

Amanda's Dilemma

Chapter 1

Amanda Walters hung around the lobby of the gym, waiting on her son to leave the locker room so they could head to dinner. It was a routine she and Billy had happened into now that he was home from college and she was working-out regularly again. It became easy for them to ride to the gym together after work, and then ride home together.

It had also become the routine for them to have dinner on Thursdays after working-out. Amanda's husband, Bill, thought it was good for Amanda and Billy to spend the time together. Amanda and Billy had been close when Billy was growing-up, but ever since Billy had gone away to college, Amanda felt he was more aloof, and she worried about him.

"How was your work-out?" Billy asked her as he entered the lobby.

"Good, thanks. And your's?" She smiled in reply.

"Let's put it this way---my favorite part today was showering," he joked as they headed to the car.

When they got to the car, Billy opened her door for her.

"Well, aren't you the gentleman, today," she said to him as he got in.

"Just helping out the elders is all," he laughed, as she slapped at his shoulder for teasing her.

"Hey, watch it, you. What do you mean, 'elders?' I can keep up with the best of them."

"Right," he teased some more, "I keep forgetting. Like Friday night."

"You are a brat," she said back to him, remembering that he was talking about last Friday when she'd been so tired from the week, she'd fallen asleep on the couch.

Billy drove them to a neighborhood Mexican restaurant he knew she liked and they went inside. They were both hungry, and glad the waiter was soon around, and taking their order.

Amanda surprised him and ordered a Margarita, which for her during the week was rare.

"Alright then," he smiled, looking to the waiter, "make that two."

"What's gotten into you?" he asked her.

"Oh, just ready for the weekend, I guess."

"Yeah, me too," he said noticing her playful attitude, and realizing that he didn't see her like that that much.

"I like this weekend attitude setting in early," he told her, "how do I get that?"

"Now, Billy, I thought you usually had that," she grinned, acknowledging his partying ways that had been the norm this summer.

"Well, I like it coming from you."

"Even your old mom can relax now and then."

The margaritas were cold and potent, and Billy had only had a couple of drinks of his when he noticed her's was half gone.

"So what are you and Sandra up to this weekend?" Amanda asked him.

"Actually, Sandra and I aren't getting together this weekend."

"Really?" Amanda said, taken back.

"Yeah, we're backing off for a while, I think," he replied.

"Is that a good thing?" she asked, concerned.

"Yeah. It is," he answered, and tried to change the subject.

"What about you and dad. What are you up to this weekend?"

"Oh we're backing off for a while, too," she said, and they both burst out laughing at this.

"No plans really," she answered when they stopped laughing. "But if we were to back off I'd probably have to let him know it was happening." She smiled half-jokingly.

"Aw, I'm sure he'd notice," Billy said, feeling a little awkward that she was sharing this feeling with him.

She looked straight at him and held his look for a moment.

"He'd notice if his golfing buddies were backing off, Billy, but me? I just don't know."

He tried to console her, and he said the usual things about people and relationships and how things can sometimes seem.

"Hey, try something different. Try something that'll surprise him," he added, hoping to help her think of something that'd get them out of their rut.

"Hmmm, that's a thought," she said. "Any suggestions?"

"Well, let's see... ." Billy came up with a couple of ideas that he realized were lame even as he said them.

"You mean, that would spice things up for you?" she said back to him.

"No, but it wouldn't take much for me, I think," and as he said this he was immediately embarrassed at the way it sounded, and she giggled.

" I mean, I... I," he grinned embarrassingly."

"Why wouldn't it take much for you?" she said, putting him on the spot.

"Well, I just meant I haven't had that happen much where things got... I don't know... ."

"Boring?" she used the word he wouldn't say.

"Well, low key, or something."

"We still haven't come up with a solution," she said, as the second Margarita and dinner got there.

Over dinner, they talked about school and her work. As they were finishing dinner, she paused and put him on the spot again.

"So I guess you're not gonna help me with my problem?"

"Huh?" he answered.

"You know, getting things livelier at home?"

"Well, take him out somewhere you haven't been before?"

"Uh," she frowned, "that doesn't sound that exciting. I thought you were gonna suggest something wilder." She smiled at him.

"Well," he smiled back at her and thought about it some more, feeling like she was challenging him, "there is something Sandra did for me lately."

Amanda sat up and forward, eager to hear what it was.

"Yeah?" she asked.

"Well, during the night, she woke me up by her being under the covers and... well... taking care of me, so to speak."

"Billy!" She exclaimed, blushing and grinning.

"You can't tell me that," she kiddingly scolded and shook her head looking at him and smiling. "But, now that you have... . Did it work?"

"Oh yeah," Billy nodded vigorously, emphasizing that it worked, and causing them both to laugh harder.

"Okay, then I'll try that tonight!" She said, as if letting him in on a secret.

"Since I suggested it, you have to tell me how it works," he told her, knowing that it was mischievous for him to say that.

"Okay," she went along, "I guess it's only fair."

And with that, they soon left for home. Billy was beside himself the rest of the night feeling like he was in on something very secretive and wild with his mother, of all people.

As he tried to sleep that night, Billy tossed and turned and wasn't really sleeping soundly, when he was surprised by his shoulder being shaken.

He opened his eyes and tried to focus in the darkness.

"Hey," it was his mom sitting on his bed next to him and whispering to him. "It didn't work, Billy."

Billy realized she may've still been buzzed by the drinks at dinner and maybe another she'd had at home and now she was at his side, sitting on his bed while he was lying next to her.

"Huh?" he said as he tried to make sense of her being there.

"I said it didn't work. You said it would, you," she nudged at his shoulder with her hand and left it there.

"Well, are you sure you're doing it right," he joked and they both had to keep from laughing out loud.

When she had stopped her quiet laughing, she gave him a long look and leaned closer to him to whisper softly.

"Maybe you're right. I might not be." She said this slowly as she pulled down his covers.

Billy was absolutely still.

"What are you saying?" he asked, unable to believe her left hand was moving the covers completely off him now. He laid there bare-chested and in his boxers, and she looked to him and spoke again slowly as she moved onto the bed.

"Why don't you tell me if I'm doing it right, Billy."

He felt her warm face press against his stomach and she kissed him there, softly at first and then with slight suckles at the flesh under his navel.

His boxers tented with his excitement, and he moved his hands closer to her head but still not touching her. He then felt her hands on his chest and realized she was moving her face over the front of his boxers and letting his hardness under the cloth rub all over her face. She seemed to take her time moving her mouth on the cloth and tracing his bulge through his boxers, finally fitting her mouth firmly over where the head of his cock was pressing on the fabric, trying to free itself to her.

She raised her face up and looked at him, waiting to say anything till she knew he was looking at her.

"How am I doing now?" she asked and smiled wickedly.

"You're doing fine so far," he murmured and watched as her face looked back to his crotch.

She brought her hands down and slipped them into the waistband at his hips. He moved up, lifting his pelvis off the mattress and she slipped the boxers over him, letting them come to rest at his thighs.

He looked down to watch her and he saw her face hovering over his crotch. As if she sensed his stare, she tilted her face just slightly so that they looked into each other's eyes but her face was still at his cock.

He looked into her eyes, and he watched as her tongue slowly emerged from her mouth until it looked like she was sticking her tongue out as far as she could. She lingered there letting him look and letting him think. Then, looking in to his eyes, she moved her tongue the fraction it needed to go to press against the base of his shaft.

He felt the wet smooth tongue on his dick and savored its feel as she slowly let it move up his shaft in one tantalizing lick along his hard skin. She held it in place when she got to the head of his cock and she ever so slightly twirled her tongue at the head.

Then, without moving her eyes from his, she moved her lips to the head of his penis. She kissed him there letting her full lips rest against the crown of his cockhead. He throbbed at her lips and she let him.

She looked at him and watched his eyes widen and his breathing get heavier, and she let her mouth open. Her lips were still at the head and she moved them so that her lips completely covered his hole there and his crown and she sucked at his head once it was within her lips. He grunted hard at this.

His head was in her mouth and she still looked at him. She ever so gently inched her mouth down his shaft letting him fill her mouth more and more. When her mouth was on him and his head was at her throat she made herself relax her mouth and breath through her nose.

Once she felt comfortable and felt her breath easily through her nose, she moved him into her throat and she swallowed. He let out a low groan that she liked as she sucked on him. She then moved her mouth slowly back up his shaft, till her tongue licked under his head.

When she started her mouth back down his shaft, he moved his hips forward unable to stand her slower pace, and she realized he would not last long. The thrust of his hips filled her mouth again with his cock and she readily sucked on him.

He started moving back and forth in a gentle but firm fucking motion into her mouth and she matched his pace, savoring his hard warm flesh. When she noticed his breathing become heavier and his thrusting get a little faster, she put her right hand on the base of his shaft.

She let her hand massage his shaft more and her mouth stayed to only a portion of him and covering his head as she sensed him about to release. She felt him tense and she tightened her lips against him and waited the short moment it would take.

With her hand at his shaft pumping him and her mouth sucking him, he shot his first spurt into her mouth, and in one smooth and quick motion she moved herself to his face with her hand still stroking his cock. With his cock still coming, she pressed her mouth to his and forced a french kiss.

Billy kissed her back and loved the feel of her soft sensual lips and mouth. She pushed her tongue on into his mouth and he then realized the salty taste of the fluid she was intentionally passing to him, and he continued to come into her fist, as she continued to kiss him and work her tongue around his mouth. It was very erotic and very weird to Billy, as he tried to just grasp what had just happened.

She slowed her hand to where she stopped once he'd finished coming and she brought her kiss of him to a slow and sensual end. She eased herself off the bed without saying a word, and she stroked his cheek with her hand as she paused beside the bed, looking down on him.

As she stood there beside the bed, she reached to Billy's hand with her's. She moved her left foot a little further apart from her right so that her legs were more open. Then she slipped Billy's

hand inside the silky fold of her robe and brought it along the inside of her thigh.

With her guiding his hand and through no effort on Billy's part, she brought his fingers to her bare pussy underneath the robe. Billy felt her warm and very wet between her legs as she rubbed his fingers against her lips there.

Billy moved two fingers into her and she gasped aloud, moving her hips forward to sink his fingers further into her.

"Yeah... ," she cooed quietly to him.

He moved his fingers inside her, stroking her and she humped at his hand, unabashedly fucking herself against her son's fingers as he watched her face.

She half-closed her eyes and let her mouth open as she let out a throaty moan and came on his hand. She felt the wave of orgasms rush through her body and trembled slightly, holding Billy's hand to her wet crotch. She finally stopped moving at all, and she eased Billy's hand back from her robe.

She stood silently for a moment after she had come, and she and Billy looked at each other.

Still without a word, she turned and made her way slowly to the door. Before she opened it she looked back over her shoulder at

him, and he was still looking at her. She just smiled a knowing smile and then left his room.

Chapter 2

Amanda was absolutely mortified. She woke-up groggy and hung-over, and she slowly tried to piece together what had happened in the middle of the night before. Surely, she didn't do what she thought she did. This was her son, for Pete's sake. How could she even face him?

She struggled out of bed, and started getting ready for the day. Moving slowly from the night before, she got ready knowing her husband and son were already downstairs even though that was normally not the case. She was normally the first downstairs and the first ready in the mornings.

Amanda dressed in the plainest and most conservative outfit she had, given last night and her complete embarrassment. Then she slowly made her way downstairs to the kitchen.

"Well, there she is," teased her husband when she came into the kitchen. "The party girl has arrived."

"Very funny," she replied sarcastically.

She made her way across the kitchen, hearing her heels clink against the floor and sensing her son's eyes follow her movements.

Billy in fact was watching her as she went to the counter to fix herself some coffee to take with her to work. Only, this morning Billy was looking at Amanda in a whole new light, looking at her as a woman with a personality and side to her he never knew of before. To him, she was a different woman than yesterday or any other time.

"How are you doing?" her husband asked.

"I'm struggling a little this morning," she answered, looking to him.

"Well, I'm sure she'll be better by the time you guys head out to dinner tonight," Billy chimed in, briefly catching a glance from his mother.

"Actually, Arnie and the guys from the regional office are in town, honey," Bill tried to gently tell his wife, "and they're expecting me to entertain them."

Amanda cut a startled look at Bill.

"No," she said, not hiding her disappointment, "c'mon, it's Friday, Bill."

"I know, I know. But everyone's working tomorrow, so they're staying over. I have to go with them, you know?"

"Whatever." Amanda said, and she turned back to pour more coffee to take with her.

Bill came up from behind and kissed her cheek good-bye.

"Please understand, honey. I'll try not to be late." Bill started gathering his things for work.

"Mom, want to work-out after work?" Billy asked.

"Yeah, why don't you get a work-out tonight?" Bill said in agreement.

"I'll work-out, but it won't be like last night," she said and turned to Billy, hoping he understood that she meant for him not to get any ideas.

Billy seemed to her to get it as they all headed out for the day. She would have to have a serious talk with him, she knew, and she hoped that he wouldn't make things any more difficult than she already felt they were.

Amanda thought about this on her way to work. She and Billy had always been very close, and she felt as if she could trust him, and that he would try to understand that she'd been in the wrong mood, at the wrong time, and with too much alcohol.

She thought about how he was mature for his young age, and how being a virile young man, he himself was probably restless with his needs. She stopped herself. What was she thinking? Virile young man. Wondering if he got restless. Was she losing her mind thinking that way about her son? Yes, she had to be, she concluded. Then, feeling herself flush, she shifted in her seat and realized that moist and warm sensation happening between her legs.

She was just hungover, she told herself. Confused because of her mistake of last night. She pulled into the parking space at her work and tried to will her mind off any more thoughts of Billy or last night. The last thing she did before getting out of the car was lean her head back and try to compose herself. She sighed and let her hand go to her crotch under the dress. She stroked herself and let herself think of him.

It was late in the afternoon on Friday, when he called her.

"You want me to swing by home and pick you up to go work-out?" he asked.

"Yeah, that's fine," she said and paused. "Listen, I made a horrible mistake last night and I am sorry it happened. We can talk more later, but I wanted to say that."

This time Billy paused before answering.

"Okay. ...Is 6 o'clock good?" He said.

"Sure."

At 6 o'clock, Billy pulled into the driveway, and Amanda came out to the car. They both said quiet hellos to each other as Billy drove away from the house.

"I must have lost my mind for a while last night, Billy," she started, and looked to him as he drove.

"Listen, it's alright. We both drank alot," he replied.

"No, it's not alright, and that's my point," she continued, now feeling a little more comfortable talking to him. "I feel like we're close and we can talk about this. And I feel like we can trust each other. But I want you to know that it was a mistake, and nothing like that will ever happen again."

"Well yes, we are close, and I like us being able to talk. But I don't want you to feel bad. Just don't worry about it."

"Billy, don't just say, 'don't worry about it.' I mean, I came into your room... ." She stopped herself. "Billy, I'm your mother, after all."

They were pulling into the parking lot at this point, and Billy looked to her and smiled trying to reassure her. He pulled the car to a stop and tried to calm her about it.

"I understand. It's between us. I just don't want you worrying about it."

"Well, I definitely don't want you worrying about it either. And, I appreciate you understanding." She smiled at him and tussled his hair with her hand as they got out of the car.

That night they both got a good work-out, with each of them working-up a sweat with some cardio first. Amanda was sweaty in her t-shirt, shorts and sport bra underneath, when she was finishing up her work-out with some weights.

She was doing some curls, as Billy came up and smiled, picking up some weights himself. He was sweating even more than Amanda and his shirt wanted to stick to his chest. Amanda admired her son's lean physique and she watched him as he did some presses from a sitting position. She liked how his arms showed such definition as he pressed up and back down each time.

He looked at her as he finished a set and he got a big grin, as she realized she was staring. She quickly looked away and smiled embarrassingly. She went ahead with her next set of curls. As she finished her set, she thought she glimpsed Billy stealing a look at her. She instinctively crossed her arms over her chest as she realized what he may've noticed. Her arms crossed over her chest were hiding what had to be hardened nipples visible through the wet t-shirt and light sports bra.

Billy started working his last set and his arms stretched upward trying to complete the set. A young blonde walked slowly past Billy and Amanda wondered if the young girl wasn't deliberately trying to get Billy's attention. Amanda smirked at this. Then, much to Amanda's surprise, Billy's eyes didn't follow the young blonde's close movements away from him in the other direction. Billy's eyes focused on Amanda as he slowly pushed up on the weight.

Without thinking twice about it, Amanda unfolded her arms and let them drop by her sides. She watched Billy's eyes drop to her chest where her nipples were pointed against the t-shirt and plainly evident. Billy looked briefly to her face again before putting the weights down, and she turned to put her weights back in the rack.

"Get a good work-out?" she asked as they headed to the showers.

"Oh, yeah," he said convincingly, as she had to look away to keep him from seeing her grin.

They showered and left together as they had the night before. Billy drove them to a nearby bar where they shared some food and drank a couple of beers a piece. They had managed to talk about her work and his school, so that things seemed to get somewhat back to normal for them. Just the same, she knew she felt a certain closeness to him that was unlike before, and she sensed him feeling the same. Even more, Billy seemed to act much more interested in what she had to say, and would look at her longer and more often than before.

Amanda liked the apparent infatuation she sensed from him, and she reminded herself she would treat it very gently and carefully. She couldn't let him get any idea that there could be anything like last night happening again.

After something to eat and with another beer in front of them, Billy leaned closer toward her, looking into her eyes.

"So, I still can't believe you really have a wild side," he said playfully.

"Well, I'm not so sure that I do," she answered, telling herself she needed to steer clear of this topic.

Billy raised his eyebrows.

"You're not?"

With this, they both laughed.

"Don't you forget where I got that idea from, okay?" She teased back at him. And he immediately nodded.

"Ouch. Good point."

Her cell phone started ringing, and before she could get it opened, the call went into voicemail.

"Darn it," she said, as she drank from the mug and then punched the keys to retrieve the message.

Billy watched her face and saw an expression of concern change into one of anger at what she was hearing. After a moment, she closed the phone and set it on the table. She raised her glass and brought it purposefully to her lips. Billy watched in amazement as she slowly drank the rest of her beer in one long drink.

"Your father called and he's staying with the guys downtown tonight. He said they were partying too much." She stood to go to the restroom. "Order me another one, will you?" Without waiting for his reply she left the table.

There may've been just a couple of other times when her husband had stayed away from home like this, but he knew she

didn't like it, and it had never happened on a weekend night, which she considered their time together.

With this thought in mind, she returned to the table to find Billy had gotten their next beers. However, he'd surprised her. Each beer had a shot sitting next to it.

"And what is this?" she asked in a way that Billy couldn't read as good or bad.

"Tequila." He answered simply.

She was silent a while as she seemed to contemplate the shot in front of her. She looked at Billy with an intense stare.

"Are you gonna be a good boy tonight?" she finally smirked. Billy was completely unsure how to take this from the way she'd said it.

"Absolutely," he said.

She gave him a half-grin that he took as a disbelieving sign.

"Okay then," she said and raised the shot to toast with him. He clinked his glass to her's, and they both drank down the tequila in one gulp.

They were both sighing from the shot, when Billy chuckled.

"I swear I didn't know you had this in you," he said honestly.

"What? Tequila? Partying? I used to have fun, too, you know."

"Well, I guess I'm just glad you're comfortable hanging-out with me is all," he told her.

"Billy, after last night, I don't think this is something I should be doing, do you?" She looked straight at him trying to be direct and put him on the spot.

"Why not? You've told me it was a mistake. That it won't happen again. I understand." He tried to explain.

"So good. So I can trust you then?" She tested him.

"Of course you can trust me."

"So if we get drunk together then I don't have to worry, right?" She asked in a slightly slower way, as if he was trying to appease her and she knew.

"That's right," he said trying to suppress a devilish smile, "what are you talking about? You've said nothing would happen." After

he said this, she smiled knowingly at him and he smiled the devilish smile to her.

"That's right, Billy. Nothing will happen."

It was another beer and then they were soon gone and on their way back home. Once at home, Billy took a chance and got them two more beers and brought them into the living room where she was.

"Billy, are you trying to get me drunk?" she laughed, and he went to turn on music as she drank from her beer. "Yes, you are trying to get me drunk," she said as slow music began playing and Billy came up to her.

Without any pause or hesitation, he started dancing with her by putting his hands on her hips and swaying to the music. Unsure how she was going to react, he was very relieved when she swayed with him. She set her beer down, and moved against him, closer this time and keepinng with his movement.

He put his hands to her hips but let them continue around to her back, as he held her to him. She simply followed his lead. They moved in time together and she laid her head on his shoulder. Soon the song ended.

Without leaving his embrace she pulled her torso back to look at him. This had the effect of moving her waist firmer against him and she felt a hardness against her stomach.

"Billy," she half-whispered, "remember what I said okay?"

They were looking into each other's eyes when another slow song came on and Billy started them moving again.

Amanda closed her eyes to try to compose herself, and she felt his lips at her neck. He planted soft, moist kisses on her bare neck, tracing slowly lower to where her chest started.

"Billy, c'mon now," she said, trying to sound disappointed in him. But while her words said that, her body didn't leave him and she put her right hand in his hair as he kissed her.

He got to where her cleavage started and she froze. She told herself to make him stop. Billy brought his hand to her buttons on her blouse and she felt him start to unbutton them.

"Billy, you've got to stop," she pleaded and rubbed his hair in quick motions as if trying to get his attention.

The next thing she knew his lips were at the top of her breasts, again kissing and lightly sucking at the skin there. The sensations he was giving her were intense and she closed her eyes again feeling her body react instinctively to him. She knew she was losing control.

"Billy, you've got to stop now," she again pleaded and thought he'd finally heeded her when she didn't feel his lips on her. She was almost disappointed at this, when she realized he'd just moved so he could get his hand to the front of her bra to unclasp it.

The cups of her bra fell away and her full breasts jutted forward, giving a little bounce from their own release as they did. Amanda felt very exposed and self-conscious of him seeing her like this. Before she could say something, she gasped when he put his hand to one of her breasts and held it with a gentle squeeze and tilted it toward his mouth.

"OOOoooooo," she moaned when Billy took her breast into his mouth, sucking her breast into his mouth and running his tongue over her nipple over and over. His other hand was holding her back and helping keep her upright, but before very long she was letting herself ease onto the carpeted floor. He guided her onto the floor and held himself above her as he licked and sucked at her breasts.

While his mouth was on her and she was feeling like he was devouring her, he brought his hand to her jeans and was working her button there. She moved one of her hands there to try to stop him from undoing it, but by the time she grabbed his wrist the button was undone and the hand was bringing he zipper down.

He sat up on his knees and looked down at her laying in front of him. her blouse was open and the bra was at her sides with her

large tits laying fully exposed to him. Th nipples were swollen from his mouth there and she was looking at him with half-opened eyes.

He pulled at the sides of her jeans, tugging them down, and while she did nothing to make it easier for him to take them off, she didn't move to stop him either.

When he pulled with one more sharp tug to get them off her hips, they came halfway down her thighs. The pulling movement made her hips turn back and forth and she realized when she moved this way just how incredibly wet he'd made her. She got even more turned-on when she realized he'd soon know how wet she was.

He pulled the jeans completely off her and tossed them aside. She looked up at him as he was kneeling above her taking her in, nude except for the small panties still bunched to her there. Her legs were together, and he surprised her by reaching under her and pulling from the back of her panties forward, taking them up her legs really very easily.

Now she really felt exposed to him with her panties off, and with his hands on top of her knees.

"Billy, we've got to stop this, okay?" she whispered.

In response, he moved his hands to the side of her knees and she for an instant thought he would stop. Then, his large hands

grasped up under her knees and lifted upward and forward, which drug her ass across the carpet so that she rested closer underneath him and his hands also spread her legs apart. His hands had her underneath her knees to where her ass was tilted slightly off the carpet and her pussy was completely exposed up and at him. Amanda had never felt so exposed to anyone in her life and she opened her mouth only to let out what sounded like a sharp yelp.

He let her legs drop beside him, and he quickly went take his own jeans down. She openly watched him, as he unbuttoned his jeans and pulled his zipper down. He looked up at her and she looked back at him. He kept looking at her as he pulled his jeans and boxers down his hips but her gaze went to his crotch to openly watch as his cock came into view. She watched it spring free of his jeans and point straight up, thick and long and not far from her.

He was positioned between her legs and he moved forward and over her. For a moment she was at a loss as to what he was about to do next, but he took her hand in his and she felt him put her hand on his cock. She gripped him and felt how hard and warm he was. When she realized that what she was holding was soon to be inside her, she let out a loud moan.

As she moaned she let her legs part further so that now she was wide for him. He reached down and again lifted her legs so that she was once more open to him only this time her legs stuck-out further to the sides since she had spread them more for him. She felt obscenely open and eager for him, as she moved him to her lips between her legs and he brushed back and forth , not

entering her, but rubbing the head of his cock back and forth across her wet lips there.

She tried to put him inside her, but he resisted so that the effect was just for her hand to slide up his shaft and he didn't enter her yet.

"Billy... aaaaawwwwww," she groaned as he frustrated and teased her.

"Tell me what you want," he whispered to her and poked slightly into her but still holding back.

"Billy, why are you doing this to me," she groaned in frustration as she tried to buck into him and take more of him.

"Tell me. Tell me what you want," he said firmly.

She looked into his eyes and she let go of his cock. She let her hands come to her own knees and pulled her legs back herself.

"I want you to fuck me, Billy" she cried, and she immediately felt him thrust forward and into her.

She gasped loudly when he pushed into her, getting only about half of himself inside her at first. He eased back until only the head was inside and she braced herself.

He moved his entire body up and forward and when he did he fully entered her.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh," she cried, feeling him fully up and inside her. She immediately noted his thickness and how very hard he felt.

"Yes, Billy," she said to him as he started long, deliberate strokes inside her. Though she was wet, she still clutched him so that it gave her that 'being pulled inside out' feeling when he pulled back from her.

"Oh, darling," she cooed to him as he moved a little faster, still bringing himself fully inside her on the up strokes of fucking her.

He stopped a couple of times when he was fully inside and he rotated his hips in a circular motion as if to grind against her. She responded by pushing herself back against him and grinding back.

Soon, he brought himself closer against her so that his chest pressed against her's and he embraced her to him. She in turn put her arms around him and held him tightly to her, letting one hand go to the back of his neck in what was a tender caress there.

She lifted her legs up and crossed them on his back to hold him in place there. It was then that Billy surprised her again, because rather than slowly move with her in that position with them so close, he started pumping his hips into her so that the effect was

for them to be close but he was now fucking her even harder than before. And, her being so close and entangled with him made it incredibly intense and hot for her, as he forcefully pumped at her pussy.

She caught herself thinking that this was not making love, but rather fucking, pure and simple. She got even more turned-on thinking that he had sensed she needed this, a good fucking. She held tight and thought excitedly, he was giving her a good fucking, alright.

She heard herself panting out loud in time with the sound of flesh slapping at flesh that he was causing with his pounding of her. Before much longer she couldn't stand it any longer, and she began to cry out.

"OOOOOooooooooo," she cried as her legs trembled and the orgasm began washing over her as her cry became louder. Billy worried that he was hurting her with the way she was sounding, both loud and unrestrained but he took her holding him tight with her arms and legs as the sign that she was holding on and orgasming so he didn't slow down at all, until she went limp under him.

As he slowed he felt his release coming and pulled out of her and looked down at her stroking himself. She immediately took him in her own hand and looked directly at him as her fist pumped fast on his cock.

In moments, he started cumming, loudly crying out himself watching Amanda pump his cock and knowing she was watching him ejaculate. He shot into her fist and onto her chest as spray after spray of his sperm was pumped by her out of him, until he was finally spent.

At last, he collapsed beside her.