

Here it is, after the long wait. I'm just finished this pass now. I'll switch over to doing the last few scene of Toxic Attraction 39 before finishing the edit on this one. I'm really enjoying writing Burt and Clara and I hope you enjoy reading it just as much.

Anyway, lets get into the story. It's the alpha version so there is still a ton of issues and grammatical stuff I need to iron out. Oh, and yeah I'll keep an eye on this one should anything happen to it.

It was earlier than it had any business being. But to Casper, it was late. Real late. He mighta clipped a stop sign on his way back from Buckshot's but whatever. He wasn't even sure how fast he'd been driving.

All the bitches had been uptight cunts that wouldn't take a dip with him. His balls were blue as a fucking smurfs and even though Buckshot's was open way later than the law said, he hadn't gotten any action.

That's why he was where he was. After parking across his lawn, tires tearing it up, he'd stumbled through the dark forest, snapping branches and falling over until he'd come up to that treeline behind that new California's bitches' house. Casper was already hard as he swayed unsteadily.

He should have turned back but something beckoned him forward. The light in one of the windows. Someone was up. Casper leaned against a tree, blinking bloodshot eyes as he tried to focus. He saw a flash of blonde hair and knew it was her. He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out his phone with its cracked screen. Struggling to open his camera app, Casper finally held it up and pointed it at the window.

His breathing was shallow as he waited. His cock strained against his ripped jeans, eager to catch a glimpse of the blonde haired beauty changing. He blinked, and saw the time. Just after 6:30 am. The light in the window went off.

"Fuck," Casper muttered, standing there frozen with his dick painfully poking into his jeans. The sound of a door shutting came from around the house. Casper kept to the treeline, carefully stumbling through it until he got to the front of the house. He only fell once and took some thorns in his forearm.

When he finally managed to get a vantage of the street, he saw the athletic platinum blonde woman jogging away from him, up the trail into the forest. With a frustrated grunt, Casper turned and headed deeper into the forest, trying and failing to make any noise. In his drunken state he had a moment of clarify, remembering the direction she usually ran in front of his trailer from.

He came to a sudden stop the trail a yards ahead of him. Casper pressed himself behind a bush and fumbled with his phone. He pulled it up, hit the video button and waited. After a few minutes of fighting his heavy eyelids, he was rewarded with the bouncing beauty coming around the corner from the trailer park entrance. He mashed the record button and salivated at the toned, blonde bombshell running for him. He suppressed a deep groan as his pink sports bra bounced up and down, his eyes hungry as they took in her midriff and legs in the black shorts. He even liked the wet sheen of sweat across her skin.

And then she was past, running off back towards her house. Casper stumbled out onto the trail, debating what to do. She hadn't seen him. Hadn't even noticed him there in the woods, watching her.

He looked back towards where she disappeared down the trail, then looked down at his phone. He turned back towards the trailer back and headed back home, intent on rubbing one out to his new video.

His uncle's words rang in his head, to leave the woman alone. That he had plans for her. His uncle scared him, but he didn't know about the morning run or the video. Maybe Casper could do more his uncle didn't know about.

Panting in the cool morning air, Clare stopped in front of her house, and checked her watch. Her pace was right on target. As she walked up the short path to her front door, she couldn't help but glance over at the shanty that was Burt's house. Sure, it was a decent size but it was well into disrepair and the maze of broken down cars and scrap on the front lawn didn't help it's curb appeal.

She tried to avoid the unpleasant country bumpkin at all costs. Everytime she caught a glimpse of him, her mind was right back there, in the hot tub. His giant cock planted inside her mouth, his fingers touching her. Adam standing limply on the concrete like fucked up voyeur.

The thoughts came drifting back again and Clare locked her eyes on her frontdoor and hurried her steps. She didn't want to let those thoughts in. She focused on Adam. And the aggressive way he made love to her at the end of that night. And the disappointing early finish. It had been hot, and had gotten her going but she couldn't help but want more from him. She wanted to be taken roughly but he was also so considerate. It was something she loved about him, just not in the bedroom.

Clara locked the door behind her and headed to the downstairs washroom. Adam was still asleep and she didn't want to wake him. He finally lined up a job interview and she wanted to make sure he was ready for it.

She'd prefer the ensuite shower but headed to the one tucked into the half finished basement. She stripped down and threw her sweaty clothes in the laundry room before stepping into the shower. It was hot and the glass around her quickly fogged up.

Today wasn't just an important day for Adam. Clara had her own meeting with the people at the University of Michigan that held the purse strings to her grant. They wanted to see milestones and progress. Clara wanted to hire some staff to get things up and running. Her peers back in California and elsewhere already seemed miles ahead in getting their ventures up and running. At least according to their LinkedIn posts. She felt like she was lagging behind.

Things had been slow, professionally since they moved to Michigan. The only unexpected advancement was with her husband's fantasy. She'd always loved indulging him and seeing the way their bedroom talk drove him crazy, she never imagined things would actually cross over into real life. Clara crunched her nose in disgust, thinking of their disgusting neighbor touching. She hated breathing the same air as some of the centralist democrats back in California yet now she had let a hard R republican touch her. Worse yet, she'd touched him and pleased him with her mouth. Pleasured that massive organ....

It wasn't fair that someone like that should be equipped like that. That should have been bestowed to someone like Adam who could put it to good use. Clara tried to push the encounters out of her mind, turning the knob on the shower for a cold stream of water to wash over her and calm her down.

After a few minutes she was outside the shower, wrapping the towel around her body. She kicked herself for not grabbing her change of clothes from upstairs. When she opened the bathroom door all the heat escaped, sending a sharp chill over her exposed skin. Clara darted over the cold floor making a beeline for the stairs.

She froze halfway and screamed when a mouse darted across the floor in front of her. A scurrying sound behind her made her jump and dash to the stairs, even as her towel fell off her body.

Clara slammed the basement door shut behind her. Only when she was in the middle of the living room, stark naked looking out at the street did she wrap her arms around herself and shout for Adam.

Halfway up the stairs to their room, Mark hurried out with sleepy eyes.

"Whats up? What happened? What..." he trailed off as his brain finally processed the sight of his naked wife, desperately covering herself in the hallway. A smile spread across his face, "I love my life."

"Ugh men are pigs," Clara rolled her eyes, "I took a shower in the basement so I wouldn't wake you up. Then..." She shook, visibly disturbed. She hated being reduced to the scared woman. It was such a stereotypical role for her to take. She sighed before finishing, "there was another mouse. Maybe two. I hate them. Uhhh, I hate knowing they are in the house Mark."

Adam shrugged, "Me too. But there isn't much we can do. Like the exterminator said, backing on the forest like we do, they are bound to find their way in."

"There wasn't anything else he could do?" Clara asked.

"He put bait traps around to kill them. He said that'd be enough. I set up some traps. The snappy kind but haven't seen them catch anything," Adam said.

"Sometimes I wished we just stayed in San Francisco," Clara said, "We didn't have to deal with this there."

"The weather was better too," Adam said as Clara pushed past him into the bedroom to get her clothes for the day.

"Can you call him again? The extemrinator? Or a different company this time," Clara said, "I'm getting the creeps going down there."

Adam shrugged and watched his sexy wife change, his eyes roaming over her tight little body, "Sure. After my interview."

Clara paused with just a bra on and her pants half pulled up. She flashed him her trademark, beautiful smile and said, "You're gonna do great. I know it. They'll be lucky to have you."

"Thanks," Adam said crossing his arms, "I just haven't been on an interview in years. My last two jobs I was head hunted or knew someone. I'm a little nervous."

"They'll be dumb not to hire you. You're probably way more qualified then they are. You've done so much in the industry. You could be a huge asset for them," Clara said.

"I know, it's just...Michigan, you know? I don't have any contacts here. I'm going in blind. And the department of energy was never really somewhere I wanted to work," Adam said.

"It's just a job for now, while we wait for the one your meant to have to open up. Besides, don't they say all change starts on a local level? You could have a big impact here instead of trying to do things like we used to." Clara said.

"You know just what to say," Adam smiled and Clara felt it was genuine. Maybe she'd turned thing around for him.

"I'll go call the guy right now and we'll get rid of these fucking mice," Adam grabbed his cellphone and left the room. Clara finished getting dressed only to realize the blinds facing Burt's house was open. Had he seen her? Watched her while she got dressed? She didn't know how she felt about it. She stood looking at the window, at his slowly-dilapating house and wondered how anyone could live like that. Just living in squalor. There had to be mice in there.

She tried not to thiink about Burt as much as possible. It was all just such an unesscary distraction from the work she was meant to do. The world was on fire and needed people like her to help put it out. She just needed to get her business off the ground.

She swallowed the bile that rose up in the back of her throat at the memories of her backyard activities with Burt and Adam. She needed to bury it and put it behind her. Clara closed the blinds and went downstairs to leave for work.

Burt watched from his window as the young couple got into their fancy little Tesla and drove away down the street. He'd been watching them ever since they moved in and knew it only took about forty minutes for the husband to drop Clara off at work in the city before getting back home. He took the stairs two at a time and headed out back behind his house.

He double checked that the Tesla wasn't coming back down the street and headed into the thickets behind their houses. It didn't take him long to find it. A metal cage.

He pulled it out and hoisted the live-bait trap up and smiled at the four field mice shitting themselves at the sight of him. He carried it through thier backyard and tried the mudroom door at the back of the yuppies' house. Locked.

"Fuckers," Burt muttered. It'd be so much easier if they'd just left it open. Instead, he headed around the side of the house to their den window and pushed it open. People never forgot to lock their doors but they always forgot about the windows, just assuming they were locked like they'd left them.

He hefted the cage inside and then, with some effort pulled himself up and into the house. He was careful and took his boots off, he didn't want to track anything noticeable into the house. The little mice in the cage squirmed as he carried them down into the basement. From here, they'd be able to travel up and all through the house, behind the walls and into the attic. If they didn't take care of it soon, they'd be breeding like crazy.

It was the third time he'd had to do this. The traps kept snapping up the mice but sooner or later all the piss and shit would warn the new field mice off from those spots and they'd know to avoid those things.

Burt checked the time. He still had a bit to play with. He let the mice out, took his cage and headed up the stairs, walking in his dirty old socks. Passing the den, he headed up the stairs until he was

standing in the young couple's bedroom. The blinds were closed and he immediately went over and opened them, looking out at his own house.

Then he was went through their things. He didn't have a lot of time but he found some silky white panties that he shoved in pocket before heading back downstairs. Before anyone had noticed he was out den window with his boots and cage, easing the window shut behind him.

"With the first round of funding from the grant," Clara said from next to the screen. Despite it being a meeting, she was standing and presenting. It just came naturally to her. Just like if she was presenting at big conference, she had to ignore the roving eyes of the men in the room. There was just a handful of attendees at the meeting, all of them lacking the knowledge to really evalaute what she was proposing. Pencil pushers or people that held the purse strings, no one really understood the climate impact she could make. She just needed some momentum to clear this hurdle and hopfully take her company national.

"I plan to hire two employees to help us refine our process. Ideally graduate students that can help review different sources of basalt to determine their quality or check for impurities before we supply our partner farmers with them," Clara said carefully. What she really wanted to say was for these people to stop artificioally slowing her down. They should just give her the entire grant money in one lump sum so she can hit the ground running and get to saving the world. Instead she had to jump through these stupid hoops.

"How many farmers have you brought on board so far?" an overweight man who looked like a typical accountant asked her. Clara's smile didn't falter from her face.

"We have some interest," she lied, "But since these relationships will be built on trust, I did not want to enter into any partnerships yet. We need to be able to secure a reliable source of basalt before I start making promises and agreements."

The man sat back in his chair, nodding dismissively. There weren't any other questions. A woman smiled brightly at her, Nancy, the grant administrator, "Thank you Clara, your presentation gave us a lot to think about. We'll discuss it all and give you an answer soon."

"Thank you," Clara smiled, hiding her frustration. She disconnected her laptop from the meeting room's projection system and left the room. They had her crawling when she should be sprinting. The world would burn down around them while people like this counted pennies.

Between this song and dance and the mice this morning, Clara's day wasn't off to the best start. She hoped that Adam's interview was going better.

Across town, Adam was sitting in front of a panel of ten people in the district office of Michigan's Department of Energy. He had them eating out of the palm of his hand. It was clear his knowledge of renewables and alternate energy sources far eclipsed anyone in the room. He'd seem them all exchange nodding, impressed glances with one another.

"I know diversification can be a hot button word," Adam said carefully, aware that the politics of the state frequently flipped from blue to red. "But really I think the way to look at it is hedging your bets. Why place all your funding and infrastructure on just coal or gas when global supply chains keep shifting and prices are so volatile? You'd be at the whims of global players who don't care about the people in your local communities. I say keep the coal, I'm not here to argue against it but diversity into other energy sources, let's see how they do. Not just on a touchy feely basis but on a dollars and

cents basis. It should be a mix and ideally you can ramp up or ramp down each source depending on the cost.”

More nodding heads and people scribbling notes. Adam kept his smile plastered to his face but felt like he was up against an interview panel full of children in suits. The job was as good as his. It was below him and he knew he'd end up hating it. But he had to remind himself it would only be temporarily. Soon Clara's company would change the world and he could write his own ticket.

Burt was just finishing his Hungry Man TV dinner when the van pulled up in his neighbor's driveway. He muted the talking heads on Fox News and got up to peer out the window. It was a black pest control van. A heavyset man got out and walked up to the door.

Burt grabbed his phone and googled the company. It didn't take him long to find the guy and see that his name was Tom. He watched as Adam and Clara met Tom at the door and had a discussion. They let Tom into the house and Burt stayed, camping in his spot, watching. Half an hour later Tom lead Adam and Clara out of the house. They were both still dressed all fancy from work. Tom lead them around the house, looking like he was inspecting the place. Burt knew what he was looking for; any small holes in the bricks, cracks in the foundations or dime sized spaces where mice could squeeze into and get access to the house.

Burt went into the garage and made himself look busy, all the while he kept watching. When the pest guy's van eventually left, Adam and Clara were having a quiet discussion near the property line. Burt didn't waste the opportunity and hurried out of his garage loudly.

Clara saw him first and her hand instinctly reached out and clutched Adam's forearm. He followed her eyes and Burt crossed his overgrown weed invested lawn to theirs. Burt gestured over his shoulder to the van that had departed.

“Got some little critters running around? Raccoon?” Burt asked, hooking a thumb into the strap of his overalls. He didn't try to hide his eyes running up and down Clara's tight body. The couple noticed and Adam took a half step in front of his wife. Burt only chuckled at the gesturing considering the man basically put his wife on a platter for him before.

“Mice,” Clara said, stepping out from behind Adam. She shot her husband a look that said she could protect herself. “We've seen a few in the basement.”

“Ahh, yeah, I gotcha. Nasty little critters,” Burt muttered, wrinkl'n his nose. “Lemme guess—ol' Tom crawled up under there and set him some bait traps up in that insulation, maybe tucked a few under the furnace and alongside them studs, didn't he?”

“Yeah, he said that was standard. That he it'd kill them all in a couple of days,” Adam said.

“Reckon he ever figure how they's gettin' in?” Burt asked, squintin' a little.

“No,” Clara said with an ting of annoyance. Burt felt his cock stir, his plan might just work out after all.

“We looked around the outside of the house,” Adam cut in, “But Tom couldn't find any surefire way they were getting in.”

“He prob'ly didn't look too hard, now did he?” Burt let out a dry little chuckle. “Ol' Tom knows a cash cow soon as it wanders past him. Ain't about fixin' nothin' if he can keep comin' back and collectin'.”

“What do you mean?” Clara asked, her eyes momentarily flicked down to Burt’s crotch but she caught herself. They lockd eyes and she knew that she’d been caught. Burt just smiled but didn’t rat her out to her husband.

“Houses like y’alls, back up to them fields and woods? You’re gonna get mice. That’s just how it is,” Burt said, shakin’ his head. “He coulda found where they’s slippin’ in if he’d a truly wanted to. But he ain’t gonna do that, not if he can make more off ya comin’ back again and again.”

He gave a crooked little grin. “Just business, I reckon. Figured you two woulda caught on by now. Man’s just lookin’ to milk ya.”

“Well if thats the case, we’ll figure something else out,” Adam said turning to go. He guided Clara away, giving Burt a great view of her juicy behind. How any many was supposed to work near that just didn’t make any sense. Nothing would ever get done.

“I tell ya what—I got me an idea,” Burt said, leanin’ back like he’d just solved somethin’ important. “Reckon I could get shut of every last one them mice for ya. Ain’t got a single one in my place. Been that way goin’ on years now.”

“Oh yeah?” Clara asked, “And hows that?”

“Well now, that there’s a bit of a secret,” Burt chuckled, tappin’ the side of his nose. “Got my own ways of doin’ things.”

He tilted his head at them. “So... we got us a deal or what?”

“Not interested,” Adam said as they went up the front steps to their door, “Thank you though Burt.”

“Y’all just holler if you change yer mind,” Burt called, saunterin’ back across his patchy grass toward his garage.

He pulled the door shut behind him and climbed them narrow steps up top, to that little lookout spot he’d fixed up for hissself. From there, he eased up to the window and set to watchin’ the young couple through their bedroom glass.

The mice problem hadn’t gone away. Even with the bait traps the pest guy had set, Clara still heard them scurrying around in the walls. She heard the little pitter patter of roden feet on the drywall ceiling as she tried to sleep. She’d just lay there, listening to them run around her house. She’d dragged herself into work, tired end exhausted each day that week.

Adam had tried to look online for other solutions. He gone outside several times looking for spots where they could get in. He tried all sorts of solutions he found on YouTube and even managed to catch and kill a few in traps but there was always more. Clara’s skin crawled at the idea there was an infestation or that they’d breed and overwhalem their house.

The stray that finally made her snap was finding mice shit and piss in their panty. She didn’t know how but the mice weren’t just content in the basement, they’d found their way to their pantry on the main floor outside their kitchen. Bags and boxes had been tore into and devored and the little fuckers left their excrement everywhere too.

“What the fuck do we do Adam?” Clara said, ready to pull her hair out as she paced in the bedroom that night. “I can’t. I can’t deal with these little shits anymore. I hate them. I need to focus at work, instead all I can think about is what the mice are doing while I’m gone. They are in the pantry Adam.”

“I put a towel under the gap in the basement door,” Adam said, “It should keep them out.”

“I want them out of the house for good,” Clara said, “Let’s call someone else to help. Another pest person that isn’t going to rip us off.”

“He seemed alright to me,” Adam said.

“The mice are worse now. They’ve gotten worse since he put all that stuff down,” Clara said, “Maybe Burt was right about him. Just trying to take advantage of the situation.”

“Never thought I’d hear you say Burt was right about anything,” Adam said.

Clara crossed her arms as she paced, “I don’t know. What do you think that trick of his was? Do you think he was just bullshitting us too?”

“I don’t know,” Adam said, “I don’t know how to read that guy.”

Clara peeked through the blinds and saw that the light was still on in their neighbors garage. He was always out there tinkering. A shadow moved in the garage and Clara pulled back from the window, afraid of being discovered.

“He’s just down there in his garage,” Clara said. Adam rolled his eyes, “He’s always doing something in there. Even at this hour.”

“Maybe you should go ask him what his trick is,” Clara said, falling onto the bed.

“If I go over there in the dark he’ll probably shoot me and claim it was self defence,” Adam said, “All for some stupid mice.”

“I don’t have any other ideas,” Clara said. They laid in silence on their bed until the scurrying of little feet back Clara cringe and throw a pillow ineffectually at the ceiling, “Ugh I fucking hate all them. My house is disgusting.”

Adam stared daggers at the ceiling then got up, “I’m gonna go talk to our neighbor. See what he knows.”

“Really?” Clara asked, “I’m sure it’ll be something dumb that we already tried but I appreciate you.”

“You can show me how much you appreciate me after,” Adam winked at her and left the room. Clara shot another glance at the ceiling and stood, going to the window. She wanted to make sure Adam was okay and that he didn’t really get shot. As much as she doubted it, you never knew with Burt’s trigger happy type.

Adam crossed the grass and stood at the end of Burt’s driveway. For some reason he didn’t walk up but he shouted Burt’s name. Their large framed and bushy faced neighbor appeared at the edge of his garage. The two shared some words before Adam moved up the driveway. Burt ushered him into the garage where they disappeared from view.

Ten minutes later, the door opened downstairs and Adam came into the bedroom shaking his head.

“He’s a fucking pervert,” Adam said.

“What?” Clara asked, “Pervert? Whats that gotta do with mice? What did he say?”

“He said he’d take care of the mice for us if you took care of him. A few times,” Adam spat. He walked to the bed a livewire of energy. She could see his anger but she suspected the frank conversation may have turned him on too.

“What a fucking redneck pig,” Clara said shaking her head, trying to forget about Burt standing naked in their hottub in all his glory. There was an audible scurrying behind the wall and Clara winced and threw herself off the bed. “He didn’t tell you how he’d fix it? No silver bullet?”

“Nothing just that bullshit confidence the guy has,” Adam said, “I honestly wanted to punch him in the face for suggesting the bet.”

Clara smirked. She loved her husband. She loved how caring and strong her was but she didn’t see as much of a fighter. Especially against a brute of a man like Burt, “Wait? What do you mean bet?”

“He bet us he’d clear all the mice out. And that they’d stop getting in. If he won, he wanted you to go over to his house and ‘service’ him. His words not mine,” Adam said.

“Oh how chilvarious,” Clara said rolling her eyes, “You men really know how to make a girl feel special. And what if he doesn’t get rid of the mice? What do we win? A house invested with hordes of little rodents?”

“He said if he lost the bet, he’d pay for a real professional exterminator and prevention person to come out as many times as it took,” Adam said. Clara laughed, “Have you seen his house? With what money? How could he afford to do that?”

Clara laughed it off and shook her head at Burt’s silly proposal. The man lived in a ramshackle house that was about to fall over. It for sure was full of mice whether the brute knew it or not.

The next day, Adam got a quote from another exterminator at mice-proofing the exterior of their home. To say his eyes bulged out of his head would be an understatement. It had way more zeroes than he expected and more than he or Clara could currently afford with their frugal, single-income lifestyle. Maybe once he heard from the Department of Energy he could swing it but right now, it was a cost they couldn’t handle.

Everything came to a head when he heard a shriek from the basement. Adam rushed downstairs to find Clara running up the steps, “I can’t Adam. These damn mice. Their having babies!”

She rushed based him looking like she wanted to squirm out of her skin. Adam went down the steps and heard the squeaking before he saw them. Stuck to a flipped upside down sticky trap was two little baby mice. He grabbed a garbage bag and lifted the trap up only for them to squeal and start pissing everywhere. He threw them in the bag and marched out of the house with it.

He didn’t know what to do with live baby mice. And he knew better than to try and pry them off that sticky trap. Either he’d get stuck or the little things would bite him out of terror. He dropped the trap onto the grass and found a big rock. He held it over mice, his hand shaking at the thought of taking a life.

“Need a hand there?” Burt asked, shocking Adam. He hadn’t seen the bigger man approach.

“More mice. There having babies,” Adam said, not looking up. Burt let out a low whistle. “That ain’t good, son. Not good a’tall,” Burt said, shakin’ his head slow. “Next thing you know, them little ones gonna start breedin’, and y’all’ll be livin’ in pure squalor ‘fore you can blink.”

He looked at him sideways. "So... you give any thought to what I offered?"

"Clara called you a pig," Adam said, clutching the rock. Burt just chuckled, closed the distance between them and crushed the mice under his big brown work boots. Adam winced at the sickening sound. He was about to say something but Burt was already walking back to his house. Over his shoulder he said, "Offer's still sittin' right there on the table. Ain't gone nowhere."

Adam watched the older man go, thinking about the offer. For Clara to service him a few times. Everyone had enjoyed what happened the other night, even if Clara vehemently denied it. Could it really be so bad if Burt could actually get rid of these mice? Its like they just kept coming.

He turned around to go back inside. Up from their bedroom window, he saw Clara staring down at him, having witnessed his interaction with Burt. Adam went inside and washed his hands before heading back up to talk to Clara.

"Did Burt crush those mice?" Clara asked quietly.

"Yeah. He did. It was gross. I heard them crunch." Adam said. He hesitated but part of him added, "And he floated his *'bet'* again."

"Do you think he can really get rid of the mice?" Clara asked.

"You mean, take his bet?" Adam asked, "You'd want to do that? You want too..."

"I dont know," Clara said putting her face in her hands, "I'm just so tired of living with them Adam. I don't want to....you know...I don't....at all...Not with him... This isn't about that. But the last pest guy didn't do anything. I just need a good night's sleep. I need to focus on work not on these fucking mice. I shouldn't have to deal with this," Clara said, "It's just so frustrating."

"I know. I know it is. It feels like we have no options here. They just keep getting in here. I don't know how but they do," Adam said sitting down on the bed next to her. He had to sit to hide the erection that had started to form in his pants. Just the idea of Clara disappearing into the unknown world of Burt's house had him going. And she was right there, teetering on the edge of entertaining his lewd proposal. Clara back in San Francisco would have never even let the conversation take place. Was it just the mice or was there something deeper at play? Something else going on with her since she'd seen what Burt was packing. She'd always told him size didn't matter to her but he was starting to doubt himself.

He sensed the reluctance in her. The desperation about the mice situation. He could steer it either way. But would she really do it. He knew there were other options, he just couldn't think of what they were. Debate about what to do raged inside of him. He knew what the right thing to do was. But his aching cock pressing against his pants wanted something else.

"Who knows," he said carefully, trying to keep his voice level, "Maybe Burt won't be able to solve the problem at all."

"But what if he does?" Clara said in a whisper.

"Then you'll get what you want," Adam said. When she raised her head to look at him he quickly added, "No more mice."

"I don't know Adam, it feels weird to even think about," Clara said, "There's too many unknowns."

“Well whenever we had a project at work with unknowns that’s when we defined them. We chose what they looked like so we could make better decisions,” Adam said, “Burt was vague, maybe if we knew what we were getting into...”

“We can set the ground rules,” Clara said sitting up straighter, “I like that. It’s a better way to make a decision.”

Not wanting to lose the moment, Adam slid his phone out of his pocket and started to text Burt.

“What are you doing?” Clara asked.

“Striking while the iron is hot,” Adam said, “Let’s take back control of this house and tell Burt what’s up.”

Adam’s fingers flew across the screen.

A: Hey, lets talk about that bet. Clara and I have some ground rules. IF you can really get rid of the mice.

Clara sucked in a breath next to him, her eyes on the screen. Three little dots appearance, indicating Burt was responding. Then he stopped. A few seconds later they reappeared, only to disappear shortly after.

Adam’s phone screen lit up with Burt’s name. He was calling them. This hadn’t been what he wanted. He’d wanted to discuss each respond with Clara before typing it in. Adam hesitantly answered the call.

“Hey Burt,” Adam said, “I can’t talk right —”

“I ain’t worth a damn at textin’,” Burt interrupted. “Let’s just jaw it out. I’ll git them mice handled. Two-three days’ time I’ll have ‘em all rounded up or dead, and they won’t be comin’ back in no how. After that, your woman’s mine, fair and square.”

“As if,” Clara blurted out, unrestrained, “If you think I’m just gonna give myself to you on a platter you have another thing coming.”

“Feisty,” Burt give a gravelly little chuckle. “I do like that fire, darlin’. You best be bringin’ that same kinda heat to our little sessions, now. Don’t go turnin’ all shy on me.”

Clara was about to say something else but Adam cut in, “That’s kind of what we are wanting to discuss. Some ground rules about all that.” Adam’s mind stretched trying to figure out what those ground rules should be.

“No sex,” Clara said, “I’m not going to have sex with you. No way. Not ever.”

“Ohhh, is that right?” Burt drawled, low and slow, the kind of chuckle that said he was already picturing it. “Well then, darlin’... what exactly you fixin’ to do for ol’ Burt? Go on and spell it out for me.”

“Nothing I’ll enjoy,” Clara fired back.

““Girl, you gonna be hummin’ a whole ‘nother tune once you done had a couple sessions with ol’ Burt,” their neighbor drawled, chuckling deep in his chest.

“A few sessions? Just for some mice? I don’t know,” Adam said.

“What we should oughta do is trade one session for each mouse,” Burt come right back with. “You wanna play it like that? Reckon how many we’d be lookin’ at then?”

“Twice,” Clara said putting her arm on Adam’s. She had more experience negotiating and was apparently asserting herself here.

“Least ten, reckon” Burt said.

Clara laughed coolly, “Three.”

“Five and its a deal,” Burt said. Clara rolled her eyes, “Four times or we’re done here.”

“Four’ll do just fine then,” Burt said. His voice sounded pleased like he’d gotten exactly what he wanted.

“No sex,” Adam repeated, “You try anything and the deal is off. Just like what we’ve already done.”

Clara elbowed him in the ribs. Before either of them could speak Burt said, “Alright then. No sex, that’s fine. Just whatever else I tell her to do. She shows up at my place though. On her own. Just me and her. Private. That’s how it’s gonna be.”

“I don’t know about...” Adam said.

“Look here—this is a back-and-forth, right? You say no fuckin’, I say I want my privacy. That’s the one thing I ain’t bendin’ on. You either take the deal or you walk. Up to you.”

“I can handle him,” Clara whispered. Adam nodded and opened his mouth to reply. But Clara beat him to it, “Deal asshole.”

Burt’s lazy voice chuckled from the speaker, “I’ll be comin’ over tomorrow mornin’ to get things goin’, Then he hung up. Clara and Adam looked at each other, unease on both of their faces.

“I hope we made the right call,” Clara said quietly. Adam’s lips crashed onto hers and they fell back onto the bed together.

The next morning after Adam had dropped Clara off at work, the doorbell rang. When Adam opened the door, Burt was standing there with a large bucket, a jar of peanut butter and a caulking gun.

“Basement,” he said simply. Adam led the older man down and watched him place the bucket down and afix a lid to it. The lid had a trap door on it that swung inwards, any mice that stepped on it would slide right into the bucket. He smeared some peanut butter on the lid and propped a box next to the bucket.

“They fall in and drown, boy,” Burt said, “Ain’t complicated. C’mon now—let’s get that roof hole patched up.”

“What?” Adam asked, “The roof? How...they aren’t getting in from the roof.”

“Sure they are,” Burt said, leading the way up the steps. Adam hurried after him, not liking the other man taking initiative in his own home. “I can see it plain as day from my window. Little bit of flashin’s tore loose right under the peak, just above your bedroom. Mice are proolly jumpin’ off them hangin’ branches and divin’ in there. Easy fix.

Burt lead the way outside where a ladder was lying across the lawn. Without asking for permission he stood it up and leaned it against the eavetrough and started to climb it.

"Keep her steady down there, ya hear?" Burt said. Adam held the ladder as Burt disappeared onto the roof. A few minutes later he was coming back down, caulking dripping out of the end of the gun.

Together they lowered the ladder and set it on the ground. Burt had a wide grin on his face and slapped Adam hard on the arm, "Go on and tell your wife she don't need to fret about what she's got on," Burt drawled. "I already got somethin' picked out for her to slip into when she gets to my place."

"As long as the mice problem is fixed," Adam added.

Burt waved him away, sharp and done with it. "Cut it out. She ain't here, boy. You can quit puttin' on that show."

"What act?" Adam said, "We have a deal."

"You over here actin' like I'm forcin' your hand to do this," Burt drawled, slow and sure. "I know exactly how you is, boy. And Clara? She's just as ready for it as anybody, ain't she? Come on now."

"No, that's not it at all Burt..." Adam said, taken aback at how blunt Burt was being.

"Oh yeah? Then how come y'all was fuckin' like squirrels right after we got off the phone?" Burt said, nodding up toward their bedroom window with a slow, lazy point. "Y'all like puttin' on a little show for me, don't ya?"

Adam winced. Burt had seen them having sex last night, "Don't tell Clara you saw us."

"Mum's the word now," Burt said, his meaty palm slapping Adam on the back before he retreated towards his house. "I'm real lookin' forward to knowin' your wife even better, son."

Only two days had gone by when Adam checked Burt's trap in the basement. He hadn't expected it to work. But floating in the bottom of the bucket were over two dozen, bloated mice corpses. Adam almost gagged at the smell. He left the bucket in the basement and went back upstairs to tell Clara the news. His dick stirred the entire time and he had to will it not to get too rigid.

Clara was just coming out of the shower in nothing but a towel. Her wet platinum blonde hair cascading down her back. Adam glanced at the window. The blinds weren't drawn and he knew their redneck neighbor could see right in if he was looking.

"I got some news," Adam said, "I'm not sure if its good or bad though."

"You got that job at the DOE?" Clara asked.

"No. Still nothing from them yet. I thought I would have heard from them but no, its not that." Adam said, his breathing coming faster now.

"Whats the news then?" Clara asked, sitting on the edge of the bed as she scooped some lotion onto her hand and lathered it into her legs.

"Burt's trap worked. Its full of mice. Maybe two dozen. Way more than any of those other traps," Adam said.

"Oh," Clara said, breaking eye contact and focusing on her lotioning. "That's good then, I guess."

“Hopefully that’s the end of our mice problem,” Adam said.

“And the start of a new problem,” Clara whispered. Adam’s phone chimed and he checked the message.

B: How’s them mice?

Adam looked over his shoulder at the dark window. All he could see was his reflection staring back at him.

Clara walked up Burt’s cracked driveway, past the knee high weeds that had taken over his lawn. Her platinum blonde locks were tied up in a messy bun, she hadn’t put makeup on and she was wearing an old hoodie and sweatpants. She didn’t want to dress up to impress this slob of a man. It was bad enough she was even degrading herself by walking over to him.

But the sooner she got this over with, the sooner she could go home and shower. She quieted the whispers in the back of her head that might actually be looking forward to seeing Burt’s *tool* again. It was just a dumb, immature part of her that only existed to voice the exact opposite of what she wanted. It was the voice that urged her to take a bite of a cookie when she was dieting, or scroll instagram for *just five minutes* when she should be working. It didn’t have her best intentions in mind.

With a sigh and a shake of her head, Clara stepped onto the porch and pressed the doorbell. Nothing happened. There was no chime from inside and no movement.

“Figures,” Clara muttered. Why have a working doorbell on a delapidating house? She knocked on the door hard and waited for the backwards redneck to answer. She heard the plodding sounds of boots grow closer before the door opened. Burt opened the door, wearing just a pair of American flag boxers. A smile formed immediately behind his bushy beard and his crow’s foot lined eyes ran up and down her frumpy outfit.

“Think I like the bikini better,” Burt said softly before stepping aside and gesturing into the dark house, Welcome to my humble abode, little lady.”

Clara rolled her eyes and walked inside. The stench of stale air and a cacophony of smells she couldn’t identify hit her nose. She didn’t know where she was going but wasn’t going to stop and ask Burt. She wanted to control this situation as much as possible. She ended up in a dark living room, standing between an old worn leather lazy-e-boy and a big screen TV. There were a few cans of beer left on the ground and other refuse in piles. The house actually looked worse on the inside.

The floorboards behind her creaked under Burt’s weight. She whirled to look at him, wondering what he was going to do. She gritted her teeth, he needed to keep control and get this over with.

“Okay,” Clara sighed and gestured to the lazy-e-boy, “Sit down and let’s get this over with.”

Burt chuckled dismissively and stepped closer to her, “You really reckon you’re just gonna wrap this up that fast, huh? That it?”

“I know what I’m doing,” Clara said before adding, “There’s nothing special here. I’ll be back home in fifteen minutes.”

"I like a confident woman," Burt said turning away and walking out of the room, "C'mon now, darlin'. I'll show you to it."

"Now go on and slip that on right there," Burt said, nodding toward the skimpy little maid outfit slung across the chair.

"I'm not wearing that," Carla huffed, crossing her arms.

"Suit yourself, darlin'," Burt said as he disappeared from sight.

What the hell was he talking about? Clara thought, anxious as she felt the control slipping from her fingers. She hesitated before following him. Had he just rejected getting a blowjob in the chair? What else did he have planned? A sinking feeling rested in Clara's gut. She followed Burt's large frame through a dank hallway lined with shoeboxes and other knickknacks until they reached a dirty kitchen. A pale orange exposed bulb hung in the ceiling casting shadows across a completely filled sink and dust covered services.

"In here," Burt said with a smirk.

"You want to do it in here?" Clara said as she took a step into the room and looked around.

"It? Lord, girl, Thought that was the one damn thing off the table. Reckon that's why we spent all that time hagglin' and negotiatin', wasn't it?" Burt rested his hands on the boxers on his hips. Clara deliberately didn't look at his crotch, trying to keep her eyes on the sad state of the old kitchen.

"That's not what I meant," Clara's nose wrinkled up at the yellowing linoleum floor. The thought of kneeling on it made he queazy.

Burt closed the gap and pressed himself up behind her. Clara gasped, feeling his member press into the thin material of her sweatpants. Burt's voice came out in a gravelly rumble. "Tonight, darlin', you're gonna be right down on them knees doin' what the Almighty put women on this green earth to do," Burt drawled, a slow grin pullin' at his mouth. "Ain't no two ways about it."

His hands were on her biceps, stroking her through his sweatshirt. She could smell the his warm beer laden breath on her neck. "And I know deep down you're gonna savor every last minute of it. You reckon fifteen minutes is gonna cut it? Aw hell no, darlin'. You're gonna be right here with ol' Burt all night long."

Clara wanted to say something but he mind was playing catch up. She heard Burt sniff her neck and then his dick wasn't pressing against her anymore. He gave her butt a light tap as he moved away. Clara turned to look at him, realizing she had been holding her breath. The air came deep and fast now as Burt opened a closet door and started pulling things out of it. She didn't understand what he was doing.

"There ya are, that oughta set you right to work, darlin'." Burt said poiting to the bucket, mop and other assorted cleaning supplies he'd dumped on the floor. Without looking at her he opened the fridge and Clara got a glimpse of the mess inside. He pulled out a can of beer and cracked it open, taking long pull before letting out a refreshing sigh.

Clara's brain finally caught up, "What? You want...what?"

Burt let out a laugh like she'd missed an obvious joke, "Hell, girl, you even looked at the mess?"

I done told your man I was gonna need you to come earn your keep. Reckon it's time to put that big ol' college degree to some real use and get busy cleanin'. I'll be parked in the den, State's takin' on the Buckeyes."

Burt moved towards the hallway as Clara's jaw almost hit the floor, "You want me to clean your kitchen not blow you? Really? I'm not..."

"State's playin' Ohio," Burt said as if that explained everything. As he walked out of sight he added, "This place is a pure mess, hon. I'm real glad you're here to sort it."

Clara stood, dumbfounded in the the middle of the dirty kitchen. She had been prepared to lower and degrade herself into pleasuring the brute of a man. Yet he had somehow found a way to degrade her even further without even taking his dick out. Apparently her only worth as a woman was her ability to clean.

"Fucking asshole," Clara muttered, debating whether to leave. She stared daggers at the mop bucket. She should be happy that she didn't have to touch the disgusting man. That was a good thing despite the quiet disappointment of the voice in the back of her head. Resentment stormed inside of her. She was the CEO of a cleantech start up about to change the world yet this man only saw her as woman capable of domestic duties.

But she didn't have to touch him. This was better for her and her marriage. She seized a dirty cloth, wet it in the overfilled sink and started cleaning.

It was agony waiting. Adam sat up in his office window, scrolling through LinkedIn on his laptop while his eyes darted to the Burt's house every ten seconds. His mind was racing, trying to fill in the gaps of time Clara had been missing. She had assured him she'd be back in fifteen minutes, twenty tops. It had been three hours.

Had Burt fucked her? Had she allowed that? His dick was hard just thinking about it as the bile rose up in his throat. He couldn't handle it if that happened yet he desperately wanted to see it. To hear it. He gave himself a couple of strokes before movement caught his eyes.

Clara emerged from their neighbor's house and marched down the driveway. Her hair was messier and she had her sweatshirt bundled under one arm, her tank top on display. Her skin glistened with sweat and she didn't look back at the large, hairy man standing in the doorway wearing only his American flag boxers.

Adam dashed downstairs and pulled the door open just as Clara climbed from frontsteps. He tried to bury his excitement, instead opting to voice his concern, "Are you okay?"

Clara walked past him, throwing her sweatshirt down on the floor, "No I'm not fucking okay. That fucking asshole made me clean his kitchen! The fucking nerve...treats me like some nineteen-fifties housewife...I swear to fucking god..."

Clara trailed off as she stomped up the stairs. Adam followed her, confused as she started the shower.

"He made you clean?" Adam said tepidly. Clara shot him a hard look. "His house is disgusting. Like a hoarder's den. His kitchen was the worst. Dishes everywhere, grime on every surface."

She punctuated each sentence by taking off an article of clothing. She threw them on the floor angrily and stepped in the shower, "For three fucking hours I cleaned that asshole's kitchen. Mopped the floor, did the dishes. God I almost punched him at the end when he said he knew his house needed a woman's touch. When I asked him why he hadn't bothered cleaning in, what, I don't know, years? He just laughed. Like an honest to god belly laugh like it was the funniest thing he'd heard in years. And you know what he said?"

"What?" Adam said, bracing himself.

"That ain't a man's job," Clara said, using both hands to make air quotes, "Not a fucking man's job! This place is so fucking backwards. I can't believe I spent my Friday night cleaning some hillbilly's kitchen. Ain't isn't even a real fucking word."

Adam couldn't help himself and asked the only thing that had been on his mind the entire time Clara had complained about Burt, "So you didn't....you know..."

Clara shot him a look and pulled the shower door closed. "Men," She muttered. Adam took that as the dismissal it was and left his wife to shower.

The next time Clara went to Burt's house, he made her clean out his den and living room. She cleared out enough cans of beer to keep an homeless encampment fed through an entire year. She loathed being relegated to the domestic role, vacuuming the carpet, cleaning the dust off every surface, pulling down the cobwebs. She couldn't understand why anyone would want to live in such squalor but Burt seemed stubbornly set on the idea that only women cleaned a house and he didn't have to.

When Clara went over for the third time, she came prepared. Gone were the frumpy sweatpants. Her hair was still in a bun but she wore a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. If she was going to clean she didn't want to overheat. She'd be as comfortable as she could in the mess of a house.

Burt had her cleaning his bedroom; making the bed, vacuuming the floor, wiping all the surfaces, and generally cleaning up his pigstye. She shoved another handful of rock hard Kleenex into a garage bag, wondering just how long they'd been sitting out to petrify like that.

With a loud burp, Burt sauntered into the room, wearing just his American Flag boxers and flopped onto the bed. She gave him her dirtiest look, looking at the creases his body had created on the recently made bed. He seemed not to notice. Everytime she'd been cleaning, he'd just sat in his Lazy-E-Boy watching TV and drinking beer.

"What do you want Burt?" Clara said, shoving more refuse in her garbage bag.

"It's half-time," Burt said stretching his large frame across the bed, increasing the amount of wrinkles in the sheets, "Figured I'd mosey up and see you usin' them talents the good Lord give ya."

Clara paused staring at the drywall. She let out a long breath and whirled around to face the prone man, "God given talents? Burt it's just fucking picking up after yourself. Having some self-respect. There isn't any talent involved. There's nothing divine about them."

Burt just shrugged, that same arrogant country boy look on his face. "It's so damn easy for you, girl, and you don't even see it," Burt said, shakin' his head like she was missin' the obvious. "It's just nature. Ain't nothin' more to it than that."

"It's not nature. It's just not being a fucking pig," Clara said as she angrily stuffed more garbage in the bag.

"You ain't enjoyin' yourself, sweetheart?" Burt said, "I thought this was good for you. Y'know, helpin' you connect back to your roots and all that. I like Adam fine, but I don't think a woman should work like you do."

"No Burt, I'm not enjoying myself. What makes you think me picking up after you would be something I like doing? And I like working, I'd rather work then be home cleaning and doing 'womanly' duties. Adam and I are equal partners."

"Pshhh," Burt drawled, flickin' his hand lazy-like in her direction. "That there's nothin' but liberal propaganda and brainwashin'. You need to go do some real research on it yourself, darlin'. You'll see it's all lies. What you're doin' right this minute? That's the way it's supposed to be. Don't let nobody tell you different."

"I'm not some blind idiot Burt. I know what I want in life. And its not being a domesticated pet cleaning up after their husband," Clara said.

"So you ain't enjoyin' this at all, huh?" Burt asked again.

Clara felt something odd about the way he asked that but was too fired up to dwell on it, "No, I don't enjoy cleaning up your shit asshole."

"Well now," Burt shrugged, "I ain't one to make nobody do what they don't wanna. It's twenty-twenty-six now, ain't it? Y'all snowflakes are real big on that consent business. So if you wanna quit cleanin', go right ahead, hon. Just means we'll have to figure out somethin' else to occupy ourselves with. Plenty of options, I reckon."

Clara almost jumped at the opportunity to be done with cleaning. More than once she'd thought about just marching in to the den and blowing Burt just to get out of his disgusting house. But now that the time had come, she hesitated. Seeing his stupid, country bumpkin expression just irked her.

"What are you proposing?" Clara said carefully.

"That there's a big ol' word," Burt drawled, leanin' back with a little half-grin. "But it ain't nothin' you ain't already turned over in your head, now is it?"

"I'm not sleeping with you Burt," Clara said firmly.

"So you been layin' there thinkin' about gettin' in bed with ol' Burt?" he drawled, letting the grin spread real slow across his face.

"That's not what I meant and you know it," Clara said.

"That there wasn't no, now was it, sweetheart?" Burt drawled, leanin' back with that crooked little grin. Clara started to say somethin' but he waved it off and kept talking. "We don't have to do no fuckin'. Even if it's been crossin' your mind. You don't even gotta suck me off today. I'm givin' you a free pass, darlin'."

"Then what do you want?" Clara said, feeling like little red riding hood, corned by the big bad wolf. Burt just patted the bed next to him. Clara crossed her arms and took a long time to cross the room and sit down. "What do you want?" she repeated.

“What do I want?” Burt drawled, voice low and thoughtful, eyes half-narrowed. “Hell, what every decent, God-lovin’ American oughta be wantin’. Real freedom. Taxes that don’t bleed ya dry. Gas I can actually afford. Borders that keep folks out who ain’t supposed to be here. My guns left alone. A fine-lookin’ young woman warmin’ my bed. And them folks up in Washington to quit actin’ like kings and remember they work for us.”

He reached out and stroked her bare arm. Clara regretted not wearing her hoodie today, “Well now, I do believe I can say I got me a beautiful young woman layin’ right here in my bed. Yessir. That’s the American dream, and ol’ Burt’s livin’ it to the hilt.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Clara said, glaring at Burt. He just smirked at her like some old timey backwood wizard. He tugged her arm, pulling her down onto the bed next to him, “What I want sugar is you twistin’ and squirming underneath me, moanin’ ol’ Burt’s name while I split you wide open and make you feel every damn inch.”

Clara’s jaw dropped open at the blunt comment. She quickly composed herself, grasping her resentment and anger but before the words came Burt spoke, “I know, sweetheart. No sex,

I know. I know. No sex. I’m a man of my word. I respect the deal, even without no handshake. Thought we’d just lay here nice and easy, get real cozy, and neck like we was teenagers stealin’ kisses behind the bleachers.”

“You mean...” Clara stared, looking for clarification on what he meant. She really should have had the terms spelled out better before agreeing to this arrangement. It would have saved her from breaking her back cleaning his house.

“You mean, I mean,” Burt mocked. “Them damn liberal schools got you so backwards you can’t see straight. Always overthinkin’, scared to just jump in and live. This here’s what I’m talkin’ about,” Burt chided, his hand pulled Clara’s body against his and his lips pressed against hers.

“Mhmfff,” Clara grunted, her hand smacking Burt’s chest. Her mind raced. Logically kissing this man was much less dangerous and not far over the line like it had been when she sucked his dick. But there was something so intimate about kissing. It felt more real. Almost like more of a betraya of Adam in some way. If she did this, what would be the point that they stop. With ejaculation there is an obvious end point but here....

Clara’s thoughts broke off as Burt’s hand slid up her back, grasping the hair at the base of her neck. He balled them into a fist which shot a shiver of light pain through her. She opened her mouth in a wince and Burt’s tongue pushed past her lips and collided with hers. He tasted like salt and stale beer. He rolled her onto her back and settled his weight on to her as they kissed.

His bushy, unkempt beard tickled and scratched her face and she wished it was Adam’s clean shaven face she was kissing. Her hand thumped against Burt’s burly chest once more before it relaxed, her fingers resting on his coarse chest hair.

She decided the best approach was to just get this over with. The voice inside of her agreed. She tried to block out the taste of his tongue, the feel of his busy beard and his overwhelming weight and just let herself go for a few minutes so she could go back to Adam.

Then she felt it.

It was growing against her lower stomach. She sucked in a breath and Burt capitlized, spinning his country tongue around her mouth. His dick felt impossibly big and it only kept growing. Growing in

reaction to her. She felt it press against her pelvis like a rod of thick steel. Without realizing it, Clara moaned into Burt's mouth, her own body pressing off the bed against his cock.

Burt's whiskers twitched against her cheeks as he smiled. He let out a soft groan of his own and pulled his hips back then pressed them forward. The pole tenting his American flag boxers slid right up against Clara's pussy. Her thin shorts and cotton panties were the only things separating her from feeling the real thing.

She moaned again as he body responded to Burt's cock. She gasped for air, breaking the kiss and turning her head to the side. Burt's lips kissed her naked neck and she felt his large tongue snake out and swirl over her skin leaving goosebumps in its wake. As she gasped for air, Burt's meaty paw came to rest on top of her chest. He ground it over her t-shirt, making Clara arch her back. Burt took that as permission, his hand running down her stomach to the bottom of her shirt and quickly getting underneath it. Her shirt rose up her stomach until Burt was able to get his hand over the cup of her bra, his thumb stroking her hard nipple through the material.

Burt bucked his hips again, his hard cock running up and down Clara's pussy. His tongue danced over her neck and Clara's eyes closed, getting lost in the backwood man's expert stimulation. He was hitting her in so many areas at once that her brain was losing hold on all reasoning. Her body had already given in, arching and pushing against Burt's manipulations looking for more.

Her mind raced replaying her encounters with the man. How he joined her without permission in the pool. To him bringing moonshine and plopping himself down into their hot tub. How both encounters had led to Clara's hands and lips on him. To the way his eyes undressed her during their first meeting in the backyard. She was so used to men like this being fixtures on TVs or some imaginary figure in debates on climate change or progressive politics. Being on the West Coast, men like Burt were never in her orbit. But now she couldn't escape him.

"Gonna git a touch more comfortable real quick now," Burt mumbled onto her neck. He shifted his weight, his hand on her breast left leaving Clara in agony. She felt him shifting around and he tugged his boxers off. She was laying in bed with their naked neighbor. Her mind swam, a million thoughts and outcomes running through it. "Reckon you oughta git a little more comfortable too, darlin'," Burt drawled as his fingers hooked under the top of her shorts and panties. He tugged.

"We said," Clara breathed hard, pulling her head back to look at him, "No...sex..."

Burt's lips were on hers silencing her. She grabbed at his arm but under the layer of fat was coiled muscle that resisted. Clara's hips rose off the bed, allowing Burt to yank her little shorts and cotton panties off in a quick practiced motion until they saw limpy around her ankles.

"Better ain't it. Just like the good Lord intended," Burt said before his tongue swirled around her mouth. His hand returned to her breast, this time snaking under the bra cup and grabbing the real thing in his meaty hand. Clara's body quivered at the cool air drifting in from the open screen door on her exposed and naked pussy. Burt shifted his weight and the shaft of his cock came to rest on her pussy lips, pressing against her clit.

Clara sighed as Burt started to slowly move his hips, running his shaft up and down her exposed lips. He dragged his cock all the way down to its meaty tip before pressing back up, running every inch up and over her clit. Clara's head sagged to the side, a string of saliva trailing from her mouth to Burt's. Up was down and down was up. Gone were the thoughts of her start up or her anger at being made to clean. The only thing that mattered was how she was feeling between her legs.

"Feel good don't it?" Burt mumbled as he nibbled on her ear.

"We can't. I won't. We said no sex," Clara said breathlessly, wondering what it would feel like. She tried to hold onto her best poker face, mortified at the idea of this man. This type of man knowing that she even thought about the possibility.

"That was the deal we made, wasn't it?" Burt drawled real low, breath hot against her ear. "But you said yes to doin' the other things I wanted. And this is one of 'em. C'mon, sugar, go ahead and tell me. How's ol' Burt feelin' down there to ya?"

"Ughhh," Clara groaned. She was feeling good. It was feeling good. Agonizingly good. She wanted more. But she defiantly said, "Could be bigger."

Burt smirked at her and saw through the lie. He held her eyes as he pumped up and down her slit. He pulled back a little more this time and his large cock head tapped her entrance. Clara sucked in a breath and her body tensed. Burt slid his cock back up her slit and read her face the entire time. Clara didn't know what he saw or what she gave away but he smirked.

"We should slow down," Clara breathed not breaking eye contact.

"Whys that now?" Burt chuckled, "You gettin' all worked up, darlin'? Fixin' to do somethin' you might just end up likin' too much?"

"I don't trust you not to try something," Clara said.

"I honor my deals," Burt said sternly, voice dropping low and flat. "I don't take kindly to folks thinkin' I'm gonna welch on 'em. Never have, never will."

Clara held his gaze, no responding. Her body responded to each of his slow, teasing movements as he slide his cock, now coated in her juices up and down her slit. Her hips lifted off the bed, her chest arched up looking for connection and she was breathing hard like a bitch in heat.

"Alright then," Burt said, grabbing both of her hips. He rolled onto his side, pulling her on top of him in a cowgirl position. Clara said, straddling his thighs, her knees on each side of her hips, his cock pointing straight up, lodged between her pussy lips.

"You don't trust ol' Burt, huh? Alright then. You take the reins, sweetheart. I'm just gonna lay here nice and still... enjoyin' every bit of the view," Burt grumbled, puttins his hands behind is head. His long greasy hair sprayed out on his pillow. Clara's stomach turned at the sight. His beefy body outstretched before her. She ran her eyes down his body until she saw his powerful hips and the large organ jutting up between her toned thighs. Her eyes stayed locked to it for a few seconds. Then it rose up towards her, Burt powerfully rose his hips off the bed and the shaft slid up against her naked pussy. Clara's eyes closed as she revelled in the sensation.

Burt repeated the motion and Clara couldn't stop her hand from reaching down and grasping the head of Burt's shaft and holding it tighter to her pussy. This time when Burt slowly bucked his hips, his mighty shaft pressed harder against her clit sending small shocks of pleasure through her. Clara bit her lip and waited for Burt's next movement. It never came. Her body pushed down on her knees and grinded intself against his shaft. It dragged across her clit and she felt herselg grow even wetter. Burt's hands came to rest on her hips and this time when she lowered herself down he pushed up with his hips at the same time, sending her mind spinning.

It felt good. Clara held onto the tip of his cock head as they grinded against each other, making sure she held it in place to keep her satisfied. She could feel her own juices coating his massive, thick shaft

as she grinded up and down on it. Her thumb absently rubbed itself over Burt's cockhead and she smeared the first drops of his pre-cum around.

Clara lost herself in their grinding. She couldn't tell if minutes or hours had passed but she felt herself getting warm and worked up. Burt's cock was slowly, agonizingly slowing teasing her and she could feel an orgasm within her reach. How this ugly man could get her to this point already, without even penetrating her drove her insane. Adam had failed to get her off the last time they'd slept together and she still yearned for that explosive moment of endorphins.

Clara worked herself up and down Burt's shaft. When she lazily opened her eyes the ugly, older man was staring back up at her with a smug look on his face.

"What?" She breathed, lacing it with as much venom as she could muster. It came out sounding very sultry and laced with want.

"Just sittin' here enjoyin' the sight of a liberal woman ridin' my cock," Burt drawled real slow, eyes half-lidded and pleased. "Ain't that a picture."

"I'm not riding it," Clara corrected between heavy breaths, "That's not what we're doing."

"Tell that to your husband there peepin' on us from your window," Burt said.

Clara was rising, her pussy going up Burt's thick cock. She twisted her head to the side glancing out the sliding door towards her house. Her bedroom was dark and the blinds were closed. Burt dipped his hips low. Her head snapped back to look at him but as she lowered herself back down his shaft, the angle had changed. Her entrance met Burt's cock head. She felt the tip of his cock penetrate her, sitting just a bit inside. She shuddered and locked gazes with Burt.

He held himself still, watching her. Waiting to see what she would do. All she had to do was let go. The bad part of her brain whispered for her to do it. Her body craved it and she knew she would cum. She pushed with her knees and pulled herself off Burt's cock, dropping down and pulling it back against her pussy lips and clit.

Clara closed her eyes and started to grind herself against Burt's shaft like a woman possessed. She had come close to the point of no return and her mind was in overdrive imagining what she had almost just done. Burt's hips were slamming off the bed, thrusting up, matching her frenzied movements. His dirty finger tips dug into her pale flesh as they grinded and dry humped each other. Clara's hands dropped to Burt's shoulders, her t-shirt swinging between them. Burt's hands grabbed both of her asscheeks and pulled her hand forward, Her pussy lips spread further open and her clit pressed hard against his thick, hairy shaft.

"Fuck," she breathed hard, her eyes firmly shut. Just a few more seconds and she'd get there.

"Open your eyes," Burt said. His left hand dug into her asscheek holding her in place. The other grabbed the back of her head, holding her eye to eye with him, "Open 'em."

Clara pried her eyes open and looked down into the ugly, smug face of their next door neighbor. The man who she was politically and ideologically opposed to. The kind of man who voted against everything she stood for. The kind of man who was holding back humankind and all the progress they could make. The man who was about to make her cum.

"I wanna watch you cum on my cock," Burt drawled, "Give it to me Clara. Cum while my cock is buried between those legs. Lemme see you."

“Oh fuckkk,” Clara breathed as her mind swam. She couldn’t think. Getting off was the only thing that mattered. His words were poison and betrayal but she couldn’t stop. “Fuck...fuck...oh fuck...shit.....fuck.....god....Oh God.” Clara whined.

She pulled his fat cock hard against her clit, holding it in place and she dragged herself up and down it slowly one last time before she exploded. Burt pushed his cock up, sending sweet friction between her legs. Clara stared down at the ugly man’s face, her eyes going wide, her mouth forming into an ‘O’.

She came. Pleasure erupted from inside of her. Her clit shot off a lightning bolt of pleasure that coursed through her and threatened to never stop. She threw her head back and arched her chest, her nails digging into Burt’s flesh as she wailed on top of him. Burt growled as she howled at the moon.

“I’m gonna blow,” Burt announced to the room. The words registered in Clara’s brain and sent icy shivers of pleasure through her veins. She grabbed his cock hard against her pussy, not letting it go as waves of pleasure and endorphins rushed through her. She felt Burt’s cockhead expand, the quickened heartbeat in his shaft. His balls tightened and rose up under her. He dropped his hips, dragging his shaft down her clit. His hot cum exploded like a geyser shooting up and spraying her pussy. It blasted over her pussy lips and clit, coating them in his copious semen.

Clara’s legs weakened as her orgasm slowed. Burt was bathing her in his baby batter and this time there wasn’t any pool or hot tub water to wash it off. His cum was hot and sticky. Her hands slipped off his cock and collided with her clit, pressing the illicit sticky substance against it. Clara’s fingers briefly danced across her clit, rubbing his seed into herself.

Clara’s mind briefly wrestled back control from her body and she slumped back away from Burt and his sputtering cock. She fell back onto the bed, revelling in her post orgasmic bliss as her fingers still traced and teased her clit. As her mind caught up, she realized his fingers and pussy were coated in Burt’s cum. His disgusting inbred, redneck cum. She raised her hand to her face. Her fingers looked webbed as his cum was splayed out between her digits. A glob dripped off her hand and landed on her cheeks.

Clara grimaced and pushed herself up. Burt was laying on his back, eyes closed, his giant cock still standing at attention, coating in his own dripping cum, mixing with her juices as if they’ve just made love. Her stomach turned at the scene. She moved off the bed, feeling his sticky substance clinging to her pussy. She wiped at it with her panties, trying to get as much of it off of her as she could. There was just so much. Her panties were a sticky rag when she was done.

“Leaving so soon?” Burt chuckled and stroked his cock. With their combined fluids it made a disgusting, wet sound, “You really should do your womanly duties and clean this up.”

“Pig,” Sarah shot back as she pulled her shorts up. She left her sticky panties in a pile on the floor. She didn’t want to put them on and she didn’t want Adam to see them. With one last glance at Burt and his monstrous cock, Clara hurried out of the room. As she marched down the stairs, trying to put as much distance between herself and Burt as possible, he shouted after her, “Looking real forward to your next visit. Two to go.”

Clara winced and pushed the front door open. The cool evening air basked over her skin, helping to wake her brain up. As she walked down Burt’s cracked and weed infested driveway, her shorts stuck to her thighs. *What the hell did I just do?*