

Whispered Words

Chapter 4

When I opened the front door and saw Hal standing there, I planted a friendly smile on my face.

"Hey buddy," my neighbour said quickly. "In a rush right now, so I can't stay and chat. Just wanted to know if you'd be down for coming by the house tomorrow. Hayley's going out with friends, so I figured what the hell, why not invite you over for some drinks?"

I raised an eyebrow at him.

"It's been too long since we hung out," he added with a genuine smile. "I came 'round yesterday, and you weren't in."

"Yeah," I nodded. "I've been busy lately." Lots of girls, little pet projects I'd been working on. I *did* have plans to visit one of them tomorrow, actually. But, I suppose, it *had* been a few days since I'd gotten to play with Hayley. "Sure, tomorrow sounds great. What time?"

Hal backed away from the doorway with a grin. "She leaves at two. Should be gone most of the day. See you then!"

And, just like that, he was jogging off – half-sprinting towards his car. Within moments, he was driving away. Heading to work and leaving his beautiful wife and baby at home, all alone.

I stepped out of my house, walked the short distance to Hal and Hayley's place.

And, as luck would have it, their front door opened just as I was stepping towards it. Hayley's pretty face appeared in the doorway, pushing a baby's stroller. A momentary look of surprise quickly smothered by an inviting, pleasant smile.

"Hey," I grinned, lowered my voice to a whisper. "Heading out for a walk, are we?"

Her entire body tensed, then relaxed. Eyes losing focus as my power took hold of her. Her full lips parted, let out a dreamy sigh. She looked at me – through me – and nodded her head.

"Yes," Hayley said softly. "A walk."

"You seem a little over-dressed for a neighbourhood walk," I told her, eyes roaming her delicious figure. "That blouse and bra together is a bit much, don't you think?"

Hayley opened her mouth, shut it, shook her head.

"I... suppose," she breathed.

"Maybe you should take 'em off," I whispered, leaning forward.

And, just like that, off they came. Modest white blouse, plain peach bra. Removed and handed over without a care in the world.

Hayley stood topless in her doorway, eyes unfocussed.

I pulled out my phone, snapped a few quick pictures.

"You look as beautiful as ever, Hayley."

"Thank you," the woman spoke quietly.

"Ya know," I smiled, slipping my phone back inside my pocket and holding out my neighbour's blouse. "On second thought, maybe you *should* wear this. Wouldn't want anyone to get the wrong impression of you now, would we?"

She took the blouse wordlessly, slipped it on.

I stepped aside, let Hayley push the stroller past me.

"Cancel your plans for tomorrow," I whispered into her ear as she passed. "You'd much rather stay home, I think."

Hayley paused, nodded her head.

Then, as if nothing had happened, colour returned to her eyes. She smiled brightly at me.

"Oh hey," Hayley said happily. "Didn't see you there! Sorry, did you want something? I was just about to go on a little walk with junior."

"Nah," I smiled right back, her bra held behind my back. "It's nothing that can't wait. You go on your walk, Hayley. I'll see you soon!"

I sat down on the sofa next to Hayley, waited as Hal took his seat on the armchair.

"So," Hayley smiled, "how-"

I raised my hand, snapped my fingers.

Both Hal and Hayley froze in place, their eyes emptying.

A trick I'd picked up after some tests on a lovely female police officer.

"Listen up," I told my neighbours. My eyes moved from one to the other. "The three of us are going to play a little game. Kinda like Simon Says, only there's no Simon here. Only me. I'm going to tell you how things work, and you're going to follow. Simple."

Neither of the two dull faces gave any response.

"Until I say otherwise, you'll both answer any question I give you with total honesty. That's rule number one."

My eyes flicked to Hayley's impressive bust.

"Rule number two; your bodies will follow any commands I give regardless of what you think or want. Rule number three is special," I glanced at the husband. "It'll only apply to Hal. Simply put, any time I make a suggestion or ask you for something, you'll agree – no matter what it is."

Hal nodded his head slowly, brain absorbing my words.

"And last but not least," I smiled. "Your thoughts will remain unaffected by the other rules. You will think and feel everything that you normally would. You will be totally aware of everything going on."

As the two nodded their heads in silent acceptance, I allowed myself a little smirk.

I raised my hand again, snapped my fingers.

"-How are you doing today?" Hayley asked, oblivious to the pause.

I leaned back in the sofa seat, basked in the moment.

"I'm very good," I answered truthfully. "Excited to spend some time with my favourite neighbours! How're both of you?"

"Well," Hal smiled. "Exhausted from work, but what's new there, right?"

"If I'm honest," Hayley said, nodding her head and smiling along with her husband, "I'm quite uncomfortable. My breasts feel very full and sore and-"

She froze, smile dropping from her face, cheeks turning red.

Quickly, Hayley covered her face.

"I didn't-" She stammered. "I don't-"

I chuckled, glanced at Hal long enough to witness his raised eyebrow before turning my full attention back to Hayley.

"That," I said, "sounds like a problem."

"No!" Hayley blushed brightly. "It's fine! I'm fine. I don't know why-" She turned her head quickly, looked to her smiling husband. "Why don't you tell our guest about your basement plans, dear. I'm sure he'd love to hear all about-"

"It's okay," I said, cutting Hayley off. She looked at me, eyes wide and face red. "We're all adults here. Nothing wrong with admitting your lovely tits are swollen with milk."

"Now hold up," Hal grunted, smile vanishing in an instant. "I know you're just joking around, but I'd very much appreciate it if you didn't speak about my wife's body like that."

"It is what it is," I shrugged. "Hayley's melons are uncomfortably full, aren't they?"

"They are," Hayley confessed. Her eyes widened even more, her hand shot up to cover her mouth.

"Like I said," I continued. "We're all adults here. Nothing wrong with us talking about it. Hell, if you're struggling *that* much, Hayley, I'd be more than willing to give you a helping hand. Unburden you of some of that titty milk of yours."

"I think," Hal shot to his feet, voice stern. "It'd be best if you lea-"

"Sit down, Hal."

The man dropped back down onto his armchair instantly, eyes widening as his body betrayed him.

"As I was saying," I said, returning my gaze to Hayley. "Would like like some help with your little milk excess problem?"

"N- no. It's alright, I don't need-"

"Nonsense!" I grinned. "You don't mind me helping you wife, do you Hal?"

The sheer audacity and anger in the husband's expression was something to behold. As he opened his mouth – no doubt to shout at me to leave – I hid a smirk, watched intently.

"Sure," Hal said instead. "Go right ahead."

The stunned, disbelieving look on Hal's face was mirrored by his wife. Both of them so baffled and confused that neither of them thought to say anything as I shimmied over on the sofa, wrapped one of my arms around Hayley's shoulder and reached out with my other hand to cup a magnificent breast.

"Might be a bit difficult to get the milk out with that top and bra on," I whispered into the beauty's ear. "Why don't you go ahead and take 'em off for me. I'm sure hubby won't mind."

"You know," I said, pulling my mouth away from Hayley's milky nipple, "taking care of you like this has gone and gotten me hard. Wanna be a doll and help me take care of that honey?"

"No!" Hayley gasped, a dribble of milk leaking out of the nipple I'd just been sucking on. "Please leave! I don't know how you're doing this, but-"

"Hal," I said loudly, not even bothering to look at the man. "Do you mind if I fuck your wife, buddy?"

"Not at all," Hal said through gritted teeth. "Go right ahead."

"Don't you worry, Hayley. Just go ahead and climb on my lap. You ride me, I take care of your milk jugs. Everybody wins."

"That's it, put your hands on the arm rests. Brace yourself."

Hayley was on her knees, facing her husband. Heavy tits swinging underneath her, slapping against each other and spraying the floor with milk.

"I'm sorry," she moaned to her husband, whole body shuddering as I slammed into her from behind. "I'm so, so sorry..."

I gripped her hips, sped up my thrusting.

"You can feel it building, can't you Hayley?" I grunted. "An orgasm. You're close, aren't you?"

"Yes," the woman panted hands on either side of her husband's armchair. "I'm close!"

"Look into his eyes," I commanded. "And Hal, look into hers."

"Oh God!" Hayley cried out. "I can't-"

"Cum!" I roared. "Now!"

"I'm cumming!"

"That's it," I groaned. "Keep sucking."

Hayley's head bobbed back and forth, downing the length of my cock right in front of her husband – gagging and choking but never stopping. She rode it with her face, took it down her throat.

Tears ran down her cheeks – marring her make-up and bringing out the smouldering, dark beauty of her eyes as she was forced to stare up at my face. She pushed her face forward, wincing as her swollen tits swung like pendulums, colliding with

each other.

"Man," I said, glancing at the broken-hearted Hal. "Your wife sure can suck cock, my friend. You're really missing out!"

Hayley pushed back, tried to say something while the head of my cock was still in her mouth. Something, something, asshole. I rolled my eyes, planted my hand on her head and thrust my cock back down her throat.

"Come on now," I told her. "No slacking. It wouldn't really be fair if I was the *only* one here who didn't get to orgasm."

I smiled at Hal, who in turn looked down at the wet spot between his legs. A cum-stain that'd appeared there moments after watching his wife orgasm on my cock. A turn of events that I actually hadn't planned or set into motion myself.

Did watching his wife getting fucked *really* get the man so turned on that he jizzed himself?

The answer to that question was obvious, what with the trouser stain. But, all the same, I was surprised. Happily so.

"Don't worry," I said, turning my attention fully back to Hayley. "Almost there..."

"-How are you doing today?" Hayley asked, a smile on her face.

Totally unaware of how much time had passed. As far as she and her husband knew, I'd only just sat down a few seconds ago.

Neither of them noticed the milk on the floor, nor the jizz stain on Hal's lap, or the dishevelled, bra-less and panty-less look that Hayley was suddenly sporting, the marred messy make-up or white fluid on her chin. Nor would they notice those things.

Not until I was gone, anyway.

And, when they did, they'd make up excuses for themselves. Hayley had simply forgotten to put bra and panties on today, was messy from all the housework. The milk on the floor? Accidental spillage from feeding the baby. And Hal randomly jizzing himself? That was just something that was happening more and more, recently. He *really* should see a doctor about that...

"Actually," I said, rising to my feet, "I just remembered. I have somewhere I need to be today. Sorry!"

"Really?" Hayley said, genuine disappointment in her eyes. "You have to go?"

"No worries," Hal smiled. "Next time!"

We all said our goodbyes and, just as I was leaving, an idea stopped me. A passing whim. I snapped my fingers, blanked both their minds and turned to Hal.

"You won't remember what happened with me today," I told him with a sly grin. "But, tonight, you'll dream of it. You'll think that's all it was, a dream that you can barely remember. But the image of me fucking your wife will stick with you."

Again, I snapped my fingers.

"Sorry again, guys," I smiled. "Fingers crossed we get to hang out again soon."