

My Neighbor - Chapter 12 *UPDATED VERSION*

So for those of you who have already read it: I've added a few thousand words, the OG version being around 13k, this on 19k. Mostly expanding a bit a few scenes with a few new phrases, and around the middle somewhere.

This is a work of fiction that describes explicit mature content between 18+ adults. Viewer discretion is advised.

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It was the next morning, and I was restless with anticipation and desire. Anxious, with a little shame in there. Was I truly so gung-ho about Louise actually fucking another man? Yes, yes I was. In the middle of the night, I received a phone call. I knew we had agreed to keep in touch, but something told me this phone call was not all that intentional.

At the time, groggy from sleep I hadn't fully realized what was happening. I answered and all I heard soft rhythmic sounds and the pleased moans of a woman who no doubt belonged to my wife Louise. I heard grunts and the slapping of flesh, the slickness. Then the realization sunk in, and a familiar excitement roused within my balls. I tore down my pants and started frantically jerking off with Tony's deep growls in the background as he made sure to ravage her. Oh, how good it sounded. Nothing was said, but just hearing the rustling and moaning had me shooting ropes in no time, trying to be as silent as possible.

I heard Tony pant and some more rustling. He had just finished. Just when I came did Tony plant his seed in a condom inside my wife in some tent away at a school camping trip. Then the line broke. Oh, how that had stirred my desire. The seed had been sown, the act done. And now she was full with another man's cock. What a thrilling thing to think of. It had happened so many times, yet it hit just the same. Louise had so boldly pursued her plan that she had actually, without any sort of reservations, hooked up with Tony with so many people around her. God, I just hoped they managed to keep it discreet and safe.

So back to the *'next morning.'* I decided to call Louise. We were to keep in contact anyway, but I also wanted her to know how hot I found our little butt-dial had been.

"So..." Louise asked, knowing immediately what I wanted. "I saw I had called you... did you enjoy that? Sorry about the butt-dial."

"Yes..." I said, chuckling. "More than enjoyed..."

"Really? I was worried we'd run into trouble, on account of what happened last time," Louise began. "You got hard listening to the sounds of another man ravishing me?"

"Yes," I admitted, my arousal returning, just thinking about the whole thing.

"Are you mad?" she asked.

"No."

"Are you jealous?"

"Yes!" I gasped, the words roaring through me before I could stop them, feeling both relief and embarrassment at how bluntly I was honest.

"We didn't record," Louise said. A pit formed in my stomach as she informed me. "How does that make you feel?"

"Anxious," I chuckled.

Louise was giggling too as her voice came through, "In a bad way, or a good way?"

"In a good way. Who'd think."

"Hahaha, I like that. As long as you enjoy my infidelity to that extent, who cares what a cuck like you thinks anyway?" Louise chuckled. "Too far?" she asked after.

"No... not at all," I muttered, closing my eyes at the humiliation.

"But there's something I gotta tell you," Louise muttered, suddenly sounding very serious. I waited in anticipation as Louise seemed to hesitate. "I... let Tony finish inside of me. Without a condom."

I gulped and felt my heart skip a beat. Then a surge of excitement rushed through me. I couldn't believe it, but hearing her say those words had my cock rock hard in seconds. Louise had let him cum inside her, which meant there was a very real chance that she was going to become pregnant. I knew it was fucked up, and that life shouldn't be toyed with in such a way, but Tony's virility and the fact that she had allowed him to finish inside of her was enough to make me weak in the knees. Just the thought that she had not only forsaken the condom rule but also let Tony finish inside of her...

"John? Are you there?" Louise asked.

"Yeah, I'm here," I said, my voice trembling. "Are you sure you're not just messing with me?"

"I would never lie about something like this, John," Louise said. "I let him cum inside of me. I'm stupid, I know, I should've been more careful. I wasn't thinking straight, and now there's a good chance that I'm going to become pregnant. It's so messed up."

My cock twitched at the thought. The idea of Louise becoming pregnant with Tony's baby was both terrifying and incredibly arousing. I couldn't believe it, but the thought of Louise getting pregnant by another man was enough to make my cock harder than it had ever been before.

"Well, I guess we'll just have to deal with whatever happens," I said, trying to sound calm and collected. "I mean, there is a chance we're lucky with the timing right?"

Louise let out a sob. I knew she wasn't crying, that wasn't her, but a labored sigh came through still. "Perhaps. I'll know next week... I'm supposed to have my period then, so if it doesn't show up, we're in trouble."

I felt my heart skip another beat as I imagined Louise's womb filled with his fat, potent spunk. "Well, let's hope for the best," I said, my mind racing. I wasn't ready to face what I'd do if there was... offspring for lack of a better word.

Louise chuckled nervously, trying to make a joke of things, but it fell flat, as we were both too anxious. The line fell quiet between us before she broke the silence.

"Should I... should I avoid seeing Tony again?"

"Absolutely not," I blurted, the answer surprising even myself.

Louise chuckled between somewhat nervous and relief. "Ok..." she let the word roll a little too. "Ok. Then that's what we'll do, I guess. I'll just have to make sure to be extra careful. No sense in testing fate more than once."

"Right," I agreed, though inside my head was spinning as fast as a hyperactive hamster. "But be careful, okay?"

We were silent as we waited to say something further.

"Hmm, I figured... good," Louise sighed. "Well, I have to go take a shower and clean my sleeping mat and stuff. Have a nice day, love you."

"Love you too." I hung up, panting like crazy from what she had just told me. I had been so adamant about the condoms, yet Louise... I had to make sure she would go back to them, letting Tony have his way with her bare was too risky.

My mind was racing, thoughts swarming in circles, as I tried to imagine a life where Louise had conceived from another source than me. Would it be possible? It was so bad. Even the concept of my wife with a swollen belly was beyond disturbing and so shameful for me to find the concept of her being bred by Tony, far beyond sick and sinfully wrong, incredibly stimulating and arousing.

After one of my most shameful orgasms, the realization of the mental gymnastic routine my mind had to engage to actually enjoy the notion hit me with force, and I spent hours debating with myself in a mild existential panic. The reasons behind why I would even entertain this dark concept for pleasure was something I never fathomed, and quite honestly scared the shit out of me. Involving a child for the sake of recklessly exploring a fetish was not something I could justify. One thing is danger of this and that, but a living being, an innocent bystander to be the result of this sadomasochism...?

What sort of human, what sort of sick monster would get aroused at such a twisted idea? Wouldn't such a perversion just prove I was unsuited for life as a parent and was too disturbed to function as a healthy family should?

Despite all my worries and fears, the issue, if it occurred, was real, and no matter what I thought, it was too late. That made things quite difficult for the rest of the day. After the phone call and the odd thrill, I couldn't calm down, and there was nothing to do for me but wait and wonder and obsess. This went on, growing and growing, making me think all kinds of crazy thoughts.

Were we losing ourselves in this? Was it a mistake going back to this lifestyle? I knew it nagged on Louise for so long when we quit last time, and I knew that she said she wouldn't want to quit again once we got started again, but how would this work then? And I even started to wonder if I was losing Louise's respect by letting this happen, by lolling along with this. If it were to happen, what would be the right choice? Not for me, but that poor bastard who'd come from this reckless behavior. And with lack of respect, even darker thoughts came to mind...

I couldn't live with this situation. I needed to make sure that I had control over it, otherwise it would all go to hell. But how could I, when Louise was all the way up in the mountains camping?

At the moment, the actual thought of my wife being unfaithful and sleeping with someone else was a strange thing to find not only exciting and exhilarating, but almost a need in life. She already ignored the rules that she had put in place to include me. But there wasn't an ounce of dishonesty to her intent, as much as I wanted to believe there was. She did it to satisfy me, and then satisfy her. Louise simply knew which strings to pull.

I ate my breakfast and headed for work, Louise's teasing words ringing in my head. Anxiety, shame, lust, and sexual excitement danced around within me. The anticipation drove me mad. It was true; I found myself more and more aroused and curious by the fact Louise actually intended to continue and sate her and Tony's lust, as the days went by. I found myself not only encouraging it but yearning for it to happen. What was Louise going to say to Tony and how was Tony going to respond? I wasn't due to know in over a week.

I just hoped she'd be careful.

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After Tony had left Louise's tent she found herself dead to the world. She was fast asleep until finally Emily gently rocked her sleeping body.

"Louise. Hey, Louise," Emily hissed gently. "It is getting pretty late, the breakfast is almost over."

"Huh, hmmm... Emily?" Louise opened her eyes to the smiling student's face. "How was your night? Slept well?" Louise asked groggily, wondering how much the French teen had heard or seen.

"What is that smell? It smells like bleach?" Emily said, frowning her nose.

"Ah... erh, I think my nail polish busted open last night. I was too tired to deal with it, but I guess I need to scrub this tent or something," Louise said, trying to make an excuse and not seem flustered at the same time.

Emily looked a bit suspicious, but she moved out nonetheless, and Louise heaved a sigh of relief. Hopefully, she hadn't overheard too much, and besides, maybe it hadn't sounded all that incriminating after all.

Louise decided to eat a short breakfast after everyone else as her urgent need of a shower was more pressing. While most of what Tony had left inside her had spilled into her sleeping mat and tent, she still had this nasty crust in and around her crotch she was dying to wash away. Louise couldn't stand being so filthy, silently cursing her lover of the night. If only he'd made an effort to finish outside then at least she wouldn't have her whole crotch dirtied up. However, that would mean her face, breasts and everything else would've been coated, and easily too judging by how much Tony had left in her.

Though wandering around with a fresh coat of Tony's genes on her face...

Why did she even ask him to cum inside of her? It was such a stupid risk to take, and yet it had felt so good at the time. How he flexed inside of her as he was overwhelmed, how Tony grunted and throbbed as Louise gave him so much pleasure. It was also the sense of how lost in the moment they were. She loved the feeling of his warm seed spilling inside of her, claiming her as his own. Perhaps it was something primal, or something instinctive, but Louise loved it whenever Tony would ravage her until complete completion. She could still feel it dripping out of her as she made her way back to the showers, her mind racing as she thought about her reckless behavior.

She was relieved to see that everyone else was busy eating their breakfast as she snuck off to the showers. She couldn't wait to get rid of the crust between her legs, but most of all, she needed to wash her pussy before she could do anything else. She had no idea how she had managed to sleep with such a mess between her legs, but here she was.

Louise quickly undressed and got under the warm stream of water, sighing in relief as she began to clean herself up. She couldn't believe how much crust had gathered around her pussy, it was almost like Tony had coated her entire crotch in his thick, sticky cum. It was so stubborn too, like it simply wouldn't go away with a simple splash or two. In some parts she had to direct the hose up close, which had a delightful twofold effect, along with some careful pressure with a washing cloth.

As she began to scrub away the mess, she couldn't help but let her mind wander to the events of the night before. The feeling of Tony's thick cock finally stretching her open, the sound of his voice as he fucked her, the smell of his sweaty body, the way he dominated her and filled her up. It had been so fucking hot, and Louise was surprised to find herself getting aroused again. Tony being a dark silhouette in the night, in a tent with a bunch of people in close proximity, just thinking about the risk, the thrill, and the taboo of it all was enough to send shivers down her spine. Just thinking of that dark silhouette that continuously fucked her in such a risky spot, it was so devious and bad.

She began to rub her clit gently, imagining that it was Tony's big cock instead. He had felt so good inside of her, fucking her so good, and stretching her out in ways she never imagined. Barebacking her, having her raw. Louise could still feel his thick shaft pulsing inside of her, the way his balls had slapped against her ass as he pounded into her. Louise let out a soft moan as she rubbed her clit faster, imagining Tony's hands gripping her hips tightly as he fucked her from behind.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps approaching the showers, and she quickly turned off the water, trying to remain quiet. She couldn't believe she had been so careless again, almost getting caught masturbating in the shower. What was wrong with her? She needed to be more careful, or else she was going to get herself into trouble.

Frustrated, Louise went for that aforementioned short breakfast, then set about seeing how she'd even be able to clean her sleeping bag, mat, and her part of the tent. Tony had not only filled Louise, but ruined her sleeping area, and the stench was unreal. Perhaps there was a hose long enough to wash everything off...

Luckily there was, so after spending a few hours up until afternoon washing, scrubbing, and hosing the tent, then hanging the mess up to dry, Louise went out to explore the local wildlife. Deciding she needed another wash after all that work, she took her towel and some soap, shoved them in her backpack, and headed off toward the trail.

But as Louise made her way down the small path, she received an eerie text message from John.

'I know we're not supposed to talk about anything going on, but we need to talk,' he wrote, his spelling all over the place. Louise had an inkling of what he wanted to discuss, her recklessness when it came to letting Tony just finish wherever he wanted, but reading those words was a testament to her own worries, fears, and even self-loathing.

She was a mess. A filthy mess, and now John probably worried about her behavior. Maybe this was a good thing? She was a mixed bag of feeling like a kid having been caught stealing and a tremendous amount of guilt that fucking Tony the way he preferred had taken priority over being sensible.

'You're right, we should talk. I'm sorry for what happened last night. I shouldn't have done that.' She typed.

But John, the sensible darling he was, deemed this as not something to talk through over messages. He called.

"Hey babe," he said.

"Good afternoon," Louise muttered, feeling like shit.

"How are you holding up? With the camping?" he asked.

"It's good. Fun. The kids are having fun. But I miss you already."

"I miss you too, babe," John said, and it sounded sincere. "Listen, about Tony... finishing inside of you," he began, but Louise could hear the struggle. The embarrassment and the mind-laboring arousal that came with it. "We both know we're being sort of idiots here, letting a fetish take hold of fateful decisions, but it can't happen again. If there are consequences from last night, we'll take it from there, but in the future, we need to be careful."

We. That was for some reason powerful for Louise. Despite how idiotic she had acted, and for no other reason than the thrill of exciting and good sex, John considered the two of them the item they were before all of this.

"So I think you guys need to either start using condoms—"

"No," Louise blurted out almost on instinct. She heard the sharp inhale from John and knew he loved it. But he was making sense, that was the problem. But Tony was hell-bent on not using condoms, and frankly; Louise was inclined to agree. "I mean, I won't go back to condoms, and I doubt Tony won't either. In fact, I know he won't so... sorry, but I won't either. I know the easy solution is to stop going on with this affair, but I... I'll have him finish other places."

"That was the other end of my suggestion... I mean, I hate to say this, but perhaps it would be better if Tony finished on your face... or if you want, like, in your ass or whatever," John said, sounding so bothered. It was kind of cute.

"I agree," Louise said, but wanting to end this on a more lighthearted note, she decided to tease him a bit. "So you want Tony to fuck my ass, then? Something I've never let you do?"

There was silence from the other end.

"Babe?" she teased.

"Sorry," John blurted. "Just thinking about it..."

"And?" Louise pressed, unable to believe her husband actually enjoyed this.

"Yes... I want him to fuck your ass," John muttered.

"What about my tits? My big mommy milkers that you love so much? You want him to creampie those, fill my cleavage with his reeking cum?"

"God, yes," John groaned. "I want him to cover you in his cum."

"Want him to breed these titties, make your wife a mess, stinking and dripping in his thick mess?" Louise teased.

John didn't respond, he simply groaned. Was that a faint sound of a belt buckle Louise heard?

Louise giggled, feeling the arousal building in herself despite this being just some fun to excite her loving husband. "Well, I'll make sure to let him know."

"Please do," John said. "And take care, ok? No more finishing inside of you. Promise me. And promise me you'll consider some... contraceptives. I know condoms suck ass, but we have to be careful so at least promise you'll consider them."

"I'll do that. For you. I promise," Louise said, feeling a bit deflated by the turn of their conversation. She liked the way it was going, but it made sense John wanted to hammer his points home. It was sensible for John to want to ensure Louise was responsible for her actions. They quickly hung up and Louise, having sort of wandered away from the trail, made her way back to the main path to her creek.

Louise found it quickly and walked along the path until she could hear the sound of running water. Finally. The natural pool came into view, and Louise picked her spot next to some rocks and laid out the large beach towel to sit and place her things upon.

As the natural pool was a relatively unknown area, Louise knew it to be an often abandoned site, meaning she would most likely be alone for at least a few hours, at least while the students did their activities.

But suddenly, the faint noises of snapping twigs and shuffling underbrush drew nearer. Not wishing to meet anybody or be seen naked, she scrambled over to hide behind the large rocks and slipped her sweatpants back on, scrambling to fight her tight t-shirt.

Just as she got everything in place, a young guy appeared by the water's edge. Tony's large frame came into view, walking down to the small bank where Louise had just been. Louise sighed, seeing Tony. Though she hadn't anticipated seeing anyone, at least it wasn't some perv who just wanted to see the hot blonde teacher bathe in nothing but her jet-black thong... oh wait, that was exactly what it was.

Louise stepped forward, still a bit flustered. "Oh, hello Tony!" she greeted with a small wave, approaching the intruder with an awkward smile.

"Long time," Louise joked.

Tony didn't respond, instead he stood there, his eyes roaming her body like a hungry beast.

Louise shifted nervously, feeling self-conscious under Tony's intense gaze. She could feel his eyes burning into her as they traced the outline of her breasts and the curve of her ass, eating her up even in her sweats and a t-shirt. Her curves were to die for even dressed modestly. Her fit ass, her big breasts.

"Did you follow me?" Louise asked, knowing full well what Tony had come for.

"Well, I thought I'd fuck you in the shower, but then you fucked off into this place," Tony answered, waving his hands toward the pond and surrounding bushes and forest. "But yes, I did follow you..." he grinned.

"Oh, really?" she teased, placing a hand on her waist, "Did I give any inclination that I wanted anything today? This place is way too precious and wonderful to be a quick hook-up spot... not to mention anyone could walk in here at any minute."

"Didn't stop you last night," Tony said, taking a small step toward Louise as she no longer hid behind her rock. They both stood on the bank of the creek, the sound of the running water filling the silence.

"No, I guess it didn't," Louise chuckled softly, suddenly feeling quite aroused by the situation. "You really want to fuck me right now?"

"You don't?"

"I didn't say that," Louise smiled, glancing around the area, making sure that nobody was around before she pulled off her t-shirt, exposing her bare breasts to the cool air. Her nipples immediately hardened, and she could feel her pussy begin to throb with need as she stepped closer to Tony. "So, how do you want me?"

"Woah, this is a different kind of tune," Tony said, smirking at the horny teacher in front of him. It was always a bit of reluctance, but perhaps their hook-up last night, or the lack of frequency in general lately, had changed that. Louise certainly had never been the one to take the first initiative. "I like it."

"Maybe I'm horny for your dick," Louise said with a devious enthusiasm, emphasizing the 'ck', making Tony raise an eyebrow.

But Louise had to be careful. She couldn't let herself get carried away and risk being caught or even worse; letting Tony cum inside her again. It would be disastrous. But she needed him right now, and she knew he could give her exactly what she wanted.

"Fuck," Tony cursed as his hand reached out and cupped Louise's breasts. "These are fantastic," he said, leaning down to capture one of her nipples between his teeth, nipping and teasing the sensitive skin before soothing it with a flat stroke of his tongue.

Louise moaned quietly and arched her back, pressing her tit into his mouth more as her hand shot up and grasped a handful of his hair, pulling his mouth harder against her flesh. Tony growled and continued sucking her tit, his hands exploring every inch of her soft, smooth skin. Louise felt as though she could just explode with lust and want.

"Mmm, you really are so bad," Louise said with a knowing, sexy voice. "Wanting your married teacher this much. Wanting her badly. Following her around."

He pulled back and grinned, a satisfied hunger clear in his eyes. Louise trembled as he glanced her over, a low whistle leaving his lips as he drank in the sight of her body. "I gotta fuck you, right now," Tony growled.

With a single fluid motion, Louise's sweatpants were unceremoniously shoved off and left on a pile, Louise's jet-black thong getting roughly shoved down to her knees as Tony spun her around, positioning himself behind her as she faced the stones and shrubs. Louise gave a cute squeal, excited to be treated so roughly, Tony's strong hands pushing her upper body down, chest against the large cold rocks she had previously hidden behind.

"This what you came out for?" Tony asked as his hands grabbed a fistful of her cheeks, his long hard cock slotting itself between the two well-shaped globes. Louise shuddered and bit her lip, trying to quiet the moan that was threatening to escape her mouth.

"Y-yes..." she breathed as Tony slowly slid the large shaft back and forth between her asscheeks, the silky smooth, thick pole pulsing gently as it ran against her asshole.

"Not surprised," Tony continued, slowly building a faster pace of thrusting his long cock between her buttocks. "Teasing my cock with your thick ass every fucking day."

A soft moan escaped Louise's mouth as Tony stopped fucking her ass cheeks and started to move his cock lower, the head beginning to tease her slick opening. She could feel the warm, velvety tip running up and down her slit, smearing her arousal over the whole length of her labia.

Louise felt a brief moment of panic. It was extremely risky to let this happen, and Louise would have to remind Tony not to finish inside of her and just cum all over her ass, face, or something like that instead. But his hard pole felt amazingly good, the fat shaft sliding over her entrance so effortlessly as it glided back and forth between her drenched folds, sending waves of pleasure and excitement through Louise's body. And just as Louise opened her mouth to warn him, Tony's hands had firmly clamped her waist and his fat cockhead shoved into her, ramming through her lips and slapping the cervix in one long thrust, the thickness splitting her walls apart and stretching so delightfully good. The protest she had intended became a sharp cry of delight instead as the powerful thrust took her breath away.

"Fuck yeah," Tony rumbled, his hips pumping away, sending rippling waves through her cheeks with each and every powerful thrust of his thick, long cock, stretching and splitting her slick, quivering pussy with every movement. He wasted no time pounding her pussy mercilessly, his fat balls slapping loudly against her clit every time their bodies met.

Louise gasped and cried out in pleasure as her young lover showed his relentless strength. Her pussy was on fire, the heat growing in intensity with each passing second. She couldn't think straight, couldn't focus on anything else except for the raw pleasure coursing through her body, driving her mad with lust. She was being fucked so aggressively and thoroughly, and the thrill, the forcefulness, and the danger made it all so thrilling and new. She loved every second of it.

Tony's deep growls mixed with her feminine moans as he drilled her faster and faster, driving his thick shaft home with increasing power and urgency.

"God," Louise managed to squeal. She was so close. So very close. Her pussy was trembling around his meat, gripping his cock tightly, her pussy clamping and milking his shaft, making sure every inch was used and rubbed by her velvet channel. She couldn't believe he was fucking her so well and giving it his all.

"Yeah. That's right," he grunted, "Who owns this fucking pussy? Who claimed it last night, fucking it like no one else can do?"

"Tony. Ah fuck!" Louise gasped as her orgasm was pushed higher by his possessive words. "Yes! God. You claimed it. You own my pussy. Ohhh. F-fuck! God, I'm cumming. Tony, I'm going to cum!" Louise shrieked as she came hard, the rush of pleasure slamming her into oblivion. She could feel her juices squirting from her pussy, coating Tony's thick shaft and covering the ground beneath them. Her pussy clenched and spasmed around him, her body quaking and jerking.

Louise could hardly believe how strong her orgasm was as she gushed her release around Tony's massive shaft, feeling how her tightness squeezed the whole mass of meat. If she kept going like this and kept his cock working, she'd surely pass out. She felt delirious and unable to focus on anything other than freeing her body to take these unearthed pleasures Tony gave her.

"That's it. Let me hear you," Tony grunted as he was fucking her senseless, every powerful stroke sliding over her sensitized walls as it filled her. "I'm going to keep doing this until you beg me to stop." He picked up his pace again. Louise could only gasp and whimper her approval, her body now almost incapable of forming any cohesive thought.

"So... damn... good," Louise groaned as she felt another orgasm bubbling to the surface. Her eyes rolled to the back of her skull as he stretched her impossibly full, his thick girth sliding in and out of her so easily, rubbing all the spots that made her scream out loud.

Then, without warning, and with a series of frantic grunts, Tony buried the entirety of his length inside of Louise. Holding her body down with his powerful arms, Louise was forced to accept every last inch of his cock inside of her, the mushroom tip squishing against her womb. She cried out as Tony filled her to the brink of breaking, his thick meat pulsating as he started to dump what felt like one of his largest loads to date, covering her womb in his thick, gooey mess.

Louise panted and cried out as his thick spunk began to seep out of her, dripping onto the ground between their legs as Tony continued to fuck her with his semi-hard, yet still-hard shaft. She could feel his throbbing meat pumping more and more semen, coating her inner walls in his delicious seed. She felt drunk. The sensation of having his hot seed filling her so completely and the sensation of his fat cock sliding over her sensitized, overstimulated folds was driving her crazy, causing her toes to curl up and her thighs to tremble uncontrollably.

"F-f-f-fuuuuck," Tony gasped as he slowly withdrew his thick meat from her tight channel, the feeling of his huge cockhead slipping out causing another shiver of pleasure to run up her spine as more of his warm seed flooded out and dribbled down onto the ground below, pooling into a puddle beneath her.

The two collapsed onto the ground, Louise feeling limp and exhausted as Tony fell beside her. They were silent for several minutes, both catching their breath and enjoying the afterglow of their intense, raw sex. The sound of the stream behind them continued in its ever-present noise as the birds began chirping and the bushes around them rustled in the soft, mild wind that blew over the countryside. It was peaceful and quiet.

Eventually, Louise collected her breath and sat up.

"How you holding up, teach?" Tony asked, still somewhat winded.

"Fantastic," she smiled, unable to help the sense of content bliss that settled in her stomach, her body satisfied and sated for now.

She glanced around at her surroundings and her eyes came to rest on the glistening shaft nestled in Tony's lap. She swallowed and licked her dry lips as she stared at his large meat, unable to restrain her appreciation for what he had just done to her body. She shivered, the realization of the sticky situation hitting her as she turned and saw how they had decorated the ground with his ejaculation. The white puddle was big and spreading slowly over the gravel, leaving a light stain on the stone beneath their feet.

"You shouldn't cum inside of me," Louise muttered weakly. A bit too late for that, but it was worth reminding Tony not to do it again.

"Why not? I love filling your tight little free-use pussy," Tony said with a grin as he sat up, his cock swinging heavily between his legs, his hand absentmindedly stroking the length as he admired her body.

"It's too risky," Louise said, rolling her eyes at his brashness. "I'm not on the pill anymore."

"Shit, I don't know if I knew that," Tony grunted. Though he had no intention of breeding Louise, the euphoric ego trip to cum inside of his neighbor's wife was far too good to pass up.

"It's fine," Louise said, shaking her head. "Just... try to be careful next time."

"Yeah, I'll try," Tony said with a laugh as he stood up and stretched, his thick cock hanging in front of Louise like a third leg. He didn't seem to understand, or care, for the ramifications. The carelessness of a late teen is truly something to behold.

Something else to behold... Louise eyed the member hungrily, unable to look away from his glistening tool. Wet with hers and his. She licked her lips and swallowed nervously as she glanced back up at Tony.

Tony smirked and leaned down, wrapping a hand around his still semi-hard member. "I can feel your eyes on it. You wanna suck it don't you?"

Louise blushed and nodded, unable to deny the desire coursing through her body as she stared at his cock, her mouth watering as she thought about how good it would feel to have him fuck her mouth and throat.

"Go ahead then," Tony said with a nod as his grip tightened on his shaft, his thumb rubbing against the sensitive tip.

"B-but, we should get back soon. What if someone finds us? What if we run into the others?" Louise stammered.

"Who cares?" Tony chuckled, his other hand coming up and grasping the back of her head as he pressed her closer to his swollen manhood, forcing her eyes to focus on his thickness. "Where's that eager slut from earlier? We both know you're way too much of a horny little slut to only get fucked once."

Louise knew he was right. There was barely any resistance in her anymore. Louise opened her mouth, a warm gasp leaving her lips as Tony pushed his massive rod past her soft, pink lips and toward her throat, his girth filling her mouth, and the big helmet colliding with the back of her mouth causing her eyes to water immediately. Her tongue swirled around the warm flesh as her jaw stretched around the immense girth, her senses awash with the salty musk of her stud as Tony's tip began poking at her tonsils, causing her to gag slightly.

His hand tightened on the back of her head, a low growl escaping him as he forced her to swallow more and more of his length, his fingers entwining within her hair as he gripped a handful, pulling her up and down along the length, bobbing her up and down.

As Louise's mind went fuzzy from the exertion, Tony pulled her hair and looked her in the eyes as they glazed over, tears leaking from their corners from his abuse on her throat.

"Fuck," Tony grunted as he loosened his grip, his thick meat sliding from her drooling mouth. He continued jacking off his wet length, the tip drenched with Louise's drool as he stared at his horny neighbor with lust-filled eyes. "Look at me," Tony said, his voice commanding.

Louise blinked, trying to focus on him through the haze. Her vision cleared up and she gazed into his hungry eyes, her own wide and full of submission. Her throat felt raw and abused, a thick string of saliva dribbling from her lower lip, hanging in front of her.

"Whose are you?" Tony asked.

"Yours," Louise gasped as she struggled to answer, her tongue sticking out from between her moist, pink lips, lapping and swiping at her bottom lip.

"And who can use your body as they see fit?"

Louise swallowed hard, her entire face flush with shameful arousal as her body screamed the right answers.

"You."

"That's right," Tony growled. "On your feet. Now."

"Okay," Louise murmured, her body feeling incredibly light as she struggled to stand up, her knees feeling weak as her legs wobbled.

Tony grabbed ahold of Louise's wrist, guiding her hand onto his rigid shaft, her fingers closing around the pulsing flesh as he slid her hand down along the silky pole, up and down, again, and again.

Louise found herself completely in the grips of her younger lover's machinations, her body already quivering with need as Tony's stiff tool seemed to pulsate under her grip. His hot gaze locked on her while he made her squeeze his warm cock harder and harder, his large hand leaving hers to do its job while he moved to grope Louise's firm asscheeks.

He squeezed the tight globes firmly, spreading the smooth skin open to gaze at her tight little rosebud while the sounds of Louise's breathing intensified and her little hand gliding quickly along his veiny girth.

"Fucking love how tight your ass is, teach." Tony hummed. "You've got the prettiest asshole, just ripe for plowing," he continued to compliment her as his blunt fingertips found her clenching rosebud and massaged her pucker gently. "I won't cum in you," he said.

Louise didn't answer. Her mind was too glazed, her breath labored, while her hands toyed with his tool.

"Unless you want me to," Tony said, middle finger pressing her asshole lightly. "But that doesn't mean the rest of your naughty little body isn't my free-use playground..." His middle finger finally decided to force through, pushing until her tight, muscular entrance clamped around it. Louise could hardly contain a cry of pleasure while he started fingering her slowly. "Isn't that right?"

"Fu—fuck. Tony. It's, it's... so good. Please. Keep—keep touching me like that. It's amazing."

"Tell me," Tony said, knowing his girl was getting delirious from the stimulation.

"What?" Louise gasped, his finger exploring her rectum like no one else ever had. She realized suddenly how bad she wanted Tony to put that fat thing inside of her and show her its real size and shape, the danger and fear being replaced with anticipation and her growing lust.

Tony's finger curled within her bowels, pressing and kneading her most vulnerable spots.

"Fuck..." was her first word. "Yes... that's it. G-good," she tried.

"Mhm," Tony rumbled. "Tell me..." he reminded her with a confident smile.

"I want you... inside... fucking me... use my whole body. Wreck me," Louise breathed in her lecherous state. The last few coherent words came before Tony's long, rough digit left the damp confines of her rectum and was instead replaced with something bigger and heavier.

The next thing Louise was aware of, she was taking in the massive beast and loving it. Despite his huge cock stretching her hole painfully and despite it seeming a wonder that such a girth and length had ever fit in there the first time, Louise let out a long, satisfied cry, his bulbous tip stretching her rear passage like a dream. She never knew she'd like anything up her ass, but now she couldn't get enough of it.

Tony paused, leaning down to bite and suck at her neck, groaning as her tiny hole enveloped his wide mushroom-tip. He inched inside, then retreated slightly, only to begin sliding it around inside of her, massaging her soft walls and forcing Louise to adjust to his sizable girth. His fat cock twitched and pulsed within her, the friction sending tremors through her whole body. She clutched her chest, then put her palms to the ground, bracing herself. Tony was just getting started, and Louise already couldn't take it.

Her mind blanked again. And suddenly, all she could concentrate on was how full she was feeling and how intense the experience was. Her tunnel contracted around Tony's invading dick and stretched with it at the same time as the bulbous head found its way deeper and deeper within her.

"Oh fuck, yes, Tony! Fill me up! Fill me up with your big cock!" Louise pleaded as the pace was too slow for her liking. It was like torture. Just enough pleasure to make her go nuts, but not enough to make her jump over the edge. "You're so fucking deep! I can feel you hitting my stomach! Make my slutty little ass yours!" she kept begging.

"I think the teacher needs a spanking for being so needy," Tony grunted, and quickly after a loud slap resounded throughout the air. Then another, and another, and another, and another.

Each hard slap on her ass reverberated through her body, making her wail, her ass bouncing and rippling, taking the harsh, punishing blows, her tits jiggling wildly with each stinging smack.

Tony then slid out of her, sat down, and bent Louise sideways in his lap, and with her lying like that, he continued to spank her. Louise's ass stung, but not as much as her pride at that moment. Getting spanked like she was some child, by Tony who was both a student and 10 years younger than her at least. She'd never expected to be degraded to something so low...

And yet, as the next slap came down on her sore cheek, Louise arched her back and pushed her ass upward, giving it to him, feeling an uncontrollable urge to be submissive and be dominated and punished. It felt so right to be taken by Tony, to be at his mercy...

And the fact that her own husband was oblivious to her suffering just added to her shame. What would John think of his wife if he saw this? And what would he think if he knew Louise loved it? The poor man would probably love it himself if he saw the unbridled slut his wife was...

But none of that mattered to Louise right now. She just had to surrender. She just had to please her younger lover. That was her mission. That was her priority, above everything else. She could not disobey...

"That's for being such a naughty girl," Tony mumbled under his breath, rubbing his hand across her reddening cheek. Another hard smack across her ass and a spasm ran through her body, her hips squirming wildly in his lap.

"AH!"

A final slap sent Louise back on the gravel, Tony climbing down after her, putting her into doggy and immediately getting back inside. His hand gripped her hair tightly, her long golden mane like the reigns, his hips rising and falling steadily, spearing her asshole. Tony groaned as his shaft disappeared into her plump, jiggly ass. The pain of being spread open was completely gone. His meaty, thick length now spreading her open made her feel nothing short of satisfaction.

He released his grip on her hair, placing both hands on her soft hips as he drove into her. A fierce growl tore free from his lips, and suddenly, his hot seed erupted inside Louise's abused hole. Louise cried out, her whole body shaking as he continued to fill her bowels to the brim.

As the two collapsed against the ground once again, gasping and covered in a sheen of sweat, Tony managed to sputter out, "How did it feel, teach? Taking my dick up your ass?"

"It-it felt incredible, Tony! But the spanking... I can't lie and say I didn't like it, but I can't believe that actually happened," Louise confessed, her mind still trying to wrap around it all.

"But it did," Tony said, a dark smile appearing on his face. "Now let's get out of here."

Tony quickly picked himself up, and Louise did the same. She turned to Tony. "Wait a second," she said, grabbing hold of his wet cock with her slender hand, feeling his pulsating heat through the slimy coat it was in. She stroked the wet flesh.

"Yeah? You want more, teacher?" Tony said with a raised eyebrow.

"No," she smirked. "Not right now. But this—" she continued, squeezing his cock with more emphasis, "needs cleaning up. If you happen to cum while I take my time down there, well..."

Tony nodded. "Good thinking, Louise." He winked.

*

Luckily the walk back was a pretty long one. Not overly long, just enough to let Louise get her bearing right by the time they were back. But as they walked, Louise wanted to bring up something that had sort of been nagging on her mind for a bit.

"So at the showers the other day" Louise began, not sure where to even start, nor what she truly wanted from this. Perhaps just gauge where Tony was on the matter.

"Yeah?" Tony grunted.

"You seemed to have a lot of fun..." Louise said, trailing off.

"I knew I heard someone! Hah. That was you?" Tony laughed.

Louise blushed. "Erh, yeah, that was me."

"Nice..." he simply mumbled and slapped her ass. "It was just that French girl wanting to know what all the fuss is about," Tony said in his regular confident way. He knew he was gifted and wasn't afraid to flaunt it.

But it being Emily... Not only did she move in on her husband, but her lover too. What business did that— No. Louise had no business of her own caring about what Tony did in his free time. Tony had fucked Mrs. Andersson, Lana, Mary, and probably more, but for some reason, Louise had drawn a mental line at Emily.

Was that just because of her crush on John?

"What, you jealous?" Tony chuckled, annoying Louise in the process.

"No!" Louise said. "I'm not jealous. I just find it strange that you would fuck Emily, of all people."

Tony shrugged. "Why not? She's hot, and she wanted to know what the fuss was all about, like I said. I only fucked her mouth, though. She doesn't even have a gag reflex, can you believe that?"

"Good for her," Louise said, smearing the sarcasm on heavy.

"Hey, why don't I just fuck you both? Then you can make sure I don't have too much fun without you!" Tony laughed.

The nerve on this guy. "I have bigger problems than who you have *fun* with," Louise said, fuming.

"Come on now, we're all friends here," Tony laughed, just now realizing Louise's discomfort was real. "She came onto me. What was I supposed to do? Say no? I mean, you even stayed there to listen."

Louise didn't answer.

"What she do since you're so pissed at her then?" Tony asked. Louise stopped, and so did Tony. She wasn't sure if it was a good idea to share that information with him, but against better judgment, Louise indulged.

"She tried her luck with John," Louise said, folding her arms, creating a magnificent cleavage for Tony to smirk down at.

"Isn't that hypocritical? Not that I'll complain, but you're cheating as often as you can with me. Why not throw John a bone?" Tony asked. "Though, the idea of fucking Emily out from his grasp does get me growing a bit, not gonna lie."

"It's just different," Louise said. "It just is."

"Whatever you say," Tony said, shaking his head. "But seriously, I think John would love a threesome with you and that girl. Fuck, just thinking of her cute little lips on yours, those big breasts mashed up against that petite lil' thing..."

"Don't even think about it," Louise muttered.

"Already am. Might have to invite her to join us sometime... Maybe have her watch while you get railed by my big cock," Tony grinned. "You like that idea?"

"Not really."

"Good thing I make all the decisions," Tony smirked. "I'll show Frenchie why this once-proper teacher has turned into such a cheating slut. I'm pretty sure she'd love to taste me on you too... I think that'll be fun, don't you?"

Louise didn't answer. She didn't like this direction, but liked it even less as she had no idea how she'd respond if Tony went for it.

"And think of this: it'll turn John a lot seeing you and Emily being my sluts. I know that perv would love nothing else," Tony said. "John ever wanted a threesome before?"

"No... though I know he finds my friend Sophia attractive."

"Might have to introduce me to her too then," Tony said, his hand moving down to her ass. Louise swatted it away as they were too close to the campsite by now. "We could double-team her. You ride her face while I fuck that tight little pussy from behind..."

"That's enough!" Louise said firmly. "She's married, and just because she's good-looking doesn't mean you should drool all over yourself thinking you get to fuck her."

"Hey, chill out, teach," Tony said, putting his hands up defensively. "I'm just messing around." He grinned. "Besides, you're the one that started talking about Emily."

"I know."

"And if anyone wants some, who am I to say no?" Tony said. "But I'd like for you to at least be there if it ever happened. I mean, I don't want to be all sentimental and shit, but your pussy is the best, so these other bitches are just icing on the cake."

"Gee, thanks," Louise said sarcastically.

"No problem," Tony grinned, his hand grabbing a hold of Louise's ass, giving it a firm squeeze as he leaned in close. "And now that I think about it... maybe it'd be nice if we got together again later tonight? What do you think?"

"You really want to get caught?"

"I don't care," Tony said, his hand dipping into her panties to grope her bare ass, making Louise's body tense up. "I can't keep my hands off of you. Besides, I've always wanted to fuck a teacher in front of the whole class. That'd be pretty hot, don't you think?"

"No!" Louise muttered firmly. She swore she could hear people in the distance. Not close at all, but too close still.

"Join me in the showers later this evening. I need to fuck you again," Tony grunted, still groping his teacher as she hadn't pulled away or anything. "Come on, you know you want it. I'll take that ass again if you're nice and quiet about it."

Louise sighed. "Fine. But you better not finish inside of me."

Tony grinned. "Sure thing, teach."

So when it grew dark if one went to the utility building, one could hear the not-so faint groans and whimpers of a married getting fucked hard. Again and again, Tony took Louise's ass, claiming it like he claimed everything else about her. And though Louise had tried to be quiet, her moaning became more and more frequent. Luckily for them, everyone else was off doing their own activities and thus too preoccupied with themselves to hear the two going at it in the shower stalls.

"Fuck me, Tony," Louise whimpered as she leaned against the tiled wall, her body trembling as she felt his thick shaft sliding in and out of her tight hole, stretching and filling her like no other cock could.

"You're so fucking big! You feel so good!"

Tony laughed and gripped her hips tighter, pulling her ass back against him as he drove forward, slamming his hips into her plump cheeks. But true to his word, he blasted his cum all over her face, making a mess of that exquisite blonde's face. He left her there to clean herself up before heading back to camp, Louise feeling the same kind of satisfaction that came after a good fuck and yet knowing it would never be enough.

She was addicted to Tony's cock, and she knew it. She barely even fought it.

What was truly embarrassing was Lana and Mary's knowing smirks as Louise joined them for supper. They must have seen her come out of the showers, all wet and sticky, hair still soaked with an odd

mixture of something thick as silicone and water, and looking thoroughly fucked. She had showered, but Tony's cum was so thick and heavy it was hard to get it all truly out of her hair.

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The next morning it was Louise's turn to prepare breakfast for the camp, along with a few students, and Joe the old math teacher. It was mostly putting out toppings, eggs, cereal and milk, and that sort of thing. Cut fruit, yadda yadda. It wasn't exactly a challenging job, just time-consuming. But at least she got to see everyone in their morning moods, some more awake than others.

"Here, take these," Old Joe muttered, giving her a basket of bread. "The knife is by the table. Coffee too, if you need it."

Louise hurried over, setting out the basket and placing the knife and butter to go with it. Then she poured herself a cup, and peered around at the small trickle of students emanating from the different tents...

"Hey there, teach!" Louise heard behind her and was closely followed by a hand smacking her butt. It was of course—

"Tony!" Louise whined, worried someone had seen that.

"Nice ass, I had to," he grinned. "And thanks for breakfast."

"No problem," Louise said with an eyeroll.

"How are you feeling today?" Tony asked as he sat down on a bench next to where Louise stood.

"Fine," Louise said, not looking at him as she made up a plate of toast, eggs, and bacon for herself, getting ready to head over to the rest of the staff.

But Tony had other ideas.

"You seem tense," he said. "Need someone to rub those sore muscles?"

"I'm fine," Louise repeated, not taking the bait. She didn't need to be caught fooling around with one of her students. But when Tony's hand smacked her again, as if to discipline her, and that smack evolved into a full grope, Louise felt her knees buckle slightly.

"Tony, stop," Louise hissed, trying to pull away from his grasp. "Not here," she warned him, feeling his fingers dig into her flesh.

"Come on, don't be such a prude," he grinned, giving her ass another slap. "So what if they see? We should let people know you're my woman."

"Shut the fuck up," Louise wheezed, slapping his hand away, her eyes trailing the rest to see if anyone had caught attention. She swore Lana looked away, but other than that, she seemed to have luck on her side. For now.

"Oooh, touchy," Tony laughed. "Don't be such a prude, teach."

"I'm not being a prude," Louise said, trying to calm herself. "We just can't be doing this here. In public."

"Is that an invitation to sneak away after breakfast?" Tony smirked. It wasn't, but if that was what it took to get his hand away from her tender butt cheeks. Louise leaned in closer, pretending to give Tony cutlery.

"You better believe you're getting your way with me after breakfast," Louise said in her sweetest tone. With a smirk, and a baffled Tony, she spun on her heels and walked away. She'd be damned if he'd call the shots on her body. But the little voice in the back of her head nagged at her to make sure she wasn't caught. That would be a disaster.

Breakfast was pretty standard, Louise sat with Joe and Dan. Dan gave them a lecture on the uniqueness of the pipe system at Courtington High, which bored them to tears. However, he did seem to have a good point about how well-insulated the system was.

In the middle of it, Tony gave her the location. So much for calling the shots. She should've dictated when and where, but no, she had given leeway and he took the whole road.

"Showers in 20," was all he wrote. But... the showers were always crowded around then. Sure, people wouldn't be able to look into their stall, but anyone with ears would know what was happening once Tony got started.

And why was Louise even musing the arguments in this?

Though... However... Part of her knew obeying was part of being Tony's slut. Louise knew Tony expected it. She also knew her own pleasure and sense of pride and a strange form of gratification by being used. Why fight it? She knew she'd cave in the end anyway.

As Louise finished up her coffee, she saw Lana and Mary glare at her as if they knew damn well what Louise was doing in the next half hour.

Louise rushed, taking longer strides than usual as her mind was focused on two things; not tripping over herself in the soft grass and getting to the utility building before anyone else. It felt strange to act out something so indecent this early, yet when was a good hour to get your brains fucked out by your younger male student anyway? It was wrong in every way, and if anyone caught even the tiniest detail of their extramural activities, Louise would probably not see the light of the day anymore. Her life and marriage would be destroyed, and her reputation would never be fixed, for better or for worse. She didn't have any desire to test any boundaries in terms of secrecy.

It was 8:32 AM. And her husband was making his coffee at home, while Louise was sneaking off to fuck a student while anyone could potentially hear them. At least the stalls had complete walls and were sort of spacious. At least it was on the women's side.

Tony was leaning on the wall outside the building as she approached.

"Hey, funny to see you here, teach," Tony joked with a stupid grin.

"Oh, I was in the area anyway," Louise chuckled. "Shall we?" she asked, motioning for the door.

"Eager are we?" Tony grinned.

"To get out of sight, yes," Louise said, keeping a level head.

"Then come here," Tony said, his hands grabbing Louise's waist and spinning her around.

"Wait, stop," Louise said. She felt Tony's hands trailing down from her hips towards her ass, his fingertips snaking around and slipping under her pants and underwear.

"You're asking for it, walking with an ass like that," Tony said, cupping and kneading the flesh of her buttocks with his large, pudgy fingers.

"Really? You can't keep your hands off me?"

Tony shrugged. "Maybe we can skip the foreplay," he said, his lips moving down her neck. His tongue slid along her soft skin, eliciting a low moan from Louise.

"We need to get out of sight... someone might see," Louise whimpered.

"Isn't that part of the fun? The thrill of being caught?" he said in her ear.

Louise struggled for words. "Don't," Louise whined as he nibbled her ear. His other hand began slipping into the front of her panties, his fingertips brushing her wet pussy, slowly parting her lips and stroking her soaking folds. Louise felt like her legs would give out at any second as the familiar warmth began to build between her thighs.

She felt him shove his entire middle finger inside her without any warning, forcing a gasp from her lips.

"Fuck," she gasped, biting her lip as he began to move his finger in and out slowly. Her body responded to his every touch, her hips rolling against his hand as she felt her walls beginning to tremble. "We can't do this here."

"Alright. Just wanted to push your buttons," Tony snickered and pulled back. Louise struggled to catch her breath as she watched Tony stick the wet finger in his mouth, licking and sucking off her juices.

"Delicious," he grunted, making Louise's cheeks quite pink.

The two hurried in the utility building, down the hall, and to the shower stalls. Once the stall was secured, Tony began tugging his shirt over his head. He wasn't wasting any time with his clothes,

dropping them on the floor without hesitation. Louise marveled at his thick cock hanging heavy between his thighs.

As Tony started to strip, Louise bent down to untie her shoes, trying to hurry, though her heart was still hammering in her chest as her thoughts were racing. It was hard to not lose focus on just how ridiculous, immoral, and perverted her actions were, fucking in broad daylight in a place people could enter at any second. As her pants slipped off, the realization really set in for her, the risk they were taking, and the guilt that came with it.

Once they were both completely nude, Tony was quick to act, moving over and pinning her against the wall. Their bodies pressed together, his warmth surrounding her as she shivered, the thought of getting caught intensifying.

Her lover wasted no time, grabbing her roughly by the chin and tilting her head back so she could see his smug smile before shoving his tongue into her mouth, kissing her passionately. He held the position for several seconds, sliding his hands down to her firm ass and gripping both cheeks, letting his fat cock press firmly into her soft, flat tummy. She moaned quietly as he took control of her body, rubbing her slick pussy up and down his huge length, sending delicious shivers throughout her body.

They eventually broke away from each other, gasping for air, the heat between them rising, making it feel stuffy and cramped in their stall. Their mouths quickly locked back together as Tony's hands continued to squeeze and grope her bare ass cheeks, teasing her, reminding her what was soon to come.

A hand disappeared down between them as Tony guided his cock head to her pussy, rubbing it between her wet labia, the warm slickness making him growl into Louise's open mouth as his tongue explored her.

"God," she whimpered, taking in the breaths desperately needed in such a rush. "It's too dangerous. This could ruin my whole fucking life."

"Yeah, isn't it fucking exciting," he grunted, running his swollen tip across her soaked opening.

"It's terrible."

"Are you wet for me?" Tony groaned, pressing himself even closer, her mound pinned beneath him, hot and tender, the moisture coating his shaft.

"Yes. You're turning me on, but..." Louise panted. "This is so bad. So wrong."

"But don't you want it?"

"You think I can control myself around that thing?" Louise moaned as he rubbed his fat tip up and down her sopping wet pussy, smearing her juices all along his length, his tip covered in her slickness. "Tony..."

"What's wrong, teach? Nervous?" He mocked.

"We shouldn't," Louise stammered, trying to muster up some resolve, but was quickly interrupted when he pushed forward, driving his huge cock past her lips and burying it deep in her warm, wet pussy. He let out a soft grunt, pressing himself all the way into her tight walls. "God!" Louise yelled, her fingernails digging into his shoulders as his throbbing pole stretched her hole, filling her entirely.

He laughed a husky laugh.

"Damn, teach," he breathed, his balls smacking against her ass. "You really are horny for my thick, fucking cock, aren't ya? Tell me you're a horny, cheating slut, ready to get her holes filled!"

"Fuck..." Louise moaned. "God! It's so good..." she gasped, trying to recover from his intrusion. He didn't give her much time, however, as he began thrusting into her.

"Tell me. Tell me how bad you are."

"Oh, oh, God! Fuck yes! Tony, I-I... I-I... I can't believe you made me such a dirty slut."

"Tell me!" He growled, spanking her roughly, forcing a cry from Louise's throat, sending her tight walls clamping tightly down around him. "Fuck, you really do like getting slapped around, huh? You gonna cum already? We've barely started."

"God! Yes! I'm so fucking bad! Please, use my body as your little cum dump! Make me your filthy, cheap slut, Tony!" Louise gasped, her legs nearly buckling. "Please! I need it. I need to cum, and I know it feels so good when you fuck me raw! Please, please don't ever stop."

He began fucking her harder, each impact drawing an animalistic squeal of pleasure from her as his hips smashed against hers, sending his thick shaft deeper and deeper into her tight channel, forcing it to expand to accommodate his massive size.

"You want more? Hm? Hm? You want more?"

Louise answered between sobbing breaths.

"Fuck! Yes! Keep using me! I'll never fuck another man after this!" Louise groaned. "Please!"

"Really?" Tony asked, even surprised himself. "Not even John?" he asked, slowing down, frustrating Louise in the process.

That's when a loud bang came down the hall and a lot of chatter. Others. Other students. Fuck! Panic rose in Louise immediately, as that meant no escape.

"Tony—"

"Be quiet. Just stay quiet and we'll be fine," Tony whispered.

But as they remained standing, her mind worked overtime to find solutions. They couldn't stay and risk getting caught.

"W-we have to get out of here," Louise whispered urgently.

"Calm down," Tony said firmly, pressing her into the wall, trapping her with his body.

"Fuck," Louise whimpered, shivering, the reality of the situation sinking in. What a horrendous mistake they had made, coming into the shower in the morning. What were they thinking?

"Just stay quiet," Tony grunted, starting to slowly churn his hips back and forth again, working his cock deeper into her. She stifled a gasp and bit her bottom lip. "They'll leave," Tony grunted softly.

"Ah-AH," Louise squealed as he picked up the pace, fucking her faster and harder, causing a bit of noise from the impacts.

"Shut up," he snarled. "I'll have my way with you, but you need to shut the fuck up unless you want to get caught."

Louise whimpered a small protest but nodded, knowing she was trapped. And to make matters worse, it sounded like they were on the men's side instead of the women's side. "Sorry," she whispered. "I just didn't know what to do. But it feels... ah, God."

"I told you, just relax," Tony said in a comforting voice, his hands holding her tightly in place. "We'll be fine."

There was silence for several moments save for the sound of their bodies connecting with every stroke. Tony looked her in the eyes, staring into those beautiful blue globes of hers, her eyelids fluttering shut as she struggled to remain silent.

His thumb came up to gently brush against her lips, gently massaging them before pulling back. "Relax, baby. I promise I'll fuck the shit out of you like the slut you are." He continued pumping his hips, grinding himself against her, his swollen crown repeatedly poking the very bottom of her pussy. "You're my slut and you do what I say."

Her eyelids snapped open and she glared at him. How could he expect her to be quiet if he continued assaulting her insides like this. The pleasure was immense. He was tearing apart her last bit of common sense, destroying her mind's grip over her body. It took every ounce of willpower to keep her mouth shut, biting on her bottom lip and shutting her eyes once again.

Then he kept going. Faster, harder, deeper. Smearing her wet juices all over his massive rod with every thrust. Louise felt herself begin to drown, her senses dulled, her skin on fire with every jolt of pleasure. Everything around her turned hazy as she gave in, letting his thick cock and hard body force her to the edge of release. His deep strokes had her pussy dripping and convulsing, her thighs clenched shut around him and her stomach tensed as if the pressure would somehow suppress the sensation.

She couldn't hold back, couldn't stop herself from screaming into his palm, couldn't stop from losing control. He pulled out just long enough to spin her around and face the tiled wall, clamping a hand over her mouth as they heard the echo of the voices getting close. He shoved his hips forward, filling her tight channel once again. The heady sensations overwhelmed her senses and his cock pressed deeper and deeper inside of her. The harder he drove into her, the harder she squirmed in his grip. The wet sounds bounced off the wet tiled walls, mixing with their breathing.

She was losing her mind.

"Tone, that you in there?" someone called, causing Tony's thrusts to halt. Louise looked wide-eyed at Tony.

"Yeah," he grunted. "Fuck off."

"You fucking some bitch in heat in there or what? Tellin' you, you got the best rizz in school, dawg," the guy chuckled, his words sending new levels of terror through Louise's mind. "I bet that pussy's real good and wet," the voice came.

"You bet -ugh- it is," Tony groaned, his hand loudly smacking Louise's damp ass. Louise squeaked against his hand but didn't dare speak. She wouldn't risk it. She wouldn't dare move a muscle in fear of making noise. "Real fucking tight too," Tony huffed, and Louise felt his hand trail to the other ass cheek, giving it an equally loud smack, sending a fresh jolt of pleasure up her spine. "What you doing in here then, eh?"

Louise couldn't fathom why Tony continued the conversation, she just wanted them to go.

The guy, who was now standing just outside the stalls, didn't answer. Tony started fucking Louise faster, harder, and deeper again. The sounds reverberated through the walls. Louder and louder. More and more intense.

"Shit, man," the guy said. "Sounds like you're really going to town on her, who's the bitch, man? One of the teacher girls?"

Louise could have died on the spot and felt her ears heat up. The mere fact that a random student guessed correctly... and without knowing it.

Tony just grunted as his balls slapped against Louise's ass, his heavy cock slamming into her pussy, pushing and pulling her along with his every thrust.

"Oh shit," the guy said. "You're really—"

"Hey, I'm busy if you can't tell. Fuck off, alright?" Tony barked, his commanding voice sending small jolts of excitement through Louise's body.

"Hah, yeah, sorry. See you later."

They listened to the footsteps as they faded away, until silence. Then Tony pulled out and Louise let out a sigh of relief, a wave of guilt washing over her as she realized how close she'd been to being discovered.

"That was close," Tony laughed.

"You think?" Louise muttered, her heart pounding in her chest. "Why did you even talk to him? Why did you let him hear us?"

"It was fun," Tony said with a shrug, his hand slapping down hard on Louise's ass. "Now turn around, slut."

Louise spun around to face him, staring up at him with a hint of anger in her eyes, enticing Tony further.

"God, your eyes are beautiful when you're pissed at me," he said with a smirk.

Louise narrowed her gaze, not wanting to admit it turned her on even more. "Just finish what you started," she grumbled. Louise took his shaft in her hand, stroking his hard member, feeling it throb in her palm. "You really want to get caught, don't you?"

Tony shook his head. "I just love fucking you," he grunted.

Louise leaned against the wall and lifted a leg, placing her foot on the small stool next to the wall, spreading her legs wide and giving Tony access to her soaked pussy. Tony moved between her legs and pressed himself inside of her, making Louise gasp.

He groaned softly, feeling her tight walls contract around his shaft as he buried himself deep within her, his hips moving in a slow rhythm, pumping his thick rod in and out of her tight channel. He fucked her for several minutes, taking his time, enjoying how wet she was, how tight she gripped him, how she moaned softly beneath him.

Then suddenly they heard the door again. Louise panicked and slipped. She'd fall straight to the floor if Tony hadn't caught her, instead softly landing on her knees in front of Tony's crotch.

"We need to stop," she whispered urgently. But Tony didn't seem to listen.

"Stay down there," he hissed back, his hand wrapping around his shaft, guiding it into her mouth. She opened her mouth wide as he pushed the head inside, letting out a deep moan, his hand moving to the back of her head, pushing her down until he filled her throat.

It felt so good, the thick weight on her tongue, and the soft, slippery smoothness rubbing her throat. She had to control her breathing, but Louise was learning to handle Tony, learning what drove him wild, and what he liked best. She was starting to feel pretty damn proud of her ability.

Tony thrust his hips forward, her jaw stretched to the limit, his huge girth stretching her wide as his massive cock sank deeper inside of her. Then, he suddenly began to thrust, filling her throat, his hips ramming into her chin. Her lips were forced down to his base, the smell of his musk and the scent of sex invading her nostrils. It was intense.

Then came more shuffling, and the fear of getting caught increased once again. But this was part of her task as Tony's devoted slut. This was what he expected of her, to be obedient. She was simply forced to trust he wouldn't compromise them.

"Is anyone in there?" Louise heard a very familiar voice say. It was Joe, the old scrawny math teacher. Louise looked up at Tony in panic. Tony thrust deep into her throat, keeping his cock lodged between her lips as his thick meat pulsed against her tonsils. He growled quietly, holding her head down on his

huge shaft, making her suck him, her tongue and cheeks working to suck every last drop of his sticky semen into her throat, her pussy growing more and more desperate, her knees shaking.

"Just me," Tony grunted, still holding her head to his crotch, refusing to let her escape. She bobbed her head rapidly, taking his shaft down her throat with ease. Her eyes rolled back in her skull as her hot mouth worked to pleasure him.

"O-oh," Old Joe said, surprised. "Tony, is it? What are you doing in here? Shouldn't you join the others for orienteering?"

Louise could feel the massive organ in her throat throb dangerously, making her heartbeat accelerate even further. His body was getting ready to cum and Louise wanted more than anything to make sure he shot his thick seed inside her hot, hungry mouth, coating her throat in his sticky sperm. The thrill of being so reckless and naughty, something she had been trying to deny, was overwhelming.

She grabbed his ass cheeks and squeezed hard, forcing him to fuck her face with long, powerful strokes. But he seemed to be able to struggle when it came to responding to old Joe, so Tony pushed her off and simply guided her down to his massive plums. He gave Joe some made-up excuse, Louise's head was buzzing and her mouth so full that she wasn't listening.

"Fine, get done jacking off and join us," Joe said, seeming to conclude the conversation.

"Wait, could you explain the latitude-longitude thing? I think we didn't get that last time," Tony grunted and grabbed Louise's head, pushing her nose into his crotch.

Louise looked up at him in shock and anger that he didn't let Joe be on his way. He was a mere foot away, with a small flimsy door between them. He could clearly hear the wet noises as her tongue flicked over the velvety smooth skin, her lips sucking greedily at his swollen testicles, her nose brushing up and down his rigid length.

"Uh, I suppose," Joe began, taking the bait. He didn't seem to suspect anything, perhaps his eyes and ears getting bad with age. "Now the... um, what is it... the longitude, yes. The longitude is defined as the spatial location of a point expressed in degrees and fractions of degrees north and south of the Prime Meridian."

Tony held Louise's head firmly in his grip, pushing her nose and mouth up and down his aching balls. His smell was so strong down here. But Tony had other ideas. He pressed at her head, wanting her to go even lower. And with a gulp, she obeyed her lover.

Soon enough his large sack rested heavily on her forehead as she traveled down. Would she really do this? Would Louise, a married teacher, give a student a rimjob while said student listened to Joe drone on and on about the arbitrariness of how the prime meridian was chosen? It appeared so, her hands keeping a grip on his tree-trunk legs and her tongue coming closer and closer to his asshole, her nose buried in his warm plums, smelling and sniffing, while she was traveling under his balls and reaching her target.

"To put it another way..." Joe went on.

Tony pulled her face closer, his musk almost becoming overpowering. She held back a moan, the lust flowing through her mind and making her body shiver. This was what Louise had been reduced to by him, and somehow, the sheer absurdity, debasement, and indecency of the situation only seemed to fuel her arousal even more.

She moaned softly against him, his strong scent enveloping her entire being as her tongue darted from between her lips, making contact with his warm asshole. It was so odd and shameful that this was happening. Louise hadn't been prepared to do this, it had been an order, a demand, and something Louise had done under the influence of a far more dominant mindset, but her tongue traced circles and swirls over his quivering flesh.

The mere thought of tasting another man's ass, and a student's, in such a risky fashion made her wet with shame. But this was exactly the sort of thing he'd taken pride in, turning the straight-laced and seemingly uptight teacher into a complete submissive whore. And now, with her tongue circling and exploring his soft flesh, feeling his sphincter open, it became apparent what Louise truly was. A dirty and utterly shameless slut.

"And that was all very long ago," Joe finished. "I hope that answered your question."

"Thanks, teach," Tony grinned, his tone neutral and flat despite the very indecent, almost obscene thing Louise's tongue did to him.

"Now hurry and clean yourself up, the other teachers have noticed your absence."

"Thanks again, teach," Tony said, seemingly shifting to focus. "I better get dressed, eh?"

Joe hurried away. And as his steps faded, Tony brought her up from her damp cave, his hands coming down to her firm butt cheeks. His large hands dug into her delicate skin, making her squirm slightly as she felt his fingers begin to knead her plump flesh.

"You fucker," she muttered, totally delirious and in awe over what she'd just done.

"Yeah, what now?" Tony smirked.

Louise's response was to simply lean forward and start running her tongue up and down the length of his long shaft, trailing kisses over his veiny meat. When her tongue flicked across the swollen mushroom head, she tasted the precum that leaked from his urethra, the salty fluid was thick and heavy on her tongue. Oily almost. But not enough to dampen the cravings. No, his precum only seemed to entice her more as her mouth grew hungrier with each passing moment.

"Come on, teach, keep going," he grunted, encouraging her. Louise knew that whatever she had started wouldn't be done until they were finished.

"Naughty boy," Louise grunted, pulling off his cock for a moment. "Could you fuck me a bit before you finish?"

"Sure can," Tony grinned. "Though, I'm pretty close already, so you know."

"Just remember to pull out," Louise reminded, not letting him have full reign just yet.

"Sure," he said, turning her around to push her against the tiled wall. His hand was sliding up and down the length of his erect cock before guiding himself forward, pressing his mushroom tip against her slick folds.

The pressure alone was enough to draw a sigh from her lips, her body already eagerly waiting for him. She took a deep, shuddering breath as she prepared herself. His hands gripped her waist as he thrust forward, pushing his entire length deep inside of her soaked hole, stuffing her tight tunnel until he bottomed out.

"Ughh..." Louise groaned. "Oh God, that's so big..." Her walls contracted and loosened several times as her muscles struggled to accommodate the intruding object inside of her. She panted lightly and gasped as she felt his engorged glans hitting the cervix with great force. She whimpered as his shaft was thrust in and out of her pussy with rhythmic vigor.

Even after all they had done, he felt just as big and thick. The raw sensation of having something like this fill her so completely became too much, sending her body into an uncontrollable frenzy. It was impossible to remain calm as the intense pleasure overpowered every other sense and feeling. She felt him spreading her walls wider with every movement of his hips as he pressed forward and backward, pushing and pulling himself inside of her.

She wanted to scream but knew she couldn't make a sound. Not here. Not now. Not like this. So instead, she bit down hard on her lower lip, forcing her body to remain still while he continued to fuck her. She had to let him fuck her to completion.

"Fuck... oh God..." Louise whimpered as Tony's hands squeezed her ass, his fingers digging into her soft skin. He gripped her cheeks tightly as his cock drilled in and out of her slick hole, the walls of her tunnel stretching to their limits, his mushroom head repeatedly punching through her tight opening with incredible force.

"You're so fucking tight, teach," he grunted, his face buried between her shoulder blades, his warm breath tickling her neck. "It's like you're trying to milk my fucking cock dry."

Louise moaned loudly, unable to contain her voice any longer as she felt his balls smacking against her ass with every thrust.

"Ughh... I'm getting close!" he grunted, his grip on her cheeks tightening even more.

"Please pull out," Louise begged desperately, knowing her body would betray her if he didn't. She wanted him to finish inside of her, to feel his hot semen coating her insides. But she couldn't risk it.

Tony gave her one final thrust before he pulled out, the sudden emptiness causing Louise to groan in frustration. She was about to protest when she felt his warm load shoot against her back and hair, leaving her sticky and dripping with his warm spunk.

"Sorry," Tony panted, his hand still firmly squeezing her ass. "I couldn't help myself. Your ass is amazing. But hey, we can always go again later, right?"

Louise felt a wave of excitement course through her as she heard his words. He wasn't satisfied with just one round, he wanted more. She'd been apprehensive before, but by now she was looking forward to every time she'd fuck Tony.

But the added thrill of doing it so recklessly in the public shower. It was so different from the other times they had done it. It had been evening when Tony fucked her last time here, but now in broad daylight? It was almost like they were daring fate to catch them in the act.

The thrill was intoxicating, and Louise knew she wanted more. But she also knew it was a risk they couldn't take.

"Wanna do this every morning?" Tony smiled.

"Yes," Louise whimpered. Before she could even think to reply the word had spilled out. "I mean, perhaps we should do it before breakfast. If you can get up by then."

"With your tight pussy and sexy as my motivation? I'll never have a problem getting up," Tony said. "Pun intended."

Louise rolled her eyes at him.

"It'll be a nice way to start the day, don't you think?" Tony smirked. "Me fucking your tight little pussy, making you cum all over my fat cock. And then having breakfast together afterwards. Sounds nice, doesn't it?"

Louise nodded slowly, blushing a bit. "Sure does."

"Then let's do it," he said, slapping her butt. "Get dressed, slut."

"I'm not your slave," Louise huffed, trying to maintain some sort of control, despite her very wet pussy and sticky body saying otherwise.

"Sure, tell yourself that," Tony laughed, pulling on his clothes. "Wait five minutes before you come out. I'll make sure the coast is clear."

Over the next few days, things continued just like this. Tony and Louise would sneak off to shower together in the morning, and Louise would ride or get ridden by his thick cock until he came all over her or inside her ass. Then she'd get dressed and rush back to the campsite and pretend she hadn't just had her brains fucked out by her student.

During the day, Tony would find ways to grope Louise whenever nobody was looking. When they went on excursions, he'd sneak behind her and reach around to grope her ass or grab her tits, whispering dirty things into her ear. He'd rub himself against her whenever they were alone, or press himself against her and grind his crotch against her ass when they were walking. He even tried to stick his hand down her pants a few times.

All of which drove Louise wild with lust. It was hard for her not to imagine what it would be like if they got caught. She'd probably lose her job, her marriage would be over, her reputation would be ruined... but sneaking around like this, getting more and more brazen every time, was intoxicating. It was wrong, but she couldn't stop herself from wanting more.

More than once did they break off from the main group activities to find some trees to hide behind. Sometimes it would take less than a minute until the clothes dropped and Louise found herself on her knees, Tony's cock between her lips.

A handful of times did they even stay outside at night. First, they had tried the forest, and eventually, they found made their way to the creek, which acted as an isolated place where nobody would find them. There they'd go back and forth for hours, teasing each other, bringing themselves close, and then stopping, until neither one of them could stand it anymore.

Despite Louise's best effort to not fall entirely for his games and machinations, he slowly reaped power over her body and mind. If he asked her to do something, she did it without asking or second-guessing. He was reasonable, thank god, as if he had too far-fetched requests, Louise had no idea how she'd respond by now.

One morning, when everyone was out and about, Louise and Tony even snuck over to her and Emily's tent to hook up in broad daylight. That was by far the riskiest of Louise's sexual endeavors thus far, and while Tony had his way with Louise, it felt like they were defusing a bomb. Anyone could find them, and if they heard the noises emanating from her tent, only an idiot wouldn't be able to deduct what was going on.

"Mm, that's it, teach," Tony breathed, his thrusts driving hard into her warm depths. He hilted himself as far as he could inside the older woman's slick folds, her walls clamping around his veiny girth.

Once again they were in her sleeping bag. Tony was nestled in between Louise's thighs as he moved within her, his chest pressed against her sizable breasts. Her legs were locked behind the young man's ass, her soft feet rubbing at the small of his back. Tony was breathing hard, the motions of his hips were steady and deep as he pushed his thick cock into her tight passage, sliding smoothly through her dripping folds as their bodies made lewd, wet noises.

The sound of Louise's pussy was the only thing to be heard in the tent save their strained breaths and gasps of pleasure, Louise was getting well used to it by now. He had an iron hardness to him, unwavering, as he drove his hips against her pelvis over and over again, burying his entire length into her depths, feeling walls her stretched and straining. His fat cock slid in and out of her easily, but she could still feel the power behind it with each thrust.

"Tony!" she hissed softly in delight. She was trying to be quiet so as not to arouse suspicions.

"Fuck, you're so tight. So perfect," Tony growled, his voice thick with lust as he continued to meticulously pound away at his horny teacher's tender entrance. Slowly he pumped her full of his cock, making her see stars.

"Quiet," Louise whispered. It was in the middle of the day. Students were out and about doing activities away from the camp, and Louise had made the excuse and had told the other faculty that she needed a

student's help, Tony, with something important. With the other teachers busy elsewhere, and no students, Louise and Tony were safe and free to enjoy a quick fuck.

But Tony wasn't in any hurry, it seemed, and instead decided he'd make her endure his slow diligent pace, taking his time feeling this slut out as he churned away at her guts.

Occasionally, Tony slammed into Louise with increasing force, his hands finding their way under her shirt and bra to grab onto her boobs, groping and mauling the sensitive mounds, massaging them, squeezing her tender flesh, rolling and tugging on her pert nipples with his strong fingers. Louise moaned softly, her body arched up into him.

"Like that, teach? Love my big, hard dick deep in your hungry pussy?" Tony mumbled in Louise's ear as her eyes clenched shut, trying to focus on the overwhelming sensation of his fat cock spreading her open, stretching places no one else could reach.

"So much. Tony! Fuck me!" Louise groaned low, her entire being seemingly consumed by Tony's thickness. It didn't even seem possible that this would've been their fifth go of today already. "Ugh, fuck me! I'm yours, please! Fuck your whore."

"Whore. Damn right. Such a naughty whore. Do you hear me, Mrs. Banks? What if someone saw you now? Anyone could walk past this tent now and draw an accurate conclusion of what's going on here..." Tony hummed.

"No—stop teasing. Please," Louise gasped breathlessly, her nails digging into Tony's back as she begged for him to start picking up the pace, driving her towards completion.

"What's that, teach? You want more?" he grinned, driving his cock down into her tight, velvety heat.

"Tony!" Louise whined desperately. Tony answered her plea with a grunt and a series of hard, fast strokes into Louise's tight channel, slamming the head of his big prick into her cervix with the loud sound of skin-on-skin echoing into the night air, Louise's eyes clenching shut as a violent orgasm took hold of her. She arched into the younger man's chest, her stomach twisting and spasming as a new wave of juices gushed from her nether regions and splashed on his stiff meat.

"You're mine, aren't you? Nobody else gets to do this with you. John can try all he likes, but he'll never compete, won't he?"

"N-no—" Louise whimpered.

"He should thank me for letting him fuck you at all. I'm tempted to keep all this for myself," Tony murmured.

"Hnngh," Louise moaned incoherently as his hand wrapped around her neck, his cock slamming into her cervix once again. It was like she was possessed, her arms reaching around his back and pulling him tightly against her, her body trembling violently as he continued to grind away at the deepest parts of her, her mind melting and fizzing in ecstasy.

Tony suddenly growled and held his cock deep inside of her. He shoved his tongue inside of his teacher's mouth as his huge shaft started twitching. Louise let out another muffled groan as Tony, at the last moment, pulled out, and with a quick adjustment from his hand, he pushed inside her ass instead, erupting instantly. Louise could only groan and whimper into his mouth as he pumped his fat loads of spunk deep inside her bowels. Her arms, previously wrapped around his back, had fallen useless to the ground.

The two were left panting in their embrace. Louise could feel their bodies pressed tightly together as Tony leaned his head against her shoulder, his softening cock buried deep in her asshole. She was sweaty and sticky, a mixture of both their perspiration and sexual fluids covering her from head to toe. Her body felt incredibly light and free from the stress and worries it carried only half an hour ago. Now Louise didn't have to think about how much she was betraying her husband and risking getting caught, all she needed to focus on was Tony's slowly receding length plunging into her greedy orifice one last time.

Then Louise heard the faint sound of the zipper to the tent slowly crawl up, and along crawled the skin of her back. Louise froze as the opening widened and someone stood there staring at them wide-eyed.

*

Emily sighed. Again another morning of boredom. Sure fishing was fun, but that seemed to be the only activity to do. She'd go for a swim, but with all the fish guts and hooks flying around, it seemed quite hazardous.

She lived off of the promiscuous thrill of sucking off Tony in the showers for a few days, but you could only relive that so many times, especially in a camp full of other people.

Something Emily did find curious, especially in the light of discovering Tony's size and the rumor mills, was how Louise seemed to disappear now and then. That wasn't unusual, but whenever she was gone, Tony was too. Without fail. You could call it a coincidence the first few times, but after a bit, an obvious suspicion was drawn up.

Lana and Mary had been adamant that Louise was cheating on John, but Emily could not understand that. She just couldn't. She couldn't wrap her mind around cheating on someone she loved. Especially cheating on someone like John.

Emily had her own very close encounter with Tony's massive size and capabilities. And even though it had only been a blowjob, it had been such a thrill. A thrilling experience that had led to a few nights of blissful masturbation, but the main difference for Emily was that she wasn't married. And it was only a blow job, which by some doesn't even seem to count. Still, all of it made Emily curious about what sex would be like with him. It had to be amazing.

The more she thought about it, the more she began to wonder if Louise was really fucking Tony. And if that was the case... wow. That was so wrong... and yet so hot. Not the cheating part, if that was true

then Louise could burn in hell, but as visions of the voluptuous blonde being taken by the big ogre Tony kept running through her head, Emily couldn't help but get increasingly aroused.

It was only natural for Emily to want to try it out too, right? To experience what it's like to be a real slut for a guy like Tony? He must really know what he was doing to get a woman like Louise to cheat on her husband. And that made Emily's heart beat faster.

But she'd never cheat on her husband. Never. Emily was a good girl. If she was married to John, she'd have him beat her pussy up all night long. Hell, she'd probably do it with or without a wedding ring. She had no problems admitting John was a hot piece of ass. In many ways, he was the dream man come true in Emily's eyes, even after scorning her by rejecting her advances, which was something she hadn't given much thought to. She understood that he was happily married and loyal to his wife. She respected him for that. While it had hurt at the time, it spoke to his quality more than anything.

But now that Emily had seen how big Tony's cock was, her fantasies were more potent and wilder than ever. She wasn't married, and least of all to John, so she was free to explore.

So, with that in her back pocket, and also to solve this little mysterium once and for all, Emily went over to Louise's tent, peeking inside and finding it empty. Louise had this trail she liked to walk, but Emily wasn't quite sure where it was so she didn't dare take any chances.

Later that evening, though, she did see Tony and Louise come back from wherever they had been with no more than a few minutes apart. They tried to make it look like they didn't come from the same direction, but Emily suspected they did. There was just something about the way they acted. Louise looked happy enough, though a bit tired and Tony looked cocky like he always did.

The morning after, Louise had already eaten her breakfast and disappeared by the time Emily was done with her morning routine. She even tried to ask Lana and Mary but they simply decided to tease Emily.

"What, you want a peek?" Mary giggled.

"Or perhaps you want Tony to pound you into oblivion like he did Louise?" Lana said.

Emily rolled her eyes and sighed. "You two are impossible. I just wanted to ask where she went, but if you're going to be like that..."

"She went for a walk," Mary smiled.

"Like we said she did," Lana said with a wink.

Emily sighed. She could do without the teasing. "Thank you," she said before walking off, following the path Louise seemed to always take. She'd follow this trail and find her and finally figure out what's been going on with Louise.

And as she walked through the forest, Emily could not help but feel a bit excited. If anything, she'd just see the prime teacher out and about. If something, Emily would possibly be witness to some first-class debauchery, which would be quite the sight to see.

But it all made sense. It explained why Louise kept disappearing, why she was so tired all the time, and why she and Tony always came back around the same time. The two had to be fucking behind everyone else's back. But Emily would only know if she caught Louise in the act.

Eventually, she arrived at a clearing in the forest. In the middle of this clearing, there was a lovely creek, a waterfall, rocks along a small bank, and a beautiful field of flowers. It was like a painting.

Emily stepped out from behind a tree, walking over toward a specific rock that was over by the other end of the small beach. It had an odd color like it was stained with something crusty. As Emily got closer, there was a certain pungent smell too. There were several spots like this, across the bank, but this one seemed fresher. Was it... Tony's leftover cum? Had they just been here?

Emily suspected that if anything, they had spent some time here over the few days. Under a rock, she even found a pink sock left behind by whoever had been there.

If Louise had an affair, Emily had to think of how the thrill must be for them. The taboo naughtiness of it. Where would they be that would add to that?

Well, the shower, but Louise had been careful in that regard. There had been some suspiciousness around why some of the stalls were sometimes an utter mess, and some of the others swore someone had been fucking in there, but that seemed too farfetched for Emily to imagine Louise doing. That sort of risk would be right next to stupid. Though, she didn't doubt Tony would fuck just about anywhere.

The whole camp was supposed to go for a hike this morning, well up into the mountain, which meant the campsite was more or less desolate. Would Louise lag behind with her student lover and take advantage of that? That was the hypothesis Emily decided to work with.

With half a mind to check back there, Emily started back toward the tents. It would be just as risky as the showers, so Emily didn't think she'd find anything. The rest of the camp had left a few minutes ago anyway, which meant Emily would have to try to catch up with them eventually, but she just had to take a peek to satiate her curiosity.

And lo and behold, as Emily got closer to the tents, she began hearing noises. Odd noises that caused her heart to beat faster. It sounded like two animals were fighting. One mewling and groaning, the other grunting and growling.

"Oh my God!" Emily gasped, realizing what she was hearing. It was no animal. It was Tony and Louise.

Emily crept up on the tents, her heart beating furiously as she neared the corner. What was she about to see?

Nothing of course. Nothing but their tent, as the cloth shielded Louise and Tony's privacy from the world, but it did nothing to contain the primal sounds from them, the rubbing of skin, the soft clashes of their bodies. Emily could hear the wet slaps of their bodies as they moved against each other.

She should just go. It was wrong to watch them, but it was such a thrilling experience. This was real life. These two were having sex right now, just feet away. Tony's huge cock was plowing into Louise, spreading her insides and stuffing her full.

Emily's own heart was pounding and her chest heaved as her breath picked up. She crept forward and leaned down. Her face was just inches away from the taut fabric as she listened intently. She could hear every single sound as if she were standing right there with them.

The moaning, the grunting, the squelching, the panting... it all blended together into a cacophony of pleasure.

Emily could feel the heat radiating from the tent as they continued their passionate coupling. Tony suddenly groaned out loud as he no doubt finished himself by using Louise's body. Emily swallowed hard, trying to fight back her rising excitement as Tony grunted his approval.

She wanted so badly to reach under her clothing and touch herself right there and then, but she managed to keep her hand from drifting down. A shiver went down her spine, and she bit her lower lip. Tony was probably still hard, and his member could be heard as it moved within Louise. She had to stop herself from getting too carried away.

Finally, it was over, and they both seemingly collapsed inside the tent, panting heavily as though exhausted. Emily realized she had stayed still in place as if paralyzed and had listened to them finishing, her breathing labored, face flushed and body aching for attention.

They couldn't be allowed to just go and continue fucking like that when other people might happen by...

That was how Emily justified her next actions. She reached out and slowly unzipped the front of Louise's tent. She peeked inside. Louise was lying on her back, naked. And what a sight she was. Glorious in her own right. Big breasts heaving with her exhausted breathing, her long hair an utter mess, her slim waist... her hips that were built like an athlete, curvaceous and still trim. Louise no doubt carried quite the booty under those tight clothes she always wore.

Where Emily was petite, the married teacher was a voluptuous blonde in every sense of the word.

Emily shifted a bit and saw the huge form that was Tony. Naked too, though quite the contrast from the perfect woman beside him. Hairy and large. He looked strong enough but was quite obese. And to match his physique, his fat cock lay glistening against his thigh. It was a monster, and Emily felt her heart skip a beat at the sight of it.

And to top off this debauched scene, the smell of sex permeated the tent. It was so thick and strong that Emily couldn't help but inhale deeply, feeling her head spinning as her blood rushed down between her legs. She couldn't tear her eyes away from Tony's huge member, which lay flaccid yet still formidable on his thigh. The sight of his cum-coated cock made Emily shiver with desire. She knew that if she were given the chance to, she would gladly suck and fuck him all day long without any hesitation whatsoever. At least just to try it out...

Wait a minute... How the fuck was Louise just fucking around like this when John was so faithful to her? This bitch was getting plowed by a huge cock and a huge man and she didn't even give a shit about her husband?

How could a woman have so little respect for a man like John? It was so hypocritical of her!

"Louise!" Emily called out. The blonde sat up abruptly, wild-looking, and panic couldn't have been written more plainly across her face.

"What—who... aren't you out—" Louise scrambled for her clothes, shoving at Tony to get him moving. He eventually did, grabbing his boxers, and the two exited the tent.

"Emily, I'm sorry," Louise said quickly, buttoning up her blouse. "I was just—"

"Cheating on John?!" Emily said, finishing her sentence for her.

"I better—" Tony started, but Emily waved her hand like a conductor of an orchestra would, silencing him.

"Emily, I can explain!" Louise tried as Emily took a step aside to let Tony hurry out of there, pants halfway up his thighs, belt in hand, and shirt still open.

"You better fucking explain, Louise. What the hell are you doing? You're cheating on your husband!"

Louise sighed, her face burning with shame as she pulled on a pair of jeans. Emily could hardly believe the image of Louise being shattered so vividly. Not only had she grown into such a cold bitch after Emily had tried her luck with John, which was understandable, but Louise was such a hypocrite!

"It's not—" Louise began, but then sighed. "Look, it's complicated. But I promise you, this is not what you think."

"That's the most pathetic excuse I've heard, Louise," Emily said coldly. "I think the principal would be very much interested in how his teacher is breaking the fucking law!"

"Please! Let's... not here. Let's go somewhere else and talk, I will explain. Please let me try to explain this," Louise pleaded. Emily's anger cooled a bit hearing the woman beg. Like any decent person, Emily loathed begging. It spoke of last measures and hopelessness.

"Fine," Emily sighed. "We're going to have a talk. And if I don't like your explanation, I'll go straight to the principal and tell him everything I know and saw." And John, but that wasn't for Louise to know.

"And how could you do it in the tent we share? I have to sleep in this stench?"

"I was going to clean—" Once again Emily snapped her hand like she did with Tony, silencing Louise as well.

"Lead the way, putain de salope," Emily muttered. As Louise's begging had smothered her anger a bit, Emily was feeling sort of guilty for getting this angry. Or perhaps it was envy? Jealousy? All three? Whatever it was, it made Emily feel dirty, and she wasn't sure if it was a good thing or not.

As Louise walked off toward the creek, Emily followed. They didn't speak until they reached a secluded area that was quite far from the campsite. It was a small clearing surrounded by trees with a stream running through it. There was a rock formation nearby that looked like it might be fun to climb on. The field of flowers. The big rocks where Emily had found what she now knew as Tony's leftover cum.

Louise gestured to a stump, offering Emily to sit down, but she declined. Louise sat down, folding her hands on her lap. Emily leaned against a tree, folding her arms and watching her expectantly.

"So..." Louise began.

"Start talking."

"This will sound very weird but is actually quite common... And I hope you can still respect him for being, erh, brave enough to see his fantasy into real life, that he trusts me so much--"

"Who? Tony?" Emily asked.

"No! John. John likes it when I... sleep with Tony. I make sure to record and then I give it to him. When we're home, he'll sometimes watch, sometimes not. He knows everything that happens."

"John likes you to cheat on him?" Emily asked, perplexed. "He just lets you do that?"

"It's more than just *'letting'* me do that," Louise said quickly. "I love John, I really do, and he knows that. But he likes to watch me having sex with other men, and I don't mind doing it if it makes him happy. You'll know when you're older how boring life can be, and we figured we'd do some exploring. And it being, erh, pretty good is just a bonus. I mean, don't get me wrong, John is a great lover, but Tony is something else."

Emily was silent for a long moment, taking everything in. She wasn't sure if she believed Louise or not. It sounded absurd, but... Emily had of course heard of this before. Cuckolding, hotwife-lifestyling and such. They even had all kinds of terminology for the different nuances. Was John just into that kinky stuff?

"It was his idea?"

Louise nodded. "Completely. The whole idea was his and it works really well."

"That... I never thought a guy would want something like that," Emily said, shaking her head. "But you cheated on him. I'm not going to lie, that's fucked up, and you don't deserve someone as good as him."

"Don't say that, please," Louise said.

"And why aren't you recording then? I saw your phone, it was face down and not doing anything," Emily shot back.

"I sometimes forget. John likes that too, that I get so lost and overwhelmed in the act that I forget everything else. It turns him on even more."

"Wow," Emily said, pushing away from the tree and walking over to the stump, sitting down. "What happened to you?"

"Nothing, I'm just lucky. Really lucky," Louise said, her lips quirking into a grin.

"Fuck, that sounds kinky. So I'm supposed to believe John likes to have a wife that fucks around with one of her students? This is insanity," Emily said.

"Maybe so, but he does. John is an amazing man. The fact that I'm able to get someone as handsome, charming, and wonderful as him has spoiled me. But I couldn't imagine being with anyone but him, and knowing that makes me appreciate him so much. And perhaps, when it came to you, this whole thing made me sort of... paranoid about when you... y'know," Louise said, ending in a mutter.

"Tried to fuck him?" Emily challenged.

"Please, you have me in a corner, do you have to rub it in?" Louise hissed. "Besides, it's not like it wouldn't be cheating if John hadn't been such a good loyal man."

Emily nodded slowly. "You're right. Sorry. I mean... it is pretty hot, and if it is okay with John..." Emily muttered. It certainly changed a lot of her perspective of Mr. Perfect. John had seemed such a gentleman, to think he had this perverse side to him.

"It is. It really is," Louise said, nodding eagerly. "He loves it and he loves me. He's the best husband in the world. And Tony is more than willing to help us out, too, as you've seen."

"I bet he is," Emily said, not realizing she said it out loud.

"I'll have you know it's been very hard trying to keep this all hidden. But if it makes John happy, I'd do anything for him," Louise said. "Even if it goes against my own morals."

"How courageous," Emily snorted.

"Yes, I know," Louise said, glaring at her. "And I really don't want you telling anyone about this. If it gets out, it could ruin everything."

"Why should I keep your secret?" Emily asked. "I mean, I can't say I agree with cheating on your husband, and I get why you're doing it, I guess, but—"

"What do you want? Money? Help with your grades?" Louise said quickly, sounding desperate again.

"Please don't tell anyone. It would kill John and me if this got out. I'll lose my job and probably go to jail!"

"Well... I have an idea," Emily said with a small smirk.