wasn't there with her.

"I...I'll be right there, honey. Mom's just getting ready. Close the door. I'll be right out." Sarah's words nervously poured out of her. Lester held his breath under the comforter. What an interesting development. He just hoped it wouldn't come back to bite him on the ass.

"Ava," Sarah snapped, "Close the door honey."

The door shut, and Sarah sighed. Lester grabbed her by the waist and tried to pull her back down to him. She shifted, evading his stubby fingers and rushed out of the bed, "Fuck."

Lester's arms went behind his head as he watched her hurriedly pull a robe around her naked form. "Relax," he drawled, "Nothing you can do about it now."

"She might have seen us!" Sarah whispered hard at him, "Seen you. I knew it was a mistake the moment you came in here last night. I should have just let you sit out on the porch all night. This is too fucked up."

"She probably didn't see a thing. Even if she did, they're kids. They don't know what's what."

"Kids are smarter than you think, Lester," Sarah said, going to the door. She cracked it open, looking down an empty wall. When she looked back at him, she spoke in a voice, daring him to defy her, "Stay here. Be quiet. I'll be back in a little bit."

"Whatever," Lester said, letting his eyes close once again.

Sarah hurried down the stairs to the living room. The girls were both on their tablets, but Ava looked up, meeting her mom's eyes. "Thanks for waking me up, Ava," Sarah said, "I overslept."

"It's almost eight," Ava said slowly.

"I know. I know, I'm sorry," Sarah said, rushing into the kitchen, her mind racing, trying to decipher Ava's face and her words. She poured them both a bowl of cereal and hit the start button on the coffee machine. The coffee helped her swallow her supplements, and she made a mental note to take the other one upstairs when she got dressed.

"Ava," Sarah said, watching her daughter use her spoon to play with her cereal, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine mom," Ava said, putting on a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. Sarah studied her daughter for a few seconds before returning to finishing her food. "I'm going to get upstairs and get your clothes."

Sarah hurried up the stairs, taking time to catch her breath and steady herself at the top. She grabbed clothes for the girls and, with a second thought, brought their toothbrushes and hairbrushes down from the bathroom downstairs.

"Here's your clothes, girls," Sarah said laying the clothes out on the couch. "Your brushes and toothbrushes are on the counter. Let's brush down here just for today, okay? Can you girls do all that while I get ready? Then you can go back to your tablets."

Both girls nodded, Ava less enthusiastically. Sarah crept back upstairs to get changed. She'd need to get the girls in the car and out the door in thirty minutes to drive them to school, otherwise they'd be late.

This time, she locked the bedroom door behind her. A large mass moved under the comforter, and Sarah wondered how the legs on the bed frame hadn't snapped off yet.

"Get over here," Lester said from under the heavy blanket, "We have business to finish."

"Not now, Lester," Sarah said, her voice filled with panic. She hurried to the closet. "I need to drive the kids to school. We overslept. I think Ava saw us."

"She didn't see anything," Lester said, "Relax."

"I can't relax," Sarah stammered, sorting through her clothes to find something that wasn't wrinkled. "I don't know how I even faced her or how I can do it again. It's mortifying, Lester. I didn't want to expose her to this. To you, to any of this. It's a nightmare."

Sarah kept moving hangers, looking for something to wear. Lester groaned and rolled off the bed, stretching his back in the process. She didn't look, but could see a large mass making its way to her out of the corner of her eye.

"Lester, not now. I'm panicking inside. I can't do this." Sarah stammered, still unable to find anything to wear. There was nothing. Nothing to wear. She didn't know what to do.

"Shhhhhh," Lester said, sliding up behind her. His hands fell over her robe-covered shoulders, gently massaging them. His still hard cock poked against the back of her robe. "You're overreacting. You snapped at her; she's probably just hurt. Relax."

"I can't relax," Sarah snapped. Her heart was beating out of her chest, and she couldn't think straight. She was spiraling. Just like when she'd been caught with Otis at the hospital. Her world was falling apart, and she wasn't in control of its downward descent. Lester swiftly undid the belt on her robe, his other hand brushing it off her shoulders, where it fell to the floor.

"Lester!" Sarah said, panic in her voice. "The girls. I can't, what if—"

"Relax," Lester said as he pushed forward. Sarah almost tripped as he bumped into her, spearing her ass with his dick. She reached out to catch herself; the only thing in sight was the bar holding her clothes. Lester's hands were on her hips as she shifted his cock to settle it between her thighs. He pushed forward, running against her pussy.

"They're downstairs, Lester, awake. We can't — Ugh," Sarah's words choked out.

Lester's cock head pushed into her, followed by his girthy shaft. Sarah struggled, her breath catching in her throat.

"Ahhffff-Lesssstee—" Sarah whined as Lester fed her his cock. Her body instinctively pushed back against him, taking more of him inside of her.

"Oh, but we can," Lester grunted into her ear, hand snaking around her body to cup her breasts, the other holding her hips in place. Lester thrust into Sarah, and she gripped the closet bar for dear life. The clothes shook on her hangers as Lester picked back up right where he had been. Lester pinched her nipples, groping her breasts greedily. Sarah arched her back, pressing them into his meaty palm. Her mind felt like mush. As much as she didn't want to do this right now, she needed it. She needed the distraction, didn't want to think about confronting yet another stressor in her life. Even if this very act was the cause of that stress.

Sarah opened her mouth to speak. To try and slow things down and get a handle on herself. As if he were a mind reader, Lester's hand left her breast and sharply grabbed her hair, twisting it into a swirling ponytail that he yanked back on. Sarah's arms swung, holding the bar as Lester jerked her back, his fat tongue licking up and down her neck like a frenzied dog.

"Let go," Lester grunted.

"The girls..." Sarah managed to breathe out before Lester yanked her back, impaling his cock entirely into her. Sarah's arms gave out and slipped off the bar. Her legs felt like jelly; the only thing holding her up was Lester's strength. He pulled her down onto the carpeted floor of her walk-in closet.

He didn't waste any time. Sarah was on her hands and knees, and Lester was still inside of her, sliding his swollen cock in and out of her from behind. She took it. She took his cock doggstyle and let her forehead rest on the floor. His large gut sat on top of her perfect bubble butt, jiggling with each forceful thrust.

His stubby, fat fingers gripped both of her hips as he hammered at her. Sarah could still hear the sounds of the TV show coming from downstairs and bit the flesh of her forearm, desperately trying not to make any noises. She failed. Moans escaped her lips, but she bit down harder, muffling them with her own body.

"MMMFFMMMMMM," Sarah whined throat the flesh of her skin as Lester's cock repeatedly punched into her. He slid it all the way out to the tip and pushed it back in hard. Sarah's body jolted forward, and Lester had to shimmy to keep up with her. She wanted to collapse onto the ground and let him take her, but he held her hips up, keeping her in doggstyle. Lester was lightly chuckling behind her as he drove his naked cock into her again and again.

"Yeah..." he said lazily, "They're gonna be late for school. Their mama's too busy fucking."

Sarah's body clenched around his cock at Lester's words. It was disgusting, dirty talk, but the idea of abandoning her responsibilities touched something inside of her and made her body push back onto his cock. Sarah whined into her forearm, desperate to stay quiet as her body took over and fucked Lester back. He kept thrusting hard, and Sarah struggled to push back on his assault.

Sarah's blonde hair fell around her face, obscuring her vision. Her eyes were unfocused, and Lester brutally fucked her, savoring each and every pointed thrust. Each ridge and vein of his cock is dragged in and out of her. Lester started pumping into her with abandon, and Sarah did all she could to keep up with his building rhythm. Their bodies shuffled as they fucked. He'd thrust forward, and Sarah's body would move half an inch. He'd pull back and do it again. And again. Sarah's elbows slid across the carpet until her head was back in the bedroom. Light came from the crack under the door from the hallway beyond. Somewhere out there, her family was diligently waiting for her. But Lester had her in his grips and he wasn't letting her go.

"Fuck you feel so goddamn good," Lester grunted, "Keep squeezing me like that. Ah, yeah, just like that, Sarah."

"MMHMMFFMMMM," Sarah moaned into her arm.

"That won't do," Lester said, reaching around and grabbing Sarah by her throat. He lifted her up off her arm, and her rapid gasps filled the room.

"Please...Lester....I can't...Need to be quiet.....they're..." Sarah panted.

"What's your name? Say it," Lester said.

"Sarah," she panted as Lester squeezed her throat.

"Full name," Lester said.

"Sarah Williams," Sarah answered.

"No. Try again," Lester punctuated the sentence with a sharp jab of his cock, driving decisively into her G-Spot. Sarah groaned and dropped her head. She didn't know what he wanted her to say. Her mouth moved, her brain not even registering what she was saying, "Sarah Marshall..."

“Good girl,” Lester chuckled, “Fuck, I can’t wait to bust inside of you.”

“Ughhhhhh. Mhmmmmm. Mhmmmmm. MHMMMMM. Ugh...” Sarah’s moans were coming fast and heavy. She couldn’t control herself anymore. She wanted to muffle herself, but Lester wouldn’t let her. It wasn’t her fault. She gritted her teeth, trying to clamp her mouth closed, but it was hard to breathe. Lester’s hand on her throat was making it difficult. She couldn’t breathe deeply enough through her nose. Not while Lester pounded her into oblivion. She had to open her mouth to gasp for breath, but as she needed another string of moans rolled out of it.

“Ugghhhhhh...Mhmmmmm...Gaawwww.....ffuuuuuu.....Leesssmhmmmmmm.”

“Such a bad girl,” Lester snickered, “You ready for my load?”

“Ughh fuck....give it me Lester....”

“Tell me what we’re doing here, Mrs. Marshall?” Lester grunted.

“Making a baby,” Sarah said automatically without even thinking about it.

“Making a baby,” she whispered and started thrusting back on him in earnest. Her perfect bubble butt slapped against Lester’s fat thighs. The room was filled with the sounds of wet skin on skin contact as she aggressively fucked back on Lester’s enormous cock. His grip tightened on her hips as he held on against her onslaught.

“Fuckkkk....Mhmmmmmm....agghhhhhh...ughhhhh...yesss.....a baby...” Sarah’s manicured nails dug into the carpet. She strained and pushed herself onto the balls of her feet for additional leverage as she fucked back into the disgusting man behind her.

“Oh fuck....yes...” Sarah moaned. She pushed up off the ground, burying one hand in the carpet. She reached back with her other hand and held onto Lester’s hip, urging him forward. Lester didn’t need the hint. He gleefully power fucked her hard and fast just the way she liked it.

Sarah’s eyes rolled back in her head as her orgasm rapidly took shape inside of her. Lester’s big, fat, ugly cock was hitting every sensitive nerve ending inside of her pussy, and she was loving every fucking second of it.

“Here it comes, Sarah,” Lester grunted, burying his cock into her. “Big old load of Lester coming up.”

Sarah didn’t respond, just gritted her teeth and fucked Lester back. She felt his cock begin to quiver inside of her. The delicious throb running up and down his shaft as his balls started to empty. The second the first blast of his hot jizz sprayed into her, Sarah came.

“UGHHHHHHFFUUUUMHMMMMMMYEEEAASSSSSSSS,” Sarah cried out to her bedroom.

“LEESSTEERGOD.”

Pleasure rippled across Sarah’s body; her muscles all went rigid as her lungs burned from holding her breath. Her eyes felt like they rolled back in her head, her eyelids almost twitching as more and more of Lester’s illicit cum flooded into her. Fireworks kept exploding inside of her, washing her in blazing pleasure.

Sarah moaned, unabashedly into her open bedroom, forgetting everything around her but the need for Lester’s cum and how amazing the copious fluid made her feel. An ocean of cum seemingly poured into her as she clamped her pussy down on his cock, letting it pulsate and blast off inside of her. Sarah’s insides were drenched and coated in Lester’s seed, and still her body tried to milk more out of the overweight beast.

Her head had dropped to the floor as she lay there panting. Through gritted teeth and a gasping mouth, Sarah mumbled, "How can you cum so much..."

Lester just chuckled and gave her perfect bubble butt a light slap before backing up and out. A wet sound like someone stepping on a sponge filled the room, and she gasped in disappointment when his cock left her. She felt so empty, but the deluge of cum pouring down her thigh made her fall onto her side in the fetal position.

She winced. Her knees and elbows burned. She was vaguely aware that they'd thoroughly been rug burned from the intense fucking. She realized that they'd moved several feet from where they'd begun.

Lester groaned from somewhere behind her as Sarah's body and mind slowly came back down to earth. She could hear his heavy breathing. She could hear her own heart thumping in her chest. And she could hear the sound of the TV downstairs.

Ava and Sofia drifted back into her mind, and Sarah's post orgasmic bliss was traded with white hot parental panic. She heaved herself onto unsteady naked legs and wandered further into her bedroom to find her phone.

The girls were already running late for school. Sarah turned back to the closet to find something to wear, but stopped at the sight of an ugly, hairy, naked Lester lying there like some kind of pulsating, pupating larva from a sci-fi movie. Cum ran down to her knee, and Sarah spun and awkwardly ran and hobbled into the bathroom.

She cleaned herself up as best as she could with water and a washcloth, wishing she had time for a full shower. Still, she popped one of her pills from under the counter and swallowed it dry.

Back in the bedroom, she pulled on a dirty pair of panties and felt them immediately get wet from the steady flow of cum still leaking out of her. She grabbed a pair of sweatpants and an oversized hoodie of Dan's and put it on, no longer caring about her appearance. She was already so fucking late.

"I'm gonna drop the girls at school," Sarah said into the closet, not bothering to check on Lester. She hurried out of the bedroom, closing the door behind her. Downstairs, she hurried to get the girls ready for school, trying to ignore any red flags of awareness from Ava.

As they hurried out the door to the car, Sofia asked, "Whose car is that?"

Sarah's heart skipped a beat at the sight of Lester's black SUV sitting in the driveway. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

"I don't know, honey," Sarah lied as she urged the girls towards their own vehicle, "I'll figure it out later when I get back, okay? Probably just one of the neighbor's, maybe a relative or something. Let's get in the car."

As the girls got in the backseat, Sarah rushed around the driver's side. "Uh....hey...Sarah, how's it going?"

Sarah glanced up as she pulled the door open. Their neighbor Ted was strolling down his front steps, heading in their direction with an awkward look on his face. The guy gave her the creeps, but Sarah didn't have time for this right now.

"Are your relatives visiting?" Sofia shouted out from the backseat.

“My...what?” Ted asked, stopping in his tracks.

“Sorry, Ted,” Sarah said, mortified at being caught in public in such a frumpy outfit. “We’re running late for school. Talk to you later!”

Not leaving any room for further conversation, Sarah got in, pulled the door shut and turned over the ignition. While Ted stood awkwardly on his lawn, Sarah peeled out of the driveway and headed towards the girls’ school.

As she drove, her knees burned whenever she touched the brakes, her sweatpants grazing them. Thankfully, traffic wasn’t too bad, and she arrived at school without issue. Both girls leapt from the car, not bothering to say goodbye as they headed inside after their classmates. Sarah called the office to let them know before parking a few streets away, and as her mind raced to catch up with the morning’s events.

She put her head in her hands and groaned to herself at somehow making a bad situation worse. She didn’t want to think about it anymore. The girls were tucked away at school for six or so hours. Alone time was what she needed. Unfortunately Lester was still waiting for her at home, and if she went back there... she’d be fucked into oblivion. She’d be nothing more than a sweaty mess in her bed, likely missing school pick up. Again.

Sarah pulled out her phone to scroll through Instagram to distract herself. It only took a few minutes of meme posts and videos before a news story caught her attention. It was from the local paper, about a hospital employee who had been caught selling diabetic test strips to lowlives on Craigslist. Sarah’s breath caught in her throat as she read the story, and she found a renewed dampness between her legs that wasn’t just Lester’s cum.

Immediately, she opened up LinkedIn and checked Richard’s profile. He had turned it private, masking all his posts and profile details. Sarah just stared at the screen. She’d gotten her revenge. Both Mary and Richard were out at the hospital, just like she was. She couldn’t imagine the turmoil there. She wanted to help. But they’d never allow her back. She missed that part of her life, being core to an organization and helping it thrive. The fact that her work could impact patients and their families had been such a fundamental part of her identity for so long, so she felt moorless without it.

She navigated to her LinkedIn page and decided it was time to really put the effort into her job search. And she had an ace in the hole. She texted Lester.

S: Hey, so I was wondering. Could I get a letter of recommendation? You know, because I worked for you for a bit?

Lester read Sarah’s text message again before tossing his phone onto the pillow next to him. He was lying starfish in the Williams’ marital bed, idly playing with his soft cock. What fucking part of their arrangement did she not get? He was gonna take care of her. Her and the baby. She didn’t need to work.

Why couldn’t she just fucking accept that and go along with his plan? What was this letter of recommendation bullshit? Lester seethed and rolled his rotund body off the bed and stomped into their ensuite bathroom. He pissed in the bowl without putting up the lid before plodding over to the sink and looking at Sarah’s pills. He smirked as they continued to dwindle, almost like a countdown to his magnum opus.

While he loved fucking Sarah and degrading her in her own place, their house was boring. Lester couldn't just sit around here all day. He grabbed his phone and texted her back without answering her question.

L: When are you coming back?

S: I'm going to see my parents for a bit.

L: Come back and clean up my cock first slut.

S: I'm already here, Lester. Sorry.

Fucking bitch.

Lester wasn't about to just wait around like some domesticated animal. He got dressed and left, driving to the closest McDonalds and eating the Big Mac in the parking lot. Technically, he was supposed to be at the hospital working, but he really didn't give a shit. There wasn't a CEO to fire him, and Lester wasn't sticking around there much longer. He wasn't going to be asking for a letter of recommendation.

Heh. Lester thought. Maybe there was one last hurrah the place could offer if Sarah really wanted to earn her special little letter. After finishing up with his burgers, Lester grabbed some supplies from the grocery store, including a couple of bags of Cheetos. He spent the rest of the afternoon watching anime in his hotel room and playing on his gaming laptop, then ordered in for dinner.

It was only then that he texted Sarah, letting her know that she had to earn her letter and meet him in the hospital parking lot that night. On a whim, he checked the app connected to the tracker on Renee's car.

With a devilish smirk, he headed for the door.

Renee sat in her car, chest already rising and falling as she tried to work up the nerve to enter the seedy bar. She knew she shouldn't be here. But her body ached for relief. After James had fallen asleep in the den with his juvenile football friends, she had tossed and turned all night. She needed to be touched, to feel the thrill of connection.

Yet her husband hadn't even tried to make a move on her in the morning. She was ready to crawl up the walls; she was so horny, but James was spending the day nursing a rare hangover.

That's why she found herself outside the same bar she'd visited the previous night. She'd left dinner for James in the fridge, for him to heat up when he was ready. With the sun disappearing behind nearby buildings, Renee was torn between what she desperately wanted to do and what she knew to be the right thing.

She shouldn't even set foot in this part of town, yet here she was ready to go inside the local bar for degenerates. She busied herself to keep from dwelling on it, adjusting her hair and outfit in the mirror. This time, she was in a conservative black dress, but it still hugged her in the right places and illustrated her lovely figure.

Going into a bar wasn't wrong, she tried to convince herself. She didn't have to go to the bathroom area this time. She could just get a drink to calm her nerves and then leave. On shaky, toned legs, she stepped out of the car and headed for the entrance.

It was early, and the bar was still filling up. The local blue-collar workers were just starting to filter in. She felt eyes on her, but ignored them. She sat at the bar and ordered herself a red wine to give her hands something to do. She glanced at the door, knowing it was only a few feet away and she could easily leave anytime. She was in control.

Renee was surprised when she finished the last sip of wine. She quickly ordered another, only to find it drained in just a few minutes. It was time to go. She'd been silly to come here. But first....she decided to use the washroom. She buried the voice that said she was lying to herself, that she didn't even have to go.

Renee passed through the jostling crowd and down the dark hallway until she reached the women's bathroom. There were several stalls she could have chosen, all of which seemed unoccupied. But her body moved towards the one against the far wall. She slipped inside and locked the door behind her, heart pounding in her chest as she stared at the hole in the wall.

This time, there wasn't a cock sticking out. It was empty. A pang of disappointment filled her as she took a tentative step forward into the cramped cubicle. She stared at the crudely made hole, transfixed, waiting for something to happen. Her shoulders were rising and falling in time with her breasts. Then she saw it.

A hairy knuckled hand appeared in the hole. It gestured to her, its fingers beckoning her forward. Alarm bells rang in her head. It wasn't too late to march out back to her car. Instead, Renee stepped forward with bated breath.

The hand reached out and touched the smooth skin of her leg. Renee stiffened at the touch of a man other than her husband. She quivered and braced herself against the wall as the hand trailed playfully up and down her exposed thigh, caressing her. It rose, playing with the hem of her skirt. Dancing across her skin until the bold fingers disappeared beneath the material and reached behind her to lightly cup her ass.

Renee moaned into the wall as the unknown stranger kneaded her. His fingers flexed, gripping her supple flesh, and he tugged, pulling her against the wall. Renee's face was pressed against the dirty wall as this strange man's hand groped her. He pulled up the bottom of her dress, exposing her bubble butt to the dingy washroom stall.

The front of her dress rose as well, Renee's legs rubbing together as she groaned against the dirty wall. She was breathing hard, still trying to comprehend the new and exciting experience. She felt a thrill coursing through her that was dangerous and addictive. She needed more.

Her breath caught in her throat as the man's hairy thumb hooked around the side of her panties and gently started tugging them down. Renee weakly grasped the other side, holding it up. There was a brief moment of tug-of-war before the material slipped through Renee's releasing fingers. Her bare pussy became exposed to the cool air of the room, and a shiver ran up her spine.

Her panties hung limply between her thighs, the meaty hand moving back to grope and roughly maul her exposed ass. It tugged her closer to the hole until her thighs and midsection were awkwardly pressing against the wall.

Something wet flicked over her exposed pussy, and she instinctively recoiled, trying to back away. But the meaty hand held her in place. It flicked out again, quickly like a snake's. Then it happened again. Renee groaned, and her thighs instinctively parted. It was the man's tongue. This stranger's outstretched tongue was licking her through the large, roughly cut hole.

The next lick gained better access to her, dragging its way up her pussy lips and flicking over her clit. Renee moaned openly at the stimulation and felt a smile tug at the lips of the man attached to the tongue. He lapped more vigorously to which she rewarded with more moans of her own. Her delicate, manicured fingers stroked the dirty wall, her hips bucking forward to meet the stranger's unfurling tongue. It coiled and swirled the opening to her pussy, it dragged up her clit before two lips encased it, and an amazing, sucking sensation sent a shockwave through her entire body.

In all their years of marriage, James had never done this. He'd never gone down on her despite asking it of her. Now a stranger was giving her attention her husband never had. And Renee was hooked.

Her hips savagely bucked against the man's expert manipulation, and all sense of time was lost as Renee grinded herself against the man's outstretched muscle, urging him with her moans to keep going. She could feel it. She could feel a heady orgasm brewing inside of her, and she needed to feel it erupt. Renee's jaw hung limply open as she struggled for breath; every fibre of her being felt more sensitive. The cool wall felt amazing against her skin. She flexed her fingers, stroking the dirty surface, despite the disgust in the back of her head.

Renee was openly moaning for anyone to hear, on the tips of her toes as she let this delicious stranger taste her. Lick her. Suck her. Renee ground herself against the tongue. She was so close. She threw her head back, prepared to scream in orgasmic pleasure as her nails dug into the wall.

The tongue abruptly retreated.

Renee stood still, grasping the wall, thrusting her hips forward, waiting impatiently for its wet return. Waiting for it to finish what it started. Waiting for it to give her the Big O she craved. She needed. But it never came.

She finally let out a choked, disappointed breath, going back down to the flats of her feet as she lost the moment. It was beyond frustrating. Her body still burned with need, disappointment running through her. Why? Why? Why not let her finish?

The hinges of the women's washroom creaked, and Renee went stiff. Heavy footsteps sounded out on the sticky linoleum floor. Renee didn't take her eyes off the wall less than an inch in front of her face. Her breath caught in her throat.

There was a knock on the stall door.

"It's...." Renee struggled to breathe, "Occupied."

The knock came again. Twice.

With a shaking hand, she reached down and pulled up her panties. She tried to straighten her dress out and worried just how out of sorts her hair and makeup were after her latest encounter.

The knock came again.

"Just one minute," Renee breathed, glancing at the hole in the wall, unsure what she would do if the tongue or something else reappeared. She grabbed a roll of toilet paper and flushed the toilet.

With a deep breath, she stepped towards the stall door, unlocking it. The door swung inwards, causing Renee to abruptly step back. She squinted, confused by what she saw. She expected a young woman to be standing there, tipsy and desperate to use the facilities.

Instead, she saw...

“Lester?” Renee said, clamping her knees together. She tried to get her breathing under control. “What...What? What are you doing in the women’s washroom?”

“What’s the matter?” Lester smirked, stepping into the tight stall. “Cat got your tongue?”

He raised an eyebrow, smirked, and flicked his immense tongue out then up and down lewdly.

“Lester....” Renee said as the pieces clicked together in her brain.

“That’s my name,” Lester said, easing the stall door closed behind him. He locked it. The stall suddenly felt way too tight. Renee felt the blood drain from her face.

“You...” Renee said, “It was you.”

“Guilty as charged,” Lester chuckled and licked his lips, “I have to say, you taste delicious. It was the least I could do after the lovely double-fisted handjob you gave me last time.”

Renee glanced at the hole, then back to Lester’s face. Then she glanced down at his crotch, eliciting a broad smile from the short, chunky man. He again flicked his tongue at her mockingly.

“You wanna see it again, dontcha?” Lester wiggled his eyebrows. Renee was about to say ‘no’, but her voice caught in her throat. Lester pounced on her hesitation, swiftly dropping his orange-stained grey sweatpants to the ground. Through his tight once-white underwear, Renee could see his giant appendage straining against the fabric. Lester shuffled out of his sweatpants, leaving them strewn over the disgusting linoleum floor. Then, before Renee could protest, his underwear quickly followed. The tight material had been holding back his fat, which plopped down as did his massive penis. Renee stared at it for a few seconds before her eyes snapped back up to Lester’s irksome smirk.

He took a step forward, and Renee backed up against the too close wall. Neither of them said a word. She just started into his mocking eyes, clear with his intent as she struggled to breathe. Lester licked his lips and pressed his fat gut against her abdomen, pinning her to the wall. His eyes broke from hers, scanning down her body, to her lithe neck, rising and falling breasts and the bare skin of her arms. Lester reached out with a hand, and Renee flinched. He gave her a look of contempt before reaching his hand out again. This time, it found the strap of her dress.

He lazily ran his fingers up and down it, playing with the material. Renee was practically gasping. Lester shifted his weight, and his hard dick poked against her slim dress-clad thigh. Lester slowly pulled down the strap of her dress, exposing naked skin to this ugly, little man.

He did the same with the other strap, and the dress fell to the floor. Lester’s smirk widened.

“Yum,” he muttered, shifting against her, his penis now trailing up her thigh. She felt it leave a trail as it went, and she couldn’t help but draw comparisons between Lester’s body and that of a fat slug. She went up on her tiptoes when the head of his cock pressed against her pussy through her underwear.

“This is wrong,” Renee finally managed to eke out.

“Is it? Then why are you here? Why did you come back here?” Lester said.

“It’s wrong. With you...it’s....”

"It's the same thing. My cock was right here pressing against you like this last night. And you let me lick you today. It doesn't matter that it's me or someone else on the other side of the wall," Lester chastised, "You have a need, and I'm here to fulfill it."

Renee opened her mouth to disagree, but Lester's fat lips mashed against hers as they had in the parking lot. She mumbled something into his mouth in protest, but that only allowed him to stick his fat, slobbering tongue into her mouth. She tasted junk food and cheese on him, as his tongue slid around her, bathing her in his taste.

She could feel his smirk against her cheeks. His hands were on her now. One on her hip, pressing her against the wall. The other on the nape of her neck, guiding her in how he wanted to be kissed.

The tearing of fabric filled the small stall, and Renee tried to yelp in pain. Lester's fat hands pulled on her panties, pinning them against her skin until the material gave way, ripping away in his brutish hand. He held her neck in place, not letting her look down, but his hand was back on her hip, now devoid of the panties. His naked cock now butted up against her pussy, leaving his stain of pre-cum upon her sex.

Lester's head slithered around like a snake as his tongue explored every crevice of her mouth. His hand on her hip was urging her forward into his cock, then back again, forward then back, like he was patiently guiding her. Lester dipped his hips and thrust forward, his cock pushed between Renee's thighs, gliding against the bottom of her pussy. He pushed in and out, grinding his cock against her. His hand on her hips, guiding her body forward and back along his shaft, making it slick it with her own dripping juices.

Lester rolled his tongue one last time inside her mouth before slurping it back out and staring her hard in the eyes. He held her gaze as his hand left her neck and snaked around her back, expertly unclasping her bra. As it fell to the floor, her breathing increased, making her breasts rise and fall in rapid succession. Lester broke eye contact and leered at her naked breasts, licking his lips.

Neither said a word, but both seemed to understand the eventual conclusion. Lester grinned and pulled Renee off the wall, wrapping her in his arms as he planted another kiss on her. She let him move her around the enclosed space and realized that her lips were kissing him back. His tongue was in his mouth, battling with his.

Then he let go and spun her around. She was abruptly thrust forward, and her hands came to rest on the sticky surface of the toilet's tank. She curled her nose in disgust, but her jaw dropped as she felt the head of Lester's massive cock pushing her thighs apart and knocking at her soaking entrance.

She drew in a sharp breath, eyes focused on the chipping paint on the block of concrete in front of her.

"Uhhhh," Renee grunted as the head of Lester's considerable cock parted her lips. A million thoughts raced through her head in that singular moment. Pleasure, regret, fear, arousal, need. Then he was inside of her. Renee felt her pussy stretch around him, painfully but oh so heavenly good at the same time. He pushed more of his growing cock in, and she felt her toes curl. His persistent cock pressed against her G-Spot as he slowly fed more of himself into her.

"OH GOD," Renee screamed as an incredible orgasm ripped through her out of nowhere. She clamped down on Lester's embedded cock and wailed, thoughts racing through her mind. Betraying her husband and their marriage vows, letting an ugly cretin like Lester inside of her. How big his

fucking cock was. "AHHGGMHMMMMMM," Renee screamed, digging her manicured nails into the sticky porcelain. Lester held still, letting her orgasm ride on, echoing through her body.

As she started to come down, her muscles trapping Lester's cock released, and she started to breathe normally. Then Lester pushed another inch into her, putting her right back at the point of no return. She felt another stupefying orgasm swiftly rumble to life inside of her. Lester fed her another inch. Then another, and she was up on her toes, pushing back on his cock, needing to feel the entire thing inside of her. Desiring the pain that accompanied the incomparable pleasure as she was stretched out.

Lester pulled his cock out of her and slowly fed it back in.

"OHGOD. SWEET JESUS GOD. OH GOD," Renee moaned in amazement.

"Heh," she heard Lester chuckle from behind her as he fucked her. As another man besides James fucked her. She'd never broken their marriage vows in their thirty years of matrimony but now Lester was stomping and spitting on them while he gradually split her open.

"You enjoying what a real cock feels like, aren't ya?" Lester said, his cock coming almost all the way out before slamming back in. Renee gripped the side of the tank, thankful she had something to hold onto. Lester pistoned in and out of her, and Renee's ass slammed back on him.

She couldn't remember the last time James had taken her like this. Or the last time she'd had spontaneous sex at all. She'd never had sex in a bathroom before, her mind drifting to that woman at the bar in Chicago getting it from two guys. She was that woman now.

Lester's stubby fingers kneaded into her hips, leaving trailing red marks. "Squeeze it, Renee."

She did, she tried to grab onto his cock again with her entire pussy, but it was just too large and strong. It kept pushing out of her grip, but felt so fucking good when it did. The more she tried to grasp it, the more she could feel the veins and its delightful slight curve, the warmth of the shaft as it pounded in and out of her.

"Yeah that's it. Shoulda known Sarah's mom would be a good fuck," Lester growled.

Renee dropped her head, her blonde locks dangling around her face, just touching the top of the toilet. She was struggling to maintain her footing. Each time Lester pulled back, she readjusted herself and thrust back to meet him with a slap.

"This....this is so wrong," Renee moaned.

"Oh shut up," Lester chuckled as he slammed his cock into her, "Stop squeezing me then. Get up and leave."

Lester held himself still. Renee continued to thrust her body back and forth on his cock, fucking herself enthusiastically on him.

"That's what I thought," Lester said, keeping his unmoving position, "You want this more than I do. Otherwise, you'd stop. Isn't that right?"

Renee didn't answer. Couldn't answer. Couldn't possibly admit that to herself. But her undulating body told him the truth. It slammed back on him hard.

Lester's gravelly voice boomed again from behind the trembling woman, "Y'know, if your asshole keeps winking at me, I may have to put something in it."

The toilet lid cover shifted, scraping porcelain against porcelain. As Renee was about to push her bubble butt back on Lester he lunged forward with his cock, burying his entire fat length deep within her all in one go.

“Ahhhh, please...” Renee panted desperately, “I can’t – uhhh—can’t stop.”

“I wanna hear my name on those soft fucking married lips of yours,” Lester said, digging his fingers into the flesh of her hips. “Say it.”

“Mmm—Lester—please....” Renee’s mind whirled at the idea of giving into another man’s sexual desires, not her husband’s, “Right there—Lester....god.”

“Hallelujah,” Lester snorted and pumped into her. Renee’s eyes were closed. Lester’s big, hairy balls were slapping against the tops of her thighs with each frantic thrust.

“Please....please....don’t stop.....please...I’m...uhhhhhmmmm.”

“You gonna cum for me again? Cum on my big fucking cock? That what I’m hearing? Well then, you should know I’m getting close too. Give it to me, Renee. Show me what James has been missing this whole time. Let loose for me. Howl at the fucking moon.” Lester shouted. His tempo increased to a frenzy, pumping his huge cock in and out of her at an unstoppable rate.

Renee’s brain felt like it was being completely scrambled, her nails dug into the sides of the porcelain cover, and she jostled it free of the tank. It scraped against the back of the toilet, hitting the concrete block wall as they anxiously fucked. Renee slammed her ass back against Lester hard as the stirring of her orgasm grew faster inside of her. She tried clenching down on his cock with her pussy, but the man wouldn’t be stopped. He was like a rutting animal.

“Oh...Lord....Mhmmm,,,,ah...hah....ha.....ah.....Les.....ah...OHGOD.” Renee screamed, her pussy clenching as a shower of pleasure rumbled and exploded inside of her. Her vision went white, her arms lost all their strength as she collapsed, hugging the tank of the toilet. Pleasure roared through her, setting all her nerves on fire. Her legs grew weak, shaking as if every calorie and ounce of energy her body contained was kindling for her unbelievable orgasm.

“Get ready,” Lester roared. His mammoth cock pulsed inside of her and she felt the giant head somehow expand. Renee’s eyes snapped open when realization struck her. It happened at the same time that a lengthy shot of warm sticking goo blasted off inside of her. The walls of her previously faithful pussy were drenched in Lester’s spewing cum. His balls heaved, pumping more cum down his wide thrumming shaft as he emptied himself inside of her. Renee’s orgasm eclipsed its previous zenith and shook her hard, making her question her reality and her faith. Cum seemed to jet out of Lester’s cock as Renee’s body gave out, slumping against the toilet.

Lester stayed embedded in her for almost two full minutes before he pulled his cock out with a plop. Renee sagged but caught herself. Touching the toilet was disgusting, and she tried to right herself on shaking legs. She wouldn’t even sit down on a public toilet normally, yet here she was touching it with all parts of her exposed body.

Lester held her dress up over her head and lowered it back over her. She cursed and grabbed the hemline, pulling it back up so his cum wouldn’t touch it. She awkwardly grabbed handfuls of toilet paper and shoved them between her legs to capture and clean the escaping cum. She threw the toilet paper into the toilet and grabbed another bundle, wiping more and more of the disgusting man’s cum out of her. But it never ceased. More kept flooding out of her. Renee kept wiping as Lester

got dressed. She threw more and more toilet paper into the toilet until eventually, the flood of cum dwindled to a trickle.

She glanced around and found her ripped panties on the corner of the floor. She wouldn't be able to use them to help her stem the dribbling flow. Renee winced as she touched the toilet handle to flush it. The water surged, and the bowl whirled only for it to get clogged with all the cummy toilet paper.

"Think we got a blockage," Lester smirked, already back in his grubby sweatpants and shirt. He opened the stall door and held it open like a gentleman. Renee stepped past him to the sink, quickly washing her hands. She pumped globs of soap onto her hands, furiously scrubbing, trying to wash the toilet grim and the shame away. She didn't recognize the woman looking back at her in the mirror. Wild, crazy, unkept hair and smeared makeup. She tried to tame her hair and improve appearance but there was no helping it.

"I'm going home," Renee said quietly as she left the washroom. Lester followed her, lingering too close for comfort. As she went back into the main bar area, several eyes looked at her, knowing smiles forming on their faces. With Lester trailing right behind her, there was no doubt about their connection. She quickly pushed through the crowds and out into the cold night air.

"You sure you don't wanna go for round two?" Lester asked as he stepped up beside her and cupped her ass.

"I'm going home to my husband," Renee said as she marched to her car.

"Too bad he'll never be able to satisfy you as good as I just did tonight," Lester said, still following her.

"You're not half the man he is," Renee said, flinging open the door. Her mind was a mess of emotions and arousal. She just knew she had to get away from Lester before she made another bad decision.

"You mean his cock isn't half of what mine is," Lester said.

Renee pulled the door closed and hit the lock button.

"What? No kiss goodnight?" Lester chuckled as she turned over the ignition and pulled away. So much for Dan's meek roommate. She'd seen the real Lester tonight. He was an ugly, petty man. And apparently a sexual prodigy.

Sarah was stiff, her eyes darting around the parking lot as she pulled her car into a spot. She really didn't want to be back here. Unpleasant memories flooded her mind, and she tried to control her breathing and heart rate as she could feel them both spiking.

She was still coming to grips with how a place she had worked at for so long, contributed so greatly to and still identified with, a place that still is as a strong part of her self-identity and self worth could also cause her to have mini-panic attacks.

Thankfully, it was late and most of the day staff had gone home. The dim lot was mostly empty. She still parked far enough back that she hoped no one would see her or recognize her car. She felt heat rush to her cheeks at the thought that any of her coworkers had probably heard the rumors of why she'd been fired: messing around with a lowly janitor and pervert stalkers like Otis. It irked her that her professional reputation, something she'd spent years meticulously cultivating, could be torn down in a single instance.

She'd texted Lester, begged him to choose anywhere else to meet, but he'd insisted on the hospital. She'd even gotten a babysitter to watch the girls so they could go anywhere else but he'd held firm. When had she grown so subservient to what Lester wanted?

She took out her phone and sent Lester a text.

S: I'm here

L: I know. I see you. Come inside.

S: Lester, I don't want to be here.

L: Come on. It'll be fine.

S: Can you at least meet me at the maintenance entrance?

L: No, I want to watch that sexy body walk across the parking lot. Stop wasting time. Let's go. Come to daddy.

Sarah sighed and turned off the screen. She looked down at her outfit and shook her head. Lester had demanded she wear a sexy black dress, something wholly inappropriate for her former workplace. She would never have considered showing so much cleavage and bare leg, not to mention wearing something that hugged her form so tightly that it left little to the imagination.

She looked at herself in the mirror and let out a long, slow breath, then got out of the car. Her heels clicked on the asphalt as she walked towards the hospital. She purposely didn't look up at the windows looming overhead, knowing anyone could be up there watching, and her dress and appearance would no doubt catch their attention. But somewhere up there, she suspected Lester was staring down at her.

She hoped that this would be the last time she had to set foot in this building. As her mind raced, she thought of her parents, aging and needing medical treatment. What would it be like to have to sit by her parents' side while the nurses and doctors talked behind her back? At one point, she could have arranged for them to receive VIP treatment, but now... she was a pariah.

She opened the back door to the atrium and stepped inside, the faint antiseptic cool air a familiar comfort she hadn't realized she'd missed.

"Over here," Lester's voice came from a side door that only maintenance and janitorial staff used to access the hospital's back hallways. Sarah quickly moved to the door, her heels clacking on the floor, drawing looks from visitors. She quickly stepped through the door and breathed a sigh of relief at being out of the public eye. It was also very unlikely that other medical staff would see her here.

Lester shut the door behind her and pointed to his lips. Sarah rolled her eyes and planted a polite kiss on his fat lips.

"What, no tongue?" Lester complained.

Sarah stuck out her tongue at him before saying, "Alright, so my letter of recommendation. Did you write it?"

"Not yet," Lester said, "To be honest, I'm not quite sure what to write or if I can honestly write you a letter."

"What?" Sarah said.

Lester walked away down the narrow corridor while speaking over his shoulder to her. She was clearly meant to follow. "I mean, we only worked together for a short period. And my reputation is everything. I'd hate to put it on the line only for something... unfortunate to happen again."

"Are you serious?" Sarah snapped, quickly catching up to the plodding fat man.

"I am. I think we need at least one more work assignment before I feel comfortable writing the letter," Lester said as he sauntered up to a maintenance elevator. Sarah looked up and down the hallway for any sign of hospital staff.

"Don't worry about it," Lester pressed a button to call the elevator and waved his hand dismissively in the air, "I've taken care of everything."

The elevator door opened, and Lester stepped inside. Sarah followed, asking, "What do you mean, you took care of it?"

"Employees," Lester said, as if that explained everything. When Sarah just looked at him, he explained, "With Mary and Richard gone as well as at least one other department head, big brother isn't watching anymore. So some maintenance guys got the night off, or their schedule changed to floors we won't be on. The only bummer here was all the stupid babies that had to be born today. I was really expecting the maternity ward woulda' been empty. But no."

The cart started moving, and Sarah noticed the floor they were headed to. "We're heading to the executive floor?"

"Duh, like I said, stupid babies," Lester said.

"Why are we going there?" Sarah said.

"Well, obviously, I am going to fuck you all over the CEO's offices. What better way to say fuck you to this place? It'll be both of our last hurrahs." Lester said as the elevator dinged and the door slid open. Without looking back, Lester stepped out, and Sarah followed. She'd been on this floor so many times in the past. It was all familiar to her, except for some of the names on the doors. Lester hooked an unexpected left, and Sarah found herself in the floor's break room. Lester had the fridge door open and grabbed two cans of Coke.

"For later," he said before heading back to Richard's old office.

"Do you know when they're going to hire a new CEO?" Sarah asked, following closely behind.

"Don't know. Don't care. I won't be here," Lester said flippantly. It irked Sarah that he could just casually disregard the hospital's future direction like this. If only she'd been promoted to CEO, things would have been so different.

"The hospital is going to need stable leadership..." Sarah said flatly.

"Not really my thing," Lester said, "Sure, the paychecks were alright, but they're just a drop in the bucket."

They'd arrived at the CEO's office, and the placard still had Richard's name on it. "Shall we?" Lester said, holding up a key, unlocking the door and stepping inside. Sarah walked in after him, imagining herself in this office. She'd rarely been in here since Drew was fired and Richard had taken over. It was like peering into a different reality of what could have been. One in which her life wasn't in ruins, and she was at the top of the hospital's food chain.

Lester paced around the room, looking over the contents. The big oak desk with a plush leather chair, the table set near the window with a couch and two chairs for small meetings. Bookshelves and filing cabinets.

"Let's get more comfy," Lester smiled and started to remove his clothes. He hadn't even bothered to dress up in the workplace, wearing a frumpy, ratty pair of sweatpants and a sweatshirt. He got buck naked, and his hairy, oddly proportioned body was on full display. Part of Sarah's mind recoiled, but then she found she was almost salivating. Before Lester could command her, she lost the dress, letting it drop to the floor in a heap, showing Lester the lacy black bra and panties she'd chosen. His eyes roamed over her body, focusing lewdly on her breasts.

"I can't wait to see what those look like when you're pregnant," Lester said, licking his lips.

Sarah struck a seductive pose, resting a hand on her hip. "Well, you're just gonna have to work harder on making that happen, aren't you?" She teased.

Lester smirked, "You have no idea..."

He plodded behind the desk and sat his fat naked ass down in Richard's comfy leather chair. A chair she knew from expense reports had been custom-ordered by Thornhill himself. "This chair is comfy, I might steal it," Lester said before beckoning her over with his hand, "Get over here, get on your knees and get to work so I can properly recommend you."

Sarah gave him a devilish smile, "You're going to recommend how good of a cock sucker I am? What kind of job do you think I'm applying to?"

She got on her knees in front of Lester without breaking eye contact, her hands coming to rest on his thighs. She stared up at him before slowly sticking her tongue out and moving towards his cock.

"You never know," Lester said with bated breath.

Sarah's tongue came in contact with the underside of Lester's growing cock, and she closed her mouth around it. It stretched her jaw, but she'd long grown used to taking his girthy meat in her mouth. As she started to suck him, she noticed his cock tasted sweeter than normal. She had an idea about that, but it wasn't the time. Both of her hands quickly found his shaft, and she started working it, stroking it up and down in alternating directions like she knew he liked. She looked up at the fat man sitting in the boss's chair. She expected him to have his eyes shut and hands behind his head, but he was watching her intently, studying her for a reason she couldn't put her finger on.

Sarah pulled her mouth off his cock, but didn't stop stroking it, "What?"

"What?" Lester responded, too quickly.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Sarah said.

"I'm just enjoying the show," Lester said, putting a hand on the back of her head and guiding her back down to his cock. He had a weird smirk on his face, but Sarah put it out of her mind. He pulled her head to the side and made her lick up and down both sides of his shaft. She cleaned every inch of his cock, and he pushed her head down to clean up around his balls; the same sweet taste lingered there as well. As did the jungle of coarse pubic hair she had to wade through.

Sarah flicked her tongue back up the length of his shaft, swirled it around the head of his cock, dabbing the pre-cum there before parting her lips and taking as much of him in her mouth as she could.

“God, you’re a fucking pro,” Lester muttered.

Sarah moaned a hearty affirmative around his drool-coated flesh, “Mmmmm-hmmmm.”

Lester rested one of his hands on the back of her head, guiding it up and down. His fat thighs pushing off the leather to pump his cock into her waiting, stroking hands and her warm little mouth.

Sarah was getting lost in the moment, overwhelmed by her desire to please the man in front of her. She loved making Lester cum, making him shoot from conquering a powerful cock like that. But then again, she’d always wanted to please the man that sat in this chair. This room had always held power over her.

Sarah’s rug burned knees hurt as she knelt and sucked Lester’s cock with abandon. She was moaning, her body arching and reacting as she sucked him with everything she had.

Lester’s hands fell to her naked shoulder, putting gentle pressure on her. Sarah slowed her loving embrace of Lester’s cock, not quite content yet. She still took a few more laps and licks and sucks as she slowly pulled herself off his god-like appendage. She flicked her eyes up at Lester, wondering why he was stopping her from getting what she wanted. As she looked up at the triple chinned monstrosity above her, she said, “Why are you stopping me? Don’t you want to give me what I want?”

Lester’s smirk widened from ear to ear, “I’m gonna give you what you need. But we don’t want to waste a drop, do we?”

Sarah cocked her head at him, one of her hands still trying and failing to wrap around his girthy cock as she pumped it up and down. Finally, she understood, and a smile crept across her face to match Lester’s ugly one.

“You mean,” Sarah said in a low husky voice as she continued to stroke Lester’s cock. Her other hand ran provocatively over the sensitive skin at the tops of her breasts. Her own playful touch sent a shiver up her spine, “You want to cum in my pussy?”

Lester’s jowls shook as he nodded brusquely. Sarah bit her lip, “You want to flood me with your cum and put a baby in me?”

She knew by now that Lester liked playing with this fantasy. She’d always found the baby-making sessions with Dan some of the hottest and understood why Lester would get off to having them with her. Sarah slowly let go of Lester’s cock, taking a few extra seconds to take her eyes off it. She seductively stood, looking down at the fat little man with the girthy cock sitting before her. How she found herself so attractive and compelled by this man, she didn’t know.

She stepped forward, prepared to mount and fuck him right there in the leather chair, but Lester put a hand on her stomach, stopping her. He awkwardly hefted himself out of the chair, looking like a chunky pretzel as he did. He plodded around the desk and, with some effort, pushed Richard’s former couch up against the floor-to-ceiling window so the seating area was against the glass.

“Get over here,” Lester growled in a low rumble. Sarah licked her lips and followed. Lester held up a hand and helped her climb over the arm of the couch, where she laid herself down on her back. Lester didn’t so much as climb over but gracefully tumbled. He crawled over the couch, closing the distance between them.

As he neared, Sarah’s knees voluntarily parted, allowing his short, fat, hairy body to climb over her. She sucked in a breath when she felt the large head of his cock press against her already slick

opening. He mumbled something she couldn't hear, but in that moment, all she cared about was him filling her up. Her hips rose off the bed, urging his cock to enter. Her slender, toned legs wrapped around his ass, trying to pull him forward, yet somehow that flabby body of his had enough muscle to resist her. His hand was on her waist, the other on the back of her neck as his slobbering mouth found hers, kissing and sucking on her bottom lip.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily, her lips closing around his. Sucking and kissing him back. Their mouths opened, and their tongues danced around each other, playfully sucking and licking each other.

His lips broke from hers and traced down her neck, leaving a fresh trail of goosebumps in their wake. Lester kissed the sensitive areas of her neck and collarbone, places at one time, only Dan knew about, but now Lester had found even more that he regularly exploited. Sarah turned her head to the side, giving Lester better access to her. She moaned and writhed under him, begging for him to push his cock into her and give her what she needed.

Her lazy eyes opened, looking out over the darkened parking lot. The sun had long set over this place, and for an instant, it felt like the hospital had been plunged into darkness ever since Lester had started working here. Ever since he'd come into her life. But the moment was fleeting, lost amid the sensations Lester was giving her. She happily let the thought slip from her grasp as Lester's cock started to slide up and down her opening.

Sarah moved her hips in time, catching the head with her pussy. Lester sucked in an unprepared breath, and his cock had just parted her lips. Sarah's heels wound together around his ass, and she flexed the muscles she'd built in the gym, pulling him in. She had him. The head of his cock was inside of her, and Sarah's jaw opened as she breathed hard.

"Uhhmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt the veiny ridges of Lester's cock scrape across her sensitive, slick pussy walls. Lester had resumed slobbering all over her chest, licking her flesh. Her back arched from the leather couch, urging him forward, pushing more of her flesh into his rancid mouth for him to taste.

Lester hungrily lapped at her as his hips ground forward. Her nails dug into his back as inch after agonizing, pleasurable inch of his cock entered her.

"Oh Lester...," Sarah muttered, her own tongue lazily licking the skin of his neck, "Lester."

"Sarah," Lester growled with a smirk, "You feel so good around me."

"God, you feel so good, Lester....So big....I can never get enough of your cock." Sarah almost cried as another inch disappeared inside of her.

"That was the plan. To get you hooked on it. Willing to do anything for it," Lester whispered in her ear.

"Fuck, I'll do it. I'll do anything. Just don't stop, baby. Don't stop. You feel so good... so fucking good," Sarah whined, hands running over Lester's back like a woman possessed, tongue, lips tasting his hairy flesh as she needed him. He was feeding her his cock, agonizingly slowly, and she was going wild like a bucking mare.

"You're so fucking hooked," Lester chuckled in her ear. Sarah didn't even respond, her hips driving off the couch, seeking more and more of his cock until he filled her up completely. Her hands joined her ankles on his ass, nails digging into them, trying with all her strength to pull him forward.

“Hooked enough to let me fuck you,” Lester whispered, “Hooked enough to let me impregnate you.”

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned into his chest, “Please stop teasing me, Lester. Just do it. Do it. Fuck drive it into me and fuck me. Fuck me, Lester. Do it. Impregnate me.”

“Nnn-Mhmmm,” Lester muttered, pushing another inch in, making Sarah gasp. She felt so full. So stretched out. Lester pushed another inch, his last all the way in until his balls slapped on Sarah’s ass. She groaned in sheer pleasure, unable to move as his gut and his cock pinned her in place.

“I’m going to make slow love to you tonight,” Lester muttered, pulling his cock mostly out and slowly thrusting it back in. Sarah’s body was going wild, demanding him to go faster, harder. His slow deliberate pace only served to increase her arousal and frustration. She moaned, begged, pleaded for him to give her more. Her body was crawling, pulling and urging him on while Lester spent the next ten minutes methodically making love to her.

Sarah’s eyes were glazing over, looking out the window at the moon high in the sky. Pleasure and contentment washed over her body, the rest of the world and her troubles melting away in this perfect moment as Lester and she were one.

“Oh god Lester. Baby. Please. I need you.” Sarah moaned.

“That’s what I like to hear,” Lester whispered sweetly in her ear. Sarah was ready to convulse under his touch. “My balls are already full again after draining them twice today.”

“Mhmmm,” Sarah moaned, images of their early morning session drifting back into her mind. Lester had put so many loads into her the past little while that she had lost track. The thought of his abundant, sticky, warm loads filled her mind, and she craved that feeling.

“God Lester. I want it. I want your cum in me. I need you to fill me. Fill me with your disgusting cum. Fuck you want me addicted? I’m already so fucking there. I’m addicted to your cock. I’m addicted to your nasty fucking cum. I need you to fill me with it.”

“My balls are gonna explode. Shooting all of it into you,” Lester whispered, “Filling you completely with all my baby-making cum. There’s no way you’re getting out of this without getting preggers.”

Sarah’s mind raced, knowing Lester’s fantasy. Knowing what he wanted to hear. Knowing what she wanted to say to drive him wild.

“Yes, Lester. Yes, please,” Sarah moaned, begging, his teeth biting his earlobe, “Please do it. Make me a mother again. Fill me and knock me up. I want your baby, Lester. Give it to me.”

“I’m going to breed you,” Lester growled. Sarah’s hips bucked off the couch as Lester’s cock drove into her. His pace quickened, growing more frantic. Her silky words were doing this job, driving him crazy. His body told her all she needed to know. He was getting close. Close to cumming. And her body was pushing herself towards it too. She could feel a big orgasm growing quickly and wanted to cum with him. Cum together like the lovers they were. Her pussy clenched around him like a vice, nails digging into his back, ankles pulling him, not letting him go, not letting a drop go to waste.

She leaned in to what he wanted, “Breed me. Breed me, Lester.”

“Louder,” Lester said harshly,

“Breed me. Ohhmmmmm breed me. Breed me,” Sarah said, her voice rising in volume. “Lester. Lester. Fuck-uhhhhhmmmmm Breed me, Lester. Bred me.....fuck.....give it to me, Lester! Bred me with your fucking cum! Breed me!”

“Gonna make you pregnant,” Lester growled. Her hands were slick with the sweat from his back. Their bodies coated one another as Lester expertly fucked her into oblivion.

His thrusts were coming more urgently now, and Sarah’s body raced to keep up. Her hips thrashing off the couch in time with his thrusts. She felt a ball of tension building in her stomach, in her pussy, in her very soul.

“BREED ME!” Sarah shouted. The words, the naked desire for Lester to fill her seemed to be the key to unlocking that ball of tension. She felt it unwind inside of her as pleasure erupted into her body. “FUCK LESTER. I’M...DON’T STOP.....BREED ME. CUM IN ME, LESTER!”

“Take it,” Lester grunted, thrusting his cock into her, “Here it comes. My cum. Your fertile pussy. Take it.”

“GIVE IT TO ME!” Sarah cried into the night like a wolf baying at the moon. She grabbed Lester with her entire body, as his cock expanded inside of her. The head growing wider. She felt its slit open, and a torrent of cum erupted into her, battering her insides with its sticky, milky goodness.

“OHGODFUCK,” Sarah cried as her pussy exploded with ecstasy, sending her mind spinning. Every inch of her tensed as a wave of tingling pleasure rippled through her body, making each muscle go taut and knocking the wind out of her lungs. Her nails dug into Lester, her jaw going limp as her eyes rolled back in her head, the only sound emanating from her body, the throaty groans of unbridled need and passion. Lester’s cock kept pulsating, sending fresh explosions of cum deep into her fertile pussy, the millions of little sperms swimming inside of her seeking her egg to conquer.

Sarah finally let out a breath, wheezing as Lester collapsed on top of her. His body slick with sweat. Her mind was dazed, and she couldn’t process anything as she drifted off for a second.

When she woke, she was alone on the couch. Her head pounded as she sat up, only to notice a damp spot under her ass. A pool of Lester’s sticky cum leaked out of her at some point and was all over the couch. She scooted up, away from it, looking outside at the night sky, the moon no longer visible, having travelled higher and out of view. How long had she been out?

She looked around the darkened office, but Lester was nowhere in sight. She groaned and pulled herself free of the couch, finding her purse and checking the time. It was early morning, and she needed to get home. Lester and his clothes were gone. And she couldn’t find her dress anywhere.

She tried her best to find it, to no avail.

Fucking Lester, she thought. She pulled open every drawer in the office, looking for something to wear. There was nothing. Being a man’s office, of course, there weren’t any throw pillows on the couch or chairs. Richard’s plump leather chair was also missing. Naked, Sarah crept into the hall. She tried the first door to another office, but it was locked. So was the next. She crept through the floor looking for something, anything to wear.

To her growing horror, there wasn’t so much as a hospital dressing gown anywhere.

“I’m going to kill him,” Sarah muttered as she crept along. Occasionally a splat would sound from behind here as more of Lester’s cum dripped out of her, splattering onto the floor. Sarah spent the

better part of half an hour looking for something, anything to cover herself with, but couldn't find anything.

She made a decision and crept back to the maintenance elevator she'd ridden up on with Lester. She crossed her fingers and hit the button. When it arrived, it was empty, and she rode it down, watching the numbers slowly tick by. It opened on the ground floor, and Sarah quickly navigated the hallways to the maintenance exit and sprinted naked across the parking lot, heels in her hand and got into her car. Thankfully, there was a blanket in the back that she covered herself with for the late-night drive home.

Renee couldn't sleep. It wasn't just James snoring next to her. Her mind was too wired, continuing to go over the night's events. Even after her lengthy shower, where she'd scrubbed and scrubbed, she still felt like she had Lester all over her and inside her. She couldn't fathom what she'd done. In the span of just a few moments, her entire life had been flipped upside down, and she'd let another man besides her husband inside of her.

She stared up at the dark ceiling, picturing that porcelain lid of the grungy toilet as she was fucked. She hated how hot a situation she knew it had been. She couldn't reconcile how much she enjoyed and thrived in that moment with the post-sex regret coursing through her.

It felt like she was awake for hours, just staring at the ceiling. The more she thought about Lester and the evening's events, the more worked up she got. She was disgusted with herself but turned on her side, reached under the covers and found James' penis.

She'd always thought it was large and filled her completely but now.....she'd experienced something else and it just paled in comparison. Still, she stroked it, until it grew hard.

"Wha?" James sputtered, still half asleep.

"Make love to me," Renee whispered huskily. She could hear him starting to drift back, sleep claiming him again. Renee threw back the sheets and climbed on top of her husband, doing her best not to think of Lester.

Dan opened the door to his house expecting the girls to come running up to him. They didn't. Then he remembered they were in school at this time.

He found Sarah in the kitchen, contemplatively drinking a cup of tea. She looked up and gave him a flat smile.

Dan settled on the chair next to her.

"Sentinel Securities offered me a job," Dan said.

"Really?" Sarah said. Dan noted a spark of hope in her eyes, a look he hadn't seen in a long time.

"It's good Sarah. Really good. The pay is more than I've ever been offered, not including the health plan and other benefits. They have big, ambitious plans and want me at the center of it." Dan said.

"What's the catch?" Sarah asked, "Do they want you to move to D.C.?"

You. Not us. Dan thought.

“No, we won’t have to move to D.C. I’d have to travel there often, but we don’t have to live there,” Dan said. “But we can be done with all of this,” Dan said, gesturing to the air around him. “No more struggling. No more stress. No more Lester.”

Sarah played with her teacup, staring down into the liquid.

“What do you think?” Dan asked, staring at his beautiful blonde wife, desperately hoping to get back to where they’d been before.