

# THE FACE-PAINTER CH. 02

*rmddexter*

*Mature neighbor Margaret gives Connor a helping hand.*

Erotic Couplings

4.71

11.4k words

So here I was, Connor Young, 28-year old male slut returning home from his first night on the job. As soon as I entered my house, I threw my car keys on the table by the front door and pulled the wad of bills from my pockets. I spread them out and recounted; yep, four-hundred bucks. I couldn't believe I'd just made that much scratch from fucking a beautiful woman!

"My first job of being a tramp was a success," I said to myself as I slid the bills into my wallet, a shit-eating grin spreading across my face. I knew that I was still a little too hyped up from the whole experience to get to sleep, so I figured I'd take a nice hot shower and then check my computer to see if I had any new responses to my ad.

I kicked my shoes off and headed for the bedroom, starting to pull my clothes off as I went. The light was blinking on my answering machine as I came through the door. I picked up the phone and listened to the one message, peeling off my shirt as a familiar voice reached my ears:

"Hi honey, it's Mom. I was wondering if you wanted to come for dinner tomorrow night. The girls are both going to be there. I figured we could have a little family barbecue and I need my big handsome son to man the grille. Anyways, I guess you're out for the evening; probably on a date with some lucky girl." My mom gave a girlish little giggle after saying that. "So, right now I'll count on you to come. If it's a problem, give me a call as soon as you can. I was just thinking later in the afternoon; but feel free to come over anytime. I'm sure the girls will be by the pool so bring your suit if you want. Talk to you later, sweetie.....bye."

That sounded like just the thing; a nice barbecue with the three women in my family. Mom had said both girls were going to be there, which was a rarity nowadays. Emma had gotten a condo apartment not too far away from me just a few months ago. She too had graduated from UNLV just a short time ago and was interning with a big legal firm in town in preparation of taking the bar exam. She put in a lot of hours and worked hard; so it was definitely surprising to see her available for a late afternoon dinner during the week. I was extremely proud of her; she was really smart and ambitious; much more than I could ever be. Any firm would be lucky to have her; and I knew it wouldn't be long before she'd be making partner and moving up.

Zoey was going to be there too. Although being a senior in high-school and still living at home, she always seemed to be on the go doing something; whether it be cheerleading or dance class, or just hanging out with her friends; she hardly ever seemed to be home during the day either. She was Miss Popularity, alright; always busy texting and calling her friends; a constant smile on that pretty face of hers.

I don't know if our parents had planned it that way or if it just happened; but there are almost exactly five years between Emma and me; and five years between her and Zoey. With that age difference, none of us three were really close to each other. We all loved each other and I naturally was a protective big brother to both; and the girls got along with each other well enough, even though they were quite different.

Emma compared to Zoey was kind of like night and day. Emma was the studious hard-working nose-to-the-grindstone type of person in everything she did; while Zoey, like I said, was a care-free social butterfly. Emma had participated in all kinds of sports and was extremely competitive; while Zoey was much more flamboyant and friendly and into.....well.....let's call it the "social arts". While Emma had a few close friends, Emma was always surrounded by a flock of girlfriends, whether it was just hanging out or on their way to the mall or some kind of social function.

You would never know they were sisters by looking at them either. Emma and I had taken after our father; both of us being quite tall and muscularly built. Emma stood about 5'-9" and had a strong athletic body with long gorgeous legs and firm powerful thighs. She had broad shoulders and sleek arms; her perfect body honed over the years by her time spent in the pool. She had competed at the state level in both high-school and college and I noticed the attention given to her by many males in the crowds at her swim meets. Emma had just about the most perfect ass on any woman that I have ever seen. It was perfectly heart-shaped and the roundness of it just made you yearn to reach out and grab it. Her magnificent rear-end looked absolutely amazing in practically anything she wore; from the tight short business skirts she usually wore to work, or to a nice-fitting pair of jeans she'd usually wear on the weekends. Yeah.....and the way it swayed when she walked.....fuck.....it had caused more than one instant stiffening of my horny cock.

Zoey clearly took after our mother; both of them being a fair bit shorter than the rest of us. Zoey was probably about 5'-4" and had the same curvy shape as our mother. Whereas Emma seemed made up of sleek toned angular lines and flowing plains, Zoey seemed to be all round hills and deep sloping valleys. Although she wasn't overweight, it was like she never lost just that little bit of baby fat that still made her so cute and endearing.

Emma had dark brunette shoulder-length hair similar in color to mine; while Zoey's wavy blonde locks fell well down her back. She had definitely inherited my mother's hair, both in color and the sexy flowing curls.

Their faces were equally beautiful, but again totally distinct from each other. Emma's face, like the rest of her, had sharp angular features and gorgeous pronounced cheekbones. Her most spectacular feature was her totally captivating green eyes. Her long lashes and perfect eyebrows seemed to set them off bewitchingly. At times, those gorgeous eyes of hers seemed to penetrate right into your very soul.

Zoey had a round warm face; her bubbly cheeks and dimples making a smile come to anyone's face. She had the same brilliant blue eyes as our mother and was blessed with my mother's soft full pouty lips as well. Your eyes were immediately drawn to that full sensual mouth of hers; her pillowy red lips usually glistening wetly and seemingly beckoning for attention.

The one thing that my sisters both had in common; that they had both inherited from my mother, was that they were both incredibly busty. They both had beautiful sets of round full heavy tits that would make any women envious. It was the size of her breasts that literally held Emma back from moving into the upper echelon of Olympic caliber swimmers. And of course, Zoey's voluptuous rack drew everyone's eyes when her cheerleading squad took to the field.

As I said, both of them were lucky enough to inherit those beautiful tits from my mother, Victoria. She'd had me when she was 19, so she was now 47. And you couldn't have asked for a more gorgeous sexy 47-year old than my mother. In height, she was about halfway between Emma and Zoey; about 5'-6". But every time I looked at her, I was reminded of Wifey, the women from Wifey's World on the internet. She could have been her sister. They looked to be about the same height

and have the same perfect shape; big voluptuous breasts and the full lush body of a mature woman. My mother had the same flowing frosty blonde hair as Wifey and the inviting sweet smile in that wide welcoming mouth of hers. She had that same alluring sparkle in her eyes that makes Wifey seem so devilishly innocent yet so incredibly sexy at the same time.

Yeah.....I could think of a lot worse ways to spend an afternoon than with my mother and two gorgeous sisters.

I pulled off my jeans and went into the en-suite bathroom. This room was one of the things that convinced me to buy this place. The en-suite was huge with a big glass shower stall lined from floor to ceiling with Italian marble. It was my oasis. I turned the water on and let it run good and hot before stepping in. I let the pelting spray cascade over me as I turned my face up into the steaming pellets, the hot water running off my tall body in slithery waves. I grabbed the bar of soap and got my hands good and frothy before running them over my recently satiated body.

The night with Callie/Tanya had been great. Watching her bouncing up and down on that rubber dick while she'd sucked me off had been an incredible turn-on. It had been well worth giving her those extra loads "on the house". Dropping five loads on her face while having her constantly work on my cock for a few hours had been heaven. She had looked so blissfully happy when I left that I had ceased to question whether what I was doing was morally correct. Fuck.....we both ended the night extremely happy.....and I was four hundred bucks richer!

Thinking about the session with Tanya had my own slippery hands making their way unconsciously towards that heavy piece of meat dangling between my legs. I re-lathered my hands until they were good and frothy and then wrapped one hand around my pendulous dick while my other hand slid over my abdomen sensually. Yeah, Tanya had been excellent...very enthusiastic and willing to do whatever I wanted. It would be nice if my mother or sisters were as willing.....

As I started to think about all three of those sexy enchanting women in my family, my cock started to swiftly thicken and harden in my slowly stroking hand. My mind's eye kept picturing all of them, their voluptuous bodies and big tits mine to do with as I pleased.

Don't believe those guys who say they've never jerked off thinking about their mothers or sisters. If they have women in their family who are anywhere near as good-looking as the ones in mine, believe me, they're jacking off thinking about them; probably more than you could imagine. I make no bones about it; I've been jerking off thinking about my mother for as long as I can remember. I envied my dad; just knowing he was making love to such a beautiful sexy woman. And then when Emma and then Zoey started to fill out; well, let's just say fantasies involving them had me pumping out load after load. I relished the kinkiness of those bizarre fantasies I had of all of them; but I knew I would never make any overtures towards my sisters or mother. My secret infatuation with them was good enough for me.

And hey, those guys.....those same guys who say they never jerked off thinking about their mothers or sisters; well, they'll probably try and tell you they never looked in their underwear drawer or sniffed their dirty panties either. I've done all that; so many times that if I had a dollar for every time I did, I'd probably have this house paid off by now. There have been many times where I've had their bras lying out before me and pumped out a hot creamy load thinking about the tremendous tits that those loving cups had encased. It was interesting to watch the cup sizes of my sisters increase as they got older until they had held steady over the last few years. My oldest sister, Emma, wore a 36D, while Zoey, had recently stopped growing and settled in at a delectable 34DD. But both of them were still outdone by my mother's impressive 34F. She had a beautiful collection of

bras, most of them with lace-trimmed cups and some pretty serious underwiring to enhance that gorgeous rack of hers.

As I thought about the gorgeous tits on all three of them, my cock quickly reaching full hardness in my stroking hands. I even surprised myself; after cumming five times with Tanya, it only took a few moments of thinking about my mother and sisters before my dick had become brick-hard. With visions of all them swirling through my head, my soapy hand slid luxuriously up and down my rigid erection, pre-cum drizzling from the oozing red eye. I pictured my mother standing beside me; a wicked smile on her face as her own hand slid back and forth deliciously on my throbbing dick; while I slid my hand down into one of her low-cut tops and cupped those tremendous round tits of hers. I pictured her pointing my long thick rod downwards; down towards the waiting faces of both Emma and Zoey kneeling in front of us. My mother's hand slid smoothly back and forth over full length of my engorged cock until a long white rope streaked forth to land with a forceful splat on both of their beautiful faces. With this vivid image swirling through my brain, I felt the cum quickly speed up the shaft of my pulsing rod. My body shook as the scintillating contractions coursed through me. I looked down as wad after wad of pearly seed shot forth against the shower wall. I continued stroking my dick and pumped out gob after gob as I pictured Emma and Zoey wantonly accepting my creamy load as my mother's magical hand continued to direct shot after shot onto their upturned faces. When the last ropey strand hit the shower wall, I stopped my jacking hand and squeezed the final few drops to the tip before flicking them onto the tiles beneath me.

With my racing heart starting to slow, I watched the streaks of milky fluid slide down the marble wall before slithering away like silvery snakes on the watery shower floor. I took a few deep breaths and released my spent cock as I turned back into the spray and let the steaming pellets wash over me once more.

I sat down at my computer after I'd finished, a towel wrapped around my waist. I was anxious to see if there'd been any responses to my ad during the evening. I was happy to see that there were two. I opened the first:

"Dear Painter, I found your ad very intriguing. As a professional in the adult film industry for a number of years, I might be interested in meeting someone with your.....shall we say....talents. If you are as you say, it may prove beneficial for both of us to discuss possible future business interests we may pursue together. Of course, we would need to meet privately first for me to.....interview you. If, like most men your age, you have seen some degree of porn, you will likely recognize me. I have attached a link to a clip from a recent film I've done. You can get back to me at....."

She had left her e-mail and attached a link to the video clip she had mentioned. I immediately clicked on the link and saw a sexy blonde sucking on a big cock. Yes, I recognized her right away from numerous pornos I'd seen. At one time I had found her to be incredibly sexy; now, and I'd noticed this in her movies over the past years; her arms and a lot of her body was covered with tattoos and her once-gorgeous face with various piercings. Fuck.....what the hell are people thinking when they do shit like that?!?! I don't mind the odd delicately placed tattoo, but to cover large portions of your body with that shit? Yeah.....that'll look real good when you're seventy or eighty. Years ago, before she did that to herself, I would have jumped at the chance to fuck her; now, no fucking way.

It didn't take me long to stop the clip and I was even quicker when it came to hitting the "DELETE" button as I got rid of her message. I felt good that I didn't have to do this strictly for the money; that I could be choosy if I wanted. I thought about her reply and how many guys would have loved the chance she had offered me. But then I thought about the types of women that I wanted to be

with; and one that looked like her definitely wasn't on the list. Women like Tanya, seeking an adventure or an outlet for their sexual frustration seemed perfect to me. I figured if I wanted to be choosy; well, it was my fucking life and tough shit to anybody who thought otherwise.

Hoping for something more enticing, I clicked on the second reply:

"Dear Sir, I found your ad to be very interesting. I keep re-reading it and find myself more excited each time. I have never responded to anything like this before but I feel like I will never forgive myself if I didn't. I am in Las Vegas for a business convention and I'm staying at the Flamingo. My meetings end on Friday afternoon around 4:00pm but my flight home does not leave until the next morning. Would you be available after 4:00pm on Friday? I hope you can make it and I look forward to hearing from you. As you say in your ad, I hope you are discreet. Catherine."

I re-read Catherine's message again and felt a big smile spreading over my face. Now this was more like it! This woman sounded very sweet and sincere and in need of an adventurous experience.

It was now the middle of the night between Wednesday and Thursday. I was going for that barbeque at my mom's later today but I had no plans for Friday. I hit the reply button and started typing:

"Catherine, thanks for responding. I'm glad my ad caught your eye and you enjoyed it. Rest assured; I am as I have described. I would be absolutely delighted to meet with you after your meetings on Friday. Would 5:00pm be okay? We could get an early start on the evening and maybe I could give you a nice face-full for dinner. I respect your need for confidentiality and if you choose to give me your room number, it will be safe with me alone."

I hit the "SEND" button and shut down. I took a deep breath and let my head roll back against my desk chair. Yeah, I could really get used to this.....I felt my eyes starting to close and decided to hit the sack. I threw the towel into the hamper and climbed beneath my down duvet; my mind settling down and sleep overtaking me as I wondered what Catherine looked like.....

I awoke with the sun drifting in around the blinds and curtains in my room, a brilliant glow letting me know it wasn't early. Through squinty eyes, I checked my alarm clock—11:38. Well, the morning was pretty much gone. I couldn't complain though, the late night with Tanya had definitely been worth it. I figured I'd better call my mom back before it got much later. I reached into the drawer in my night-table and popped the lid off the jar of Baby-Fresh Scent Vaseline I keep there. I grabbed my cell off the night table and punched in the call before reaching into the jar and scooping up a gob of the slippery gel. While I lay back on the pillows propped up behind me, I threw back the blankets while my hand slid around the thick root of my morning hard-on.

"Hello," my mom's sexy purr came through the phone.

"Hi, Mom; sorry to be so late getting back to you but I just woke up."

"Just woke up?" she said with a naughty chuckle. "Late night, sweetheart?"

"Something like that."

"I'll bet. Was she worth it?" I was shocked speechless by her question but she answered for me before I had a chance to reply. "Never mind, I don't want to know." She paused for a second before continuing, a definite suggestive tone in her voice. "So, a late night like that; is that why you found it hard getting up this morning?"

Fuck! Did I ever find it hard getting up this morning! I had my slick fingers wrapped around that thick hardness right now as my greasy hand slid smoothly up and down. I felt a throbbing pulse go through my stiff erection as her provocative words registered in my brain.

"Yeah, it was pretty hard getting up this morning," I said as I watched a drizzling drop of pre-cum drip onto my stomach. Just picturing my stacked mom wrapping those gorgeous tits of hers around my slick hard cock had me close to cumming already.

"Do you ever think about me, honey?" she asked; an alluring innocent tone to her voice now. Geez.....it was like she could read my mind! My hand continued pumping rhythmically along the full length of my throbbing boner as my mind raced to figure out how to respond. In my confusion I came up with the best that I could as I tried to keep her talking.

"What do you mean, Mom?"

"You know," she replied slowly, that sexy purr to her voice again, "now that you're living on your own.....do you ever think about your old mom; wondering what I'm doing.....maybe wondering what I'm wearing?" Oh fuck! Another jolting throb went through my cock as I pictured her in some of the tight low-cut sweaters she seemed to prefer.

"Sure, I think about you all the time," I replied. "Like right now, thinking about those gorgeous big tits of yours and how I'd love to get my hands on them," I thought to myself. Instead, I said something a hell of a lot safer, "And Mom, you're not so old."

"Oh, Connor, you're just saying that because you're my son."

"No, I'm saying that because it's true. You look more like Emma and Zoey's older sister than their mother."

"You.....you really think so?" I could hear both increased interest and an underlying note of insecurity in her voice now.

"Yes, Mom. You're beautiful. And yes, I do think about you all the time."

"Thanks, honey. You're my dear." I could feel her big smile coming right through the phone. But I had other more important things I wanted to care of right now; like over ten inches of rock-hard flesh that needed attention.

"So by the way, what are you wearing right now?" As I lobbed that leading question out there, I looked at the huge mushroom head of my greasy cock, the gaping red eye drooling a continuous strand of pre-cum onto my stomach as my milking hand slid back and forth.

"Well, your phone call kind of caught me at an awkward moment," she responded with a bit of a girlish giggle. "I just got back a little while ago from playing nine holes with Julia." Aunt Julia, my mother's younger but equally voluptuous sister. Aunt Julia was a couple of inches taller than my mother and with shimmering brunette hair instead of blonde; but other than that, they looked very much alike. They had both taken up golf about a year ago, and both of them looked incredibly sexy in their little golf outfits; those short skirts displaying their gorgeous legs nicely. "So I had just finished getting out of the shower a few minutes ago when you called." Holy fuck! I'd been talking to my mother and the whole time she'd been naked on the other end of the phone! As my greasy hand slid faster up and down my turgid rod, I tried to picture those heavy round tits of hers bobbing and swaying pendulously as she moved around her bedroom.

"So.....so you're not dressed yet?" I asked, my heart beating furiously.

"Well no; I'd just layed out a couple of bras and panties to wear but I can't decide which ones." Oh man, I was getting closer and closer to cumming as I thought about all those sexy undergarments she had. "What's that sound, sweetie?" she asked curiously. I immediately stopped my furiously pumping hand.

"Uh.....what kind of sound?"

"It was kind of like a wet slapping sound, but it seems to have stopped now."

"I.....I think the landscape guy is out there testing the sprinkler system. Maybe that's what you heard." My nuts were close to bursting as I resumed jacking my throbbing dick; quieter now with long slow milking strokes, anxious to get off. "So you can't decide which bra and panties to wear? Which ones do you have out?"

"I've got a couple of new white and pink lacy ones.....but they both look so nice and sexy.....I just can't decide. Which one do you think I should wear, honey?" Oh fuck....I could feel the boiling cum start to speed up the shaft of my cock picturing what those sexy big bras would look like cupping those massive tits of my mother.

"Wh.....white is always nice," I sputtered as I moved the phone slightly away from my ear as I started to cum. The first thick rope jettisoned forth and streaked skyward; I watched it soar before cresting just below the ceiling in my room and falling onto my chest in a big milky gob. A second and third rope erupted forcefully as well as I milked my cock for all I was worth. My throbbing dick kept spewing as the nerve-tingling sensations of a fantastic release went through my body. My chest and stomach was quickly getting covered with ribbons and gobs of my silvery cum as I continued to unload.

"Connor!.....Connor!....are you there?" I heard my mom's voice calling.

"Yeah," I was able to gasp out as I pumped out the last few shots. "Sorry.....I.....I dropped the phone."

"Are you okay, sweetie? You sound all out of breath."

"Yes.....I mean, no, I mean I'm fine. The....the phone just slipped out of my hand onto the floor and I reached down in a hurry to pick it up." I took a deep breath and tried to get myself under control.

She paused for a second as I breathed deeply, my racing heart starting to slow. Her voice had that provocative tone again as she spoke, "So you think the lacy white one?"

"Well, I like white personally. I bet it looks great on you, Mom."

"Well, it did look good when I tried it on in the store. Let's see...." She paused and I pictured her picking up the white bra and holding it against her. "Okay, white it is. Anyways, you are coming over for the barbeque today, right?"

"I wouldn't miss it," I replied calmly as my heart rate started to get back to normal. "Are you going to show me how that bra looks on you?"

"Well maybe if you do a good job of handling the barbeque, I might give you a little peek." I felt a little surge go through my dick again as she said that. "But seriously, there's something kind of

important I want to talk to you about."

"What? What is it, Mom? Is something wrong?"

"No, nothing's wrong; not at all, sweetie. I'll talk to you about it when you're here. Hopefully you'll think what I want to talk to you about is a good thing."

"Okay."

"Well, I better go; it's impossible to do this bra up while I've got the phone in one hand." The image of her settling those heavy round girls of hers into the massive bra cups seared into my brain.

"I guess I shouldn't stop you from that; unless you want me to come over and do it up for you?" I had never flirted with my mother this blatantly before; this was the kind of repartee I usually reserved for Margaret next door.

"Sorry honey, if you were here.....well.....maybe.....but I just don't have that much time right now. Maybe next time...." She left that little teaser just hanging out there for me to respond to.

"Just let me know if you need a hand with anything, Mom." I knew where I'd like to put my hands; that's for sure.

"I'll keep that in mind," she said with that alluring kittenish purr in her voice again. "Okay, dear, I'll see you later. Bye."

"Bye, Mom." I closed my cell phone and looked down at myself. Fuck, my chest and stomach were totally covered with cum. Silvery streaks and milky gobs were everywhere. I reached into the bottom drawer of my bedside table and reached into an old gym-bag I kept there. Inside was what I called my "whacking towel". I wiped the mass of cum off my body and rubbed the rest of my semen and Vaseline off my jerking hand.

I got up and grabbed another quick shower to help wake me up. I wondered what it was that my mother wanted to talk to me about. It least it didn't sound like anything too serious. Oh well, I'd find out in a few hours.

After getting out of the shower, I booted up my computer to see if Catherine had sent a response to my e-mail that I'd sent in the middle of the night. Sure enough, it was there:

"Dear Sir, thanks for getting back to me. Friday at 5:00pm would be perfect. I am looking forward to it, especially your offer to give me something special for dinner." I smiled as I remembered my offer to give her face a nice pasting. "My room number at the Flamingo is 727." Excellent! So I had my second job set up for Friday, that was gonna be perfect.

I grabbed myself some breakfast; but at this time of day, I guess you could call it lunch. I thought about the article I was writing for the magazine I work for. It was about the number of movies being filmed in Vegas these days and all the governmental hoops the movie companies had to go through. My editor was expecting it in a few days and I still had a fair bit of writing to do on it.

I looked outside and it was absolutely gorgeous; sunny and hot.....but not too hot. I figured I'd take my laptop down by the complex pool and relax and do some work there. I pulled on a pair of loose fitting floral trunks and an old t-shirt, grabbed my shades and slipped on some flip-flops before heading to the pool area.



"Hey Connor," I heard Margaret's familiar voice as I approached the pool deck. There were a number of tables with umbrellas around the concrete deck and Margaret was perched on a reclining deck chair beside one, a book in her hand and beach bag by her side. I could see her watching me as I casually made my way towards her, that devilish smile playing at the corners of her mouth. Her eyes were shaded by a big pair of dark sunglasses, so I couldn't see exactly where she was looking, but it wouldn't have surprised me if she was looking at the front of my shorts.

"Hi gorgeous," I said as I sat down at the table across beside her. She had on a flattering one-piece bathing suit in an exquisite emerald green color; the rich tone of the suit setting off her deep reddish hair spectacularly. The deep neckline left little to the imagination as that ample tit-flesh of hers created a deep valley of cleavage that drew my eyes like a magnet.

"I love this time of year," she said as she looked towards the pool. The only other people there were a mother and two young kids down by the opposite end. "I like it when it's nice and hot but you can stay out here without feeling like a chicken on a spit."

"Yeah, this is just about perfect," I said as I stood for a second and peeled off my t-shirt. Even with those sunglasses on, I could feel her eyes riveted on my sculpted chest as I raised my arms over my head and stretched to get the kinks out.

"Yeah, perfect," she said softly, the corners of her mouth turning up in a wicked little smile. I decided to tease her a bit so I twisted at the waist from one side to the other, my curved backside now in profile towards her.

"I think I must have slept funny," I said as I drew both my arms back at the same time, emphasizing my muscular chest, "I'm feeling pretty stiff."

"Sometimes stiff is good," she replied coquettishly, now blatantly smiling at me, that wide welcoming mouth and brilliant white teeth making her look even more beautiful.

"Ha ha, yeah, I get it," I said as we shared a laugh as I kind of shook out the rest of my body and sat down. I popped open my laptop and fired it up.

"You got work to do?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm finishing up an article that's getting close to overdue. I've gotta get something in soon before the boss kicks my ass. Then I'm supposed to be going over to my mom's in a while for a barbeque with her and my sisters."

"How's that baby sister of yours, still causing your mother no end of grief?" Margaret had met both my mother and sisters a number of times since I'd moved in; and she had seen Zoey show the spoiled brat side of her occasionally when she was younger.

"She's not as much a pain in the ass as she used to be. Just growing up I guess," I said as I thought about the way Zoey's impressive chest had grown up with her.

"Well, that one looks like a pistol alright. And I'm sure your mother has to deal with the boys chasing after her."

"Maybe, but I haven't heard anything about that. I think she just hangs out with her girlfriends all the time. I haven't heard my mother mention boys coming around."

"Believe me, the way your sister looks, there's boys sniffing around somewhere." We both chuckled at that. "Okay, I'll be quiet and good so you can get some work done," she said as she gave me a cute little pout and stuck her tongue out at me; as if it was putting her out to keep quiet.

For the next hour or so she remained engrossed in her book while I typed, read and re-read and made changes to my article. A few times she would just put her book down by her side for a few minutes and lay her head back. From behind my sunglasses, I was able to freely ogle that gorgeous mature body of hers. God, she looked good. Those long legs of hers were nicely tanned by the desert sun and her suit was cut incredibly high on her hips, accentuating that exquisite hourglass figure of hers. And those tits, man, did they ever look great. They looked so nice and full and heavy as they swelled over the top of the structured bra cups of her suit. Lying there like that, she looked so fucking desirable; I decided to give something a shot to see how she'd respond.

"So Margaret, how about if you and I go out together sometime?" I tossed out there like a grenade.

She slowly lowered her book and looked at me intently over the top of her sunglasses. "You mean like, on a date?"

"Call it whatever you like," I said as I made an open-armed gesture as if to say, "I'm all yours."

She took off her sunglasses and looked at me intently, and then her lips turned up in a slow smile as she slowly shook her head from side to side. She combined that with a look on her face that I'd seen from many a teacher or my mother over the years; a look that said that they knew something that you didn't. "Connor, you sweet young man. Thank you very much for asking, but I think we both know how that would turn out."

"Wait, I'm serious." I looked at her with stunned surprise on my face; wondering what she meant.

"I think we both know how much we like flirting with each other," she said as she looked at me questioningly. I could only smile bashfully and nod. "Well let's see.....if you and I went out on a date..... Sure, it would be a lot of fun for the first week or two; then you'd get tired of me. You'd feel guilty and I'd feel heartbroken. You'd start avoiding me and then it would be absolute hell for us to be neighbors." She paused and looked at me as I sat quietly, the truth of what she was saying sinking in. "Would you really like to see that happen?"

"No, of course not."

"Then I think we should just keep things the way they are, don't you?" she said as she slipped her sunglasses back on and lifted her book.

"Sure.....but, the flirting. Can we keep doing that?"

A big smile came over her face as she tipped her head forward and looked at me over her sunglasses once more. "I'd be crushed if we didn't," she said as she gave me a naughty wink. She went back to reading her book and I went back to working on my article; the common sense of her polite refusal to my advance settling over me. I knew she was right, but I did still have a craving for that gorgeous mature body of hers.

For the next fifteen minutes or so, she was engrossed in her book as I typed away. I looked up as she put her book down beside her. "Would you like something to drink?" she asked as she sat up and turned sideways on her chair. "I'm going back to the house for a minute. How about an iced tea?"

"That sounds great; thanks." I watched her tie a light colorful bathing suit wrap around her wide flared hips before she padded off in the direction of her unit. "Man, what an ass," I thought as I watched that nice full round bum of hers sway sensually from side to side. I was struck once again how stupid her husband must have been to let something like that get away.

When she was gone, I dove into the pool and did a few quick laps, the cool water feeling nicely refreshing as I moved from end to end. She arrived back a short time later, a couple of icy tumblers in her hands.

"How is it?" she asked as I climbed out of the pool and took the offered drink.

"Thanks. The water's beautiful," I replied as I took a good long slug and set the glass down on the table. "You should go in."

"No, I don't want to get my hair wet."

"I wish I had a dollar for every time I heard a woman say that." I shook my head and gave her a big grin as I toweled off.

"You know us women; we have to try and maintain our beauty before anything else."

"Well, from where I stand, I think you've done an excellent job of doing that." She'd taken her place back in her seat and I was standing over her now, my eyes feasting on that delightful view right down into her cleavage.

"Thank you very much, Connor," she said as she looked up at me with that quirky smile again. "Flattery will get you everywhere, you know." I was happy that she taken right back to the flirting already.

"I hope so," I replied with a little wink as I pulled another deck chair over and positioned it out from beneath the umbrella. I put my sunglasses back on and let the warm sun's rays soak into me. She retrieved her book and was absorbed in reading as I rolled over periodically for the next little while. When I'd had enough and my suit was pretty much dry, I moved back to the table and did some more work for another twenty minutes or so.

"Well, I think that's enough for me for today," Margaret said as she slipped her book into her bag and started gathering her stuff together.

"Yeah, me too." I shut down my laptop and picked up my t-shirt as she donned her colorful wrap once more.

"Oh Connor, I wonder if you could help me with something for a couple of minutes."

"Sure, what is it?"

"I've got a couple of boxes in the garage I need to take into the house. They're kind of up high on the shelves in there. I'm not too sure if I can reach them okay."

"Sure, I can take care of that for you, no problem." I followed her into her house and set down my laptop and t-shirt before following her into the garage. There were shelves against the back wall and I could see a number of boxes stacked on the higher shelves.

"Which ones?" I asked as I grabbed a high step ladder that I saw leaning against the wall.

"Those two right there," she said, pointing up to two boxes stacked one on top of the other on the top shelf. "The ones marked "PHOTOS"."

"Okay," I said as I stepped onto ladder in my bare feet and climbed up a few steps.

"Be careful, Connor. I didn't realize they were so high."

"Piece of cake," I replied as I reached up and started to pull the two boxes towards me. As I started to lean the boxes slightly forward, I felt something inside the top one shift to the front. It seemed to take only a second or two before the top box started sliding to the side off the one beneath it.

"Oh no," I heard Margaret say in warning from behind me as the box continued to move of its own accord. It started to go over on its own and as I reached with one hand to try and bring it back into position, I lost my balance on the ladder and had to kind of jump to the floor to avoid falling completely. I had let go of the lower box and fortunately it stayed put halfway on the shelf. I managed to grab the falling one before it hit the floor but landed awkwardly on my feet. I felt a sharp twinge high up in my thigh.

"SHIT!" I blurted out as a stabbing pain shot through me.

"ARE YOU OKAY, CONNOR?" Margaret's shrill voice was full of concern as she raced over and took my arm. I set the box down and started hobbling around the garage, my hand starting to rub the back of my thigh.

"Yeah, I'll be okay. I think I just tweaked my hamstring. It happened before when I was playing football in high school. It should be okay in the next day or two." That being said, it still stung like a son-of-a-bitch right now.

"Oh, you poor dear," she said as she held my arm and directed me back into the house as I limped along beside her. "Sit down for a minute." I let her put me into an easy chair in her living room and she pulled up an ottoman and sat in front of me, a look of genuine concern on her face.

"I'm so sorry, Connor. Are you sure it's your hamstring?" She reached out and touched my knee tenderly as she looked at me with her eyes near tears.

"It's okay, Margaret. I'll be fine." I gave her a big smile and that seemed to calm her frazzled state somewhat. "Yeah, I can tell it's my hamstring. Like I said, this happened before when I was playing football. It's not really torn, just kind of tweaked, I guess you'd say. It stings pretty bad right now, but I'll be okay before you know it."

"Well, I feel like this is my fault and I want to make sure you're okay," she said as she got to her feet and put her hands on her hips in an authoritative gesture. She gave me a matronly look before reaching down and grabbing my arm as she started to pull me out of the chair. "C'mon, young man; I used to be a nurse, you know. I know just the thing to help that along."

"Margaret, it's okay. I'll be fine," I said as I tried to resist as she pulled me down the hallway.

"Nope; I won't take no for an answer. We've got to massage that muscle right now before it tightens up." She pulled me into her bedroom and left me standing by the foot of her bed while she marched briskly into the adjoining bathroom. A few seconds later, she came back into the room carrying a towel in her hand. "Here, take that damp suit off and lie down here." She peeled back the covers on her bed down to the crisp white sheet covering the mattress. She was all business now; I could see her slipping right back into that "no-nonsense" mode that nurses sometimes have to

have. "You can cover yourself with this towel. I've got some massage oils in the bathroom. We should get to work on that muscle before it tightens up. I'll be back in a couple of minutes." She went to her dresser and quickly pulled a couple of things from a drawer before she turned on her heel and went back into the bathroom. She pushed the door shut behind her to give me some privacy.

Knowing there was no way I was getting out of here without letting her take care of me; I slipped off my damp swimsuit and hung it from the doorknob of her closet. Now totally naked, I lay down on my stomach on her bed and reached behind me to position the towel over my midsection; so it was covering me from the small of my back to the middle of my thighs. As I heard her opening and closing drawers in the bathroom, I pulled a pillow under my head and wrapped my arms around it as I turned my face sideways and waited for her. A minute or so later, she knocked at the door.

"Are you decent?"

"I'm covered, if that's what you mean." She opened the door and strode across the room towards me, a couple of bottles in one hand and small towel in the other. Before she went back into the bathroom, she must have grabbed some clean clothes from her dresser because she had changed out of her bathing suit. Jesus Christ, did she ever look good now! She was wearing pair of little yellow shorts that fit like a second skin. I could make out the groove of her womanly sex beneath the stretchy yellow fabric. But on top, oh man, I could see the outline of lacy white bra through the tightly stretched cotton of what was essentially a man's singlet; what some people call a "wife-beater". As she walked towards me, I could see those tremendous tits of hers wobbling and jiggling beneath her tight top. The deep scoop neck of the singlet gave me a spectacular view of that deep dark line of cleavage of hers.

"Okay, let's make sure this thing doesn't stiffen up on you," she said as she climbed onto the bed beside my legs. Looking at her kneeling beside me in that outfit, it wasn't my hamstring I was worried about stiffening up. "Now Connor," she said softly as I watched her pour a generous amount of the massage oil into the palm of her hand, "you just lie there and relax and close your eyes. I'm gonna work this nice and slow. That's the best thing for this kind of injury." I looked up at her pretty face for a second as she started to rub her hands together, her fingers and hands starting to shine with the warming oil.

"Whatever you say, Nurse Margaret," I said compliantly as I took her advice; settled my head into the pillow and closed my eyes.

"Smart ass," she mumbled under her breath, but definitely loud enough for me to hear. I could feel the warm smooth skin of the side of her calf press against the side of my leg as she shifted close to me and then I felt her warm slick hands settle onto the back of my thigh, just below the edge of the towel. She started to slide them slowly but firmly up and down, a few inches at a time. I could feel my hamstring twinge under her first probing rub.

"Unnnhh," I let out a little groan as she hit the tender spot.

"Okay, just relax and you'll feel much better after this." She leaned forward and pressed both hands side by side around my strong muscular thigh. A soothing citrus scent wafted into my nostrils as she continued to rub the warming oil into my thigh. She started to move her hands a little higher now, her fingers sliding beneath the towel. Her greasy hands and fingers started to move all over my upper thighs as she pressed and rubbed wonderfully over my skin.

"Mmmmmm," I let out an unconscious moan of approval as her fingers rolled in soft circles over my tender skin.

"See, I told you it would start to feel better," she said softly as she continued to manipulate my sore hamstring beneath her hot slick hands. For the next ten minutes or so, I lay there totally content as she softly but insistently massaged my damaged muscle. Man, did it ever feel good. I'd never had anybody spend that much time massaging my upper leg before.

"Okay, I need to work on it from the front for a while," she said as she removed her hands from my leg and got up off of the bed. "I'll turn around so you can turn over and get that towel back in place." She turned her back to me and I flipped over onto my back. I had kind of gotten the towel awkwardly wrapped around me as I did and then had to pull it out from beneath me in order to position it back over my midsection. I covered myself so the top edge of the towel came to about my belly-button while the bottom again came to about mid-thigh.

"Okay," I said as I lifted one arm and draped it across my eyes. I could hear her crawl back onto the bed and lifted me arm ever so slightly so I could peek out at her from beneath it. From where she was kneeling beside my legs, it would look like my eyes were totally covered by my large forearm; from where I was, I had a perfect view through slitted eyes at that gorgeous body of hers.

"Oh fuck," I thought to myself as she re-oiled her hands and then leaned forwards slightly; her greasy hands coming to rest on my thigh. I had a perfect view right down into that deep cleavage of hers as she started to rub her hands up and down near the edge of the towel. Those massive soft tits of hers were swaying and bobbing enticingly as her hands moved back and forth. It felt great as her warm slick hands moved over my strong thigh, her fingers rubbing and caressing in slow firm circles.

"Mmmmmm," I let out another involuntary groan of pleasure as her soft hands rubbed tenderly high on the inside of my thigh.

"That's it, just lie back and enjoy it," she almost purred as she spoke softly under her breath, her fingers sliding higher up on my thigh beneath the towel. I could feel a stirring in my cock as the exquisite sensation of her magical fingers caressing my upper leg continued. "Uh oh," I thought to myself as I could feel it thickening and starting to extend upwards on my abdomen as her greasy fingers slid gently higher.

"Is this where it hurts?" she asked softly as she rubbed her fingertips high on the inside of my thigh.

"Just a little higher," I replied, my arm still covering my eyes. I could feel the bottom edge of the towel rise on my thighs as her hands pushed it slightly upwards to give her easier access. I wondered from her point of view if she could see my heavy sperm-laden balls, resting gently on the mattress beneath me. I felt her hands grip my thigh and pull my leg ever-so-slightly to one side before her delicate fingers rubbed soothingly over the surface of my upper leg and down over the tender skin on the inside of my thigh.

"Oh Jesus," I thought to myself as her warm slick fingers moving over the inside of my thigh sent an electric jolt straight to my cock. I felt a pulsing throb and could feel my own heart-rate start to increase as it pumped blood quickly to stiffening dick. I could feel it thickening and straightening as the ballooning tip started to move further upwards on my abdomen. I peeked out from beneath my arm and saw Margaret's eyes shift upwards from my thigh to the where it looked like a sleeping python was waking up beneath the towel. I could see her eyes open wide as my stiffening rod moved further north until it was now almost pointing straight up towards my face. Her hot greasy

hands kept rubbing deliciously all around my leg and inner thigh as the towel started to actually lift up off my stomach as my burgeoning cock approached total hardness. I watched as her mouth gaped open and I could see her breath start to come in short little gasps as the massive head of my cock appeared above the top edge of the towel.

"Oh my God," I heard her mutter under her breath as more and more of my rising erection came into view. As it got stiffer and stiffer, my dick rose higher vertically off my body, taking the towel with it until gravity finally caused it to slide partway down so more than half of my ten plus inches was in plain view.

"Haaahhh," I heard her take a sharp intake of breath as she looked at my stallion-like cock rearing up before her, the engorged crimson head starting to ooze pre-cum. I wanted to see what she would do, so I flexed my stomach muscles and watched my brick-hard erection bob enticingly right in front of her, my silky pre-cum drooling from the tip and pooling salaciously on my stomach.

As I lay there with my arm thrown over my eyes and pretending to be totally oblivious to what was happening, I watched as she reached behind her and quickly filled her palms with another generous supply of oil. I watched those gorgeous round tits of hers quivering as she shifted closer to me, her eyes never for a second leaving my throbbing prick as she rubbed her hot oily hands together.

"Just relax," she said in a soft hypnotic tone as I felt her warm slick fingers slide higher up my leg. I felt her gently take hold of the towel and delicately lift it off my body and drop it beside her. Now totally unencumbered, my engorged cock bobbed and pulsed right before her eyes with each powerful beat of my heart.

"Oh wow," she uttered quietly as I watched her eyes feasting on my huge erection standing bolt upright before her. As she shifted closer and her hot oily hands started to slide over my abdomen, I watched as her tongue slid out and licked wantonly around her soft full lips. She rubbed her greasy fingertips closer and closer until I felt them brush the side of my cock near the thick hard root. I heard her take another sharp intake of breath and watched as her eyes seemed totally mesmerized by my surging erection as her glistening fingers finally slid around the thick shaft.

"Unnnnggghhh," it was her that let out a little groan of pleasure this time as she slid her other delicate hand just above the first one, the slim fingers of both hands closing deliciously around the cunt-stretching girth of my throbbing dick. I could see that there was still a good-sized gap between the tips of her fingers and base of her hands, even though she had them wrapped as far around my cock as they could go. I continued to lay totally inert as she gave it a soft squeeze and then started to slide both of her gripping hands upwards. I had to exert a huge amount of willpower to prevent myself from letting out a loud groan.....fuck, it felt incredible. She slowly but firmly slid both hands all the way to the big mushroom head, her upper hand slowly rotating in a gentle but exquisite twisting motion as she started to slide her hands back downwards.

"Oh fuck, that feels fantastic," I thought to myself as Margaret's magical hands reached the taut base of my pulsing erection and then started to slide upwards once more. She quickly got into a smooth up and down rhythm; her delicate fingers and loving hands sliding all around in a deliciously torturing cork-screwing motion.

I peeked out again and saw her tremendous tits jiggling and bouncing lewdly beneath her tight top as she jacked my surging cock with those slick milking hands of hers. I could see a fine sheen of perspiration on her face and the upper swells of those massive breasts of hers as her oily hands continued to work their magic on my drooling dick. She looked totally mesmerized by my big stiff

cock, her eyes glazed over with lust as she pumped her twisting hands up and down wantonly. I took another look at those swelling quivering jugs of hers and felt my balls start to draw up close to my body. As her slick hands continued the slow teasing corkscrewing motion of theirs, I felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of my cock. I watched her face from beneath my draped arm as the first ropery strand jettisoned forth.

"Haaahhh," she had that sharp intake of breath again as the thick milky rope shot forth high into the air. I saw her eyes flick up to watch it as it almost reached her ceiling before falling with a noticeable splat onto my muscular chest. Her hands kept pumping together as the next few shots erupted from my spewing dick. Seven.....eight.....nine.....I counted as my chest started to get covered with silvery ribbons of seed.

"Oh my God," she uttered as my cock continued to unload under her stroking hands, rope after thick creamy rope shooting forth. Fourteen.....fifteen.....sixteen.....I saw her eyes and mouth gaping open as she watched the cum continue to jettison from my throbbing cock-head; my chest, stomach and her stroking hands becoming covered with the warm slimy fluid.

"Aaaaaaaaahhh fuuuuuuuccckkk," she moaned and I saw her eyes seem to roll back in her head as her body started to twitch. Her lips were trembling and she was visibly gasping for air as I could see that an orgasm was ripping through her quivering body. Even as the luscious nerve-tingling sensations coursed through her, her pleasuring hands continued to stroke up and down on my spitting cock. Nineteen.....twenty....twenty-one.....With the twenty-first shot, I felt the last of the delicious contractions go through me as I reached the end of a tremendous release. Margaret's skillful hands seemed to know when to slow automatically as she gently milked out the last few oozing drops before stopping, my spent dick still firmly held in her loving grasp.

Feeling totally drained and blissfully satisfied, I slowly lowered my arm from across my face and looked down at her, both of us gasping for breath in post-orgasmic bliss. As I looked at her, I saw her looking in awe at the huge amount of cum before her. There were milky gobs and pearly ribbons covering most of my chest and stomach, while her jacking hands were also dripping with the stuff.

"Connor.....I.....I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me," she blurted out apologetically, her eyes still fixated on the amount of warm cream glistening before her.

"Nothing to be sorry about, Margaret. I loved it. You told me to just relax and you'd make me feel better. Well, I think you did."

"I.....I can't believe how big your cock is," she said as her eyes flicked down to my half-hard dick, "and the amount of cum you shot.....it was incredible!" She paused and looked once more at all the milky discharge on my body. "Your cum.....it.....it's so thick and creamy." She held her hands up before her face and looked at the heavy whitish gobs clinging to her fingers. "Is it always like that? And do you always shoot that much?"

"Yeah, pretty much. And yeah, I usually shoot that much."

"Wow, that's amazing," she said as seemed mesmerized by the thick heavy cream clinging to her hands and pooling on my chest. As she stared transfixed at the shimmering wads of semen, I saw her tongue slip out and unconsciously slide around her lips again. She looked hungry for it; I wanted to see what she would do next.



"Yeah, but I've made quite a mess. Can you pass me that towel there?" I asked as I pointed to the towel that I'd had covering me earlier.

"NO!" she blurted out anxiously.

"What?"

"I.....I mean.....can I.....can I have it?" she asked, excitement lurking behind her mature eyes. I could see that hungry look there and knew exactly what she wanted.

"Sure, have as much as you want," I said with a sly grin on my face as I folded my arms behind my head and lay back against the pillows beneath me. I watched as she slowly brought her hands up to her face. Her nostrils flared slightly as she inhaled deeply, the musky scent of my seed filling her senses.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred as her eyes closed softly for a second as she savored the warm manly fragrance of my fresh semen. Her eyes looked down again at her sticky hands as she brought them to her mouth. I watched with satisfaction as her tongue slithered out right into a big milky strand dangling teasingly from her fingertips.

"Sssssllupppp," I heard her make a wet sucking sound and watched as the quivering strand of dangling cum was sucked into her vacuuming mouth. Her mouth closed and I saw the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed. "Mmmmm," she mewed like a kitten as the hot slick cream slid down her throat. Once she had that first taste, there was no stopping her. Her tongue eagerly lapped up all the milky semen from her hands before she leaned forwards and brought her face towards my cum-covered chest. Those big heavy tits of hers hung down pendulously; even encased in her lacy bra, the sheer weight of them caused the clinging material of the singlet to distend enticingly downwards.

"Do you like that?" I asked as I watched her circling tongue capture the stray drops of silvery seed from her beautiful red lips.

"Oh yeah, it's been awhile since I've had any," she said as her hungry eyes took in the mass of cum shimmering on my body, "and never this much at one time before."

"Well, go ahead, we wouldn't want it to get cold now, would we?" I said as I reached forward and put my hand on the back of her head and pulled it downwards. She didn't need any coaxing and eagerly let me pull her mouth down onto my chest. I watched with a blissful smile on my face as her lips spread over one huge gob and I felt her tongue slide over my skin beneath. I could feel a gentle sucking and then watched as the pooling gob disappeared up into her vacuuming mouth.

"That's a good girl," I said as I moved her head over to the next big gob. I put my hand back behind my head with the other one and just watched as my buxom mature neighbor enthusiastically cleaned the rest of my warm milky semen off my body. She licked and sucked up every creamy morsel until all that was left was a fine sheen of her drying saliva. She purred and mewed like a kitten with a bowl of warm milk the whole time. A mischievous grin came to my face as I thought about this in relation to my new job; I didn't have the heart to tell her she was licking up \$200 worth of cum!

"Oh my God," she said as she finally raised her head and looked at me with glassy eyes, "what a huge load. I.....I love it." Her tongue slid all around her chin and lips one last time as she made sure she had every pearly drop.

"I'm glad you like it," I said as I checked the time on her alarm clock. "Oh man, it's later than I thought. I've got to get over to my mom's." I rolled off the side of the bed and started to pull on my trunks. "Sorry Margaret, but I really have to go."

"That's okay," she replied as she rolled onto her back and languished against the stacked pillows in front of the headboard; that big voluptuous body of hers begging for attention. I watched as she slid one hand between her legs and started stroking the inside of her thigh with those magical fingers of hers. I figured it wouldn't be long after I left before they'd be working their own magic once more. "Maybe next time you won't have to leave in such a hurry." She gave me a big doe-eyed look, and if I hadn't promised my mother I'd be there, I would have stayed and filled every needy hole in that gorgeous body of hers.

"What about that theory of yours; that we shouldn't date?" I said as I finished pulling up my suit.

"Well, we don't have to actually date, do we?" she said as she pouted and looked at me with a devilish glint in her eye. "We could be.....what is it you young people call it..... "fuck-buddies" or something like that?"

"Yeah," I said as my eyes roamed ravenously over that buxom mature body of hers, "we could try that." With a wink, I turned on my heel and walked out of the room. It wasn't until I bent over to pick up the rest of my stuff near her back door, that I felt a little twinge in my hamstring again. Boy, she had known what to do! Although it still stung a little bit when I moved certain ways, I could tell it had become so much better under her healing hands than it would have been if I'd just left it. And I felt much better too.....there's something about getting your balls thoroughly drained that makes everything in the world seem that much better.

As soon as I got into my own place, I ran the shower once more to get cleaned up before going to my mother's. As I turned my face up into the pelting spray, I wondered what it was that she wanted to talk to me about. I was pretty curious about what it might be and as lascivious thoughts of my mother ran through my head once more; my soapy hands seemed to slide into the area of my crotch automatically. Well, I'd find out what she wanted to talk about soon enough...