

THE FACE-PAINTER CH. 06

rmDEXter

Connor splits his coach's daughter wide open.

Incest/Taboo

4.62

11.8k words

Standing in the shower I heard the phone ring. Knowing the answering machine would take care of it, I continued lathering up. That little afternoon session with Zoey had been fantastic. The way she had openly thirsted for my cum was intoxicating; she was like some poor bastard stranded in these scorching deserts around here craving water. I'd been only too happy to feed her a couple of protein smoothies and looked forward to continuing with more of the cocksucking lessons she'd asked for. Yes, she'd been a very willing pupil, with a hot little mouth worth its weight in gold. Watching her swallow as my creamy load slid down that silky throat of hers into her waiting stomach was beautiful, and putting that second milky batch of baby-batter on her face had been wickedly nasty too; but knowing that pretty soon I'd be busting that sweet innocent cherry of my little sister's was going to be even better. No doubt about it. As I thought about how it would feel to be tearing into that tight virginal hole of Zoey's curvy young body, my slick sudsy hands seemed to make their way into my crotch unconsciously. Remembering that I had that upcoming appointment in a little while with my second real client, Catherine, I summoned up what little willpower I had left and turned the shower to a cold rinse before things got out of hand....or into hand, more like it.

Catherine would be my second paying "John" (or do they call it "Joan" when it's a woman?) in my new "job"; Face-Painter for hire. \$200 a load was sure a bonus, I couldn't deny that. At first, I thought the whole thing would just be looked at as a joke, but there definitely seemed to be women out there who liked that kind of thing; and better yet, were willing to put up the cash to prove it.

Running a comb through my hair after wrapping a towel around my waist, I went back into the living room and checked my message.

"Yo Homes, 'sup?" I recognized the voice of my buddy, Andy. The initial greeting made me smile; Andy and I never talked like that; and yet here he was going all "gangsta" on me. "I thought you'd be at home either workin' or sittin' around on your lazy ass." Well, that was better, at least he was back to using his normal voice again. "It's the middle of the afternoon on Friday and I'm just finishing up this job I'm doing at the Luxor. I was thinking if you didn't have any plans for tonight we could grab a bite and hang out. If you can't make it tonight, maybe we could grab breakfast either tomorrow or Sunday. My mom wants me to pop by the house today so I'm just about to head there shortly. Not too sure how long I'll be there. Anyways, when you pick this up, give me a call on my cell. Ciao bella."

"Ciao bella," so here was Andy saying "Goodbye beauty" to me in Italian. That was one thing I liked about Andy, you never knew what that crazy bastard was gonna say next; or in which language.

Andy; or more specifically Andrew Alexander Adelson, aka "Triple A", had been my best friend since we started high school. I need to digress here for just a second..... A girl Andy dated for a while when we were in university always used to giggle or smirk whenever I would call Andy either "Trip" or "Triple A". I finally asked her why she got such a big kick out of it.

"Every time I hear you call him that," she replied with a big smile on her face, "it reminds me of the Energizer Bunny. You know; the one that keeps going and going. Well, I can tell you from experience; that is exactly what Andy is like in bed, only he keeps cumming and cumming, instead of going and going!" We both had a big laugh at that, but I could tell from seeing her with Andy that she had no complaints about his Energizer Bunny prowess whatsoever. Alas, like so many romances at that age, for some reason, it ended quickly, just like so many bad TV sitcom pilots.

Looking back, I think Andy and I first crossed paths in a computer science class, with me fumbling my way through before Andy took pity on me and helped me figure out how to do something as simple as logging in. He'd been a scrawny little twerp then; and why not, he was a year younger than the rest of us, having been moved ahead a grade. Why? Because he was probably one of the smartest motherfuckers I'd ever met, that's why. Nowadays, he could speak at least four languages fluently; that I knew of, and he was a whiz at both math and anything to do with computers.

We just kind of hit it off right away, with him helping me with math, science and tech stuff, while I gave him some guidance (which he probably didn't really need) in literature, teaching him how to survive in gym and the oh so important art of socializing. I think we both knew that our strengths complimented each other and that somehow helped us form a strong bond. I kind of thought of Andy as the brother I never had, and being an only child himself, I think Andy felt the same of me.

So Andy and I shared those weird adolescent years together and our friendship grew through various girlfriends we each had, virginities lost (and never to be regained), both sports and academic successes and failures (you can guess who had more of each) and generally just regular teenage stuff. Over that period we'd both grown up, both physically and emotionally. I'd watched Andy over those years turn from the wiry little nerd he was when I first met him into a pretty good looking guy about 5'-9" tall and weighing about 170. While he helped me with math, I taught him about football. At 6'-3" and over 200 pounds, I'd made a pretty good tight end in high school while Andy played regularly at free safety. He was no star, mind you, but he worked hard doing whatever the coaches wanted from him and was respected by everybody else on the team for the effort he put forth.

I remember one incident clearly from around that time that I know brought the two of us closer together. It was our last year of high school and we'd heard about some club in a fairly sleazy part of town that didn't look too closely at your ID when you went in. And apparently there was a band playing there that week that was supposed to be pretty good. Andy and I made it into the place no problem, only to find that the band in question sucked and the overall clientele in the place was pretty grim too. I think for our first time in a real bar, we were expecting it to be "babe city"; only the ones in here seemed to be from the dog pound instead. Deciding to cut the evening short, we got out of the place and headed back to where we'd parked. I don't know why I didn't do this before we left the bar, but I had an urgent need to find a place to take a piss. I ducked into a burger joint that was still open while Andy stayed outside to take advantage of the fresh air. When I came out just a minute or two later, Andy was nowhere to be found. I heard a noise coming from the alley next to the building and poked my head around. I saw two crackheads who had Andy backed up to the wall, his trembling hands held palms-up before him.

"Just give us your wallet, fuckhead," the smaller, more strung-out looking one said to Andy, almost spitting in his face. The bigger of the two stood in front of Andy, waving a knife around menacingly. As I quickly sized up the situation, I took this as a good sign; people that know what they're doing with a weapon don't keep moving it around, they hold it pointed directly at you, knowing that is the quickest way to do the most damage, if necessary. These guys looked too hopped up on something to act rationally and I knew I had to do something to get Andy out of there before the whole

situation went badly wrong. Taking a deep breath and with my eyes locked on the hovering knife, I spurted the few steps down the alleyway and launched a vicious kick at the bigger guy's arm.

"AAAAHHH!" I heard the guy grunt and a split second later heard the knife clatter against the pavement. I grabbed the guy by the back of the neck and shoved his face right into the brick wall as hard as I could. As he crumpled to the ground holding his face and moaning, I turned towards the other rat-faced bastard. He looked up at my 6'-3" frame and gasped out a simple "Fuck!" under his breath before hightailing it out of there. I grabbed Andy's arm and started to pull him out of there but he shook me off and turned to the guy kneeling on the ground, blood pouring from his face.

"Miserable fuck!" I heard Andy mutter between clenched teeth before he gave the guy another kick in the ribs for good measure. "Okay, let's get out of here." We took off at a run towards the car, both of us actually scared shitless and shaking from the whole frightening experience. We piled into the car and sat there with the doors locked, both of us breathing raggedly as our racing hearts slowly returned to normal; both of us trembling with nervous energy as the adrenaline rush gradually dwindled.

"Did you see what that little guy was wearing?" I asked Andy as I finally felt composed enough to start the car and pull away from the curb.

"Huh, what?"

"The little weaselly-looking one that took off; he was wearing a fucking Power Ranger t-shirt." I don't know why this struck me as bizarre and stuck in my brain; but that was all I could remember about the guy. If we'd reported this to the cops, that's the only way I could remember how to describe him.

"Power Rangers?" Andy replied with a "are you kidding me" look on his face.

"Yeah, the whole bunch of them, right there in a line on the front of his t-shirt." I paused and gave my head a shake as I continued to drive. "What the fuck's with that?"

Andy nodded and we drove on in silence for another minute or two before Andy said, "Do you think the Pink Power Ranger would be a good fuck?"

"Oh, there's no doubt at all about that; she'd be amazing," I replied and we both burst out laughing. We were okay after that; Andy coming back to earth from the scary hell those fuckers had just taken him to. Anytime we heard any reference to the Power Rangers after that, we'd just look at each other and start laughing as we remembered that frightening night.

After high school, we'd both attended UNLV with Andy in Computer Science while I studied English Literature and Journalism. He'd graduated with flying colors as a Computer Engineer and now at age 27, he worked freelance as well; mostly doing work for the massive casinos and hotels in town. With his skills in that kind of work, he made a decent buck, that's for sure.

We still remain good friends and usually get together a couple of times a week. I look forward to those get-togethers. Andy generally has a care-free optimistic attitude that is infectious. We never fail to challenge each other mentally over issues we disagree about, and yet we each value the fact that we can confide whatever we want in each other as well. I knew deep down, although I'd never admit it out loud, that my friendship with Andy was special; the type I'm sure other people wish they could have themselves. It keeps me grounded in a way that I find comforting beyond words. We are an anchor for each other; able to find safe harbor no matter what the mean cruel world

threw at us. With something as simple as a quick phone call to each other, it doesn't seem to take long before whatever had been troubling one of us ended up not seeming so bad after all. Would I take a bullet for Andy?.....Fuck no; but a paintball pellet.....maybe!

Realizing that getting together with Andy tonight was going to be a no-go due to my appointment with Catherine, I sat down at my computer to see where I'd left off on the article I was overdue with when Zoey showed up. I noticed I had a couple of e-mails and figured I'd better check it out. The first one was from my boss, "Dick the Dick", actually Richard "Call me Dick" Morrissey. I could read his tone of voice as soon as I opened it, the fact that he wrote it all in capital letters showing how pissed off he was:

"YOUNG," what....not even a cordial "Dear Connor"?

"YOUNG, BE AT MY OFFICE MONDAY, 10:00am.....DICK"

Hmmmm, well, that didn't seem too promising. I figured he was always pissed off because whenever he told people his name, some would ask, "Morrissey? You aren't related to the singer from The Smiths, are you?" to which Dick would have to reply in the negative. I'm sure he wished he had a fraction of the talent the real Morrissey had, the words from "Suedehead" now running through my head.

Maybe the second message was better news.

"Face-Painter, this is Catherine. I'm sorry to say that I'm going to have to cancel our meeting today. I have to.....actually, I'll be truthful; I'm chickening out. I'm sorry, but I just don't think I can go through with it. Catherine."

I sat and re-read her message again; just to be sure I was reading it right. I realized that in this "pay for sex" business, this kind of thing probably shouldn't come as a surprise. I figured it would happen sooner or later, but on my second real job? That was kind of a small kick in the nuts. Re-reading it once more though, I was glad she'd summoned up the courage to at least be truthful, rather than coming up with some lame-ass excuse.

Well, with my night now free, I picked up the phone and called Andy's cell. He picked up on the third ring, sounding out of breath. "Hey, it's me. You okay?"

"Oh yeah, I was just helping my mom bring in some stuff she bought today. I'm fine."

"Well hey, I've got no plans for tonight, what do you want to do?"

"How about we start at Gabriel's? We can grab a bite there and then just see what happens?" Gabriel's was a family-owned Spanish restaurant not too far from Andy's apartment building. Andy and I had quickly become regulars there over the last year. I'm sure it was a combination of the fact that the food was always excellent; plus the owner, Gabriel, seemed to have penchant for hiring busty waitresses; including his own two young daughters who worked there as well.

"That sounds great. What time were you thinking?"

"Well, Mom's got more stuff for me to do here, so I'm probably gonna be here for another couple of hours anyways. How about I swing by your place and pick you up. That way, if you end up drinking too much tonight, you can either crash at my place or take a cab home." That sounded good to me. It would be great to get out, but I wanted to make it a fairly early night. I wanted to

make sure I was well-rested for whatever might happen on my planned date with my mother the next day.

"That'll work. I've got to finish this article I'm supposed to have in or Dick will kill me. A good two hours right now should do it. Alright, I'll see you a little later."

We signed off and I pulled on my gym shorts and old t-shirt and got back to work. Fortunately this time there were no interruptions and just short of the two hour mark, I re-read the article for the last time and made the final little tweaks I wanted, and then sent it in. Finally.....man, over these last few days and all that had happened, I thought I'd never get that damned thing done!

I went into the bathroom, brushed the pegs, ran a brush through my hair and then dressed in a comfortable pale blue shirt and jeans. I was actually looking forward to hanging out with Andy; it had been almost a week since we'd seen each other. It would be a nice break to have some of Gabriel's good food and talk. As I got ready, I wondered if I'd actually let Andy know about the "Face-Painter" ad and my new venture into the world of "gigoloism".....and I wondered if that was actually a real word. Aaaah, who cares, I like the sound of it; "gigoloism".

As I pondered the intricate complex mysteries of the English language, my phone rang. I saw from the caller display that it was Andy. "Yeah?"

"I'm two minutes away; are you ready?"

"Yeah, I'll see you outside." Gathering up my keys and stuff, I locked up just as Andy pulled into my driveway in his silver Ford Fusion. That's another one of those things about Andy; the guy definitely had the money for something different than a Ford Fusion, if he wanted. And you'd think that a young successful guy in Las Vegas would be running around in something much sportier or showier; not Andy. For him, it needed to be practical, efficient, and make good economic sense; the same way he ran the rest of his life. He was by no means a cheapskate; he was often more than willing to pick up the tab for any occasion. Driving a family-type car like this was just another little quirk of his.

As I walked towards his waiting car, I spotted Margaret leaning against her front porch, a glass of wine in hand. She looked up at me over her wine glass and gave me a warm knowing smile.

"Hi Margaret," I heard Andy say from inside the car. "How are you?" The two of them had met on many occasions, Andy regularly dropping by my place since I'd moved in.

"I'm great, Andy," she said as she stepped off her porch and sashayed over towards us, those wide flared hips of hers shifting seductively as she approached. Jesus, she looked hot. She had on a pair of stretchy red shorts that ended just below her crotch, her long tanned legs looking beautiful in the dimming twilight. My eyes travelled upwards to the white and red floral blouse she had tied in an enticing knot at her midriff, her smooth stomach giving a teasing glimpse of the sexy hourglass figure she possessed. She had what seemed to be an extra button undone at the top of the knotted blouse, the V-shaped opening plunging almost to her midsection to expose a deep dark line of inviting cleavage. All this was framed by her swirling auburn locks, and her gorgeous features seeming all that much sexier by a sensuous natural glow she seemed to be exuding. I had a feeling my little visit the night before may have had something to do with that glow.

"So what are you two boys up to tonight?" she asked as both of us arrived on opposite sides of the car at the side time. While I slid into the passenger seat, she set her glass gently on the roof and then leaned forwards against Andy's doorframe to speak to both of us. "Oh fuck," I thought as she

leaned further over, her head tilted slightly to look across at me. The glimpse she was giving Andy and I down that gaping blouse of hers was fantastic. You could see well down inside past the swelling upper mounds to a breathtaking white lace bra that had been given the brutal duty of containing those heavy massive tits of hers. Yeah, those 40DDs looked like they were asking for your hands to reach forward and slide right down inside that teasing top of hers. I saw Andy gulp noticeably, his face only a foot or so away from those big pendulous orbs.

"We're gonna go out and grab a bite to eat, maybe have a couple of beers," Andy replied. I could see the conscious effort he was making to try and keep eye contact with her as she provocatively shifted from one foot to the other. I knew she enjoying teasing Andy as much as she was enjoying showing me that she was ready with more of what I had gotten last night.

"Well, you guys make sure you don't get into any trouble," she said with a playful motherly wave of her finger, a naughty smile playing at the corner of her wide sensuous mouth. "There are girls out there just waiting to pray on sweet innocent young men like you two." We all had a chuckle at that. She started to stand up and then as if she had just remembered something, she leaned down even further into the car and spoke directly to me. "Connor, thanks again for helping me out with that problem at my place last night. When you did that drilling and screwing, it really helped." Holy fuck, what was she saying? I saw Andy's eyes open wide as he quickly glanced over at me and then back to Margaret.

"Oh Andy, I'm sorry. If you don't know what we're talking about, that must sound just terrible." She gave a little giggle and gave us both an "oh silly me....what am I saying" kind of smile. "My big old wooden bed has kind of been getting a little more rickety over the years; shifting a little and squeaking more than usual. I asked Connor if he thought something could be done about. Our boy here came over yesterday with that big special tool of his.....what do you call that again, Connor?"

"Uh, it was just a cordless drill," I responded, surprised that I was actually conspiring in this little story.

"Yes, a cordless drill," Margaret repeated. "Anyways Andy, when he took that tool of his and used it to drill and screw in just the right places, I slept like a baby last night. It was probably the best night's sleep I've had in years. When I woke up, I felt like I was just glowing." Her playful eyes flicked to mine and I knew she was referring to waking up and finding the glazed layer of cum I'd sprayed all over those tremendous tits of hers after she'd passed out, totally exhausted from the fucking I'd given her. I looked over and saw Andy's mouth gaping open as he just stared at her; totally awestruck by the lewd suggestiveness of her words. But man, just listening to her and looking at those massive tits of hers swelling inside her loose top had my own cock starting to twitch inside my jeans. Fuck, if we didn't have to go, I'd shove her into her house and throw a quick fuck into that gorgeous body of hers right now.

"Uh, it was no problem," I said as I slipped on my seat belt, trying to break Andy out of the mesmerized trance Margaret seemed to have him in. "Yeah Margaret, any time you need help with something like that, just let me know."

"Well, if you're not too late getting back tonight, there is something else I hope you can help me with," she said teasingly.

"Uh, what's that?"

"There're a couple of problems with the shower actually. I probably should have mentioned it when you were over yesterday."

"What's wrong with it?"

"The stopper or whatever you call the up-and-down thingy that keeps the water in the tub when you want to take a bath doesn't seem to be working properly. The water keeps slowly leaking out. I'm wondering if you could look at it or maybe figure out some way to prevent that from happening by plugging the hole with something." As Margaret mentioned about plugging a hole, I actually saw some sweat break out on Andy's forehead as his eyes dropped down into the deep valley of her long line of cleavage once more.

"Uh, what's the other thing?" I replied, smiling wistfully to myself.

"Well, I've got a couple of built-in dispensers for shampoo and liquid soap. I think something might be wrong with the soap one; it keeps clogging up. Today, I was trying to make it work and it was stuck. I moved in close to try and get a good look at it while I kept trying to pump it with my hand. Finally, I pumped it really hard and a huge soapy strand shot forth. It hit me right in the cheek and dripped down onto my chest." As she said this she kind of looked down towards her own swelling tits before looking back at us; both of us now completely entranced by her hot story. "I'd been pumping it so hard to try and make it work that I didn't realize it had come unclogged until I'd pumped it another three or four times. By that time, it was all over my face." Oh fuck, I thought to myself, was Margaret ever getting me turned on. Even though I knew exactly what she was talking about while he didn't, I'm sure Andy was feeling the same way.

"Yeah, so anyways, Connor," she said as she took a step back from the car, her wine glass now safely in her hand and the other hand perched provocatively on one thrust-out hip, "if you get back tonight and feel like helping with those things, feel free to drop by. I'd really appreciate it." I felt myself gulp noticeably as she turned on her heel. As Andy and I sat stock still and watched that luscious ass of hers sway sensually from side to side as she walked away; I knew that it would take something close to a nuclear bomb going off to prevent me from coming back for another late night visit tonight.

"Oh my God," Andy said as Margaret disappeared into her house. "What the fuck was that all about? Between her leaning into my window in that top and what she was saying, I nearly came in my pants."

"Oh, it's nothing," I said with a dismissive wave of my hand, wondering if at some point in the evening I'd end up telling Andy the truth. "I just helped her with that stuff yesterday and well.....hey, you know how she and I like to flirt with each other."

"Flirting?" he said with an exasperated expression on his face. "Man, that is one beautiful woman. I wish somebody would flirt with me like that." He reached down and with a whimsical shake of his head, he started the car and threw it into reverse. "Oh, I tell you man, if it was me in your place, I'd be definitely trying to tap that. Did you see those tits of hers?"

"Yeah, they're quite something all right."

"After that, I either need a cold shower or a nice cold beer. Let's go see Gabriel." As we headed towards Andy's place, I was happy to change the topic from Margaret. I didn't know if I was ready to talk about that just yet. I asked Andy about work and we both made idle chit-chat on the drive to his apartment building. We pulled into one of the basement parking levels of the modern high-rise building as Andy deftly maneuvered his car into his personal parking spot between some massive concrete piers.

Like I said earlier, Andy had no money worries and had purchased a penthouse apartment in this building almost two years ago when it had first been completed. Whereas I liked my own little piece of land and access to the great outdoors, Andy liked the privacy and view that his 28th floor apartment gave him. Whereas I frequently had conversations with my neighbors, Andy kept pretty much to himself in this building, and that was the way he liked it. I think Andy's upbringing being so different from my own kind of explained those differences between the two of us.

I mentioned previously that Andy was an only child. He was the result of an unfortunate teenage pregnancy between his mother, Cynthia, and his father, Gerald. Both Cynthia and Gerald came from families with staunch religious backgrounds. When the two teenagers informed their shocked parents about the pregnancy, both sets of parents banded together and forbid them to consider the idea of either abortion or adoption. So under this gloomy cloud of despair, Cynthia gave birth to Andy. Complications at birth resulted in Cynthia having her tubes tied; thus Andy being an only child. Shortly thereafter, the two teenagers married. Both sets of parents agreed this needed to be done to maintain their respective family's reputations.

When Gerald finished high school, he was forced to join his father's company; both families expecting him to "do the right thing"; work hard and care for his new family. Andy has told me how he knows that his father always resented his mother; thinking it was her fault that his youth had been taken away from him after she got pregnant. It was as if he never admitted that he was equally responsible for that fact.

Cynthia turned to her church for comfort and spent many hours there, perhaps trying to cleanse her own soul for what I'm sure she felt may have been a marriage that she should have worked harder to try and save. I don't know, but from what I know about Andy's dad from the few times I met him and what Andy's told me, I think she was wiser to try and cut him loose as soon as she could. But.....she never did. Although distant from each other, she wanted the family to stay intact for her son. I knew she loved Andy with all her heart and would do anything for him. Gerald, well, in the end, it was all about him.

Cynthia's parents had died in car accident when Andy was just finishing high school; leaving her with a little inheritance money of her own. Gerald's parents had died just over two years ago, one following the other within months in fights against cancer. Andy told me that when his grandmother died, his grandfather just seemed to lose all will to live. It wasn't long before he passed away too.

Andy said his dad seemed almost gleeful when this happened, finally realizing he was out from beneath his parent's controlling thumb. When the reading of the will came down, it contained a little surprise for Gerald. It was obvious the parents knew the true nature of their own son; they left a substantial amount of their estate to both Cynthia and Andy himself; money I'm sure Gerald thought should have gone completely to him. Within days of the inheritance funds being issued, Gerald quit his job and left town. I don't know if he was in search of his lost youth or what, but I think Andy felt a deep down sense of relief when his father left. Although mother and son had always had a close relationship, Gerald's departure brought Andy and his mother even closer together.

Cynthia tried to keep Gerald's departure a secret from those at her church, but it didn't take long for the truth to get out. As judgmental as some churchgoing folk tend to be on occasion, they increasingly made things difficult for her. To me it seemed so strange in this day and age for that type of thing to take place, but her beliefs had her torn. Andy told me how upset she would be;

trying to walk a slippery tightrope between her religious beliefs or surrendering herself to the truth and moving on with her life.

When Andy came into his inheritance, he had already been living away from home in an apartment, but the money allowed him to get this penthouse that he now lived in. He had grown closer to his mother, and I knew she needed him more than he needed her. I respected him for the way he stepped forward and helped her whenever he could, always watching out for her and yet I knew he was subtly trying to steer her away from the people at her church; especially since it soon became apparent that they wanted to take advantage of her financially. I could see some of the changes Andy had helped make in her already.

At 42, she was still a young woman, and Andy had purchased a membership to a gym for her. She'd been initially reluctant to attend, but after she'd been a few times, it ended up being something she loved. I think working out and seeing her own body come back into shape gave her more confidence in herself, and it showed in how she related to people and presented herself to the world at large, although she still seemed to rely heavily on Andy on a day to day basis.

Andy and I had both spent a lot of time at each other's house growing up and I had always felt his mother was pretty hot, even if she dressed relatively conservatively. She was shorter than most, probably topping out at around 5'-3", and I'd guess her weight at around 120. She was on the verge of being just a little chubby, but not fat. It was just like she'd grown into an adult that had never lost her baby fat. She had medium length brunette hair, welcoming blue eyes and a genuinely pretty face, with a wide mouth and full lips. The one thing you couldn't fail to notice about her, no matter how conservatively she dressed, was the tremendous set of tits she had. In order to give you a pretty good visual, I'd say Andy's mom reminds me a lot of the voluptuous busty model September Carrino. Although the lovely September wasn't around as a notable comparison in my high school years, she is around now. And Andy's mother looks very similar to what I'd expect a more mature Ms. Carrino would look like some day. Yes, Mrs. Cynthia Rose Adelson had played the starring role in many of my teenage fantasies. And being the curious perv that I am, I took advantage of an opportunity that presented itself to me one day.

Andy and I had gone back to his place after football practice one day. The defensive coaches had been working Andy and the other defensive backs on some extra drills, and I'd come out of the locker room while they were still at it. Andy decided he'd just shower at home. With his parents out of the house and him in the shower, I snuck into his parent's room and quickly started rifling through his mom's dresser drawers. It didn't take long until I discovered what I was looking for; the one filled with her bras. They were nearly all white or black, and relatively conservative in style; just like the rest of her wardrobe. I pulled one out and couldn't help notice the substantial amount of underwire sewn into the sexy garment; obviously necessary to help support those voluminous breasts of hers. I quickly flipped the straps over, spotted the tag and brought it closer: 32G! Oh fuck, I thought to myself as I pressed the silky black fabric to my nose and breathed deeply from the inside of the substantial cups. Mmmmmm, nice. The delicate warm womanly smell filled my nostrils immediately and I felt an electric jolt go straight to my cock.

With my teenage cock now an instantaneous rod of steel in my pants, I rushed downstairs, bra in hand; grabbed my knapsack and locked myself in the two-piece bathroom on the main floor. I shoved my jeans and underwear down to the floor where they puddled around my ankles. My unfurled erection snapped up and slapped against my stomach as it came free. Wrapping my hand quickly around the stiff shaft, I brought Mrs. Adelson's bra to my face again and breathed deeply as I pumped away at my throbbing dick. Oh man, this was fantastic. I let my tongue slither out and ran it along the inside of the deep smooth cups; knowing they had held those full heavy tits of Andy's

mom. I just wished I could take my time with this; unfortunately Andy would be looking for me shortly and there was no way I wanted him catching me like this. My cock was hard as a rock and I think the illicit riskiness of what I was doing sent a scintillating rush right to my groin. Fuck, it felt so good and I knew it wouldn't be long before I came.

"Connor! You down here?" I heard Andy call.

"Yeah, I'm in here," I yelled back breathlessly. "I.....I'll be right out."

"Okay, I'll get our math books out. That test tomorrow is gonna be a bitch."

I milked my circling hand back and forth as quietly as I could while my tongue and nose were busy taking in the delicious scent and residual flavors of Mrs. Adelson. As I started to feel the delectable contractions starting within my midsection, I realized I didn't want to make mess all over their bathroom counter, and yet with my pants wrapped around my ankles, I didn't want to risk stumbling over myself if I tried to step over and shoot into the toilet. As the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my pulsing erection, I made a split-second decision. I pulled the sexy garment away from my face and held it with the luscious full cups open before me. I got it in place just in time as the first long ropey strand burst forth and pasted itself deep into the left bra cup. I quickly moved the head of my spewing dick over to the other, the second thick rope leaving a silvery trail across the silky black fabric before most of the pearly wad splattered into the right cup.

"UNGH!" I groaned under the onslaught of the nerve-jangling climax I was experiencing. The groan had come out much louder than I had anticipated.

"You okay?" I heard Andy ask from somewhere in the adjacent family room.

"Yeah, be right out," I gasped out as I continued to pump away at my spewing cock. I couldn't believe how turned on I was by the whole risky situation. My cock just kept shooting until the inside of Andy's mom's bra was a milky mess of my warm cream, my thick cum standing out boldly against the sexy black material. There were gobs and strands of pearly semen everywhere. Oh shit, there was no way I could return it to Mrs. Adelson's dresser like that. I'd brought my knapsack in with me in case Andy came down and I had to hide it there until I had chance to return it when he was distracted. But now, fuck, there was no way I could do that. Resigning myself to the imminent theft, I carefully folded the cum-soaked bra in on itself and delicately placed in deep into my knapsack after pulling out my math books. I flushed the toilet to complete my diversion, washed the clinging remnants of cum off my hands and quietly left the room.

"You okay, you look like you're sweating?" Andy asked as I joined him at the study table.

"Yeah, I've just gotta get my mom to stop giving me cheese sandwiches for lunch," I said with a grin and a shrug of my shoulders. Andy laughed and turned back to the trig problems in front of him.

As soon as I got home that day, I carefully withdrew the damp bra from my knapsack and inspected it. A lot of my cum had soaked well into the fabric but there were still a number of big gobs and thick silvery strands nicely adhered to the silky black surface. Looking at it, my dick instantly started swelling once more. I jerked off into it three more times that night, my mind on fire with images of releasing Mrs. Adelson's heavy round tits from this beautiful bra and sliding my rock-hard prick between those luscious monsters until I blew off all over her. I never once cleaned up the bra but just kept shooting into it as I added load after load; the sexy garment growing heavy over time with my creamy seed.

I always wondered if Andy's mom had noticed it missing; and even more if she had blamed Andy or thought Andy had done it. I worried every day for the next two weeks or so; but I never heard a word. At first I was embarrassed and ashamed at what I had done; especially at putting my best friend at risk. But when you've got a hard dick, you don't think too straight. But thinking about now, at almost any age, when you've got a hard dick, nobody thinks straight!

So anyways, Andy and I took the elevator from the parking level to the main floor and walked out into the long shadows of early evening. It was a glorious Friday spring night in Vegas, the temperature perfect right now for walking around without a jacket; but nowhere near the stifling heat we get in the summer. We both automatically turned in the direction of Gabriel's; the restaurant being only about a five minute walk away.

"So how's your mom?" I asked. "You were over there today, right?"

"Yeah, she's doing well. I tell you, those people from her church have really fucked her up. When they found out my dad left, they shunned her. Then when they found out she got a fair bit of money from the inheritance, they couldn't wait to welcome her back." He paused for a second and I knew from previous discussions that this was a constant thorn in his side. "Yeah, those fucking assholes. I....I told her today she has to make a decision."

"What kind of decision?" I asked as we walked on.

"She either has to commit to the church, and risk losing me; or break from them and get on with her life, like any other normal person would."

"Risk losing you? You wouldn't really do that, would you? You're all she's got left."

"No, you know I wouldn't do that. But I had to say something to try and get through to her. I know how much she cares about me and I figured if she thought I was going to be unhappy with her to the point I would do that, she might see it my way." He paused again. "Fuck, I hate those people. They've almost brainwashed her."

"Don't be too hard on her. You know she was brought up that way her whole life."

"I know.....I know. But I kind of got to the breaking point finally. I gave her that ultimatum before I left today."

"What do you think she's gonna do?"

"I don't know, I honestly don't know. I just get the feeling I have to save her from these people." He gave me a sly smile as we continued down the street. "I just hope it's easier than when I saved your sorry ass from Coach Hansen." This made me chuckle and immediately took my mind back to that fateful day when I was so close to being strung up by my nuts, or getting expelled from school, or most likely both.

It was October of our senior year of high school. I was 18 at the time. I don't know what had gotten into the Andy and me that day at football practice, but we couldn't do anything right. Time and again, we'd fuck up our assignments, trip over our own teammates, whatever. It was just one of those days where neither one of us could probably even tie their shoes properly. We were killing ourselves laughing at our own clumsiness and finally, the head coach had had enough.

"YOUNG! ADELSON!" Coach Hansen barked out. Coach Charles "Chick" Hansen, was a mean son-of-a-bitch who was real "old school" when it came to coaching. He treated practice like a Marine

boot camp and rode our asses like, well.....like I wanted to ride the ass of his gorgeous daughter Lizzy.

"What the hell are you two screw-ups doing?" coach said as he stormed over to the two of us. Our teammates knew something about their own self-preservation and nonchalantly drifted away from us like farts in the wind.

"Uh, nothing coach," I muttered as I held up my hands innocently.

"That's the right answer, Young; nothing. You guys haven't done a fucking thing right since you've been out here today."

"We got through tackling drills okay," Andy said. I could see him clenching his jaw to prevent himself from laughing at the coach's overreaction. I think we both knew the easiest way out of this was to let the coach chew us out and then just move on.

"I watched you during tackling drills, Adelson. Today, you couldn't tackle my left nut." At that I burst out laughing, unable to control myself. Andy quickly followed; the spontaneous laughter contagious between the two of us.

"Listen, you two jerkoffs," the coach's drill-sergeant-like tone brought us back to attention as he stepped right in front of the two of us and pointed back towards the school, his face beet-red. "Get your sorry asses off my field right now. Hit the showers and then wait for me in my office. If you two don't get your shit together by tomorrow, you're off the team." He paused and looked at us; I swear I could see the steam coming out of his ears. "Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," we both chimed in. The coach returned to the others and Andy and I slumped off the field, laughing under our breath at the coach's outburst. We took our showers and started to get dressed.

"What do you think he's gonna do to us?" Andy asked.

"He'll probably just chew the shit out of us for another ten minutes, or make us wash his car; something like that."

"Do you really think he might kick us off the team?"

"Nah, not gonna happen. Not to me anyways, but you, you suck. I'm surprised you're still on the team," I said as I poked Andy good-naturedly.

"Fuck you, Young." He pushed me back and we both chuckled as we finished getting dressed.

Leaving our football stuff in the locker room, we grabbed our knapsacks and headed for the coach's office. Just outside the main gym were a number of the ancillary offices; like the coach's office, then the head girl's phys ed teacher's, then the school nurse's. As we walked past the line of offices, I saw Nurse Walker busy at her desk making notes, even though the school day was officially over. Unfortunately she was not what you might think a school nurse in one of these stories would look like, or what I would have hoped she'd look like; she was just a fairly plain middle-aged woman who saw to the student's cuts, headaches, etcetera. I liked the old girl though; she was pretty nice to all of us. Two doors down, the door to the coach's office was ajar so we walked right in.

"Lizzy?" As we entered, the coach's daughter looked up at us from a textbook she had open on the coach's desk. Lizzy Hansen, coach's daughter and cheerleader extraordinaire. To this day, I've never

seen anybody that could do the splits like Lizzy. She was a senior and my age as well; she'd let me know that when she found out our birthdays were only two days apart. Lizzy was fairly short, but had a great curvy body. Nice round full tits, nipped in waist, a bum that looked like it was made out of two small beach balls, and strong muscular thighs that I regularly pictured gripping me in a tight embrace. She was pretty too; sweet angelic features with cute dimples and long rich brown hair, which she often wore in a ponytail; like she was doing now. She liked to flirt, and I had always thought of her as just a cock-teaser.

"Connor, Andy. What are you doing here?"

"We screwed up in practice," Andy answered. "Your dad told us to come here and wait for him until after practice. I think he wants to yell at us some more."

"Probably," she said as she looked at both of us with a grin on her face. "But listen, I should know; his bark is worse than his bite."

"What are you doing here, waiting for him too?"

"Yeah. I usually study with Ashley in the library but her mom came and picked her up early after we practiced. So I figured I'd just come here and do some work until he was done."

"What are you wearing your uniform for? I thought you guys just wore those for games." I asked, my eyes roaming over the protruding front of the tight white sweater with the school letter on it. Even with her sitting behind the coach's desk, I could clearly see the deep shadows cast on the clinging material by her trusting tits.

"We're in one of those cheerleading competitions this week and our coach wanted us to practice in full uniform today; just to make sure we'd get everything right when we go."

I nodded and looked down at the open book in front of her. "Ummmm, if you're studying, do you want us to wait for your dad outside?"

"No....no, that's fine," she said as she looked directly at me, a little twinkle in her eye now. "Connor, you're good in English, right?"

"I do alright." We actually were in the same English class and I knew she did okay but that she was no Rhode's scholar when it came to literature.

"So we're studying Taming of the Shrew, right. You've seen how Petruchio treats Katherine. The paper I'm writing is on 'Alternative Methods of Taming the Shrew'. So Connor, what would you do to tame the shrew?" She had that flirtatious look in her eye and tilted her head provocatively as she waited for me to answer. She'd given me a good opening here and I quickly decided to be a little brash and see if she was more than just a tease. I was already in trouble with the coach, and if his daughter got me in even more hot water, I figured now was as good a time as any.

"Well, you know Petruchio didn't treat her very nice," I said as I put my knapsack down and walked around the desk. "If it was me, it would have been totally different. I like that old expression about catching more flies with honey than vinegar."

"So what does that mean?"

"I would have treated Katherine real nice, instead of being mean to her?"

"And how would you have done that?"

"I'd do whatever it took to make her feel good, so she wasn't so miserable. Maybe make her try and relax, like this." I stepped behind her chair and slid my big hands onto her shoulders, kneading gently, giving Andy a conspiratorial wink as I did.

"Hmmm," she said with a little purr, not making any move to stop me. "You may have something there. That feels pretty good. What would you do to Katherine next?" I think with her pretending she was Katherine, it would allow her to mentally extricate herself from this situation, should it come to that.

"Uh guys, I'm just gonna wait outside," Andy said as he pointed towards the door, an uncomfortable look on his face.

"Sure, just let us know when my dad's coming, okay?" When Lizzy said this, it seemed to give me permission to go further. With her flirting teasing nature, I was sure she was going to put an end to this at some point; but I wanted to see when that point actually was.

Andy closed the door behind him and I continued to massage her shoulders, my big hands starting to move slowly in increasingly bigger circles over her upper body. She continued with the soft purrs and mews as her head slowly lolled from side to side.

She repeated what she'd said just before Andy'd left us. "So, what would you do to Katherine next, if she had no objection to what you're doing so far?"

"I guess I'd try to make her feel even better than she's feeling right now," I said in a soft hypnotic voice as I let my smoothing hands slide further down the front of her sweater. This was a perfect opportunity for her to stop me, but she didn't move as my hands explored further. Wondering if I was about to get slapped, I slid my hands towards the sides of her body and ran them down. As I encountered the sides of her swelling chest, I let my fingers curl in until I was cupping those firm young tits of hers. I could tell by the way they fit in my hand that they were a nice full C-cup; not huge, but enough to make an impressive statement.

"Mmmmm," she gave out a soft sigh as I gave those round melons a gentle squeeze and then let my hands roam more freely over them. Within mere seconds I could see her nipples stiffening and starting to push out against her ribbed white sweater. I ran the thumb and forefinger of each hand over them and rolled the swelling buds between them.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as she pushed herself up out of the chair and turned to face me. I could tell by the look of pure desire in her eyes that I had been wrong about her; she wasn't the cock-tease I thought she was. I lifted her up and sat her on the edge of the desk, her muscular thighs parting slightly as I stepped closer between them. Her lust-filled eyes looked up at me hungrily as her soft red lips parted in anticipation. I lowered my mouth to hers and kissed her deeply, her waiting mouth hot and moist. Our tongues slithered against each other in a passionate duel as I felt her hand slide over my firm abs and down the front of my jeans. My cock had already started to swell and her hand found it quickly and gave it a loving squeeze. As we continued to kiss, my own hands pulled up her sweater and slid beneath, my hands loving the warmth of her smooth young skin as I ran them up her sides until I was cupping her bra-covered tits. Another jolt went through my dick as she gave it another playful squeeze, blood rushing directly to my stiffening prick.

"Oh my God," she said excitedly as her hand moved along the extending length of my bulging pecker. She brought her other hand down and I felt her furtively pulling at my belt. Within seconds

she had it undone, and then it took her only a moment or two more to pop open the button and slide down my zipper. Going commando as I usually did, it was easy for her to reach inside and wrap her hand around the base of my cock. She pulled firmly and drew out the growing monster, the sizable knob catching for just a second on the edge of the confining denim before she pulled it free.

"Oh fuck," she gasped in awe, pulling her mouth away from mine and looking down at my rearing cock, the burgeoning shaft extending many inches above her small circling hand. "It's so big. I....I never...." I didn't let her finish her statement as I mashed my hungry mouth down onto hers once more. I felt her squeezing hand explore the full length of my thrusting erection as I let my hands roam over her beautiful tits; my hands looking like little animals scurrying around beneath her tight sweater. Wondering if she'd go further, I withdrew my hands from beneath her sweater and reached beneath the hem of her little cheerleader skirt. She didn't stop me again as I reached for the leg opening of her panties and slid my fingers beneath.

"Yessssss," she hissed as my fingers found nothing but wet gooey flesh. She was soaked. I slid a finger into her slippery cleft and let it roll in a smooth circle. This brought another grunt of satisfaction from her, but still no slap. I knew at this point, there was no slap coming.

Knowing we didn't have much time, I pushed the front of her panties to the side, the elastic of the leg opening catching on the outside of her long pink pussylips. She knew what we both wanted and I felt her delicate little hand guide the engorged crimson crown of my cock into the wet pink opening of her hot little cunt. As soon as she had it positioned, I took over.

"Unngghhh," she groaned in a husky whisper as I started to drive the massive helmet into her. I felt those soft folds of hot flesh gripping me tightly as I wormed my way deeper and deeper into her young steaming pocket. I looked down to see her drawing her legs up and spreading them further to each side to try and give me easier access. I took her hips firmly in my hands and slowly....insistently....drove every one of my ten-plus inches into her.

"OOOHHH JESUSSSSSSSSSS....," Her long groan was louder and my eyes flicked to the door in alarm, knowing for certain that Andy must have heard her if he was waiting outside. Her hot young cunt felt amazing, the tight folds of pink flesh gripping and clutching at my invading prick. I drew back and looked down to see those glistening cunt-lips of hers deliciously pulling back on my sticky retreating shaft; until I reversed my direction and drove it high and deep into her in one firm vigorous thrust.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned again as she leaned back on the desk, her straight arms supporting her. Wanting to make sure I was as deep as I could go, I let go of her hips and grabbed her ankles; my big hands circling them just above her sneaker-tops, the little bobbles of her socks getting flattened in my grasp. I started to lift her legs up and out to each side; and was shocked as they just kept going and going. Like I said, she was the one on the cheerleading squad that always did those amazing splits; and here I was benefiting first hand from her natural talent. I pushed her ankles further up and back, her legs enticingly spread as high and wide as they could go. I now had her as splayed out as I could get her; those gorgeous muscular legs of hers rising in the air like a wishbone. Having her positioned just the way I wanted her, I withdrew once more until I felt her slick labial curtains closing in on the wide flared helmet. Going for maximum depth, I slid my long thick cock back into her in one.....long.....slow.....delicious stroke.

"Mmmmmmm," she was absolutely purring now as my rigid erection tantalizingly stimulated every square inch inside her. I started to fuck her, my see-sawing blood-engorged phallus stuffing that

tight wet trench of hers absolutely full time and again; my midsection pressing flush up against her round bum. My jeans had just been opened and I hadn't even had time to push them down. I wondered if the material was far enough away from our slamming bodies to avoid any collateral damage. My eyes went back to her pretty face and I could see her gasping raggedly as I took her, her head rolling from side to side now, her ponytail swinging rhythmically, those beautiful tits heaving beneath her tight sweater. We knew we didn't have much time, and I think the riskiness of the situation made it all the more exciting for both of us. I could see from her quivering body that she was close, and with the way that gripping young box of hers was massaging and pulling at my pistoning cock, I was close too.

There was quick knock at the door and it opened a couple of inches. "I heard the outside door on the other corridor close," Andy said hurriedly. "I think he's coming."

"Oh fuck," I thought to myself. All we needed was another minute or two.

"Don't stop!" Lizzy gasped out as I felt her roll her hips against my driving prick.

"Andy! Stall 'im," I said as I grabbed her ankles tightly and really put the meat to her.

"Ungh.....ungh...ungh..ungh," She was quieter but her grunts were coming faster now as I jackhammered my throbbing pecker as far up into her as I could with each spearing thrust. I could feel my sperm-filled balls pulling up tight against my body, my orgasm just moments away.

"ADELSON! What are you doing out here? I thought I told you to wait inside." The coach's booming voice reached our ears through the wall and closed door.

"I'm almost there," Lizzy gasped as I furiously fed my engorged lance deep into her clutching snatch.

"Uh, Lizzy was studying inside so we decided to wait out here," a befuddled Andy replied to the coach.

"Where's Young?" We could tell that the coach was right outside now. As I sunk it deep into Lizzy's vacuuming box, I felt that wonderful 'no turning back' feeling as the boiling spunk started to rush up the shaft of my pulsing cock.

"He uh.....he just went to the bathroom."

"Okay. Let's go inside." I heard the coach start to turn the doorknob just as the first shot burst forth to paste itself against the sticky pink coital walls deep inside his young daughter.

"COACH!" I heard Andy's loud voice and the coach's hand froze on the doorknob. "I.....I.....I feel kind of dizzy." A split second later we heard the sound of something heavy hitting the floor.

"Oh shit!" The coach exclaimed and I could hear him scrambling away from the door.

"I'm cumming," Lizzy hissed as I continued to pound my spewing cock into her, gush after gush of thick hot cum coating her insides. She was gasping and convulsing on the edge of the desk as my driving cock and pounding body took her over the edge. Her succulent backside shook and bucked up against my thrusting prick as a spine-tingling climax shot through her jerking young body deliciously.

"STEPHANIE!" we heard the coach call out Nurse Walker's first name. The sounds of heels scurrying across the corridor floor reached our ears as I spewed the last shot of my baby-batter into Lizzy's hot gripping quim.

"What happened?" the nurse asked, serious concern in her voice.

"I think he fainted."

"Come on, I've got a couch in my office. Help me get him there." We could hear the two adults trying to pick up Andy's inert form as I quickly withdrew my spent dong from Lizzy's velvety twat; bringing her legs down from high over her head and dropping them on each side of my body. My drained prick came out in a slippery rush and I looked down to see a large milky stream slither forth from between her stretched pussy-lips and puddle on the desk between her spread legs.

"We better hurry," Lizzy said as she lifted herself off the desk and got to her feet. As I pulled the flaps of my jeans together and did them up, I watched her reach beneath her skirt and adjust her panties until they were back in position, warmly cupping that sticky honeypot of hers.

"I better go first," she said. "He thinks I'm in here and he knows I must have heard something." I nodded and quickly reached for my knapsack as she swept by me. I took one last look around and almost gasped.

"Lizzy!" I said, stopping her in her tracks. She turned and looked at me questioningly. I simply turned and pointed to the edge of the desk where she'd been perched. Her eyes followed and she saw the same big milky puddle that I'd seen. There were even a couple of trickles of pearly cum dangling from the very edge.

"Oh fuck," she gasped as she hurried back and dropped to her knees behind the desk. I watched enthralled as she leaned forward, her warm pink tongue slithering forth. She lapped up the two dangling gobs first before her tongue slithered into the cloudy white puddle. "SLLLLLUPPPPPP" She made a noise like someone sucking up a string of spaghetti as she vacuumed the pearly seed up into her mouth. When she had most of it sucked up, I watched as she pressed the flat of her tongue against the surface of the desk and licked it absolutely clean. She then leapt to her feet and used the forearm of her sweater to wipe the spot dry. The whole thing had happened in a few split seconds, but the erotic picture of what she had done was burned into my psyche forever.

She flew past me without a word and hurried down the hallway towards the nurse's office. I counted to five, slung my knapsack over my shoulder and followed. I arrived at the nurse's office to see Andy laying on the couch, the nurse taking his blood pressure while the coach and his daughter stood nearby.

"What happened," I asked, deep concern resonating in my voice.

"He fainted," said the coach with a reassuring gesture. "But he seems okay. He's starting to come around."

"Are you okay, buddy?" I asked as I strode into the room and knelt beside him.

"I....I.....what happened?" he asked as his eyes fluttered open. Oh shit, I thought to myself as I smiled inwardly, they need to sign this guy up for the school play.

"It looks like you fainted. Did you hit your head in practice today?" It was the nurse asking this.

"I....I....I don't think so," Andy replied, a confused expression on his face.

"Adelson, you take practice off tomorrow. And come and see Nurse Walker tomorrow and the next day. I want her to give you clearance before you're on the field again. Okay?"

"Okay Coach. Sorry." Boy, Andy was really laying it on thick now as he brought himself up to a sitting position.

"Don't worry about it, son. Just take care of yourself. Young," coach said as he turned to me. "You're getting off easy this time. I want you out there early tomorrow and do four laps before practice. Now help your friend here."

"Yes sir." I eased down and let Andy slip his arm around my shoulder as the coach and I lifted him to his feet. We walked slowly down the corridor, Lizzy and Coach Hansen behind us. Lizzy picked up Andy's knapsack from the floor and I slung it over my shoulder with my own. We made it out of the school and down the street before he finally drew his arm from across my shoulders. We were both in stitches at that point, laughing continuously.

I went to hand him his knapsack. "Fuck that, you can carry that the rest of the way home today," he said as he started off down the street, his fainting spell now a distant memory.

"Alright....alright," I said with a chuckle as I hurried after him.

"Well," he said as we rounded another corner, "was it worth it?"

"It was incredible. Fuck, is she ever hot. I always thought she was just a tease, but she proved me wrong, in spades."

"It's not hard to tell."

"What do you mean?"

"Well for one thing, your fly is down. And do I need to ask what that stain is all over the front of your jeans? Let's see you explain that to your mom on laundry day."

I quickly reached down and zipped up as I surveyed the damage to the front of my jeans. They hadn't escaped unscathed as I'd hoped. The large stain bore evidence of Lizzy's gushing snatch for all to see.

"Just remember what I did the next time I ask for a favor," Andy said as we continued down the street. "Man, if the coach had caught you, they'd be calling an ambulance for you right now."

The gravity of the situation finally dawned on me. He was absolutely right; if the coach had caught me with his daughter, there would have been hell to pay. Once again, a hard dick has a mind of its own. "Andy," I said as I stopped walking. He turned and simply looked at me. He could see by the look in my eyes that what he'd just said had scared the shit out of me. "Andy...I....I...."

"Don't worry about it," he said as he gave me a big smile, reached forward and took his own knapsack back. "What are friends for?" We ambled on down the street, our friendship cemented more firmly than ever before.

My mind snapped back to the present as Andy and I continued down the street to Gabriel's. It was going to be nice to have some great food, look at Gabriel's gorgeous daughters and the other

busty women he'd hired, and talk with my good friend. Yeah, although my initial plans kind of went sideways, I knew this Friday night was going to be okay. I was anxious to see how it would turn out...