

The Babysitter's Boyfriend

Perfect. Just fucking perfect.

I hung up the phone, dropping a fake smile and stopped feigning a pleasant attitude. It was all 'I'll be right there' and 'it's no problem at all'. Bullshit, the lot of it.

Who wanted to spend a Friday night babysitting their neighbour's brat? The boy was old enough that he didn't even need looking after. But his parents wanted to be 'sure' he'd be okay and wouldn't get into trouble, blah, blah.

Couldn't they find someone else?

I'd agreed, of course. It was the *proper* thing to do. The neighbourly thing. I had shit-all to do tonight, no husband or boyfriend to speak of. I didn't have an excuse *not* to babysit. I could have made up something, said I was busy. But no, being the idiot I am, I agreed. Just like I did every week.

What was wrong with me?

Mr and Mrs Godwin left for their sappy and obnoxious, 'look at how in love with each other we are' date night in the evening. I arrived ten minutes before they were set to leave.

As I walked through their front door into the hallway, my body trembled. My head buzzed, blurred. It was like walking from the freezing cold outdoors into a blisteringly hot building. For an instant, all of my senses went fuzzy. And then I was back to myself, annoyed.

It was snowing outside, and the Godwin's house was moderately warm, but for my body to freak out like it had was stupid.

Maybe my body was as unhappy to be here as my mind was.

The disgustingly happy duo ushered me into their kitchen and offered me a drink, nothing alcoholic unfortunately, and thanked me for coming to their aid. They made small talk, uninteresting and brain-numbing, until it was time for them to go. They waved goodbye, the wife going to tell their son goodnight while the husband headed to the garage.

I hate smiley, happy families. Especially the ones that pretend they're sweet and perfect. It was all total bullshit.

The reason they'd asked me over was because I was free. To hire a real babysitter would have cost them money. So Mr and Mrs Godwin decided to be stingy bastards and roped me into it instead.

Being all chipper and 'in love' didn't stop Mr Godwin from checking out my ass whenever he thought he could get away with it, nor did it stop Mrs Godwin from porking the mailman while hubby and son were out of the house. The actual, literal mailman.

It was fake, all of it. The smiles, the love. All a delusion.

I waited until both the unbearable Godwins were out of the house and pulling out of the drive before heading into the living room where the brat himself was waiting.

Noel had a crush on me.

He'd never said it, but it was painfully obvious from how he acted around me. Blushing and glancing my way, checking me out in much the same way his father did - though with less subtlety. I could all but see the bulge in his shorts as I walked into the room and took a seat.

Short and chubby, with zits and freckles galore. That was Noel. He had the makings of a boy who one day, with a lot of time spent at the gym, might become a handsome man. But, for the time being, he was little more than a spotted dumpling.

The Godwins had a nice house here, elegant and spacious and clean, a dream home for most. Their TV was huge, no-doubt Mr Godwin attempting to overcompensate for something there. Right now, there were childish cartoons playing - drawings fighting other drawings in utterly silly scenes, devoid of any type of realism.

This was what I was going to have to put up with for the next hour or two - until I could send the little snot to bed and put something worth watching on.

He wasn't even watching his damn cartoon. He was too busy tapping away at his phone, probably bragging to his friends about the hot babysitter. Teenagers.

There was a loud sound, a musical beeping.

For a moment, I got annoyed - thinking it was Noel's phone ringing - before realising it was *my* phone. Someone had sent me a text message.

I reached into my bag and pulled the phone out, thinking it must be something to do with work. I didn't have much of a social life outside of the office. But no, it wasn't. The name attached to the message was 'Leon', and he was marked as my...

Boyfriend.

Of course, I had a boyfriend. How could I forget?

Leon, my boyfriend since, like, forever. He was asking how I was doing, if I wanted to hang out.

Fucking Godwins. Having me babysit their brat so that they could pretend to be in love with each other, and dragging my sorry ass into it. I could be out right now, having a good time. Instead, I was stuck with red-faced Noel.

I really needed to learn to say no to them.

Even more annoyed than I had already been, I typed out a reply to Leon. Letting him know where I was and how shit it was that we couldn't have some fun together. I hit send.

Across the room, Noel's phone buzzed in his hand. Annoying brat. He glanced my way, perhaps sensing my mood, glanced quickly away. Returned to tapping away at his phone.

Moments later, Leon replied.

We messaged each other for half an hour, with the constant buzzing of Noel's phone in the background. Irritating as it was, I couldn't do anything about it. I wouldn't be able to get away with sending him to bed for quite a while yet. Damned brat.

My phone beeped, alerting me to a new message. I blushed when I read it.

Leon wanted me to send him nude pictures of myself.

I messaged back, reminding him that I was babysitting, trying to suppress the trickle of excitement I felt.

Another beeped tone, another message from Leon. Telling me to excuse myself to the restroom. He wasn't asking, he was commanding. And that was arousing to no end.

"I need to go use the little girl's room," I said sweetly to Noel, faking a girlish smile. Men, especially the younger variety, are so easy to fool and control. "I'll be right back!"

I was anything but sweet. Sweet and cute things made me cringe. But, as long as people saw me as cute and innocent, I could get away with anything. 'I'm sorry Mr Godwin, I was walking and I tripped and I accidentally smashed your expensive vase', 'I don't know anything about all that missing money, Mrs Godwin, I'm sorry. Maybe it was Noel. You know how boys that age are.'

Noel smiled at me as I rose to my feet.

I struck several poses, in different states of undress. Taking selfies might seem easy, but getting the picture angles just right while posing and doing your best to look sexy can be irritatingly difficult. I snapped dozens of pictures, my face, my near-flat chest, my pussy, my ass. I took pictures head-on, from the side, from behind, from above, from below.

And, of all those dozens and dozens of pictures, I sent only six. The best six I took.

I sat on the toilet - I was in here, might as well do my business.

Leon sent me a new message, a new order.

Remove my panties and bra, and not wear them for the rest of the night.

Kinky.

I did as I was told, berating myself for not bringing my bag with me to the restroom. I could have easily stowed the bra and panties in there. As it was, I'd have to carry them into the living room where Noel was.

The best I could do was hide them under my clothes. Tuck them under my shirt, over my belly, and walk it clutching my stomach and faking cramps. And hope the brat didn't notice.

He didn't. Not that I could tell.

The moment I was sat comfortably down on a chair, I turned to Noel and kindly asked him to fetch me a glass of water. The idiot was only too eager to oblige. And, while he was out of the room, I slipped my undergarments into my bag.

Too easy.

"Time for bed, kiddo," I said happily.

It wasn't, but I had a feeling that Noel wouldn't argue. The power of teenage infatuation mixed with inherent shyness was strong. Smile at a boy that likes you and that boy will do anything you want.

I looked down at my phone, the most recent message from Leon. He was on his way. Five or ten minutes.

The odds that Noel would be in bed and sleeping by then were not great. But that hardly mattered. What was he going to do? Tell his parents that the babysitter he had the hots for had fucked a guy in their house? Unlikely.

If he did, it would mean no more me babysitting.

So, he'd likely lay in bed listening. And would probably play with himself all the while.

The thought brought a smile to my face. Getting off two guys at once, one without even trying, sounded like a fun challenge.

As Noel left the room, I got to my feet. My body, anticipating my boyfriend's arrival, had already began preparing itself for him. My nipples were hard as ice, easily visible through my top thanks to the lack of a bra. My pussy was wet, ready for what I knew was coming.

Minutes passed, time ticking by so slowly.

We'd have almost the whole night together. The Godwins weren't going to be back until well past midnight. Hours and hours of loving and fucking ahead of us.

The doorbell rang.

I hopped to my feet and walked as fast as I could. It felt like forever since the last time we'd had sex.

I opened the front door and was greeted by the blushing face of my boyfriend. Short and chubby, with a few zits and some cute freckles. And large, black-rimmed glasses. Glasses without lenses.

In a way, Leon sorta looked a lot like Noel. Only Leon wore glasses and was infinitely more fuckable.

My head buzzed again, the cold outside air clashing with my warm body, making me light-headed.

"Can I come in?" Leon asked, meek. He looked cold. That's what you get for wearing shorts in the snow.

"Yeah," I said, trying to shake off the sudden dizziness. "Right, yes. Come on."

A quick gesture for him to follow and I turned, headed for the living room. Behind me, I heard the front door slam shut. It was a short walk from entrance to living room sofa, literally only a few steps, and yet, somehow, Leon not only caught up with me on that time, but had reached out and grabbed my ass.

Bold.

I gasped when he squeezed it. Other than that, I pretended not to notice, took my seat and started flicking through TV channels.

Leon sat down next to me, slipped his hand under my butt. An ass man, apparently. And that's how we stayed for a few minutes, me pretending to watch TV, Leon fondling my butt-cheek without shame or hesitation.

I felt his free hand take one of my hands, let him guide it to his crotch. His dick was hard, bulging.

"Take care of it," Leon commanded.

My hands moved on their own, pulling Leon's cock out. Rubbing it, lightly pinching it's head, teasing his shaft. An overwhelming desire came over me, a single need to take care of Leon's cock. To satisfy it - and him - completely.

Barely realising that I was even doing it, I moved my head to his crotch, kissed the tip of my boyfriend's dick. I took it into my mouth, closed my eyes. The taste, musky and intoxicating, the feel of his skin - the bumps and veins, the shape of his head, the hardness of his cock and the softness of its underside. I basked in the feel of it, the taste, lost myself in pleasuring it with my lips and tongue.

I felt one of Leon's hands on the back of my head, holding it down until my job was done. The other was on my crotch, rubbing and touching.

I took him entirely into my mouth, every inch of him.

Leon gasped, released his grip on my head.

I held that position for a few moments, engulfing his cock with my mouth, before pulling back. His cock bounced out of my mouth with an audible, wet pop.

It was coated in saliva, hard and ready.

Rising to my feet, I took hold of Leon, lifting him gently to stand with me. There was a look of confusion on his face, a disappointment mixed with what looked like fear. He looked really young in that instant, innocent and cute.

I tugged on his hand, wordlessly telling him to follow as I led him to the Godwin parents' master bedroom.

Mr and Mrs Godwin arrived home sometime between two and three in the morning, looking tired and bored. They thanked me for looking after their son. No payment, of course.

Walking the short walk back home, I wondered if the two Godwins would be able to smell the sex in their room. If they'd know I'd fucked my boyfriend in their bed. If they'd care. I supposed, in the end, it really didn't matter either way.

As I passed through my front door, that same changing temperature effect washed over me. A dizzying blur.

I shook it off.

Next week, the Godwins would probably want me to babysit again and, unless I finally managed to say no to them, I'd do it. The troubles of being single - everyone assumes your weekends are free and you have no plans. Who knows, though. Maybe I'd have a real reason to not babysit next week. Maybe I'd have a boyfriend to spend the night with.

I smirked to myself.

Unlikely.