

Whispered Words

Chapter 3

She waved goodbye to her neighbour, shut the front door.

As she was taking a step back, about to continue on with household chores, Hayley tasted it. An oddly familiar bitter flavour. Slightly salty.

It was... unusual.

She knew she'd experienced this taste before. And she knew she didn't like it. But, for the life of her, she couldn't *place* it.

What was that odd, bitter flavour?

And why was it in her mouth?

She shook her head, ignored the numb ache of her right nipple, returned to doing the housework. The place wouldn't clean itself, and Hal's father would be coming by again tomorrow. She had to make sure everything was spotless by then.

Five minutes. That's how long she managed to clean for.

It was that taste in her mouth! She knew it from somewhere.

Trying to remember *where* was driving her crazy!

An unpleasant, bitter flavour. Where had it come from?

Sighing, she put down her cleaning cloth, began walking to the kitchen instead. A glass of water should wash the disgusting taste away. Or, if that failed, she could brush her teeth and hope *that* removed the taste from her mouth.

She was stepping into the kitchen when she heard her house's front door slam shut.

"Honey!" Her husband called out. "I'm home!"

A bright blossom of joy erupted inside Hayley's chest. All thoughts of getting a drink left her mind as she walked briskly through the house to meet her husband.

As soon as he saw her, a huge grin split Hal's lips.

Hayley blushed when he stepped forward, wrapped his arms around her.

"Missed you," he told her softly.

"I missed you too," Hayley whispered, cheeks hot.

How was it that every time she saw him, she felt like a giddy teenager again? How was it possible that he still made her feel this way, so many years on?

When he leaned down to kiss her, she pushed herself up onto tip-toes to meet him.

Their lips mingled for a long few moments. Tongues teasing each other, hands tight around each others' bodies. A handful of blissful seconds where the rest of the world didn't matter – didn't even exist. It was just the two of them, together.

It was beautiful.

Hayley found herself whining softly as her husband pulled away.

"Love you," he smiled at her.

"Love you more," she blushed.

Hal pulled away, took a step towards the living room.

"What time is dinner today?" He asked, glancing over his shoulder at his beautiful wife.

"Same time as it always is," Hayley laughed.

As he walked away, something about Hal's saunter jogged a long-forgotten memory in Hayley's mind. A memory from her teenage years, of being convinced – against her better judgement – to try new things in the bedroom. Oral things.

That's what the flavour in her mouth was!

It was the same taste as that time.

Why did her mouth taste like male ejaculate?

She shrugged, shook her head, walked to the kitchen. How odd.

Now, if only she could deal with her aching nipple, she could get on with the housework without distraction.

Alone and unseen, she unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her heavy breast out of its bra cup, examined the sore, painful nipple.

Strange. Those almost looked like teeth marks.

But that wasn't possible. The baby wasn't meant to start teething for a good while yet.

She pursed her lips.

Probably nothing. Just her body's natural reaction to nursing or something like that. She'd look it up online later.

I rang the doorbell, waited.

Sure enough, it was Hayley who answered. Her massive tits and pretty face the first things I saw as the door opened.

"No one's here," I whispered to her. "You can't see me, can't perceive me. There's no-one at the door."

As the woman looked left and right – searching for whoever could've rung the doorbell, I slipped past her into the house. And, when she shut the door, eyebrows narrowed in confusion, I followed her.

There were two men waiting in the living room.

Hal, and an older man I knew must be Hal's father.

Before either could react to my presence, I filled the room with my whispered commands.

I wasn't here. As far as they were concerned, I was invisible. I didn't exist. They wouldn't notice anything I did, wouldn't question anything involving me. I was imperceptible.

"Who was it?" Hal asked, eyes on his wife as I took a seat on the sofa next to him.

"No-one," Hayley shrugged. "I opened the door, but no-one was there. Probably kids messing around."

She walked over to the sofa, turned, sat herself down on my lap.

"Anyway," Hayley continued with a smile. "You were saying something about your neighbour?"

"Ah!" Hal's father said. "Yes. So I've been trying my hand at gardening recently. So much free time on my hands, I figured I'd give it a try, you know? Well."

"Hal, you won't notice anything unusual about your wife's or your father's behaviour. This will be just like any other normal conversation. Hayley, you won't notice your father-in-law's staring."

"-I was digging some small holes, as you do. To plant the flowers, you see. And my asinine neighbour comes along and starts complaining about the mess I'm making. I try to tell him-"

I reached around Hayley, undid the first button of her blouse, then the second. The third.

"I... I try to tell him..." Hayley's father-in-law glanced at the growing cleft of cleavage, cheeks turning pink. "That it'll look fine when I'm done. More than fine, they- *it'll* look amazing. But he's not listening. He starts making threats about sending official complaints to-"

Grabbing hold of the blouse, I opened it up, exposed Hayley's tits almost entirely. If not for the bra she was wearing, the man sitting across from her would've gotten an eyeful of her massive breasts.

Smiling, hard bulge pressed against Hayley's ass, I began bouncing her on my lap – making her melons jiggle for their audience.

"Well," Hayley said, seemingly unaware that her body was bouncing up and down. "I'm afraid we can't relate. All our neighbours here are very understanding. Very nice people in general, actually. I can't imagine how-"

I slipped a finger under the cup of her bra, slowly began dragging the cloth down.

"-you cope, having a neighbour like that."

She reached for a glass of orange juice with her shaking, bouncing hand, raised it to her lips – only to have it spill all over herself.

Gasping at the cold, at the fluid running down her practically bare chest, Hayley jerked up in surprise.

"Notice your clothes," I whispered to her as she stared down at herself. "Notice your father-in-law looking."

Hayley glanced up from herself, eyes darting to the older man.

Her face went beet red, hands shooting out to cover herself.

"I-" She choked out, body trembling. "I need to go get changed!"

She rushed out of the room so fast, I almost burst out laughing. I rose from my seat, glanced at the little bit of orange juice that'd landed on my knee, sighed. Without hesitation, I made to follow Hayley upstairs, pausing to look back at the two men for a brief moment.

"You won't hear any noises coming from upstairs," I told them with my special power. "You won't come up to investigate. Talk about how wonderful it is that Hal has such an amazing, beautiful, loyal wife."

I turned away from them, headed upstairs to the master bedroom.

"Get naked," I commanded Hayley. "Completely naked."

Though she might not have known exactly why she was doing it, the woman quickly stripped off all her clothes – stood there in only her bare skin.

Flowing brunette hair that fell to her shoulders, dark eyes that were filled with confusion and doubt, smooth and pale skin. Pink lips and pink nipples; two sets of pink that begged for attention in equal measure.

Should I have her suck me off again?

Taste her sweet milk from the source?

No. I knew exactly why I'd followed her up here.

I stepped up to Hayley, grabbed and groped one of her massive jugs.

She gasped, eyes going wide.

Glancing left and right, searching for whoever might've touched her and finding none. She shuddered – perhaps scared that some ghost was in the room with her.

"Relax," I whispered. "Stop worrying. Stop thinking. Let your body and your natural instincts take over, Hayley."

The woman visibly relaxed, slumping where she stood, a clear calm falling over her. Her nipples hardened.

"Climb onto your bed, on hands and knees."

She did as instructed. No hesitation. No doubt.

A puppet on invisible strings.

"Your father-in-law wants you," I told her as I stripped off my own pants, climbed onto the bed behind her. "He was staring at your tits. Probably wanted to suck 'em dry. I know I do. Your husband does, too. Shame he'll never get to."

The woman's only response was to moan.

I grabbed hold of her hip, guided my cock to her wet pussy.

"Forget about everything else," I told her. "Focus on the pleasure only. Moan, scream, cry out. Be as loud as you can."

I thrust forward.

The howl of pleasure Hayley unleashed was so loud, I was actually worried for a moment that her neighbour might've heard it. Then I remembered who her neighbour was.

I grinned, sank my length into her hungry cunt.

Hayley moaned loudly and freely, hips bucking back to meet my thrusts. Her heavy

tits swayed beneath her, sore nipples rubbing against the mattress. Her body writhed, goosebumps prickling all over her skin.

I grabbed her ass, gave it a playful spank or two.

I leaned over her, kissed the back of her neck, her shoulder, her throat. I grinned, pinching her skin with my mouth the leave a bright red hickey.

"How does my cock feel?" I grunted, slamming it into her.

"Good," Hayley gasped.

"Louder," I commanded.

"Good!" She cried out.

"Louder!"

"Your cock feels amazing!" Hayley screamed.

I sped up, pushed her down onto the bed, fucked her with everything I had. Ravished the pussy that, until now, had been so disappointingly underutilised. I pounded into her, holding nothing back. I fucked my neighbour's brains out while her husband and his father were forced to ignore it downstairs.

Until, finally, I erupted deep inside her.

"Hey honey," Hal said as Hayley entered the room, dressed in a new outfit – her hair a dishevelled mess. "What took you so long?"

Hayley blushed, looked down at herself.

"Couldn't decide what to wear," she said softly.

Though that wasn't entirely true. Really, she didn't know why she'd taken so long. Or even how long she'd been up there. One moment she'd been stepping into the bedroom to change, the next she was laying in bed naked, feeling tingly and sweaty and wet.

Probably, she'd fallen asleep and had a naughty dream.

Her cheeks flushed at the idea.

She wasn't a teenager any more. She shouldn't be having *those* types of dreams!

"Women and clothes, am I right?" Hal laughed, his father smiling knowingly along with him. "No worries, though. We were just talking about you, actually."

"Oh?" Hayley perked up. "Nothing bad, I hope."

"On the contrary," Hal grinned. "It was all good things."

"Uh-huh," Hayley smiled, returning to her place on the sofa. "Well? What did your idiot son have to say about me?"

Her father-in-law smiled, eyes flicking to Hayley's chest for only a brief moment.

As he began regaling their conversation, Hayley shifted uncomfortably on her seat. Her vagina at it again with fluid discharge. That was a pain. She'd have to sit there with wet panties until Hal's father left.

Out of the corner of her eye, unseen by the three of them, a fourth person strode through the room and out one of the doorways. A moment later, the front door slammed shut.

Hayley jumped in her seat.

Was that *their* front door?

No, she couldn't possibly have left it open by accident when she'd gone to check who was there earlier. Could she?

She shook her head, smiled.

No. Just her imagination playing tricks on her again.