

GRANDFATHER'S BUSTY INTERN CH. 03

rm Dexter

Shannon's parents sample some young stuff too.

Incest/Taboo

4.66

17.4k words

The negotiation session ended fairly quickly after the break, with Ted Lockhart leading the way to an agreeable settlement. With the deal done in principal, the parties shook hands, leaving the dotting of the I's and crossing of the T's to the lawyers.

"I think you've got this under control, right, Grant?" Ted said as he put a hand on the shoulder of his trusted advisor.

"Yes sir." Grant nodded back, a beaming smile on his face, knowing they'd successfully closed the deal.

"Good, I'm out of here then," Ted said, shaking Grant's hand. "I'll see you at the party tonight."

Standing in front of the chair she'd been in earlier, Shannon watched as her grandfather shook hands all around, his confident smile and genuine approach seeming to comfort all those in attendance. She had heard that her grandfather's success in the business world came mostly from being honest and better informed than everyone else—not from being devious and underhanded. She knew he paid his trusted employees well, for they were the ones who provided the hard-to-find information he needed in order to be on top of negotiations like this. As Shannon watched the way he moved from person to person, sincerely smiling and touching a person's arm as they shook hands, or took both their hands in his as they briefly talked, seeing the look of happiness on everyone's face, it made her love him even more.

After personally acknowledging everyone present, Ted stepped away from the group, taking Claudia by the elbow and leading her out of hearing range from the others, but close enough so that Shannon could overhear what they were saying. "So, did you take care of things for tonight?"

"Yes. I took care of it during that last break. Everything you asked for is laid out for her for the party."

Shannon's ears pricked up, knowing they were talking about her.

"Good, good. And the rest of the clothes I asked for are in her room now, including the things from Agent Provocateur? That bra she was wearing was nice, but it looked like something from Victoria's Secret."

Shannon almost felt her ears burning as she listened. She loved the bra and panty set she was wearing, but she had only seen Agent Provocateur lingerie online. It was wickedly sensuous, and tremendously expensive. From the pictures she'd seen online, she knew why it would appeal to her grandfather. She couldn't wait to go to her room and see what they were talking about.

"Yes, it was," Claudia replied, looking somewhat embarrassed. "I couldn't get that type of bra you liked in her size from Agent right now, it was back ordered. I hope the Secret one was okay."

"Yes, yes, it's fine," Ted said with an understanding nod. "You were able to get the rest of the things I wanted from AP though, right?"

"Yes, they're all nicely tucked away in her drawers." Claudia looked over quickly to Shannon and then turned back to Ted, a wry smile on her face. "I think she's going to look lovely in whatever you choose to put her in. And that outfit you picked out for tonight is fabulous. She's going to be the hit of the party."

"Great, I'll see you there then." Ted patted Claudia thankfully on the arm and turned on his heel, heading towards his granddaughter.

"Alright, Shannon, I think we can go now. There's nothing more for us to do here."

"Yes, sir," she replied, letting her grandfather take her by the arm and lead her from the room. She noticed that the two bodyguards he'd had posted outside the doors stepped right in front of them and led the way to the elevator.

"To your room, sir?" the one who seemed to be the leader of the two asked.

"Yes, Norm. And then we've got a couple of hours before the party tonight. Why don't you guys grab some dinner. We'll be fine. I'll be calling Miles when we're ready to go, and you guys just do your usual thing at the party."

"Yes sir, no problem." Norm pressed the button and he and his partner remained waiting with them until the car showed up. With a nod to Ted, they both left once Ted and Shannon were safely on board.

"Are they always like that?" Shannon asked.

"Norm and Graham? Yes, they've been with me for a few years now. Good guys. They've earned their pay a few times, but you don't need to worry about them. They are well paid not to hear anything I don't want them to hear, and I can send them away anytime I want."

"What did you mean when you said for them to do their usual thing at the party?"

"Oh, you'll probably never even know they're there. At big functions like this, they just blend in with the rest of the guests but remain on the periphery. I always know they're watching out for me though."

"That's so different from anything I'm used to."

"You'll get used to it. After a couple of days, you won't even notice them." The elevator arrived at the top floor, and Ted led her into his suite, their penthouse taking up half of the floor.

"Grandpa, I can't believe how gorgeous this room is. I just love it," Shannon gushed, looked around at the opulent décor, the scent of the numerous pots of fresh flowers filling the air.

"Yes, this isn't a bad room," Ted replied, looking around the room as if he'd never really noticed it before. He casually slipped off his suit jacket, dropping it over the back of one of the couches as he loosened his tie.

Shannon was amazed, realizing that this was the kind of life her grandfather lived every day, and the life she was going to be living for the next two months. She found herself almost squirming

with excitement at what she was going to be in for. She looked over to see her grandfather checking his watch.

"We've got a couple of hours before the party. I've got to make a few phone calls and answer a few e-mails. I know you were rushed before, so why don't you go and take your time and explore in your room for a while. You can take a little nap if you like, and then get ready for the party. The outfit I've picked out for you for tonight should be on your bed. I hope you'll like it."

Shannon thought back on the conversation she'd just overheard between her grandfather and Claudia. "I'm sure I'll love it. I've loved everything else you've got me so far." She stepped close to him and raised her mouth to his, pressing her lips to his in a searing kiss. He welcomed her kiss, wrapping his arms around her soft young body as his tongue entered her mouth, her hot oral cavity drawing him in invitingly. They kissed passionately for a few minutes, Shannon feeling herself melting under her grandfather's skilful abilities. She'd never been kissed so gently, and yet so wondrously provocative at the same time. His kisses were filled with grandfatherly tenderness, and yet carried the tingling promise of unlimited passion at the same time. His experienced lips, tongue and mouth were making her feel so different from the slobbery mouthing she was used to from boys her own age. Getting more and more aroused, she pressed her sumptuous chest against him, wanting more than just a kiss. Her hand slid across the crotch of his pants, seeking out that long tube of flesh she'd had in her mouth just a short time ago.

"You are a hot little thing, aren't you?" Ted asked, drawing his mouth away from hers as he cupped her lush round behind.

"I can't help it, Grandpa, once you gave me a taste of that beautiful cock of yours, I can't stop thinking about it." She accompanied this by giving a gentle squeeze to the cylinder of meat she felt beneath his trousers. "I don't know if I can wait until tonight."

"Tell you what, I'll give you a little something that should keep you satisfied for a little while." Shannon was surprised when he easily scooped her up in his arms and carried her over to the bar on one side of the room, plopping her right on top. He pushed her little black skirt up out of the way and grabbed her panties. She instinctively rolled her hips from side to side as he pulled them off.

"Why, these are soaking wet, my dear. Have you been thinking about something long and hard going deep inside you?" her grandfather asked, pulling one of the bar stools up between her legs.

"Yes, I have," Shannon admitted.

"I thought so. I better take care of that drip you've got happening so you're not leaking all over the seat of the limo tonight. Put your heels up on the bar and spread those legs for me, sweetheart," Ted said, sitting down on the stool and moving closer. Shannon obediently brought the pointy high heels of her black patent pumps onto the edge of the bar, her knees coming up almost to her face, her skirt sliding down onto her abdomen. She let her legs roll slowly open to each side, totally exposing herself to her grandfather's hungry gaze.

"Oh yeah, that's just about the prettiest pussy I've ever seen," Ted said, his eyes feasting on the soft petals of her vagina as they eased open, spreading enticingly apart like the juiciest peach. Ted could see that girl was dripping wet, her girly juices glistening invitingly as they clung to the vivid pink lips of her weeping little box. Her alluring fragrance washed over him, the illicitly intoxicating scent of young innocence. He leaned forward, slipping his long tongue right between those soft folds of flesh, feathering it deep inside her.

"Oh Godddddd," Shannon groaned, throwing back her head as a wave of pleasure shot through her. Her arms twitched as they held her body upright while her grandfather rolled his tongue in slow methodical circles, the tip rubbing teasingly over the seeping membranes of her velvety trench. "Oh Jesus, that is so good," Shannon thought to herself, amazed at the older man's skilful technique. He was taking his time, pleasuring her luxuriously with his mouth, so unlike the slobbery attempts of her boyfriends. Her grandfather seemed to know exactly what to do to make her squirm, pressing on one spot with the flat of his tongue, and then swirling the tip slowly in exquisite teasing circles somewhere else, her pleasure level escalating until she thought she was going to climb the walls. She was panting and gasping, her juices flowing into his welcoming mouth as he took her higher and higher. She looked down at his handsome face and heard him let out a soft moan, the low groan humming right into the depths of her pussy, the subtle vibrations causing more of her youthful honey to seep out onto his waiting tongue. He slid his mouth slightly backwards, and then licked upwards, his tongue rolling blissfully over the erect spire of her clit, bathing it in warm slick saliva. That was all it took to trip her over the edge, a shattering climax bursting forth from the base of the sensitive love-button and streaking to every nerve-ending of her body.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHHH," she gasped loudly as she came, her youthful body shaking and twitching spasmodically. Paroxysms of pleasure coursed through her curvy form as he sucked on her sensitive clit, causing her whole body to thrum like a plucked guitar string.

"OHHHHHNNNN," she groaned again and again as her orgasm continued, her gushing cunt flooding the lower part of his face. The muscles on the insides of her thighs were quivering uncontrollably as wave after wave of ecstasy rolled over her, her grandfather's experienced mouth bringing her more pleasure than she ever thought imaginable. Finally, with a quivering shudder that had her whole body shaking, she collapsed back on the bar, her massive chest heaving as she fought to regain her breath. She twitched and shook, mumbling incoherently as the delicious sensation of her scintillating climax slowly dwindled. Through half-closed eyes, she looked down at her grandfather, watching him slowly lapping away at her seeping cunt, licking up the gooey drops of her youthful nectar.

"I think you liked that," her grandfather said as he lifted his face from between her legs and leaned over her, her juices glistening on his cheeks and chin. He kissed her tenderly, his tongue exploring deep within her hot teenage mouth, letting her taste the remnants of her discharge still lingering on his tongue.

"I loved it. That was amazing, grandfather," Shannon said with a sexy purr as he finally pulled his mouth away from hers.

"Good. Now clean me up." As he leaned over her, Shannon willingly extended her tongue and licked his face clean. She pursed her lips forward and sucked at his chin as her tongue moved in slow insistent strips across his mature skin, making sure she lapped up every creamy drop. Finally, all that was left was a shimmering coating of her drying saliva, every morsel of her teenage cunt-honey cleaned away by her youthful tongue.

"That's my good girl," Ted said as he stood up. "I'll come to your room at 6:45. Your outfit for tonight will already be there for you. Make sure you do a good job with your makeup. You want to make sure you look good for our first date, don't you?"

"Yes, grandpa," Shannon replied with a nod of her head, wanting more than anything to make sure her grandfather would be proud to be seen with her. Without another word, she watched her grandfather disappear into the room on the opposite side of the suite and close the door. Shannon

slowly eased herself off the bar, her legs trembling as she settled herself onto the floor. Her orgasm had left her unsteady, but she got herself together as she smoothed down her skirt and made her way across the penthouse to her own room, closing the door behind her and leaning against it, taking a long deep breath as she composed herself. She couldn't believe what had happened to her in the last 24 hours. If this is what life as her grandfather's intern was going to be like, she couldn't wait to experience the next two months. She thought how different her life was going to be from what it had been just a day before. She wondered if her parents and her best friend, Natalie, were thinking of her, and missing her. Shannon was so happy to be away from home and under the skilful guiding hand of her grandfather, and away from her boyfriend from school, Steve, as well. Yes, Steve had been able to come again and again like a jack-rabbit, but he had nothing on her grandfather. And her grandfather had promised to fuck her tonight, and not just once—at least twice. As she thought about that massive cock splitting her young pussy wide open, she felt the juices running inside her once more.

EARLIER THAT DAY AND MILES AWAY...

After Shannon had broken the news to him last night that she'd be away interning for her grandfather all summer, Steve had gone out with his buddies and had a couple of beers in an attempt to drown his sorrows. He'd suggest to his pals that they go to a cougar bar, because Steve knew that what bothered him just as much as not being able to see Shannon, was that he wouldn't be able to be around her sexy mother, Meredith, as well. Shannon had definitely inherited her mother's good looks and terrific body, and for Steve, being a typical 18-year old, there was something compellingly alluring about the older woman, who always looked so confident and sexy. He'd always had a thing for older women, and most of the porn he looked at was MILF-inspired. And as far as he was concerned, Meredith Westbrook was the perfect MILF. Her beautiful sultry face, huge tits and full curvy body never ceased to make his cock throb within the confines of his jeans. And the fact that she was his girlfriend's mother just made his crush on her all the more intoxicating.

His pals had quickly run out of cash at the bar, and the one who was the designated driver kept complaining that he wanted to go. Being a weeknight, the only MILFs at the bar were a couple of skanks who looked they'd been ridden hard and put away wet. With nothing of interest there, Steve found himself alone at home earlier than he'd hoped, and with Shannon having given him the brush off, he said good night to his folks and retired to his room, locking the door behind him before turning his computer on. He pulled up his pictures folder, and selected the one labelled 'MW', and in an instant, his screen was filled with thumbnail pics of Shannon's mother, Meredith Westbrook. He'd used every opportunity he'd had to take shots of the sexy older woman with his cell phone, some that she knew about, and some that he'd taken when she hadn't been watching. There were a number taken at Shannon's 18th birthday, when they'd celebrated out by the pool. Mrs. Westbrook had looked great that day in a tight-fitting pink sleeveless turtleneck that hugged her impressive set of breasts invitingly, the vertical ribs of the turtleneck seeming to oscillate in and out seductively as they followed the swelling contours of her mouth-watering tits. She'd paired that with a tiny white skirt, the taut material fitting tightly over her round curvy behind and ending high on her smooth creamy thighs.

Steve had pulled up a number of those pics before enlarging some others, ones he'd taken of Mrs. Westbrook when she'd been asleep out by the pool, beautifully clad in a white bikini, her ample tits swelling against the tiny triangles of the bikini top, her flat stomach pulling his gaze lower to where the alluring V of the bikini bottom disappeared between her thighs.

Little did Steve know that Meredith was only feigning sleep, watching the boy from behind her sunglasses through slitted eyes. She had watched as he looked behind him to make sure Shannon wasn't watching, and then he'd pulled out his phone and silently taken some pictures of her. She'd made a soft moan and shifted as if still asleep, letting her legs drift apart so Steve was looking right up between her spread legs, his eyes opening wide as they zeroed in on the strip of white fabric cupping her sex invitingly. She watched him gulp excitedly, and then she spotted the growing bulge in his jeans as he brought his phone up and started taking more pictures. She smiled to herself, happy that she still had the ability to make a sexy young man like her daughter's boyfriend get hard at the drop of a hat.

It was these pictures that Steve pulled up on his computer as well, filling the screen with various shots of the sexy Mrs. Westbrook. Shannon was an excellent cocksucker, and Steve loved it when she gave him head, her enthusiasm for sucking cock seemed to be limitless, and Steve had filled her welcoming mouth with multiple loads while thinking about her mother. But with Shannon giving him the brush-off tonight, and then going to be away for the rest of the summer, he brought out his old friend, Baby-Fresh Vaseline, and started to slather the viscous lube over his swelling prick. He'd jerked off twice to pictures of Mrs. Westbrook before going to bed, fantasizing about the things he'd love to do with the beautiful sexy MILF.

He'd slept in, finally getting up around 11:00am. With his parents both at work, the house was peacefully quiet. He'd woken up with the usual hard on, and slid into his desk chair, once more pulling up a number of seductive photos of Shannon's mother. He was just about to reach for his Vaseline when his cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Steve, yes, it's Meredith Westbrook," Shannon's mother spoke into the phone.

"Oh, hi Mrs. Westbrook," Steve replied as he looked at the sexy pictures filling his screen, his eyes zeroing in on one of her tits looking spectacular in the tight turtleneck, her large nipples protruding boldly against the soft pink fabric. "I was actually just thinking about you."

"You were? Nothing bad, I hope?" she replied teasingly.

"Not at all." His eyes looked at another picture of her in her bikini, her tanned legs looking spectacular as she lay with her legs parted, Steve picturing his tongue sliding up her inner thigh. "I was just thinking that with Shannon going to be away this summer, I wanted to let you know that if you ever need help with anything around the house, you can call me anytime. I'd love to come over and do what I can to help you."

"Oh Steve, that's so sweet of you. And that's kind of actually why I called. I've got a picture that I need to hang, and I'm having trouble finding a stud. So naturally, I thought of you." Meredith spoke very innocently, but there was a definite provocative tone in her voice. She wished she could see the boy's face.

Steve felt himself flushing at her words. Was she just calling him a stud? Or was she just fucking with him? Whatever, it didn't matter, he felt his dick stiffening as he listened to her voice and thought about what she was saying. "Uh sure, I can help you with that, Mrs. Westbrook." He was keen to find out something else. "Is Mr. Westbrook not home? Is there some reason he can't hang that picture for you?"

"He's going to be away for the rest of the day at the club. We played nine holes earlier, but apparently he's got some lessons lined up until dinner time. So he'll be away all afternoon." Steve's ears pricked up as she drew out the last sentence seductively, "...he'll be away alllllllll afternoon."

"Oh, uh okay."

"And besides, you know Shannon's father, he's pretty useless when it comes to doing things like that around the house. It would be nice to have someone big and strong to help me with things sometime, like with this hammering I need. Mr. Westbrook only has a small hammer, and I was hoping you'd have a bigger one to help me out with. Do you have a big hammer, Steve?"

Steve felt his dick stiffen even more. There was a bewitchingly provocative tone in the older woman's voice. He decided to be a little cocky himself, to see how the sexy MILF would respond. "I've never had any complaints so far. My hammer seems to be big enough to do pretty much any job."

"Well, that's perfect," Mrs. Westbrook responded in a breathy voice. "A strong young man with a big hammer...well, Steve, it sounds like you can take care of all the hammering I need."

"Oh fuckkkkk," Steve thought to himself, his cock so hard now that it ached with the need to find something hot, wet and slippery to bury itself into. Again, he wanted to press the discussion a little further to see what she'd say. "I've done some hammering for Shannon, and I think she was pretty happy with the results."

"Oh, I know, dear," Meredith replied. She had come home early one day and heard noises coming from her daughter's room. She'd sneaked a peek through the girl's bedroom door and seen Steve on his knees between her daughter's legs, holding her ankles up and spread wide apart as he'd flexed back and forth, fucking the shit out of her. Meredith had gotten a good look at his glistening cock as it shuttled in and out of her daughter's clutching pussy, the boy's dick looking impressively big and steely hard. Meredith had been overcome with arousal and shoved her hand beneath her skirt, her fingers finding her dripping cunt instinctively. She'd watched the two youngsters fuck until all three of them came at the same time. She'd continued to watch as her daughter eagerly sucked the boy back to full erection within minutes, and then he'd turned her over and fucked her from behind, his hand pulling at her ponytail as he'd pounded his brick-hard cock in and out of her. Meredith had envied her daughter, watching the girl twist and squeal through climax after climax. And she knew then she wanted that for herself. Her daughter going away for the summer gave her the perfect opportunity she'd been waiting for. Her voice was definitely breathy and suggestive when she replied. "I think the hammering I'd want you to do would be of some things that are older than the things Shannon wanted you to hammer. Do you think you'd like to try that?"

Steve could hear the sensual teasing in her voice, and looked down to see a drop of glistening precum ooze to the tip of his pulsing cock. "I'd love to try that, Mrs. Westbrook—especially with you."

"That's good, sweetie. Do you have anything you need to do this afternoon? Because I've been looking around and I think I might just keep you busy hammering all afternoon long."

"No," Steve replied instantly. "I'm free as long as you want me."

"That's perfect. When can you get here?"

Steve could hear the anticipation in her voice. "I'll be there in twenty minutes."

"Good. Just let yourself in. I'll be in my bedroom. That's where I want you to do the hammering."

"I'm on my way," Steve replied, already up and out of his chair.

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It was sixteen minutes later when Steve pulled into the sweeping driveway of Shannon's home. He was just happy he hadn't been pulled over by a cop. He had exceeded the speed limit all the way over. Jumping out of his car, he rushed into the house. He took a couple of deep breaths in order to compose himself, wanting to make sure Mrs. Westbrook didn't think he was just an eager little kid. He was an eager BIG kid, but he still wanted to look cool. He walked through the familiar house and towards the wing that held Shannon's parent's bedroom, a room he had seen, but never spent any time in. The double doors to the room were closed and he started to get nervous, wondering if he had misread the signs from everything Mrs. Westbrook had said on the phone. "Fuck," he said to himself as he looked down at his hands—he hadn't even thought to bring a real hammer. He figured if he was wrong, he'd just have to think on his feet and bluff his way out of an uncomfortable situation. With his conflicted mind swirling, he knocked on the door.

"KNOCK...KNOCK..."

"Come in," he heard Mrs. Westbrook's voice almost purr in invitation.

He opened the door and stepped in, automatically closing the door behind him. When he turned and looked into the room, his jaw almost hit the floor. Mrs. Westbrook was lying in the middle of the bed, her body propped up against the wooden headboard by a stack of pillows beneath her. The covers were pulled down, with only a set of dark purple sheets beneath her. As Steve looked at her, he felt his heart start to race.

She was wearing a brilliant satin corset in a vivid fuchsia color, the rich deep-pink tone overlaid with subtle embroidery and lace trim that was almost silvery-white. He could see the vertical seams of the panels running up her midsection, before being hidden beneath the substantial bra cups of the sexy garment. The bra cups were packed full with her generous tit flesh, the lace trim accentuating the deep line of her cleavage as the top edge of the two cups dipped down in the center. The tight fitting bodice nipped in waspishly at her waist, sensually defining her mature hourglass figure before flaring out over the top of her wide matronly hips. Fuchsia-colored ribbons flowed from the top corners of the heavily-structured bra cups over her shoulders, the thin shiny straps carrying the heavy load of her big tits. Similar ribbons were attached to the bottom edge of the corset, stretching down to the tops of her full thighs where they bit invitingly into sheer gossamer stockings in a natural tone that made her shapely legs glisten alluringly. The clasps of the garters were pulling the stockings tight as they were gripping onto elaborate wide panels at the top of the stockings, the panels embroidered intricately in a creamy color that looked incredibly sexy against her tanned skin.

With his heart pounding in his chest and his dick on the rise, Steve let his gaze travel down the length of her sexy legs, one draped sensually over the other in a provocative pose. The shimmering hose looked fucking amazing on her legs, his eyes following them down over her creamy thighs to her dimpled knees, and down further over her full calves to her trim ankles and to the tips of her delicate feet, the stockings sheer all the way to the toe. Her feet were clad in sexy silver high heels, shiny straps crossing over her foot just above her toes, with a slim strap circling her ankle. He could see the thin stiletto heels digging into the mattress as she lay before him, her eyes watching him intently. He finally drew his gaze back up to her pretty face, never having seen his girlfriend's

mother look so bewitchingly sexy before. Her frosty blonde hair looked wild and erotic as it framed her lovely features. Her eyes were made up with smoky deep pink tones that made her look so wantonly alluring that he felt his cock lurch in his pants. Her lips were painted with a thick coat of lipstick, the lipstick the same color of fuchsia as her corset, the color matching the tones of her eye-shadow perfectly. He almost groaned out loud as he looked at her, having never dreamed he'd have a chance to see Mrs. Westbrook looking like this. He'd dreamed about it and fantasized about it as he'd jerked off many times, but he couldn't believe she was actually dressed like this as she lay before him.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked coquettishly, shifting from one side to the other, one sexy leg coming up slightly as she extended the other one. His eyes instinctively shifted from her legs to her chest, where the soft mounds of her breasts wobbled teasingly beneath the restricting confines of the jam-packed bra cups.

"Mrs. Westbrook, you look...you look amazing!" Steve stammered as he looked at her, his eyes open wide as if he didn't want to ever forget what he was looking at. He shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, his surging prick already feeling hard enough to cut glass.

"I think under these circumstances, you can call me Meredith." She said calmly, an inviting smile turning up the corners of her sensually-painted lips as she looked at the massive bulge in his pants. She crooked her finger and beckoned him seductively. "Now, why don't you come over here and let me see that big hammer of yours?"

Steve hurriedly whipped off his shirt as he kicked off his tennis shoes. He stepped across the room as he pulled at his belt. In no time flat he had his jeans and underwear off as well, tossed aside carelessly. He stood at the foot of the bed, his raging cock thrusting vigorously up at a 45-degree angle, the engorged head bobbing enticingly up and down with each powerful beat of his racing heart.

"Oh my, isn't that a thing of beauty," Meredith said as she got to her hands and knees and crawled towards the foot of the bed, her body moving sensually like a cat. Steve looked down at her big tits as they hung down beneath her, the soft-looking swells of flesh barely contained by the lace-trimmed cups of the corset, her cleavage looking a mile long and mysteriously deep. As she glided towards the bottom of the bed, her full breasts moved languidly in the confining pink satin, as if begging for his itchy fingers to reach forward and slide right inside the cups of the corset and pull them out. It was one of the sexiest things he'd ever seen. Her hand reached out and circled the pulsing shaft of his turgid dick, her fingers not even meeting the palm of her hand as she closed her fingers.

"Oh fuck, it's so wonderfully hard," Meredith said softly as she let her hand gently stroke upwards, the outer sheath sliding luxuriously along his brick-hard cock. She couldn't believe how stiff it was—it felt like a velvet-covered iron rod in her hand. A glistening drop of precum pulsed to the surface of the wet red eye at the tip, making her mouth water with anticipation. She'd felt Steve quiver with excitement as her hand closed down on his rampant prick, and as much as she wanted to feel that beautiful turgid love-muscle pounding her needy cunt, she didn't want him to go off too fast—and with the aroused state he seemed to be in right now, she thought that might be a problem. She definitely wanted to make sure she got off while he was fucking her. She knew with a boy his age, he would have no problem getting ready for round two—she'd already witnessed her daughter take advantage of his relentless endurance that time she'd spied on them. "Hey baby..." She looked up at him, a provocative look in her sexy blue eyes. "You seem pretty excited."

"Oh Mrs. West...er...Meredith, you wouldn't believe how many times I've dreamed of this. You are so fucking gorgeous." Steve paused for a second, wondering if he'd gone too far. "Excuse my language."

"That's fine, sweetheart," Meredith replied, a knowing smile on her pretty mature face. "I love it when you talk like that. You can say whatever you want around me." She felt his cock buck in her hand, and another shimmering drop of precum oozed to the surface, the slimy fluid starting to distend teasingly from the tip of his erection. "Tell you what, how about you let me suck this first load out of this beautiful cock of yours? That'll take the edge off so you can really fuck me for your second and third, and then you can lie back and let me give you a nice slow blowjob for your fourth."

Steve's eyes flicked to the clock on the bedside table. "What time did you say your husband's getting home?"

"Probably not until around 6:00, he said he's got lessons booked at the golf course all afternoon. But it'll be fine—I told him to call me in case I wanted him to pick anything up on the way home."

A sly grin came over Steve's face. "Well then, your plan for those four loads sounds perfect. But it's 11:30 right now—I figure your plan should take us until just after 1:00. What do you want to do the rest of the afternoon? Because you know, I'm good for a lot more than four."

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkk, I've hit the jackpot here," Meredith thought to herself, her itchy pussy twitching as she listened to what Steve was saying. She loved the stamina and endurance of youth, and couldn't wait to have this strong young boy fuck her for hours.

"Well, that sounds like a challenge," she replied. "Why don't we spend all afternoon in this bed seeing just how many loads I can take out of you...starting right now." She leaned forwards, pulling his pulsing dick down towards her mouth. Her lips formed into an obscene oval as she pursed them forward, slipping them right over the enflamed head, her succulent lips closing down on the veiny shaft, trapping the mushroom-shaped knob within her hot wet mouth.

"Oh Jesus," Steve groaned, throwing back his head as his eyes closed in blissful pleasure. He couldn't believe it—Mrs. Westbrook was actually sucking his cock!

Meredith was in heaven, her mouth full of hot hard teenage cock. She pushed a wad of saliva to the front of her mouth, bathing the massive enflamed head with her spit as she rolled her tongue slowly over it.

"Oh fuckkkk," Steve moaned as she pushed her mouth farther forwards, hollowing in her cheeks so the hot wet tissues inside her mouth embraced his turgid prick in a velvety sheath. With one hand wrapped around the base of his cock, she took her other hand and gently took hold of his balls. She hummed warmly into the stiff cylinder of flesh filling her mouth as she hefted his large testes, hoping they were overflowing with semen, just waiting for her to drain him of every creamy drop. She started to get into a smooth cock-sucking rhythm, sliding her mouth back and forth on his beefy dong as her hand pumped away at the base, her circling fingers spinning in a torturous corkscrew motion. His heavy balls almost overflowed her hand, but she gently rolled the big nuts around in her palm, hoping to coax as much jizz out of those boys as she could.

"That is so fucking goooooooooodddd," Steve said with a groan as he looked down at his girlfriend's sexy mother slavishly sucking his cock. Still standing at the foot of the bed as she kneeled before him, he started flexing his hips slightly back and forth, working with her as he

fucked her face. She was slurping noisily as she bobbed up and down on his throbbing cock, her lustrous blonde hair swirling about her face, her lips pursed well forward, her fuchsia-colored lipstick looking wickedly erotic against his glistening spit-covered prick. He hadn't come yet this morning, and he was overdue to get a load off. With Mrs. Westbrook sucking his cock like a porn star, it only took a few minutes before his balls started to draw up close to his body.

Meredith could feel his nuts pulling up, and she sucked feverishly, knowing he was close. Her cheeks sucked in and out like a bellows as her head moved back and forth, her circling hand pumping vigorously at his young cock.

"OH FUCK...OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES!" Steve let out a wail as he started to come. The first thick rope of teenage seed blew forth powerfully from the end of his dick, almost knocking her head off his bucking cock. He felt himself quivering as the delicious contractions ran through his midsection, shot after shot of thick rich semen spewing into her sucking mouth.

Meredith loved the intensely masculine taste filling her mouth, rope after rope blowing into the depths of her throat as she voraciously continued to suck. The texture of the boy's cum was delicious, so thick and creamy. It pooled on her tongue as he continued to flood her mouth, waded upon waded of thick teenage semen firing her taste buds. She could feel her bloated cheeks about to overflow, white rivulets of cum oozing from the corners of her painted lips. "Glimmph," she swallowed noisily, silky strands of slimy jizz sliding down her throat. She swallowed again, purring like a kitten as the warm cream flowed over her tonsils, her body tingling with desire for the luxurious flavor of the young man's cum. He kept cumming and she kept swallowing, filling her tummy with his massive load, her bobbing head working to pull out every last drop of his potent seed.

"Oh Jesus," Steve cooed as the final tingling sensations of his wicked release ran through his body. His cock had stopped shooting, but Mrs. Westbrook kept sucking, a look of blissful rapture in her hooded eyes. He smiled, watching the woman of his dreams worshipping his cock—and loving it. He knew he'd stay hard, he always did until he got off at least two loads, so he continued to let her suck, loving the feel of her exquisite mature mouth working on his turgid rod.

Meredith was thrilled that he was still hard, her throat feeling warm and temporarily satisfied from the massive load she'd just swallowed. She wanted more—more of the boy's hot thick cum, but right now, she wanted to feel that steely-hard cock filling her needy cunt. "Cmon, sweetheart, I need that cock of yours inside me now," she said, spinning around and flopping onto her back, her legs coming up and apart wantonly as her stiletto heels dug into the mattress.

Steve looked down at her pussy, framed enticingly by her deep-pink satin corset, the ribbon-like garters, and the intricately embroidered tops of her shimmering hose. She was nicely shaved, with just a little landing strip trimmed into a downward arrow above her glistening slit, the little V-shaped strip the same frosty-blond color as her hair. Her labia were full and looked swollen with need, the soft pink petals shining with her womanly nectar. He looked further up her body, her big tits looking so fucking sexy in the corset. Her upper body was resting on her elbows, her gorgeous face a mask of lust as she looked at him standing at the foot of the bed, his raging cock still pulsing stiffly. He could smell her as well, the rich womanly scent of her seeping pussy filling the air. It turned him on even more, knowing those slippery juices would soon be coating his throbbing dick.

"I want you right here," Steve said firmly, reaching forward and slipping his hands between her spread legs and around her thighs. He pulled her down to the bottom of the bed, her lush body sliding across the rich purple sheets until her dripping mound was right in front of his rigid erection.

He slipped his hands down her legs to her trim ankles, his fingers closing over the slim silver strap of her sexy high heels. He lifted her feet up towards his shoulders, and then spread her legs out to each side, lewdly opening her up for the oncoming assault. Her widely-spread legs caused the glistening labial curtains to pull apart, a shiny web of cunt-honey connecting the soft pink petals.

"Is this what you need?" Steve asked, leaning slightly forward as he pushed the engorged head of his dick against the opening of her slick trench. He looked down as the pink lips circled the invading knob, the slippery flesh clinging possessively to the enflamed membranes of his glans. He pushed harder, feeling the incendiary heat of her loins as the head disappeared inside her.

"Oh fuck, yes. Give me every hard beautiful inch," Meredith cooed as her eyes closed in rapture, loving the feel of the boy's thick hard cock stretching her insides. He held her legs well out to each side as he continued to push, inch after inch rising deep into her itchy cunt. The hot seeping tissues inside her slowly yielded, allowing the hard cylinder of flesh deeper, her oily juices bathing his invading cock. She'd been so turned on by sucking that beautiful erection, that she knew she was primed for a climax already. As he went deeper, she could feel her pleasure level escalating.

"Unh...unh...unh..." Her vaginal walls continued to stretch reluctantly, until finally, his loins pressed up against hers, his long hard cock totally buried inside her, the stiff member filling her luxuriously.

"OH GODDDDDDDDDDD!" she wailed, a shattering climax blossoming from deep inside her blissfully-stretched cunt. She gripped the sheets tightly as her body convulsed and shook, paroxysms of pleasure shooting through her. She could feel herself gushing, spraying the young man's groin with her spitting juices as she twitched and spasmed, needing this release more than she thought.

Steve held on to her quivering legs tightly, keeping her spread wide open as she came. Her huge tits looked fantastic as they wobbled beneath the jam-packed corset, her painted lips open lewdly as she gasped for breath. He could see her pulling at the sheets in a death grip as she bucked and twisted. He loved the intensity of her orgasm, watching her intently as wave after wave of pleasure rolled over her. He had her totally impaled on his rigid pecker, and loved the feel of her mature cunt gripping him tightly, drops of female discharge spraying against his abdomen. Just watching his girlfriend's mother cum was one of the sexiest things he'd ever seen—especially knowing he was responsible for filling that needy cunt of hers. Finally, the blissful sensations tearing through her dwindled. Her hands let go of the sheets as she lay there gasping, a serene smile on her face.

"Now that we've each got one out of the way," Steve said as he slowly withdrew his cock from the depths of her clutching birth canal, "how about I see how many times I can make you come too." With his hands holding her ankles far out to each side, he slammed his hips forward, thrusting every hard inch into her seeping cunt.

"Oh fuccckkkkk...yesssssss..." Meredith hissed, her hands once more clutching at the sheets as he bottomed out, totally impaling himself in her lush mature body. She rolled her hips up against him as he started to fuck her, the tingling sensations of a second climax starting to blossom within her sexy body already.

FOUR BLOCKS AWAY...

"So what time will your parents be home?" Pete Westbrook asked.

"They won't be home until after work. Probably around 5:30 or 6:00. We've got lots of time," Natalie replied, taking the older man by the hand and leading him into her bedroom.

"That's good, I've got a lot of cum to feed you," Pete replied, dropping the gym bag he was carrying on the floor and closing the bedroom door behind him.

Pete had told his wife, Meredith, that he had a full slate of lessons at the golf course scheduled for the afternoon. In reality, he'd only had one, and he'd hurried through that, letting the middle-aged hacker know he'd tack on an extra fifteen minutes next time. He was anxious to get to Natalie's. She'd texted him the night before that she had the whole day free, but she wasn't feeling too well, and she was hoping he'd be available to come by and feed her a few doses of her favorite medicine. His daughter's 18-year old best friend had been sucking him off for a few months now, and it had only been lately that they'd started to fuck. The girl was a natural when it came to sucking cock, never seeming to get enough. And she was a tight little fuck alright, her young pussy feeling like a velvet fist around his hard pecker every time he fucked her. And she was a kinky little thing, eager to try anything he wanted. That's why he had brought the gym bag today.

"I can't believe Shannon's going to be away all summer, and then off to business school after that. I was hoping we'd at least have the summer together," Natalie said, a bit of a pout on her pretty young face. She looked cute as anything, her long blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail, the way she always wore it when she sucked him off. Both of them liked that it kept her hair from interfering with the work her mouth was going to do, and Pete liked to grip it and move her head wherever he wanted, or hold onto it when he fucked her from behind. "I'm really going to miss her."

"We're all going to miss her," Pete replied, his mind going back to all the times he'd jerked off fantasizing about his busty young daughter lately. It was a daily thing now, and he couldn't get his mind off the girl's full curvy body and perfect cock-sucking lips. Licking the gusset of the teenager's worn panties had become a nightly ritual for him, often ending up with him blowing a load into her panties or one of her substantial bras. His wife had been surprised when he'd offered to be the "laundry guy" at their house a few years back. It would have surprised her to know the ulterior motive behind his offer was to have free access to his daughter's underwear, especially the ones she'd just worn. He'd often come knocking at her door shortly after she got home from the gym, letting her know he was going to do a load of laundry, and she'd ask him to wait a minute or two until she changed. She'd throw her soiled items into the basket, and the warm sweaty garments usually caused him to do a 'load' of his own as well as he sucked at the damp crotch of her panties.

"Well, hopefully you and I can spend some time together this summer instead," Natalie said in a sultry tone as she sidled up to Pete and kissed him gently on the lips, her hand seeking out the growing bulge in his pants. After they shared a deep searing kiss, she pulled back from him slightly, her fingers still wrapped around the tube of flesh beneath his trousers as she nodded towards the floor. "What's in the bag?"

"Just a few things I brought for us to have some fun with today, including some things I'd like you to wear."

"What's wrong with what I'm wearing," she asked, putting a playful pout on her face as she stood back and did a pirouette for him. She was wearing skin-tight black yoga pants that hugged her heart-shaped rear end spectacularly, and a white tank top of a similar stretchy material, her braless perfect-shaped C-cup breasts straining against the front of the tightly-stretched top. He could clearly see her nipples, the stiff buds causing teasing shadows to fall on the front of her tank top.

"Nothing at all, I've just got a little something that I think will look fantastic on you."

"What is it?" Natalie was curious now, wondering what he'd brought for her.

Peter unzipped the bag and pulled out a black miniskirt and a short-sleeved red cardigan, with numerous tiny red buttons running down the front.

"That...that stuff looks like Shannon's. I remember her wearing that when we were in middle school. Once her boobs got too big and her hips flared out, she couldn't wear them anymore." Natalie said, a look of surprise on her face.

"Well, yes, you're right," Pete replied, knowing he'd been caught out in the little ruse he'd planned. Now he had to try and cover himself. "She only wore them a few times, and they're still in great shape. I just thought they would look great on you. And I think the size will be perfect."

"Ummm...okay," Natalie said as Pete handed her the two items.

"Here, just a couple of other things," he said, reaching into the bag once more. He brought out a small bag and handed it to Natalie. "These will look good with that outfit too."

The young girl opened the bag and reached inside. She drew out a gorgeous red bra trimmed in dainty white lace, the garment looking wickedly sexy and yet femininely delicate at the same time. She pulled out a matching pair of panties as well. "These are Shannon's too. I remember her changing out of these when she stayed over when we were younger."

"Uh...yes. But like the other things she outgrew, those are in great shape too. And look, they're your size." Natalie turned the bra over and looked at the tag: 34C, her size exactly. "Oh, just one more thing to make the outfit complete," Pete interjected before she had a chance to say anything. His hands reached into the gym bag again and pulled out a pair of high-heeled black suede boots. The boots were very sexy, with a slim 4" heel and a sharply pointed toe.

"Those are Shannon's too," Natalie said, pointing to the boots in Pete's hand.

"Yes, but you wear the same size, right?" He'd heard the girls talk about this before, and knew they occasionally borrowed shoes from each other.

"Well, yes, but..." Natalie stammered as he handed her the boots as well. It was finally dawning on her what was happening here. "Gee, all these things of Shannon's you want me to wear, including a bra that she's grown out of. Well, well...you're quite the little perv, aren't you?"

"No...I...I just thought it would look great on you," Pete said, trying to turn things around as he felt himself flushing.

Natalie got a sly smile on her face, knowing she'd basically caught her best friend's father with his hand in the cookie jar—or more like it, his daughter's underwear drawer. "You know," she said as she sidled up to him once more and nipped at his lower lip, "if you want me to dress up and pretend I'm Shannon, you just had to ask."

"You...you really don't mind?" Pete asked, a wave of relief flooding over him.

"Not at all. It's so nasty that it's turning me on. You know I'll do anything you want, as long as you keep feeding me your cum." They'd had some conversations before like this—Natalie was willing to do anything he wanted to try, as long as every load ended up going in her mouth or on her face. For her, having a load dumped into her steamy young cunt was a waste. Tasting it, or feeling it on her skin, that's what she loved.

"That's great," Pete said excitedly. "Then why don't you go and put those things on." He gestured towards the door of the girl's en-suite bathroom.

"Okay," Natalie said as she gathered up the items and sauntered over to the bathroom. She turned and paused as she entered the doorway. She spoke in a breathy whisper, "I'll be right back...Daddy."

"Oh fuck, yes!" Pete thought to himself as he watched her close the door behind her. This was going to be perfect. This sweet young fuck-bunny was eagerly willing to do anything he wanted, including pretending to be her best friend—his daughter. When Shannon had outgrown the bra and panty set on her way to her present size of 34DD, he'd stolen the sexy garments and stashed them in one of his old golf bags in the basement, periodically whipping them out and jacking off while looking at them. It was the same with the alluring red sweater and black miniskirt. When her developing hourglass figure had caused the skirt to fit a little too tight on the hips, and her sizable breasts made the buttons on the front of the cardigan display obscene gaps as they stretched around her massive orbs, she'd tossed those things aside too. Pete was only too happy to keep her castoffs, bringing them to his nose to inhale her warm girlish scent, the intoxicating fragrance of youthful innocence making his cock hard in no time.

He looked around Natalie's room. Like most of the kids in their neighborhood, the 18-year old girl's parents were well off. And also like Shannon, Natalie was an only child. Pete was happy that the girl's parents both worked, the father was a dentist and the mother a lawyer. They had a spare bay in their multi-car garage, and whenever they had these clandestine rendezvous, his vehicle was safely hidden away from any prying eyes. He was looking forward to this summer with hot little Natalie, hoping he'd be able to visit her for her daily 'feedings' which she loved so much, and he was only too happy to provide. Her room was like her, cute and sweet and yet smoldering with sensuality. She had a four poster queen-size bed with an old-fashioned draping canopy above, which gave the room a sensual sultry look. She still had some stuffed animals on her bed, relics of the youthful life she wasn't quite willing to give up in its entirety just yet. He found it incredibly sexy to fuck her amongst the stuffed animals. Sometimes she'd grab onto one and bite into it to muffle her screams of ecstasy as he drove his cock deep into her tight young pussy, pounding her juicy cunt until she wailed through one climax after another. He just made sure when he was ready to come, he'd pull out to feed her the cum she craved so badly. She usually responded by eagerly diving on his surging cock and sucking out his hot load of creamy semen.

Pete looked around and spotted a hard-backed chair Natalie had facing her makeup table and mirror. It would be perfect for what he had in mind. He turned the chair around and sat down facing the room, waiting for her to return. It only took a couple of minutes before the door of the adjoining bathroom opened and she stepped into the room.

"Hi, Daddy," Natalie said petulantly, a playful look of surprise on her face. "I didn't expect to find you in my room."

Pete looked her up and down, his prick swelling in his pants as he looked at the young girl in his daughter's clothes. The little skirt and sweater that his voluptuous daughter had outgrown fit her slimmer friend perfectly. The red sweater looked fantastic as it hugged her body. She'd done up most of the tiny buttons on the cardigan, leaving a couple open at the bottom where the sweater flared out over her hips, and few more open at the top, giving him a teasing view of her cleavage and the upper swells of her young breasts. He could see the outline of the structured C-cup bra beneath the sweater, and his eyes picked up a glimpse of white lace that trimmed the upper edges of the cups as she moved. The power bra was pushing her nicely-shaped breasts together and up, accentuating her impressive mounds. He remembered how Shannon's magnificent tits had looked

in that bra when she was younger, and it made his cock twitch to know he was actually going to see that bra exposed with a nice set of guns filling it. The tight little skirt hugged Natalie's heart-shaped rear end and legs enticingly, the hem ending high on her shapely thighs. He looked further down, loving the look of the high-heeled black suede boots he'd stolen from his daughter's closet. The boots ended just below Natalie's cute dimpled knees and looked great with the rest of the outfit, the slim stiletto heels and sharp pointy toes all but saying "Fuck me."

Pete was thrilled that her daughter's friend had called him 'Daddy', and he wondered if he could get her into a little role playing. He knew if she went along with him, he'd be filling that hungry mouth of hers with cum all afternoon. He decided to go for it, hoping she'd play along based on what she'd said earlier about finding this perverted side of him arousing. He put a stern tone to his voice as he spoke, "Now Shannon, you've been out past your curfew. Why weren't you home on time?"

There was a pause as Natalie listened to what he said, and then she got a wide-eyed look of pure innocence on her face. "I'm sorry I was out so late, Daddy. I asked that boy I was out with to take me home earlier, but he wanted me to do things to him first before he'd let me go."

"What kind of things?"

"Oh Daddy, I don't really want to say. You might get mad at me."

Pete loved that his daughter's friend was getting right into it. And the way this conversation was going, things might just go exactly as he hoped. "Now listen, baby—I'm your father. I may get angry with you from time to time, and occasionally have to punish you, but I will always love you."

"You...you're going to punish me?" Natalie said, nibbling on her lip as she lowered her head and looked up at him timidly.

"You missed your curfew, and we have rules that you have to follow. Now, as far as your punishment goes, that depends on what you did tonight. Now come here and sit on Daddy's lap and tell me about it. And I want the truth. We've always promised never to lie to each other."

"Okay," Natalie said, nibbling on her fingernail nervously as she went over and sat on Pete's lap.

"There, that's my girl," Pete said, slipping his hand around her trim waist and pulling her closer. "Now, what did that awful boy want you to do?"

"He...first he wanted to kiss me."

"Well, that doesn't seem so bad. I'm sure you've kissed boys before."

"But not like this, Daddy. He put his tongue right inside my mouth. I didn't know what to do."

"Hmmm, what happened after that?"

"He...he put his hand underneath my sweater and felt my boobs."

"I don't like the sound of that. Is that all he wanted you to do?"

"No, he took his thing out and made me feel it with my hand for a while. And then he pushed my head down on it and made me take it in my mouth. As soon as I did, it shot all over the place. His stuff shot everywhere."

"You shouldn't have let him do that, sweetheart. You're too young for that kind of thing. I don't want you learning about sex from a clumsy schoolboy like that."

"But Daddy, all my friends are starting to have sex, even Natalie." Pete couldn't help but give a wry smile as the girl spoke about herself in the third person. "How am I ever going to learn what to do? I don't want everybody at school laughing at me and calling me a virgin forever."

"Listen, baby, I think the best place to learn those things is right here at home. I know some people won't think it's right, especially your mother, but if you want, I can teach you those things."

"Really Daddy, you'd do that for me?" the girl said excitedly.

"Of course, sweetheart—it'll be our little secret. Okay?"

"Oh thank you, Daddy," Natalie beamed as she threw her arms around Pete's neck and showered his face with kisses.

"Stop...stop!" Pete replied, getting back into the role of the stern father. "Now I'll teach you about sex, but you still have to be punished first for what you've done. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," Natalie replied meekly, lowering her gaze and putting out her lower lip petulantly.

"Alright, that's my good girl," Pete said as he slid the young girl off his lap and stood up. He grabbed the straight-backed chair and pulled it out slightly into the middle of the room. "Sit down there." Natalie obediently complied, wondering what was coming next. She watched as Pete stepped over to the gym bag he'd brought and reached inside. He withdrew his arm and she spotted a number of pieces of white rope grasped in his hand. She shivered with arousal as she watched him approach.

"Now, I don't really want to punish you, but you've left me no alternative. I want to make sure you don't disappoint Daddy from now on. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Natalie replied, her pussy tingling as she thought about what was going to happen. Getting tied up and made to be submissive was something she'd only read and fantasized about, and now it seemed like it was actually going to happen to her.

"Alright then. This is for your own good." Pete pulled the girl's arms behind her and tied them together. He knelt down and brought each one of her booted feet against the front legs of the chair and tied those down as well. He stood up and looked at the gap between her spread legs. "No, that's not quite right." He untied her feet and drew them further back at the sides of the chair, before re-tying them to the back legs. He stood in front of her and looked down. Her legs were spread further apart now, the tight black miniskirt rising high on her thighs. She wriggled against the uncomfortable restraints and he caught a glimpse of her red panties between her spread thighs.

"There, that's better." He looked at her chest, her nice tits thrusting forward with her arms tied behind her back. Still, he wanted something more. He took a longer piece of rope and started winding it around her, the rope positioned just above her thrusting breasts.

"Daddy, what are you doing?" Natalie asked, her pussy dripping with excitement already. He had tied the ropes tightly to the point she couldn't free herself, but not so tight that it would hurt her.

"Shut up! I told you this was for your own good." He let go of the rope and stepped over to the gym bag.

"But Daddy, I'm not...glmmph..." Natalie's protest was cut short as Pete brought forth a silk tie and wrapped it around her head, the tie biting into the edges of her lips as it covered her mouth, silencing her. He secured it tightly at the back of her head. She was able to mumble, but words were impossible.

"There, that gag will come off when I'm ready to use that mouth of yours for what it's made for," Pete said as he went back to circling her chest with the rope. He pulled it tight as he wrapped it around her upper chest a couple of times, and then brought it just below her tits, keeping it snug against her body as he wound it around. Natalie looked down as he tightened and secured the rope behind her, her tits thrusting out provocatively as the rope pushed them up and out. They were absolutely straining against the tight sweater, and she wondered if some of the buttons were about to pop off. It looked luridly exciting as she looked down at herself, seeing her legs widely spread as well, the black mini ending mere inches below her dripping pussy. She wriggled purposely as Shannon's father stood before her looking at his handiwork, knowing it would make him happy to see her struggle.

"Mmmpphhhh," she moaned into the gag as she tried to free herself. Even though she was just doing it for show, she could tell that if she was really trying, it would have been a useless effort—the restraints were just too tight. She saw a smile come to his face as he watched her struggle. Finally, she stopped and sat there gasping, her chest heaving against the ropes that were binding her.

"There, that's my girl, just sit still and enjoy it," Pete said as he stepped next to her and tenderly stroked her cheek. "Remember, baby, this is our little secret. We have to make sure your mother never finds out." He reached down and wrapped his hand around one of her protruding tits, giving it a hard squeeze. "Understand?"

"Unngghgh," Natalie groaned as the deliciously painful sensation shot through her. She nodded her head emphatically, letting him know she understood.

"That's good," Pete said in a soft lulling voice as he walked around behind her chair, his fingers running softly through her long blonde hair. He walked around until he stood right in front of her. "Now sweetheart, those boys are going to want to feel those pretty breasts of yours, so I think it's time you got used to what that's like." He reached down and undid the buttons where the cardigan covered her tits, opening the front of the sweater. He pulled the sweater forcefully to each side, exposing her sexy red bra, fleshy mounds of tit-flesh all but spilling over the tops of the lace-trimmed cups. Her breasts were heaving as her heart raced, thrilled yet frightened by what was happening to her.

"Yes, they're definitely going to want to get their hands on these babies," Pete said as he reached forward with both hands and started groping her, hefting her young tits on the outside of her bra as his thumbs pressed against her nipples. He could feel them stiffen under his fingers, and continued to squeeze and fondle as the young girl squirmed under his roaming hands. He walked around behind her and slid his hands down the front of her body until his filled his hands with her sizable tits once more, groping her that way. He squeezed and fondled her breasts for a number of minutes, turning her on even more. "Yes, beautiful." He took both of his hands and slipped them right down inside the front of her bra and beneath her nicely-shaped breasts, filling his hands with the soft warm mounds. He lifted them up and out, pushing the sexy bra beneath them. He let them go, her perky young tits settling naturally lower on her chest. She was so turned on, her nipples were hard as rocks. He stayed behind her, squeezing and fondling her nice-shaped tits as he

manipulated the stiff little buds of her nipples with his thumbs and forefingers. Natalie was squirming on the chair, breathing raggedly through her gag.

"They're going to want to suck on them too," Pete said as he came around from behind her and dropped to his knees between her spread thighs. He leaned forward, his lips latching on to one stiff rosy nipple. She gasped as he nipped at it gently, and then sucked, drawing the nipple deep into his mouth.

"Mmmmggnnnngnn," Natalie groaned, but he could tell it was a groan of pleasure this time. He sucked firmly at her young breast, and then released it, his mouth coming away noisily as her young breast seemed to spring back against her chest. He slipped his lips over the other nipple, his teeth grazing over the sensitive pebble before sucking hard on that one too.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned again as he laved his tongue over the stiff protrusion of her nipple, his lips sucking wantonly at the whole areola. After sucking on that one for a couple of minutes, he let it slip from his mouth, her breast covered with a sticky coating of his saliva.

"Those boys will want to put their hands under your skirt too. This is something you definitely can't allow them to do." Pete slid his hands up the insides of her spread legs, his dick stiffening in his pants as his fingers ran over the exquisitely soft skin of her inner thighs. It was one of his favorite parts of the female body, and he wondered what his real daughter's thighs would feel like under his gentle touch. Right now, he was more than pleased to be using her best friend as a substitute for his sinfully incestuous desires.

Natalie was squirming with excitement as his fingers rose higher, his touch setting her on fire as his hands disappeared beneath the hem of her short skirt. She felt his hands sliding higher, and then his fingers rubbed over the front of her panties, his fingertips tracing along the defined cleft of her pouting slit.

"Well, well—it looks like someone is nice and wet," Pete said as he looked at her with a smile. "I think Daddy should just slip inside and see exactly how wet." He slipped his fingers beneath the leg opening of her panties and right between her slippery cunt-lips, the hot slick tissues totally soaked with her flowing juices. "Ah yes, that's my girl." He slid his middle finger right up inside her, the soft petals of her labia parting easily for him. He turned his finger upwards, rubbing it firmly over the roof of her vagina.

"Unngghh...ungghh...ungghhh," Natalie groaned in pleasure as her eyes rolled back in her head. She wanted to move, but she could only wriggle against the constraints, which turned both of them on even more.

"Yes, you have to make sure you don't let any of those boys do this," Pete said as he pushed her panties to one side and slid the fingers of his other hand onto her pussy. He slid a second finger into her as he sought out the erect spire of her clit with his other hand, wetting his fingertips in her dripping cunt before taking the sensitive nodule between his thumb and forefinger and squeezing it gently. At the same time, he went back to rubbing his fingers salaciously against the soft folds of flesh on the top of her slick channel, basically rubbing her clit from the underside as well.

"OHNNNNNNN...OHNNNNNN...OHNNNNNNN," Natalie groaned into the gag as a tremendous orgasm burst like an atomic bomb from between her spread legs. She thrashed about as Pete kept fingering her, her body shaking and convulsing against the ropes holding her in place.

"Thatta girl," Pete said, "let 'er buck." With his fingers working their magic between her spread thighs, Natalie continued to twitch and spasm in orgasmic ecstasy. She couldn't believe how powerful her climax was. She never realized until this moment how turned on she'd gotten by what they were doing. She loved it. She could feel her cunt gushing, covering his probing hands with her juices as she came and came. Her tits were heaving, the nipples stiff and throbbing as she looked down at them, drool running from the corners of her gagged mouth.

"OHHNNNN...OHHNNNN..." She whimpered in ecstasy again. Pete squeezed her clit firmly and spun his fingers in a tantalizing circle inside her, causing a second orgasm to follow on the heels of the first. Natalie shook her head from side to side as she came, wave upon wave of blissful pleasure coursing through her hot young body. The girl was shaking so vigorously that Pete was worried she'd tip the chair over. He kept his fingers moving between her spread legs as paroxysms of pleasure coursed through her twitching body again and again, until she finally slumped back against the chair, her toe-curling release overwhelming her. He slowed the movements of his fingers, but kept rubbing them gently over the slick lips of her gooey cunt. He let her recover for a couple of minutes, and then withdrew his sticky hands from between her legs, pulling the front of her panties back into place over her glistening mound.

"I think it's time to take this off," Pete said, reaching behind Natalie's head and undoing the tie that was gagging her. As her mouth came free, she worked her jaw back and forth, loosening it up after having the gag pull at the corners of her mouth. Pete held his hands in front of her face, her girly juices glistening on his fingers. "Clean these up for me." He slipped the fingers of one hand into her mouth, and she eagerly licked them clean, her tongue running all over his hand to gather up her creamy nectar. She did the same to the other hand, until all that was left was a shiny residue of her warm spit.

Pete watched her enthusiastically obey his commands, his eyes focusing on those beautiful lips of hers, knowing what she needed right now. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his turgid pecker, stepping right up between her spread thighs and pointing it at her pretty face. With one hand around his rigid erection, he reached behind with the other and grabbed the base of her ponytail, pulling her as far forwards as the restraints would allow. He pushed his rampant cock down, rubbing the glistening tip all around her parted lips. He saw her nostrils flare as she breathed deep, inhaling the masculine scent of his cock. "You like the smell of that? You like the way your Daddy's cock feels on your face?" He moved the oozing cockhead all over her face, leaving a glistening snail trail of precum behind.

"Yes, Daddy," Natalie said softly as she opened her mouth and turned her head as best she could, trying to get her lips over the enormous knob of the cock she needed so badly.

Pete could see the wanton desire in her eyes as she struggled to reach his moving prick with her mouth, the ropes not letting her move freely. "Do you want this cock right in your mouth? Do you want Daddy to feed you a nice big load of cum?"

"Yes," she hissed, her eyes closed in bliss as she rubbed her face against his throbbing dick.

"Say please."

"Please Daddy. Please let me suck your cock."

"Oh alright. Just the tip right now. Let me feel that pretty mouth of yours suck up that precum." He brought the tip of his cock down and set it at the opening of her mouth, the wet red eye oozing

precum onto her soft parted lips. Natalie pursed her lips and sucked at the seeping opening, sucking the shiny fluid right out of him and onto her waiting tongue.

"Mmmmm," she purred, the manly taste of his cock-sap feeling luxurious as it gathered on her tongue. He stroked slowly forwards, milking more of the tasty drizzle from the gaping tip. "Mmmmm," she mewled again, loving the way he was feeding her. But she knew this was just an appetizer, what she really craved was the main course.

"That's my good girl. Now you can take the whole head in your mouth." As soon as the words were out of Pete's mouth, Natalie let her lips open wide as she followed the flaring contours of his cock-head down, her lips clamping down as they passed over the rope-like corona. With the big knob securely in her mouth, she rolled her tongue over the sensitive glans, coating it in a warm bath of her teenaged spit.

"Oh baby, that's it," Pete said, loving the feel of the girl's hot velvety mouth on his throbbing prick. He'd been turned on by what they'd been doing, and he felt himself on the verge of blowing already. "Just keep sucking on the head. I'm gonna jerk this load off right into your mouth." He started to stroke his prick more vigorously, his hand bumping into her soft lips as he pumped back and forth. Even with her hands and legs tied up, she sucked feverishly, her talented mouth working overtime on his engorged cock-head, her tongue swirling and fluttering over the sensitive tissues of his glans. It took only a minute or two before he felt his balls drawing up close to his body, and then the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of his cock.

"OH FUCK...I'M GONNA CUM," Pete warned just as he started to go off. A long thick rope of cum shot deep into her sucking mouth, the powerful strand hitting the soft tissues at the back of her mouth and sliding lewdly right down her throat. As a second and then a third rope of semen spewed forth, Natalie swallowed, loving the feel of the silky ribbons of cum sliding down her throat. She kept sucking, and Pete kept jacking at his bucking prick as he flooded her mouth, wad after wad of thick rich cream splashing across her tonsils.

"C'mon Shannon, get it all," Pete said, his legs quivering in ecstasy as he pumped away at his spewing dick.

"Mmmmmmm..." Natalie purred like a kitten as she slavishly swallowed the cum he was feeding her, her soft lips sucking at the enflamed crown as it spewed gob upon gob of milky semen onto her waiting tongue. It wasn't lost on her that he'd called her 'Shannon'. She found it perversely arousing that he was obsessed with his daughter—it seemed to make their encounter all the more nasty, and she loved that, especially since he was going to be feeding her a steady supply of cum.

Finally, the tingling sensations in Pete's loins dwindled, and he milked out the final few drops of seed onto her tongue. "Oh yeah, baby, that's it," he said, his hand slowing as he stroked back and forth. He looked down as Natalie continued to suck at his spent cock, her lips pursed forward like a fish out of water as her tongue delved right into the seeping red eye to get every last drop she could. As she continued to suck, he looked at her dressed in his daughter's clothes. Fuck, she looked sexy—not as sexy as Shannon, but pretty damn close. As he felt the restless twitches in his cock begin again, he knew what he wanted next.

"Alright, let's get you out of that chair." He walked behind her and undid the ropes holding her chest and arms, freeing her. As soon as she could move her arms, Natalie rubbed her wrists, and then pulled her bra back up into place, shifting her girls around until they sat comfortably with the

structured bra cups. As Pete undid the ropes holding her booted feet to the back legs of the chair, he looked up to see her starting to do up the buttons on the cardigan that he'd undone.

"Stop! Leave those undone," he said, her hands instantly stopping what they were doing. "I want to see that beautiful bra of yours." Natalie smiled, happy that he was pleased with her. He took her hand and helped her get to her feet. "Now you know, sweetheart, your punishment isn't over yet. I need to teach you some other things I don't want you to let those boys do to you."

"Yes Daddy," she said obediently as he led her to the four poster bed, his hand still clutching the pieces of rope.

"Lie down in the middle of the bed." Pete took the young girl's arm and positioned her on her back in the middle of the bed, her head propped up on a stack of pillows. He slipped a rope around one wrist and tied it to the nearest bedpost. "Like I said, this is for your own good." He did the same to her other wrist, pulling her arms far out to each side before fastening them securely. Natalie wriggled her wrists, happy that once again he'd tied her up firmly, but not tight enough to be painful. Pete then tied a rope around one booted ankle and fastened it to the bottom bedpost. He repeated the action on the other side, pulling her legs far apart before winding the rope around the wooden post and fastening it securely. He stood at the foot of the bed and looked at his daughter's best friend, tied up and spread out before him—her willing body his for the taking.

"Fuck, I'd love to have Shannon spread out like that," he thought to himself as he looked at Natalie's spread-eagled form. The top part of the red cardigan was brazenly open, exposing her generous C-cup breasts filling the sexy red bra. The tight black miniskirt was stretched lewdly across her widely-parted thighs, the hem pulled so far apart it had risen up to the point that it barely covered her pussy. From his spot at the foot of the bed, he could clearly see his daughter's red panties peeking out from beneath the stretched skirt, the front panel almost translucent from the young girl's seeping juices. Her spread legs looked fantastic as they stretched to each of the bottom corners, the high heeled black suede boots looking wickedly sexy. Dressed in his daughter's clothes, the young girl tied up was a vision he wanted to never forget. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his cell phone, taking a few pictures to remember this moment by.

"I don't think we need this gag anymore, do you?" Pete said, holding up the silk tie in his hand. "You're not going to scream or anything, are you?"

"No, sir," Natalie replied, vigorously shaking her head from side to side. She'd actually liked having the gag on for a little while, but she wanted to make sure she had her mouth available to him whenever he wanted to use it. "I promise I'll be good. I won't say a word to Mommy."

"That's my good girl," Pete said as he tossed the tie aside and started peeling off his clothes. Natalie watched as he stepped out of his clothes, his stiffening member rising from between his legs. She loved his cock. It had a beautifully defined mushroom-shaped head that filled her mouth deliciously. His veiny shaft was arrow-straight and the bold bluish veins stood out in bold relief when he was hard. She loved the way it felt when she ran her tongue along his upright shaft, her tongue exploring every throbbing inch. And right now, she could see it extending and stiffening as he crawled onto the foot of the bed between her widely-spread thighs, the enflamed crown looking red and angry.

"You look so beautiful like this, baby," Pete said as he ran his fingertips back and forth along the velvety soft skin of her inner thighs. "Lots of those boys will want to get their hands between your

legs like this. But you have to make sure you don't let them. You have to save this just for Daddy, do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," Natalie nodded her head obediently, feeling her temperature rising again as this little game they were playing continued.

"That's good, this is just for Daddy." He slid his hands higher, once more running his fingertips over the front of her wet panties. He breathed deeply, the intoxicating scent of the girl's young pussy wafting into his nostrils. "I can smell you, sweetheart. You smell wonderful. But you've got your panties so wet, they're almost ruined."

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I didn't mean to."

Pete looked up at the young girl, her sumptuous chest heaving with excitement as she nibbled nervously on her lower lip, her outstretched arms causing her exposed bra to rise high on her chest. Framed by the partially open red sweater, it looked luridly sexy. He let his eyes travel down her lithe body to the apex of her sex, his fingers tracing lewdly over the damp stain covering the warm cleft of her slit. "I really think you've ruined these panties. I'm going to have to punish you for that." With both hands, he grabbed firmly onto each side of the front panel of her panties and pulled to each side.

"RRRRRIIIIPPPPPP!!"

The tiny panties tore loudly, causing Natalie to gasp in surprise. He pulled his hands away, pieces of the shredded garment in each hand. He tossed them aside, and then reached beneath her skirt once more. He grabbed the waistband with both hands and pulled, breaking that as well. The final torn pieces came free in his hands, and he slung them onto the floor as he got to his knees between her spread thighs. The shocking savageness of what he'd done had turned both of them on—Natalie's pussy was leaking like crazy and Pete's surging erection had gotten as hard as it ever had. His chest was rising and falling with excitement as his heart raced in his chest, boiling blood flowing through his veins to his rock-hard prick.

"And those boys are going to want to get into this too." He leaned forwards over her restrained body and pushed the tip of his throbbing dick between her pink labial curtains, the slick pieces of flesh circling his member lewdly. "But remember, nobody gets this except Daddy." He flexed slightly back, and then proceeded to drive forward slowly, powering every hard thick inch into her yielding cunt.

"Oh fuccckkkkkkk," Natalie groaned, throwing her head back as her eyes closed, waves of bliss rolling over her as her middle-aged lover drove his cock deep inside her. His thick erection seemed harder than ever before, and it was stretching and filling her deliciously. He kept slowly thrusting forward, and she was getting more and more excited. As he finally touched rock-bottom, with his shaven groin pressed up against hers, she came.

"AAAAHHHHH," she wailed, tossing her head from side to side and shaking like a ragdoll. She could feel herself pulling at the restraints futilely as her body convulsed and spasmed in ecstasy, but it just seemed to make her climax all the more exciting. She came for a long time, her young body twitching and shaking as he remained buried inside her, his hard thick cock filling her tight little cunt.

Pete loved that she was enjoying their little game, and he loved it too. Tying her up like this was something he knew they'd be repeating often from now on. And having her dressed in his

daughter's clothes was a definite bonus. As he looked down at her trembling through the final vestiges of her orgasm, he pictured how perfect it would be to have his own daughter, Shannon, under him like this. The idea of that seemed to fire his torched libido even more, and he felt his blood rising once more. He flexed back, pulling his prick almost all the way out of the young girl's clutching twat, and then levered his hips fiercely, absolutely pounding her into the bed.

"Unnnngghh," Natalie moaned as he slammed her deep into the mattress, her arms and legs quivering as she remained spread-eagled beneath him. She knew at this point, she was nothing more than a willing receptacle for his perverted lust-drive desires—but she loved it.

Pete leaned forward and kissed her roughly, thrusting his tongue into her mouth as he savagely fucked her. He could tell she loved what he was doing to her as she kissed him back fiercely, her lips and tongue sucking wantonly at his probing tongue. He pawed her breasts as he kept thrusting, loving the feel beneath his fingers of her full young tits filling the sexy bra. She was twisting and flexing against the restraints, doing whatever she could to fuck back at him. He vigorously thrust into her time and again, crucifying her as he drove her spread-eagled body into the mattress with the hard thick stake between his legs.

"OHNNNN...OHNNNNN..." She came again, and then a third time just a few minutes later, her young body covered in sweat as he fucked her deep and hard. She was gasping and breathing raggedly as waves of blissful pleasure rolled over her, her chest heaving beneath his groping hands.

"Oh Daddy, I need your cum so bad. Please feed me," she gasped out, her soft lips parted wetly, her mouth open and waiting. That was all it took to send Pete right over the edge. As he felt the first tingling twinges of his impending climax coming over him, he quickly withdrew and scrambled up on the bed, kneeling beside her splayed form as he pointed his throbbing erection right at her open mouth.

"OH FUCK YEAH...HERE IT COMES," he warned as he wrapped his hand in a warm loving corridor around his cock and started to pump it, the enflamed crimson crown pointed between her parted lips. They both watched as cloudy fluid filled the yawning red eye for a split second before a long thick rope of glistening whiteness shot deep into her mouth. Like a damn springing a leak, as soon as that first shot spewed forth, all hell broke loose. His hand stroked vigorously back and forth as he totally unloaded, absolutely flooding her face and open mouth with a deluge of cum. Rope after rope of thick rich semen rained down upon her soft young skin. Like an artist with a paint brush, he moved his spitting cock from one side of her face to the other, totally painting her with a shimmering coating of his potent seed. He kept stroking, his cock going off like a geyser as torrents of semen sprayed all over her and into her mouth. "Oh fuck, Shannon, that is so gooooooooood," Pete groaned, gobs of cum still spewing onto the young girl's face.

Natalie was in heaven, never having been so aroused in her life. She could see it was the same for him—he'd never come this much before. She loved the feel of his thick rich cum landing on her face, the sheer amount and feel of it clinging to her skin was overwhelming. Numerous shots went right into her mouth, and she swallowed, the warm milky fluid sliding luxuriously down her throat. As more of the heavy globs splattered onto her face, she found herself coming again at the perverted lewdness of what they were doing. She was shaking with ecstasy as he kept flooding her face, her pussy twitching as her discharge sprayed from between her legs and onto the sheets.

Pete felt the last delightful twinges of his climax dwindle, before a final shudder of contentment ran down his spine. His pumping hand slowed as he sat back on his haunches and looked down at Natalie, his mouth almost gaping open at what he saw. "Holy fuck," he said under his breath as he

looked at her face, or what he could see of it. It was almost totally covered with his glistening milky semen, wad upon wad and ribbon upon ribbon of pearly cum crisscrossing her face from one side to the other. He had never come that much in his life, and he realized that this bondage scenario they'd experimented with had turned both of them on more than he'd ever imagined. Beneath the layer of shimmering semen, he could see the look of happiness on Natalie's face. Even now, her tongue was circling her mouth as she gathered in as much of the creamy sperm-laden semen as she could reach. He rose back up onto his knees and leaned closer, dropping his dripping cock-head right into her mouth. Her lips closed around it possessively as she started to suck.

"That's it, baby girl. Suck those last drops out of Daddy before I feed you the rest." He reached down, his fingertips running lewdly through the mass of semen covering her face. As he rubbed his fingers salaciously over her cum-covered face, he looked down at her splayed body, still spread out for his lustful desires. With the way she was avidly sucking at him, he knew he'd be painting her pretty face a few more times before the afternoon was over.

LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Meredith was on her hands and knees with her curvy rear-end thrust high in the air, Steve's hand pressing down in the middle of her arched back as his pistoning rod shuttled in and out of her mature cunt. They'd been at it for hours, and she was almost numb from the number of orgasms she'd had and the blissful abuse he'd put her through with his insatiable desire. His sexual stamina and endurance was relentless—but she loved it.

As per her original plan, he's fucked her twice in a row after she'd given him that first blow job. He'd then lain back on the bed, hands crossed behind his head as she'd luxuriated settled in between his spread legs and worshipped his cock, licking and sucking slavishly at his stiff prick with her hot experienced mouth. She took her time, bringing him to the precipice a few times before he finally begged her to let him cum. After the prolonged teasing, he'd absolutely flooded her mouth, his massive load leaking from the corners of her lips as she struggled to swallow the copious amount of fluid spewing into her mouth.

"Now it's your turn," he said when he was finally done, sliding down on the bed on his back and pulling her over him. He surprised Meredith by eagerly eating her, even though her mature trench was overflowing with the two loads he'd already dumped into her. It turned her on to see he had no objection to eating his own cum, so she settled down, rolling her mature hips all over his face as his tongue slithered deep inside her, enthusiastically lapping up his own semen. She pushed down as she rocked back and forth, pushing out the wads of milky seed onto his probing tongue. He ate her through four climaxes before rising up from between her straddled form and pushing her backwards, his once-more hard cock slipping right up between her pussy-lips. She'd ridden him through two more climaxes of her own as he lay back, filling his hands as he groped her corset-covered tits. After he'd come that way, he asked if he could suck her tits. She lay against the headboard on a stack of pillows as she lifted her large breasts from inside her sexy corset, letting the big mounds settle down naturally over the front edge of the cups.

"Those are so beautiful," Steve had said as he lay beside her with his head in her lap. She took one big breast in both hands and fed the nipple between his parted lips. As he suckled at her tits like a baby, she reached down and toyed with his spent prick. It only took a few minutes before he was hard again, but he wasn't ready to stop sucking her breasts just yet. She loved the feel of his mouth working on her, his lips and teeth sucking and nipping tenderly at the massive orbs. He eventually had enough, but wanted to put his cock between those soft heavy beauties. He'd straddled her chest as she lay against the headboard, bringing the two soft pillows of flesh up on either side of

his rigid dick and flexing his hips back and forth. The enflamed crown disappeared in and out of her deep line of cleavage as he levered his hips back and forth, before eventually taking his cock in his hand and blowing a load all over her chest, gobs of semen flying everywhere. He'd used his fingers to scoop the creamy wads off her tits and fed them to her, his gooey fingers sliding deep into her mouth as she eagerly licked them clean.

"That is so fucking hot," he'd said, and apparently watching her do that got him aroused in no time flat. He pulled her down into the middle of the bed and pushed her nylon-clad legs high up onto his shoulders, before leaning forward as he almost folded her in two. He'd fucked her vigorously, loving the feel of her sumptuous loins turned up to him for a feverish assault. He'd pounded her relentlessly as she came time and again, her whole body thrumming like a plucked guitar string as wave after wave of orgasmic bliss coursed through her lush mature body.

After that, he'd turned her every which way, fucking her mercilessly from one position to the next, sometimes withdrawing his cock from her dripping cunt and pushing it into her mouth, letting her lick up her own fragrant juices.

And now he'd been fucking her from behind for close to half an hour. She'd lost track of the number of orgasms she'd had ages ago, and her whole body was totally covered in sweat. She didn't look quite the same as when they'd started, but she still looked bewitchingly sexy. One nylon had come loose from the garters, the supple hose now puddled around her bent knee. She was still wearing her sexy high heels, and as Steve pounded his hard thick cock into her from behind, her large breasts continued to swing pendulously beneath her on the outside of her corset. He reached beneath her from behind and groped them, the massive guns overflowing his hands.

"Oh fuck yeah, I'm gonna come," Steven said as he pulled his cock from between her clutching pussy-lips and scrambled up beside her. He pushed her over onto her back and knelt next to her face. Meredith eagerly opened her mouth as he pushed down on his surging prick. A thick white rope of cum jettisoned forth, right into her waiting mouth. He shifted to the side, his hand stroking vigorously as he once more sprayed his load over her mouth-watering tits. He came and came, flooding her chest with milky goodness. She was delighted to see that after all the times he'd climaxed already, he still coated her tits with a huge load. Finally, he shook the last few drops onto the sizable mounds of flesh, and then dragged the oozing tip over each stiff nipple, glazing them with his slimy discharge.

"Is that the kind of hammering you had in mind when you called me over today?" Steve asked as he sat back on his haunches and reached down, his hands rubbing the copious amount of semen all over her heavy breasts, the pearly fluid glistening lewdly on her soft skin.

"Mmmmmm...exactly. I think I might just find a lot more hammering for you to do around here this summer," Meredith replied, her voice purring with contentment as his hands continued to fondle her. Not only did she love his incredible sexual endurance, but she loved that he never seemed to get enough of her big tits. He rubbed his fingers over her stiff nipples, his warm cum glistening on the rubbery protrusions.

"Uh, I think you might need to change the sheets," Steve said as he hefted her breasts, continuously amazed at the weight of them. Meredith pushed herself up against the headboard and looked down, his hands still feeling her up.

"Oh fuck, what a mess," she thought to herself as she looked at the sheets. There was cum everywhere, brilliant white gobs of the stuff standing out boldly against the dark purple sheets.

Ribbons and wads of jizz were everywhere, with damp stains splattered all over the dark rich fabric. A huge wet stain with multiple white clumps covered the centre of the bed, collateral damage from the numerous loads that he'd dumped inside her, some of which had leaked out from her overflowing pussy. It had been a long time since Meredith had been in a bed that ended up looking like this, and she found it luridly exciting. "That is quite a mess. No point in letting it go to waste, though."

As Steve watched spellbound, she rolled over on her hands and knees and moved down to the middle of the bed. She leaned forward and pursed her lips over one sizable gob. "SLURRRPP!" Like someone sucking up a strand of spaghetti, she noisily sucked up the big wad of semen. She moved to another one and Steve watched, awestruck, as she licked up another milky globule. She shifted about the bed, lapping up one drop after another until all that was left were the damp stains that she could do nothing about.

"Oh fuck, that was unbelievable," Steve said. She looked over at him, his hand moving once more up and down on his resurgent cock. Like iron filings to a magnet, she couldn't resist the temptation. She crawled between his spread legs and lowered her mouth, her lips slipping over the enflamed knob of his cock, her head starting to bob up and down rhythmically.

BACK AT THE HOTEL

As she leaned against the door of her room, Shannon realized it had been a whirlwind of a day, starting at the spa, and then observing her grandfather's important negotiation meeting, not to mention the romantic interludes they'd managed to have. She hoped everything was okay with her family and friends at home, but right now, she had to start getting ready to be her grandfather's date at the big social function tonight. She didn't want to disappoint him—after all, he had promised to fuck her, and then let her spend the whole night sucking his huge cock. As a shiver of excitement tripped down her spine, she stepped away from the door and into the room, wondering what surprises awaited her next...