

Neighborhood Encounters Ch 4

The cool morning air felt great on Clara's skin. The forest around her was still dark, the sun was just beginning to crest the horizon. She knew running at this time wasn't the safest, not on the roads where visibility was poor or in the forest where possums or other creatures still hid.

But her body craved this. She hadn't been able to sleep. Not after what had happened with Burt in their swimming pool. Clara picked up her pace, putting the thoughts out of her head. She just wanted to run. It relaxed her. Helped her clear her mind. Just focus on her breathing. On putting one foot in front of the next one. Set her pace and sticking to it.

She followed the path out into a break in the forest. This was the part of the path that ran alongside the trailer park. Even though she wanted to keep her mind clear, her eyes wandered towards the small buildings. Some looked cute, with decorated lawns and little fences. While others looked derelict.

Clara's feet pounded the asphalt as two bright lights broke her from her thoughts. They were headlights. Music blared from the open windows. Clara squinted as the large truck swung quickly onto the lawn of one of the trailers. What kind of asshole drives through a street with their music so loud?

The music abruptly cut off and a scrawny man with a paunch jumped out of the truck, slamming the door behind him. Clara immediately recognized him as that person she had seen in Burt's driveway. Her opinion of the man lowering by the second as her eyes ran over his features. He was only wearing a pair of dirty jeans and an equally dirty and faded baseball cap with the Ford logo on it. He had been driving barefoot and his oddly proportioned torso exposed his weathered skin and small beer belly. He took a swig from a can of beer that he apparently had in the truck.

The man gave Clara the creeps. Especially the way he just stood there, openly leering at her as she ran past. Clara averted her gaze, pretending she hadn't noticed him staring at her. Suddenly she felt underdressed. Her pink sports bra and black sheer running shorts left a lot of skin open for this man to gaze at. Clara picked up her speed and relief washed over her as the path wound back into the forest, away from the trailer park.

She did not like the way that man leered at her. She liked it even less that she had ignored it and felt the need to speed up and mess with her pace. As a woman, she shouldn't have just ignored that. Society had molded her to ignore unwanted male advances and yet again she had fell back into those old bad habits. Not that she wanted a confrontation, it was just a familiar pattern she didn't think women needed to default to. She cursed herself for it.

That wasn't how she wanted to be. It went against everything she worked for both professionally and personally. Clara pushed on trying to get more distance between herself and the trailer park. Letting her mind clear as she inhaled the clean Michigan air. She had to admit, running here was much more refreshing than back home in San Francisco.

Clara ran until she had exited the forest again, this time running alongside the road towards her home. She glanced at Burt's home with his overgrown bushes and the piles of refuse scattered over his property. It was such an eyesore. There was no way they would have purchased this house if they had known this was their neighbor. Lesson learned, buying a house just based on a zoom tour.

Her mind drifted back to that night a few days ago in the swimming pool with Burt. The way he had cornered her in the pool. The way he touched her and stripped her of her top. Clara still couldn't believe that she had touched him. Stroked him. Put her mouth on him. She suppressed a shudder at the vile thoughts. Her stomach sank and she almost felt the bile rising in her throat at the way his cock had exploded and painted her face and torso with his disgusting cum. She could almost feel the warmth blasting across her skin.

But the worst part of that night was how horny it had made her. She should have been appalled at being degraded like that. Clara had never allowed Adam to cum on her before. That was something women only did in porn. It was humiliating yet for some reason it had gotten to her. No, that wasn't it. It was knowing that Adam was watching and getting off on it. That is what it was. It couldn't be from Burt or what he did. He was just lucky and in the right place at the right time while Clara was amped up doing something for her husband.

Still, afterwards Clara had needed relief from being so turned on. She could have messed around with Adam but she had been too mortified in that moment. Instead she went into the shower and touched herself. Touched herself while thinking about....

The rumble of a garage door opening grabbed Clara's attention. Her eyes looked around the street. It was Burt's garage door slowly rising. Clara was only in front of the burned down house. She picked up speed, running as fast as she could towards her home.

Clara had been avoiding any interaction with Burt since that night. Running into him now, alone in the dark seemed horrible. She couldn't bear to see the knowing look on his face at what had occurred between them. Not when he was someone like that.

The garage door continued to rumble and raise. Clara cut across her lawn and took the front steps two at a time as she scrambled to get her key out of her running shorts. She turned the mechanism and pushed the door open as the sounds of the garage door motor ceased.

Clara closed the door behind her, breathing hard. She imagined him standing there, in his garage staring at her, amused. His face matching the same one he had that night. Looking down at her with that smug look after spraying her with his gross cum. Covered in his caveman, backwards seed.

Adam couldn't concentrate. He had only applied to three different jobs this morning but he told himself that it wasn't entirely his fault. There weren't a ton of open jobs around Grand Rapids that interested him or would utilize his skill set. So he was looking at remote jobs but there did seem to be one promising position working for Michigan's Department of Energy.

The sound of an engine backfiring caught his attention. Adam looked out the window at the two greasy men working on truck next door. Burt and the other guy were drinking beer with some 80's rock music blaring out of a nearby speaker.

He tried to ignore them but he couldn't help it. His mind kept drifting to watching his wife put her hands and mouth on Burt. The scene in the pool constantly plagued his thoughts. It didn't help that Clara had been ice cold in the bedroom since that night. Even though Adam had relieved himself several times, he mind was awash with lust at the memory. Seeing his strong, independent, educated, liberal wife letting someone who was proud of not finishing high-school touch her. Let alone the fact that she had stroked his cock until it showered her with cum.

Jealously and arousal coursed through Adam's veins. Burt had done something to his wife that Adam never had. In the entire course of their relationship, Clara had never allowed Adam to cum on her face and breasts like that. But Burt hadn't even asked. He just did what he wanted. Came where he wanted.

Adam knew how much that night had fucked with Clara's head. He knew she would never indulged Adam's fantasy like that again. At least not for a long time. But he still couldn't stop thinking about it. He tried to focus on the application in front of him but his mind kept focusing on the music and laughter of the rough men next door.

"The lawn is getting really long," Clara said as she downed a glass of water in the kitchen. Adam sat at the counter, finishing up a Sudoku puzzle. He looked up at her thoughtfully and smiled.

“You know,” Adam leaned back, “I’ve never cut a lawn before. Have you? We always lived in the city so I’ve never done it. I don’t even think my dad has done it.”

“No,” Clara shook her head, “I haven’t either. But I’m sure we can figure it out. How hard can it be. There is an old lawn mower in the shed I think.”

“There is. I’ll take care of it this morning. At least it’ll be something new to try,” Adam said, gauging his word deliberately. Clara didn’t notice or didn’t take the bait.

“What else do you want to do today?” Adam finally asked.

“Well there’s some reports I need to get done so I was hoping to do that,” Clara said.

“On a Saturday?” Adam said.

“What I’m doing, well, what we’re doing hasn’t been done before,” Clara said taking another sip of her ice cold water, “And the university is much more...conservative, than I initially expected. It seems like they got this funding from the state but needed something to do with it so here I am. Still they just won’t let me spend their money within oversight as annoying as that is.”

“You’ll figure it out. You always do,” Adam smiled encouraging.

Clara reached out and grasped her husband’s hand, “I know. But just knowing you are here to support me, unwaveringly, means a lot to me. It means a lot that you picked up your life and followed me across the country.”

Adam wanted to push something here but thought better of it, “It’s our life Clara. We’re doing to together. I can’t wait to see what you build and where our life goes next.”

“Me too,” Clara smiled back warmly, “Hopefully that path leads back West.”

“We’ll get back there eventually,” Adam squeezed her hand, “You just need to prove to the world what a kickass genius you are first. Then people back home will be lining up to give you more money.”

“I like the sound of that,” Clara leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on Adam’s lips.

An hour later, Adam and Clara stared down at the old Toro lawn mower. Adam had pulled it out of the shed where the previous owner had left a lot of crap. It was old a beat up but Adam hoped it still ran. He knew there was probably some maintenance these things required but he had no clue what that was.

“I think you just pull that cord thing, and it’s supposed to start up,” Clara said, “Like in the movies.”

“Yeah, probably.” Adam said inspecting the levers on the near the thing’s handle. One lever had a picture of a turtle at one end and a rabbit at the other. Probably the speed. Adam knew enough that he probably needed this thing to be in it’s version of neutral before he could start it. He made sure the lever was pulled back to where the turtle was and then gave the cord a pull.

Some sound emerged from the engine but it didn’t start. Adam pulled it harder this time and he heard the engine start but it didn’t turn over. He tried it another time with the same result. Clara pulled it and it still didn’t start. Adam tried again, this time harder but it still didn’t start.

They both looked down at it with their hands on their hips.

“Engine messin’ up?” A deep voice said catching them both off guard. Adam looked up at saw Burt standing a few feet away with an amused look on his face. The taller, burly man was looking them and their mower over. His dark gaze lingered knowingly on Clara, a smile teasing his lips before turning to regard Adam.

Burt was wearing his customary stained overalls with his bare torso underneath. The skin on his arms and shoulders looked sun-damaged and his long grey hair looked as greasy as ever. He hadn’t shaved for a few days so there was a ton of stubble growing around his handlebar mustache.

"Yeah," Adam started, feeling the tension coming off Clara. She stood there awkwardly, almost looking past Burt, not wanting to engage in the conversation.

"I found it back in the shed. It probably doesn't run but I wanted to try it. I was looking up new mowers at Home Depot but they charge \$75 to ship it. I'll probably go pick up a new one this week." Adam added.

Burt stepped forward and squatted down, examining the mower, "Yeah? Y'plannin' on gettin' another Toro?"

"I was thinking one of the electric brands," Adam said.

Burt chuckled under his breath, "Those electric ones ain't worth a damn. Battery don't last worth a lick, and hell, they're fire waitin' to happen. You oughta stick with a Toro. Got a good engine, good warranty, and hell, you know someone who can fix 'em right up for ya."

"We want an electric one," Clara said meeting the man's eyes. He held her gaze for a few seconds until she looked away. Burt suppressed a smile.

"Well, reckon whatever floats yer boat," Burt shrugged, still crouched. He twisted a cap off the mower and the another, inspecting it. "Well, your gas looks good. So's the oil. Should fire right up, no trouble."

"Thanks," Adam said tentatively, not wanting to piss off Clara by being too nice to Burt. "But it wouldn't start. There might be something else wrong with it."

Burt looked up at Adam with a playful smile. He deliberately shifted his gaze to Clara, like he wanted Adam to see him eyeing up his wife. Then he he returned his attention to the lawn mower in front of him. He ran his hands across the motor and up near the controls, "Ain't nothin' wrong with her."

He looked up at them, "You can do everythin' right, but it still won't fire up. Ain't nobody's fault. Sometimes, it just takes that special kinda touch to get her runnin'."

It was clear to Adam that Burt wasn't talking about the lawn mower any longer. The burly man stood up, gripped the cord's handle and gave it a powerful pull. Immediately the engine roared to life, a large black plume of smoke coughed out of the exhaust before clearing up.

"Well, I'll leave you two boys to play with your toys," Clara said loudly over the engine, walking towards the front door. Burt's head turned and his eyes stayed glued to her form until she disappeared inside. He looked back at Adam with a smirk on his face.

Adam wasn't sure how to respond to this older man, opening ogling his wife in front of him. It was disrespectful to both of them yet he was so blatant about it. He decided just to play it off like he didn't notice.

"Uh, thanks for the help with this," Adam said choosing his words carefully and deliberately not using the female pronoun to describe the mower like Burt had.

Burt cocked an eyebrow at Adam, his features amused, "You let me know if ya need a hand with her, ya hear?" He gestured to the mower. "If she don't fire up for ya, I'd be more than happy to mess around with her and get her goin'."

Burt turned on his heel walking back across Adam's lawn towards his own property filled to the brim with old cars and other things that belonged in a junkyard. Adam looked up at the house, hoping to catch Clara in one of the windows but he didn't see her. It looked like he was cutting the lawn himself.

He chuckled to himself, Despite Clara being adamant that they didn't need to fall into traditional male and female roles in their relationship, she was happy leaving this to him apparently. As Adam began to push the mower across his lawn, he couldn't stop thinking about the innuendo in Burt's words. He had clearly told him that he wanted to mess around with Clara again but the ball was in Adam's court.

Adam tried to focus on cutting the lawn, not wanting a tent to form in his pants. He doubted Clara would go for something like that but the idea of their rough, unkempt neighbour touching Clara's body was making him lightheaded.

After an hour or so of cutting both the front and back lawn, Adam headed inside ready to talk with Clara. He found her in the kitchen, parked at the counter with her laptop in front of her. She was immersed in whatever she was looking at but smiled warmly at him when he came inside.

"All done," Adam said.

"Thank you," Clara said, "My big strong man. You looked sexy out there pushing that thing around."

"Oh really?" Adam said sliding up next to her, "How sexy?"

Clara smiled at him and patted him on the arm, "You'll be even sexier once you shower."

Adam laughed. The sun had been out, blazing down on him the whole time. He was sweating and knew it was like a layer of grim over his skin. Clara had a thing about personal hygiene so he expected nothing less.

"And we need to get a new lawn mower," Clara said. "I don't want to poison ourselves with that one. And we should get one that we can turn on without needing any help."

Adam felt a pang to his pride at that. Even though she used the word 'we' she really meant him. It was insulting that Burt had just come over and got the mower going on one pull like that. But his comments had implied so much more.

Hesitantly, Adam broached the subject, "Sure. We can pick one up this week. Though Burt did say if we had any more trouble with her, he'd be happy to play around with her and get her running."

"Oh he did, did he?" Clara said turning back to her laptop, "I didn't realize our lawn mower had a vagina."

"Just a bit of time in Michigan and already my wife is assigning gender based on genitalia? I never thought I'd see the day," Adam teased.

Clara rolled her eyes and looked at him, "You know what I mean. I don't think Burt was really talking about the lawn mower."

"Oh he sure wasn't," Adam said.

Clara exhaled and turned towards Adam standing there. Softly she said, "Adam, I am all for doing things together for us. But the other night was a mistake. The more I think about it, the more I can't believe that was me. Burt is gross, both physically and even just his politics and how he looks at me. I think we should keep our distance."

"That makes sense," Adam said sliding up next to her, putting her arm on her back. Standing this way made it easier for her not to see the disappointment on his face, "We'll keep to ourselves from now on."

"Good," Clara smiled, rolling her shoulders and pulling away from him, "I love you but you stink. Why don't you shower and then I'll come up and show how appreciative I am of my big, strong man?"

"Mhmm that sounds good to me," Adam kissed her on her temple and headed upstairs. As he passed his office, he saw movement out the window. Burt was taking down the tattered American flag that was affixed next to his front door. He replaced it with a yellow flag that had coiled snake in the center. Adam stared at his rough neighbor for a few seconds before heading to the shower in their ensuite. He couldn't dislodge the mental image of that simple man putting his hands on his sophisticated, sexy wife.

Casper cracked another beer and took a long draw. Nothing like a cold beer on a hot as fuck day. He stretched in his fold out chair, extending his arms up as high as they could go, feet up on the back tailgate of his Uncle's truck.

Uncle Bert was somewhere inside getting their latest shipment. That moonshine Casper had brewed up would burn the hair off your chest. He might not have done well in school but he sure knew how to work a still and make some shine. It was a heck of a lot better than hauling trucks or being stuffed up in an office somewhere. Casper was his own boss who could do whatever the fuck he wanted.

Casper took another pull of his beer and scrolled through his phone looking on Tinder for some ass that needed slammin. None of the stuck up girls from the city ever matched with him. He'd have to try his hand at The Pit later on.

The front door of Burt's neighbors house closed and a wide grin spread onto Casper's face. That hot new specimen from California was decked out in her usual sexy running gear. Around here, women wore more clothing to bed but he sure didn't want to complain about the woman's fashion choices. She looked delicious in that purple sports bra and tiny running shorts. Casper's eyes ran over her exposed flesh, drinking in the sight of her.

She looked in his direction. Those piercing blue eyes meeting his for a split second before she pretended not to notice. She turned and ran out onto the pathway. Casper swiped out of Tinder and pulled up his camera, zooming in and quickly snapping pics of the young wife.

They were blurry as fuck but maybe he could rub one out to em later. If he could save a bit from this next shipment and skipped some chew maybe he could pick up some trail cameras and set em up in the forest. Then he'd get some footage.

Or better yet, he'd just have to creep on up to the treeline next time she was in the pool and snap some real good ones.

"Careful," His uncles gruff voice said from behind him. Casper looked over his shoulder. His large Uncle was carrying a wooden case full of moonshine bottles.

"Whatcha mean?" Casper smirked turning back and watching the young wife run into the forest, "I'm just appreciatin' the local wildlife."

"That one's a firecracker," Burt said putting the crate down on the tailgate next to Casper's feet. "And her husband's always up at that window watchin'. He's probably catchin' you snappin' pics."

"Oh, hell," Casper said putting his phone down and glancing up at the house. He scanned the windows but from his angle he couldn't see nothing.

"Don't worry. I got him handled," Burt chuckled in a low voice, "Now get off your ass and go to the basement and grab the next crate. I ain't loadin' all 'em myself."

Casper rolled his eyes and headed inside to the basement. They spent the next ten minutes grabbing crates and loading them in the back of the truck. When they finished, they both hopped in and starting driving towards The Pit. A local spot where only locals went. The owner bought their product under the table and diluted drinks with it.

"What'd ya mean before?" Casper said from the passnger seat. The window was down and his arm danged out. He took of a sip of his beer before finishing it and chucking it out the window. "When you said you had the husband handled."

Burt smirked but stayed silent for a couple of minutes, "Let's just say I took a dip in their pool the other night... and I sure as hell wasn't alone."

"Shit. Ain't no way," Casper said looking at his uncle. "They let ya swim with 'em?"

"Nope. Just her. Name's Clara," Burt chuckled, "She puts on a strong front, but I'll break her down. Just like any ole mare."

"Shit yea right," Casper said, "If her husband's always watchin', he's gonna have somethin' to say 'bout that."

"Like I said I got him handeled," Burt said, "He don't know it but he's gonna do whatever I tell em to."

"Like let you fuck his old lady?" Casper shook his head.

"Soon enough," Burt said staring out the windsheild.

"Bullshit," Casper said, his mind thinking. There wasn't not way a man with a woman as fine as that would let her anywhere near Burt. There wasn't any way. Not unless he was into it. Was that guy fucked in the head and into that shit? "He some kind of cuck or something?"

Burt didn't answer, he just smiled.

<i>Well shit, </i> that changes things. Maybe Casper could get his dick wet next time Clara ran by his trailer.

"Leave her be," Burt said. "I don't need you messin' up what I'm workin' on."

"I ain't gonna mess nothin' up," Casper said. "Besides, don't you think she'd rather have someone closer to her own age?"

"You young bucks think you got all the answers, but you don't know a damn thing," Burt said. "You just stay in your lane and let the master work, hear me? I ain't fuckin' around with this. I gotta break 'em in, and if you try somethin', you're gonna screw it all up."

"Whatever," Casper said dismissively.

"Promise me nephew. You stay away. At least for now," Burt demanded. The truck hit a small pothole in the road and Casper heard the bottles in the bed of the truck clink together. He stuck his head out the window looking for any police.

"Promise me," Burt repeated again.

"Fine, fine, whatever you say, old man," Casper grumbled, turning away from his uncle to watch the landscapes pass by.

"Thanks for dropping me off," Clara smiled from the passenger seat of their Tesla. She leaned over to Adam and gave him a soft kiss.

"Happy to. It's cool seeing where you work now," Adam said looking out the windshield at the academic buildings. His eyes couldn't help but scan over his wife's features. While he loved her piercing blue eyes, it was the platinum blonde hair that was his favorite feature. Alongside her Swedish facial features, everything about her face was just perfection. But that body. Her breasts and her amazing ass competed for his favorite thing about her. He could easily just stare at her all day. Even her professional dress attire failed to cover up how sexy she was. The tight, silk button up top with collars, tucked into her black dress pant stil hugged her body in ways that would capture any male attention.

"What?" Clara asked.

"Nothing just thinking how many horny guys on campus are going to be drooling over you," Adam teased.

"You're mind is always in the gutter. This is my husband ladies and gentlemen," Clara shook her head but a small smile teased the corners of her lips.

Adam reached over and squeezed her thigh, "You love it."

"I do," Clara said, flashing him her trademarked sexy expression. Her smile widened as he felt his eyes go wide. She had been playing with him. Clara opened the door and stepped out. She bent over at the waist to look down into the car. They both knew that her ass was on display for any passersby. "Maybe if you are a good boy, you can have me when I get home."

"Fuck yes," Adam beamed, "Wait, aren't I picking you up?"

"No, don't worry about it. I'll take an Uber home. I'm not sure when I'll be done today," Clara sighed.

"Are you sure? It's no problem," Adam said, "I don't mind picking up a sexy woman like you."

"You really want it bad huh?" Clara bit her lip and stared at him. Again, Adam faltered under her gaze, making her smile. "I'll be fine," Clara said stepping back. "Thanks again for driving me, I love you."

"I love you too Clara," Adam said. Clara gently closed the door and began walking towards the building. She looked over her shoulder and waved at him before disappearing inside. Adam couldn't wait until she got home and he could strip and and throw her onto the bed.

Adam turned out of the University's parking lot and drove several minutes until he pulled into the Home Depot. Inside, he grabbed a flatbed cart, put a new electric lawnmower on it and checkout. When he got back to his car, the large mower box wouldn't fit in the Tesla's small trunk. And he couldn't get it into the backseat either. Maybe he could open the box and take it all apart but that seemed like a great way to lose critical parts.

He sighed and headed back in to talk to a sales associate.

"I can hold it here for you," the portly woman said, "Or we can deliver it tomorrow. Its \$75. We have vans for rent if you want to do that too. Or if you know someone with a truck you could always ask them."

None of these options were great. The mower was already setting them back hundreds of dollars. While they still had money, both Clara and Adam were spending it like they were used to in San Francisco. When they both had jobs. They needed to be more cautious. Even Clara's default plan to take an Uber was going to cost them money they didn't need to spend. He'd love to have a friend help him pick this thing up, but Adam hadn't made any new friends yet and he didn't know anyone with a truck.

That wasn't true. Actually now that he thought about it, he did know someone with a truck.

Burt was knuckle deep in the engine of the dirt bike when he caught movement out of the corner of his eye. Without turning fully towards it, he glanced up at the mirror in the corner of his garage and saw someone walking up his driveway.

Burt casually slide open one of the drawers in front of him and placed his hand on the well oiled .45. Just as he was about to grip it and wheel around the man spoke.

"Hey Burt, its me Adam. You're new neighbor next door?" Adam said. Was that a fucking question or a statement? Everybody always so concerned with offending people these days. Burt let go of the gun and slide the door shut. He took his time, grabbing a rag to wipe his hands off before turning around.

"Adam," Burt said quickly sizing the man up, "What can I do for ya?"

"I was hoping you could help me out with a favor," Adam said, his eyes darting around the garage taking in the tools and other paraphenilia Burt had up on the walls. Burt crossed the garage to Adam, who was still standing just outside the door. Adam was dressed like every office worker Burt had ever seen. The outfit that said '*I never learned how to be a man*'.

"Well, what's the favor? I ain't promising nothin'." *<i>Unless you want me to slide my cock into that wife of yours.</i>*

"I went to pick up a new lawnmower at Home Depot but the box wouldn't fit in the Telsa. I was hoping I could borrow your truck for an hour or so. You'd really be doing me a solid." Adam said while looking him the eyes. Burt appreciated that the man held his gaze and didn't seem to falter. Maybe he wasn't hopeless.

<i>Borrow my truck? Fuck off.</i> "Nobody drives my truck but me," Burt grunted. He was fixin' to turn back to the dirtbike, but then a better idea hit him. "Gimme a minute."

Burt went inside and grabbed a black t-shirt that had been on the floor. He gave it a sniff, shrugged and pulled it on over his overalls. Adam was waiting in the garage when Burt returned. He had stepped inside and was looking at the calendar on the wall that features a couple of naked girls looking at the camera.

"Like what ya see?" Burt asked.

"Uh, not really my thing," Adam replied.

"Let's go," Burt said, movin' past Adam to the door of his car.

"Go? Together? Right now?" Adam asked, moving to the passenger side.

"Ain't no time like the present," Burt muttered, pullin' the door shut behind him and firing up the ignition. Adam grabbed the post handle and hauled himself up into the truck. Before Adam could even get his seatbelt on, the truck roared out of the driveway.

"Here," Burt said, tossing Adam his phone. "Put your number in it."

"Sure," Adam said taking it and inputing his number.

"Next time, call me," Burt said, keepin' his eyes on the road. "I almost blew your head off. Ain't too smart sneakkin' up on someone."

"I wasn't sneaking, I was just walking up," Adam said.

"You sure got a lot to learn," Burt said. "When you walk onto someone's property, you best holler. People don't take kindly to trespassers. Good way to get shot."

"I'll keep that in mind," Adam said. They didn't talk much for the rest of the drive. Burt could tell Adam felt awkward. Probably because of the silence and the shit that went down the other night. But Burt didn't really give a shit how this city dweller felt.

Burt pulled into the Home Depot parking lot and found a close parking spot. He drove his truck horizontally across four spots near the door and parked it. Adam gave him a confused look. "Well, we gettin' this mower or not?" Burt said.

"Yeah, lets go," Adam said hoping down from the vehicle. It was only a couple of minutes later that they had the mower loaded in the bed of the truck and took off back towards their homes. Burt backed into Adam's driveway and the two men unloaded the mower and placed it down in the garage.

"Thanks Burt," Adam said holding out his hand, "I appreciate you're help."

"Ya know," Burt said, grabbin' Adam's hand, his fingers swallowin' the young man's. He shook it firmly. "I'd sure appreciate a nice cold beer for my troubles."

He could see the momentary discomfort flash on Adam's face which made him smile inwardly. "Yeah, sure. Come on in. We can have a beer out back."

Burt followed Adam inside the house, quietly apprasing his surroundings. His eyes scanend the pictures on a table. The modern furniture, how clean the home was. He chuckled as he followed Adam into the

spotless kitchen. *<i>These two would probably have a heart attack in my place.</i>* He hadn't spotted many tools in the garage either. Adam wasn't a handy guy. Home maintenance will be tough on them. Ol'Burt would have to help them out.

"Here," Adam said holding out a bottle to Burt. He took it and examined the label. It read 'Stella Artois.'

"You don't got no American beer?" Burt said looking at it with disdain. Still, beer was beer. And a he wasn't going to pass up a free cold one. Burt held the top of the bottle up to the marble counter and opened the bottle. He saw Adam cringe.

Burt took a pull from the bottle. It wasn't bad. He wouldn't buy it but he could drink it.

"No, uh, not right now. This is what I've been drinking lately," Adam said, "What do you usually drink?"

"Bud," Burt said, still looking around the room. Everything was neat and had its own place. It looked like he was in a model home, not a place people actually lived. He wondered what the upstairs looked like. He'd know soon enough.

"I'll pick some up. Come on," Adam said opening the back patio door, "Its beautiful out, lets drink out back."

Burt followed him out onto the back concrete patio. Adam took a seat at the patio table but Burt stayed standing, looking at the pool. He turned his gaze to Adam, "Back to the scene of the crime huh?"

Adam just sat there, silent. Looking like he didn't know how to respond. Burt sighed and plopped down in a chair across from him, "That was quite the night. You get a good view from up there?"

Burt motioned to the window where Adam had been standing, watching him with Clara. Adam followed his gaze before turning back to him.

"It was alright," Adam said.

Burt took stock of the man sitting across from him. Trying to read him. He knew Adam probably did well in the city. That was his environment. But the country, this was Burt's. And Burt had done enough reading over the past couple of days to know all about these cuckold guys who liked seeing their woman fuck someone else. But Burt needed to know what kind of guy he was dealing with.

"Just alright?" Burt said. "Is that somethin' you and the missus do often?"

"No. It's never happened before," Adam replied.

"So you what, like seeing your wife mess around with other guys? Or is she the one calling the shots with it? You one of those guys that like putting your cock in a cage and doing that gay shit?" Burt asked.

"What? No. Fuck man. No, I'm not into that," Adam said. Burt just took a sip of his beer and stared at Adam, watching him squirm. "I mean, no to the cages and the...other stuff you mentioned."

"But you did like seein' Clara with me? Right?" Burt asked.

"I don't know man. It was a wild night. Things kind of got out of hand," Adam grabbed his beer and took a long sip. Burt noted how much was left in the bottle.

"You're little lady enjoyed herself," Burt said absently, purposely diverting his gaze from Adam. He looked over the treeline, pretending to find it more interesting than this conversation.

"What do you mean?" Adam asked, leaning forward. *<i>Like a rabbit stepping into a snare.</i>*

Burt didn't reply at first. He drank back the rest of the bottle and put it firmly on the table between them. "Lets have another and I'll tell ya."

Adam looked hard at Burt. Almost like he was sizing him up too. Adam downed the rest of his beer in one long pull and headed back inside.

"Bring the whole pack," Burt said as Adam reached the door. Adam didn't respond, but a few seconds later, he was headin' back towards Burt, six-pack in hand.

Six empty beer bottles sat on the table between them, alongside a few more cans and a jug of something Burt had grabbed from his house. Once the six pack was done, Burt had insisted on going back home and topping them up. It was the least he could do, Burt had insisted, after drinking all of Adam's beer.

And Adam was feeling great. He was used to drinking this much but the buzz was feeling great. So far he had just stuck to the beers, unsure what was in that jug.

"Last time was a one time thing," Adam said to Burt, "It won't happen again."

"If ya say so," Burt replied.

"What does that mean?" Adam asked.

Burt pursed his lips and then sighed. He grabbed the jug and poured two glasses half way up.

"What is that?" Adam asked.

"Moonshine. Recipe's been in the family for generations," Burt said. "Take a swig."

Adam hesitantly raised the glass to his lips and took a sip. *<i>Holy fuck thats strong.</i>*

"It'll put hair on your chest," Burt chuckled and took a swig. Adam took another tentative sip but felt like he could get wasted just smelling the stuff. "And you sure Clara don't wanna round two with ol' Burt?"

"She doesn't. Believe me," Adam said.

"I don't know if I agree," Burt said, eyein' Adam with a grin.

"I'm her husband Burt. We've talked. I know," Adam smiled happily and took another sip. Burt just eyed him from across the table.

"And I was there. I know what I saw, and what I heard," Burt leaned forward, a sly look in his eyes. "She wants it again. Matter of fact, I bet that's all she's been thinkin' 'bout lately."

"Bullshit," Adam rolled his eyes, "You are the last thing on her mind man."

"Maybe. You're probably right but look me in the eyes right now," Burt said. Adam locked eyes with the older man. "Now tell me honestly that you don't think Clara has thought about my cock once since that night."

Adam blinked. He had no way or knowing. That event was wild and still recent memory. It was all Adam could think about. Clara wouldn't talk about it but had she thought about it. He honesty had no idea.

Burt just chuckled and leaned back in his chair, taking another sip from his glass, "I told ya."

"That doesn't mean anything. She could have thought about it and regretted it," Adam tried waving him off, "It doesn't mean she want it to happen again."

"I don't think you had the best angle up at that window," Burt shrugged, "You couldn't hear the way she was moaning around my cock. How much she wanted it."

Adam couldn't think of a response. Had she really been moaning that badly?

"What about you?" Burt said levelling his gaze at Adam, "You want it to happen again?"

“It doesn’t matter what I want,” Adam said, “Clara and I are a couple. Partners. We decide and do things together.”

Burt started laughing. He laughed for a solid minute before he calmed down enough to speak, “You need to man up Adam. A man and a woman can’t be partners. That’s just the liberal propaganda talking. Women want a man to be in charge. To be dominate. They want to belong and take care of us. That’s just how it is.”

“Well maybe that’s how things are here,” Adam corrected Burt, “But that isn’t how it is in the rest of the world. This isn’t the twentieth century anymore. You’re stuck in the past Burt.”

“Yeah, maybe so. But that don’t change the fact that Clara liked it. She liked how forceful I was. She can say whatever she wants but I know. The way she moaned around my cock, moaned when I plastered her and covered her in my cum too. She fucking loved it. I think you know it too.”

“You are out of your mind,” Adam said but doubt was creeping in. Had Clara really enjoyed it? She had showered immediately after and had given him the cold shoulder. When they had talked about it, she shut it down or reiterated how much she didn’t like Burt. Was that all a justification to hide her true feelings or guilt?

“I guess we’ll just have to ask her when she comes home then,” Burt said.

“You aren’t staying. You’ll be gone before then,” Adam said. He grabbed his phone to check the time and saw a missed text from Clara. It read:

C: Coming home early. In the Uber now.

He double checked the timestamp. She had send it almost thirty minutes ago.

“Be right back,” Adam said. He got up from the table and headed inside the house. Just as he entered, he heard the sound of the front door closing.

Clara sighed in relief, shutting the front door behind her. She put her purse down on the floor and stretched her back. It was sore from work all day and she hadn’t been able to get comfortable in the Uber. Unfortunately that might be the last time she took an Uber here. She didn’t mind the driver’s clumsy attempts at flirting but he did spend too much time trying to take covert glances of her in the rearview mirror.

The real problem was when she opened the app, all of the cars around this area were gas powered. It wasn’t like in San Francisco where almost every other car was an Uber. Even just from an economics perspective, it made more sense to be a ride-share driver with an electric vehicle rather than a combustion engine. Still, Clara would vote with her wallet. She didn’t want to support or subsidize those kind of vehicles. From now on she would drive herself or have Adam pick her up.

Clara smiled as Adam came towards her from the kitchen, “It’s good to be home, My back is killing me. Way too much time in front of my computer today. I can’t wait to get into the hot tub.”

Adam stepped up and gave her a kiss but he had a nervous smile on his face. Clara looked him over, her eyes narrowing. She could taste the beer and something else on his lips, “What about you? How was your day? Did you get the new lawn mower?”

“Yup,” Adam said, “Though there was one problem. It wouldn’t fit in the car.”

“Oh? So what did you do?” Clara asked.

“Well,” Adam started, “I asked Burt if I could borrow his truck to pick it up. He ended up driving me there.”

“And?” Clara asked, knowing there was more that Adam was slow to say. He swayed slightly as he stood here. How much had he had to drink?

“And I invited Burt for beer as a thank you. Well, he invited himself,” Adam said, “He’s out back still.”

“He’s here?” Clara said. All she wanted to do was get in the hot tub with a glass of wine and relax. But she couldn’t do that with Burt hanging around. Not after what happened. “What happened to keeping our distance?”

“I know, I know,” Adam said raising his hands in front of him, “We needed that lawn mower. I just meant to borrow his truck but he wouldn’t let me drive it. So here we are.”

“Here we are,” Clara said shaking her head, “I’m going to go upstairs and change. Can you get rid of him?”

“Yeah I will baby,” Adam slightly slurred, “I lost track of time. Didn’t know you were on your way home.”

“Okay. It’s fine,” Clara said, “I just want to relax. I can’t do that with him here.”

“I know. I know. I’ll handle it,” Adam said turning back towards the kitchen, “I’m glad you’re home. I missed you.”

Clara playfully rolled her eyes before walking up to him and kissing him, “I love you too. Now get rid of him. I want to jump in that hot tub and then maybe after I can repay you for driving me to work.”

A stupid smile spread onto Adam’s face as she turned on her heel and walked up the stairs. She didn’t hear his footsteps, so he was probably rooted in place watching her ass. Clara headed towards the bedroom to get changed.

She debated just getting in the shower and letting the hot water hit her back but the hot tub was what she really wanted. She could always shower after the hot tub but didn’t want to switch that order around. Once she was showered she wanted to get into some comfy pajamas and relax downstairs with Adam. Then it would be time to take him into the bedroom and have her way with him.

The goal wasn’t to get drunk. The goal was to push their boundaries. Burt watched the house for movement and then poured the moonshine in his glass into a plant behind him. It would probably kill it but oh well.

He knew the moonshine had a kick to it. It crept up on you. Before you knew it you were black out drunk. But he didn’t think Adam had enough of it yet. Besides, Burt didn’t want the guy getting too drunk and drowning in the pool. That would only raise questions and bring Burt unwanted attention.

Sure, he knew the local sheriff and could probably smooth it over but it was still another thing he didn’t want to deal with.

Adam opened the back patio door and walked towards him. Burt could read that expression on Adam’s face. Resolve. Now that Clara was home, he was getting ready to kick Burt out. But that ain’t how this was gonna go down.

As Adam opened his mouth to speak, Burt cut him off, “Say, did your wife ever tell you about what she said in the pool that night?”

Adam froze, standing over Burt. The sun was already getting low. It was doing that earlier and earlier lately. He knew he had just short-circuited that young man’s brain for a second. Before he had time to gather himself Burt continued, “I asked her if she’d ever had a cock like mine before. A real cock.”

Adam just stared at Burt. He swayed slightly and Burt suppressed a smile. Burt took a sip of the open beer in front of him, waiting for Adam to say something. When he did, Burt knew that he had him.

“What did she say?” Adam whispered. He looked over his shoulder, up towards one of the second story windows. Burt knew it wasn’t their bedroom but he suspected that Clara might be spying on them.

“Well, it may not be my place to say this but you’re wife just stared at my cock for about a minute. Stroking it. It looked like she was infatuated with it,” Burt said leaning back, interlacing his hands across his wide stomach.

“I could tell in that moment, she was wondering,” Burt said.

“Wondering about what?” Adam asked.

“How it would feel inside of her. What it would be like to ride it,” Burt said.

“No way,” Adam said softly.

“She’s a firecracker. We both know that. I could see it in her eyes. I know that look. I bet with both know it.” Burt said.

Adam didn’t say anything so Burt continued piling on the pressure, “Then she looked up at the window where you was standing and whispered ‘no’ to me. No she hadn’t ever had a real cock like mine.”

“She said that?” Adam whispered, looking like he was both turned on and surprised seeing a new side to his wife.

“That’s how I know she’s been thinking about it. That look she gave. My cock is burned into her mind and she can’t get it out now,” Burt said, “Where is she anyway?”

“Upstairs,” Adam said, “Getting changed.”

“She joining us?” Burt asked.

“No,” Adam said, “It’s time for you to head back to your place.”

“How was the view from the window?” Burt asked, “Was it good? I bet it kind of sucked. What if you had an up close and personal view the next time. You could hear all the shit she says, the noises she makes. We could do it right now. Right here.”

“I think that –”

“Just picture it, he mouth wrapped around my cock. Worshipping it. While you watch from that lounge chair over there. It’d be a better view.”

“She’s not going to go for that,” Adam said.

“Why don’t you leave that to me young man, I know what I’m doing.” Burt said.

Adam shook his head, “She isn’t like that. She won’t just do whatever you want.”

“She’s a woman,” Burt shrugged, “I know what I’m doing. They might all be special little snowflakes but Ol’ Burt knows how to make that snowflake wet and melt. Just leave it to me. Why don’t you head back upstairs and try getting her engine running while I wait down here.”

“Burt, I have to insist. It’s time we were alone. Clara’s had a long day and just wants to relax in the hot tub.”

“At least tell me you aren’t thinking about it,” Burt looked into Adam’s eyes. The young man looked away.

“Burt,” Adam said.

“Fine,” Burt said, “Just know that I’m trying to do this for your benefit. I’ll go.”

Burt got up and started walking back towards his house, trying to stick close to the brick wall so he’d be out of view of the upstairs windows. As he got to the corner, he looked back and saw Adam at the patio door, pulling it open. Burt gave him a wave and disappeared around the corner. When he heard the door shut, he counted to thirty. That was probably how long it’d take for Adam to walk from the kitchen to the front stairs.

Then Burt walked back around the corner to the hot tub. He opened it, turned it on and stripped down.

Clara knew that tonight she and Adam were going to have sex. The sun was already getting low, she probably wouldn’t even have time to slip into her pajamas before Adam could resist. She wanted to tease him. Work him up.

That’s why she had slipped on the skimpy white little bikini. She was standing in front of the mirror looking at herself. She loved the high waist on the bikini bottoms, how they sat high on her hip before diving back down over her ass. The top had some padding so you wouldn’t see her nipples through the material. The cups hid a lot of her breasts but made sure her cleavage looked mouth watering.

She knew Adam would be helpless to resist her. She smiled as she heard Adam’s footsteps on the stairs. Their country bumpkin neighbor was likely gone and Adam’s jaw was going to drop when he saw her.

“Damn,” Adam said leaning against the doorway. His eyes wide like saucers. He couldn’t help himself. On unsteady feet he quickly closed the distance between them. His hands on her body, pulling her to him. His lips found that spot on her neck that send shivers down her body. She moaned at this touch, pressing her neck against his lips.

Her knees felt weak and she could feel the heat coming off her sex. Adam’s hard dick pressed into her ass. He was already so hard for her. Maybe she should just lie on the bed and let him take her, right now?

“You’re so fucking sexy,” Adam breathed into her ear. His warm breathing making goodbumps rise on her neck, “That bikini is amazing.”

She turned towards him, gently holding his chin in one hand she planted a soft kiss on his lips, “Just wait until you see it get all wet.” Clara stepped out of his grasp and headed for the door. She pushed her ass out and looked over her shoulder at him. Teasing him was so much fun.

“Let’s jump in the hot tub first stud and see where the night take us,” Clara grabbed two towels from the hallways closet. Adam was right behind her as she descended the stairs.

“Where’s your bathing suit?” Clara eyes him.

He smiled, “I don’t need one today.”

“Naughty boy,” Clara bit her lip and walked into the kitchen. Adam grabbed a handful of Clara’s supple ass making her jump and squeal. She hurried her steps and Adam chased after her. Clara threw open the patio doors open and jogged towards the hot tub, her breasts bouncing as she ran away from her pursuing husband.

Clara stopped dead in her tracks. Burt was already there in her hot tub. There was an unknown jug next to him alongside a few cans of beer. The jets were on full blast and the water was roiling.

“Damn. The bikini is something else Clara. Adam, I brought the booze over,” Burt waved to them, his eyes scanning Clara’s body. A predatory smile appeared on his face, making Clara feel like a deer finding itself alone with a wolf.

Clara looked over her shoulder at Adam who had stopped a few feet behind her. His was looked shocked but excited.

“Burt, I thought that – “

“Yeah sorry I didn’t have time to go back and grab more beer. Thanks for letting me join ya’ll. It’s nice having such welcoming neighbors again.” Burt’s eyes were on Clara’s ass as she turned back to regard him. She caught him looking and he smiled sheepishly.

“Burt,” Clara glared at him. This wasn’t what she had wanted, “I’ve had a long day at work. All I want to do is relax in my hot tub.”

“Ain’t no one stopping you sweetheart,” Burt said taking a swig of his beer.

Clara felt her blood boil. She hated those condescending pet nicknames men would give women. That implied familiarity. She wasn’t some secretary from the 1960’s. Clara was the damn CEO of her own company that would change the world. She wouldn’t be intimidated and pushed around by this asshole. Not on her own property.

Clara leveled her gaze at Burt and stepped down into the hot tub, putting the towels down on the concrete next to her.

“Water’s nice,” Burt said with a grin.

“It is,” Clara said as she settled into the water across from Burt. She made sure to sink down lower enough so her ample breasts weren’t floating above the water for him to see.

“Uh,” Adam said from behind her. She looked back at him and he seemed frozen in place, half turned to the house trying to figure out what to do.

“Adam, what’s wrong? Get in,” Clara said.

“I didn’t bring my trunks,” Adam said gesturing to the house. Clara froze. The idea of Adam going back into the house and leaving her alone with Burt again. Just like the other night. Was this something the two of them had cooked up before she got home? She didn’t think Adam would do that to her, especially after she made her feelings clear. But men could be dumb sometimes, especially when it came to sex.

“Don’t be shy boy,” Burt chuckled, “Ain’t nuthin special about ya. I’ll even close my eyes if that helps.”

Burt held a hand up to his eyes and turned away from them. Adam hesitated but shuffled out of his clothes, stark naked and joined them in the hot tub. When Burt turned back to the couple, there was an awkward silence. Now that they were in the hot tub, it seemed that neither Clara or Adam knew what to do. She had rose to Burt’s challenge but perhaps she had walked right into his hands.

“Beer?” Burt said to Clara.

“No thanks,” Clara said. He offered one to Adam, who hesitantly took it.

“So,” Burt said with an amused look on his face, “Clara, long day at work? What happened?”

“Nothing exciting,” Clara said feeling awkward being the only one without a drink in her hand. There was a bottle of red merlot on the counter that she wished she had grabbed. “I spent a lot of time on zoom calls, speaking with the grant and science teams at the main University of Michigan campus. Walking them through the work I am planning on doing.”

“Zoom calls,” Burt chuckled.

“Whats so funny?” Adam asked.

“Nuthin’, its just a strange time we live in. People sitting in front of computers all day. I’d much rather do an honest day’s work with my hands. You know, like in the good ol’ day,” Burt shrugged.

Adam turned to Sarah, “Are they giving you a hard time? At work I mean.”

“They were supposed to give us the grant money to fund our company outright but now they want to doll it out in installments as we reach different milestones. Each time I’ll have to pitch and present our progress to them to unlock the next round of funding,” Clara said.

“That’s annoying,” Adam added, “Kind of like they swept the carpet out from under you.”

“That’s the way the world works,” Clara said.

“See, that right there is bullshit,” Burt said pointing at her with his beer can, “Once you agree to terms and shook on it, a deals a deal. Sounds like they are a bunch of Indian givers.”

“Burt,” Clara said, “That’s offensive, you can’t just say –”

“You’re damn right its offensive,” Burt cut in, “Nothing worse than going back on a deal. You want me to go down there and set em straight?”

“That, uh, won’t be necessary,” Clara said, resisting the urge to roll her eyes, “But thank you. For the offer.”

He nodded back at her and raised his beer can in a mock salute. “So,” Burt continued, “What exactly is it that you do? Or your company does I guess?”

“It’s complicated,” Clara said, “But essentially we take basalt, which is –”

“Rocks from lava right?” Burt said.

“Yes,” Clara said slowly, surprised that a country bumpkin like Burt knew that.

He smiled at her expression, “I ain’t just a pretty face, continue,”

She nodded, “So we plan on grinding up the basalt and working with farmers to spread it across their fields. When it rains, the rain reacts with the basalt, converting the CO₂ in the air into something called biocarbonate which acts as nutrients to the soil. Eventually it all ends up in rivers and eventually the ocean where that CO₂ is locked away forever.”

“Seems simple enough,” Burt said nodding, “You’re basically selling environmental fertilize to farmers.”

“That’s a bit reductive and minimizes the environmental impact but sure,” Clara said.

“How many farmers you working with?” Burt asked.

“None yet. We’ll have to build relationships from the ground up. The University doesn’t have an agriculture department so they don’t have any connections,” Clara said.

“Well you just let me know, I got plenty of connections with the farmers round here,” Burt said.

Clara suddenly felt like she was at the most fucked up networking event of her life. In a bikini in front of someone like Burt instead of at a conference, glad handing with people who wanted to leverage each other and find mutually beneficial outcomes.

“Thank you. I’ll keep that in mind,” Clara said. She moved to the side putting one of the hottub’s jets against the middle of her back. She immediately regretted it when a soft moan escaped her lips, “Mhmmm.”

He eyes’ opened to see Burt looking at her with a knowing smirk. Adam seemed surprised at the sound and looked unsure how to react.

“What?” Clara glared at Burt who seemed not to notice.

“Nuthin, just love that sound. Like music to my ears,” Burt said. He leaned over and grabbed a the strange jug and poured a clear liquid out into one of the glasses next to the hottub.

“Whats that?” Clara asked.

“It’s – “ Adam started before Burt cut him off.

“It’s not for little ladies like you sweetheart. Not unless you want hair on your chest,” Burt chuckled.

“It’s moonshine,” Adam said.

“Moonshine? Like the stuff hillbilly’s make illegally in the woods?” Clara asked, taking a jab at Burt.

“Hey there, some of those hillbilly’s mighta been my grandparents. Or cousins. Or maybe even sister, Who knows. You know how things get in our hillbilly families,” Burt chuckled and shot the moonshine back into his throat.

Clara smiled at the joke. At least he didn’t take himself too seriously. But she still didn’t like that he just dismissed her outright because of her sex.

“I want to try it,” Clara said.

“I don’t know,” Burt said as he poured himself another.

“Clara that stuff is really strong,” Adam said.

Clara looked at her husband. Was he agreeing with the neanderthal across from them?

“Burt, pour me a glass,” Clara said.

“Wait, let me get you the wine we have on the counter,” Adam said rising from the hottub, he reached for a towel to cover up his dick but Clara saw it as it emerged out of the water. At the same time, Burt poured some moonshine in a glass. He could have reached across the hot tub to hand it to her, but instead he made of show of standing up as he finished pouring it before turning to her, his large cock and balls dangling at Clara’s eyes level.

Time stood still for a second. Clara’s hands remained under water as Burt’ cock just hung there. Adam was frozen in place looking at Burt’s nakedness while gripping the towel around himself. Clara couldn’t help but compare both of their dicks in that moment. She knew it was a natural, human brain function to categoize and put things into boxes. Adam’s dick and Burt’s cock were not sorted into the same boxes.

“Thank you,” Clara reached out and took the glass. Thank fully, Burt sunk back into the water. His massive frame causing a small wave to rock the water, splashing her. Adam still stood there, taking in the scene.

“Adam,” Burt said looking up at her husband, “Are you gonna get get her that wine? She might want to wash the taste of the moonshine out of her mouth.”

Adam looked at her for reassurance. That she would be okay by herself. Clara nodded to him and raised the glass to her lips. The moonshine was surprisingly sweet smelling. She took a sip and it burns going down her throat.

“Jesus, this stuff is strong,” Clara surpressed a cough. Burt’s face looked amused and Clara wanted to punch it.

“Told you,” Adam smiled before stepping out of the hot tub and quickly walking towards the house. As the patio door shut behind her husband, Burt said, “This seems familiar.”

“What do you mean?” Clara asked, fully aware of what the man meant.

“You’re husband inside. You and me alone, in the water,” Burt said.

“Adam will be back in a second,” Clara said.

“Maybe. Or maybe he’ll head up to that window like last time. And see what happens” Burt smiled.

Clara sat up so that her breasts rose above the water, immediately catching Clara's attention. She leaned forward, putting them on display for Burt. She held out the empty glass of moonshine in front of her, "Nothing is going to happen here Burt."

Burt shook his head, seeming to enjoy this. He grabbed the jug of moonshine and topped her up, "Well your husband is going to be disappointed then."

"Oh?" Clara said sitting back and taking another sip of the burning alcohol. She felt its burning warmth all the way down her throat before it settled in her stomach. It felt like she swallowed a fireball.

"He enjoyed the show we put on last time," Burt said.

"Oh really? And how do you know that?" Clara asked.

"Well, he didn't march down and try to deck me while my cock was in your mouth," Burt chuckled, "And today he said as much."

"Did he? And what else did my husband say?" Clara asked.

The patio door opened and Adam shuffled out with a glass of wine and the bottle of merlot. Burt said in a low whisper, "That he wants to see it again, up close and personal this time."

Clara stared daggers at Burt but didn't respond. He gazed back intently, his eyes didn't even dart down to her floating breasts. The way he looked at Clara unnerved her. Clara broke eye contact first as Adam approached. She regretted it instantly and took another gulp of the moonshine. It burned going down and she felt its warmth settled into her stomach.

She should have been able to hold his gaze. She'd stared down other men in boardrooms before without flinching. Why did she now? Maybe it was the moonshine or maybe it was the setting. Or maybe it was the intimate nature of Burt's words. Whatever it was, she had inadvertently broken eye contact giving this hillbilly a win over her.

Burt hid a shit eating grin that made Clara's skin crawl as he took another gulp of his moonshine. He leaned back into the hot tub, extending both arms out over the sides like he owned the place. Clara's nose scrunched up at the man's unsightly armpit hair. How had she allowed a man like this to invade her backyard and put her into this cat and mouse game?

"Here," Adam side beside her, handing her a glass of red wine. She set the moonshine down and took it, giving her husband a grateful smile. Burt's words came back to her. Had Adam really told this man, this stranger that he wanted to see her with him like that again? She wanted to ask Adam but didn't want to do it in front of Burt. It would give him an inside peek at their marriage, something she didn't want to give him.

It was important to show a united front and not let their neighbor see any perceived issues.

Adam got back into the hot tub, strategically holding his towel as he lowered himself into the water. He was being careful not to expose his nakedness to their neighbor again. Had Adam seen Burt's cock earlier too?

"What did I miss?" Adam asked as he sat back into the hot tub. He had a beer in his hand and didn't waste any time before taking a sip of it.

"Nothing," Clara said.

"Yep," Burt swirled the moonshine around in his glass, "Nuthin' just reminiscing bout our chat earlier and the other night in the pool."

Adam gave her a look that was hard to read. Was that guilt? Had he really said that to Burt? Telling their neighbor he wanted to see her touch him again? Or was he wondering why she was talking about the other night privately with Burt when her husband wasn't around.

She wanted to ask him but didn't know how to do it in front of Burt. "Everything okay?" She finally asked.

Adam looked between her and Burt before answering, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Clara said, sipping her wine.

Burt chuckled under his breath, "Damn fine."

And just like that, the air was thick with tension. The night suddenly felt a lot warmer and Clara shifted uncomfortably in her seat. She tried to ignore Burt's predatory gaze from across the hot tub, opting to focus on the wine in front of her. Warmth spread throughout her body and she felt lighter than normal. The moonshine might already be going to her head.

Adam swallowed and kept looking between them. Clara pretending Burt didn't exist and Burt very much solely focusing on Clara.

"Burt?" Adam asked. Burt didn't look at her husband. Slowly, like a wolf hunting its prey, Burt moved into the middle of the hot tub.

"Burt," Adam said again, "You should go back to your seat."

"I'm just getting comfortable," Burt said as he bobbed in the water, "It ain't neighborly to make a guest uncomfortable now is it?"

"You seemed plenty comfortable over there," Clara said finally looking up at him. She tried to hold his gaze again but just couldn't when that stupid smirk spread onto his face. She hated his stupid face.

"Over here looks more comfy," Burt moved to the open space between Clara and Adam.

"Burt –" Adam started.

The neighbor looked at her husband, "Don't forget what we talked about earlier youngin."

Adam looked like a deer in the headlights.

"What exactly did you talk about?" Clara asked crossing her arms.

"Just guy talk," Burt said before Adam could reply, "We was just having a bit of a debate, that's all."

"A debate," Clara said looking at Adam.

"Honestly, I don't even remember everything we talked about. That moonshine is way too strong," Adam said shiftily subtly in his seat, moving away from Burt.

"Well I do," Burt said looking at his glass before taking another sip, "I've been drinking this stuff since I was a pup so I can handle it better. Actually maybe you can help us. Settle the debate once and for all."

Clara eyed Burt suspiciously then looked at her husband, "What was the question?"

"Well Adam," Burt said gesturing to her husband, "Well, I mean, we were just wondering whether you've thought about the other night at all since then."

Burt was turned to face her, almost completely turned away from Adam. His hand moved to the side of the hot tub behind her. She held her ground, not wanting to give Burt an inch.

"Sure I have," Clara said, getting ready to twist the knife, "I've thought about how cold the water must have been for all the shrinkage you experienced."

"Ha!," Burt hollered slapping the water on the way to his knee. He looked over this shoulder at Adam, "I told you she was a firecracker."

“She is right here,” Clara said. Burt gulped down the last of his moonshine and set the glass down on the deck. His hand lingered behind Sarah’s neck. She felt a single one of his fingers stroke the back of it. Her skin crawled and she tried to think up a way to halt this man in his tracks.

Before she could, Burt spoke, “Actually that was the question.”

“What?” Clara asked confused, “What do you mean?” She looked at Adam for clarity.

“We was wondering whether you was still thinking about my cock since that night,” Burt said letting the words hang in the air, each syllable dripping with sex.

Clara felt her jaw drop as she stared at the brute next to her. It was such a bold question – so forward and crass. Her mind flashed back to her time in the shower after their previous encounter.

“See,” Burt said leaning forward and lowering his voice. A second finger began stroking the small hairs at the base of her neck. “Adam said that you hadn’t. But I know he was just bullshitting. I saw the way you looked at it. I told him you probably couldn’t get it out of your mind.”

“So what is it?” Burt said a smile tugging at the corner of his lips, “You thought about it or ain’t ya?”

Clara suddenly felt very warm and out of breath. Her head spun. She looked at Adam who seemed frozen there, watching with rapt attention for her answer. When she looked back at Burt he was sitting closer, his face too close to hers. His fingers were dancing on the back of her neck and his other hand as gentle caressing her knee.

“I...,” Clara started, her eyes darting back and forth between her husband and their asshole neighbor, “I mean, I...it may have unintentionally popped up.”

Adam let out a breath and a guttural groan escaped Burt’s lips. He bit his bottom lip and flicked it out at her, “I’ma tell you a secret. It’s popping up right now too.”

Then the hand that had been stroking her knee, deftly grabbed her free hand and pulled it down to his cock under the water. The water rippled towards Adam at the sudden movement. Burt’s thick shaft pressed into her palm, feeling impossibly large. Burt grinned and closer her fingers around it, her thumb and middle finger could barely just graze each other.

Clara gasped at the sudden move. She opened her mouth to say something but her mind swirled with repulsion, conviction to stand up to Burt and the knowledge that her body was responding to his crude advances. Before she could speak, Burt’s fingers on the back of her neck pulled her head forward.

Clara felt her body slide out of her place in the hot tub. She glanced towards Adam to see his reaction, to confirm if this was really happening. Burt had other ideas. He pulled her body towards his and unceremoniously planted his fat, filthy lips onto hers. She could taste the moonshine and cheap beer on him. Being this close she could smell him to. The water in the sauna did nothing to hide the his heavy musk of sweat, motoroil and something else. Something that tickled her nostrils and send a strange signal to her brain.

“Mhmpfff,” Clara protested as wrapped his other hand around her back and pulled her against him. Her white bikini clad chest pressed up against Burt’s thick, hairy torso. He pulled her body tight against his large frame and she felt his aged musculator beneath the layers of accumulated fat.

Her protests fell on deaf ears. Clara’s arm was pinned between Burt’s body and the hot tub, she couldn’t reach up and push him off – she did the only thing her moonshine-aded mind could think of in that moment. She squeezed her other hand – the one wrapped around Burt’s cock.

She expected him to push away from her, angrily. Inside she felt the coarse hairs on his face pressing against her cheek turn up into a smile and his hips pump up, his cock pushing through the tight clench of her hand.

Clara kept squeezing him, trying to hurt him, even though she was beginning to realize that he might actually be enjoying it. Clara gasped, trying to catch her breath and Burt pushed his fat tongue into her mouth.

“Mhmhffff-mhmmm,” Clara half protested, half responded to Burt’s aggressive kiss. She felt her nipples pressing against her wet swim suit, into Burt’s thick torso. She was mortified that he could probably feel them but he mind was distracted by how this man tasted and the way his tongue seemed to invade her mouth, running over hers.

Disgust flicked through her mind as her tongue swirled against his. It was so wrong. Her body betraying her. Where was Adam? This was so fucked up but she couldn’t deny that it felt good. Too good. She needed to put a stop to this....

Burt groaned into their kiss, erasing all thoughts momentarily from Clara’s mind. His wide, calloused hand was on the bare skin of her back, his fingers running over her skin, pulling on the thin string holding her white bikini together.

She felt the strings come loose and fall limply down her back. How had he undone the knot so fast. How was he so good at using his hands? His hand was where the strings of her bikini should be. His fingers pressing into her naked flesh.

Burt’s tongue swirled around in her mouth leaving Sarah with the after taste of cheap booze and that disgusting moonshine. Burt growled and broke the kiss. Only then did Clara realize her eyes had closed at some point. She opened them to see the self satisfied smirk on Burt’s ugly face as he pulled back slight.

“Ugh, fuck,” Burt groaned and pumped his cock into her hand. “I like the way your squeezing me. You’re pussy that tight too? I bet it’d feel fucking great.”

Clara wanted to slap him but her arm was still pinned and the other was still wrapped around his cock. She realized that he wasn’t holding it in place any more. Behind Burt’s shoulder, Adam was sitting across the hotub, staring at them with his jaw hanging open. His hands were under the water and she wondered if he was touching himself.

Her thoughts gave Burt the opening he was looking for. In one quick, fluid motion he grasped her white bikini top from by the cups on her chest and pulled it off, throwing it past Adam onto the concrete behind him.

“Hey, what the – ohhh fuckk,” Clara groaned as Burt’s fat head dipped down and his mouth closed around a hard nipple. Burt’s greasy, greying hair floated on the water as his head nodding up and down as his tongue ran up and down over her nipple.

Clara’s eyes shut again as she thrust her chest up to meet Burt’s tongue lashing. His other hand grabbed her other breast, his calloused hands felt rough on her smooth skin but did wonderful things to her sensitive nipple. Burt fondled her and licked her breasts as Clara’s head fell back onto to the side of the hot tub, She felt her ass lift off the seat, her legs floating up as Burt feasted on her exposed breasts.

She knew Adam was there, somewhere. He wasn’t objecting. She should object. She should stop this. How far would Adam let it go? She was afraid to find out. She would be the one that needed to slow this brute down but she could just let him do this a bit more. Maybe it was the booze mixed with the head from the hot tub but she was feeling herself getting lost and overwhelmed by sensation of Burt licking, and groping her.

“Fucking-A,” Burt growled as his tongue flicked her nipple sending a jolt through her body. He pulled his head back and stared at her wet, glistening chest.

“Let’s get a look atcha.” Burt slowly ran his eyes over Clara’s naked breasts. His face light up like a wolf coming across an injured fawn. “Mmm-hmm,” Burt growled at her. “Goddamn sweetie, those tits should be in a museum,” and then to Adam, “hooovee, this mama’s rockin’ some bombs!”

Clara tried to roll her eyes dismissively, she had shot down and belittled men for remarks far less crass. But her expression didn't quite form into disdain - the alcohol continued its dulling work. In trying to project confidence while Burt objectified her, she subtly thrust her chest out, not thinking how else Burt might take that.

Her eyes went to Adam who was still sitting there with an shocked and aroused expression plastered onto his face. Part of her brain told her this was the moment to try and get back some control over this situation before it quickly spiraled out of control. She shouldn't let someone like Burt near her, let alone put his hands on mouth and her like this. Last time had been a mistake, she couldn't make another one.

"Adam," Clara breathed, amazed but how sultry her voice had come out, "Can you get my top, please? I want to cover up."

Adam just started at her for a second, her words not registering in his mind. Then he let out a breath and nodded. He looked over his shoulder for where her bikini-top lay in a wet heap on the concrete. He looked back at Clara for a split second before getting up. Clara clearly saw the outline of his hard cock pressing against the fabric of his swim trunks.

Burt let out a low chuckle as he watched Adam exit the hot tub. He quickly turned his gaze back to Clara.

"So?" Burt said, his gaze piercing into hers.

"So?" Clara asked, "So what? Burt I think it's time we call it a night -"

Just as that thought had crossed her mind, she felt one of Burt's hands touch her thigh.

"Burt..."

"You're hands still wrapped around my cock,. Gripp'n me so fucking tight." Burt chuckled, turning his back completely on Adam, subtly edging her husband out of the scene. Clara gasped as she felt his cock still in her hand. She hasn't let go"

"So I'm wondering how tight yer are down there," Burt growled and lowered his head to her neck. His coarse tongue running over the same area that she had responded to so strongly the last time in the pool.

"Umhmmmfucckkk," Clara groaned, her chest pushing out towards Burt, "Adam, hurry."

Burt's tongue lapped at her neck before descending back down to her chest. It danced around her naked breasts much more aggressively than anyone had ever done before. His teeth kept threatening to bite into her nipples, but the teasing was edging their tips and making her feel an intense pleasure in her chest. The moment she began to lose herself in the feeling, she felt Burt move his hand from her thigh to right up against the front of her bikini bottoms. A thrill of fear went through her mind and she flinched, her muscles tensing up. Her hand gripped his cock tightly as he thrust into it.

The relaxed burn of the moonshine in her stomach diminished the tension inside her. He tenderly stroked her lips through the swimsuit fabric, eliciting another moan from her traitorous lips. Then he changed the position of his hand, so that the knuckle of his middle finger pushed firmly into her clit.

"Ffffuck," Clara moaned.

After a few moments of contact Clara, remembered who it was that had put his hands between her legs and that her husband couldn't see what he was doing. Clara pulled back slightly and looked at Burt with a look of stark astonishment on her face. Not only was his hand still pressing into her intimate area, but his fingers were beginning to move, stimulating her in a way she wasn't ready for.

"Adam?" Clara said, her gaze shifting behind Burt. Adam was standing a few feet away just staring at them. Wet bikini top clenched in one hand while he gently rubbed his dick through his tented bathing suit.

She thought her husband should be told in order to stop what was going on, “Burt uh, Burt has his hand, mmm, in-between my legs. He’s – ooh, he’s touching me.”

Adam just stood there, immobilized as he stared at the scene unfolding before him.

“Adam?” Clara moaned.

Clara knew right then that Adam wasn’t going to stop this, this was on her. Burt’s fingers had sped up; through the tantalizingly thin fabric covering her pussy she could feel the rough man’s hand stroking, pinching and mashing her clit in a wildly rhythmic tempo. As she turned back to face him, he said, “You ever feel anything like that, darling?”

Clara tried to control her breath, not wanting to give in to Burt.

“No, right?” His ugly, hungry face was nodding slowly, inches away from her own, seeking her agreement. A homely grin split his mouth open. “O! Burt’s got a few tricks. Why don’t you tell your husband how it feels?”

“Wh-what?” the mixed sensations of Burt’s hand between her legs had become part of the fire coursing through her system. It dawned on her then that this man who was not her husband was going to make her cum in her own backyard. Her breath was coming out in jagged gasps. She moaned as the large man’s hand strummed and played her pussy like a hillbilly’s banjo.

“Adam, buddy, I think she’s goin’ for it,” Burt’s eyes never left Clara’s delectable tits as his fingers did their work. “Like I said, I know what I’m doin’.

Clara’s wrist instinctively began moving in rhythm with Burt’s hand. His cock running up and down the palm of her hand. She felt herself slipping as she slowly stroked the thick shaft of his cock. It felt so fucking big and strong in her hand.

Burt sucked her nipple back into his mouth before she could say anything to Adam. “Aaauhhhh, ahmmmm,” her pleasure filled moan resonated in the night air and the two men’s ears. Far off in the distance a coyote yipped in response.

This was to fucking much. Burt’s fingers playing with her clit, his tongue, mouth and hand working her breasts and Adam. Oh sweet Adam standing there shellshocked just watching. Exposed to the night air like this, in such a primal way. Letting another man touch her in her own backyard. A man so far below her and one who repulsed her physically and politically. She shouldn’t like this. She shouldn’t be responding to this. But her chest was arching off the back of the hot tub, thrusting her breasts into his palm. Her hips, seeking his fingers as they manipulated her slit. And her hand, trying to wrap around Burt cock. *Oh that cock, Jesus....*

Burt’s fat, hairy fingers strummed her clit. Clara’s head laid back on the the hottub as she semi-floated, Burt’s fingers hard at work while he tongued her breasts. His fat cock ran up and down the palm of her hand as she stroked it and he thrust into it. Thrust into it like he was rutting.

Oh fuck. Oh fuck. OH FUCK! As burt thrust into her hand, forcing her grip to loosen and spread open further she couldn’t hold it back any more.

“UhhhhffffFUUCK,” Clara’s back arched and her ass came completely off the hot tub seat as her clit sought Burt’s fingers. Clara’s entire body felt hotter than the water surrounding her as came. Her mind drifted as waves and waves of overwhelming pleasure flooded through her body. She was vaguely aware her hand was still clenched around Burt’s powerful cock as it kept pushing through her grip. Clara’s eyes fluttered and rolled back in her head as everything in her body tightened. Her vision went completely white and she thrashed in the water as an intense orgasm immediately turned the slow burn she’d been riding all evening into a raging fire. Every muscle contracted trying to squeeze out as much primal pleasure from her orgasm as possible. Clenched, hoping in vain that if she just kept clenching, she could make this feeling last forever. The stimulation of her clit and the pain from Burt’s nipping had ignited

the fuel within her. She'd never felt anything like the combination of sensations that had made her cum. "Oh my, oh my god."

Finally, her body began to relax as her orgasm dissipating, slipping out of her grip. Clara's consciousness began drifting back down to earth. She rolled her head to the side and lazily opened her eyes. Burt's big head with his long greasy grey hair was still buried in her chest – but she hadn't realized that she'd put her hand on the back of his head, pulling him, urging him onto her breasts. Her other hand was still under water, wrapped around his rigid throbbing member.

His cock pumped forward in her hand, jostling her thoughts. His hair was greasy in her hands and it floated all over, some strands clinging to the skin of her chest and shoulders. Her gaze shifted to Adam who was still standing in the same place, wet bikini dripping in his hand while he rubbed his dick over his bathing suit.

Clara stared at Adam's dick for a few seconds as Burt's tongue was still gently lapping at her nipple over the hot tub water. Adam caught her looking and dropped her bikini top and yanked down her trunks, freeing his dick. Clara squeezed Burt's cock in her hand, barely able to encircle it. She knew that Adam's dick fit into her hand without issue. She was thankful that Burt's cock was hidden out of sight below the rolling water of the hot tub otherwise she would have to confront the size difference once more.

Clara bit her lip, seeing Adam begin to stroke himself while Burt's tongue was heating her body back up again. But then Burt messed it all up by pulling his head off her chest. A small whine escaped her throat as she looked at her rough neighbor who had quickly closed the gap between them. Her neighbor's grin was just inches away from her face.

Burt, the hillbilly who lived in the shack next door, had just made her cum viscerally as her husband looked on. His grin got even bigger as he watched the realization play across her face that she still held his cock in her hand, lightly stroking him.

Adam's jaw was hanging open as he watched them. There was no way Clara nor her husband had expected this to happen – all in some part because of their desire for an electric lawn mower. Had their eco-ambitions really put them on this collision course with their climate-denying neighbor?

Clara's thoughts shifted to the back of her head as she tried to calm her breathing. Her naked chest was heaving up and down, exposed completely to this practical stranger. The stupid, ignorant grin stayed plastered to Burt's face as he pulled away from Clara. She half expected him to try and kiss her again. But he didn't. Instead he rose up above her. Clara debated letting go of his cock but part of her was determined to hold onto it.

Burt's wide, heavy chest rose up above her. Her eyes followed his entire body as it rose above her. His large, beer belly glistened in the moonlight as water cascaded off of him. His fat, thick hips, followed by.....*<i>fuck. That cock.</i>*

With her hand still barely wrapped around it, Burt's ugly, giant cock rose out of the water like a serpent. She knew that Burt had two tree trunk like thighs but her eyes never got that far down his body, they stayed glued to the cock in her hand. Clara couldn't control her breathing. She shouldn't be like this. She was better than this. She was an educated, working woman on a mission to save the planet for Christ's sake but somehow this cock in front of her was giving her pause. She couldn't reconcile the feelings inside of her with who she knew she was.

Clara regretted what she did next. She glanced at Adam's dick, her brain immediately comparing them, sorting them into two separate boxes. She couldn't help it. It was just the way her analytical mind worked. Adam's dick went into the box labelled 'Penis' while Burt's went into a box labelled 'Cock.'

She shuddered at the realization. Her hand hadn't left Burt's cock, even now that it was pointing directly at her face. Her hand looked ridiculously small in comparison; her thumb and middle finger not quite touching as they encircled it.

Time seemed to stand still in the backyard. Crickets chirped and the bubbling of the hot tub were the only sound as Burt's gaze drilled into Clara's eyes. He stood patiently, his only movement the measured sway of his breathing as he waited. Clara was still feeling the pleasurable after effects of what he'd done to her. She'd already convinced herself that Adam watching was the thing that pushed her over the edge.

Burt cleared his throat to get the beautiful wife's attention back to the matter at hand. "Go on. Show him. Show him what happened next."

Turning back to Burt, Clara met his gaze again, "You didn't do anything like that to me before."

"Don't you worry. There's plenty I'll do to you that nobody's done yet."

Clara's eyes widened at his response. "How do you know you're going to do anything else with me?"

Burt's grin widened and he simply nodded his head in Adam's direction, his eyes never leaving hers. "You got yours. Now suck it."

Clara felt her veins run cold at Burt's demanding, belittling and mysonistic line. If Adam ever spoke to her like this, especially in an intimate moment, he'd be sleeping on the couch for at least a month. Logically she knew being talked to like this went against everything she stood for. That's what her mind was telling her. Which is why she was so surprised with herself when she eagerly pushed her head forward and extended her tongue and swirled it around the large meaty tip of Burt's cock, and then sucked it into her mouth.

Clara didn't shut her eyes as she sucked his cock this time. Burt's thick cock filled her mouth immediately and she opened her mouth, parting her lips further to accommodate his massive girth. She could taste the deep earthiness and the chlorine of the tub as she did last time, but the additional heat made the flavor more palatable. As her tongue passed over each vein, she could feel the quickness of her neighbor's pulse. She looked up into Burt's hungry eyes as she tried to work more of him into her mouth. Burt glared down then shifted her gaze over his shoulder.

"Hey!" Burt barked. "Hell to the fuck no. Put that shit away. I don't wanna see none of that ya hear? Clara paused her blowjob and looked to the side to see what Burt was complaining about. Adam stood there looking like a deer in the headlights with his hand still wrapped around his dick, pasued mid-stroke.

"Put it away ya pervert, I don't wanna see your junk," Burt shook his head and turned back to Sarah, muttering something else under his breath. Clara had half of Burt's thick cock in her mouth. She pulled back and began giving her neighbor long licks, bathing the length of his shaft on multiple sides. Burt's heavy balls hung down into the roiling water.

"Mhmmmm," Clara moaned as she ran her lips up and down the underside of Burt's shaft.

Burt looked down at Clara, bathing him with her tongue, "We really need to stop doing this when we're all wet. Next time you're gonna come over to my place and suck me in my bed."

Clara didn't respond but continued to lick and suck on the sides of the massive organ in front of her as her hand stroked up and down his shaft. She felt herself slightly nodding in respond to Burt's command.

Burt threw Adam a Curt glance, "And next time we gotta have real beers, PBR, not this foreign shit. We're all Americans here, let's drink like it." Clara knew that her husband loved Stella – they'd toured the brewery in Belgium on their honeymoon. Burt's words should be making her angry, but the fire she was feeling was drove her forward. The tip of her tongue stretched out and lazily caressed one of his huge testicles. She rolled it around before sucking it into her mouth.

"Oh, oh yeah that's real nice sweetheart. Show my balls what you got." Burt groaned as Clara pointed his shaft up into the air to give herself better access to his balls. She moaned as she swirled her tongue around them and sucked on them. She hated Burt's pubic hair but she wasn't about to be stopped.

Y'know another thing," Burt said as he ran his hand through Clara's hair. It was such an intimate gesture. She wasn't close enough with Burt to allow something like that but it resonated deep within her. "That electric mower ain't gonna do shit," Burt continued, "All this grass gets real thick by June. And damp. That thing will go two feet and die – you're going to need another mower to pre cut if you're gonna keep that thing. Those battery mowers are a waste of a machine."

"On second thought," Burt chuckled, "Maybe you should keep it. It'll take you longer to cut the grass. Meanwhile I can take care of some other husbandly chores with Sarah upstairs."

Clara now had a hand on Burt's hip and was stroking him with one hand as her mouth followed it down. Her husband stood there, watching as she built up the speed of her blow job, taking more of his cock into her mouth than she had the other night. The moans and sounds of liquid enthusiasm echoed in backyard as she sucked on her neighbor.

She didn't know what was coming over her. The way that Burt was belittling her husband, scolding him almost was turning her on. It shouldn't. It didn't make any sense. Her husband was smart and accomplished. He would figure all of this out on his own eventually. But why then did she feel the heat in her pussy as this backwards man who had no accomplishments to his name talked down to her husband like this? Why? Why was her body responding to it?

<i>It's your brain's job to intercept and decode words, not your body....</i> a voice in the back of her mind whispered. That thought was even more fucked up.

Clara pulled her mouth off Burt's cock and looked up at him defiantly, "What husbandly duties are you referring to Burt?"

"Heh," Burt chuckled, "Come on hasn't Adam taught you anything? You've been missing out. I got a lot to teach you girl. It's gonna be real fun."

"I'm not going to let you fuck me Burt," Clara shot back, "That's not happening."

"Sure, Sure," Burt nodded to her, "But you can't tell me you haven't wondered how I'd feel inside you. Buried nice and deep. Filling you up completely."

Clara broke eye contact with Burt and focused on the cock in front of her – trying not to let intrusive thoughts in. She pumped it with both hand as her mouth went back onto it, her tongue swirling around the head before running under the bottom of his shaft.

"Oh yeah, thats it," Burt growled as his hips pumped his cock forward into her mouth, "Take a real cock."

Clara needed to finish him off soon. Before he tried something else. She was so horny and worked up again that she worried things would get even more out of control. She worried about what she might allow. What Adam might let slip. Or what Burt might try to slip into her.

"I knew you've been thinking bout it. You, nnggh, you two have got a lot to learn about living out here. This is the real America, okay? Oh, yeah, that's it. And like the man says, we have..." Burt's mouth hung open, the only sound a rasp as his breath caught.

She squeezed his shaft with out of her hands and stroked him. She twisted her grip, rolling both wrists as she sucked him as hard as she could, her tongue running all over the bitter underside of his cock. He was just a primitive man after all. And all men were easy to control. She started moaning around his cock, ready to send him wild, "Mhmmhmmhm. MHMHMMHMMMM. MHMMhmmhmmmm."

"Aaahgh, oh God damn sweetie, fuck." Burt choked, his hand buried in Clara's hair gripped the back of her head. His pot bellied jutting forward into her forehead and she felt the telltale signs of his balls lifting and falling, his shaft expanding as his cock exploded. He came faster than Clara had anticipated. Cum shot out of his cock like a geyser, sparying into her mouth like a firehose. She didn't have a choice.

Sarah gulped down the first sticky, bitter, scalding load of Burt's cum. It flooded past her tonsils, down into her throat. She had taken not just another man's seed into her for the first time. But this man who was practically a stranger. This pig of a man who likely voted against her rights as a woman and now his cum was inside of her.

Clara continued to swallow, load after load of Burt's vicious cum. He didn't say anything and just stood there as he came into her mouth. Satisfied that she had milked the cock dry, Clara let her mouth slip off of it and gave it a few extra strokes before cleaning her hands and chin off in the water.

"Now, heh, that didn't happen last time," Burt chuckled as he sat down on the side of the hot tub to catch his breath.

"No. No it definitely did not." Clara's hand went to her mouth and touched her bottom lip. She still didn't know how she felt about all of what was happening. She turned to look at her husband, he was still laser focused on the two of them, still stroking himself despite Burt's earlier warnings. Clara looked at her husband's dick. It was rock hard. Well, not hard like Burt but hard enough. She needed it inside of her now.

Clara stood up and gave Burt a sharp look. Rivets of warm water beaded down her magnificent breasts. She couldn't let him see her cower, being on display like this before him. Almost completely naked except for her sexy white bikini bottoms.

"West coast girls do it better," Clara said to Burt with a glare before turning away from him completely and stepping out of the hot tub. She could feel his bikini bottom clinging to her supple ass and knew that Burt's eyes would be glued to them.

"Come on Adam," Clara said giving Adam a quick look before opening the door to their house, "I need you upstairs."

As Clara disappeared inside, she stopped and finally exhaled. Her knees and hands started to shake and she let the confident facade drop as she struggled to catch her breath. Through the blinds she saw Adam just standing there, still shell shocked by what had happened.

"Hey," Burt said to her husband as he rose from the hot tub, "If you're just gonna stand there, maybe I'll join your old lady inside."

Adam's eyes went wide as saucers and he looked between Burt and the still half open sliding door behind Clara. Burt took a step out of the tub before Adam stopped him.

"No, we're good," Adam finally said, "Good night Burt."

Clara breathed a sigh of relief. Relief that tonight wasn't going to get even more out of hand. She pushed down the unexpected sense of disappointment. She pushed it as deep down as it would go and buried it, scorning herself for it and deciding never to think about it again. What the hell was wrong with her?

When Adam walked through the door, Clara pushed it closed and dragged him upstairs to the bedroom. She didn't care that her soaking wet bikini bottoms or Adam's bathing suit were leaving a trail of water on the floor. She was freezing with the air conditioning on and her nipples were rock hard. Adam's swim trunks were quickly thrown onto the carpet of their bedroom as her and Adam fell onto the bed.

Thankfully the curtains were closed and Adam eagerly peeled off her white bikini bottoms.

"Fuck that was insane Clara," Adam breathed, "I can't believe that just —"

"Shut up and fuck me Adam," Clara demanded, parting her legs and pulling her loving husband down between them. He didn't need to be asked twice. Soon her husband was buried inside of her in the dark room. Both of them lost in the events of the night. Grunting and moaning filled the room as they fucked, both of their minds on the events of the last hour.

In all that time, Adam had been edging himself. Burt had admonished him for touching himself so it was only a few minutes later when he exploded and collapsed onto the bed next to Clara. She stared up at the ceiling in the darkness. She was happy Adam had enjoyed himself, that she had worked him up so much to cause such a fast reaction. But she knew that tonight she would be tossing and turning. Partly because couldn't believe what she had allowed to happen. And who it had happened with. Who the hell was she? She should never have let someone like that anywhere close to her.

But she would also be awake but the a fire still burned inside of her. One that desperately wanted to grow larger until it exploded. Adam was supposed to have been the one to stoke it to its culmination but he'd left her alone, letting the fire consume her.

Burt let the smile spread across his bearded face as he hovered at the top of the stairs. He'd heard the beautiful sounds of Clara moaning and building up to another orgasm and the expected early finish of Adam.

The young man probably would have performed better if he'd busted earlier out by the hot tub but Burt sure as hell didn't want to be around another guy stroking it. Fuck no. He stood there for a few seconds, debating whether he should open up their bedroom door and offer to service the little lady but thought better of it.

He didn't think Adam owned a gun being a liberal cuck from San Francisco but you never know how someone's going to react to a unexpected stranger in their room in the middle of the night. Odds were fifty fifty he could bed Clara right here tonight but he wasn't in a rush. It was gonna be a fun to toy with her until she finally begged for his cock. And this boy was gonna willingly give up his girl to him.

Burt stifled and chuckle and shook his head. This was gonna be fun alright. He crept back down the stairs to the first floor of his neighbors house. He didn't need the lights on, he knew this house like the back of his hand.

The kids weren't moving upstairs so he figured he had a bit of time. Burt didn't know exactly what he was planning but he wanted to give himself options. He tip-toed into the den and stepped over the floorboard that liked to creak. He reached behind the blinds at the window and undid the latch, making sure it was unlocked.

He crept back to the kitchen and slowly opened the drawers until he found a roll of clear scotch tape. Burt gambled opening the door to the basement, hoping that the hinges wouldn't creak. Thankfully they didn't. Sometimes the door latch got stuck and was hard to open from the basement. He taped over the latch so that it wouldn't catch. He opened and closed a few times testing it.

The basement stairs would make too much noise if he stepped on em. The kids were probably fast asleep and he could get away with it but he didn't want to push his luck. He'd come back later. He crept back to the mudroom and left through the door the so called college educated people with their fancy jobs hadn't realized they forgot to lock. Not that Burt locked his, but he was just waiting until someone tried to rob his place.

Soon he would introduce Clara to what a real cock was and her liberal cries and moans of pleasure would be the sweetest sound he'd ever fucking hear.