

Home Alone



BARON
LESAGE

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Home Alone

It was a warm, sultry Saturday evening and Bernard, his wife, Connie, their son Charles, and Charles's best friend, Billy Morris were eating supper.

Connie was watching the two boys eating wondering what chemistry had drawn the boys together. They were as different as night and day, she thought. But despite this, they were still the best of friends and had been since they had been freshmen at Clemon's High School.

They were both eighteen and she wished that Charles with his slight frame and glasses was more like Billy who was taller and much more muscular. But, she was glad that Charles was the more intelligent of the pair. Charles's main interest in life was computers and math. Billy on the other hand was the archetypal jock. A good-looking little stud in a boyish way, she smiled to herself. She imagined that he had his share of girls and maybe that was why Charles liked being around him. And she was sure that Billy didn't mind the help that Charles gave him in the books department.

Watching the two boys eat, she saw that Charles, as usual was daintily picking at his food, eating only selected items while Billy wolfed down everything on his plate like he hadn't eaten in weeks.

Damn, Mrs. Vickers is a good cook. Billy thought. I wish that my mom could cook as good as she does. Boy, I would like another helping.

"Billy, would you like some more potatoes?" Connie asked seeing that his plate was almost empty.

"Sure thing, Mrs. Vickers," Billy said, holding his plate out to her.

Wow, can she read my mind or what?

"Anything else," she asked him smiling as she ladled out a huge mound of potatoes into his plate.

"Uh, another helping of everything, I guess," he grinned. "If that's okay?"

I hope that she doesn't think that I'm a pig.

"Anything you want," she laughed, filling his plate.

Anything I want. I'd like to fuck you right here on the table. Right in front of your husband and Chuck. Damn, I'm getting a hard on just thinking about you.

At last supper was over and Bernard pushed back from the table.

"You boys help your mom with the dishes," he said, getting up and tromping off toward the living room.

Charles frowned and groaned, but Billy quickly began to help clear the table.

"Where do you want these dishes, Mrs. Vickers?" he politely asked.

"Over there, on the counter by the sink," Connie smiled, point over at the counter.

And where would you like this boner I have all saved up for you?

"Just stack them there by the sink," she smiled warmly at him as he smiled back and blushed.

Why was he blushing, she wondered as she stood up and leaned over to pick up the leftover steak? Lifting the plate, she looked up and saw that Billy was blushing even brighter. Glancing down, she saw that her blouse had billowed out giving the boy a peek down inside her blouse.

Oh, fucking God, what a pair of tits. I wish she didn't have that damn brassiere on. God, I'd give my left nut just to dive down between those beauties.

Why, my goodness, the boy was staring down my blouse, she told herself.

She should have felt angry that the boy was gawking down her blouse, but strangely, she didn't. Instead, she felt a perverse tickle of something she didn't know how to describe. It made her feel warm and funny inside. She had always had a funny, warm feeling toward Billy for some inexplicable reason ever since the first day Charles had brought him home. Maybe that explained her puzzling lack of righteous indignation.

In fact, she felt a bizarre sense of pride knowing that he found her attractive enough to risk taking a peek down her blouse. Smiling, she bent down again and watched his eyes quickly light up and drop down to her breasts again as she

dabbled with the other plates for a few seconds.

What in the hell is going on? She saw me looking down her blouse and now she leaning down so I can get another look. Oh, Jeez, they're beautiful. I'd give a million dollars just to reach out and touch them.

Was she crazy?

She was actually teasing him. Teasing her son's best friend. Teasing a boy. Teasing him and showing off her tits like some two-bit whore.

Finally, realizing that Charles might see her and catch on to what she was doing, she stood up and carried the leftovers to the refrigerator.

No, don't stand up. I haven't got my fill of your awesome tits yet.

"Why don't you boys go on and play your new game," she smiled at them as she turned back from the fridge.

Game? I know a game I'd like to play with you, Mrs. Vickers. It's called stick the wienie in the pretty lady.

Seeing that Billy was still blushing as he stared at her, she self-consciously ran her hand down over her breasts smoothing down her blouse.

Look at that. She's smoothing down her blouse so I can see how big her tits are. I can't believe this.

"Well, go on," she smiled, directing most of her attention at Billy. "Don't just stand there gawking at me."

Gawking! If I had any guts, I'd walk over there and plant a kiss on your sweet lips and then I'd tear your blouse off so I could see those tits you're so proud of.

"Hey, come on Billy," Charles yelped, turning and running out of the kitchen.

"Well, aren't you going, too?" she smirked.

Damn Chuck. I could stand here all day long looking at your mom. You stupid jerk.

"Huh? Oh, yeah, uh, bye, uh, Mrs. Vickers." He muttered, blushing deeply. "Uh, thank you for supper, and, uh, uh, everything."

Yeah, but thanks mostly for the great look at your tits.

"You are quite welcome," she smiled at him as she ran her hand down over her breast again.

She did it again. There's no mistaking it. She's flirting with me. Chuckie's mom is flirting with me.

She saw his eyes flick down to her breast for a second before he turned and fled out of the room.

"You hussy," she fumed out loud. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, teasing that boy like that."

Flicking off the light in the kitchen, Connie strolled into the living room smiling to herself and sat down by Bernard.

"What time do you two have to leave tomorrow morning," she asked as she suggestively ran her hand down his thigh.

"All the events kick off around two," he yawned, "so I guess that we'd better be on the road by ten at least. Why?"

"Just trying to figure out what to do with myself while you guys are out gallivanting in the woods," she smiled back at him, squeezing his thigh. "And when do you think you'll get back on Sunday?"

"I think the Closing ceremonies are at nine," he told her, "so I imagine around one or two."

"You are going to leave me all alone by myself Saturday night," she pouted, sticking out her lower lip.

"I'm afraid so," he laughed, "But these father and son things only happen once a year."

"I know," she smiled, "and I'll probably enjoy the peace and quiet once you guys

are out of my hair."

"Sure you will," he agreed. "It'll give you time to read that new book you've been wanting to read."

"That's an idea," she said, running her hand up his thigh again.

Bernard seemed oblivious to her suggestive behavior as he watched television and ignored her groping and squeezing his thigh.

"Could I interest you in a little hanky-panky?" she said softly.

"Uh, I, uh, I'm kinda tired," he yawned, "and uh, I got a long day tomorrow."

"Oh, all right," she fumed, giving up and watching television.

The longer she sat there, the angrier she became.

"Well, why don't you go upstairs and go to bed?" she snapped, if you're so tired."

"I think I will," he grunted getting up.

While Bernard flopped down on the bed, Connie stepped into the bathroom and slipped off her blouse. Sometimes this was the best time of the day, she thought, unhitching her brassiere. The instant she released the catch on her bra, her large, heavy breasts sprang free. Tossing her bra onto the hamper, Connie took one big, heavy tit in each hand, roughly squeezing and kneading the soft, warm flesh.

She usually went braless, but since Billy was visiting, she felt it might be a little risqué to go around bouncing and bobbling all over the place.

But the way he had been ogling her breasts, now she wished she had gone without her bra, she thought. Smiling as she recalled catching him staring down her blouse as she cleaned off the table. What would he have done if she hadn't had her bra on and he had gotten an eyeful of her tits in all their naked glory? At least he had shown some interest in her, unlike Bernard.

At last, she reluctantly moved her hands away from her tits and bent down stripping off her shorts and panties. Standing back up, she admired her image in the mirror. Not bad for thirty-eight, she thought as she let her eyes travel up her

body. Following the arcing sweep of her calves to her beautifully proportioned thighs, she was pleased with the way her firm, tan thighs gracefully curved out only to sweep back ending in her long, sexy hips. Pausing momentarily at the swath of curly hairs spreading out over her lower belly, hiding her secret grotto from view, her eyes swept up over her flat, hard stomach and veered out to encompass her big, full breasts with their big, ruby nipples jutting out begging for attention. Finally her eyes moved up to her face. There was no doubt about it, she vainly thought, I am a very pretty woman. Reaching over to the door, she plucked her nightie from the hanger and raising it above her head, let it drop down over her body. It was so sheer that it did little to hide her abundant charms, but in the dark it would be sufficient, she thought as she flicked the light off and stepped back into their bedroom.

Glancing over at the bed, she saw that Bernard was already dozing off. She had, had one last glimmer of hope, but when she saw him nodding off, she knew that by the time she got back from locking up, he would be asleep.

Angrily, she stomped out of the room in her bare feet and made her way downstairs. As she walked, her big breasts bobbed and wriggled, rubbing her sensitive nipples against the sheer film of her nightie. It felt sexy to have her big tits bouncing freely as she walked around the house. The fact that Billy was in the house gave it even more spice. Maybe he might be up hiding somewhere watching her, she smiled to herself. I wish, she laughed, flicking the last latch shut. Satisfied that everything was battened down, she strode up the stairs and started back to her bedroom.

On her way down the hall, she glanced down at Charles's bedroom and saw a faint glow of light coming from underneath Charles's door. This usually indicated that he had gone to sleep with his television on, but tonight with Billy over, they might still be up playing on the computer. Pausing for a moment, she wondered if she should check. Why not, smugly she smiled? She might even get another chance to tease Billy.

Tip-toeing down the hall to his door, she cautiously peeked into the room. It took several moments for her eyes to adjust to the faint light, but when she could finally see into the room, she saw that both boys appeared to be asleep.

Charles was under the covers on his bed in his usual dead to the world pose while Billy lay on the sleeping bag at the foot of the bed, directly in front of the

television. He was lying on his side and from where she stood, she could only see his back so she couldn't tell for certain if he was asleep or not. She stood watching him for a few moments and saw that his breathing was steady and even.

Just the thought that he might still be awake gave her a thrill as she slowly started over to where he lay. Stepping around the obstacles left behind by the boys, she crept toward the television as quietly as she could. Finally, she was near the set and had only to step around Billy to reach it. Standing there, naked except for her tiny nightie, she felt herself growing more excited as she deliberately stepped over him. A sudden and perverse thrill shot through her brain as she did, because she knew that if he was awake and looked up, he would be able to see straight up at her naked pussy.

But as her foot touched the floor on the other side of him and she looked down, she saw that he was indeed asleep, cute, hunky face the picture of youthful innocence and virtue. Disappointed for a moment that he hadn't been awake to take advantage of her lecherous display, she felt sudden rush of adrenaline squirt into her blood stream as her eyes found his young, virile penis jutting out through the opening in the front of his pajamas. In the murky light of the television, the sight of the boy's stiff, erect penis caught her by surprise. She hadn't been expecting anything like that. Stunned by the size of boy's cock, she stood transfixed, staring down at it, afraid to move for fear of waking him up.

But why was he hard? Was he having a wet dream? Who was he dreaming about? Was he dreaming about her? Just the thought that he might be having a dream about her sent a jolt of electricity shooting down her spine and to explode into her tingling pussy.

Finally, after several moments of gawking at the boy's oversized organ, she was able to catch her breath.

Then it occurred to her that Billy's potent manhood was definitely oversized for his age. Maybe it was just the light, she thought to herself as she timidly bent down to get a closer look at the swollen penis. Just as she did, the scene on the television changed bathing the room in brightness and she could see that the size of his cock was no figment of the dim light. The boy's penis, jutting out hard and ripe was more than man size.

My Lord, the boy's huge, she thought as she stared at it. How could a boy his age be so big? As she stared at the Billy's erect maleness, she realized that Billy, in his youth, was already considerably larger than her husband's impressive cock. It was all she could do to keep from reaching down and touching the erect column of meat.

The sight of the boy's oversized penis evoked a strange feeling down inside of her. The itchy need between her legs that she had felt earlier suddenly returned with a vengeance. What was wrong with her? This was a boy she was being upset by. Her son's best friend, Billy. Granted a boy with a man's penis, but still a teenage boy. Yet, even as she chastised herself for her aberrant excitement, she couldn't calm it.

Then, just as she was about to stand back up, Billy moved in his sleep.

"Oh, Mrs. Vickers," he groaned as his cock suddenly began to jerk up and down wildly.

She nearly fainted right there on the spot.

Gasping for air and not wanting to risk waking the boys, she left the television on and carefully made her way back toward the door without tripping over anything. Slightly giddy from the adrenaline rush she had just experienced, she stepped back out into the hallway and quietly closed the door.

Standing there, she leaned against the door and fanned herself to clear her head. This wasn't like her, she told herself. Why was she so upset by the sight of a boy's penis? She had seen Charles's penis many times. But then again, Charles's penis was a boy's penis while Billy's penis was a man's penis. Trying as hard as she could, she still couldn't erase the image of Billy's perfectly-shaped penis from her mind. It was as if the picture of his beautiful penis had been indelibly seared into her brain. What really shocked her though was the effect it was having on her. She was Connie Vickers, the mother of a boy no older than the one she was having such lecherous thoughts about. So why was she so aroused by the accidental sighting of Billy's erect penis?

And then, when he had mouthed her name. Oh, God. Was she going crazy?

This was the first time she had felt anything like this.

At last, she pushed herself away from the door and hesitantly took a step back down the hallway toward her bedroom. Her knees almost buckled but then the blood flow to her legs resumed and she slowly made her way back to her bedroom. Stopping at the door, she looked in and saw that Bernard was asleep already, just as she knew he would be.

Too bad for you, she thought flipping off the light, because after her episode in the boy's room, she was definitely in the mood for some serious fucking.

Making her way over to the bed, she slipped off her nightie and dropped it onto the floor beside the bed. Still frustrated by Bernard's lack of interest, she flounced down on the bed hoping to wake him up, but he only snorted and rolled away from her.

Frustrated, she spread her legs apart and slipped her hand down to her tingling clitoris. Her fingers quickly found the ripe pea-sized bundle of nerves sticking out, begging for attention. She wasn't surprised to find it so hard and ripe as she began flicking it back and forth roughly, enjoying the trickle of excitement flowing up from it as her mind pored over the image of Billy's magnificent penis.

But for some strange reason, she stopped fingering herself just short of an orgasm. Feeling slighted by her husband, she didn't want to bring herself to an orgasm with him lying beside her although it would serve him right. She would wait until tomorrow. Then tomorrow, when he was gone, she would have a party for herself. Tomorrow, she would do it when she was alone. Alone with her toys and movies. Too bad, though, that Billy would miss all that he had caused.

Finally, after lying awake for what seemed like hours, she drifted off into a restless sleep.

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It seemed like she had just fallen asleep when the clock radio went off, coaxing her back to wakefulness. Blindly reaching over, she fumbled with it for a few seconds until she found the off switch and flicked it off. Lying there, she tried to recall why she felt so drugged. She didn't remember drinking anything last night, but she still felt groggy and tired.

Suddenly a warm glow spread out from her pussy as the image of Billy's penis slowly formed in her mind and a trickle of electricity shot through her clitoris while the warm feeling spread over her whole body until she found herself sweating.

Easing out from under the covers, she hurriedly slipped out of bed and rushed into the bathroom, breasts flopping and hair flying. Closing the door behind her, she looked into the mirror and saw that her face was beet red.

Quickly stepping into the shower, she slowly turned on the cold water and stepped underneath the icy spray. It was so cold she could barely stand it, but shivering, she endured the stinging spray of ice cold water for several seconds before she had to step out from under it. The freezing water had temporarily driven the image of Billy's prick from her mind, but as soon as she stepped out from under the freezing water, the image returned. Stepping back under the watery cascade, she shivered and shook from the cold until her teeth began to chatter and she had to step out. Grabbing a towel, she quickly wrapped it around her, and began rubbing herself furiously, trying to get warm again. But now her nipples were swollen and sensitive from the cold water and the towel rasping across them quickly brought back the itchy feeling between her legs.

Giving up her attempt to quiet the perverse desire smoldering inside her pussy, she continued to towel herself until her teeth stopped chattering. Afraid to even touch her big, voluptuous breasts lest she set off another wave of craving, she hurriedly slipped back into the bedroom. Bernard was still asleep, snoring and oblivious to Connie as she pulled on a pair of warm-ups.

Hurrying downstairs, she quickly set about fixing breakfast. Scurrying around the kitchen, she first fried up a mound of bacon while the toaster browned half a loaf of bread. Piling the crisp, aromatic bacon on a plate, she broke nine eggs into the frying pan and scrambled all of them together, occasionally stirring them until they were done. Once she had everything prepared, she stuck it all into the microwave and started a pot of coffee brewing.

As it brewed, she walked back up the stairs. It's a good thing Billy isn't here to see this, she smirked to herself as she watched her tits flopping about unrestrained under her warm-up top. He would really be blushing.

"You'd better hurry up and get dressed," she growled at her husband as she

walked into the bedroom, "or you and Charles will miss the opening ceremonies."

"Huh," Bernard sleepily mumbled as he dragged his arm out from under the covers and looked at his watch.

"Wow, you're right," he blurted out.

"When you get up," she told him, "go wake up the boys."

"Okay," he mumbled, sitting up, yawning, stretching and rubbing his eyes with his fists.

"Breakfast is in the microwave," she told him as she started toward the door. "I'm going to work in the yard a while, so you guys go ahead and eat so you can hit the road."

"All right," he yawned, seemingly unaware of her coolness.

Hurriedly slipping back downstairs, she gathered up her gardening tools and carried them out behind the great oak tree in the corner of their yard. From this vantage spot, she could watch the house without being seen. She just didn't want to face Billy and re-ignite the smoldering memory of his manly cock.

Plopping down, she piddled around weeding the flowerbed for a few minutes. It was rather enjoyable sitting under the tree all by herself, she thought, if only the irksome little itch inside her vagina would go away.

But when the men were gone, she would take care of that, she smiled, rubbing herself through her sweat pants.

Then suddenly the door leading out into the yard swung open and she nearly swooned when she saw Billy step outside.

*I wonder where she is? I'd like to get one more look at those gorgeous tits before I leave.*

"MRS. VICKERS?" she heard him shout, "Are You Out Here?"

She didn't know whether to answer him or not. She knew she was already

blushing again.

"Uh, yes, uh, over here," she finally stammered, not wanting him to think she was avoiding him.

"Oh, there you are," he grinned, walking toward her with a big innocent smile on his face, "Uh, I just wanted to thank you for letting me stay over last night. I had a real good time."

*Oh, crap, she's wearing sweats. Can't see much through them. But even in sweats she looks great.*

"Oh, Well, uh, you're quite welcome," she said, stumbling over every word like a tongue-tied teenager on her first date, "you're welcome, to, uh, stay over, uh, anytime you, uh, want."

*Stay over anytime I want? Hey, how about tonight while your hubby and Chuckie are gone to the Scoutarama? Just you and me. We could fuck all night long.*

"Uh, Okay," he smiled back at her as she saw his eyes dart down to bulging front of her sweatshirt. "Well, I've got to run. Uh, thanks again."

"Well, come back to see, uh, us..." she stammered, trying to keep her eyes off his crotch, but failing, "anytime."

*Holy fart! She just looked down at my cock. And said for me to come back anytime. Maybe she really does want some of my wienie. I'll have to think about this.*

Why had she said that, she asked herself as she watched him turn and stride across the yard? She felt a breeze brush across her forehead and realized that she was sweating again. What was wrong with her? How could she be letting herself get so worked up about a teenage boy? Was she going bonkers?

Finally, after a few moments, she had cooled back down to a controllable level and decided to risk going back inside, hoping that Billy was now gone.

Just as she reached the door, her husband met her there and held it open for her.

"We are just fixing to leave," he grinned at her, "I was just coming out to tell you



good bye."

"I hope that you two enjoy yourself," she said, returning his smile and giving him a quick little hug. "You both be careful and come back safe and sound."

"We will," Bernie said, leaning down and giving her a little kiss on the cheek. "We should be back by three or four o'clock tomorrow, if everything goes according to plan. I'll give you a call if there is any change, though."

"Charles, you take care of your father out there in the woods, okay?" she laughed, giving him a little hug too.

"Yeah, Mom," he grinned, hugging her back.

"I love you both," she said as she walked with them to the garage.

"Love You Too," they both said almost in unison.

Watching them get into the car, she felt a little twinge of guilt that she was glad to see them go for once, but she wanted some time to herself for a change.

In no time they were backing down the drive and driving away. Waiting for a few moments, she reached over and flipped the switch and watched the garage door slowly slide downward until it clunked shut, closing her off from the rest of the world.

"Ah, alone at last," she said out loud.

Stepping over to the washer, Connie reached down and promptly peeled her sweatshirt off and dropped it into the washer. Then she tugged down her pants and tossed them in on top of the shirt. She now stood in front of the washing machine stark naked.

"I'll bring you guys some friends later," she laughed, feeling silly but kind of sexy as she strolled back into the house, her bare boobs bobbling and bouncing up and down merrily. Lifting the big mountains of soft pink flesh, she tried to restrain them as she started up the stairs only to hear the phone ring.

Giving her big tits a rough squeeze, she let them go and walked back over to the phone.

"Hello," she said into the phone, feeling a little self-conscious, standing and talking on the phone without any clothes on.

"Hello, Connie, this is Bea," said the caller, "I'm sorry to bother you, but Frank and I had planned to go camping this weekend and now Billy has decided that he doesn't want to go. We know Billy's eighteen and all but we were wondering if you would mind being his support system in case anything happens while we are gone?"

"Well, uh, yeah, I suppose, uh, so, if anything happens..." she stammered, not knowing what else to say.

"If it's too much of a bother, we'll find someone else," Bea said, "but since you have the power of attorney and all from the last time, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind."

"Oh, sure, it's fine," she said, finally able to speak again.

"Well, he won't bother you unless there is an emergency or something," Bea told her, "and thanks a million."

"Don't think anything of it," Connie said, returning the receiver back down to its cradle.

Well, that changes the plans a little, she sighed, cupping her big, firm tits in her hands again and holding them so they wouldn't flounce around too much as she headed back up the stairs.

Slipping into a pair of soft, silky shorts, she thought she would fix her a little lunch and then try to get rid of the bothersome little tingle in her pussy. She had planned on running around naked all day, but with Billy now under her supervision, she thought she should be at least partially clad, should he show up unexpectedly. Picking up a brassiere, she started to pull it on, and then decided against it, instead she pulled on a short little halter-top that just barely covered the swollen swell of her big breasts. Looking into the mirror, she could see the round, bulging bottoms of her breasts peeking out from under the bottom of the halter anytime she moved her arms up in the least. What a surprise Billy would get if he saw her this way, she lecherously thought. He would really be blushing.

Prancing down the stairs, her frolicsome tits bouncing so wildly, she had to keep

pulling the halter down over them to keep them covered. Quickly fixing herself a sandwich, she sat down at the table and began to eat it when she heard the doorbell ring.

"Oh, For Goodness sakes," she complained, setting her sandwich down and getting up.

Annoyed by the interruption, she gave her halter-top a hard tug, trying to pull it down over her mountainous breasts as she tramped over to the door. Peeking out the peephole, she was shocked to see Billy standing outside the door.

Suddenly she found herself at a loss. What was she going to do now? She didn't know whether to answer the door or wait and see if he would go away. Then she remembered that she had agreed to be his chaperone for the day.

Hesitantly, she reached down and slowly turned the doorknob. Opening the door, she stood half hidden by it.

"Uh, hello, uh, Billy, is anything wrong?" she asked, standing hidden behind the door.

"Uh, No, uh, not really, Uh, Mrs. Vickers. Uh, I'm sorry to bother you," he nervously apologized, "but I left my boom-box over here last night and I was wondering if I could get it."

*I hope that my plan to get one more shot of her fabulous tits works. I wonder why she is hiding behind the door. Maybe she's naked. Ha! Yeah, only in my dreams.*

"Oh, is that all? Sure, you can," she gushed, glad that there was no emergency.

Then she remembered how she was dressed.

"But you'll have to pardon the way I'm dressed, I wasn't expecting company," she blurted out, blushing all over.

*Wait. Maybe she is half-naked. Come on, Mrs. Vickers, just open the door so I can see.*

"Oh, that's okay, mom runs around in her scruffies at our house all the time, too,"

he laughed starting to step inside.

*Holy shit! She is nearly naked. Any she doesn't have any brassiere on either. Would you look at those beautiful babies. They're so close I could reach out and touch them. If only I had the guts...*

"Uh, I, uh, wow, I, wow," stammered when he saw her standing there in her shorts and halter top, "Wow.

*She is awesome. I'm hard already. Oh, Mrs. Vickers, I want you so bad.*

He could hardly take his eyes off of her as he stumbled inside.

"You can go ahead upstairs and get your radio," she smiled at him, perversely pleased by his obvious response to her skimpy attire.

*Radio? Oh, yeah, that's why you left it here, stupid. So you could have and excuse to come back over after her hubby and Chuckie left. Get your fucking feet moving and stop gawking at her.*

"I, Uh, I'll, hurry up here and, uh, find it and, uh," he stuttered as he tripped and nearly fell on the first step of the stairs, "I'll, uh, hurry up and, uh, you know, hurry right up."

Realizing how flustered he was gave her a shot of confidence as she watched him trip and slip going up the stairs, trying not to look back down at her.

*I hope that I don't trip and break my fool neck. I can't believe how she's dressed. Man, her beautiful tits are almost hanging right out in the fucking open—*

"I'm just having a sandwich for lunch," she said loudly as he reached the top of the stairs. "Would you like to join me?"

*Join you? I'd rather fuck you. But I can't seem to fucking obvious. This is turning out even better than I had hoped.*

"Uh, oh, I don't know if I should stay for lunch," he mumbled loudly.

"Oh, sure you can," she told him.

*Hey, enough playing hard to get. She wants me to stay, I'll stay.*

"Well, if you say so," he said hurrying down toward Charles's room. "After all, you are my turn-to lady today."

Why did you do that, she asked herself as she strolled into the kitchen and started fixing him lunch? You can't really be thinking about starting up something with him can you? She didn't know why she had invited him to stay for lunch, but now that it was done, she suddenly found herself wondering where it would lead.

It wasn't long before she heard him coming down the stairs.

*Where did she go?*

"Uh, Mrs. Vickers," he said loudly.

"I'm here in the kitchen," she answered him, "come on in."

*Come on in! Yeah, come on in your sweet, little pussy. You sweet thing.*

"Uh, are you sure it's, uh, okay?" he timidly asked as he stood at the kitchen door.

*Fuck, I'm gonna cum in my pants. She is so fucking hot.*

"Why wouldn't it be?" she asked him, unable to keep from glancing down to see if he was reacting the way she expected him to react.

*Jeez, she just looked down at my crotch. She had to see how hard I am. Maybe she does want some of my big, hard prick.*

Just as she thought, there was a large, readily apparent bulge in the front of his pants.

*Can't come on too fast though. I have to make sure that's what she is really after. I could screw up big time if I tried to put the make on her and she wasn't really wanting it.*

"Well, uh, we're here all alone and all," he stammered, his eyes following hers as

they dropped down and then quickly jumped back up to his eyes.

"And what's wrong with that?" she asked him, putting the finishing touches on his sandwich and carrying it over to the table.

*Would you look at those babies wiggle. How big are they anyway? Gotta be at least 40 inchers. I bet.*

"I, uh, guess, uh, nothing, if you say so, but, uh, well," he stuttered, watching her tits jiggling under her halter-top. And he could see the rounded bottoms protruding out from the edge of the halter top.

"I say so," she smiled at him, setting his sandwich down and leaning over the table to give him another eyeful of her abundant cleavage.

*Yeah, mom said something about if an emergency came up to come over here. Well, an emergency has come up, but I'd better hide it with my boom box until I'm sure what is going on here. Oh, shit, look at those big, beautiful boobs.*

"Uh, yeah, they did. So I guess that makes, uh, you the boss," he nervously smiled, trying to maneuver his boom box down to cover the growing evidence of his appreciation of her womanly attributes.

"That's right," she smiled at him as she sat down at the table, pleased to see that she had aroused him without really trying, "so sit down and let's have lunch."

*Look at her nipples. They must be as hard as a rock the way they're sticking out. She must be excited, too.*

As Billy stumbled over to the table, Connie felt her nipples jutting out, swollen and hard straining against the thin material of her blouse as the boy's eyes swept over them.

*Damn, my cock is so hard, I can't sit down. Now what? Oh, well, I'll just have to straighten it out.*

Connie watched him trying to sit down, but it was obvious that his painfully swollen organ was caught in an untenable position and he had to reach down and straighten it before he could sit down. Finally, his face a bright crimson, he sat down.

*I bet my face is as red as a frigging beet. But look at her, she is just smiling like she knows that she made me hard like this.*

Smiling at him with a look of amusement on her face, she didn't say anything.

*I'm not hungry for this kind of food. I want some real food. Like what's down between her legs. I bet her pussy tastes as sweet as honey.*

The charged atmosphere of the room was almost explosive as they sat nibbling at their sandwiches. As Connie chewed her food, her mind wandered back to the previous night and she felt a rush of excitement as the picture of his big, thick man-thing filled her mind.

*Hey, look at her. She's blushing. What is she thinking about?*

She knew that she must have been blushing as badly as he was as she fought to remove the picture from her mind.

*Uh, I guess that I better try and make conversation. I don't want her to think that I'm a dolt.*

"UH, when are Chuck and Mr. Vickers going, uh to get back?" Billy muttered.

"Oh, uh, tomorrow afternoon sometime," Connie told him, trying not to choke on her food. "What time are your folks going to be back?"

*I don't know, Sunday night, I think.*

"Sunday Night, I guess," Billy said, taking the last bite of his sandwich.

"Would you like another sandwich?" Connie asked, seeing that he had finished his sandwich.

She didn't know what she was doing. She didn't really have any plans, but she knew that she didn't want the boy to leave. Maybe something would just happen, she thought. But what was she hoping would happen? She couldn't really be, no, she told herself. Not with a boy.

*No. Let's get this thing going or send me packing. I can't stand much more of this suspense.*

"Oh, No, uh, it was great," Billy told her, anxiously pushing the plate back.

"Are you sure?" she said, trying to decide if she was really prepared to put her thoughts into action.

*Well, I guess I'll just have to put it all on the line. I'll tell her that I'd better leave and if she asks me to stay, I'll know whether she wants me or not.*

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm full. I'd better get back over to my house. Besides, you probably don't want some guy hanging around all day."

"Now what makes you think that?" she smiled at him casually brushing her hand down over her breasts, "I would say that we were both in the same boat, wouldn't you?"

*Oh, man, there she goes again. Running her hand over her tits. If only that was my hand. What does she mean both in the same boat?*

"Uh, yeah, I guess so," he blushed, his eyes following her hand across her breasts as he decided to play along.

"Well, since we've been abandoned and are all alone," she told him, "I guess it is up to us to entertain ourselves. Don't you agree?"

*I think I might have a chance. I just hope that I don't screw it up.*

"Uh, I don't know," Billy stammered, "I guess so."

"Then how would you like to watch a movie with me?" she grinned, boldly staring into his eyes.

*Watch a movie? I had something else in mind. But what the fuck, it's a start.*

"Really?" he blurted. "I don't want to be a bother."

"You aren't a bother" she smiled at him, "And don't worry, if you become a bother, I'll let you know."

*Now what?*

"Uh, okay then," he said, trying to swallow the lump in his throat that threatened



to slip up into his mouth.

"Good," she gushed, standing up quickly, making her breasts bob up and down wildly. "Then why don't you go on into the rec. room and I'll get us a movie. Any suggestions?"

*Suggestion? Yeah, how about some porn. Porn with young boys fucking older women.*

"Uh, I, uh, adventure, uh, I guess," he blubbered.

Grinning at him, Connie strolled over to the door swishing her hips from side to side a lot more than was necessary. She could feel the boy's eyes boring into her rear-end as it wiggled and rippled with each step. So far, everything was going well, she thought to herself as the seeds of a plan took root inside her head.

*Oh God, what an ass! Look at it wiggle and jiggle—*

Billy waited until she was gone before he quickly stood up, grabbed himself through his pants and hurriedly repositioned his painfully –hard cock through his pants. Then, picking up his boom box, he shuffled off into the rec. room and sat down on the couch in front of the television, holding the boom box in his lap to hide his erection.

"That doesn't look very comfortable," Connie laughed as she strolled back into the room with a DVD in her hand.

*Uh, yeah, but if I didn't have it in my lap, you could see how hard I was.*

"Huh," Billy gulped, "Uh, what do you mean?"

"Holding that big, heavy boom box in your lap looks awful uncomfortable," she repeated as she sauntered over to the television.

*Maybe she wants to see it. Maybe, I'll just move it and show her how hard she's making me.*

Spreading her legs apart just enough to steady herself, she bent forward from the waist leaving her rear end thrust up in the air and pointing directly at Billy. By bending over, she stretched her shorts so tight they slipped down into the crack

of her ass, leaving the firm, round cheeks of her ass bare.

*Oh, my God. I'm going to have a fucking stroke. Look at that beautiful ass. Perfect. Smooth as a baby's butt, but so much prettier.*

Billy's face turned two shades redder as he sat staring at her upturned butt and feeling his cock trying to rip its way out through his pants.

Finally after what seemed like hours, Connie stood up. Reaching down, she tugged her shorts down cover the soft, smooth skin of her buttocks.

*Damn, I'm so hard I hope that I don't poke a hole through my frigging boom box.*

"There," she said, stepping back, "that ought to do it. I'm going to fix us some popcorn. You go ahead and watch the start of it and I'll be back in a minute."

"Uh, Okay," he said, still holding onto the boom box to hide his obvious erection.

Thank goodness. Now maybe I can fix my cock so that I can breathe. It's so big, I think it is going to tear my blue jeans.

When he was sure that she was gone, he shoved his hand down into his pants, grabbing hold of his cock and trying to reposition it into a more comfortable position. But trying to make eight inches of swollen, rock-hard cock comfortable inside a pair of tight blue jeans was an impossibility.

*Now what movie did she pick out?*

Then, the images on the giant screen of the television came into focus. Billy gasped and held onto to his boom box so tight his fingers began to turn white.

It can't be! I must be dreaming. It's a boy fucking an older woman. I can't fucking believe it. IT'S A FRIGGING PORN MOVIE!

Closing his eyes, he squeezed them tightly and the opened them again. The scene hadn't changed. He hadn't imagined it.

Boy, look at him give it to her. And he is about the same age as me. The lady looks like she is about the same age as Mrs. Vickers.

On the screen, a boy was fucking an older woman.

*I can't fucking believe it!*

Starring bugger-eyed at the television screen, he watched the boy's impressive cock slide in and out of the lady's pink, wet slit.

"OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE," Connie gasped as she came walking back into the room, "WHAT IN THE WORLD, HOW DID I...UH...OH, NO, I DIDN'T..."

*Don't change it now.*

Setting the popcorn down, Connie rushed around the couch and turned off the DVD player.

*No, please, don't turn it off.*

"Oh, Billy," she blushed, turning beet red, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to put that DVD on. I'm sorry. Somebody must have put in the wrong box cover."

*Was it a mistake? Did she really make a mistake, or was she just trying to act like it was a mistake?*

"UH, Uh, Oh, Uh," Billy gulped, swallowing and trying to regain some semblance of control.

*Crap! Now what in the hell am I supposed to say?*

"Thank goodness there wasn't anyone else here," she gasped, "it's bad enough for you to see it, but at least there wasn't a crowd."

*Well, why don't you and I just do the same thing they were doing.*

Billy just sat there staring at her with his mouth open.

Slipping out the pornographic DVD, Connie turned around and faced Billy

. "Are you all right?" she asked, seeing that he was white as a sheet and barely breathing.

*How am I supposed to be? Sitting here in front of my best bud's mom after she*

*just showed me a porn movie? Then she asks me if I'm all right. Jeez!*

"I, Uh, don't know," he blubbered out.

Standing up, Connie slipped over to where he sat and reached down to feel of his forehead.

*What. What is she doing now?*

"My goodness," she remarked, finding his skin cool and wet, "you're all clammy, like you're in shock."

*I think I'm going to come right now. Look at her tits. I could reach out and touch them.*

"Uh-huh," he managed to blurt out as her fiery fingers caressed his brow.

"Maybe you need some mouth to mouth resuscitation," she suggestively smiled down at him.

*Mouth to mouth resuscitation. Yeah, Baby. Do that and I'll suck your tongue out by its roots.*

"OH, MY, Jeez, Uh, Mrs. Vickers," Billy gasped out.

"But first," she murmured, bending down and slipping the DVD back into the DVD player and turning it back on, "why don't you watch the rest of the movie while I find out where your problem is."

*Huh! Oh My God! She put the fucking movie back in the player.*

Billy sat there flicking his eyes from the TV to Connie as she slowly strolled around behind the couch.

*Where is she going now? What is she going to do now?*

"First, let's get rid of this," she said, lifting the boom box up and prying his fingers away from it, "maybe it's blocking your circulation."

*Well, the cat's out of the bag now. She can see how hard it is.*

"Oh, dear me. I think I've spotted the trouble already," she said coyly moving her hands down off his shoulders onto his chest and then on down over his belly.

*Oh, shit. She's going right for my prick. If she touches it, I'll come.*

"It looks like there is a huge, swollen lump in your pants," she said, slowly unthreading his belt and unbuttoning the button on his jeans.

*What the fuck did you expect?*

As she leisurely unzipped his pants, her big, soft breasts straddled the nape of his neck, rubbing against him while she teasingly spread open his pants.

*I'M GOING TO HAVE A FUCKING HEART ATTACK!*

"Oh, MY, oh, MY, oh, MY," she gushed as she gently eased his shorts down off his pulsating giant, "it's just as lovely as I remember it."

*REMEMBER IT? Why did she say she remembers it? She's never seen it before.*

"Huh, what, what do you," Billy moaned, his cock twitching dangerously and threatening to explode at any second, "what, what do you mean remember?"

*When did she see my cock? This is getting crazier and crazier. Maybe I am just dreaming.*

"Never mind, dear boy," Connie told him, stepping back away from the couch. "I'll explain later, but first, we need to take care of your problem."

*Take care of my problem? Are we going to fuck right here on the fucking couch?*

"What do you mean?" he gasped out, his face beet red and the blood vessels in his neck jutting out like cords of blue rope.

Stepping around in front of Billy, Connie quickly pulled her halter up, baring her breasts.

*Oh, fucking God. They're fucking awesome. I've never seen such awesome fucking tits.*

Billy's swollen prick jumped and bounced as he gawked at her wriggling breasts

in dazed amazement.

"Do you like my breasts?" she asked him, going down onto her knees in front of him as his cock jerked up and down wildly.

*Like them? I fucking love them. They're fucking beautiful.*

"Oh, God, Yes," Billy spluttered, his cock jerking up and down dangerously, "they're beautiful."

"So is this," Connie smiled, gently taking his pulsating throbbing cock in her hand and giving it a little squeeze.

*Don't do that, Mrs. Vickers. Don't do that or you're going to get a face full of cum.*

"IMMMGOINNNGTOCOMMMMMMMMMMEEEE," Billy groaned loudly as his thick, hard cock began to lurch up and down uncontrollably. "I CAN'T STOPPPPPPPPPITTTTTTTTTT!"

"That's okay, honey. Let it go," she quickly said as she bent down and sucked the monster into her mouth.

*JESUSFUCKINGCHRIST SHE'S SUCKING ON MY COCK. OHNO HERE IT COMES. I CAN FEEL IT SHOOTING UP MY COCK.*

"FUCCCKKKKKKK!" he bellowed out as Connie encircled his gigantically swollen cockhead with her lips.

OH SHIT, I'M COMING IN HER MOUTH. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. OH, GOD, IT FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD. OH, GOD, FEELS TOO DAMN GOOD. I CAN'T STOP IT. OH CHRIST, NOW I'M BLUBBERING LIKE A BABY BUT I CAN'T STOP IT.

She thought he was having a heart attack as his body stiffened and he began to cry.

Then, as she hungrily sucked and pulled on his throbbing cock, it erupted spurting a huge, thick spurt of his creamy, hot cum into her mouth.

*OH, I'M GOING TO DIE. IT FEELS TO FUCKING GOOD.*

"CANNNTTTTTSSTTTOPPPPCUUMMMINNN," Billy moaned, tears running down his cheek as his cock jerked and spasmed inside her hot, sucking mouth.

*Oh, suck on it hard. Suck it all out. Suck out all of my cum.*

Crying out, he thrust his hips upward, driving the thick, puffy head of his cock even deeper into Connie's mouth as she continued to suck and pull on it. Nipping at the spurting monster with her sharp little teeth, she teased and tormented it as it bucked and jerked over and over again filling her mouth with his thick, gummy cum. There was so much cum gushing out of his giant penis, Connie could feel it running down her chin and dripping down onto her heaving breasts. But again and again it gathered itself, spouting gush after gush of his sperm filled semen into her mouth. She thought it would never stop.

*Oh, it won't stop. It feels so fucking good. So fucking good. Keep sucking baby. Keep sucking on it.*

"Ohmsvickrsfeelsogood," he moaned as his penis emptied itself into her hot, clutching mouth.

Holding onto his convulsing cock with one tightly, clutched fist, her other hand found his giant, goose-egged sized balls. Squeezing and fondling them with her fingers, she coaxed out more and more of his super-heated cream out into her mouth.

*Ah there it goes again. Ah, again. Ah sheit, again.*

Connie kept on sucking him and swallowing his thick, syrupy cream as it poured out into her mouth in an unending stream. Strangely, she found his cum delightfully sweet. It tasted like thick, gooey cream as it splashed onto her tongue.

*Oh, no, I think it's about over. It feels like it's stopping. But I don't want it to ever stop. Oh, it feels so fucking good. Uh-oh, it quit.*

Finally, with one last spasm, his cock stopped twitching and almost immediately began to shrink inside her mouth. Giving the ponderous tube of softening flesh

one last suck and relishing the flavor of his last milky offering, she slowly lifted her head and let the withering cock slowly slither out of her mouth.

*Jeez, it's running down her chin. There was so much she couldn't swallow all of it. Oh, I hope she doesn't think I'm a jerk for coming in her mouth.*

"Oh, God, Mrs. Vickers, I'm sorry," he sniffled, wiping the tears off his cheeks with the back of his hand.

"For what?" she asked him running her tongue around her lips, licking at the stream of his jism running from her mouth down to his shrinking manhood, "Didn't you like it?"

*Like it? I fucking loved it. But I didn't think women liked for men to come in their mouth. Oh, crap, she licking my cum off her lips. MY CUM. Chuckie's mom is licking my cum off her lips. I can't fucking believe it.*

"OH, God, Yes, but I'm sorry that I, uh, came in your mouth," he stammered out.

"If I hadn't wanted you to come in my mouth," Connie smiled at him, still licking her lips, "I wouldn't have let you put your big, bad boy in my mouth, would I?"

*Fuck! I think I'm in love. She's beautiful and she likes to suck my dick. What can I tell her?*

"Oh, Jeez, Mrs. Vickers, I just," he started only to be interrupted by her.

"I think you can call me Connie," she laughed, slowly easing his pants down his legs and untying his shoes.

*Connie. She wants me to call her by her first name. Connie. I don't know if I can do that. What is she doing now?*

"What? What are you doing now?" he asked her as she eased his shoes off.

"What does it look like, silly?" she smirked, pulling off his shorts and pants. "I'm taking your clothes off."

*Why is she taking my clothes off? I just finished. I've already shot my wad. It's*



*over...isn't it?*

"Uh, yeah. Uh, but what, uh, what are we going to do now, Mrs. Vickers?" he timidly asked, staring down at her sitting on the floor between his legs.

Maybe it's different with older women. Maybe they know how to do it even after you come.

"Connie. Remember you can call me Connie. I think we know each other well enough to be on a first name basis by now," she giggled reaching out and wrapping her hand around his shrunken manhood. "Don't you?"

Man, I don't know if I can call her Connie. She's Mrs. Vickers to me. Mrs. Vickers, Chuckie's mother and my fantasy lover. Calling her Connie just doesn't seem right.

"Uh, Okay. But, I don't know if I, uh, can call you, uh, Connie," he said, smiling childishly. "It, uh, it just doesn't feel right, uh, for me to call you, uh, uh, Connie."

Pushing herself to her feet and watching her big, pendulous breast wriggle, she wondered what must be going through Billy's head right at this moment.

God, would you look at her tits wiggle. I've just shot my wad, but looking at her big, beautiful tits is making me get excited again.

Looking down at him sprawled on his back half-lying, half-sitting on the couch, his cock now soft, but still big and puffy, Connie could hardly wait until he was once again hard.

Connie saw the glazed look of gratification and shock in his young eyes as he let his eyes wander over her body. Could he see the wet spot between her legs, she wondered, because it felt like she was leaking out her juices by the bucket.

Her shorts are wet. How did her shorts get wet? Is she so hot that she wet herself?

"Gosh, Mrs., uh, Con, uh, Connie," Billy grunted, staring down at her crotch, "you're all wet down there."

"What?" she asked him.

She had heard him, but hadn't really been listening as her mind was racing ahead.

I hope that I'm not making an idiot of myself.

"You're wet down there," he repeated himself, pointing down to her shorts.

"Well, you made me that way, you silly boy," she smiled, spreading her legs and looking down at herself.

*I made her wet? How did that happen? I didn't even touch her.*

"Have you ever done it with a woman?" she asked him coyly, stepping closer.

Done it? Does she mean have I ever fucked a real woman?

"Uh, uh, a woman?" he mumbled.

"Yes. Have you ever made love to a woman?" she went on, reaching down and taking hold of his hands.

I wonder if girls count.

"Uh, once, uh, once Mary Simmons and I kinda did it," he said bashfully as she lifted his hands up to her waist.

"Kind of?" she asked.

*Crap. I should have just said no.*

"Uh, yeah, we uh, kind of played with each other until she made me, uh, made me come. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, that's not really making love," she told him, taking his fingers and easing them down inside the waistband of her shorts. "Have you ever seen a woman's pussy?"

Yeah, but I'm just going to say no this time.

"No," he grunted, slowly pulling her shorts down her hips until suddenly they went skittering down her legs landing in a puddle at her feet.

Lifting her foot, she stepped out of her shorts and stood before the boy completely naked.

*Oh fucking Christ! She's naked. Oh, she's fucking beautiful.*

"Did Mary's look like this?" she asked him, spreading her legs apart slightly.

*Mary's didn't look like that at all. Mary's looked like someone had just cut her down there with a knife. There was just a slit. She didn't have big lips like yours.*

"God, No," he snorted, slipping his hands between her shapely legs and gently forcing them wider apart.

*It's fucking awesome. Look at it. Look at all the hair around it. And it's so wet.*

"Hers didn't have hardly any hair," he wheezed as her legs slipped apart farther until he could see her secret grotto peek out from the midst of her forest of kinky blond hair.

*I wonder if she will let me touch it? MAYBE I CAN STICK MY FINGER IN IT.*

Slowly running his hand up the satiny smoothness of her thigh, looking up into her eyes, he gently fingered the thick, meaty lips surrounding her vaginal opening.

*She let me touch her there. Oh, it's so hot and soft.*

Then he softly probed the puffy, swollen lips with his finger as she felt her juices slowly trickling down her inner thighs.

*And so fucking wet...*

"Jeez," she mumbled as she felt him fingering her, "you're making me all hot and wet inside."

*I'm going to stick my finger in it and see how hot and wet it is inside.*

"Do you like it?" she muttered, barely able to stand as he gently eased a long,

thick finger up into the hot socket of her pussy.

*Like it? I'd fucking kill for it. This is so fucking wild. I wonder if I can put two fingers in it?*

"It's awesome," he groaned, easing a second finger up inside of her wet, slippery hole. "Fucking awesome—"

*I wonder if she likes for me to put my fingers in her pussy?*

"Does that feel good?" he timidly asked her as she tried to keep her balance.

"Oh, Fuck, Yes," she panted, pushing her cunt down onto his probing fingers.

*Oh, jeez, she is fucking my fingers with her pussy. I can feel her muscles working. Can it take three fingers?*

"And this?" he asked a third time, carefully easing another finger up into the accommodating channel of her drenched cunt.

"I'm going to cum all over your hand, any second now," she murmured.

*What can I do to make her come? I've never done anything like this with a woman before. What can I do?*

"What, uh, what do you want me to do?" he asked her.

"Fuck me with your fingers," she panted, clenching her cunt muscles down around his fingers, "and touch my clit. Rub it with your finger."

*Damn, I'm getting hard again just doing this to her. This is so fucking crazy.*

"Like this?" he timidly asked her as he began to slide his fingers in and out of her pussy as he gently flicked his thumb back and forth across her clit.

"Oh, MY, Fucking, Lord, I'm commminnnnggggg," she groaned out in anguish as her whole body went stiff and she began to shake and shiver.

*Jeez! Older women sure do come fast. I hardly even had to touch her. Damn Mary took all fucking afternoon. Jeez, she looks like she is having a convulsion. And her pussy is squeezing my fingers so tight.*

As she tottered above him, he kept his fingers sliding in and out of her imploding pussy while he tormented her clitoris. Then as she began to reel, he pulled his fingers out of her and wrapped his arms around her waist to keep her from falling. Pulling her to him, he held her as the fires of orgasm consumed her.

I'm going to hold on to her so that she doesn't fall and hurt herself. She is shaking like she is having a fucking seizure. Though maybe I can hold on to her and put my fingers back in her pussy, too.

As the fires inside her pussy licked at her very soul, her teeth began to chatter and her body writhed about senselessly. Then as he held her tightly with one arm, he eased his fingers back inside her pussy. She groaned as she felt him begin to finger fuck her again. Hunching herself against his hand, she could feel her pussy convulsing down around his fingers and anointing his fingers with her juice. She had never experienced anything like it as her cunt poured out juice until Billy's hand was covered with it and it began to run down his arm until it was dripping off his elbow.

*Is she peeing? I can't believe how much stuff is coming out of her pussy. It's pouring out of her. Maybe I broke something inside of her and, jeez, I hope that I didn't hurt her.*

That was the last thing Connie remembered as she slumped down onto the couch.

*Oh, Crap. Is she having a frigging heart attack? Maybe she's an epileptic. What now?*

The next thing she knew, Billy was gently rolling her over onto her back.

*Thank goodness, she's waking up again. I'm going to look down there and see if I broke anything.*

"Gosh, Mrs. Vickers, did you faint?" she heard him asking her as she felt him slowly forcing her legs apart.

"I think so," she mumbled. "That was an experience."

"Do you like my pussy?" she asked him as the big, meaty lips of her vagina wetly unfurled itself like a rose blooming, blossoming open wider and wider as a

trickle of her pungent woman-juice bubbled out and trickled down into a pool between her long, lovely legs.

*It's the most beautiful thing on the face of the fucking earth.*

"It's awesome," he grinned at her again, gently fingering the soft pink lips of her pussy.

"Why don't you make us a drink?" she purred, lovingly running her hand down his arm.

A drink? She still wants me to hang around. I've died and gone to fucking heaven. Getting a blowjob from my best friend's mom, making her come, and now getting to drink her booze.

"Uh, okay, uh, what would you like?" he asked her, standing up.

"A CC and Coke," she smiled up at him, "but first, why don't you take the rest of your clothes off."

*She wants me to get naked like her. Maybe we're going to get drunk and fuck all damn night.*

"Uh, okay," he grinned back at her.

*It feels kind of funny getting undressed in front of her. But that's what she wanted.*

Getting up, he kicked his pants aside and slipped his shirt off, tossing it atop his pants.

*I just hope I don't do something stupid so she thinks I'm just a fucking kid.*

Watching him try to act so grown up, she admired the way his firm, young ass rippled with each step he took as he walked over to the bar and slipped in behind it.

*CC. I don't see anything that says CC. I wonder what CC is?*

"Let's see, CC," he said looking over the line of bottles behind the bar.

"Canadian Club," Connie told him, curling up on the couch waiting for him.

*Well, I hope she doesn't think I'm just a kid who doesn't know anything about booze. Even if I don't.*

"Oh, yeah, Canadian Club," he grinned sheepishly, picking up the bottle and looking at the label.

"Ice and Coke are in the fridge," she said, watching him trying to act so cool.

*I wonder how much booze I'm supposed to put in it?*

"Coming right up," he said, bending down and opening the fridge.

Connie couldn't believe that this was happening so easily. She knew she should feel some guilt for having an affair, but she didn't. Maybe it was because she was angry with Bernard for shunning her last night, she thought. But even still, she wasn't just having an affair. She was having an affair with her son's best friend. A teenager. She knew that what she was doing was wrong in so many ways on so many levels, but somehow it just didn't matter. And she wasn't going to let her conscience ruin it for her.

As she sat questioning herself for seducing the young boy, she watched him pick up the glasses and start back toward the couch. Her eyes automatically dipped down to his big, fat cock as it flopped around down between his thighs swinging and flopping up against them. It was still soft, but she could see that it was regaining some of its earlier potency.

*I hope I made it right. I've never drank CC before.*

"Here, uh, Mrs., uh, Connie," Billy stammered walking up to the couch and handing her, her drink.

Taking her drink, she took a little sip and smiled up at Billy.

"Do you like CC?"

*I don't know. I'll find out in a second though. I can't let her think I'm just a kid who hasn't ever drank before.*

"Uh, yeah, uh, I drink it all the time. Uh, I drink it over at our house," he said, taking a sip of his drink.

*OH NO. THAT FUCKING STUFF IS STRONG. I MUST HAVE PUT TOO MUCH IN IT.*

Then as he swallowed, he coughed, blowing half his drink all over Connie.

"Jeez, uh, I, cough, uh, cough, think I made mine too strong," he wheezed trying to catch his breath.

Smiling up at him, Connie reached up and wiped the droplets of his drink off her breasts.

"Maybe so," she laughed.

*What a dolt. That made me look like a fucking clown.*

Coughing and clearing his throat, he finally took another sip and managed to get it down without choking.

*Boy, I bet she thinks I'm a fucking moron.*

"Sorry," he grunted.

"That's okay," she said, patting the cushion beside her.

*She doesn't seem to mind. Maybe she doesn't think I'm a child.*

Thinking about all the times she had watched him secretly as he had walked by the house or ridden by on his bike, she still found it hard to believe that the two of them were sitting beside each other without a stitch of clothes on.

Neither of them spoke as they looked into each other's eyes and listened to the steady hum of the air conditioner.

*What is she thinking? Is she ready to fuck? I want to fuck her. Fuck her all fucking afternoon long. Show her I'm not a fucking kid...*

How many people were driving or walking by the house unaware of the twisted evil they were indulging in, she secretly wondered?



"This is very nice," she smiled at him, running her hand up his thigh, up toward his cock that was struggling to lift its big purple head.

*Is she talking about my cock?*

"Uh, I'm glad that you like it," he blushed again.

"No," she giggled, "I wasn't talking about your penis. I meant sitting here with you."

*Hey, how was I supposed to know? She was putting her hand up next to my cock.*

"Uh, yeah, awesome," he smiled back at her, taking another long pull on his drink. "I never, ever thought that I'd be doing this."

"Neither did I," she said, tickling his cock with a long, red fingernail.

*Should I tell her that I've always thought she is the prettiest woman in town? Why not, she is.*

"I, uh, I think about you all the time," he said, blushing again. "I thought, uh, I think that you are the prettiest woman in all of Vallejo."

"Oh, how nice," she giggled, slowly wrapping her hand around his swelling manhood.

*Oh, man, what is she going to do now? Is she going to jack me off?*

"If I'd only known," she smiled at him, gently squeezing the thick shaft of his cock.

*Her hand is so soft and warm. It feels so good.*

"Your hand is so warm," he snickered.

"I saw your penis last night while you were asleep," she told him, "and I haven't been the same since."

*So that was it. That is why she said it was just like she remembered it. Did she know that I was dreaming about her?*

"Jeez, Mrs. Vick, Connie..." he said, turning even redder.

"It's not my fault that you have such a lovely cock," she softly laughed, looking down at his penis as it slowly firmed up.

"Here hold this," she told him, handing him her half full glass.

*What? What is she going to do now?*

Looking at him, her big, brown eyes fastened on his, she slowly opened her mouth and leaned forward. Their eyes locked in a lustful stare, she eased the fingers of her other hand underneath his large, dangling balls, gently squeezing and fondling the great eggs. Still looking up into his eyes, she ran her tiny, pink tongue around her lips and then lifted the great mauve head of his cock up to her lips. Opening her mouth wider, she slowly sucked the head into her mouth. Slowly she moved her soft, full lips farther and farther down the big, round barrel of his cock as more and more of it disappeared into her mouth. Inch by inch, his rapidly hardening cock slipped into her mouth. She sucked him deeper and deeper into her mouth until she felt the great, round cockhead slip into the opening of her throat. Fighting not to gag, she suddenly thrust herself down on him forcing his cockhead down into her throat.

*SHE'S FUCKING DEEP THROATING ME! I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT. CHUCKIE'S MOTHER IS FUCKING DEEP THROATING ME. OH GOD!*

"Ohfuuuuuukkkkkkkkk," Billy gasped.

She could only imagine what he must be thinking as she forced her mouth down on him until her lips were encircling the almost hairless base of his monstrous cock.

*Can this be real? Can it really be happening? She's got the whole fucking thing in her mouth. I didn't think a woman could take all my cock into her mouth. Oh, jeez, I feel like I'm going to come again if she keeps it in her mouth.*

He was gasping for breath as she held his cock imprisoned inside her throat. Then she swallowed letting the muscles of her throat clutch and pull on his cock. Not knowing how much longer she could go on, she swallowed again and again, masturbating him with her throat muscles as he writhed in anguish.

*I CAN FEEL IT COMING. IT IS GOING TO SHOOT OFF ANY SECOND. SHE'S GOING TO SUCK ME OFF AGAIN.*

"OH, CONNNNNNNIIIIIIIIII, YOU'D BETTER STOP," Billy growled, "I can't hold it back longer."

Realizing how near he was to another orgasm, Connie quickly backed away, slipping her soft lips off his bulging cockhead as his fully primed penis sprang out into the open.

*Wow, that was too fucking close. Don't touch it. Don't touch it or I'll come.*

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," he muttered as she saw him straining to keep from coming.

Wanting him to spill his load inside of her pussy this time, Connie leaned back away from him leaving his cock twitching dangerously close to eruption.

"Nice," she smiled, flicking her tongue out and licking her lips as the spit-drenched monster now jutted straight up into the air a full eight inches long.

Thank God. She's backing away from it. I want to shoot my cum into her pussy this time. I want to fuck her and come inside of her cunt.

"Did you like that?" she grinned at him, sitting up and taking her drink from his trembling hand.

*Too fucking much.*

"Awesome. Just fucking awesome, Mrs. Vickers," he panted.

"Let's go upstairs," Connie whispered, letting her hand wander over his stiff, jutting manhood.

*Upstairs? What's upstairs? What is wrong with right here? I'm ready to fuck her right here.*

"Upstairs?" he huffed.

"The beds are upstairs," she softly laughed, "and making love on a bed is so much more comfortable than a couch."

*Boy are you a dolt. Of course it would be more fun to fuck her in her own bed. The same bed she slept in with her husband. He would get to fuck her just like he was her husband.*

"Oh, uh, oh, yeah," he grinned, his cock jumping excitedly as he struggled to his feet.

*Let's go. Let's go fuck.*

Stepping back, his cock heavily bouncing up and down, Billy took her hand and pulled her to her feet sending her big, droopy breasts into convulsions of movement.

I'd love to tit fuck her, too. Stick my cock between her big, beautiful tits and come in her mouth.

"You have the prettiest tits in the whole world, Mrs. Vickers," he told her, openly ogling them.

"Why, thank you, Billy," she laughed, thrusting them into his chest. "I'm glad you like them."

"Here," she said, turning up her drink and finishing it. "Why don't you make us another drink and I'll meet you up in my bedroom."

*I'll be up there before you can count to one.*

"Okay," he smiled, tipping his glass up and killing his drink.

*Nice. I got a little buzz off that drink. Kind of a warm, tingly feeling. I wonder if she feels her drink, too?*

"But hurry," she laughed, reaching down and running her hand down to his thick, hard prick jutting out, and impatiently pulsating up and down.

*Oh, God, what a fucking sexy lady. I wish I could marry her and fuck her every day.*

"Yes Ma'am," he grinned, taking the glasses and hurrying over to the bar as she strolled up the stairs.

Hurrying into her bedroom, she closed the door behind her and jerked open the bottom drawer of her chest of drawers. Digging through the jumble of soft, silky lingerie she pulled out a pair of sheer, black hose and a lacy, black garter belt.

Might as well dress the part, she told herself as she sat down the bed and pulled the hose on. Then just as she was wrapping the garter belt around her trim belly, she heard a knock on the door.

*Uh, I wonder if I should just go on in? But she must have closed the door for a reason. What is she doing in there? Did she change her mind? Maybe she realized what we were doing and she's in there crying or something.*

"Uh, Mrs. Vickers, uh, are you in there?"

"Yes, silly boy," she giggled, attaching one of the frilly straps from the garter belt to her hose. "Just hold your horses for a couple of seconds and I'll have a surprise for you when you come inside."

*Surprise? What now? I can't even think straight any more. I guess that I'll just have to stand out here and wait.*

"Uh, okay," she heard him mumble from the other side of the door.

Quickly attaching the rest of the thongs to her hose, she stood up, running her hands down her long, shapely legs and smoothing out the stockings. Then she strolled over to her closet and pulled out a pair of black, patent leather stiletto pumps. Stepping into them she quickly grew another three inches taller. Now she would be taller than Billy, she smiled sauntering over to the door.

Throwing the door open, she struck a pose leaning against the doorframe.

*Jeez! She's got stockings and a garter belt on. Oh, my fucking God. Better than in my frigging dreams. She is the most gorgeous fucking woman in the whole fucking wide world.*

Billy stood there holding the drinks in his hands, his cock jumping and twitching as he gawked at her.

"Wow! Awesome!" he exclaimed, trying not to spill the drinks.

"Here, let me hold those," she murmured, taking the glasses from his trembling hands and thrusting her big, soft breasts close to his mouth. Then, turning slightly, she maneuvered one of the big, bulbous nipples into his mouth.

*Her tits. Her big, beautiful tits. She wants me to suck on her monster tits. The most beautiful tits in the world and I'm going to suck on them.*

Billy quickly sucked the taut, bulging nipple into his mouth as she pressed her breast into his face. Sucking and pulling on her nipple with his lips, he wrapped his icy, cold hands around her other breast.

*Damn, her nipple is as hard as a rock. It feels like it is as big as a fucking golf ball. I fucking love it.*

"Oh, your hands are cold," she winced as he roughly squeezed and massaged the mountain of soft, pliant flesh, letting his finger and thumb roll and tweak the big, hard nipple.

*This is even better than my dreams.*

"Sorry," he mumbled, letting her nipple slip out of his mouth a second before he sucked it back into his mouth.

"But, it feels so good," she sighed.

*Her tits are so soft and wiggly. They wiggle every time I touch them and her nipples are so big and hard. Oh jeez.*

After a few moments, she tried to step back away from him, but he held onto her hungrily sucking on her big, hard nipple.

*I don't want to let go of it. It feels so good to suck on it. I feel like a frigging baby nursing on his mommy.*

"Why don't we go into the bedroom and get into bed so I can play with you too?" she said, trying to pull back away from him again.

*Oh, I want you to do that, but I don't want to let go of your tits.*

"MNMmmmmmmppphhh," Billy mumbled with his mouth full of her breast.

"Didn't your mother teach you not to talk with your mouth full?" Connie playfully chirped.

*I wonder what my mother would say if she knew that I was sucking on Mrs. Vickers's tits. Mom and her are best friends. I wonder what it would be like to suck on my mother's tits. Oh, jeez, I feel like I'm going to come again.*

Finally, he let go of the big, reddened, spit-drenched nipple and let it slip out of his mouth.

*Just thinking about sucking on my mother's tits is so fucking exciting. And since mom and Mrs. Vickers are about the same age, it almost like doing it to my mother, too.*

"Mother never talked to me about sucking on a woman's breast," he smiled as his cock twitched up and down.

"Do you and your mother ever talk about sex?" Connie slyly asked, taking a sip of her drink as she took hold of his hand.

*God, is she psychic? Does she know everything I'm thinking? Does she know how exciting it is to think about fucking your mother?*

"No," he mumbled, his cock jerking up and down noticeably. "Do you talk to Chuck about it?"

"What would you say," she smiled, leading him toward the bed, "if I told you that Chuck and I had made love?"

*Holy fucking Christ! Chuckie has done his mother. I can't fucking believe it. Chuckie with his little pencil dick fucked his mother and never even let on about it.*

"What?" he gasped, this time his cock lurching upward until it stood pointing at the ceiling.

"Why, haven't you ever thought about fucking your mother?" she brazenly asked him.

*She is fucking psychic. She knows that I would like to fuck my mother.*

"Uh, I, uh, I don't know. Maybe," he blathered, his face reddening again.

"Doesn't it make you excited just thinking about fucking your mother?" she smiled, easing back onto the bed and spreading her legs apart.

*Should I tell her how much I would love to fuck my mother? Fuck, I'm so hot, I'm about to shoot my load again just thinking about it.*

"Uh, yeah, yeah, I guess so," he said, unable to keep his cock from jerking up and down wildly.

"Well," she said, reaching down and dragging her finger up the oozing wound between her legs, "I'm a mother, too. Would you like to fuck me?"

*Fuck you? I would do anything to climb up between those long, luscious legs and fuck your damn brains out.*

"Are you trying to make me have a heart attack?" he grunted watching her finger her wet, drooling pussy.

"No," she mischievously smiled, "I just want you to make love to me."

*Did Chuckie really fuck her?*

"Did Chuckie really make love to you?" he asked her.

"No, I was just trying to make you excited," she grinned, watching his prick twitch. "But since it so obvious that you would like to make love to your mother, why don't you pretend I'm her and make love to me."

*How did she know I wanted to fuck my mother?*

"How did you know that I wanted, uh, wanted to, uh, to fuck, uh, make love to my mother?" he asked her, turning his drink up and downing it in one long gulp.

"Don't all boys want to fuck their mother?" she grinned coyly.

*How am I supposed to know? I'm not a psychiatrist. But maybe I'm not as crazy as I thought if every boy has dreams about fucking his mother.*

"Uh, I don't know. I guess so," he said, setting his empty glass on the nightstand.



"Did Chuckie ever say anything about wanting to make love to me?" she asked, sipping on her drink.

*If he did, he never told me.*

"No, but It's not something you go around talking about," he smirked.

"Would you tell me if he had?"

*Why wouldn't I?*

"Sure, why not," he smiled. "You want me to ask him?"

"Huh? What? Ask him?" she mumbled, then smiled. "Sure. Why not. Yeah. Ask him and tell me what he says. That's a good idea."

*Wow. This is getting crazier by the minute. Chuckie's mom wants to fuck him and wants me to pretend that she is my mom while I fuck her. Bizarre!*

"How did you get such a big cock?" she grinned at him, tickling it with a long, cherry-red fingernail.

*Yeah, let's get back to us. Let's get down to some serious fucking.*

"You like it?" he asked her, clenching the muscles around it and making his primed cock jump up and down.

"You're already bigger than Bernie."

*Who the fuck is Bernie?*

"Bernie?"

"Bernie. Bernard. You know. My husband. The cuckold in this little melodrama," she laughed.

*Cuckold? Oh, yeah that's a guy whose wife is fucking around on him.*

"My Dad says I get it from him," Billy blushed.

"You're father's penis is bigger than yours?" she asked incredulously.

*I don't know. That is just what he told me. I didn't ask him if we could compare cocks.*

"I don't know. I guess. He says it is. I only saw his once when he was hard and it is really a big one," he told her.

"I am impressed. Your father must be quite the man."

*Hey, I've got the biggest cock of all the boys at school though. What do you think about that?*

"The guys at school call mine the T-Rex of cocks," he grinned, making his big, hard cock dance up and down again.

"Well," she smirked, "maybe, if you were normal for your age you wouldn't be her now."

*Well, Mrs. Vickers, it is obvious that I'm not built like your little wimpy son.*

"Oh, Really," he retorted.

"I'm afraid so," she smiled defiantly.

*Whatever. I'm ready to fuck.*

Just then, she turned up her drink and finished it. Setting her glass on the nightstand by the bed, she slowly scooted back to the middle of the bed.

"All this talk about your big, bad boy," she frowned, spreading her legs apart, "and not a word about my pussy. Don't you like it?"

*I fucking love it. Adore it. Crave it. Want it.*

His eyes immediately dropped down to the dilated, oozing gash of pink flesh between her legs.

*It's the prettiest pussy I've ever seen.*

"It's awesome," he grinned at her as he stood gawking down at her cunt.

*I'm not a fucking English major. What does she want me to say?*

"Awesome? Is that the only descriptive word you know?" she laughed.

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*Beautiful. Pretty. Magnificent. Awesome. What else could I call it?*

"Beautiful. Pretty. Magnificent. Awesome. How's that?" he smirked, slowly crawling up onto the bed, his cock armed and poised for attack like some deadly missile hung underneath the belly of a fighter plane.

"I'm tired of talking," she murmured. "I want to fuck."

*Me, too. Right now. I want to fuck you, pretty lady.*

She watched the boy crawl up between her outstretched legs only to have him stop, staring down at her gaping womanhood.

"What's wrong?" she demurely asked.

*Just looking at it gets me hot. It is so, so, so awesome.*

"It's just so fucking pretty," he blushed. "It doesn't look at all like Mary's. Hers looked like somebody had just cut her with knife. It didn't have big, floppy lips like yours."

"I'm glad you like it," she said, fingering the big, fleshy lips apart so that he could see how wet she was.

*She had a climax just a while ago. So why is her pussy still wet?*

"Why is it so wet?" he asked her.

"It just is..."

*She is still hot. Even after her climax?*

"But you just had a, uh, a climax, didn't you?" he smiled, "I thought that after you finished, it took a while to get ready again."

"Just like you," she laughed, reaching down and tickling his ramrod stiff cock, "I'm all wet and ready for you to put it inside me. Now."

*I'm so fucking hot, I could fuck you all day and all night long.*

"So am I," he said, moving up closer to the oozing gash between her legs.

Bending her legs, she guided his arms down under them.

"Lift them up in the air," she instructed him as she felt him lifting them up into the air.

Oh look at her pussy. It is so wet and ready, I'll probably slide right in all the way up to the hilt. Not like it was with Mary. I never could get all my cock into her.

"Oh, God," he grunted, scooting up between her legs and aiming his rock-hard penis down at the gaping gash of wet, pink flesh.

*I hope that I can find it. I've never fucked a woman. I hope it just slides right in and I don't have to hunt for it.*

His arms hooked under the cleft of her knees, he scooted forward, spreading her waiting wetness open even wider. Barely able to contain herself, Connie reached down between his hairy legs and took hold of his bounding hardness.

*Yeah, baby. Help me put it in.*

Standing above her, poised on his knees, he lowered himself down letting her guide him down toward the exposed and vulnerable gash between her legs.

"Come to Mommy," Connie cooed as Billy looked back down, watching the glistening head of his prick zero in on its oozing target.

*Jeez. The head of my dick is covered with stuff, too. We're both fucking dripping wet—*

Holding onto his pulsating monster, Connie quickly steered it down into the steaming core of her pussy. Watching his face, she saw his eyes glaze over as his cockhead slid through the thick, fleshy lips guarding her womanhood. Then she saw him grimace as his cock began to slide down into her.

*Oh, fuck. I've died and gone to heaven. I've never felt anything so fucking good before.*

"Are you okay?" she murmured.

*Okay? I feel fucking fantastic. I've Never, ever felt so good.*

"It just feels so fucking good, it almost hurts," he groaned thrusting his cock deeper and deeper down into the hot, clenching tightness of her inflamed cunt.

"Oh, Billy," she crooned as the boy's giant penis slithered down into the fiery core of her pussy. "So big, so fucking big."

*Just wait until I get all of it in your pussy. Then tell me how fucking big it is. I want you to feel it all the way up to your fucking tits.*

"You're so hot inside you're making me want to come already," Billy panted as he pushed, feeding more and more of his giant penis down into the clinging heat of her vagina.

"Don't come yet, Baby," she begged, watching him bite his lip.

*Jeez. Don't let me come yet. This feels too fucking good for it to be over so quick.*

Then, finally, their bellies met and they were melded together. Connie could feel the boy's hairless chest rubbing against the back of her thighs as he bent her legs higher and ground his cock down into her.

"Doesn't that feel good?" she gurgled, tightening her pussy down around the thick barrel of his cock.

*God, yes. It feels like she is milking my cock with her pussy. It is so fucking tight and hot, I can't stand it.*

"Jeez, yes," he sputtered.

She could feel his stomach muscles tensing as he ground his cock round and round inside her tightly-clenched cunt.

I've got to hold it back somehow. I don't want her to think I'm a little baby who can't hold it back.

"Can you fuck me without coming?" she asked him, slowly relaxing her cunt muscles.

*I don't know. I can try.*

"Don't know," he quavered, grimacing with effort.

"Try," she prodded him. "I want you to fuck me all night long."

*I want to fuck you all night long too, but when you talk like that it makes me more excited.*

"It makes me want to come when you talk dirty," he grunted as his cock jerked inside of her.

"Fuck me first," she panted. "Fuck me and make me come first. Can you do that?"

*God, I wish I could. I hope I can, but I don't know if I can or not. I'll fucking try though.*

"Try," he growled, slowly sliding his cock backwards down the slippery channel of her cunt.

She waited, afraid to move, afraid that she would trip his cock off into another eruption.

*Gotta hold it back. TRY! TRY HARD! DON'T COME YET! FUCK HER HARD AND DEEP!*

She could see the strain on his face as his hips began to rock back and forth erratically, fucking her with quick, jerky strokes.

Straining, she stretched her arms down around him and took his lurching buttocks in her hands.

"Easy, easy," she instructed him. "Like this."

*Yeah, baby. Show me how to fuck. Teach me all your tricks. Show me how to fuck a real woman.*

Gently pulling on him, she pulled him back down inside of her all the way to the hilt and then pushed him out until only the giant ball of his cockhead was left

inside of her. Then she began to push and pull on him, controlling the rhythm, making him fuck her with long, deep, steady strokes.

*Fuck, this feels so damned good, I could cry. Again.*

"Yeah, that's it, baby," she bubbled as she released her hold on him and he continued to rhythmically slide his cock in and out of her driving it all the way to the hilt every time.

"There's no hurry, honey," she cooed, running her hand down his back, tickling him with her long, red nails. "We have all night."

*Nothing could ever feel as good as this feels.*

"Damn it, feels so good," Billy groaned.

"Good," she wheezed, "I love the way your monster cock feels inside me."

*Her pussy is so tight, it feels like she is sucking me inside of her every time I push it back into her.*

"You're so hot and tight and wet," he crooned.

"Better than Mary?" she smiled up at him, squeezing down and milking him with her pussy every time he pushed back into her.

*Mary was nothing compared to you. Your pussy is so much better. And she didn't know how to squeeze me like you're doing.*

"She never did that with her pussy," he groaned.

"So, then there is something to be said for making love to older women," she cooed, clutching his cock with her pussy again.

"I thought that women got all stretched out after they had a baby," he said, keeping his hips working back and forth, steadily driving his cock into her.

"Not if the doctor fixes it back and makes it tighter," she smiled, grabbing him with her cunt again.

*Whatever her doctor did, it was great. I wonder if mother had her pussy fixed*



*after she had me?*

"He did a good, uh, good, job," Billy muttered, sliding his huge cock into her a little faster.

"Good," she crooned, reveling in the feel of his gigantic bloated organ plumbing the velvety depths of her womb.

*I've been fucking her for a few minutes now, but I can feel my cum getting hotter and hotter. It's going to have to come out pretty soon.*

"I don't know, uh, how, uh, much, uh, much longer, uh, I can last," he grunted out as her pussy sucked and clung to his pistoning prick.

"You're, ah, doing great, baby," she murmured, feeling like a huge red, hot poker was reaming her.

*I'll try baby, but I don't know how much longer I can go.*

Then, down deep inside the core of her cunt, where his giant cockhead battered against the soft, succulence of her vagina she felt the fiery start of an orgasm.

"Just a little, ah, there, just a little longer baby," she wheezed, pistoning her drippy pussy back and forth on the boy's swollen cock.

*Damn, she is fucking me just as hard as I am fucking her. I can feel her hot, mushy pussy sucking on my cock harder and harder.*

Then she felt his strokes begin to become erratic and jerky once again as he panted and grunted with effort.

*Oh, no, it's coming. I can feel it getting ready.*

"Can't... hold... back... much... more," he complained as his hips began to dance around wildly.

Clutching and grabbing at his blood-swollen prick with the muscles of her imploding cunt, she fought to finish the race first.

*Maybe, I can do something to make her come first. I gotta try.*

Then he abruptly stopped.

"What, what, what are you doing," she groveled.

*If I can hold back just a little bit more until she comes.*

He didn't say a word, he just slowly eased his huge, pink prick back down the hot, sucking channel of her vagina as she stared down at the union of their bodies. As she watched the monstrous cock slowly reappear out of her aching cunt, Connie couldn't believe that she had taken all of it inside of her tiny cunt. As it came slithering out, she was astonished to see how wet it was. It was literally glistening with her juices as it crept out from the wet, meaty gash between her legs.

"What, baby, what are you doing," she whined, watching more and more his mammoth cock slip of her clinging cunt.

*Hold it. Hold it. Calm down. Just a little bit more.*

He still didn't say a word, but he stopped backing his monster of a prick out of her. Only the giant bloated head of his cock was still hidden inside the tight, clenching entrance of her pussy.

*Now Baby. We're going to run for the fucking roses. Hold on cause I can't hold it back any more.*

Staring down into her eyes with childlike impatience, he held himself motionless for what seemed like hours to Connie. Then all at once, he suddenly plunged his prick back down into the sloppy, mushy core of her cunt. She immediately saw that he was now out of control. He couldn't stop and within seconds, he was fucking her as fast and furious, as hard as he could. All she could do was hold on for the ride as his huge organ slashed in and out of her like a jackhammer gone berserk.

Then within seconds, she found herself cresting a climatic wave that filled her whole body with ecstasy as her pussy was being pounded and pummeled by his slashing peter.

*Oh, God, she is scratching my back. And I can feel her heels slapping against my back. I feel like a fucking bucking bronco in a fucking rodeo. Hold on baby,*

*cause I'm going to give you a fucking ride you'll never forget.*

Clawing at his bounding back with her sharp, red fingernails, her feet bounced up and down in the air, her heels digging into his back while his hips crashed against her upturned pussy like some unstoppable battering ram. She couldn't seem to get enough of his giant cock as he assaulted her with it.

*HERE IT FUCKING COMES!*

His body crashed against hers like monstrous wave crashing onto a beach as he hammered away at her pussy. She fought back, squeezing and milking his cock as she drove her pussy up to meet every bed-rattling blow.

*It's coming, baby. Here it comes. OH FUCK, HERE IT COMES!*

"ARRRRGGGHhhhhhhhhh," Billy bellowed out at last.

As he screamed, his hips clenched and locked down, driving his penis into her as deep as it could possibly be driven.

Then as the depraved heat of her orgasm consumed her body, she felt his cockhead swell up inside her just as his cock gave a mighty lurch.

*OH IT HURTS SO FUCKING GOOD. SO FUCKING GOOD.*

"Yessssssssssssss," Connie hissed as she felt the boy's great weapon spurt out a gigantic gusher of potent, hot, thick, gelatinous semen into her ravenous cunt.

The boy's cock began to kick and jump inside of her, filling her with so much of his evil seed, she felt giddy with wickedness. She was shocked at the force of the geyser of white-hot cum as it burst out of his cock onto the sensitive lining of her cunt. The sheer depravity of their illicit union was now complete. They had consummated their perverse marriage and were now feasting on its evil reward.

"OH, MY, GOD," she screamed out as the boy's virile cream spurted out into her gulping cunt.

*I don't want it to ever stop coming. Just keep on shoot, baby. Fill her up with my cum. Fill her up until it is running out of her pussy. Out of her ears. Running out of her and making a lake of cum between her beautiful legs.*

At last, after what seemed like hours to them, Billy's giant gave a final shudder, shooting its last gusher of thick, sperm-laden milk into the mushy gash of her overflowing vagina.

"Oh, my," Connie sighed as Billy slowly backed his withering manhood out of the drenched channel of her cunt easing her long, trembling legs back down onto the bed.

"That was wonderful. "You know, I think I could fall in love with you if I tried." She murmured softly, pulling his mouth down to hers and kissing him, frenching her tongue into his mouth.

*I already love you. I love you so much it, it fucking hurts.*

They kissed passionately for several seconds before they finally broke for air.

*I wish you could fall in love with me, too. Maybe we could run off and get married and live together.*

"Jeez, Mrs. Vickers," he panted, "you mean that? You mean you could love me?"

"I think so," she said.

*Oh, how I wish she could.*

"I've been in love with you since the first day I saw you," he blurted out. "But I never, never thought that you would be able to love me."

*Does she love me or is it just my big cock she loves?*

"I must have laid awake a million nights just wondering what it would be like to uh, uh, do this with you," he told her.

"Really. I wish I'd known."

*Yeah, like I was going to walk up to you and say Mrs. Vickers, I would love to fuck you.*

"I was afraid to do anything though," he went on.

"It's probably better," she said, reaching over and giving his fallen warrior a

gentle little squeeze.

*Should I tell her everything? Should I bare my soul to her?*

"I, uh, used to, uh, jack off while I was thinking about you," he went on, "but now, now that I can see you naked, you're even prettier than I imagined you'd be. You're awesome."

"Really? You really did that?" she smiled at him, giving his big, puffy prick another squeeze. "Well, I never imagined that you would have such a big, beautiful cock."

*Cripes. I'm getting hot again just thinking about how it felt inside of her.*

Then to her amazement, she felt his penis begin to stir in her hand. Not believing it, she stared down at it only to see it slowly begin to swell and firm up as it sluggishly filled with blood once again.

Feeling giddy, from the booze, sex, and the boy's adoration, she leaned over and mashed her mouth down onto his, driving her tongue deep into his mouth. Slashing her tongue about inside his mouth, she felt his tongue begin to fight hers, forcing her tongue back into her own mouth only to have his tongue spear its way into her hot, wet mouth. The kiss was so brutal and wanton, her soft, full lips felt bruised and tingling.

*DAMN! DAMN! DAMN CAN SHE KISS! SHE CAN DO EVERYTHING SO FUCKING GREAT.*

Finally, she tore her lips from his and forcefully pushed herself away from him.

*I wish I could just go inside her and be a part of her, I love her so much.*

"I think I need another drink," she breathlessly blurted out, "how about you?"

*What? You made me hard and now you want to stop?*

"I don't know," he panted, looking down at his cock. "Now?"

Following his eyes down to his prick resting in her hand, she saw that it was thick and swollen again.

"Goodness," she giggled, "how can it be hard again so soon?"

*I can't believe it myself, but it is hard again. And I've already come twice today. She just makes me so fucking hot.*

"You. I get hard just thinking about you," he mumbled, prying her hand off his cock and wrapping his own hand around it.

"I'm thrilled by your adoration," she said, slowly struggling up to a sitting position, her giant breasts heavily rolling and heaving as she glanced down at her watch and saw that it was only two o'clock, "but you don't want to wear it out, do you?"

*Damn boy. Don't make a pest of yourself or she'll make you go home. And we fucking certainly don't want that.*

"I'm sorry," he apologized, dropping his cock, letting it flop back down on his belly.

"Oh, don't get mooney on me," she laughed, "or you'll ruin everything."

*I'm not mooney. I just want to fuck you all the time. I just want to fuck you and make you come and come and come until you can't come any more.*

"I'm not," he smiled up at her, openly ogling her big, wiggly breasts. "I just want to make you happy."

"Well," she said, swinging her legs off the bed, "why don't you make us another drink, while I go tidy up a bit. That would make me happy."

*Look at her wonderful tits bobbing up and down so pretty. God, what a beautiful pair.*

As she stood, her tits bobbed and bounced provocatively, to the obvious delight of Billy. Grinning at him, she sashayed across the room, rolling her hips and making her big pink melons lurch about delightfully.

*I can't get over it. She is just fucking awesome.*

Billy was down the stairs in a heartbeat and had both glasses refilled with booze

before you could say "Katza Maran—". Scurrying back upstairs, trying not to spill the drinks, he was lying in bed sipping on his drink when she came strolling out of the bathroom.

"You're awesome, Mrs. Vickers," she heard Billy declare as she came walking back out of the bathroom.

"Flattery will get you anything," Connie smirked, stopping momentarily to strike a provocative pose for him.

*How could he be so lucky? Never would he have ever imagined that all his fantasies about her would ever come true. But now, here he was.*

"It's true. You're beautiful," he gushed, letting his eyes wander over her beautifully-proportioned body, "you're beautiful from top to bottom."

"Are you trying to make me blush?" she smiled at him, reaching the bed.

*How could I make her blush? Especially after what we've done.*

"No, I really mean it. You're beautiful from top to bottom."

"So you like my bottom, too?" she smiled lewdly, turning and displaying her lovely upside down heart shaped rear end to him.

*God, what a lovely ass. Not a mark or anything on it. It looks as smooth as a baby's bottom.*

"Jeez, yes," he told her, blushing himself as he took another sip on his drink.

"Want to feel it?" she giggled, wiggling her butt.

*Would I?*

"Awesome," he groaned, setting his drink on the nightstand and adoringly running his hands over the silky softness of her firm derriere.

"Oh, your hands are cold," she giggled, but made no effort to move away.

*I've never felt anything so soft and smooth. I'm getting goose bumps just touching it.*

Reveling in the boy's adoration, Connie turned around farther, letting him cup and fondle the soft, firm cheeks of her ass as she watched him over her shoulder.

*I'm going to kiss her butt. Kiss her soft, round butt.*

Timidly at first, Billy leaned forward and affectionately kissed first one and then the other pillowy buttock. Then, he gently spread the round globes of flesh apart and slowly ran his tongue down the crack of her ass until it found the puckered little protrusion of her anus.

"OH MY," Connie bubbled, "You are a naughty little boy."

*Oh, crap, did I go too far? I just got carried away and couldn't stop myself. Dolt.*

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, lifting his face up from her ass.

"Don't be," she laughed, flopping down on the bed, "I just didn't expect that."

*Yeah, you stupid jerk. Now you've gone and did a no-no.*

"I won't do it again," he apologized.

"I didn't say I didn't want you to do it," she smiled, "but I think you'd better stop. For a while anyway because you're giving me goose bumps the size of goose eggs."

*So she likes for me to lick her asshole. I wonder if she'd let me fuck her in the ass, too? Probably not...because I so fucking big.*

"I had forgotten how virile young boys are," she smiled, reaching over to his cock and wrapping her fist around it.

*How can I ask her? Maybe not. Just let it go for now.*

"Seeing you naked makes me hard," Billy adoringly said as he raised his glass and drained half of his drink in one gulp.

Taunting him, she held her drink to her lips and sipped it as she gently ran her hand up and down his big, thick cock.

"Oh, you're getting harder again," she giggled, letting go of his cock and tickling



the delicate underside its corona with a long, red fingernail, making it jerk and jump with anticipation.

*She knows everything there is to know about getting me hard.*

"That feels good," Billy said, leaning back and letting her tease his cock with her fingers.

"It does, does it?" she laughed softly, taking another sip of her drink as she raked the puffy underside of his big, rigid penis with her perfectly-manicured nails.

*It feels fucking great. Oh, no, I feel like I'm getting a little drunk.*

"I loves it," Billy told her tipping his drink up and letting it dribble into his mouth until his glass was empty.

*But don't want to get too drunk to fuck her again.*

"But likes it best when you sucks on it," he brazenly told her.

She could tell that the alcohol was loosening his tongue as she tipped up the glass and downed the rest of her drink then set her glass down.

"You mean like this?" she asked him teasingly, leaning down and sucking the round, swollen head of his cock into her mouth.

*Oh Christ. Is she going to give me another blow job?*

"Fuck Yes," Billy squirmed as she ran her icy tongue round the swollen smoothness of his bloated cockhead.

After a few seconds, she slowly raised her head, letting his spit-drenched cockhead slither out of her mouth trailing a strand of spit and linking her mouth to his cock.

*Oh, baby. You can suck on my prick all day long. I love it.*

"I like to have my clit licked, too," she smiled, flicking her tongue out and sucking the trailing string of spit into her mouth.

*Did she mean both at the same time? Like sixty-nine?*

"You mean, uh, like sixty-nine?" he grinned, lying sprawled out on his back.

"Yeah, like sixty-nine," she laughed. "Do you know how?"

*Of course. I've seen pictures of it. Just because I haven't done it doesn't mean I can't do it.*

"Yeah," he grinned, "all the boys at school think it's the best."

"Oh, really?" she said, scooting around until her knees were by his head. "Even better than fucking?"

*Watch out dolt. Don't get too cocky.*

"Almost," he mumbled as she lifted one long, lovely leg and straddled his face with her big, juicy pussy hovering just above his lips.

Now her pussy was poised above his face as he stared up into the wet, glistening gash.

*God, there's her beautiful pussy again. I could just lay here and look at it all day long. It is so fucking pretty.*

Bending down, Connie roughly sucked his rock-hard cockhead back into her mouth as lowered her hot, ready cunt down onto his lips.

*Now I can smell it. It smells so good. It just smells like sex. Sex and jasmine. She must have used some kind of perfume while she was gone. God, it smells so good.*

"Mmmmmmmm," Billy mumbled, reaching up and wrapping his arms around her slender waist, pulling the weeping gash of wet, pink flesh down to his mouth.

Her knees slid outward as he pulled her sopping womanhood down to his mouth. Waiting expectantly, it almost took her breath away when she finally felt his hot, rough tongue rasp across her itchy clitoris. She was surprised at his knowledge of her female anatomy as he flicked his tongue over the protruding, pea-sized marble of hard flesh jutting out of it fleshy cave.

*Her clit is so much bigger than Mary's. Mary's felt like a little pea, but Mrs. Vickers's clit feels like a big, round marble.*

They must be teaching the kids more now days, she thought as she felt him quickly run his tongue down and around the soft, meaty folds of flesh surrounding her secret place.

*It tastes so good. What does it taste like? It just tastes like sex. Nothing tastes better than a good, hot pussy.*

She had paused for a moment when she first felt his hot, probing tongue touch her, but now she renewed her assault on his cockhead with her own hot, lapping tongue. She slowly lapped at his bulging prickhead for a few moments, teasing and tickling the tautly stretched skin before she leisurely sucked him back into her mouth, pulling more and more of his bloated penis inside.

*What could fucking be better? Eating pussy and getting sucked on both at the same time. I'm in heaven.*

As she sucked on him, nipping and softly biting his granite hardness, she delighted in the feel of his tongue exploring the tiny, weeping entrance to her inflamed womanhood.

*I've finger-fucked her, fucked her with my cock, and now I'm going to fuck her with my tongue for a minute before I get back to her clit.*

Gobbling on his cock, she felt him slowly pushing his tongue into the steaming hot cave of her soft, meaty cunt as he tongue-fucked her. In and out, in and out, his thick, hot tongue bored into her burning cunt. Then, she felt his tongue slip out of her and leisurely find its way back up to her bulging clit. The instant his tongue found her clitoris again, she moaned out her approval.

*It sounds like she is enjoying it.*

Feeling his rough tongue tormenting her clitoris, she greedily sucked on his ripe hardness as Billy lovingly ran his hands over her big, soft buttocks.

*I wonder if she would like it if I played with her asshole? She said she enjoyed it when I licked it.*

Sucking on him with deep, long slurps, she felt his hands growing bolder as his fingers explored the deep crack of her ass. Suddenly, he seemed fascinated with her sensitive little bunghole as his fingers found the tiny, wrinkled little prune of her asshole.

*Don't get too brave. Just tease it a little bit now.*

Pausing in her assault on his twitching cock, she waited to see what he was up to as he sucked on her clit and teased her asshole with his inquisitive fingers.

After a few moments, feeling doubly aroused by his tongue attacking her aching clitoris and his finger curiously probing and exploring the wrinkled opening of her anus, she renewed her onslaught on his penis with a vengeance.

*God, she must like it. She is sucking on me harder now.*

Holding his great penis inside her hot, sucking mouth, she rested all of her weight on one arm as she wrapped her other hand around the thick shaft of his cock. As her soft, red lips traveled up and down the thick column of hard boy-cock, her hand echoed their movement following only millimeters behind. Stroking him roughly with her hand and mouth, she sucked him and jacked him off at the same time. Up and down, up and down went her slavering mouth and clenched fist as she urged him toward another orgasm.

*Crap, if she keeps that up, I'm going to come again.*

What have I stooped to, she asked herself? Trying to control the bestial passions pouring into her brain from her electrified clitoris, she was amazed at how adept Billy was in the fine art of cunnilingus.

*Maybe she wants me to put my finger in her asshole. She is going fucking crazy sucking on my cock.*

Trying to scratch the unbearable itch inside her slobbery cunt, she began rubbing her dripping cunt up and down the boy's face, spreading her pungent juice all over it. Sucking his cock as hard as she could, she eased her hand down to the loose sac of flesh that held his goose-egged sized gonads. Grasping his dangling balls, she roughly squeezed and pulled on the giant sperm-generators as she felt Billy's finger pushing harder and harder against the rubbery ring of muscles surrounding her anus.

*I can feel her pussy juice all over my face. She is wiping her pussy up and down harder and harder. Maybe she is about to come again, too.*

Connie could feel Billy's balls scrunching up around the thick base of his cock as she sucked harder and harder.

*Oops, my finger went in.*

Then she felt a sharp, searing jolt of pleasure and pain erupt from her anus. It was so mixed up she couldn't tell one from the other as Billy's finger dug down deeper into her cringing asshole. Trying to hold back, waiting for him, she tottered on the brink of another mind-warping orgasm.

*She didn't stop. I'm going to push it in deeper. And deeper.*

As his finger dug deeper and deeper into the aching hole of her anus, she dropped his balls and ran her finger down to the tight, swollen knot of his asshole.

*UH-oh. What is she doing? Is she going to stick her finger into my asshole? Oh, fucking God. This is crazy. Crazy, fucking God-damned fucking crazy.*

Tickling the wincing pucker of his ass hole, she felt his chest heave as he sucked in a great gasp of breath. As she toyed with his anus, she could feel his hands roughly fondling her ass, squeezing and mashing the pliant firmness as he pushed his finger deeper into the searing sting of her asshole.

*Damn, I've got two fingers stuck in her asshole and she hasn't made me stop. And I can feel her tickling my asshole with her fingernails.*

Striving for her release, she gathered herself and quickly jabbed her finger down into the clenching tightness of his recoiling asshole. Then for a second, the line separating them from a catastrophic consummation of pleasure grew tauter and tauter...until suddenly it snapped.

***SHEEEEITTTT, SHE STUCK HER FINGER INTO MY ASSHOLE. I'M GONNA COME! CAN'T FUCKING STOP IT.***

"AHHHHHHHHSSSSCCCCUUUMMMIINNNGGGGMMMTTHHHH," Billy bellowed out as his hips bucked up, driving his cock up deeper into Connie's hot,

sucking mouth.

*There it goes. I can feel it shooting out of my cock. God, her finger feels like it is as big as a fucking telephone pole.*

Connie mumbled out some intelligible sounds around the bulging cock that filled her mouth as her own climax was triggered by the digging, gouging finger in her anus while Billy's virulent prick spewed out a great gob of his sperm-filled cum into her mouth.

*She's coming, too. I can feel her asshole squeezing down on my finger. Her whole body is tightening up.*

Her whole pelvic girdle blossomed into a gush of fiery pleasure as Billy's hot, sticky syrup spewed out into her mouth, coating it with the boy's sweet-tasting jism. Sucking and swallowing his thick, gooey cream as fast as she could, she reveled in the delightful pulses of electricity pouring through her over-stimulated clitoris as she raked her pussy up and down his face.

*Christ. Number three. Three times. I'm fucking coming for the third fucking time.*

Time seemed to slow to a crawl as their bodies were wracked with wave after wave of passionate gratification.

*Nobody would believe this if I told them.*

Connie's sense of time was so distorted, she felt like a whole minute passed with each great, gushing ejaculation of Billy's spewing cock. But in her pleasure-soaked brain, she knew that it couldn't be more than two or three seconds between spurts. She could feel every nuance of the giant's great effort to heave another load of cum into her mouth.

*My cock feels like a giant cannon. I can feel it stop between spurts and reload itself before it shoots off again. It feels like it won't ever stop.*

She could feel the great column of hot, hard meat swell out larger and larger until it felt like it was about to burst. Then almost in slow motion, she felt a shudder surge through it making it lurch inside her mouth. Then she could feel the rounded tube running the length of the underbelly of his cock bulge out as the thick stream of hot, viscid cum shot up it. Finally, the swelling passed across

her bottom lip and she felt the gusher of his sweet, potent milk pulse out through the dilated hole in the head of his cock, pouring out into her sucking mouth filling her mouth with his sweet, thick boy-cream.

*How long should I keep my fingers in her asshole? If I jerk it out now, will it make it better? Or not?*

She felt like the boy had his whole hand shoved down into her asshole as stinging pleasure gushed out from her it.

*She'll tell me when. I'll let her tell me when she wants me to take it out.*

Then time stopped totally for her. She circled the earth, floating on a cloud of pure sexual pleasure and gratification. Round and round she floated, not caring if she ever returned. But, try as she might, she couldn't make it last forever and finally she began to float back down. It took several moments for her to fully return to her senses. Thankfully, she thought or she might have burned up like one of the space capsules returning to earth too quickly.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm," Connie murmured, letting Billy's withering penis slither out from between her cum-coated lips. "Fingers out."

"Awesome," Billy grunted, pulling his fingers out of her asshole as she slowly lifted her leg and rolled off him.

*There's something slippery on my fingers. What is it? Why, it looks like Vaseline. Did she grease herself up for me?*

"I don't see how you could have a drop of cum left?" she groaned, running her tongue around her lips, lapping up the overflow of his cataclysmic eruption.

*Yeah, I feel dead from the waist down. But, I'll make some more if you give me a while. For you I would do anything.*

"Don't know," he wheezed, "but wait a while, while I make some more.

"I will," she grinned tiredly.

*That means we are going to do it again. Yippee! I've got a little buzz on and I want to keep it like this.*

"I'm thirsty, are you?" Billy yawned, sitting up and stretching.

"You're not going to get drunk, are you?" she mumbled, yawning too.

"No. I've just want to get a little buzz on," he smiled down at her.

"As long as you don't get too drunk," she said, stretching and making her pretty breasts bobble and jiggle. "I wouldn't want to contribute to the delinquency of a minor."

*I think you've already done that.*

"I still can't believe it," Billy said, shaking his head as he rolled out of bed and gathered up their empty glasses.

"What can't you believe?" Connie asked him, lying back on the bed watching him.

*I finally did it. I fucked Chuckie's mother. And she sucked me off. And I ate her. And I finger-fucked her. And I stuck my finger up her ass.*

"All of it..." he said, stepping out into the hallway. "Be right back..."

Floating down the hallway and stairs, he set the glasses on the bar and picked up the bottle of booze.

Moments later, he came strolling back into the bedroom with a glass in each hand.

"Wow, It's almost dark outside," he exclaimed watching the slanting rays of sunlight pouring through the window.

"Yes it is," she smiled at him. "And we still have all night left."

"Are you hungry?" she asked him, watching him lean down and set the glasses on the nightstand.

*I'm so fucking happy, I feel giddy.*

"For your pussy?" he grinned. "Always."



"Oh, you silly boy," she happily giggled, "Man cannot live by pussy alone. I was going to call for a pizza."

*How about this. Fucking Chuckie's mom and then she buys me pizza.*

"Well, I guess so," he pouted, sticking out his lower lip, "if I can't have your pussy."

"Well, you can have some more of it later. Okay?"

*I will make sure you don't forget about it either.*

"Awesome," he laughed.

"What kind do you like?" she asked him rolling over and picking up the telephone. "I like pepperoni."

"Me, too," he said, standing by the bed, sipping his drink as she dialed and ordered the pizza.

*I feel like we're fucking married. It makes me feel all warm and happy inside.*

"You can stay up here and think about all the ways we could do it if you want to," she smiled at him, reaching over and lifting his thick, heavy cock, "or you can come downstairs with me."

*I can already think of a thousand ways.*

"Yes, Ma'am," he puffed as she leaned down and gave him a kiss on the swollen glans of his cock.

*Again. Oh, is she going to suck on my cock again?*

"What, uh, what, are you, uh..." He mumbled as she looked up at him and lazily leaned forward slowly sucking his limp prick into her mouth.

Still staring up into his eyes, Connie eased her soft, pouting lips onto his shrunken penis, sucking inch after inch into her mouth until she had consumed the whole thing.

*God fucking damn. She's going to make me hard again before the fucking pizza*

*man gets here. Maybe I'll have to get him to help me with this hot, fucking bitch...*

"Damn," Billy groaned as his hands began to shake and the ice in the drinks began to tinkle.

Even soft and limp, his giant cock filled her mouth with its obesity. After a few seconds, she felt his maleness begin to swell and grow. Blinking, she gave his rapidly enlarging fuck-machine one last little suck, then backed away from him, letting it slide out of her mouth like a long, pink snake emerging from its lair.

*Hey, it's not my fault this time, you made it hard.*

"Okay," she said, licking her lips as she reached for her drink, "Maybe that'll give you some ideas."

"Yeah, baby," he panted, his knees, already wobbly and weak, beginning to buckle.

*Much more of that and I'll just have to fuck you again.*

"I'm going to go downstairs and wait for the pizza," she smiled, jumping up and strutting across the room, her big tits flouncing up and down as her delectable ass rolled and quivered with each step. "Wanna come?"

*Of course, I want to come. But I think she means come downstairs with her.*

"Again?" he playfully leered at her.

"Silly boy," she simpered, pausing at the door, "you'll have to wait until after the pizza boy leaves. Or do you want to invite him for a ménage à trois?"

*What is a manage a troy?*

"A manage a what?"

"A ménage à trois. That mean a threesome," she leered at him motioning for him to join her.

*I'm not going to share you with anyone.*

"I ain't sharing you with no pizza boy," he said, chasing after and watching the way her gorgeous, upside down heart shaped rear end frolicked and rolled as she led the way down the stairs.

*God, what a delectable fucking ass. I have to fuck her in the ass before the night is over. I just have to.*

When they arrived downstairs, she directed him over to a stool as she pulled on an old robe she had carried down with her.

"So, tell me," she smiled, walking over to where he sat, "how long have you had this crush on me?"

*It seems like forever.*

"Forever," he laughed back.

*Ever since the first time I laid my eyes on your magic mountains.*

"You have awesome tits," he grinned, reaching inside the robe and cupping one of the big, soft mountains.

"So are you in love with me...or my tits?" she smirked.

*They are to fucking kill for.*

"Both..."

"And this too," he smiled at her as he ran his hands down and cupped her ass.

"So you like my ass, too."

*Like it? I fucking adore it.*

"Prettiest one in the whole wide world."

"You are such a dear, dear Boy," she bubbled.

*Oh, yeah. Fucking my friend's mother. And for that I get to be a dear boy.*

Taking his head between her hands, she crushed her lips down onto his, letting

her tongue hungrily slash into his mouth. Almost dropping his drink, Billy clumsily sloshed it down on the counter as he greedily pulled her to him. Forcing her tongue into the dark, slobbery heat of his mouth, she tongued him as they groped each other. Their lips locked together and their bodies crushed against one another, they kissed for the longest time before they finally broke for air.

*What a kisser.*

"Oh, My Lover," Connie panted as she adoringly looked into his eyes, "I wish this night could last forever."

"Me too," he mumbled.

"Oh, your lovely toy is big and hard again," she smiled, reaching for it.

*What did you fucking expect?*

"You had better let him rest for a minute," Billy blurted out, pushing her hand away, "or he might throw up again."

"Again? You mean that he is sick again. Already?" she chuckled, unable to believe the virility of his magnificent love-spear, "But he's already thrown up three times today and enough for ten men every time."

*I can't help it if you make it that way.*

"I'm sorry," he apologized, blushing in embarrassment at his low-boiling point.

"Sorry for what?" she said approvingly, "I am just amazed at your marvelous stamina and talent."

*Oh, she thinks it's a talent.*

"Oh," he gloated, a weak smile playing over his lips, "one night, I jacked off and came eight times thinking about you."

"Really," she incredulously said, "Eight times. Do you think we can go for a record tonight?"

*Holy, fucking Christ.*

"I'm ready if you are," he grinned, slipping down off his perch.

*I think I'll show her the picture I keep in my billfold.*

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I'll be right back," he said as strolled across the room.

Wondering why he left the room, Connie stood by the counter waiting until he came walking back into the kitchen with his billfold in his hand.

*I hope that she doesn't mind that I stole the picture.*

"I hope that you don't mind," he sheepishly said, handing her the picture "but I took this right after I got to know Chuck. He doesn't know that I stole it."

Taking the worn picture from him, she saw that it was an old photograph of her in a bikini. The picture had been taken when she and Bernard had visited the Bahamas several years earlier. She had forgotten that she had even posed for such a picture.

I hope it's okay.

"Why, uh, I, uh," she stuttered, not knowing what to do or say. She was flattered.

Just as she started to speak, the doorbell rang, startling both of them and making them jump.

"Oh, I hope that is the pizza boy," she blurted out, "I couldn't handle any company right now."

*Maybe I ought to answer it.*

"You want me to answer it?" he volunteered, starting for the door.

"I really don't think that would be a wise thing to do," she laughed. "Word might get out that Billy is over at the Vickers house when Mrs. Vickers is supposed to be alone, if you know what I mean. And besides that, you're naked."

*Boy that was stupid. Better not have too much more booze.*

"Never thought about that," he laughed.

Laughing at his stupidity, Connie answered the door.

After being ogled and mentally disrobed by the pizza boy, she paid for the pizza and closed the door.

"Dive in," she grinned, setting the pizza in front of him.

*Damn, I'm hungry. I hope that I don't make a pig out of myself.*

"Back to the picture. I'm flattered beyond belief," she said.

"What?" he mumbled, flipping open the pizza carton.

"The picture," she said, picking it up and handing it back to him. "But you had better put it back in your wallet, so I don't have to explain how it got here."

*Yeah, that wouldn't be the best thing in the world.*

Watching him put the picture back in his billfold, she was assaulted by the aroma of the pizza and suddenly realized how hungry she was. Tearing off a piece, she began to devour it. She had burned off vast quantities of calories during the afternoon and now she was going to refuel for the night.

"Damn, I'm hungry," Billy exclaimed licking the pizza grease from his fingers.

*I hope that I don't embarrass myself with my eating habits.*

Neither of them spoke for several minutes as they stuffed their faces with pizza.

Finally, there was one last piece left.

"I'm stuffed," Connie finally groaned, leaning back and patting her softly-rounded tummy, "I'm so full of pizza and your stuff, I feel like I'm pregnant."

*Pregnant? I never even thought about that. But what if I could make her pregnant?*

"Wow, I didn't know that it happened that fast," Billy snickered. "In Sex Ed., they said it took nine months."

"Very funny, smart ass, I'm just stuffed with pizza," she smirked at him, "besides, I use birth control pills so all that cream of yours just won't work down there."

*That would be funny. Having a little Billy running around as Chuckie's little brother.*

"Wow," he frowned, reaching over and running his hand over her soft belly, letting his fingers wander down to the silky forest of kinky blond hair covering her waiting womanhood, "I never thought about making you pregnant. That's kind of, uh, exciting."

"Uh-huh, but it isn't going to happen," she smiled at him.

*Too bad!*

"Too bad," he complained.

"Well, as a consolation prize," she said, brushing his hand away, "how would you like to have some pictures of me posing for you to use when you masturbate?"

"Huh? What, uh, what do you mean?" he asked her, his eyes flaring wide open.

*Pictures. Is she going to give me some more pictures of her?*

"Would you like some pictures of me, naked?" she asked, watching his eyes light up, "So you can use them when you masturbate, you know when you, uh, jack-off."

*Pictures of her naked? Fucking awesome. Just fucking awesome.*

"Fucking Awesome" he exclaimed, barely able to contain his eagerness, "You mean you have some pictures of you naked?"

"Well, a few, but they are Bernard's," she softly laughed, slowly getting to her feet, setting her breasts off into another display of seismic upheaval, "and he might miss them if I gave them away, but I have something better."

"Wait here and I'll be right back."

*Oh, my fucking Lord, now what? What is she going to do?*

Billy's impatience and arousal were both plainly evident as he ran his hand up and down his hard, ripe cock.

"Well, are we ever ready," she remarked striding back into the room and seeing him running his hand up and down his big, thick cock. "I'm going to start calling you the Energizer Bunny.."

*Where did she come from? I wasn't expecting her back so soon.*

"Huh?" he grunted, surprised by her sudden reappearance.

Then he saw the Polaroid camera and tripod in her hand and a big smile lit up his face.

*She's going to let me take my own pictures. I just know it. Awesome. Just fucking awesome.*

"Wow, you mean I can take a picture of you and keep it," he yelped.

"Of Course, you silly boy," she snickered, "but not just one, and I get to take some pictures of you, too. Okay?"

*Oh, Baby.*

"Sure," he burbled happily, "Awesome, dude."

"Well, who shoots first?" she asked him, setting the camera up.

*I gotta go first.*

"Me. Me. I want to take pictures of you first," he bubbled, jumping around behind the camera.

"Okay," she smiled, "but you have to be the director, too."

*Director? What does she mean?*

"Huh?" he muttered.



"You'll have to tell me how you want me to pose," she said, lying down on the couch.

*Oh baby. I am in fucking heaven. Taking pictures of her naked. And now I get to tell her how to pose. Oh fuck, this is to fucking much.*

"Uh, yeah, like that," he said, gawking at her as she slowly spread her legs apart until her secret place yawned open, wet and glistening in the light.

*A picture of her pussy. A picture of her pussy all open and wet and stuff. Fucking awesome.*

"Awesome," he blurted out, looking through the viewfinder.

"Slow down there, Big boy," Connie laughed, tickled at his eagerness. "Tell me how you want me to pose. Just pretend that I'm your model and you can take four pictures of me posing any way you want me to."

*Four pictures. Oh, man. Oh, man. I can't wait.*

"Four, uh, four pictures," he mumbled excitedly, "Wow, four pictures, I can't believe it."

"Well..." she grinned up at him.

*Well? Oh, she is waiting for her to tell her how to pose.*

"Just like you are," he gushed, aiming the camera at her as she lay on the couch.

"Would you like it better this way," she mischievously asked, slipping her hand down to her pussy.

*Oh yeah, baby. Just like that. Spread it wide open like that. Yeah, just like that.*

Billy stood behind the camera waiting, ready to take her picture as she slowly spread the thick, fleshy lips of her weeping slit apart until he could see the mysterious opening of her vagina.

"Yeah. Yeah. Like that," Billy blurted out as he pushed the shutter release button and a flash suddenly lit the room.

*That's one.*

"Yippee," he yelled, as the picture ground out and he eased it out of the camera.

*Now one of her on her hands and knees.*

"Uh, uh, how about one with you on your hands and knees?" he grinned.

"Oh, you want a shot of my derriere," she laughed, flipping over and quickly assuming a crawling position.

*Yeah, I want a shot of your ass. Your beautiful ass.*

"Yeah, like that."

Dragging the camera and tripod around behind her, he quickly took another picture capturing her delectable rear end this time.

"My turn, now," Connie said, crawling down off the couch.

*She said four pictures. I've only taken two.*

"But, you said I could take four pictures," he complained.

"You can think of how you want me to pose, while I take a couple of you," she laughed.

*Oh, okay, but I still want two more of you.*

"You stand over there and grab hold of your magnificent cock with both hands," she told him, pointing over to the bar.

He proudly strutted over to the bar and standing in front of it, wrapped both hands around the massive giant, but the great, swollen glans of his penis still jutted out uncovered.

*Like this, baby?*

"Nice," she said, as she took his picture.

"Now go sprawl out on the couch like you just got through fucking me," she

directed him, following him with her eyes as he sauntered back over to the couch.

*You mean like this?*

"Great," she told him as he sprawled out wearing only the smirk on his face.

Another brilliant flash of light followed and another picture ground out of the camera.

Then she took another with him sprawled out on the couch with his majesty and consorts lewdly displayed.

"Now, I'm going to take a couple of family portraits," she laughed as she set up the camera once again.

*When am I going to get to take my other two shots?*

"This camera has a thirty second timer," she told him, "so we should have plenty of time to get positioned before it snaps."

"Okay, I want to take a picture of me sucking that great big cock of yours," she smiled as she watched his rock hard pud jump and twitter with excitement, "Okay?"

*I get one, too.*

"Yes, but I want one, too," he mumbled.

"Good, then, just don't move after the first one and I'll take another one."

*You got it, I won't move. In fact, you can suck on it for an hour and I won't move. How about that?*

"Okay," he breathlessly said.

"Lie back," she told him, moving around to the front of the camera, preparing to press the shuttercock, "hold it up ready for me."

Pressing the button, she rushed over to the couch and down onto him, sucking almost half of his jutting pride into her mouth before he knew what had

happened. Lifting his big soft balls in her hand, she gently squeezed them as she sucked on him, waiting for the camera to click.

*Oh, fuck that feels good. Keep on sucking baby.*

When it did, she spit him out, jumped up and repeated the process. Following this, they took three more duplicate shots. One of Billy eating her, one of Billy fucking her doggie style and one of their genitals only with Billy's cock buried half way up her cunt.

"Okay, now, your turn. There's two left," she tittered, sitting down on the couch.

*Finally.*

"Hold your titties," he told her, quickly snapping a picture of her big, heavy breasts as she held them uplifted for him.

"Now blow a kiss at the camera," he grinned as she complied and he snapped the last shot.

"Just fucking awesome," he grunted, picking up the pictures and studying them while Connie returned the camera to its hiding place.

Walking back into the room, her glorious breasts frolicking about wonderfully, she saw that Billy sat at the coffee table with the pictures spread out before him.

"How did they turn out?" she asked him, picking up the remote control and flicking on the TV as she sat down beside him.

"Great," he grinned from ear to ear, nearly drooling over the bounty lying before him.

*These are worth a million dollars. No one will ever get to touch them. They are mine.*

"I'll never give these babies up."

"Don't let them fall into the wrong hands," she told him seriously, "or we'll both pay the price."

*Never! No one will ever see them but me.*

"Don't you worry about that," he told her fervently, "no one else will ever see these pictures."

"I hope not," she grinned, "but wouldn't you rather have the real thing?"

*Real thing? Oh, she means she wants to fuck again.*

"You bet," he blurted out, raking the pictures into two piles.

"Do you think you can handle this movie better than you did this afternoon?" she asked him.

*I fucking hope so.*

"I hope so," he said, looking down at his thick, ripe cock jutting up out of his groin, "what do you think?"

"By the looks of things," she purred, spreading her long, shapely legs apart and exposing her dripping slit, "I would say you're ready, just like I am."

*Is she ever ready. She is dripping juice everywhere.*

"Are you ever," he mumbled, running his finger down over her wet, dribbling cunt.

*Her pussy just get prettier and prettier.*

"Your beautiful puss, uh, pussy just gets prettier and prettier," he beamed, crawling up between her outstretched legs.

"It's ready for your big cock," she mumbled, reaching down to his giant prong as it pulsed up and down above her cunt.

*And my cock is ready to fuck you.*

Hooking his arms under her long, beautiful curving legs, he lifted her legs and drooling slit up off the couch. Quickly dipping his hips, he speared her hot, steaming slit on his giant harpoon and drove all eight inches down into her in one swift thrust.

"Oh, My, God," she bubbled as his cock slid into her, "it feels so good."

*She's so fucking hot, it feels like I'm sticking my cock into a fire.*

"Uh-huh," he groaned in agreement as he began to fuck her with hard, deep penetrating strokes.

Watching the boy on the screen fuck the woman, Billy matched the boy's rhythm as he slid sliding his long, thick penis in and out of Connie's superheated cunt. The wet, squishing sounds coming from the screen matched the one coming from Connie and Billy as the room was filled with the stereo sounds of fucking.

Then all of a sudden, the boy began to groan and moan as he jerked his cock out and sprayed at least a cup of cum all over the woman's belly.

*Why did he take his cock out of her? Wow, look at all the cum. Must be a whole cupful.*

"Wow," Billy grunted, slowly stroking his cock in and out of Connie's hot, clutching cunt, "he had a load."

"Almost as much as you," Connie giggled, milking his cock with her cunt muscles.

*God, she always knows just the right words to say.*

Then, the lady on the TV quickly attacked the boy's cock hungrily sucking it back to life. Then, once the boy's cock was stiff and hard again, the lady smiled mischievously and asked him if he would like to fuck her in the ass.

*Fuck her in the ass. Oh, shit. What I wouldn't do to fuck Mrs. Vickers in the ass.*

As the boy on the screen slipped his dick into the woman's ass, Connie felt Billy's prick harden as his penetrating thrusts became harder and deeper.

*Oh fuck, look at him shove it up her ass.*

She could tell that he was really turned on by the action on the screen as she felt herself being driven closer and closer to another cataclysmic orgasm. Huffing and puffing loudly, Billy was stroking his meat into her relentlessly, dragging her

responsive clitoris along the top of his dick with each thrust.

*Fuck her in the ass. Oh, yeah, baby. In her ass.*

Not unwillingly, Connie found herself being drawn along with Billy's excitement. She could feel her guts begin to churn with expectation as his great cock hammered her pussy mercilessly. Nearer and nearer she flew as his cock beat against her clitoris, until at last she was tottering on the edge, knowing that she would slip over the edge at any moment.

"Would you like to do it in my poo-poo?" she whispered into Billy's ear.

*JESUSFUCKINGCHRIST! She wants me to fuck her in the ass. Fuck her in the ass. Fuck Connie in her lovely fucking ass. Oh, crap, I'm gonna come. I can't stop it. Damn, now I can't fuck her in the ass.*

"FUCCKKKCOMMINGGGSORRY," he belched out as his colossal cock bucked and began to spurt its hot, heavy load of creamy syrup into her battered pussy.

"MMMMMEEEEETTTTTTTOOOOOOOOOO," she screeched in unison with him as her cunt burst into a thousand explosions of pleasure and collapsed down around his spurting prick, imprisoning it inside her burning, squeezing, clenching pussy.

*She's coming, too. At least, I could make her come, too.*

They were both swept up to new heights of pleasure as her hot, meaty cunt wrapped itself around him. Time and time again, his prod ballooned out and exploded inside of her aching womanhood, discharging another giant gob of his potent kid cream into her accommodating pussy. He filled her so full of his stuff that their intermingled milk flowed out of her cunt like a river, coating them both with its slippery essence.

*So fucking close. I came so fucking close to fucking her in the ass.*

At last she felt his cock stop jerking inside her pussy.

"Hurry, take him out and put him in my poo-poo," she whispered to him again.

*Huh? She wants me to put it in her ass. Now? After I just came. Will it stay hard enough? God would I love to fuck her in the ass.*

"In your, uh, your ass, uh, now?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, but hurry before it gets too soft," she told him, reaching up and running her fingers through his hair.

*Jesus. I'm going to fuck her in the ass. I can't believe it.*

Even as he was pulling his dick out of her, she felt it stop wilting and regain some of its stiffness.

Wondering if she could take all of his giant prick up her ass, she heard him grunt and lift her legs higher.

*I hope that she can take me in her ass. I hope I don't hurt her. I just want to fuck her in the ass.*

Reaching down and around her hips, she took hold of his cock. Even though his cock wasn't as hard as before, it was still gigantic, Connie thought as she guided the big, round head of his cock up to the puckered entrance of her waiting asshole.

*She's going to help me. She's going to help me put my cock into her ass. Oh, Fuck.*

Both of them were liberally coated with the slippery juices that were pouring out of her pussy and trickling down into the crack of her ass. Then, the moment she positioned the juice-drenched glans of his cock on her wincing anus she heard him grunt and felt his cockhead pushing down on her asshole. As wet and slippery as it was, his cockhead quickly popped into the tightly clenched sphincter of her asshole.

*It went in. I felt the head of my dick go into her asshole. Damn, it's so tight, it feels like it's going to cut the head of my dick off. I did it. I'm fucking her in the ass.*

"OUCH," Connie winced but had no time to stop him as she felt his entire cock suddenly plunge into her almost-virgin asshole. Only once had she been taken by



the back door and now she remembered why she hadn't done it again as her asshole blossomed into a fiery knot of pain.

*Holy Jesus! I got my whole dick up her ass. The whole fucking thing is in her ass. I can't fucking believe it. I'm fucking Chuckie's mom in the ass.*

"OH, WAIT, OH, PLEASE, DON'T MOVE," she pleaded with him, praying that the pain would subside.

*I don't want to hurt her though. Maybe she wants me to take it out?*

"Do you want me to take it out?" he asked her, holding himself thrust down into the hot tightness of her clutching asshole.

"No. No, not yet," she winced, trying not to cry.

*She doesn't want me to take it out. She wants me to keep my dick in her asshole. It's so fucking hot and tight. Feels like I've got a rubber band wrapped around the bottom of my dick. No, more like a fucking ring of fire.*

Pleasure, she feverishly thought. She needed pleasure to bank down the roaring conflagration of pain pouring from her asshole. Running her hand down to her pussy, she quickly found the tingling bud of her clitoris. She began to furiously flick it back and forth as she waited for the agony to lessen enough for him to fuck her.

*Look at that. Look at her. She is playing with herself while I'm fucking her in the ass. Wow. That is sexy. Maybe if I kissed her it would help.*

As she attacked her clitoris, she watched Billy lower his mouth down onto her lips. Then she felt his hot, digging tongue snake its way into her mouth as he kissed her long and deep.

*Now, I've got my dick in her ass and my tongue in her mouth. I feel like I'm double fucking her. She tastes so fucking good, I could kiss her all night long.*

As they kissed, Connie felt the stinging ache in her ass slowly begin to recede. Gradually, out of the haze of pain came a suggestion of pleasure that began to grow. As her finger tormented her clitoris, warm glow of pleasure spread from it until it made the burning lance of pain inside her asshole bearable.

"Fuck me, but do it gently," she whispered around his probing tongue while she roughly flicked her clitoris back and forth.

*Now. Now I'm going to get to fuck her ass. I don't know how long I can fuck her slow and easy, but I'll try to make it last.*

Ever so slowly, Billy eased his mammoth monster back down the delicate channel of her asshole as she felt the muscles around her anus threaten to slice his cock in two.

Tiny little whimpers of pain escaped from her around his tongue as the pain in her ass returned for a moment. Spitting his tongue out, she gritted her teeth and waited as Billy eased his colossus back down into her asshole.

*It looks like it is really hurting her. Maybe we should just stop. I'm too fucking big for her sweet, little asshole.*

"Do you want me to stop?" he groaned as his thighs nudged up against her upturned butt.

"No, just be easy," she grunted through her clenched teeth.

*I tried. I didn't want to hurt her. But she wants it. She wants my big cock up her ass. What the lady wants, the lady gets.*

He was so huge, it felt like his cock was filling her entire colon with its hardness as he gingerly slid his cock in and out of her.

*It's so fucking hot and tight. I love fucking ass. And look at her pussy, all spread out and empty and my big pole just sliding in and out of her. Oh, Fuck. This is heaven.*

Finally, after several moments, she felt the pain begin to soften and blur into a weird kind of pleasure. The other time she had been fucked in the ass, it had been all pain, but this was different. It was actually beginning to feel good.

*I think she is starting to like it.*

She could see the effort etched in Billy's face as he slowly slid his giant in and out of the exquisite tightness of her scorching anus.

Then suddenly, without warning, the pain blossomed into a deep, warm pleasure so intense and unexpected, it startled her.

*Wow, what happened? She's fucking smiling like she loves it.*

"OHGOD," she shuddered as the pleasure grew more and more shrill.

"FUCKMENOWFASTBABY," she blurted out as the delightful feelings in her ass continued to grow.

*Just what I've been waiting for. Here it comes, baby, hard and deep.*

"OHYEAH," Billy panted as he pounded his cock into her anus as hard and fast as he could.

As his cock ripped into her asshole, a spasm of pleasure so intense and exhilarating burst from her asshole, she almost fainted. She couldn't tell where the pleasure was coming from, but it seemed to be a mixture of feelings from both her pussy and her anus. Wherever it was coming from, it was becoming more and more intense as Billy hammered his cock into her battered asshole.

*FUCK. I can feel it coming now. God, I'm going to fill her ass with my hot cum. Fill it up until it is running out of her asshole.*

The harder Billy drove his giant cock into her ass, the better it felt until the rapture was too much. Even as Billy huffed and puffed like a steam engine, driving his cock into ass with abandon, her whole body was engulfed by the inferno of her orgasm. It seemed as if every muscle in her body had spasmed into a convulsion of joy as she was consumed by her own gratification. Her whole essence was transported to another plane of existence, leaving her jerking, writhing body behind for Billy to assault.

*Holy Shit! She's having another fucking orgasm. She's having a fucking orgasm while I'm fucking her in the ass.*

Billy slowed for a few moments as the horrendous spasms tore through her body.

*Can't hold it back any more. Here it comes. IT'S COMING. I'M COMING IN HER ASSHOLE!*

Then as her asshole locked down around his bloated penis, she felt his monster explode inside of her battered ass.

"COMINGFUCKCAN'TSTOP!" he bellowed out as his cock jetted out a scalding spume of thick, hot semen inside the delicately lining of her colon. It felt as if it was lava spurting out of his cock as the thick, burning cream coated her bowels.

*I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT! WISH IT WOULDN'T EVER STOP SPURTING OFF INSIDE HER HOT ASS!*

Spurt after spurt of boy-milk erupted from his cock, filling her colon until she felt like it would burst, but still the monster vomited its vile poison into her.

*Damn, it's over. Want it to keep going, but it just ran out of cum.*

Finally, she felt Billy's enormous prick stop jerking inside her asshole.

"OHGOD," he groaned as he eased his rapidly softening penis out of her abused asshole.

*Damn, that was fucking awesome. Tired.*

"Ouch," she winced as she felt the huge, round head of his cock finally pop out of her anus followed by a gusher of his spent cum.

"Gotta go," she blurted out, jumping up and dashing for the bathroom.

After her cum enema, she cleaned up the mess left behind by their ruinous afternoon and night of pleasure and padded back into the bedroom.

*God, she's fucking beautiful. She's still wearing her stockings and that sexy little garter belt.*

Billy lay sprawled out on the bed just as she had left him. Gently, she washed his prick off with the washcloth she had brought with her.

*I'm so beat, I could sleep for a week. But I want to fuck her again.*

"God, that was awesome," he groaned as she flipped back the covers and slipped

under them, snuggling up next to him.

"Yes, it was awesome," she laughed softly flipping off the light...

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As Connie slowly awoke, she felt drugged. What had happened to her to leave her in such shape, she wondered?

Not knowing where she was or why she was there, she fearfully opened her eyes to find the room full of light. There was a nagging fear that she had done something bad. Then, she stretched and felt a sharp stitch of pain in her ass. Then her hand touched warm skin. Someone was in bed with her. Bernard? But why was her ass sore? But wasn't Bernard gone? Who? Fearfully, she slowly turned her head.

"Oh, My God," she gasped when she saw her son's best friend, Billy sprawled out in the bed next to her. He was also naked and now slowly waking up.

"MY GOD! What is going on?" she groaned as she closed her eyes and tried to remember what had happened.

What in the fuck is going on? Where am I? HOLY FUCK! MRS. VICKERS! I'M IN BED WITH MRS. VICKERS! WHAT HAPPENED?

"What, in uh, the," Billy mumbled, sitting up.

Then suddenly, like a flash, the events of the previous evening came flooding back to her.

OH, yeah, now I remember. I fucked her. I fucked her in the ass, too. And she sucked my cock until I came. Oh, yeah, now I remember. So sleepy.

Realizing that she had invited Billy into her house and seduced him, she was at least comforted to know that she hadn't been raped or attacked by him. Then she remembered that they still had the rest of the night left. Looking down at her watch, she saw that it was twelve o'clock.

But why was it still light out at midnight, she groggily wondered?

Muddled, she got to her feet. Shaking her head, she saw that Billy had fallen to sleep again. Remembering earlier, she was unable to keep her eyes off his thick, heavy cock, swollen and probably ready to respond at a moment's notice if called upon.

Smiling in amazement, she staggered over to the window peeled back the curtain. Looking out, she was almost blinded by the brightness of the Sun glaring down outside.

"Why is it so bright outside," she tried to reason, but the fuzziness inside her head wouldn't let her think clearly.

Suddenly, it dawned on her that it was noon, not midnight.

That meant that Bernard and Chuck would be home any time now.

"BILLY, GET UP FOR GOD'S SAKE," she shouted, rushing back over to him.

Huh? What is she yelling about?

"WHAT, uh, what in the..." Billy groaned, sitting up and yawning.

"IT'S SUNDAY MORNING, AND BERNARD AND CHUCK WILL BE HOME ANYTIME NOW," she exclaimed breathlessly as she rushed about trying to hide any evidence of their indiscretion, "you have to leave, NOW!"

Sunday morning? It can't be. I just went to sleep. How can it be Sunday morning?

"Oh, Fuck," he blurted out, struggling to his feet and looking around for his clothes.

I guess that I won't get to fuck her again, damn it. Where are my fucking clothes?

As he looked for his clothes, Connie tore about the house, turning pillows over, wiping up semen and pussy juice, throwing dishes in the washer and generally trying to hide any hint of impropriety.

I wish we had time for a little quickie. Hell, this might be the last chance I ever get to fuck her.

Finally, Billy found his clothes and hurriedly pulled them on just as Connie rushed back into the room, still wearing only her garter and stockings.

"I wish we'd woke up earlier," he grinned at her, ogling her nudity.

"Yeah, me, too," she whined, stepping up and giving him a long, hard kiss on the mouth, "but I'm afraid that that will have to do for now."

For now?

"Here," she told him, reaching down and picking up all of the pictures they had taken, "take these and be careful where you hide them. I don't want anyone finding them. Okay?"

No one will ever see these babies. But wait, she is giving me all of them.

"Yeah, but don't you want some of them, too?" he asked her.

"Yes," she grinned at him, "but you can bring them with you the next time, and I'll pick out the ones I want, or we'll take some more. Okay?"

THE NEXT TIME! YIPPEE! WE'RE GOING TO FUCK AGAIN. YIPPEE! I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT!

"AWESOME!" he shouted out happily, "When?"

"Bernard and Chuck go bowling every Saturday afternoon," she smiled. "Do you think you could accidentally stop by for some reason, say around one o'clock?"

Can I? You bet your fucking ass. I'll be watching and the minute those two assholes leave, I'll be in her fucking out your beautiful brains.

"You bet," he yipped, giving her another kiss on the lips.

"Okay, Romeo, time to hit the road," she told him.

Damn. Parting is such sad, uh, sad, something. Fuck, I wish I didn't have to leave. Just think, if she was my mom, now I could stay here and fuck her again.

"Oh, okay, but I wish I didn't have to leave so soon," he mumbled, starting for the front door.

"Billy, "Connie said laughing, "I think you had better use the back door. And I think you should take your Boom Box with you, don't you?"

Oops. I'm so fucking excited I nearly fucked up.

"Gosh," he exclaimed, "I'm sorry."

Maybe I can find a way to fuck her before next Saturday. Gotta think this whole thing out.

He hurriedly collected his boom box and started for the back door. But half way there, he stopped and came back to give her one more kiss.

"Don't worry, next Saturday will be here before you know it," she told him.

It seems like years away.

"I don't think so," he complained heading for the door again.

"You'll see," she laughed as he slipped out the back door with his radio under his arm.

"Bye," she said as he closed the screen door and started down the steps.

She watched him sneak across the lawn, trying not to be seen by anyone. Then he stopped at the sidewalk and waved at her.

"You'll see," Connie whispered as she watched him walking down the sidewalk...

The End

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I hope that you liked Home Alone. If you did, perhaps you would like to read some more of my stories, these are the titles...

Black Friday - Erotica

Whore Queen - The Garden Gates

Trailer Trash - Oreos

All Hail – The King I and II

Father Gander's Naughty Tales – I & II

Mother's Milk - Love Potion

Different Names - Teacher's Pet

The Voice - Boob Job - Escort Service

Everything is Wrong - Cockball

Teacher's Tales - The Cheerleader Squad

Daddy's Little Secret - Confession

The Island of the Goddess - Evergreens - Alien

Home Again – Home from the War

Marooned - Nipples - The Voodoo Doll

Airey Putter and the Golden Dildo

Airey Putter and the Wishing Mirror

The Train Ride - The Wedding

Andria's Dream - Nymphomania: A desire to...

Tornado - The Colonel's Wife - Family Secrets

Déjà Vu: All Over Again... - Affliction

The Evil Within - House of the Rising Sons

Infatuation - The Ride - Trading Spaces

The Voyage of the Molly Be Bad

Sledge Hammer –Private Dick (The Cold Case)

All Alone - Panties - Love-Thirty

Birthday Girl - Best in Show

The Queen and the Prince - Safari

Forbidden Love - The Prostitute - Recipe for Disaster

A Visit to the School Nurse - The Last of the Dragons

The Stash - Heaven...or Hell... - Something Pretty

Prescription for Pleasure - My Sister's Milk

The First Time - Back from the Beyond - A Love Story

Blackmail on the Prairie - Home on the Range

The Beach House - One Stormy Night

Catherine and Seth - The Indian Lawyer

A Stepmother's Revenge