

imprinted  
*darcy sweet*



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# *Imprinted*

*By Darcy Sweet*

## Chapter One

My wife has no idea why the smell of cut grass sets me off. Mara's just always accepted that after I'd done the lawn I'd be ready to jump her. She worked it out herself—as she did all my kinks—observing, testing and teasing me, slowly over the years. As soon as I'd finished with the yard she'd meet me in the bathroom, flick the lock and strip me down. She'd be there, waiting for me, naked except for a loose robe. Knowing how much I loved the robe, all the while never knowing the reason why—just giving me what I wanted.

Not everything I wanted.

She'd yet to uncover everything.

I'd never divulged what happened that summer—to anyone—even though I thought about it all the time. I knew I could've told Mara, she loved a dirty story—the kinkier the better. I wasn't afraid that it would shock her, that wasn't the reason I hadn't shared. She'd worked out most of my kinks anyway, no matter how hard I tried to hide them. Mara had a way about her, she loved to play and I knew she'd never turn away from me.

I hadn't told her because I couldn't.

I didn't have the words. It was too important. Sacred. I felt as if I shared, then somehow I would lose it—lose the hold it had over me. And I didn't want to lose it. That summer made me. It molded my sexuality. Fifteen years later it still fuelled my every fantasy. Each time I took my cock in hand it was my first thought. *They* were my first thought—Mr. and Mrs. D and the summer that changed everything. Forever imprinting me sexually, as defined and definite as a palm print in wet concrete.

\* \* \* \*

It was my second year of college. I'd been pissed when Harry, my step-dad insisted I return home to work as I had the year before. My grades were good and I'd worked my ass off for him last break—I thought I'd finally earned a reprieve. I had plans of joining my friends in Miami for an alcohol, sun and sex-filled couple of weeks. Instead I was stuck in rural Georgia, clipping lawns and pulling weeds for minimum wage. It blew—but as Harry was paying my tuition it wasn't as if I could complain. So there I was up before dawn, out all day in the sun—working my butt off. Again.

I didn't mind the work itself so much. I liked yard work, and it was better than the Gym at college for a good work-out. I was twenty and had started to fill out. Finally more lean than skinny. The heavy lifting and landscaping work had created definite muscles on my tall frame.

An added bonus to all that work was the attention my new look was getting. To my surprise some of the hometown girls who'd barely looked at me in high school started to do more than look. Mary-Jane Hauter, the object of many a wet dream, asked me out and even ended our date with a sweet, fumbled blow job in the front seat of my step-dad's truck—something I hadn't asked for and never expected. Of course I'd hoped to at least get to second base when I'd parked by Jensen's Lake, but when her mouth trailed down my chest and her hands fumbled at the buttons of my jeans, I'd thought all my high school fantasies had come true.

Those fantasies dissolved fairly quickly when she'd left me aching and hard, unable to finish what she'd started. Such a sweet girl, she apologized over and over. All her tearful apologies made me feel like an ass, especially since I knew my

reassurances had more to do with the hope of getting her to do it again than of making her feel better. I was achingly hard when I dropped her home with a chaste kiss on the cheek. Even after jerking off three times I was still unsatisfied. I wanted something more.

It was in that frame of mind I arrived at the Dean's house the next day to do their garden—angry, unsatisfied and as horny as hell. I'd worked the Dean's house for years, I called them Mr. and Mrs. D. Their garden was one of the first jobs assigned to me by Harry, because their house was just down the block, I was able to work it even before I could drive.

They were a regular kind of family. Two parents, two kids—nothing special. Richer than us, their house was one of those fancy architect designed places. I loved to look at the lines and angles. I'd always wanted to be an architect, so I was more interested in their house than the owners. I knew the Mom was some kind of writer and she worked from home. She was short and had curly red hair. Mr. D was tall, I was pretty sure he was a lawyer. If I worked their house late I'd see him come home in an expensive looking suit. If he saw me he'd always stop and chat awhile, ask me about college. They were a nice couple.

I usually did their place late as it was close to home. They had a big garden all professionally landscaped. Me, I thought, why plant all that shit if you couldn't look after it yourself? It was like a jungle. Mrs. D told me that she liked it that way as it gave them lots of privacy. You could barely see the front of their house from the street. They only had a strip of lawn out front and out the back most of the yard was taken up by the pool. It was the one place I didn't have to mow much, but there was a lot of edging and

garden work. It needed heaps of maintenance. They had a contract with my step-dad's company for a couple of hours a week.

On the day that it all started I turned up at their place around lunchtime. It was out of routine for me, but I wanted to try and finish up early. I planned to use the extra time to see if I could convince Mary-Jane to actually finish that blow job. I was working my way through the foliage, pulling weeds and trimming back the palms on the side of the house where the bedrooms were, when I heard the music. It was soft, but still, curiosity made me down my tools and look in the window.

It was the master bedroom. The design scheme was white on white, the only color a huge bright red canvas of a flower on the wall. The room was spacious, open and very classy. So different to the clutter of my family home. The simple elegance of it fascinated me so I took my time noting the features. In the centre of the room was a huge timber bed with a high slatted bedhead and footer. I was so in awe of the room itself I didn't notice her at first. And then when I did I had to bite back a gasp.

There on the bed was Mrs. D—naked.

Propped up on a mound of pillows, she had her feet flat and her knees bent, splayed open. She was playing with herself. I'd never seen any woman do that before—not out of a porn movie. She had one hand on her breast, pinching a nipple while the other was dipping into the pink lips of her pussy. As I stood frozen, my balls tightened and blood rushed to throb in my cock.

I couldn't say I'd ever really looked at Mrs. D before, not properly, she was too Mom looking. Usually she was dressed in some kind of skirt and sweater set. She never dressed for attention, so I didn't look. I had no idea of what was underneath.

Nude she was fucking unbelievable.

She was curvier than any girl I'd seen naked; her breasts were full and soft. They sort of slid to the side, tipped with big berry sized nipples. Her pussy matched her red hair—she was mostly bare except for a trim patch of curls at the top. A natural red head. She shifted her feet wider and pushed up her hips. The movement spread her open to me, I could see everything. How wet she was, glistening—all pink and dusky red. Puffy slick lips. Without a doubt, the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

I couldn't believe it. It took a while for it to sink in—Mrs. D was masturbating. Playing with herself. Right in the middle of the day. In front of me. It was mind blowing. She was really getting into it, pinching her nipples and slipping a finger down to her clit, stroking the side of it in long and deliberate movements. Much more gentle than I'd seen in any porn movie. Those women had really slapped at themselves. She was taking it slow. My balls were strangling in my briefs. I had to adjust my cock. I wanted to pull it out but that was a line I wasn't sure I could cross. I figured it was one thing to stumble across a naked Mrs. D diddling herself, but it was a whole other ball game to stroke off like some sort of peeping Tom. My dick was aching; it didn't care about the line. It just wanted to come. To ease the ache I rocked on my balls of my feet and pressed the heel of my hand hard against my cock.

I was pretty sure she couldn't see me. I wanted to move further back just to make sure I was hidden but I was worried about making too much noise. There was no way I was going to risk the racket I might make by leaving. I did not want to get caught. I couldn't get caught. Harry would tear me a new one if I lost this account. Apart from the fear of my step-dad finding out, I really liked Mrs. D and I didn't want to embarrass her. I

couldn't let her know she'd been seen playing with herself. So I was trapped. My plan was to wait until she finished and then go home, get straight in the shower and bat off until my hand seized up.

It was a solid plan until she curled two fingers into her pussy. Right into the hole, she pushed them deep and started strumming her clit with her thumb. I could see it all. The slick wet of her fingers, the urgent movement of her thumb. Round and round she played her clit.

Splayed out all wet and lush in front of me she was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. I wasn't going to give in, really I wasn't—I was completely resolved to sticking to the plan—until over the soft thump of the music I heard her. Through the open window it came, the sound—the wet slap of her thrusting fingers and the hitch in her breath. When she moaned I couldn't take it anymore.

I gave in.

Unbuttoning my fly I released my cock. It sprang out like a freakin' jack in the box. So ready to play. It was already wet with pre-cum. I stroked my thumb across the head, opening up the slit a little a shiver of pleasure shot up my spine. Around and around I teased the sticky head, matching time with Mrs. D's thumb on her clit.

When I heard the bang of the car door I had my hand wrapped around my shaft tugging hard.

*Shit!* Mr. D was home.

If I heard it, then she must've too, but she didn't stop, instead she picked up the pace. Shoving those fingers in her wet pussy even faster. I froze. My hand clutched at my dick, my heart pounding. The front door slammed and still she didn't stop. Through

the window, over the soft beat of the music I heard his footsteps on the wooden floorboards. Coming down the hall.

But still she didn't stop.

I gripped the root of my cock hard as the bedroom door flung open—holding my breath as I waited. What would he do?

Mr. D was tall. Broad shouldered with thick wavy blond hair that he wore longer than the average business man. After he came through the door he was in profile to me. His shoulders stiff, his chest out and the hand I could see was balled up in a fist at his side. I wasn't sure what to do. My erection deflated as I worried he might hurt her. He looked angry enough to do just that. I turned my head to look at Mrs. D—she didn't look worried. She looked...naughty. Like a kid caught with her fingers in the cookie jar.

She spread her legs even further and kept pushing those fingers into her pussy. Being caught must have turned her on because now she was sopping wet—the inside of her thighs damp. I watched as she pushed herself up on her feet, lifting her ass up off the bed and cried out loud.

And then I saw it.

I saw the mouth of her pussy clench over and over, the ripple of muscles and the stream of liquid seep between her fingers and I knew she'd just come.

Right in front of me Mrs. D had just come.

"Filthy slut! This is what you called me home for?" Mr. D's voice was rough. Grating and mean. He didn't yell, but you could hear the menace. It should've worried me, but for some reason it didn't—it turned me on. I felt a thrill snake up my thighs and

grip around my balls, the sack tightening as my dick rose hard and high. I liked it. I liked that rough, commanding, male voice.

He threw off his jacket and loosened his tie. The front of his pants tented out and it gave me a kick to know underneath that conservative suit he was hard just like me. I wanted to see it. His hard cock. After the initial rush of desire confusion hit—did I really want to see his cock? Why? Why did I want it so bad? The want was edged with taboo. I knew I shouldn't want to see it. I liked women. I fucked women. I shouldn't want to see his hard cock.

The sound of his voice broke through the confusion and I returned to watching.

"You know you're not allowed to touch yourself."

At that Mrs. D brought her wet fingers up to her lips and sucked them into her mouth. My cock jolted in my hand. I gripped the base, pinching back the cum so ready to spurt. I didn't want to come yet. Just seeing her lick those fingers had me ready to burst.

"I'll have to punish you."

Mr. D had moved to the edge of the bed. He draped his tie across the high wooden footer and slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Each button revealed a sliver of flesh. Toned and tanned—broader and more muscled than my own work defined chest. Mrs. D waited while he shucked off his shirt and draped it next to his tie. He sat down on the edge of the bed. Not touching her. I didn't know how he could stand it, not touching her while she lay there all spread out, wet and lush in front of him. I couldn't see what he was doing because he had his back to me but I heard a thump and guessed that he'd removed his shoes.

“You interrupted an important meeting with your filthy games.”

“Sorry.” Mrs. D said it, but she didn’t look it. She didn’t look at all sorry.

“Not yet you’re not. But you will be.”

He unbuckled his belt. Slowly drawing out the leather and doubling it over in his hand to make a loop. Mrs. D watched as he snapped the loop together.

Once...twice...three times.

We were mesmerized, she and I, as he snapped that leather in his hands. Then he drew it back and slapped it hard against his palm. The sound rang out loud and the shock of it almost made me cry out. I shoved a knuckle in my mouth to hold back the sound.

“Come here,” he said, his voice deep and low—ringing with power.

She crawled to him. Across the bed, her breasts swaying heavy with each slow movement.

“Turn around.”

She did. Turning until she was facing the window. Facing me. My heart jumped so high I swore it hit my throat. But she didn’t look out at me, she kept her head down.

“I won’t use the belt today. You want it too bad. You don’t deserve it today. Naughty slut! Today I want to feel your flesh heat up on my hand.” Mr. D ran his fingers across her rounded ass, stroking in slow circles.

“I’m going to make your ass burn.”

He was going to spank her.

Spank her. Right in front of me.

I didn't know how much I wanted it until I saw him do it. Until I heard that first slap cut through the air. Sharp. Loud. I bit down on the knuckle in my mouth and gripped my cock with my other hand. I started to stroke as he spanked, matching each tug down on my dick with his slapping hand. Mrs. D rocked back against his hand, pushing her ass up at him, as if she wanted it. In a rocking rhythm she moved on her knees, dancing back to meet his slaps.

"You're going to come. Aren't you? Filthy little bitch loves it so much she's going to come." Mr. D had worked open the zip of his pants and I could see his cock.

Slap.

"Will I let you? Will I let you come?"

Slap.

Mrs. D groaned at his words.

"Show me how much you want it. Show me!"

Her head dropped until her forehead was touching the sheets, tilting her ass up even further. With her shoulders down low I could see him better—the dark red head of his cock, moist with pre-cum just like mine. With one hand he slapped down on her ass and with the other he stroked down on his hard shaft.

"You want it. You love it. Feel it. Touch your cunt. I want to see you fuck yourself."

She must have done as he said. I couldn't see it but I could hear the wet slap of her hand once more.

“Fuck it. Fuck it hard. That’s right, fuck that cunt hard.” He’d stopped slapping and now had both hands on his cock. One cupping his balls as the other went flying up and down his shaft, “I’m going to come on your ass. Come hard.”

I watched—my own hand a blur on my pulsing dick. I gripped my balls just like Mr. D. Squeezing slightly.

“Come slut! Come now. I’m going to come on your ass. You come now or I’ll tie up your hands and I won’t let you.”

Mrs. D wailed—a deep keening sound like I’d never heard before. Her whole body shook and her shoulders collapsed on the bed. Mr. D’s face contorted. His head fell back, his neck taut, as red and strained as his cock. Then he spurted, a thick white jet of cum hit the spank red flesh of Mrs. D’s ass. At that sight I could hold it no longer and I squeezed a hand around the head of my dick to catch my own cum.

I’d never come so hard in my life, not even the first time I’d felt a pussy contract around my cock. Dazed, I watched as Mr. D’s face broke out into a big grin. He collapsed on the bed beside his wife and kicked his feet to remove the suit pants that had fallen to his ankles.

“Filthy woman. You know, you did call me out of a meeting.” He stroked a hand down the length of her back. A loving gesture at odds with the clenched fist man who’d entered the bedroom.

Mrs. D rolled on her side to face him and purred, “I know. How else could I get you to punish me?”

“God. I love you woman.” He reached closer and kissed his wife long and deep. It made me blush. I looked away knowing I shouldn’t watch. I felt more like a peeping Tom witnessing that moment of affection than the hot spanking sex I’d just seen.

“I need a shower. And so do you my beautiful wicked wife.” Mr. D made a point of rubbing a hand across her cum soaked ass.

She smiled up at him and said, “You heat up the water and I’ll be right in.”

Mr. D left the room, walking through their closet into the bathroom. I watched the muscles of his ass as he walked away with that same confused feeling of lust and taboo I’d experienced before.

I was standing there quietly, waiting for Mrs. D to leave so I could escape when it happened. She got up on her knees and stretched her arms up over her head. It was gorgeous. All those curves on display pointed right at me. My dick hardened up again at the sight. I was enjoying the moment, lazily stroking a hand up and down my semi hard cock when she smiled. Right at me. She locked eyes with mine and smiled a very knowing smile.

Adrenalin surged through me making it hard to think. My head filled with panicked thoughts. *She knew I was there. Did she know I was there? No, she didn’t know I was there.* I was trying to convince myself just that when she said my name.

“Jacob.”

It was a whisper, but it was enough.

I was caught. Pants down.

Still smiling she shook her head at me and then got up from the bed and headed into the bathroom.

## Chapter Two

For the next three days I waited for the axe to fall, jumping each time the phone rang. I worked hard, so hard I even earned rare praise from Harry. Praise I didn't want, as it reminded me what I'd done. What I'd been caught doing. Guilt choked me each time I thought about what could happen—when Mrs. Dean told him.

Harry could be an ass, but he'd worked hard to build up his business. I didn't want to cost him anything. Not like this. Several times I almost told him, confessed, but I couldn't work up the courage. I was acting so weird that after my last try at telling him he gave me a strange look, gripped my shoulder and said, "Son, you need to get laid."

Mary-Jane had called me—twice now—no doubt hoping to take up where we left off but I couldn't. Not just because of the weight of guilt I carried, but because of what I'd seen. What I now wanted, something I couldn't get from Mary-Jane.

On the morning of the third day as I lay on my bed thinking, worrying, remembering, fantasizing, Harry banged on the door and yelled, "Get to work. The Deans want their yard done."

I jumped up so fast I almost tripped and hit the floor. "What?"

Harry stuck his head in the door and said, "Mrs. Dean just rang. Said you didn't do the side garden good enough. She wants the one..." he looked down at the notepad in his hand, "...near the master bedroom weeded."

"What?"

"Look, you didn't do your job. Stop whining and get over there. She wants you there at midday. And I'm not paying you for your stuff ups. This is on your own time."

\* \* \* \*

I got there just before midday. Standing in the garden outside the master bedroom I wasn't sure what I should be doing. Whether I'd been brought to watch again or whether she really did just want the yard done. Maybe Mrs. D was giving me the benefit of the doubt and she was just going to let the last time go. I had all my garden tools. They were sitting at my feet. I was in the exact same spot that I'd been last time. I could still see the indent of my boot prints from before. The window was open again—wider this time. The room was dark—all that garden meant it didn't get much natural light—which made me think she must've had the light on last time. It seemed somehow dirtier that she'd chosen deliberately to be under that bright light masturbating.

I looked at my watch. It was now quarter past. I was just about to get to work, actually weeding the garden when I heard the bedroom door open and saw the light flick on.

She came into the room, guiding a blindfolded Mr. D. If she saw me again she didn't acknowledge it at all. She was wearing a robe. Loosely tied. I could see she was naked underneath. Her breasts swayed freely under the silky fabric and when she tugged on his arm I saw a mouthwatering sliver of nipple.

"How long are the kids with Grandma?" He asked. I could hear them more clearly with the window all the way open. He was smiling wide and loosening his tie. The suit jacket must've been lost somewhere else in the house. He was only in his business shirt and suit pants.

"Another three weeks."

"Do I get a special lunchtime treat everyday for the next three weeks?"

She laughed and said, “If you’re a good boy.” Mrs. D led him over to the bed and he sat with his back to me. She knelt in front of him. I couldn’t see what she was doing but I heard the slap of his shoes against the floorboard, the metallic clink of his belt buckle and the swish of his zipper.

“What do I get if I’m bad?”

His pants were gone, she slapped her hands lightly on his thighs, he lifted up his butt and she removed his briefs. I heard him groan. His head fell back and his shoulders dropped. The wet sound of sucking made it obvious what she was doing. She wouldn’t fumble. She’d be good. I was sure of it. Through my khaki work pants I squeezed the head of my cock and imagined the wet heat of her mouth.

With Mr. D blindfolded and the invitation from Mrs. D I felt comfortable that she actually wanted me here. She wanted me to see this, so I unbuttoned my fly and let my dick spring out.

“If you’re bad. Then I’ll have to punish you.”

He laughed. “I like the sound of that.”

“Do you like the blindfold?”

“Yes.” His voice sounded thick and deep. Not at all like the commanding tone of the other day.

“You don’t know what’s happening—do you? You don’t know what I’m going to do next.” She stood up now, dropped the robe and I had to stop myself from groaning. That woman was made to be naked. Perfect rounded curves.

“No.”

When she leaned forward to remove his shirt her breasts rubbed against his face. He groaned the way I wanted to and moved his mouth to find a nipple. As he sucked deep on her tit her eyes closed. She speared her fingers through his hair and gripped his head, keeping him at her breast.

“Good. That’s good,” she said as she pulled away. There was a wet popping sound as his mouth released. Her hands went to his shoulders and pushed him back onto the bed.

“Move back now. Back until I tell you to stop.”

Still blindfolded he shifted back into the middle of the bed. Side on, so I could see him best. Was she positioning him for me I wondered? That would mean she knew I was there, but she still had yet to even look at the window.

Did she know I was there?

She straddled him now. As she lifted her leg I saw the slick puffy lips of her cunt.

That’s what he called it last time.

*Her cunt.*

I liked the word. How it made me feel to hear him say it. She was now positioned over his thighs, so his cock was still clearly visible. Did she do that for me? So I could see him?

“Eyes covered like that you wouldn’t even know if someone was watching,” she said.

He gasped, and his hips flexed up off the bed for a moment.

“You like the idea—don’t you?”

He shook his head, but it was obvious he did like it. His cock was jumping at her every word.

She leaned forward, draping her breasts across him so his dick nestled between the soft mounds. "Do you like the idea of someone watching?" She asked, "I wonder what they'd be doing as they watched. What do you think they'd be doing Lucas?"

He didn't answer. She pressed her breasts together and trapped his cock between the soft mounds. How good would that feel? I brought both my hands down, sandwiching my cock between my palms, and tried to imagine the feeling.

"Answer me."

She snaked out her tongue and licked the head of his cock. I dragged my thumb across mine mimicking her.

"What would they do?" She gripped the base of his cock and as she spoke her lips touched the head.

"Masturbate." He whispered the word.

"You want someone to come watching you? Watching me suck your cock. Lick your balls. Fuck my tits. Is that what you want?"

He groaned out a word that sounded like, "Yes".

"Is it a man or a woman? Who's watching us?"

She sucked his cock in her mouth and he cried out, "Fuck!" in a strangled tone.

Drawing back, still holding his cock in one hand she asked, "Who's watching us Lucas?"

He didn't answer. Just shook his head as if he couldn't say the words. Looking frustrated she shook her head and let go of his cock, letting it slap back against his

stomach. “Answer me now or you don’t get to come. Tell me who you want watching us, making themselves come. Who is it? A man or a woman?”

His reply was soft, but I heard the words clearly. “A man.”

She sat up and reached down to again take his cock in hand. “You want a man to beat his meat, stroke his cock, up and down.. .” Her hand matched time with her voice. “...up and down until they spurt cum?”

“Yes. Yes.” His hips arched off the bed. Mine were rocking back and forth in the same rhythm as her—as if hypnotized.

“What if they were in here now? A young strong man. Barely twenty. Muscled, lean and sweaty, working in the yard. He heard you cry out. Heard what you wanted and came in. What if he was in here with us, right now, his cock in hand? Watching you, ready to shoot his cum all over you. All over your stomach.”

Me, they were talking about me, and I liked it.

“What do you think he’d like to see? Me sucking you?” She shoved his legs up, positioning him so that his legs were spread wide. I watched her take his cock in her mouth. Right down to the root. Her nose buried in his pubic hair. She must have had him in her throat. Just the thought of it had me ready to blow. But I didn’t want to, not yet, I wanted to come with him.

“Yes. Yes.” He groaned, his head thrashing side to side.

She pulled up, grinning wickedly at his miserable moan as her mouth left his cock. “What else would he like to see?” she asked.

Her hands moved to the end of the bed, to a bag that I couldn’t see properly. She pulled out a tube of lube coating two fingers with the thick gel. I watched her, wondering

what she was going to do. Sort of knowing, knowing what I wanted her to do, but it scared me. Both the act and the wanting.

Pushing his legs out even wider she nestled between them and then did it—what I wanted. What I didn't want to want.

She spread the cheeks of his ass and pushed those lube drenched fingers at the mouth of his anus. Round and around, her fingers slicked pushing against that hole. I could see it all. The tense ring of muscle, his straining legs. The look of pleasure on his masked face. Hear his groans. The moans when she teased her way into that ring of muscle. Up, up that tight hole she pushed until he let out a deep pleasure filled groan.

“Like that do you?”

The erection resting on his stomach started to gush—not like he was coming—not like an orgasm, more like a slow gurgling fountain of pre cum.

“That's your prostate baby.” I wondered if she said that for my benefit. “You like that don't you. Do you think he'd like it? The hot muscled twenty year old who's watching us?”

She kept those fingers fucking in his ass and she turned, looked out the window straight at me. Her eyes met mine and then slid down my body to where my cock was in hand. Eyes still on me her mouth descended to take him, sucking hard. Up and down on that shaft. All the while her fingers fucking his asshole. I tugged at my cock, pulling hard, almost to the edge of pain. But I wanted it so bad. I wanted it to be hard. To be nasty to match what he was feeling. I wanted it all. The mouth, the fingers. Everything. I watched and jerked off, until he moaned, arched his hips off the bed and came deep in her mouth.

I came too. Watching her. As she watched me. I saw her swallow, pull off his cock and lick the sides of her mouth. Then she moved up his body and straddled him, planting her knees across his face and said, "Lick."

He did, his hands gripping her thighs as he buried his face in her cunt. It didn't take her long before she too arched her back and wailed out an orgasm. I knew the sound now. The sound she made when she came. Dismounting him she left the bed and walked over to the light switch and flicked off the light. He lay there for a moment. In the darkness I saw her lean over him and plant an affectionate kiss on his forehead. "Shower, baby?"

"Yeah. Shower. When my legs work."

She giggled. It sounded odd after what I'd just witnessed, to hear such a sweet, normal sound.

And then they were both gone. I was left once more with a hand full of cum, standing in the darkened bushes wondering what the hell just happened.

### Chapter Three

It was three days again. Mrs. D hadn't called. I wasn't worried so much this time as I was impatient. I wanted her to call, I wanted to know what came next. My head was looping like a broken record with the same thoughts over and over. *What if that was it? What if there was nothing more?* I didn't want it to be the end.

I was so horny that I ended up parking again with Mary-Jane. I needed something to do with my time while I waited for Mrs. D. We were out on Jensen's lake, on the opposite side to where most of the high school kids did their Saturday night parking. It was more private because you had to have a four wheel drive to be able to get there. We were stretched out in the tray of my step-dad's truck lying on a blanket. We'd been fooling around for a while, kissing a little and me feeling up her tits. I didn't push her head down to get her to suck my cock; instead I wanted to try a bit of what I'd seen at the Dean's house. I sat up, leaning my back against the cab of the truck. I could see I'd confused her, she sat up too. Facing me.

"Lift up your skirt." I tried to get the same tone as Mr. D. That commanding growl, but it didn't come out quite right. So I cleared my throat and tried again. "Lift up your skirt."

"What? Jake! Right here?" She spread her hands down on her lap, smoothing out her skirt, tugging it as if she could somehow make it longer.

"Yes right here. You're a dirty girl. Do it. Show me your panties. Right now." I didn't risk calling her slut yet. I wanted to, but I couldn't, not until I knew if she liked it. I didn't want a slap in the face. Her face flushed and I saw her breathe deep. Her handful breasts pushed up against her low cut sweater with each gasp.

Yeah, she liked it. She licked her lips and in the moonlight I saw her eyes darken.

“You heard me dirty girl.” I heard the hitch in her breath. Just like Mrs. D’s and I knew I had her. I liked it. I liked the power.

“Show me your panties.”

“What?”

“Show me your pretty panties. I want to see if they’re wet.”

She whimpered. I could see the battle rage within her—the need to be a good girl versus the want to follow my orders. As she slowly lifted up her skirt I had to let loose the top button of my jeans. It was strangling my cock.

“Spread your legs. Put your feet flat. Bend your knees and spread your legs.”

She did as she was told and I felt a rush of adrenalin that almost made my head spin.

“Wider.”

Her panties were wet. So wet they were stuck to her pussy. I could see the outline of her lips.

“Take them off.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Take them off. If you keep stalling I’ll have to punish you.”

There it was. That hitch again. She liked the thought of being punished did my sweet little Miss Mary-Jane. She kicked off her panties. When they were off she pulled her legs closed, as if embarrassed.

I shook my head. “Uh uh. If I can’t see it. I won’t lick it.”

She gasped and spread her legs wide. She didn’t trim her pussy back like Mrs. D. It was covered in downy blond hair. Her lips were candy pink. Slick and wet.

I went down on my knees on the hard metal bed of the truck and dove right into that candy pink slickness. I remembered how Mrs. D curled her fingers and I arched mine just the same into Mary-Jane's cunt and was rewarded with a deep moan. It fueled me. I loved the sounds she was making, sweet little Mary-Jane as I ate her pussy. Licking deep into the wetness. Flicking my tongue softly against her taut hard little clit.

The moans grew louder and then she grabbed the back of my head. Pulled hard at my hair and ground her cunt into my face, with a wail that sounded more animal than human. Her juices spurt against my tongue and her muscles contracted against my mouth.

She lay flat and spent panting on the bed of the truck and I watched her, feeling almost out of body. For a brief moment I had never felt stronger, or more alive. The pleasure I had given her hit me like a drug. Made my head spin.

And still, I wanted more.

Mary-Jane came up on her elbows, looked up at me and said in her sweet little voice, "Please."

I slicked on the condom I'd taken from my pocket, my hands trembling with adrenalin. I didn't even bother removing my jeans. I just shoved them down past my hips. Planting my hands on either side of her shoulders I pushed into her, my eyes rolling back at the feeling of the soft wet walls of her cunt. I tried to take it slow, ease inside and draw out the feeling but I couldn't. As soon as I was seated in that tight wet heat I lost it. Fucking hard, like a mad man I thrust into her. Digging. Seeking. Trying to find it. The more that I so desperately wanted. Needed. As good as it was to finally

come. I didn't find it, the release that I wanted with my orgasm. It wasn't enough and I knew why.

I wanted to be where Mary-Jane was. I wanted to be feeling what she did. To be dominated. To be taken. And I knew who I wanted to be above me.

Mary-Jane didn't speak on the drive home. There was no kiss good-bye. I knew what she was feeling. Battling the overwhelming need with that voice that was telling her it was so wrong to feel that way.

I knew because it was all that I wanted. All that I thought about.

The next day was my regular service of the Dean's house.

## Chapter Four

The next day I started before the crack of dawn. Working through my yards like a man possessed so I could spend more time at the Dean's house. I got there just before midday, with plans to finish their yard. After what I'd seen, I was going to stick around this time. I wanted to see what would happen.

I needed to see what would happen.

The room was only half lit when I positioned myself this time. Candles everywhere. Vanilla scented. I could smell them through the open window. I could see the outline of them on the bed. They'd started without me. Which upset me more than it should have. I sort of felt betrayed.

There didn't appear to be any game today. He was on top of her, missionary style. She had her knees up, spread wide and he was fucking her. Her hands were on his back. I watched them trail up and down the golden skin. Watched his muscles contract and release as stroked inside her. Then her hands went down to his ass. He moaned as she cupped and spread the cheeks.

I watched.

Her hand dipped in the crevice and slid back and forth.

I had yet to unbutton my fly. My khakis were tenting. I fumbled as I opened up and released my cock. I wanted to finish with them. I needed to finish with him. The moment I had it free my hand was urgent on my cock—pulling down hard on the shaft.

Her hand was still in the valley of his ass, playing with his asshole, her fingers probing at the entrance. I closed my eyes a moment and remembered what I'd seen her do the last time. I grasped downwards slick and fast on my cock.

She spoke. Soft and soothing. “Shhh slow down. We’ve got time. Take it slow.”

My eyes flicked open. It seemed like she was talking to me, so I slowed the hand on my cock.

“Soon baby...soon.” She crooned the words. “Deep and slow. Deep and slow for now. I’ll tell you when.”

I watched his ass. Contract and push. The muscles of his thighs strain. In the candlelight his back glowed with sweat.

He froze mid thrust and I realized that the fingers playing between his ass cheeks had gotten serious because of the sound he made. A deep pleasure-filled moan I had heard before. A shock of pleasure hit me at the sound. My ass cheeks clenched as I imagined her breeching me the same way.

“Now,” she said. Her voice a command.

His back arched, he pulled back his shoulders and he started to fuck her—hard and deep. Like a man possessed. Like I had last night. Plunging without rhythm. Driven. No finesse. All need.

I matched him. My hand hard and fast until my balls tightened and my cock pulsed out an orgasm I felt from my feet to my scalp. Unprepared I didn’t catch my cum this time. Instead, it splattered across the foliage. White streaks on the green. My knees buckled and I stumbled, losing my balance. I watched slightly dazed as they finished after me. She clenched her feet around him, wailed loudly and then he followed grunting and moaning. His back glossy with sweat and clenched with need.

He collapsed on top of her and she laughed.

“Up. Up,” she said, “I need to go to the bathroom.”

He rolled off her and splayed out wide across the bed, like a starfish. I looked at him, spread out before me, his cock still thick, fat against the side of his thigh.

She returned to the bed and curled her body over him.

“Finished early today my love,” Mr. D said. His arm lay loose across his face, covering his eyes.

“Well. We’ll have to think something to keep us occupied. You paid for a full hour didn’t you.”

He laughed. “Did I?”

“Yes.”

“Oh I like that idea. I like that idea a lot. We’ll have to play that next time. Maybe rent out a cheesy motel room. You can dress up for me. All slutty.”

“Sure.”

He rolled on his side to face her, so all I could see was his back. He laughed again and his shoulders shook. “You are so easy. I love that about you.”

“What else would you like? Name it.”

“I don’t know.”

“I think you do.” She purred the words, sounding so sure, as if she knew all his secrets.

When he didn’t answer, she sat up, with her back propped up against the bedhead. He moved his head to lay it in her lap and she played with his hair. “What about the watcher?” she asked.

“What about him?” He sounded wary.

They were talking about me. About the last time. I'd tucked my cock back into my briefs and buttoned my khakis, but I could feel it growing again. Pushing against the fabric.

"Do you have an idea who he is?" she asked as she played with his hair—her fingers making fists in the strands. Mr. D tilted his head to look up at her. He said, "Do you? You sounded quite certain in your description."

"Only because I read you so well. I've seen you watch him."

Who? Me? My heart was pounding. Did Mr. D watch me?

"He's bigger this summer. Broader. There's hair dusting his chest. It's golden brown. I saw him take off his shirt the last time he was here."

Mr. D rolled on his back. His head still in her lap. His cock was bigger. Was it engorging as he thought about me I wondered, as it now lay full and hard against his stomach.

"You watch him too," she said.

"I do."

"Say his name."

"No."

She fisted a hand in his hair, hard this time. I heard his gasp of pain. "Say it Lucas. Say his name. Say that you want him."

"Jacob." He breathed my name out like a sigh. "I want Jacob."

That's when she looked at me. Right at where I was standing in the shadows. "Do you think he wants you too?"

"Jesus. Lissy, I don't know.! Why would he? This is crazy. He's just a boy."

Mr. D sat up and speared his fingers through his hair. He moved to the edge of the bed grabbed a white robe and thrust his arms in the sleeves. He was facing me now, sitting on the bed in front of the window.

“He’s not a boy. He’s a man. He’s twenty years old.”

What would I do if he saw me? In a way I wanted him to. I wanted him to see me. Call me to him.

He sunk his head in his hands, looking down. “Twenty? That’s still a baby, Lissy, and you know it.”

She moved behind him. Got up on her knees, brought her hands up and started to massage his shoulders. Resting her chin on his shoulder she spoke into his ear, soft but still loud enough for me to hear, “Twenty. Lucas think back to what we were doing at twenty.”

His shoulders shook with laughter. “Yeah. We did some crazy shit. But never that.”

She dug her fingers into his shoulder and pulled, tugging him around so that he swung his legs back on the bed to sit beside her. “But you want to. Don’t you. Tell me honey. Never any secrets between us. No need for it.”

He sucked in a deep breath and then let it out slowly. A long sigh. “Yeah—I want it. I want him.”

“Do you fantasize about him? Do make yourself come thinking about him?”

He looked bashful. Even in the darkened room, lit only by candles I could see the flush on his cheeks. “Jesus. Lissy do you have to know *everything*?”

“Yes. You know I do. Anyway. While we’re telling secrets I have to tell you—it turns me on. You and him. It turns me on. I’ve come thinking about it.”

“You have? Really?”

“Lay down and I’ll tell you.”

He pulled his legs up and lay beside her. Knees up, feet flat.

“Yes. I’ve thought about him. Sweaty. No shirt. Skin bronzed from the sun. He’s on his knees. His cock is hard, it’s jutting out of those khaki work pants of his. You’re telling him to suck you. Ordering him.”

I swallowed. My mouth suddenly dry, I didn’t want her to stop. I wanted her to go on and on. Telling me what he would do. What he would do to me.

“He’s looking up at you. His mouth open, right at your cock. He’s stronger than me. He sucks harder. His hands are rougher, harder. But it’s good. So good.” I watched her hand go down to Mr. D’s cock. It was fully hard now, jutting up tall and pushing against his stomach.

She pushed down his leg, the one closest to the window. I knew why she did it. She did it for me. So I could see her. See her jack him off while she talked about me. What she wanted him to do to me.

“You have to coach him. Tell him when to lick. When to suck. When to cup your balls. He doesn’t know. He’s never done this before. Never touched another man. Only you. Only you.”

Mr. D groaned, the way I wanted to. But I held it back. Listening carefully. Mesmerized by her wicked words.

“His cock is out. Sticking out of those grass stained work pants. Can you see it? Do you let him stroke it? Can he touch it Lucas?”

My hand hovered over my cock. Waiting for him. Waiting for his word.

“No. No. He can’t. I won’t let him. Not yet.”

“That’s right. He likes to wait. Doesn’t he? He likes you to tell him what to do. He wants to be told. He wants to submit.”

“Yes. Yes.”

“Tell him. Tell him now Lucas.”

Her hand slipped fast on his cock. Up and down. Hard and fast. Mr. D had his head back. His eyes closed, talking fast. I couldn’t hear every word, but I didn’t need to, it hit me anyway.

“Suck it Jacob. Suck my cock. Swallow it. Swallow my cum. Yes! Yes...suck....hard....take it....take it all.”

The last word came out as a groan as I watched cum spurt from his jerking cock. Up on to his stomach. Pulsing white streams.

“He’d lick that up. You’d make him wouldn’t you?” Mrs. D stroked a finger through the cum caught in the hair of his stomach.

He laughed and caught her trailing fingers in his hand. “Stop! Stop Lissy. I can’t take anymore.”

“Good.” She smiled a satisfied grin. And then looking right at me she brought that finger up to her lips and licked off his cum.

## Chapter Five

I was glad for the hard work after that. My mind was churning. With what I'd heard and what I wanted. How did she know? How did she know that he wanted me? That I would want him?

I'd been in the yard for a good twenty minutes when he came out. I was edging the path than ran to the front door. I'd stripped off the ugly bright orange safety shirt that my step-dad made us wear and was just in my white undershirt. It was stuck to my body with sweat.

He walked out the front door and then down the drive to where he'd parked his BMW. He was back in his suit and tie. Looking so upright, so conservative, no one would ever know what lay beneath that navy pinstripe. I knew and the thought made my dick start to stiffen again.

For a moment it seemed as if he was just going to leave—without even acknowledging me. I was sort of relieved, but there was another part of me that was disappointed. Really disappointed. I wanted him to speak to me. I wanted him to look at me. Acknowledge somehow that he wanted me, that I affected him.

I wanted so bad for him to see me and I felt really stupid for feeling that way.

He opened the car door which made me think that was the end of it and then he stopped. Just stood there. He didn't get in—he turned to me—sort of shook his head a little and then spoke. I didn't hear him because I was still wearing the safety earmuffs. I'd turned off the edger. I did that for every client. Harry was paranoid about safety, no equipment was allowed on while a client was in line of sight.

I flipped the protective muffs off my ears and tossed them down on the grass, near where I'd lay the edger. He walked over to me. My heart rate jumped, beating like I'd just run a mile flat out.

"Jacob. How are you?"

"Good thank you sir," I answered. Pleased that my voice didn't crack like I'd feared it would.

"Enjoying your time off school?"

"Not as much as I want to."

His eyes widened. I saw it—the flash of heat in his eyes. I was feeling brave, a little charged by that burning flicker of need so I said, "There's a lot more stuff I'd like to do. Stuff I'd like to try."

"Really?"

I pulled off my undershirt, yanking it up over my head. He watched, saying nothing, just gripping his briefcase in his hand. After I had the shirt off I balled it up and took my time running it over my chest and down my stomach. His eyes followed my every move. I knew because I watched him—watched him watching me.

"Well, I hope you get time. Time to try that stuff." His voice sounded thick—potent.

He shifted the briefcase over his lap. I knew why. I'd made him hard. Looking at me had made him hard. My cock was rising too. Thickening. Engorging. Not a full on boner. But noticeable—if you were looking.

Heart thumping. I took the shirt and rubbed again. Down my stomach and a little over the growing bulge in my khakis.

He watched. I saw him swallow. His neck clench. His jaw tighten. “Well then Jacob. We’d both better get back to work.”

“Yes Mr. D.” I shook out my shirt and pulled it back over my head as I watched him get in the car and pull out of the driveway. I stood watching him leave, both heart and cock thumping. Not sure what exactly I’d just done. What I’d started.

After he was gone I got straight back into it, working hard—muscles burning—trying to work off the need that our brief conversation had ignited. I’d finished, packed up the truck and was ready to spend my lunch break on a cold shower at home, but I had one more thing to do. When I turned back to the house with the monthly invoice in hand she was waiting for me. Dressed in a robe. Not naked underneath this time. I could see the black straps of a swim suit.

“Jacob. You look hot.” She was carrying an icy glass of liquid with a lemon slice floating on top.

“Thanks Mrs. D.” I took the glass from her and knocked it back in one gulp. It was lemonade. Not too sweet. Good and cold, with a nice bite. Just the way I liked it.

I handed her back the empty glass and the invoice. Our hands touched briefly. The quick swipe of her fingers against mine hit me like an electric shock.

“It’s hot out here today,’ she said.

“Yes it is ma’am”

She shook her head, “Please, call me Alissa.”

I shook my head back at her, “I don’t know if I can Mrs. D.”

She laughed. The sunlight hit her red curls from behind and made it seem as if she wore a red gold halo. “OK then, Mrs. D it is. No ma’am. It makes me feel too old.”

“You’re not old. You’re beautiful.”

She laughed again. Touching my arm briefly. “Oh Jacob. You’re wonderful. Thank you. You’ve just made my day. Maybe I can help you.”

“Help me?” My voice cracked, like a twelve year old boy.

“With the heat. You look so hot. I’m about to go for a swim. Why don’t you join me?”

“Oh, no I can’t. No suit.”

“Boxers or Briefs?”

“What?”

“What do you have on under there? Are you wearing boxers or briefs?” She motioned to my khaki pants and I it took all of my will to stop my cock from jumping up to meet her hand. I tried to think about what kind of underwear I’d put on that morning and when I remembered I finally answered, “Boxer Briefs.”

Sweeping back the curls from her eyes she smiled and said, “Perfect. They’re practically a swimsuit anyway. Come join me.” She took my hand and lead me to the front door. I stopped on the doormat and she looked back at me confused.

“I’m too dirty to go through the house.”

She looked me up and down nodded her head and said, “OK. Then go down the side. You know the way.”

When I got around back she was already there. She’d stripped off the robe and was standing near the steps of the pool in her swim suit. It was a halter neck. Black tank top and tiny little panties that tied in bows at the sides. It suited her curves. Made her already weighty breasts seem fuller.

She entered the water slowly. I watched her walking down the steps into the blue water as I unlaced my boots and removed my clothes. The boxer briefs I'd put on that morning were black and I noticed with a flush of shame that there was a white cum stain on the front. Too embarrassed to let her see I decided to dive in and hoped that the water would wash it away.

The water was cold. Almost icy, I felt my skin shrink tight in protest. The pool was always in shade, surrounded by high fences and tall trees. As I looked around I realized it was totally secluded. I couldn't even see the roofline of the next house.

I was treading water in the deep end. She swam over to me, breast stroke, slow and graceful movements through the water. When she reached me she said, "You're probably tall enough to stand here."

I hadn't even tried to put my feet down. When I did I found that I could easily stand, the water came up to the base of my neck.

"Lucas can stand here, and you're about the same height."

I nodded. I didn't know what to say. I was nervous, so I blurted out, "So do you miss the kids?"

She'd moved to the side of the pool where there was a cluster of rocks. Mrs. D settled back and I figured there must have been a seat or ledge under the water. She motioned for me to join her and I walked over, keeping my distance. Staying well over an arm length away.

"A little. I know they're having a great time. They're with Lucas's parents on this great cross country road trip. We speak by web-cam almost every night. But honestly,

it's great to have just Lucas and I. We haven't had that for so long. It's almost like a second honeymoon."

"How did you and Lucas meet?"

She laughed. "OK. Well do you want the version we tell the Partners at Lucas' firm or the truth?"

"Both."

"The Disney version is that we met in college. Love at first sight."

"And the non Disney version? The truth?"

"The X rated version is that we met at college and it was *lust* at first sight. The love came later."

"There's got to be more to it than that."

She tilted her head as if weighing up what exactly to tell me, "My sorority was naughty. We had a very bad reputation. Wild girls." She ran a hand through her wet curls, shaking out the water.

"Sounds good."

"We had an auction. A slave auction of the single girls. We each did an act and guys bid for us. Whoever bid highest could own us for 24 hours."

"What was your act?"

"I did a strip tease. Burlesque style. Big Feather fans and paste on nipple tassels. Lucas loved it. He was the first face I saw when I came out on the make shift stage. Actually he was the only face I saw. After I saw him no one else mattered. When he wants something, really wants something, he gets this look, it's so intense..." she gave

a little shiver, "... as soon as I saw that look I knew I was a goner. He bid for me and didn't leave my bed for 48 hours. Well past the 24 hours he'd paid for."

"Do you still have the fans?"

"I think so. They're probably up in the roof storage somewhere."

"And the nipple tassels?"

"Oh they're still in good use. They're in my bedside table. In the goodie drawer."

I felt the blush. It came up my neck, heating a streak all the way up to my hair line. She laughed. Which made the blush worse. Embarrassed, I looked down at my feet, distorted by the water.

"Oh honey. Look at you, blushing over my goodie drawer. So innocent. And yet..."

I looked up at her waiting for her to finish her sentence. When I met her eyes she said, "...and yet. Not so innocent. You're a voyeur. Aren't you Jacob?"

"A what?"

"A voyeur. Someone who likes to watch."

I swallowed hard. I couldn't find the words so I just nodded.

"But you want to do more than watch. Don't you?"

I nodded again and moved forward as if to touch her but she shook her head.

"No touching Jacob. Not without Lucas."

I couldn't help the shudder that ran through my body at the thought of him. The thought of touching him. She saw it.

"You want him. Don't you?"

I nodded again, but it wasn't enough for her so she ordered me, "Say it."

“Yes, I want him. How did you know?”

“I saw you watching us. I knew Lucas hadn’t seen. I was happy to let you watch. I’ve been a voyeur myself. I know the pleasure of watching. I noticed though, when he was spanking me. You were watching him. Not me. Weren’t you?”

I nodded again, she frowned, I knew she wanted to hear the words so I said it, I said, “Yes. I watched him.”

“I checked the next time. I set it up for you—for you both. I’d seen Lucas watching you. Seen him this summer, standing at the window watching you work in the yard. He had a look about him as he watched. An intensity. So I knew. I knew what he wanted but he’d never tell me. So I had to force it.”

“You like that,” I said.

“What? Forcing him? Making him accept his desires? Embrace his kinks? Yes I do. I do like that. I’ve been doing it to him since the moment we met.”

“And you’re going to do it to me.” It wasn’t a question it was a statement.

It was her turn to nod. “Yes. If you want me to. I’ll show you what you want. What you need.”

I didn’t wait for her to ask, I said, “Yes. I want it. I want you to show me. I want you both to show me.”

“Good.” Mrs. D pulled herself up to stand on the ledge, water trailed off her curves. She stepped over the rocks and out of the pool. I watched her. Body glistening and wet.

“There’s a towel there, on the sun lounge.” She pointed behind her. “Get out whenever you’re ready. I have to get back to work. So you’ll have to see yourself out.”

“Yes Mrs. D.”

“I’ve changed my mind....”

My heart stopped. The fear that struck me at her words must have shown on my face because she laughed and said, “...no, no, no. Not about *that* Jacob. I’ve changed my mind about you calling me Alissa. I like the way you say Mrs. D. It kinda turns me on.”

She turned away and walked toward the glass doors that led into the kitchen. About half way there she stopped and looked back to face me.

“You’re due back in three days, aren’t you?”

I nodded and said, “Yes, Mrs. D.”

“Good. Come early. OK?”

“Yes Mrs. D.”

“We’ll start then. Nice and slow. I need you to be ready. Will you be ready Jacob?”

This time I didn’t waste time nodding. I said an emphatic, “Yes!”

“So for the next three days I want you to think about it. What you want. What you really want. Because you’ll show me. I’ll make you.” She turned back away and took two steps, stopped again and then faced me.

“I think the first thing I’ll show you is the joy of anticipation. For the next three days you won’t come. You can touch yourself. In fact, I insist that you tease yourself. But you will not come. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mrs. D.”

“Oh, yes. I *do* like that.”

## Chapter Six

I didn't know why I followed her instructions, but I felt compelled to do exactly as she said. She wouldn't have known if I slipped. If I'd jerked off, once, twice—hell, even fifty times. She wouldn't have known—but still, I did as she told me.

I teased myself. I lay in bed and stroked myself almost to the point of no return. Over and over. Pinching the root of my cock hard to stem the tide of cum. I did not let go. No matter how close I got I did not finish it.

Because she told me not to. I wanted to do what she said.

After the first day I started to like it—the burning need without release. Soon my hand was not enough, I wanted to test myself, tease myself more and more. I rang Mary-Jane, to up the stakes. To see just how much I could take. She'd forgiven me—or at least herself—for the other night. She sounded almost eager to see me, breathlessly asking what I had in store. I didn't have anything in mind when I called her, other than the desire to tease myself. The only plan I had was not to come, Mary-Jane could come all she wanted.

That's what gave me the idea. What I'd do to her—to myself. How many times could I stand to make sweet little Mary-Jane come without my own release?

We started the night at the Big Gulp, surrounded by high school kids and young families. Everyone who didn't, or couldn't go to a bar on Saturday night. I chose the place on purpose.

She seemed partly confused, partly relieved, when she saw where we were going. While she had no idea what I'd planned she knew that she was going to go further than she had the other night. She knew this was no ordinary date. As soon as

she got in the truck I made her remove her panties. She shivered as she slipped them over her feet. I knew she wasn't afraid, wasn't cold—she was shivering with anticipation. Her skirt came down past her knees. She was in no danger of flashing anyone, but it made her feel exposed and I liked that—so did she, from the gleam in her eyes.

She looked so good. Just the way I wanted her to, in a candy pink sweater and matching skirt. Her blond hair pulled back in a neat ponytail. No one who saw her would suspect that she was anything other than a good girl.

I led her to a booth in the back. I slid in first and then pulled her beside me, so that she was on my left. As soon as she was nestled beside me I started.

While chatting about my day, telling her about how Mr. Grey's dog tried to eat me, my hand slid under her skirt. Up her thigh, inch by slow inch.

I was rewarded by the little hitch in her breath that I loved so much. She said nothing, just sat upright, shoulders tight and tensed.

I kept talking. Inane shit, anyone who eavesdropped would've thought I was the most boring guy in the history of dating. The whole time I had my hand under her skirt. Two fingers hooked in her pussy and my thumb playing on her clit. Around us swirled the sounds of Saturday night at the Big Gulp—country music, laughter and the clink of cutlery on plates. I circled a thumb on her plump clit and felt the sweet contraction of her pussy. It thrilled me to be surrounded by all that wholesome goodness while fingering her wet slit. It gave me pleasure to pretend. To hide in plain sight. I spoke in a deliberate dull monotone while I increased the pressure on her clit. Her thighs locked tight around my hand and I knew she was close. When I felt that delicious clench of muscles and my hand drenched in the juices of her orgasm I stopped talking.

She sat. Breathing deeply, obviously trying not to pant. Her face and chest flushed with the signs of her pleasure.

Leaning in close I breathed in her ear, "That's one. Drink your milkshake."

After leaving Big Gulp we went to the Cinema House. I bought tickets to the next available showing, not caring what we saw. I had no intentions of watching the movie.

The Cinema House was old style, an upper level balcony and rows of seating sitting on the flat below. Everyone took the balcony. You could see better there and it was cooler. A favorite with necking High School kids.

The seats I chose were on the flat, all the way up the back in the lower section. You could hardly see the screen from these seats. Unless the cinema was packed no one ever chose to sit there.

I think she expected me to start as soon as it was dark. I didn't. I had learnt a little from Mrs. D about the power of waiting—the aching build of anticipation. Several times I stretched my arm out and gently brushed the side of her breast. She shivered, and I heard a little gasp, but she said nothing, did nothing.

Just waited.

For me.

I liked it, and resented it a little. Because I wanted to be her, be the one on the end of a night of slow teasing.

About thirty minutes into the film, in the middle of some big noisy car chase I did it. I dropped to my knees, flipped up her skirt and pushed her legs apart. Hooking her legs over my shoulders I sank my face in her cunt, already fragrant and wet from the last orgasm. I licked her clean and then set about making her come again. It didn't take

long; her clit was swollen and hard. Ripe and ready. I latched my lips around it and sucked in a steady rhythm.

She didn't keep silent this time. I heard her cry out—over the top of the gun shots, the squeal of cars and the shouts of the actors. Still I didn't stop. Not until I felt that sweet clench of muscles against my lips. As soon as she'd come I got up and sat back down in my seat. My cock was so hard the buckle of my belt was biting into the swollen head. It hurt, but I didn't adjust it. I just took it. Took the pain.

After she'd stopped shuddering and had adjusted her skirt I leaned in close and said, "That's two. Kiss me. Taste yourself on my mouth."

She liked that. In an instant her mouth was on me devouring until my face was completely licked clean of her juices.

I let her sit for another half hour before I flicked up her skirt and played with her clit again. She tried to push it down, cover my hand but I didn't let her. No one could see her here, but there was still the risk. I needed her spread legged, cunt out. Exposed. This time I made her fuck herself with her fingers while I grasped her little clit between a finger and thumb and pinched it until she came.

Barely five minutes and I was rewarded with climax number three.

When we left the cinema she gripped my arm, her legs weren't holding her up so well. But she didn't protest. She said nothing. I figured her to be a little shell shocked.

I drove her home. Almost certainly she thought that was the end of it. But it wasn't. I had one more plan, for her and for me. The climax of all the anticipation.

She lived with her parents, but I knew they were out of town. Only her sister was home. All the lights were out, except for one shining on the porch—which meant her sister was either out or asleep. We wouldn't be interrupted.

"Thanks," she said quietly. One of only a handful of words she'd spoken the whole night.

I waited until she reached for the door handle before I stopped her. Gripping her wrist, not hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to make her stop.

"One more Mary-Jane."

"I can't," she whimpered, "Honest Jake I don't think I can."

"You can and you will."

There it was again—that little hitch in her breath. She wanted this. And I needed it. I needed to feel that burn.

I unbuckled my belt and let down my zip, finally releasing my aching cock. From my pocket I took a condom and slid it over my shaft. I was so turned on it was almost painful to touch. I grit my teeth as I pulled down the latex sheath. She watched silent the whole time. I reached for the lever under me and slid the whole bench seat back as far as it would go.

"Come here," I said, "Come sit on me."

She didn't move and I said nothing more. I just waited, my cock standing up out of the fly of my jeans.

Only a moment passed before she let out a little moan and came over. Hitching her leg across my thighs she lined the mouth of her cunt up with my cock and hovered

above me. "Fuck me Mary-Jane. Fuck me until you come. I won't help you. Do what you need."

She slammed herself down until her pubic bone hit the root of my cock. With her hands on my shoulders she levered herself, shifting her hips until she found just the right spot. She started a rhythmic rocking motion that made her moan and me clench my jaw. She was close. I could hear it in her breath. In the gasping moans that came closer and closer. Louder and Louder.

I was close. But I wasn't going to come. I couldn't. I wouldn't. I was biting down on my lip so hard that the coppery taste of blood filled my mouth.

It was agony. Sheer agony to feel that wet velvet fist of a cunt slide down over and over. To have no control over her movements.

Just before it became too much I felt it finally, the contractions of her orgasm. A ripple of clenching ecstasy.

As soon as she slumped I gripped the root of my cock and squeezed a makeshift cock ring. The dismounting was agony. She was so wet as she slid up, she smelled so good. I wanted nothing more than to lose myself in that wet warmth, but instead I said, "Four."

She nodded. I understood she couldn't speak. I watched her walk down the path to her doorway. Normally I'd walk her to her front door, but not tonight. For a start I didn't think she'd want me to and honestly I didn't think I was physically able. As it was it was a good fifteen minutes before I could even drive.

On the way home I stopped at a drive-thru for a soda with an extra cup of ice. I stuck the ice between my legs and it eased the ache a little. I didn't want to ease it

completely, I liked the ache. It made me think of Mrs. D and what was to come.

## Chapter Seven

I made sure that I had no other yards that day. Working twelve hour days to get all my clients done, to have the day clear. I awoke that morning with a rock hard erection that would not go down.

At 11.30 with sweaty palms and tenting khakis I knocked on the Dean's front door. I'd dressed as if it were a normal work day, knowing that's what she wanted. She was in a robe, nipples hard, jutting points in the slippery silk. My throat tightened and my breath came fast.

I'd expected her to take me down the hall to the bedroom but she didn't. Instead she led me out back to the kitchen. I'd seen it from the outside before, but I'd never actually been inside. It was blue and white; it kind of reminded me of a poster I'd seen of the Greek Isles.

I sat down on a stool at the bench. She poured me a glass of lemonade from a jug she'd taken from the fridge. I was grateful as my mouth was nervous dry. She was returning the jug to the fridge with her back to me when she said, "Are you ready for today Jacob?"

"Yes Mrs. D."

I thought she might sit beside me, or maybe kiss me but she didn't. She lay her palms flat down on the bench and stood opposite me. Staring right into my eyes.

"Are you really ready? To let go. To face up to your desires. Your needs?"

I couldn't lie to those eyes so I said, "I'm scared, but I want to. I want to do it."

"Good. There's no need for bravado here Jacob. You can tell me if you're scared. Or you don't want something. Anytime."

“Should I have some sort of safe word?”

She laughed and I blushed. I felt the burn rise up my neck all the way to my scalp. “Oh, Jacob, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t laugh at you. It’s just that you’re so damn cute. Of course you should have a safe word. Let’s make it ...white.”

I nodded.

“You say white and we’ll stop. Any other word....” she spoke slowly, “...*No. Please. Don’t. Stop. Help.* All of those words will mean nothing. They’ll be play words. Because when you say them you don’t want to stop. You want us to go on—to tease you. To find that point where you can take no more...don’t you, Jacob?”

“Yes.” The word came out like a husk. Dry and weightless. I took another drink.

“He doesn’t know you’re here. He doesn’t know about today.”

I’d been wondering about that. Whether she would tell him about me, or if she would just surprise him. I was a little worried, but trusted her to know what was best.

“That’s why I asked if this is really what you wanted, because you’ll have to convince him. You’ll have to make him want this too.”

I swallowed hard. My throat ached, like someone had wrapped a hand around my neck and squeezed hard. She came around my side of the bench and placed a cool hand on my cheek.

“He’ll be surprised. He’ll battle with his feelings. Just as you have about this, about the way you feel about him. Follow my lead and we’ll convince him. We’ll have to make it a game. Play. Do you like to play? Have you been teasing yourself? Playing while you waited to come to us?”

Because her words were hypnotizing and the way she held my eye compelling, I told her. Told her what I'd done with Mary-Jane. The games we'd played. She listening intently, her eyes on me the whole time. After I'd had finished she continued to watch me.

"All of us. All of us form our sexuality in our own way. How it's formed is important. I was lucky enough to find Lucas. Together we found our pleasure, played our games in safety. In love."

Her voice lowered, her hand shifted to rest on my shoulder, and then lightly it traced down my back. "The right kink. Watching. Spanking..." Mrs. D lifted her hand, and then swished it through the air. I flinched waiting for the contact that never came. "Kinks like those imprint on your sexuality. As solid as a handprint in wet concrete. They're with you forever."

She put her hand back on my shoulder and guided me around on the stool to face her, "Jacob. These imprints we make along our sexual journey, they can be a pleasure we have forever. A comfort we use to tease ourselves. A switch we use to turn ourselves on. Or they can be a lifelong torment. A source of shame. It depends very much on how we form those imprints. Who we do them with."

I understood she was saying something important. About how I was acting with Mary-Jane and more than that, how she would act with me. I nodded.

"You understand don't you Jacob? That you must be gentle with this girl. Let her know what she feels is natural. What she needs is not dirty. It's not wrong. You've ripped open a need in her and you must make sure it doesn't overwhelm her. We won't let it overwhelm you."

“Thank you.”

She leaned into me and pressed a cool kiss on my lips.

“Come now. It’s time. We’ll wait for him in the bedroom. He’ll be home soon.”

\* \* \* \*

I heard his footsteps down the hall. It was only when Mrs. D lay a hand across my thigh that I realized I’d been nervously tapping my foot. I stilled myself and waited. The door opened with a bang. It was clear that he’d been expecting some game, some kind of play. He’d come home in the role of the angry husband—like I’d seen him that first time. His shoulders squared, his chest out, hands clenched tight at his sides. He faltered when he saw me. Stopped and stared.

“Lissy?” He said her name like a question and he looked from me to her.

When she got up from where we’d been sitting on the side of the bed I followed her lead and stood too.

“Jacob’s here to tell you something. To confess.” She put her hand on my back, just above my butt and pushed me forward. Towards him. I knew then what she wanted me to do.

“I’m sorry Mr. D.”

“Sorry Jacob, what for?” He sounded uncertain.

“For watching you. You and Mrs. D.”

“You’ve been watching?” He spoke slowly, he didn’t sound angry. His eyes weren’t on me. They were on his wife.

Mrs. D moved forward. Now she was standing just in front of me, to my right. The belt of her robe had come open. I could see the curve of her breast, round and heavy.

“He’s been standing outside our window Lucas. Watching us.”

He said nothing. He just stood. His eyes on Mrs. D. I desperately wanted him to look at me, and feared it all at once. I could hear my breath. Rasping loud and I wondered if they could hear it too.

“Tell him Jacob. Tell him what you saw.” She directed me.

“I saw her touching herself. Mrs. D, here on the bed.” His eyes locked on mine and what I saw there, the flicker of need that burned in his blue eyes gave me a rush of power. “I saw you come home Mr. D. I saw you spank her.”

“And what did you do while you watched?” Mr. D asked. And there it was. The voice that I wanted. The commanding and angry tone. His lip had curled in a snarl and his eyes were locked on mine. Angry. Lustful.

The flash of wanting that surged through me made me sway. My cock surged up, thrusting against the stiff fabric of my khaki work pants.

“Answer me Jacob.”

At that moment I felt like I could come just from the sound of his voice. From the look in his eyes.

“I watched. And I couldn’t help it. I tried, but I couldn’t help it.”

“Help what?” A slide of silk against my side let me know that Mrs. D had moved back closer to me. She nestled against me, stroking my arm as she asked again, “Help what?”

“Touching myself.”

Mr. D took a step closer, to stand right in front of me. If I leaned forward I'd have fallen against his chest. "You jerked off watching me fuck my wife. Is that what you're telling me Jacob? Is that your confession?"

"Yes sir."

"And what do you think should happen to you? What punishment should there be for what you've done?"

"I don't know sir."

He placed a hand on my shoulder. "Should I spank you?" He felt the shudder that went through me. I knew because I saw his mouth hook up in a slight smile. He sounded amused. "With my hand? Or with a whip?"

I whimpered. I didn't answer him. I couldn't.

The hand on my shoulder pushed down. Hard. I submitted to the pressure, willingly going down on my knees. Waiting. Wanting whatever would come next. I had my eyes closed. My head down. I heard the clink of his belt buckle. The slide of metal as it released.

"Open your eyes." No longer amused his voice was deep. Hard and biting.

The hand that had been on my shoulder went to my hair; grasping fingers tugged my head up to look at him. "Is this what you were looking at? Through my window?"

His suit pants hung low on his hips. His cock was jutting out of his briefs. The vein that ran down the length of his shaft pulsed within an inch of my lips. He squeezed a hand down his dick, then up again to rub a thumb across the glistening end. The other hand he kept fisted in my hair, the pain of his tugging fingers sent shockwaves of

pleasure down my spine. How did he know? How did he know that I liked that? That I wanted it.

Releasing his cock he brought the thumb shiny with his pre-cum up to my mouth. He slicked it across my bottom lip and I groaned. He took the advantage of my open mouth to shove the thumb inside. Instinctively I sucked it in. He fucked my mouth with his thumb. In and out.

In.

Out.

I heard a groan. Mrs. D. I'd forgotten she was there—lost in the moment with him. He removed his thumb. I looked up at him and saw him watching her. His eyes glassy, his mouth open slightly, breathing hard.

She'd gone down on her knees beside me. Her robe hanging wide open. Falling off her shoulders, revealing soft skin, flushed with need.

Her eyes were on his cock. On my mouth.

She had her hand between her legs, her fingers sliding up and down her cunt lips. Over the harsh sound of my breath I could hear the wet slick of her hand.

The fingers in my hair pulled hard. Turning me back to face him he said, "Eyes on the prize Jacob."

The fat head of his cock slapped my bottom lip, leaving a salty slick that I tasted with my tongue. I could smell him. His skin. A musky man smell that made my mouth water.

"Lick it."

My tongue went out at his words. Lapping at the head of his cock. Under the helmeted end, the soft plump skin of his cock head. Down that fat pulsing vein. Right to the base. Deep to the root.

I wanted it all in my mouth. I wanted to suck him until he came. Shot off down my throat. I'd never wanted anything more.

"Please," I murmured against his hot hard skin.

I stopped licking and opened wide. Showing him what I wanted. He left me. Kneeling there, mouth open for what seemed like an eternity. And then he was inside my mouth. Hot hard salty flesh.

The hand in my hair guided my mouth. I pushed too far at first. Wanting it too much and I gagged. Frightened I pulled back, but the hand in my hair wouldn't let me loose. He kept my mouth at the head, not letting my lips leave his flesh.

"Easy." I heard Mrs. D murmur against my ear. Her cool fingers gently brushing my cheek. "Breathe through your nose. Take it slow. He won't hurt you. We won't hurt you."

I resumed sucking. He took the rhythm for me, the hand in my hair never letting me go deeper than I could handle. My hands were hanging loose at my sides. I wanted to touch him, bring them up to his hips—up to his ass—but he hadn't told me I could.

I heard him moan. A guttural sound filled with need. I loved it. Filled with my own need, lost in what I was doing I didn't notice Mrs. D. I didn't feel her hand until those cool fingers surrounded my dick. She'd opened the buttons of my khakis had my briefs down and pulled out my cock.

I moaned around the hot flesh in my mouth. It seemed to spur him on. He now had both hands in my hair and was fucking my mouth. I loved it. Tugging me back and pulling me forward in a merciless rhythm.

She pulled at my shaft, matching his pace. I felt him twitch, and pull me close. My throat reflexively clenched around him, and then with a deep groan he shuddered. I almost gagged at the first hot spurt, swallowing hard. Again and it again it came. He came. Hot in my mouth. Salty. Tasting of him. Mr. D.

Her hand stilled at my cock. Grasping it hard, stemming the tide of my own cum. I tried to continue sucking but he pulled away. I licked instead. At the fat plum colored head, still hard and pulsing.

“Enough,” he said, sounding breathless but still in command. He stepped back and pulled his suit pants up, tucking his still hard cock back inside his briefs.

“Show me what you’ve got in your hand Lissy.”

She pulled my cock hard. Tilting it up hard, to show him. The mix of pleasure and pain had me rocking back on my knees.

“Did I tell you that you could do that?”

“No sir,” she said, but didn’t sound at all deferential. Her voice wicked. Taunting.

“Strip him off.”

Her hands worked quickly at my buttons. He watched the whole time, standing back while she stripped me naked.

“Take off your robe.”

She dropped the slip of silk and stood before us naked. I gasped. To see her bare before me made my head spin.

“Up on the bed. Both of you.”

We did as he said. Mrs. D slid up to the bedhead, positioning herself where I’d seen her that first time. Spread out on the pillows. I waited still on my knees near the end of the bed. Waiting for his words. Waiting for him to tell me what I should do.

“Spread your legs slut.”

Mrs. D smiled and opened her knees wide. Her pussy wet and slick lay open in front of me.

“You want him—don’t you? You want him to fuck you. Stick that young hot cock in your cunt.”

“Yes.” She moaned the word and arched her back. Her breasts swaying, a delicious ripple of movement.

“And you.” He turned to face me. His face as harsh as his tone. “You want to sink into that slut. Don’t you?”

I nodded. Unable to form the words.

“You think you deserve that? You...” he pointed a finger at Mrs. D, “...who spread yourself out in front of him. And you!” Now that accusatory finger faced me. “Who watched. Beat off watching that cunt.”

He stepped closer to the bed. Closer to me. His voice low, I felt it like a nail down my spine. “I won’t let you. If she likes to perform and you like to watch, then that’s what you’ll do.”

His hand was on my back. Pushing me forward. Closer to her. When I was positioned on my knees between her legs he said to Mrs. D, “Finger yourself.”

Her eyes on him she slid a finger between her lips and sucked them into her mouth. Then she trailed the wet fingers around her nipple, down the soft swell of her stomach to her pussy. Both of us watched her spread the pink lips of her cunt. She slid her fingers in the wetness. The sound made my mouth water.

“Put your hand on your cock.” His voice sounded thick as he told me what to do next. “I want you to cum on her.”

Watching her fingers play in that wet pussy I pulled on my shaft. My hand moved fast from wet tip to base, squeezing the head before slicking the pre-cum down the length. Over and over. My balls tightened up. It didn’t take long, the orgasm hit me hard. I couldn’t stop it. My neck so strained and tight, I could hardly get out my cry of release.

“Fuck. I’m coming. I’m coming.” Streams of cum hit her, her open thighs and the hand moving fast on her wet cunt. The finger slick with my cum worked on the stiff nub of her clit.

She arched, jerking her hips up off the bed. Her legs shook, shuddered as she cried out. Her fingers stilled and she slumped back into the pillows.

Naked and spent I felt exposed. Unsure of what should happen next. I’d never thought this far ahead. It was an awkward moment I hadn’t envisioned in any of my fantasies.

“Mmmmmm. That was good.” Her satisfied purr broke through the tension of the room and I smiled at the same time I heard Mr. D’s laugh.

Before I could think *what now* Mrs. D spoke, she said, “I think it’s time to get to the yard now. Don’t you Jacob? And Lucas. You should help him. I’ll put some towels by the pool. When you’re finished you can have a swim.”

## Chapter Eight

She directed us well. Working in the yard seemed to defuse all the uncomfortable tension I'd felt in the bedroom. Mr. D and I were able to talk as if nothing had happened. Without the shadow of what we'd just finished hanging over us.

He worked without a shirt, so I stripped mine off to match him. I liked to watch the pull of muscles across his back as he moved. He was beautiful, poetry in motion. Arms strong, shoulders broad and glistening with sweat. I'd never really looked at a man before, and I'd sure as hell never thought of one as beautiful.

*What was it about him?*

The admiration was mutual. I knew because I'd caught his eye on me more than once—on my ass. I played it up, bending over in his line of sight. I wanted him to look at me. I craved his attention—his desire. I grew bolder in my attention grabbing. I went from bending over to deliberately drawing his gaze to my crotch. Stretched before him I rubbed a hand down my stomach intentionally directing his gaze to the bulge at my crotch. His eyes ate it up, every provocative pose.

After about an hour of watching me he called it quits. He told me to pack away the gear and meet him out back at the pool. He was waiting by the edge for me. Unsure of what would happen next I took my cues from Mr. D. He stripped off bare and I followed suit. Naked, I watched him dive in the pool. With quick even strokes he swam a few laps of free style. Standing on the edge, yet to get in myself I watched him. When he finished his laps he slicked a hand through his hair and turned to face me. I wanted his eyes on me so I decided not to dive in, but instead to make him watch me enter by the steps.

I liked the way the water slowly lapped at my body. Up my legs to my stiffening cock, my stomach and then finally over my shoulders as I walked the length of the pool to him.

By the time I reached him my cock had risen up, butting hard against my stomach. His eyes stayed on me the whole time I walked to him. Normally dark blue, now they seemed almost black. He licked his lips and suddenly I wanted to kiss him. Him to kiss me. He didn't, but when I stood in front of him he moved close enough for me to feel his warm breath on my wet mouth.

"You've never done that before have you?" he asked.

I didn't have to ask what he was talking about, "No." I answered softly.

"Have you ever wanted to do it?"

"Not with anyone but you."

He smiled at that. I was glad that it pleased him.

Glad that I had pleased him.

He stroked long fingers across my cheek and then cupped my chin with his hand. He held me firmly and I found that I liked it, the strength of his fingers controlling me. His thumb stroked across my lip and I shuddered at the memory of the last time he'd done it—just before I'd sucked his cock.

He must have known what I was thinking because he said, "Did you like it Jacob? Did you like my cock in your mouth?"

"Yes. Yes I did."

"Will you let me do it to you?"

I'd never imagined—never hoped—never thought that he would. The flash of need I had at the thought of him sucking me made my knees buckle. He caught me when I swayed and held me up against his chest. Our cocks bumped, one slight touch together and I moaned.

“Shhh,” he soothed and stroked a gentle hand down my back to cup my ass. “Hop up on the side of the pool.”

Moving as if in a trance I pulled myself out of the pool to sit on the side, my legs spread, feet dangling in the water. He moved between my legs, his hands on my thighs, his eyes looking up at me, locked on mine.

I watched him. He didn't fumble as he took me between his lips. His mouth was hot after the cool water of the pool. I couldn't help the thrust of my hips. I shoved into him, feeling my cock hit the back of his throat. He didn't push me away. Instead he changed the angle of his mouth, came up higher out of the water to take me deeper.

I watched as his nose hit my pubic hair and I gasped. It wouldn't take long. I was close from the moment he'd asked me if he could do it. His mouth was so hot, sucking hard, I couldn't hold back against the onslaught. His hands had moved from my hips, one to grasp my butt the other to cup my balls.

While his hand cupped my balls his fingers burrowed back, stroking between the cheeks of my ass. I arched, lifting up on my thighs. The finger slipped deeper, teasing right where I wanted him. Pushing against the tight puckered ring of muscle while his mouth sucked hard at my cock.

As the finger breached me—pushing inside—I closed my eyes. I wanted more. I pushed down on that finger, pushing him deeper. And then it hit me. A need I'd never

before known. Waves of pleasure, almost too much to stand. I felt like I was coming endlessly and I'd yet to orgasm.

He matched the thrusting fingers with his sucking mouth. Up as he came down. The sensation was too much, "Please. Please," I heard myself begging for release. Overwhelmed by the need to complete, to fulfill the building pleasure.

"Yes. Yeeees."

I looked down to see his throat swallow, his lips still around my cock. It finished me. I came harder than I had ever done before. My hips thrust up with each pulse of cum from my cock. My balls contracted hard up against my body. The searing pleasure ran up my thighs, through my ass and out my cock. I felt my ass pulse around the finger still inside me and I was done. I collapsed back onto the edge of the pool and lay gasping. I doubted my ability to ever move again when the towel hit me in my face.

Shifting the towel from my eyes I looked up at him. He stood above me laughing, white towel wrapped snug around his hips. When he offered his hand I took it, not ready yet to stand I brought myself up to sit, my feet still in the pool.

Crouching down beside me he kissed the top of my head, with an affection that made my heart trip. With loose hipped ease I watched him walk over to the pool lounges. He sat and tapped the lounge beside him.

"Come on. Come sit with me."

On legs that felt like jelly I followed him over to collapse beside him. He laughed long and loud, a lovely sound as I sprawled out flat with my arm across my eyes. "I don't think I can ever come again," I said.

He laughed again and I wanted to see his smile so I turned on my side, my head propped up by my arm to look at him. Laugh lines surrounded his eyes when he smiled. He was a man who laughed often. A happy man.

Curious, I asked him the same question he'd asked me—only phrased slightly different, "You've done that before haven't you?"

He looked bashful, not meeting my eyes as he replied, "Yes, in college. A little experimentation with my roommate. Before Alissa. I never told her."

"But somehow she knew."

He laughed again and ran his fingers through his long hair. "Yeah, somehow she knew. She always does."

"No one since?"

He met my eyes, "Not till you."

"Mrs. D. She's..." I couldn't find the words, so I was grateful when he finished my sentence for me by saying, "Amazing."

"Yeah, amazing."

"I hit the jack pot with her. Have you got a girlfriend?"

I thought of Mary-Jane and of what I'd told Mrs. D and I replied, "Sort of. Not really. We're....experimenting—not serious."

"So, you're not cheating with us."

"No—not cheating."

Nodding he said, "Good."

He looked at me and then his eyes flicked over to the house. He stared over my shoulder for a while, looking intent. The silence seemed somehow important—serious—I felt a tingle of anticipation.

I waited, watching his serious face. Finally he spoke, his voice low, matching the intensity of his eyes. He said, “There was something I never did with my roommate. Something I want to do to you.”

I nodded and nervously licked my lips.

“Can I fuck you Jacob?”

My heart pounded. I was scared and excited all at once. Knowing once this happened everything would change. That I would be forever imprinted by this event.

Again I nodded, my throat was clenched tight and I squeezed out the words, “Here? Right here.”

He smiled and some of the tension lessened. His eyes on me, he stood. I could see the head of his cock jutting out of the top of where he’d tied his towel. I thought about it breaching me and I shuddered.

I lay back flat on the pool lounge and looked up at him. In his hand he carried a tube of lube. He saw me looking at it and gave a wry smile. “Lissy,” he said and shook his head. “She left it with the towels.”

“She knew,” I said, and he nodded, still smiling.

He dropped down to sit beside me. I tried to sit up but he laid a hand on my shoulder. Pin pricks of heat shot down my body as his fingers trailed across my chest.

“I love your body Jacob. I’ve watched you work. Waiting for the moment that you’d strip off your shirt so I could see this chest.”

His fingers circled my nipple. Around and around. Not touching it.

“I’d see the sweat run down your stomach and I wanted my tongue to travel the same path.”

I was hypnotized by his words—looking at his mouth—so the pinching of my nipple came as a shock. Clenching need hit me, each tug of my nipple made my cock jump. I cried out. He smiled.

“I’m going to make you feel so good. So good,” he murmured.

His mouth dropped down to take the place of his pinching fingertips. He sucked hard on my nipple, to the point of sweet pain. I bent my knees and arched up my hips. Licking, sucking and biting his mouth moved across my chest from nipple to nipple.

The noises I made. Moaning. Gasping. Crying out—begging. I couldn’t believe they came from me, but I couldn’t stop them.

His hand went down between my legs. His fingers slippery and thick with lube, he pulled on my shaft. Grasping, strong wet tugs that made my eyes roll back in pleasure. He rolled a slippery palm across the head of my cock. Across the sensitive slit, pulling it open. Then he cupped my balls. Stroking, wet fingers moved across the sensitive skin, his thumb underneath, massaging between my balls and my anus.

His hand moved away. I moaned at the loss. I heard the sound of crinkling foil, the click of plastic and then I felt a dribble of warm liquid between my butt cheeks. I arched up again, wanting his fingers. Needing it. Needing him. I knew what to expect this time. The pleasure that could come from his probing touch. I pushed back when his fingers pressed against my asshole.

“Easy,” he said, “We’re going to take this slow.”

“Please. Please. I want it.”

“No Jacob.” His tone cut through the fog of wanting. I stopped moaning and listened. “We’ll do it my way or not at all.”

Looking at me I knew he waited for me to voice my answer so I said, “Yes sir.” He seemed to like that; he smiled a little and nodded.

His way was excruciating. Fingers slow, deep and probing. Opening me. Spreading me wider and wider. All the time speaking to me. Words that made me want him more. Low. Deep. Mesmerizing.

“I’m going to fuck you slow. Slow first and deep. Deep and hard. You want it. Don’t you?”

I couldn’t answer him. I couldn’t do anything other than lay back and take it. Take what he gave me. He was pressing up against that spot. Deep in my ass, I could feel it. Waves of pleasure undulated the walls of my ass; my stomach was wet from the pre-cum leaking from my cock.

Spread wide, my legs opened so far that my feet came off the pool lounge and hit the tiles. I was ready and he knew it. I met his gaze and he nodded. He dropped the towel from around his waist and went down on his knees between my legs. I felt the head of his cock at the rim of my asshole.

I sucked in a breath and felt myself tense. He must have too because he came over me, his face above mine and he kissed me. Finally. Lips softer than I thought a man’s could be, an edge of stubble rasped against my face. Heat filled me, all worries melted with the entry of his tongue into my mouth. Licking wet heat. My head fell back

and my mouth opened to let him plunder. Lost in his kiss I forgot my fears and pushed against his cock.

He entered me.

Fullness. Burning pain as my sphincter spread to accept him. I gasped and he kissed me gently, sucking my bottom lip into his mouth. He ran warm wet sucking kisses down my throat. I concentrated on breathing slowly, trying to breathe through the burning stretch of my ass.

I felt the head of his cock push past the rim of muscle and then the burn wasn't so bad. It started to feel good.

"Shhh," he crooned at me from above. Seeing his arms shake as they held him up I realized how hard this was for him too.

"It's good." I reassured him. "I'm OK."

He smiled down at me and leaned in for another gentle kiss, pushing further into me as he did. His cock hit that spot. The same place as his finger. I couldn't hold back the moan that came deep from within me. Again and again he hit it. Short thrusts. Never hard enough. Never deep enough. I slid further down the lounge, trying to get closer. I hooked my legs around him and cried out, "Fuck me!"

He did. Long hard thrusts. Over and over. Deep. I felt his hips hit mine. The hair of his stomach rub against my cock.

It was building again. Harder. Higher. Better than I'd ever felt. I lost control. Trying to meet each thrust. Wanting deeper contact. Wanting him closer. He fought me, holding me down, keeping his own rhythm despite my pleas for more.

My head thrashed from side to side. That's when I saw a glimpse of red satin. I stilled my head and looked. She was at the open door, robe open. One hand pinching a nipple the other moving fast between her legs.

She was watching.

A voyeur.

Watching like I had. The thought sent me over the edge. My balls clenched tight and my hot cum spurt across my skin. Covering us both as his stomach met mine. My third orgasm of the day, this one so intense it bordered on the edge of pain.

My orgasm sent him over. I could feel the walls of my ass contract around his cock. He arched, thrust deep and cried out. His head shook and cool water sprayed from his hair across my chest. Then his weight hit me, he collapsed against my chest and I could feel the rapid beat of his heart against mine.

The beat matched mine. His lips pressed against my shoulder and he murmured words against my skin that I couldn't understand. I turned my head to try and hear him better and his lips met mine. I succumbed to the kiss, arching back to let him take my mouth. When he finished I was panting, incredibly growing hard once again.

"Thank you," he spoke against my lips.

Overcome with feeling I couldn't form the words to tell him. To let him know what it had meant to me, so I arched up and met his mouth, putting it all into a kiss. When I heard his groan I knew he understood.

## Chapter Nine

I awoke the next day sore. All over. My muscles ached like I'd been through a grueling obstacle course. Nothing much was said when I left the Dean's house, I think maybe we were all a little shell shocked. No date was made for a repeat performance, I hadn't asked and neither had they. It was the best sex of my life. I loved it and at the time I wasn't sure if I wanted anything more. If I could stand it again. The intensity.

Oddly as I lay in bed that night I didn't think of what we'd done. I thought about Mary-Jane. Specifically what Mrs. D had said. I didn't want to imprint her negatively. I knew there was no future with her—we weren't going to live happily ever after. Even if I hadn't been going back to college in a couple of weeks there was no way I would've stayed with Mary-Jane.

I wanted what the Deans had.

I wanted a partner to test my boundaries. To challenge me. To explore. I wasn't going to get that from Mary-Jane. She was too submissive.

That night when I picked her up I took her straight out to the lake. It was a perfect Georgia summer night. The sky was bright and clear, the scent of pine in the air and the moon full enough that it was easy to see.

I got out of the truck and went around to her side. She looked surprised when I opened her door and held out my hand. It was such a date thing to do and I realized then as she stared at my hand that we'd never had an ordinary date. I led her over to a soft patch of clover. I spread the blanket and lay down, patting beside me I said, "Come lay with me."

She lay down without a word. I could hear her breath. She was nervous. It was coming hard and fast.

“Are you OK Mary-Jane?”

“Sure.”

“About what we’ve done. About what I’ve done to you.”

“Oh.”

I turned on my side to face her and propped my head up on one hand. I ran my other hand through the soft tresses of her blond hair. She seemed to like that because I saw her smile.

“You didn’t answer me honey.”

“Oh. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. Tell me. Are you OK?”

She rolled on her side to face me, so that we were eye to eye. “Honestly Jake, I’m a little scared.”

“About what?”

“How much I liked it. How much I want it.”

I understood her completely, more than she could ever know. She closed her eyes. I could see how the honesty pained her. I reached over, cupped her chin and stroked a thumb across her lips. She trembled and I worried that maybe I’d already done too much that would imprint badly, “You don’t need to be scared of me.”

Her eyes flashed open. “I’m not Jake. I’m not scared of you. I’m scared of *me*. Of how much I need this. What you’ve shown me.”

“You’ll find someone honey. Someone to share this with.”

She sighed. "I will?"

"Yes. I'm sure of it. Now you know what you want you just need someone to fill that need."

"It won't be you?" she asked softly, even though she knew the answer.

I shook my head. "No honey. It won't be me."

The breeze picked up and whipped her hair across her face. I pushed it back. She grabbed my hand and pressed a kiss into my palm. Her words vibrated against my skin as she said, "I'm glad it was you who showed me."

"Me too." My throat felt tight. My heart huge at the trust she'd shown me.

Letting go of my hand she pulled herself up to sit. "Can you show me some more? Please. Until you leave?"

"Are you wearing panties Mary-Jane?"

She shook her head. In the bright glow of moonlight I saw the quick flash of heat in her eyes.

"Did I tell you to do that?"

"No."

"On your knees."

Her breath faltered in that sweet little hitch I loved to hear and she said softly, "What?"

I sat up and adjusted my cock which was now pushing hard against the button fly of my jeans. "You heard me."

She got on all fours, her head hanging low and her ass up in the air. I flipped back the filmy floral skirt she was wearing. It fluttered in the breeze. Now bare, the ass

that pointed up at me was milky white, smooth and soft. Down lower between her legs her pussy glistened clamshell pink and wet.

I moved behind her, the coarse fabric of my jeans pressed up against her supple thighs. I stroked a hand across the curve of her ass, loving the feel of that warm soft skin against my work roughened hands.

“You’ve been naughty haven’t you?”

She gave a little shudder at my words. “Yes Jake.”

I didn’t tell her what I was going to do. I wanted an honest reaction. I wanted to see her true response as my palm hit her flesh.

Smack!

She cried out—in shock and lust.

In the moonlight my hand print shone red on her ass. I ran my fingertips across the hot patch of glowing skin and lifted my hand once more. This time she knew what was coming and she tensed in anticipation. My hand came down, swooping through the air to connect with a crack. Again and again I spanked. First in even beats and then erratically so she wouldn’t know when the next slap would come. She rocked back on her knees and lifted her ass up to meet each slap.

Moans vibrated deep in her throat.

Her ass shone mottled pink and deep red. It became hot to the touch as her pussy below grew wetter. Without warning I thrust into her. Having opened my jeans and donned a condom while she’d been lost in the pleasure of her spanking.

She cried out my name over and over. I didn’t even have to touch her clit to make her come. Her pussy was like a vice, clamping down hard on my cock.

After she'd finished coming I grabbed her hips. Fucked her hard. Harder than I'd ever fucked a woman. She went slack against me. Her elbows buckled and she fell forward, her forehead hitting the blanket. I had to hook my arms around her waist to hold her up.

"Take it! Take it!" I cried out over and over until my cum filled the condom and I pulled out, collapsing back onto the blanket.

I was laying flat on the ground, limbs starfish when she crawled on top of me and nestled her face into my neck. I felt wetness and realized she was crying.

"Did I hurt you?" I felt sick at the thought.

"Not bad. A good hurt."

"You're crying." I still didn't quite believe her—I moved my head and tipped back her chin so I could see her eyes.

"I know I am. It was just intense. That's why. Too intense. That's why I'm crying. Do you understand?"

I thought back to the pool lounge, the feel of Mr. D inside me and I nodded.  
"Yeah—I do."

When I took her home Mary-Jane thanked me. She looked almost relieved. Her honest thanks and her understanding of what she really wanted made me wonder if I should thank Mr. and Mrs. D.

I was no longer scared of the intensity of the feelings I'd discovered with them, I was grateful for them. Mary-Jane had shown me. I was grateful to her too.

I decided that the next time I saw Mr. and Mrs. D I'd ask them for more.

\* \* \* \*

I went to the house early again, hoping to catch Mrs. D alone. She wasn't in her robe when she answered the door this time and she looked surprised to see me. I wondered if I'd done the right thing and then she smiled, grabbed my hand and pulled me into the house. She didn't let go of me once I was inside, instead she wrapped her arms around my waist and laid her head on my chest. She hugged me and let out a loud sigh. When I too sighed she pulled back and looked up at me.

"Jacob. I'm so glad to see you. I wasn't sure I'd see you again. You looked rattled when you left us last time."

She was wearing a dress that tied up in a bow at her waist. Her hair wasn't down, but pinned in a loose kind of curly bun. She looked younger. Sweet.

"I was rattled. I needed to do some thinking."

She took my hand and led me out back to the kitchen. "And did you? Think that is."

I took the same stool I did last time. She went to the fridge and got me a drink, sitting the glass on the bench in front of me.

"Yeah. I thought, and I went to see Mary-Jane. The girl I told you about."

She nodded, said nothing. So I went on, "I asked her how she felt. We talked and then she thanked me. Told me she was grateful to me, and that she wanted me to show her more."

"How did that make you feel?"

I swallowed, suddenly nervous. What if I asked for more and she said no. What if they didn't want anymore from me? What if once was enough for them? I had to know,

even if there was the risk of being rejected, so I said quickly, “I realized that I was thankful to you and that I wanted more. From you. From Mr. D.”

I closed my eyes—too frightened to meet her gaze in case I saw the rejection I feared so much. Her cool fingers cupped my face. I looked up to see her eyes shining with unshed tears. “Oh Jacob you are the sweetest boy. Lucas and I were so worried that we’d broken you. Shown you too much too soon. I’m so glad you came back.”

“Will you show me more?” I asked.

She kissed me for the first time, her tongue meeting mine. Heat shot through my body and I realized I wanted her as much as I wanted Mr. D. She pulled back from the kiss still cupping my face in her hands. “Yes. I’ll show you more. We’ll show you more.”

She stepped back and held out her hand. I stood up from the stool and placed my hand in hers, ready to follow her, wherever she wanted me.

## Chapter Ten

She took me down the hall to their bedroom. Inside the doorway she stopped to flick on the light. “I like to see you,” she said with a wry smile. “You have a beautiful body Jacob.”

I blushed and she placed her cool hand on my flushed cheek. “Will you show me your body Jacob? Please.”

I nodded, eager to please her—she sat down on the bed and watched me strip. When I stood naked before her she dropped to her knees. Her mouth at my cock. I speared my fingers in her hair, freeing her curls from the bun as her supple lips enclosed my dick. Her mouth was softer than Mr. D’s had been. Hotter. She held me at the root, tugged hard and pulled the skin back tight.

I made a fist in her hair as she tongued my sensitive slit. She moaned and I felt the vibration through my balls. She was so good at this, that I wanted to make it last. I wanted to feel it all. I didn’t want to come in her mouth. Not yet. Not so fast. She must have realized I was close because she tightened her hold on my root and pulled her mouth away.

“I like the taste of you.” She licked the head of my cock and purred, “Mmmmm. This is the only other cock I’ve sucked since I got married.”

I didn’t know why but I got a little head rush at the thought. She stood up, and pressed her lush body against me.

Soft. So soft.

“Do you want to taste me Jacob?”

I nodded. I'd wanted to taste her from the moment I first saw her through the bedroom window.

"Undress me."

My hands shook my fingers trembling at the tie of her dress. Thankfully it was one of those wraps that fell open with one good tug. When I pulled her dress from her shoulders I saw him.

Mr. D.

He was leaning on the frame of the doorway, watching. He'd taken off his jacket and tie and his business shirt was half unbuttoned.

I didn't stop what I was doing. I didn't tell her that he was there, I kept undressing her. Her bra was pink. Lacy and sheer. I dropped my head and sucked her nipple through the fabric. She moaned as I sucked hard. Her nipple swelled hard and full in my mouth. I bit the berry tipped end and rolled it between my teeth.

I liked the hissing sound she released as I bit and sucked. She was leaning into me, I unclipped the front clasp of her bra and pulled it apart. Slipping off her shoulders it fell to the ground beside her dress. I moved a hand under the elastic of her panties. I pulled them up, hard into the cleft and rocked the fabric in her slit. She liked that, moaning loud as I tugged.

I went to my knees and pulled the panties down, helping them over her feet. When she was bare before me I took my time trailing kisses up her thigh. She held onto my shoulder.

He watched. Still at the door. His hand at his cock, rubbing through the fabric of his suit pants. His eyes locked with mine as I pushed her legs apart.

She cried out when my tongue lapped her flesh. Her scent was overwhelming; the musk hit me like a punch of lust to the gut. I spread her, opening her sweet folds with my tongue. My fingers teased her entrance, played there lightly while my tongue flicked her clit. Her desire coated my hand, slick, warm and wet. Her fingers gripped my shoulders.

“Please,” she cried out. Over and over. “Please. Please. Please.”

I twined my fingers together and pushed them inside her, short thrusts as I played her clit with my tongue. She was soft, warm and tight. The walls of her cunt rippled around my fingers each time I sucked at her clit. She was close. I could tell from her cries and from the stream of honey that flowed from her cunt. I knew it was time to stop playing. Latching my lips on her ripe, stiff, clit I took control, fucking her hard with my fingers, curling them up until I hit the spot that made her cry out.

Both her hands were on my shoulders. I felt her knees buckle and her cunt spasm at the same time. Around my fingers she clenched over and over. I sucked gently at her clit until she was still, then because I wanted to, I licked her clean.

I looked up at her. Her hair was wild and her eyes glassy. I felt a surge of pride that it was me that did that to her, made her look that way. So satisfied. My mouth still wet with her juices I said, “You taste good Mrs. D.”

“Looked good too,” he said from the doorway, his voice thick with desire.

Mrs. D started at his voice, she looked over her shoulder at him and flushed red.

He came towards the bed and slapped her ass as he went past us. “Started without me naughty girl.”

“Look at him Lucas. How could I help it?”

“Yes he’s gorgeous,” Mr. D said as he stood near the end of the bed and looked me over.

It was my time to flush red, at the intensity of his gaze. His hunger for me obvious—his eyes dark, shining blue black with want. His suit pants tented at his crotch with a cock hard for me. My mouth watered at the thought of the hard hot flesh trapped behind that zip.

“Jacob. Undress me.”

Even though my hands shook I made quick work of his clothes. I wanted him naked so badly—wanted to feel his skin against mine. Down on my knees, removing his socks, I felt her kneel beside me. Her soft warm body nestled in close.

We were both in front of him, on our knees.

“Suck me. Both of you,” he commanded.

We both reached for his erection at the same time. Our fingers entwined around the root of his cock. I saw Mrs. D lick her lips and then move in for a sucking kiss on the head. I did the same, moving in to suck the erect flesh of his helmet into my mouth. Above us he was murmuring, his words indistinct sounds of pleasure.

I met her lips. Soft around his hardness. Her tongue found mine, an electric shock of pleasure that made my balls tighten.

Her lips moved away from his shaft. She let me take his whole head in my mouth. While I worked my mouth down his cock she went beneath me, to his balls. The wet sound of her sucking them into her mouth made me moan. Mr. D’s hand gripped in my hair as I did, so I did it again. He pulled away.

“Fuck! You two are going to make me come too soon.”

His cock was standing out, plum head shining wet. I tried to take him back in my mouth but he tugged my head back by my hair.

“No Jacob. I have other plans. For both of you. Get up on the bed.”

I did as he told me and Mrs. D followed me.

“Get on your back Lissy.”

Mrs. D moved to the head of the bed and spread out on her back, legs wide.

“Up on your knees. Between her legs Jacob.”

I did as I was told, loving every minute of him directing me. Mr. D came up behind me. I could feel the hair of his chest rubbing my back, his hard cock still damp from my mouth in the cleft of my ass. His lips at my ear he said gruff and low, “You’re going to fuck her Jacob and I’m going to fuck you.”

His hand reached around and grabbed my cock. He slicked a condom on for me with practiced ease. After I was sheathed I moved forward to position my cock at her cunt. Mr. D put a hand on my shoulder and pulled me back.

“Not there Jacob. You’re going to fuck her ass, while I fuck yours.”

My eyes met hers. Would she? Did she do that?

She opened her legs wider, shifting her ass higher. “Yes Jacob. Yes.”

I had my answer.

Mr. D’s hand came back to my cock, coating me thick with lube. He handed me the tube. “Lube her up. Coat your fingers and open her ass, get it ready for your cock.”

I covered two fingers with the thick clear gel. I’d never done this before, I was nervous. I wanted so badly to do it, but I didn’t want to hurt her.

Mrs. D's hand came around my wrist and guided my fingers down to her little pink asshole. When I spread the gel on that puckered hole she sighed. The sound made me a little more confident so I pushed a finger against it. The first finger pushed in easily, it was hotter than her pussy, tighter and the walls were smooth. The entrance was a ring of muscle, like a tiny round vice. I pushed inside, past that ring with the second finger. She groaned. I added a third finger. Her groan deepened.

At my back Mr. D watched. His cock rubbed between the cheeks of my ass and up the small of my back. "She loves it. Look at her Jacob she loves it."

I looked at her face. Her small white teeth bit into the pillow of her lower lip. Her neck was taut, her head pushed back into the pillows. Each time I thrust she moaned and her ass clenched around my fingers.

"She's ready. Take her now." Mr. D reached between my legs and took my cock, positioning it at his wife's asshole.

Time slowed. The moment was surreal. I felt almost out of body, as if it were all happening to someone else. Seeing her in front of me, feeling him at my back, it was all too much.

He pushed me forward, the head of my cock entered and I felt that tight ring stretch. I knew exactly what she'd be feeling. The burn of that muscle stretching. The almost overwhelming sensations, a melting mix of pleasure and pain. I took it slow, the tight ring of her sphincter slipped over the head of my cock with a pop.

And I was inside.

Inside the smooth hot tight walls of her ass. It was incredible. She moaned, as I did, when I slowly pushed in to my full length. When I was in her as far as I could go,

reveling in the feeling of her tight asshole, I felt him. I felt his lube slicked fingers as my anus.

I stilled, letting him spread me open. Ready for his cock. Her mouth was at my ear, sucking at the lobe. She knew what he was doing above me. Above us both.

I flinched as I felt his cock start to push inside me. She whispered in my ear, "Slow. Slow. He'll take it slow."

I shuddered, moaning as his hardness slowly filled me.

"You like it," she said, "You love it. You love him filling you. Fucking you."

"Yes. Yes," I said, my mouth against her neck.

Mr. D set the rhythm, pushing into me as I pushed into her. The feeling was incredible. To fill and be filled. My cock in the vice like clench of her ass. My own ass split, spread wide by his plunging shaft.

I tried to hold it back. I tried to extend the pleasure but it was too much. Especially when I felt her hand go to her clit. Her fingers dipped into her cunt and I could feel them through the thin wall of her pussy.

"I'm going to come. I'm going to come!" I cried out.

Mr. D picked up the pace, his hips butting into my ass. He fucked me. Fucked me hard, pushing me into his wife. She cried out next. The walls of her ass clenched around my cock. Her spasms sent me over the edge. Unable to take it anymore I cried out and arched my back. Shoving my length deep, deep into her ass I came.

I felt the walls of my own ass pulse around Mr. D in orgasm. Around the length of meat he had buried deep within me my ass undulated. I knew what he was feeling because I'd just experienced it with Mrs. D.

Once. Twice. Three more times he shoved inside me and then he bellowed, "Fuuuuuuuck!" And I knew he'd come.

He collapsed on top of me, sandwiching me between them.

"Off. Off." Mrs. D hit at his shoulder above mine. He pulled away and I groaned as I felt his shaft leave me.

I did the same to Mrs. D. Then we three lay flat. Panting and spent on the bed.

Mrs. D was the first to speak. "Shower."

She rolled over and off the bed onto her feet. I turned to my side and watched her rounded ass disappear through the walk in wardrobe to the bathroom.

"That's a fine sight isn't it?"

I felt a little embarrassed to be caught ogling Mr. D's wife. Which was odd considering he'd just watched me fuck her ass.

"It is. She is."

He slapped my shoulder and said, "You heard her. Let's shower."

"You want me to join you?" I hadn't expected them to.

He laughed at my expression and said, "We can hardly send you home in that state. Come on."

I got out of the bed and joined Mr. D in the bathroom. Condom discarded I moved to the glass of the shower. I looked at over at Mr. D and he nodded so I slid open the door.

The shower was so big it could have easily fit four people. It was the fanciest shower I'd ever seen. It looked like it belonged in a five star hotel room. It had three shower heads. All three were on, pulsing steaming hot water all over Mrs. D.

Naked she was gorgeous.

Steaming hot wet naked she was even better. Even though I'd already come I felt my cock jump at the sight of her under the streaming water.

She grabbed my hand and pulled me under the water. Mr. D came in too and I felt him at my back.

"You're good for a woman's ego Jacob," Mrs. D said as she wrapped a hand around my growing erection.

"Ahh to be young again," Mr. D said to her over my shoulder.

"You're not doing so bad yourself Mr. Dean," she said with a chuckle as I felt her reach around my hip to grab his stiffening cock.

Now I was sandwiched between them. Slick hot wet skin. Mr. D rough at my back, Mrs. D soft at my front. It was heaven. I closed my eyes and sighed.

"Let's clean this dirty boy," Mrs. D said and I felt her hand, slick with fragrant soap at my chest. She rubbed in big circles, massaging my pecs as Mr. D rubbed my back. Soapy fingers pulled at my nipples, circled my ass, cupped my balls, dug into the aching muscles of my shoulders. I was touched everywhere, all at once.

It was good, so good. I was pliant, swaying between their hands. They propped me up between them while they played me until I begged. Begged for one more release.

And then both their hands, were on my cock. Mr. D reaching from behind, Mrs. D from the front. Her hands soft and small, his strong and big.

My knees buckled and he held me up. Held me up as my cum sprayed across the soft swell of his wife's stomach.

I sank to the tiles. Propped under the hot spray I watched them. Watched as he backed her up against the glass. As she hooked a leg up and he speared his cock in her tight pink cunt. I watched his hips piston, thrust into her. Watched their hips slam together, listened to the wet slap of their bodies hitting.

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” She ground her hips against him. I knew that he’d be hitting her wet stiff little clit with each thrust. He had both her legs up now, pushing her hard against the glass. Her legs wrapped tight around his hips and her feet dug into his butt.

“Yes,” she cried out and wailed. I knew that she’d come. She went limp. Her head fell against his shoulder.

His hips did not stop. Did not falter in their constant fucking rhythm, until he too cried out, arched his back and finally stilled. He pulled out of her slowly, carefully letting her feet fall back to the ground.

She slid down the glass wall to sit on the shower floor opposite me. Her head slumped forward to rest on her knees.

We sat until the spray of water started to cool and Mr. D shut off the taps.

“Can I come back?” I asked as it was the only thought that was going through my head.

Mrs. D tilted her head up to look at me. “Yes Jacob. Until you go back to college you’re most welcome to come back. Let’s leave it a day though. I can’t see you again until my legs work.”

## Chapter Eleven

In the next couple of weeks our legs often didn't work. We did a lot of fucking until we couldn't stand...and, oddly a lot of talking. They taught me so much, about sex, relationships, family and love. We didn't always fuck, though more often than not our time together ended that way. It was more than sex—it was sharing. We ate together, I read books they gave me, watched movies and we played.

In an odd way it was a relationship. A summer love affair—with them both.

While I enjoyed my time with them, it was Mr. D that I most looked forward to seeing. Mrs. D knew it—looking back I think she both orchestrated and encouraged my crush on him. One evening I arrived at their house to find only Mrs. D home—I tried, and failed, to hide my disappointment.

"Sorry Jacob, he's working late tonight. I'm heading out to pick him up now. He had a few drinks after their project finished up and he needs a lift home.'

'Oh—I'll just go then,'" I said, despondent at the thought of a night without them—without him.

"Unless, you want to go and get him for me? I really don't want to drive all the way into town."

"I could do that." I'd have done anything she asked me. I would have driven to Atlanta if she'd needed me too, especially to see him.

"Take my car." She handed me the keys to her Audi, which sweetened the deal even more. "He's waiting at his office. I'll program it into the navigation for you so it's easy to find."

I was ecstatic I'd never driven anything so luxurious. The seats were butter soft leather and it drove like a dream. It smelled like her, something I found both comforting and arousing. I drove the whole way with a woody. I followed the clipped instructions of the satellite navigation and after a forty minute drive I was at Mr. D's office. I parked in the underground lot and used the key Mrs. D had given me to access the elevator. She'd said she'd ring him and tell him I was coming so I knew he'd be expecting me. There was only one light shining on the floor that held his company offices, so I assumed it was him. I walked down the hall towards the light. The door was slightly open and I could see him at his desk. He was leaning back on his chair with his feet up, cradling the phone handset between his shoulder and his ear.

He saw me and I heard him say, "Yes. He's here now."

He frowned, shook his head, looked at me and said, "She wants me to put her on speaker."

He pressed a button and the silky voice of Mrs. D filled the room. "Hi Jacob."

"Hi," I said back, starting to feel the build of anticipation that always came with one of Mrs. D's games.

"You're the new intern."

"I am?" It only took me a moment to realize what game she was playing and I said again, with understanding, "I am."

"You want to succeed. Don't you?"

"I'll do anything to succeed." I locked my eyes on Mr. D; he had his hand over his mouth, hiding a smile.

"Darling?" she said, obviously directed at her husband.

“Yes my wicked wife?”

“Top drawer. Oh, and enjoy yourself. I want to hear *all* about it later.”

The loud click of her hang up echoed in the room. Mr. D pressed a button on the phone and ended the call.

“Top drawer?’ I asked, curious.

He opened the first drawer of his desk and took out lube and a strip of three condoms. “Lissy,” he said with a shake of his head.

I started to laugh but stopped, startled by the way he looked at me.

“Have you finished those reports?’

My mouth went dry. I knew logically that this was a game, but my body responded to him as if it were real. Responded to that commanding voice with a mix of arousal, fear and anticipation.

“No sir, not yet.”

“Then what are you doing in my office?’

“Well sir, it’s about my review.”

“What about it?” His hands went to his tie and loosened the knot.

“Sir, I really need this job. I was hoping you’d put in a good word for me.”

“Really?” He stood tall, big and commanding behind his desk—looking so imposing that any fresh young intern would tremble at the sight. “What exactly have you done to warrant this good word you’re asking for?”

“I’ve worked hard sir. Really hard.”

“So have the other interns, what makes you special? What makes you stand out Jacob?”

“I’ll do anything.” And as I said those words I knew they were true. I’d do anything that he asked me—told me.

“Anything?” He moved from behind the desk to stand beside it, jutting a hip against the wood.

“Yes Sir. Anything.” I swallowed hard; my tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth. My eyes ate him up, devoured the look of him. He wore dark blue suit pants, perfectly tailored to his lean body. They tented out, his erect cock pushing the fabric taut. I watched his fingers at his tie, loosening the knot until he pulled it over his head.

“Will you beg?”

I would and he knew it. He’d made me beg before, but because I wanted to draw out the game I pretended I didn’t understand. “Beg?”

He pushed his hip off the desk and stood tall. He was about two inches taller than me, but when he stood like that, with that commanding look in his eye it seemed as if he towered over me. He was in front of me in two steps, his chest barely an arm length from mine.

“Beg Jacob. Would you get on your knees and beg for this job?”

I went down on my knees, my head now inches from his tenting crotch.

“Good.” He reached down and hooked a finger under my chin tilting my head up to look at him. “What else would you do?”

“Anything,” I whispered, looking up at him, willing him to understand how much he controlled me. How much I wanted him to make me.

His fingers left my chin and went to his zip. I shuddered at the sound of metal teeth zipping down and the clink of his belt buckle. My eyes closed I could smell him, the musky man smell of his cock. And then it was at my lips.

“Suck it.”

I opened wide to take him. He’d shown me over the weeks how he liked this done and I concentrated on doing exactly what he wanted. I ran my tongue around the glans and then flickered it at the sensitive slit. Hearing him groan spurred me on. I took him deep, into my throat the way that Mrs. D had taught me. I yanked down his suit pants and briefs so I could feel his skin.

I wanted it. Wanted his cum. With one hand I gripped the end of his dick, and fisted it in time with my sucking mouth.

“Jacob. Jacob. You’re going to make me come.”

I sucked harder. Wanting it. Needing it.

“Stop.”

He tried to push me away but I dug my fingers into his ass and kept him in my mouth.

“No! Jacob!”

He finally pushed me away. His spit slick cock bobbing in front of me as he stepped away. I looked up at him. He was angry. I wasn’t sure if we were still playing the game or if he was truly mad.

“Sorry. Sorry,” I sputtered.

“Get up.”

“Sorry,” I said again. My heart thumping, terrified he was going to send me away.

“Do as you are told.” His voice was cold and he didn’t make eye contact.

I stood up and waited for him to instruct me.

“Over the desk.”

I moved over to the guest chair and went to sit down but he pushed me. I fell forward, landing palms out on his desk scattering papers to the ground.

“What? What?” I was face down on the wood, my shoulders pressed flat by his hand. “Mr. D, what are you doing? What are you going to do?”

He kept one hand on my back as the other went down to the waistband of my sweat pants and pulled them and my briefs down to my knees. I tried to struggle, push myself up off the desk but he was stronger. I kept fighting, reaching back to shove his hand away, but I couldn’t. Coming from behind he used his whole weight to hold me down. He took one wrist and then the other pulling them behind my back—I was powerless to stop him as he bound my hands with his tie.

“Please. Please,” I begged. For what I didn’t know. For him to stop? To know what was happening? For more?

He didn’t speak. Didn’t answer me. He had lifted his weight off my back but he still had me trapped between his thighs and the desk. The blood pounding in my ears from the struggles meant I didn’t hear him, I didn’t know until the leather hit me. I jerked in pain and shock.

Now I knew what was coming, I heard it—the swish of the strap that came before the crack of leather on my flesh.

Crack!

His belt connected with the soft flesh lighting stripes of white hot pain across my ass. With each hit I arched, thrusting my rigid cock against the desk.

Crack!

I moaned inarticulate groans of pain filled pleasure. Again and again the belt connected until I found myself crying. The flesh throbbed when he finally stopped, the stripes of pain pulsing in time with my heartbeat.

He pulled off my sweats, over the top of my sneakers—leaving me bare assed, shoes still on.

Exposed.

“Anything, you said Jacob. Anything. I’ll do anything I want to you.” His voice was harsh, rasping like sandpaper.

He kicked apart my feet. Rough. Rougher than he’d ever been with me before. My ass spread to him, he lubed me with probing hard fingers. I struggled. Not to stop him, but because I couldn’t help myself.

“No,” I said in a whimper.

He leaned over me; I shuddered as he came into contact with my whipped ass. “Anything.” He rasped in my ear. “Say it.” He bit down on the lobe.

“No.”

“Say it!” He bit down harder and brought pinching fingertips down to press hard into the painful whip marks.

It hurt. Hurt so good.

“Anything,” I sobbed the word, with rough hands he pulled apart my ass and positioned his cock at my hole. Not gentle this time, he breached the ring in one thrust.

He unbound my hands and I put my palms flat on the desk so I could lever back against him. Match his thrusts.

Sweat poured off me, making the desk slippery. The wood bit into my thighs as I pushed back. It hurt. I didn't care. I didn't care about anything other than the pounding thrust of his cock in me.

His fingers bit into my hips pushing me forward. My hands slipped on the desk and I found myself arms spread and flattened to the wood. I lay silent and still, listening to the slap of his flesh hitting mine and the grunt he made each time lodged his full length inside me. With each butt of his hips he pushed my cock against the sweat slick wood, making it burn. It was too much—the brutality of his thrusts, the feeling of being pinned. Trapped between him and the wood I came—a hot gush of cum that spread across my stomach.

My ass contracted around him; over and over and he let a guttural moan.

“Coming. Coming!” he cried out and then collapsed upon my back. His business shirt stuck to my skin, wet with sweat.

His brought his lips to my ear, kissing the spot he had so cruelly bitten. I turned my head and my lips found his mouth. “Anything,” I murmured before opening up to let his tongue meet mine.

Moving off me he sat back on the guest chair and pulled me into his lap. He kissed me running his hands across my chest and then up through my hair. His mouth moved on mine until I was light headed—drunk with his kisses.

I lay my head on his shoulder and he rubbed my back in a gentle caress.

“Shall we go home now?”

“Yes,” I said. “She’ll want to hear the story.”

## Chapter Twelve

In the weeks we spent together we fucked in every combination that two men and one woman would allow.

Except for one—us taking her both at once.

Mrs. D wanted to keep that for the finale. She called it my going away present. Whenever she said it I was torn between anticipation and sorrow. I didn't want our time together to end. I'd left College so certain of myself, knowing exactly what and who I wanted. Now....I wasn't so sure. So many doors had been opened, boundaries crossed—who had I become and what did I want?

It was our last night together, I had a couple of more days left before I went back to college, but their kids were coming back the next day and Mrs. D said it had to end.

She'd done the room up in candles, so many that the room was bathed in soft flickering light. The scent of vanilla lay heavy in the air—a smell I would forever associate with sex.

We'd just finished our last nude swim and we were all naked when we entered the room. Mrs. D had one hand and he had the other. It felt like some sort of ceremony.

"Close your eyes Jacob," Mrs. D said.

They led me to the bed and lay me down. I heard the clink of glass and I wondered what they were doing and then warm scented oil coated hands covered me. Four of them. Mrs. D was at my feet, Mr. D at my shoulders. Fingers digging into me, melting my muscle. It was a luxury I'd never before felt.

By the time they turned me over I was putty—pliant and malleable. Happy for them to mold me however they wanted. They were both at my feet. Each held one,

digging their thumbs into the arch. My groan of pleasure turned into a gasp of shock as I felt them both suck in a toe. It was like there was a direct line between their mouths and my cock. Each lick, suck and bite had my dick jumping.

Their mouths moved up my legs, discovering erogenous zones I never knew I existed. There was a spot just on the inside of my knee that when hit with a flickering tongue made me moan.

To my groaning disappointment they skipped over my eager cock—torturing me by kissing all around it. Then the mouths were at my chest, around my nipples, teasing, teasing until, in what could only be a coordinated strike, they simultaneously latched onto my nipples. The feeling of two mouths sucking at once had me arching off the bed like I was on marionette strings.

I was no longer pliant. No longer malleable. I was taut, rigid, ready and wanting. Mrs. D was at my ear. Her soft voice tickling me as she spoke, “You know what happens tonight, don’t you Jacob. I get you both, at once.”

I shivered at the thought and said, “Yes. I’m ready.”

“Me too.”

She straddled me. I felt her pussy rubbing bare on my cock—wet, hot silk. I wanted nothing more than to plunge bare into that wetness, but I heard the rip of foil and knew she was about to cover me in latex.

Using her mouth she put on the condom—the hot sucking heat removed some of the disappointment of being sheathed. Her grin wicked as she kissed my condom covered helmet.

I sucked in a breath in anticipation. She took her time mounting me, teasing my cock at her wet pussy, until finally she lowered herself down. With her pubic bone down to the root of me I started to thrust up. Little rocking movements that made her breasts jiggle and sway. I loved the feeling of her on top of me. I loved the look of those soft mounds moving in time with the thrusts of my cock.

I reached up and held one of her breasts. First feeling the weight and then teasing her nipple into a budding point. I felt her pussy clench around me as I tugged on that puckered bud.

Behind her was Mr. D, his hand in the cleft of her ass—his fingers bumping my cock inside as he lubed her. He cupped my balls a moment gently rolling them in his lube slick palm and I sighed out a pleasure filled moan.

She clenched tight around me as he entered, bringing her head down to kiss me. I fed her long sucking kisses as she stretched to accommodate us both. Through the wall of her pussy I could feel him slowly enter. The added pressure was intense. I didn't move and neither did she, until he was fully seated inside.

Mr. D kept pace. Slowly pushing and pulling, inch by inch in and out of her. I lay back and let the feeling ride over me. The slick walls of her cunt contracting, the pressure of his cock pushing against mine, her soft breasts on my chest and hard nipples brushing mine—the feelings, all of them. I wanted to remember them forever. Knowing this was the last time.

While I wanted it to last, wanted to stay in that feeling forever, it was too intense—for us all. Mrs. D was the first to tip over. The angle of Mr. D's thrusts pushed her clit hard against me. She cried out her orgasm. The sensation of her pussy and ass

contracting all at once made Mr. D lose it. No longer did he slowly thrust, instead he arched into her like a madman. Pushing hard. I grabbed her hips to keep her steady. I still didn't have to move, my cock buffeted by his thrusts.

Again and again he thrust, until I could take it no more. I cried out my orgasm in an animal howl. My dick pulsed again and again. Coming. Coming hard.

Above us both I saw Mr. D. His face red, contorted in passion. His neck taut, muscles straining as he thrust out his own orgasm. Grunting his release, "Coming," he cried and then again, louder, "Coming!"

He slumped down hard. I liked the weight of them both but Mrs. D complained about being squashed so we all ended up laying flat on the bed. We lay there quiet for some time. So long that I think Mrs. D may have had a little sleep. Her breath became a soft steady sigh at my side.

There was no way I could sleep. I felt spent...and a little empty. Knowing this was the last time.

I wanted more.

One more time with him.

"Shower?" Mrs. D sleepily asked as she rolled against me.

"Yes," I said, grateful for one last time at seeing them both wet and naked.

She didn't turn on the bathroom light, leaving the room illuminated only by the soft glow of the light from the walk in robe. I was the last in the room and when I entered she was lighting some vanilla candles.

She looked angelic, her halo of red curls back lit by the soft candlelight. She held out her hand and took me to the shower. Mr. D was already in the water. I stood back and watched him for a while. Loving the way the water streamed down his body.

“He’s beautiful isn’t he?” Mrs. D whispered to me as we stepped inside the shower.

“I’ve never seen anyone like him,” I replied honestly.

The spray from the multiple showerheads was like a watery massage. I closed my eyes and let it hit me, preparing myself to leave them. Leave the pleasure I had found.

His hands were at my hips pulling me back against him. I loved the feeling of those strong fingers digging into my muscle and the scrape of his stubble at my shoulder. His teeth bit into my base of my neck. I moaned and felt my knees buckle. He pulled me closer. The hardness of his cock against the small of my back and his chest hair rubbing my skin made my own cock surge with blood.

One more time. One more time.

I wanted so desperately just one more time with *him*. Mrs. D stood in front of me. Not touching just watching. Watching her husband caress me. His lips came up to my ear. Nipping and sucking at the lobe. As his hand came around my body and grasped my dick he said, “Can I have you please? Please Jacob just one more time.”

My “Yes” came out as a moan.

He kept one hand on my cock, with the other he spread my ass cheeks and lubed me. He must’ve wanted to do this all along. He must have had the lube ready just

for this. Just for me. Knowing that he wanted one more time—just like me—made me moan again.

Mrs. D said nothing, did nothing, just moved to the side as I placed my palms up against the tiles.

I braced myself against the wall as he entered me. He took his time, slowly pushing through that tight ring of muscle. He wrapped his arms around me and when his cock was planted deep inside me he started. I felt his pelvis butt into me, as he thrust up on his powerful thighs. I was now almost flat against the wall, letting him take me. Take me hard.

“Like that. Like that?” He was grunting in my ear.

“Yes,” I cried out in reply, “I love it. Love it.”

And I did love it. His powerful body thrusting into me and his cock rooted deep inside. His hand wrapped around my cock, pulling hard.

I loved it. I loved it all.

My cum splattered on the tiles. White streaks against the deep blue. The contraction of my orgasm sent him over. I heard him grunt, felt his hips thrust hard and then he slumped against my back.

It was over. It was finished.

He kissed my back and Mrs. D moved in front of me to take my lips.

“Thank you,” I murmured into her mouth, “Thank you so much.”

We ended it there. I dried off, dressed and they both walked me to the front door. Mrs. D in her robe and Mr. D wrapped in a towel. My favorite looks for them both.

"I'll be back Christmas break," I said at the door, hoping not to sound too desperate.

They shared a look, like married couples do, communicating silently. "Maybe we'll catch up then. No promises. But I'd like to," Mr. D said and Mrs. D nodded.

\* \* \* \*

When I came back that Christmas we managed one night. The kids were sent to sleep-overs at their friends. We fucked so hard and so long that when I left I wasn't sure I was good to drive. I was fuck drunk. Giddy with the pleasure I'd experienced.

The next summer when I returned to work for my Step Father they'd moved. Mr. D had taken a job at a prestigious Atlanta law firm. I still worked on their house, but there was a new family there, nothing like the Deans.

More than the Dean's moving had changed, Mary-Jane was now married. I caught up with her briefly at Big Gulp one day. She told me she'd found what she needed in her husband. He was a slight man. Quite unassuming in looks, but Mary-Jane told me with a wicked smile that he had a firm hand. She'd found what she needed.

I didn't find what I was looking for until long after college. No man or woman appealed to me. I had a long list of lovers. All female. I looked for a male lover but no one matched up what I had with Mr. D. It was both of them that did it. I was afraid to replicate it, not wanting to tarnish the memory with a poor facsimile. I was drifting, thinking that I'd never find what the Dean's had in their marriage when I finally met my wife Mara.

It was at a work Christmas party for my architectural firm. She was the blind date of one of my co-workers. Our eyes met and suddenly I knew. I knew I'd found what I needed. Her eyes burnt with an intensity I'd only ever seen once before—in the blue black gaze of Mr. Dean. She took me into the copy room locked the door behind me and fucked me in a way that bonded me to her forever.

Six months later we were married. She opened my heart and my mind. We shared a wonderful sexual freedom. Despite all that I had never shared that summer. Never told her about Mr. D.

She reminds me of Mrs. D, in the way that she orchestrates my kinks. Keeping me hard and wanting more. I was a fool to think that I'd hidden anything from her. I realized that the day she introduced me to the gorgeous young man she'd hired to do the yard. Bronzed, buff and in his early twenties the intensity of the lust I immediately felt for him was shocking.

"I do the yard," I said to her as I tried very hard not to look at his ass as he walked back to his truck.

"Maybe you'd like to do the yard boy?"

My mouth went dry. My heart pounded and I felt my cock thicken. She did too because she reached down and squeezed my growing erection.

"You like that idea don't you Jacob?"

I nodded.

She slapped my ass. The last thing I heard her say before she walked away was, "Well, I'll see what I can do about that."

*Just like Mrs. D,* I thought as I turned to watch the sway of her luscious ass.

Just like Mrs. D.

*The End*

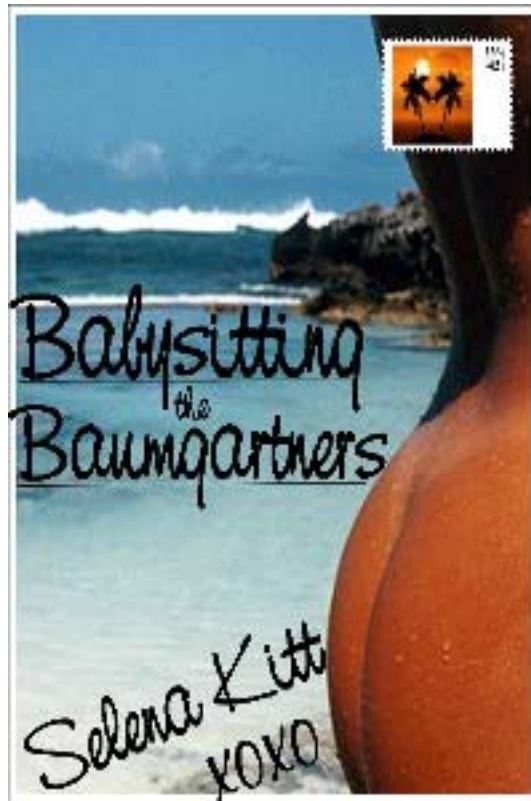
## ***ABOUT DARCY SWEET***

**Darcy Sweet has a dirty secret-she has a head full of wicked stories.**

**She's thinking of them in the line at the grocery store, at the library, in the bank and sitting in the car at a red light. At first she only shared them with her husband now she's decided to share them with you. When not writing or thinking about writing she's reading or negotiating peace terms between the argumentative little people who live with her. She is a music snob who loves to make mix-tapes of little known music. Her current musical obsession is foul mouthed depressive Scottish bands.**

**She loves erotica and hopes that her stories make you hot and bothered. Her favorite erotica authors are Selena Kitt, Emma Holly, Michelle Houston, Portia Da Costa and because she's partial to a Bromance, the very, very wicked Habu.**

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## **BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS**

***By Selena Kitt***

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

*Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian and anal sex.*

Excerpt From BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS:

I got out of the shower and dried off, wrapping myself in one of the big white bath sheets. My room was across the hall from the bathroom, and the Baumgartner’s was the next room over. The kids’ rooms were at the other end of the hallway.

As I made my way across the hall, I heard Mrs. B's voice from behind their door:  
"You want that tight little nineteen-year-old pussy, Doc?"

I stopped, my heart leaping, my breath caught. Oh my god. Were they talking about me? He said something, but it was low, and I couldn't quite make it out. Then she said: "Just wait until I wax it for you. It'll be soft and smooth as a baby."

Shocked, I reached down between my legs, cupping my pussy as if to protect it, standing there transfixed, listening. I stepped closer to their door, seeing that it wasn't completely closed, trying to hear what they were saying. There wasn't any noise, now.

"Oh god," I heard him groan. "Suck it harder."

My eyes wide, I could feel the pulse returning between my thighs, a slow, steady heat. Was she sucking his cock? I remembered what it looked like in his hand—even from a distance, I could tell that it was big, much bigger than any of the boys I'd ever been with.

"Ahhhhh fuck, Carrie!" he moaned. I bit my lip, hearing Mrs. B's first name felt so wrong, somehow. "Take it all, baby!"

All?! My jaw dropped as I tried to imagine it, pressing my hand over my throbbing mound. Mrs. B said something, but I couldn't hear it, and as I leaned toward the door, I bumped it with the towel wrapped around my hair. My hand went to my mouth and I took an involuntary step back as the door edged open just a crack. I turned to go to my room, but I knew that they would hear my door.

"You want to fuck me, baby?" she purred. "God, I'm so wet... did you see her sweet little tits?"

"Fuck, yeah," he murmured. "I wanted to come all over them."

Hearing his voice, I stepped back toward the door, peering through the crack. The bed was behind the door, at the opposite angle, but there was a large vanity table and mirror against the other wall, and I could see them reflected in it. Mrs. B was completely naked, kneeling over him. I could see her face, her breasts swinging as she took him into her mouth. His cock was standing straight up in the air.

“She’s got beautiful tits, doesn’t she?” Mrs. B ran her tongue up and down the shaft.

“Yeah.” His hand moved in her hair, pressing her down onto his cock. “I want to see her little pussy. God, she’s so beautiful.”

“Do you want to see me eat it?” She moved up onto him, still stroking his cock. “Watch me lick that sweet, shaved cunt?”

I pressed a cool hand to my flushed cheek, but my other hand was rubbing the towel between my legs as I watched them. I had never heard anyone say that word out loud and it shocked and excited me.

“Oh god, yeah!” He grabbed her tits as they swayed over him. I could see her riding him, and knew he must be inside of her. “I want inside that tight little cunt.”

I moved the towel aside and slipped my fingers between my lips. He was talking about me! The thought made my whole body tingle, and my pussy was on fire. Already slick and wet from my orgasm in the shower, my fingers slid easily through my slit.

“I want to fuck her while she eats your pussy.” He thrust up into her. His hands were gripping her hips and her breasts swayed as they rocked together.

My eyes widened at the image he conjured, but Mrs. B moaned, moving faster on top of him.

“Yeah, baby.” She leaned over him, her breasts dangling in his face. His hands went to them, his mouth sucking at her nipples, making her squeal and slam down against him even harder. “You want her on her hands and knees, her tight little ass in the air?”

He groaned, and I rubbed my clit even faster as he grabbed her and practically threw her off of him onto the bed. She seemed to know what he wanted, because she got onto her hands and knees, and he was fucking her like that, from behind. The sound of them, flesh slapping against flesh, filled the room.

They were facing the mirror, but Mrs. B had her face buried in her arms, her ass lifted high in the air. Doc’s eyes were looking down between their legs, like he was watching himself slide in and out of her.

“Fuck!” Mrs. B’s voice was muffled. “Oh fuck, Doc, make me come!”

He grunted and drove into her harder, and I watched her shudder and grab the covers with her fists. He didn’t stop, though—his hands grabbed her hips and he worked himself into her over and over. I felt weak-kneed and full of heat, my fingers rubbing my aching clit in fast little circles. Mrs. B’s orgasm had almost sent me right over the edge. I was very, very close.

“That tight nineteen-year-old cunt!” She shoved into her. “I want to taste her.” He slammed into her again. “Fuck her.” And again. “Make her come.” And again. “Make her scream until she can’t take anymore.”

I leaned my forehead against the doorjamb for support, trying to control how fast my breath was coming, how fast my climax was coming, but I couldn’t. I whimpered, watching him fuck her and knowing he was imagining me... me!

“Come here.” He pulled out and Mrs. B was turning around like she knew what he wanted.

“Swallow.”

He was kneeling up on the bed as she pumped and sucked at his cock. I saw the first spurt land against her cheek, a thick white rope of cum, and then she covered the head with her mouth and swallowed, making soft mewling noises in her throat. I came then, too, shuddering and shivering against the doorframe, biting my lip to keep from crying out.

When I opened my eyes and came to my senses, Mrs. B was still on her hands and knees, focused between his legs—but Doc was looking right at me, his dark eyes on mine.

My hand flew to my mouth and I stumbled back, fumbling for the doorknob behind me that I knew was there. I finally found it, slipping into my room and shutting the door behind me. I leaned against it, my heart pounding, my pussy dripping, and wondered what I was going to do now...

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