

## [\[Insider\] Neighborhood Encounters Chapter 2 - Alpha Draft](#)

Hey all, I'm finishing up the last edits on Toxic Attraction CH19 but I couldn't help but writing out the last bit of Neighborhood Encounters Chapter 2! This one follows a similar approach to the first, putting the pieces in place on the board and getting things into the right place for Burt to begin trying to conquer this woman from California.

I'm not going to type too much on this as I want to get back to editing CH19 but I will say that from here on out, things will pick up for Clara and Adam as they settle into their new home.

Oh and a fun bit of minor trivia here. The character Casper that is introduced here is from an old draft of a story I attempted and abandoned to write before I ever started Toxic Attraction. Back then he was more of a squatter, druggie than he is presented here but I do have plans for you all to get to know him a little better.

Here is Neighborhood Encounters chapter 2:

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POP

BANG

POP

The loud gun-shot like sounds shattered the tranquility of the early morning. Adam wiped the sleep out of his eyes and sprang out of bed. Adrenaline rushed through his veins as he searched for the source of danger.

Clara sat up and held the thin bed sheets to her naked body, "What the fuck was that?"

"I don't know," Adam stood there wearing just his boxers. His mind registered how alluring his wife looked covered in just a sheet.

BANG

Adam and Clara winced at the sound, fearing someone was firing at their house. Being from San Francisco, they weren't unfamiliar with gunshots but it was still far from normal. The sound echoed through the room before Adam hunched over and made his way to the window.

He stuck part of his head out to look through the window, trying to do so quickly so he wouldn't make himself a target. The tense muscles across his body relaxed.

Across the lawn and past the yard littered with garbage was Burt's driveway. His old beat up pickup truck was pulling out into the street, a wall of black exhaust trailing behind it. Burt

revved the engine and the truck peeled out onto the street. The cul-de-sac filled with the dirty, black smoke from the truck's tail pipe as Burt accelerated quickly down the street before disappearing from view.

"Adam!" Clara's voice was still tense, "Whats happening? What is it? Is someone shooting?"

"No," Adam turned around, shaking his head, "It's just our neighbor. I can't remember his name. Just being a redneck with that ugly truck of his. Its spewing like diesel exhaust or something all over the road. Its disgusting."

"God what an asshole. It's barely 7am," Clara had been clutching her phone, apparently ready to call the police. She set it back down on the floor next to her. Adam looked around the room at the unpacked boxes. Hopefully they would make more of a dent at unpacking today.

"There's no way I can fall back asleep now. My heart is still pounding. God I don't want to breath that toxic stuff in."

"Yeah, I know. Me too." Adam bent over to grab a pair of shorts from the floor before finding a shirt to put on. He yawned and stretched his arms over his head. Out of the corner of his eye he saw his wife watching him, clearly happy with what she was looking at.

"I'm gonna go make a coffee," Adam gestured toward their bedroom door, "Want one?"

"Yes please," Clara swung her legs out of the bed. The sheets fell to the side giving Adam a great view of her naked back. "I need a little help waking up this morning after last night."

She turned her head to look at him over her shoulder and winked. Then she stood up, the rest of the sheets falling away as her naked body walked towards their ensuite bathroom. Adam didn't move a muscle, his eyes trained on Clara's sexy ass as it swayed away from him.

Clara caught him looking at her and smiled mischevously before shutting the bathroom door behind her. It took Adam a second to come to his senses and remember what he was about to do. Clearing his throat and shaking his head, Adam left the bedroom and headed downstairs to the kitchen.

The couple spent the next couple of hours enjoying each others company, sipping coffee and slowly unpacking. Neither of them seem too thrilled with the process of figuring out where to put all their belongings.

"Its so beautiful out," Clara was looking out the large bay window of their living room. Adam slide up beside her and peered out. He hadn't noticed before but the sky was a brilliant blue and he couldn't see a cloud in the sky.

"You're right, it really is. I wonder what the temperature is," Adam took out his phone to bring up his weather app.

“Why don’t we take a break from unpacking and go explore the neighborhood a little? I want to check out that path we saw,” Clara said.

“Drive around or are we walking?” Adam asked.

“Walk. I want to see what the running paths are like here. After sitting in the car the past few days, my body needs exercise.” Clara said.

“And here I thought you got enough exercise last night,” Adam smiled, “Alright, I’m gonna go change into something better and we can go.”

A few minutes later, the couple set off down the sidewalk in front of their house, past the fire damaged home and the one with just a foundation, until it changed into more of a multi-use asphalt paved trail. The trail ran next to their long, secluded street with the tall trees of the forest flanking one side.

“This area is beautiful,” Clara said looking up at the trees, “Minus the burned down building and redneck neighbors of course.”

“We had those in San Francisco too but yeah its crazy having this forest all around our house. We’d have to go over the Golden Gate bridge to get trees this big.” Adam wasn’t looking at the trees but was casting a side glance at his wife’s attire. Even though they were just running, Clara was wearing one of her running outfits. A loose fitting white t-shirt over her black sports bra and neon pink low rise shorts that stopped on her upper thigh. Her hair was pulled back into a pony tail so she wouldn’t overheat.

Even though her shirt was loose fitting, her breasts pushed out against the fabric, propped up by her sports bra. He couldn’t believe his luck at landing a woman that was smart and sophisticated but had a killer body too. He slowed his pace for half a second to get a better view of Clara’s tight bubble butt.

“I don’t know about that,” Clara said. Adam matched his pace and caught up to her. There was a sly smile on her face but otherwise she didn’t mention him eyeing her up, “The Golden Gate park has plenty of big trees but I guess its not really a forest like this.”

The trail turned away from the road and went into the forest. The couple continued walking until the trail split, one path going left, the other going right.

“You pick,” Adam said.

“Let’s go left and see where it takes us,” Clara turned down the trail and Adam followed. So far they hadn’t encountered anyone else on the path but it was early on a weekday. The activity probably picked up after work and on the weekends. The path narrowed a bit but continued weaving its way through the forest.

After fifteen minutes, Adam could see the back of houses through the treeline three hundred feet away.

“Suzie, said there was a subdivision close by with some shops,” He gestured to the houses.

“Hopefully this path leads into there, I’d love to know what shops they have,” Clara said.

A few minutes later the path forked again, this time a marker was in the ground showing a rudimentary map. It indicated that one path went deeper into the forest and the other going towards the sub division.

“Let’s go check out that plaza and see what they have,” Adam lead them down the path towards the subdivison. The forest slowly receded as the path changed from asphalt to a concrete sidewalk. Their view of nature replaced by fences and siding as they walked by the first houses of the subdivision. The sidewalk turned a corner and opened onto a large plaza and parking lot running adjacent to the main road that people would turn off of to enter the subdivison.

“Adam there’s a Starbucks over there,” Clara said as they crossed a road and entered the plaza. Adam smiled. He was surprised there were so many amenities close to their home. The plaza seemed to have been set up to give the subdivision local options for most needs without having to drive into Grand Rapids. There was a credit union, a discount grocery store, and a hardware store. There was even a few restaurants and a sports bar alongisde a liquor and cannabis shop. The plaza even had a McDonalds and Burger King.

“Come on,” Adam looped his arm around Clara’s, “Let’s go grab something from Starbucks. I could use a coffee.”

The couple spent the next half hour drinking their coffee and strolling around the plaza, taking in all the shops and restaurants while making potential weekend plans. Before long they were headed back the direction they had come; back into the forest.

When they came to the fork in the path, they headed to the left to explore the rest of the trail. It continued to wind through the forest with the asphalt path changing to gravel as more weeds and trees began to overtake the path. After fifteen minutes the forest opened up again with the gravel path turning and running alongside a dirt road.

Across the dirt road was a series of mobile homes set up in rows. Many of the mobile homes were well maintained and decorated with little picket fences but an equal number reminded Adam of their neighbor’s house: grungy looking, behind on repairs, overgrown lawns, cars parked askew and other garbage laying about.

Several pairs of eyes watched the couple from their porches or yards as they walked along the gravel pathway. Clara briefly acknowledged the park but continued talking about all the things she needed to get done when she got her startup's office up and running at the University. Adam listened but kept one eye on the rows of trailers that they passed by.

He felt uneasy about some of the hard stares they were receiving, knowing most of them were probably directed at his wife.

After a few minutes, the path curved again, away from the trailer park and back into the forest. A small placard was off to the side of the path with a map on it, illustrating that they were heading in the direction of where they originally entered.

"Come on Adam," Clara said, "I want to get home, shower and grab some lunch. Let's see if we can finish unpacking some more boxes. I don't want to feel overwhelmed at home and overwhelmed when I start at the University."

"Yeah," Adam said looking over his shoulder at the mobile homes behind them, "Let's get back."

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"You got a whole mess of junk clogged up in your air filter, nephew," Burt chided. Casper had brought his truck over, an F150 that the young idiot had overextended himself on. The truck was parked in Burt's driveway with the hood up. The engine compartment was full of leaves, nuts, dried mud and other debris. Burt was hunched over it, some parts lay on the driveway behind him, close to where Casper was sitting in a fold out chair, nursing his third beer.

"Well, what do ya reckon?" Casper belched.

"I reckon we're gonna have to replace that filter. When's the last time you had the radiator flushed?" Burt pulled his arm out of the engine, grease streaks running over his skin. He turned and grabbed a rag off the ground and started to clean off his hands.

"Nah. You think she'll be ready for some muddin' this weekend" Casper extended his legs out, took a long pull from his beer and dropped the can onto the ground.

All you ever think 'bout is muddin', I swear. You oughta get this ol' truck lifted like mine, then maybe you won't be gettin' so dang much mud caked up in there. Might wanna look into a new splash shield too, while you're at it," Burt finished rubbing the engine grease off his hands and looked over his nephew.

Even though it was hotter than balls out, Casper was still sitting there in his faded jeans with a beat up looking white t-shirt. Patchy stubble ran across his face and his tanned, weather skin was starting to show visible sunspots like Burt's.

“Well, whatcha reckon?” Casper shifted his weight and dug his hand into the back pocket of his jeans, fishing out a pack of chewing tobacco, “You want a dip?”

“Yeah, give 'er here,” Burt drawled. Casper took put some of the chewing tobacco in his mouth before tossing the pack to Burt. His nephew stood up and took off his hat wit the faded Ford logo on it, using it to fanhimself.

“Yeah, she'll be runnin' smooth by the weekend,” Burt said but it didn't seem like Casper heard a word he said. “You hear me nephew?”

Casper's eyes were staring past the truck across the street. Burt turned his heard and grinned when he saw his new neighbors coming back from a lesiuring stroll. His eyes lingered on the wife's long toned legs and those little pink shorts she had on.

“MhmmmmMMMM,” Casper had no problem standing and staring, “Who the fuck is that?”

“New folks,” Burt said walking up to stand next to his nephew, “Just moved in.”

“Well, I reckon I'd like to give her a proper welcome to the neighborhood,” Casper whistled loudly, getting the attention of the young couple as they walked up the sidewalk in front of their house, “That girl is a fine specimen Uncle.”

The coupled shared a look with each other before awkwardly waving towards Burt. Burt smiled and gave them a half wave, then dropped his hand and let it rest of his gut, “She sure is.”

“Ain't seen a body like that 'round here,” Casper kept eye fucking Burt's new neighbor as the couple turned and walked up their driveway, “Where's she from?”

“Out West,” Burt pulled a beer out from under the truck's hood and took a long dip, his eyes never leaving the wife's ass. He swore he could see the bottoms of her ass cheeks jiggling as she walked up the driveway, “All the way from San Francisco.”

“Pssshhh,,,” Casper mimiced as the couple disappeared inside their home, “City's full of liberal cucks who can't keep crime under control. Ya know?”

“California for ya,” Burt agreed as he moved back under the hood of the car.

“I bet shes a great fuck,” Casper muttered, still standing there staring at the couple's house. Burt thought back to the way she rode her husbands dick the night before, how it looked like she didn't cum.

He made a promise to himself that he was gonna find out just out good of a fuck she was.

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Clara decided not to shower after all. Once they got back from their walk and the cool air conditioned her body, she decided to just press on unpacking. She'd want to shower again afterwards anyway.

This house was so much bigger than their apartment in San Francisco. She was beginning to think they might have bitten off more than they could chew. At least with Adam home for now, he could keep up with the cleaning and outside maintenance. There were so many new things here that they would have to figure out.

They were in the middle of unpacking the boxes in their living room when her phone started beeping. Sighing, she picked up her phone to check it. All she wanted to do was get her house somewhat in order before Monday but starting a company requires almost 24/7 dedication.

"What's up?" Adam stood up from the box he was in. Clara couldn't help but admire the way his t-shirt clung to the tight muscles under it.

"Nothing," Clara thumbed through the email that the University had just sent over, "Just the University sending me information about where I'll be located and some other details on the grant they are providing. It looks like I might be able to hire a student or two on their dime for course credit which could be helpful."

"That's great," Adam said sliding behind her and embracing her from behind, "Extra students that won't hit your payroll could be a game changer. What are you going to tackle first next week?"

Sarah let her hand with her phone in it drop to her side, "There's honestly so much to do Adam. The websites up and the social stuff I've been putting out is still gaining traction but now I really need to get the technology developed and working out in the field. That will be the big thing I need to focus on. Then looking at potential venture capital funding hopefully within the next year or two."

"You're gonna be busy," Adam nuzzled his mouth into the small of her neck, eliciting a involuntary moan from her, "Are you still going to have time for little old me?"

"I'll always have time for you babe," Clara smiled, closing her eyes and enjoying the warmth of her husband's breath on her neck. "You're the most important thing in my life. Company or no company."

"I'm glad to hear it," Adam smiled then quickly changed his voice tone, "And while you are busy at work being a girl boss I'm going to be here hanging out in my boxers, getting fat and watching football."

“Please,” Clara laughed, turning around into his arms and looking up at her husband, “There is no way that that the Adam that I married will be able to sit on his butt for more than half an hour. You way too much of a work-a-holic, besides this planet is going to burn up if it doesn’t have you advocating for it.”

She felt the muscles in her husband’s back tighten.

“Are you sure you’re still okay? You know with quitting your job and moving across the country for my dream?” Clara looked up at her husband with pleading eyes, trying to find a hint on his face to reveal what he was thinking.

He held her by her shoulders and stared right back, “I am. I’m fine. More fine than I’ve bene in awhile. And its our dream, remember? If...when you get this company off the ground, you’re going to be making such a big impact on emissions on a global scale. Thats not something I can do as easily. So I am here to help you make that a reality.”

“I know,” Sarah put a hand on his chest. “And I love you for that. I love that you followed me and threw everything else to the wind but I know you and I know how passionate you are. I just want you to find something that you’ll be happy doing. I don’t want you to regret moving here.”

“Hey come on!” Adam stepped back and put his arms out to his side, “We’re here in rural Michigan with a junkyard next door and a trailer park behind our house. And we even have running water. What’s not to love?”

Clara laughed, “I’m serious Adam. I know you gave up a lot to come out here with me. Thank you. I love you for that.”

“I would make the same choice again, if it meant following you,” Adam smiled. He stepped back and looked out the window, “Besides, you know things weren’t going great at work for me. This way its like a fresh start with a new challenge.”

Things hadn’t been going great for Adam at work. While he was loved and was doing work that he loved, he had some interpersonal conflicts with his coworker Trent. Prior to Adam quitting, Trent had just gotten a big promotion over her husband which still pained her. Adam was so loving, passionate and deserving of that promotion. If his company couldn’t see that then so be it.

She could see that vacant expression on Adam’s face as he looked out the window. Clara always worried that he was thinking about something painful, regretting his choices or just wondering what could have been. But she also knew one thing that could always bring him back to reality. Her indulging and playing with his fantasy.

She turned away from her husband, putting her focus on the half emptied box in front of her, "You're right. Things weren't going great. I still can't believe Trent got that promotion instead of you."

"Yeah," Her husband's voice sounded pained behind her. She heard him move across the room and start rummaging through another box.

"Sometimes I wonder if I shouldn't have hooked up with him instead of you," Clara tried to hide the wicked smile on her face as she said it. She could feel Adam's eyes looking at her, trying to burn off her clothes. Clara played innocent and continued focusing on the box in front of her but she couldn't resist. Her eyes flicked up to Adam's and she saw the look of hunger on his face. He was so easy to rile up.

She smiled at him, "Easy tiger. Just having some fun. Ignore me."

"You're bad," Adam said shifting his leg to the side and going back to unpacking the box in front of him.

"Mhmm maybe," Clara raised an eyebrow playfully at her husband, "But I know you like it when I'm bad. Especially when I'm being bad with someone other than my loving husband."

Clara had never stepped out on Adam and had no intentions of doing so. Still, she enjoyed playing with his fantasies. If she was telling the truth, his fantasies were starting to get her off too. She loved the banter and teasing and the idea of it, even though they both knew it was something that would stay in their bedroom between them.

"I guess its too bad we are all the way out here in Michigan and Trent is back in California, now you have no one to play with," Adam challenged.

"I'm sure there is someone around here that will do. Someone that can pleasure your wife," Clara kept rummaging in the box but wasn't focusing on what she was doing, enjoying teasing her husband instead.

"Oh yeah?" Adam put whatever he was holding back into the box, "And just want is it you are looking for in a guy?"

"Just a nice cock to play with," Clara smiled wickedly, looking up and meeting her husband's gaze, "That's all I need."

"Jesus," Adam said.

Clara smiled and picked up her box, "This rest of this stuff belong in the basement." With that she turned and walked out of the room towards the stairs. One of the key parts in teasing

Adam was to give him just a little before taking it away, letting the fantasy continue to play out in his head until he couldn't take it anymore. Then they'd have mind-blowing sex.

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Clara eyed her husband from across the pool. She couldn't help but admire how his body looked in his swim trunks with the lights under the water. It was late, sometime after ten. The sun had long since set but they had just finished unpacking most of their boxes.

She felt relieved knowing she could start this next chapter in her life without having to worry about dozens of unpacked boxes waiting for her at home. Clara slid over to the side of the pool, reaching out until she grasped her long stem wine glass filled with a smooth local merlot. She always thought California had the best wines but she had to admit, this one wasn't bad.

Adam was behind her, up towards their neighbor Burt's shanty house. Clara turned her eyes to see what Adam was looking at but all she saw was a rundown house with the lights off. That older man was probably asleep or tinkering in his garage or something.

Still, you never do know. Maybe he was up there watching them through a hole in the blinds. Clara smiled over the rim of her glass. Alcohol always made her think dirty thoughts. If the pool hadn't been warm she would have shivered at the thrill of someone watching her. The same thrill she got being on stage, talking in front of rooms full of men. All eyes on her.

Clara turned her attention back to her husband, her eyes running over his exposed chest. How the water clung to his chest and biceps. How sexy his hair looked when it was wet like that. He flashed her a smile, catching her staring at him. She took another long sip of her wine.

She wanted him.

Clara wanted her husband to fuck her again just like last night but this time she needed to cum.

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"Get a move on," Burt huffed as he trudged through the forest behind his property. Him and Casper were heading back to his place from the trailer park, each carrying a milk crate full of moonshine from Denver Joe.

"Why can't we just haul this in the truck," Casper said walking ahead of Burt.

"Cause we gotta pass by the police station on our way 'round, and Joe ain't lookin' for that kinda heat," Burt said. The two continued to walk in silence, apart from the smacks of chewing from Casper's tobacco.

Burt was accustomed to navigating these woods at night. He'd walked them thousands of time in his life and this trail between his house and Casper's trail was well worn. Burt was looking up at the moon peeking through the trees and almost walked right into Casper's back.

"Casper what the hell, keep goin'," Burt said giving his nephew a shove with his shoulder.

"Sshhh," Casper hushed over his shoulder and put down his milk crate. He gestured over his shoulder at the lights coming through the trees. A devilish smile spread on Burt's face. The first floor lights of the couple's house were on but he could hear the sounds of their pool running and low voices from the backyard.

Burt set his milkcrate down beside Casper's and motioned for the younger man to follow him.

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Clara was giving him the look and Adam could feel his cock getting hard under the water. She was on the other side of their kidney shaped pool, the light from under the water dancing against her skin.

He knew he was going to get lucky tonight. Even though his body felt exhausted from unpacking all day, his dick was clearly ready to go. Clara was staring at him from the shallow end as she took a sip of her wine.

The glint in her eyes looked mischevious in a way that rest of the world never saw. This look was something reserved strictly for him. Adam gulped, thinking back to his wife on stage recently, addressing the room about her new company. Contrasting that powerful commanding presence with the look of lust painted on her face. He loved that duality in his wife and still couldn't believe how lucky he was.

"What are you doing over there?" Clara purred.

"Just looking at you," Adam said as he gently swam closer to his wife.

"See anything you like?" Clara slowly downed the last of her wine and set it on the edge of the pool. She turned back to face him, keeping her back against the wall.

Adam's eyes left her face, running down her bare shoulders, across the thin white little straps of her bikini, down to the tops of her breasts that were obscured by the surface of the water. He knew what an amazing body lay just beneath the surface.

"I see a lot that I like," Adam smiled playfully as he closed the distance to a few feet from his wife. He kept progressing closer, "And more that I want to see under that bikini."

“Mhmmmm,” Clara lowered herself down, until her chin hit the water. Adam continued to advance further until he was directly in front of his wife, “Kind of presumptuous isn’t it? Who says I’m going to be taking this off for you tonight?”

“I do,” Adam reached a hand out and played with the strap of Clara’s bikini top under water. “As your husband, there are certain privileges I get. Stripping you down and seeing you naked is one of them.”

“Oh really? Is that right?” Clara pushed off the wall and moved around Adam, towards the steps to the pool.

“Well what if I told you I didn’t want my husband tonight?” Clara bit her lip, “Since you don’t have anyone new for me to play with, I was thinking it might be hot if ‘Trent’ paid us a visit one last time.”

Adam was taken aback and gulped, “Trent?”

“Mmm-hmm,” Clara nodded her head, “I saw how worked up you got earlier. I think it’s fitting that Trent would get your wife one last time.”

Adam just stared at his wife as she turned away from him and slowly climbed out of the pool. His breath caught in his throat as he watched the ripples of water run down her back, down to the water line where her sexy bubble butt emerged from the water, swaying back and forth. The tight material of her white bikini bottoms, hugging her skin leaving very little to the imagination.

Clara stopped midway up the steps and looked over her shoulder at her husband, “You coming Trent?”

With that she reached back behind her and undid the knot holding her bikini on. She turned her head away from him and let her bikini top drop into the pool. All Adam could see was his wife’s sexy back. That’s when he realized that Clara’s bare chest was on display in their new rural neighborhood. His eyes flicked up to the dark house next door with its overgrown trees and plants. If that old dirty bastard next door looked out his window right now, he would get a real show.

Adam felt his cock get rock hard under the water. He quickly followed his wife up the steps, aching to get his hands on her, “Clara, what about our neighbor?”

“I thought you’d like exposing me? The same way you like watching men ogle me when I’m on stage,” Clara didn’t look back at him. She took her last step out of the pool and turned back towards the house. She walked past the hottub and the barbecue area, past their patio doors to the lounge chairs the previous owner had left.

“No one can see us over here,” Clara purred as she slowly bent over at the waist and pulled her wet bikini bottoms down her legs.

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Burt could feel his stomach pushing into the tops of his thighs as he hunched over behind the treeline. The lights from inside the house wouldn't reach them. As long as him and his nephew didn't move, they wouldn't be discovered.

This wasn't his first rodeo and it wasn't the first time he'd been in this spot.

“Hot damn,” Casper uttered on his breath as they stared at the sight unfolding before them. The wife was climbing out of the pool, her amazing ass covered by nothing but a wet piece of bathing suit. Burt could easily make out the outlines of her asscheeks as the material clung to her tightly.

Casper had been right before, there weren't any women around here built like that.

“You coming Trent?” the wife said as she climbed up the steps. Burt squinted and thought about that name. He couldn't remember their names from the day before but Trent didn't seem right. That wasn't the husband's name.

“Come on titty,” Casper said a little louder than Burt liked. He punched his nephew in the shoulder as a warning to keep quiet but his eyes stayed glued to the sexy female by the pool's edge. She was reaching behind her and undid the string holding her bikini top up. Burt felt his eyes bulge as she dropped the flimsy material into the pool.

“Clara, what about our neighbor?” The guy said, that's when it clicked for Burt that the wife's name was Clara and that her bare tits were on display for his empty house. Shit, he should have stayed home to get a better view.

“I thought you'd like exposing me? The same way you like watching men ogle me when I'm on stage,” Clara said without looking back at her husband. Interesting.

The platinum blonde wife got out of the pool and walked back towards their patio entrance. Burt heard Casper make a small squeal as Clara's heavy breasts came into view for them, bouncing with every step that she took. They looked fucking great and all Burt wanted to do was bury his face in em.

His eyes ran up and down her body. For someone that seemed to dress so prim and proper, he knew her type. She liked to tease men like him but look at that body. A body like that would only belong to a woman who wants to be bred. Those tits were built to be sucked on and that ass was meant to be mauled.

“No one can see us over here,” Clara said, then she bent over and lowered her wet bottoms until they landed with a wet splat onto the concrete patio.

Movement caught his eye. It looks like Casper was rubbing himself through his pants. He couldn't blame him but fuck that. He didn't want to be next to another guy while he was jerking off. He hit his nephew on the arm.

“Quit it,” he cursed in a low voice. Casper just nodded back at him, not taking his eyes off Clara's naked body. The husband quickly followed his wife over to the patio lounge chairs.

She laid down on her back and with one of the sexiest looks Burt had even seen, beckoned her husband over with her one finger. This was Burt's kind of woman. The kind of woman he would enjoy breaking in.

The kind of liberal woman from California that needed a strong hand and a firm mattress.

“What's that in your bathing suit Trent?” Clara asked seductively, biting her lip, “Let me see it.”

“Take a look,” the husband said in an unnatural voice. He undid the tie on his drawstring and lowered his bathing suit. Burt didn't much care for seeing another man naked so he kept his gaze on the blue-eyed wife.

“It looks like you missed me big boy,” Clara licked her lips, “I've missed you too. We better hurry before my husband comes home.”

“Yeah fuck that guy, uhhh,” the husband moaned as Clara reached out with her manicured fingers and gripped his shaft.

“I can't believe I let you do this to me,” Clara said. She was acting or something. Playing some kind of character. This must be them roleplaying some kind of fucked up cuckoo fantasy. She continued, “You know my husband hates you right? This is so wrong. I shouldn't let you do this to me.”

“No one is making you do anything,” the husband said as he laced his fingers through the hair on the back of her head, “We both know you can't say no to me.”

Then he pulled her forward towards his cock, the woman's lips immediately parted and the guy's cock slide into her mouth. Casper was staring at the couple, his hand absently stroking his cock again through his pants.

Burt wanted to smack him on the back of the head but he didn't wanna risk getting discovered. He kept his eyes locked on Clara, and tried to ignore what Casper was doing. Clara had her hand wrapped her around husband's shaft while she sucked on the head of his cock. She closed her eyes and even from here Burt could hear soft little moans escaping her lips.

“Mhmmmmmm,” the sexy little wife moaned. Burt grinned. When he had met her yesterday she put on this prim and proper act, like she was above someone like him but here she was loving sucking cock like a regular slut.

“God Trent, your cock is so big,” Clara moaned as she licked the underside of his cock. “So much bigger than Adam’s.”

Adam. That was his name. This was probably one of the most fucked up things Burt had ever seen. Clara pulled her lips back from her husband’s cock but continued to stroke it, staring down at it.

“It’s no wonder they gave you that promotion over my husband,” Clara bit her lip and increased the pace she was stroking his cock. “You’re better than him in everyway. Just look at this cock of yours.”

Clara slowed her strokes until she was just gripping his cock tightly with one hand. Then she leaned forward and gave the head of his cock a slow sensual kiss. She pulled back and gave it one more peck before licking her lips and laying herself back down on the lounge chair, “Now fuck me like you fucked my husband over at work.”

Clara’s sexy long legs spread open and her dumbass husband quickly got between them.

“Uhhmhm,” Clara moaned as her husband’s hips shifted forward. Burt stared intently at her face contort in pleasure as she took his dick. Her long slender legs wrapped around Adam’s hips and he toned arms wrapped around his back.

Clara was whispering something in her husband’s ear but Burt couldn’t hear it. Probably more dumb cucky shit to get him off on. Burt chanced a glance at his nephew who seemed to be openly stroking his cock through his pants. Even in his thirties this kid was still a degenerate. Not that Burt wasn’t.

With a disgusted look, Burt shifted his gaze away from his nephew and back onto the couple. He shifted his weight to get more comfortable and could feel his cock tenting in his pants. If Casper wasn’t here he might take it out and stroke it himself, he loved the look on the woman’s face.

“Uh fuck,” Adam moaned, “You feel so fucking good.”

“Keep going Trent,” Clara moaned, “Don’t stop.”

Clara’s finger nails ran down her husband’s back and dug into his ass, “Harder. Fuck me harder. Harder.”

Adam picked up his pace, gripping the arms of the lounge chair for leverage. Clara rolled her head to the side, her mouth hanging open, taking shallow breaths. Burt reluctantly shifted his gaze from her face to her husband. Watching the way he fucked her.

Burt wanted to stop over there and throw Adam off her and show Clara how a real man fucks.

“Look at them tits,” Casper gasped next to Burt. If the couple wasn’t so busy fucking they’d hear the ruffle of Casper’s pants as he stroked himself. From what Burt could tell from his peripheral vision, Casper was going to town on himself.

Clara’s tits were rising and falling rapidly with as she breathed. Burt wanted to taste them and squeeze his own cock through his pants but looked again at the husband.

“Harder,” Clara mewled. Adam tried to pick up his pace to meet her demands. Burt grinned. The boy was trying his best to please his woman but he didn’t really know what he was doing. He should be using his hips more to thrust into her, not just pushing off with his feet.

Burt immediately understood Adam in that moment. Good looking guy, tries to take care of his body. Probably has a fancy degree and a trust fund. Probably always had girls throwing themselves at him, never had to get good at fucking. Never had to get his hands dirty and roll around in the mud.

“Trent!” Clara cried, “Harder. I’m gonna cum.”

Burt wondered how Clara would respond to a marathon powerfuck session in his truck.

“Fuckkk,” Adam grunted, “I’m...I’m gonna cum too.”

“Cum for me Trent,” Clara squeezed her legs tightly around Adam’s hips, not wanting to let him go. “Cum in me.”

“Ah fuck,” Adam grunted his body stiffening.

“Ahhmmmmmmmm!” Clara screamed as one of her legs went out straight. Burt watched her lips form an ‘O’ as the sexy woman from California came. “Mhmmmmmmhmmmm.”

Her body tensed up, her nails dug into her husband’s back. She seemed to hold her breath as her husband grunted and then collapsed on her. The couple laid there for several seconds, their bodies coated in sweat, panting and breathing hard.

Casper made a move to retreat back further into the forest but Burt held a firm hand on his shoulder, keeping him in place. Better to wait for them to go inside then to try and make a move backwards right now. Too easy to snap a twig or make another sound now that they weren’t distracted with each other.

Burt stayed low and watched as Adam finally got up off his wife, smiling. He chuckled and made some kind of comment that Burt couldn't hear before helping his wife up off the lounge chair. Clara walked naked towards their back patio doors, her ass and tits bouncing as she did. Adam quickly grabbed his swim trunks, her bikini bottoms and their drinks before following her inside.

Burt and Casper stayed still at the edge of the treeline. The pool lights went off first, quickly followed by the lights of the first floor. One of the lights upstairs turned on, likely the couple up in their bedroom.

Suddenly Casper darted out towards the house before Burt could stop him. Burt gritted his teeth as he watched Casper make his way around the pool and stick his hand into the water. Grinning like an idiot, Casper fished something out of the water before darting back towards where Burt was kneeling.

Burt kept his eyes on the eyes. Nobody had caught Casper, unless someone was still in the darkened rooms of the first floor. Burt backed up a few paces just in case. Casper hurried back to him with a toothy grin, holding something white and wet in his hands.

Clara's bikini top.

"What the hell are you gonna do with that?" Burt scowled.

"Dunno," Casper said, "Just felt like grabbin' it."

"Well lets get outta here fore we get ourselves caught," Burt huffed and turned around, navigating his way through the forest, back to the roughed in path where they had set their crates of shine down.

It only took him a couple minutes to find them but in that time a loose plan began to form in his head. All he knew was that he wanted to watch that woman's face cum again and again with his cock buried deep inside of her. He might got an idea how to make that happen.

"Come on," Burt said to Casper, "Let's git this unloaded. Got some thinkin' to do."