

THE JEALOUS GIRLFRIEND



CHAPTER 1



The Jealous Girlfriend Ch. 1

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Becky Ackerman loved Brad Potter. They started dating at the beginning of senior year, and now they were practically stuck together. He was a sweet, handsome boyfriend. And his family supported him and welcomed Becky with open arms. She liked his boring father. His mom was nice, too. The trouble was, Brad loved his mother maybe too much.

“Sorry, babe.” Brad leaned over and kissed Becky on the cheek. “I gotta go. My mom needs help getting ready for a dinner party.” Brad stood and walked to Becky’s bedroom door.

“Don’t go, Brad.” Becky pouted, the corners of her pretty mouth turning down. “If you stay, I’ll let you do anything you want.”



“Sorry. Mom comes first.” Brad shrugged apologetically and opened the door.

“Fine.” Becky crossed her arms over her small boobs and watched him go. “Mom comes first,” she said in a mocking tone to the closed door. Then a crazy idea hit her like a thunderbolt. She needed to put herself above Brad’s mom on the totem pole. She had that stuff from the club and enough experience with messing around with her girlfriends to know which buttons to push. And if all went well, she might even share Brad’s mom with him. Becky laughed as she put together a plan in her mind.

“What did you want to talk about, Becky?” Tracy Potter sat at her kitchen table sipping her coffee. Her son’s girlfriend sat opposite her, fingers tapping the table. It was just after school, and Brad was still at soccer practice. The house was empty but for the two of them.



“I feel like we need to forge our own bond outside of Brad. Don’t you think, Mrs. Potter?” Becky watched the older woman’s pupils. They dilated unnaturally in the strong afternoon light. Perfect. She stood up, sauntered around the table, and stood next to Tracy.

“Um ... that sounds nice.” Tracy blinked up at the teenager. “But maybe another time ... I feel ... strange.” Tracy stood up and wobbled out of the room without even saying goodbye to Becky. The girl would show herself out. Tracy made it to her bedroom, removed her dress, and flopped on the bed. The room swam around her. She rolled onto her back and gave a start. Becky stared down at her.

“Jeez, Mrs. Potter, you’re stacked.” Becky smiled.

“Whhhhaaaaaa?” Tracy couldn’t think straight. For some reason her panties were soaked.

“You look uncomfortable. Let me help.” Becky jumped down on the bed and unclasped Tracy’s bra. “Wow, you’ve got some boobs on you. Mr. Potter must be all over you constantly.”



“Not ... really.” Tracy watched as the eighteen-year-old leaned over and sucked Tracy’s large nipple into her mouth. “Ohhhh, my.” Tracy sucked in her breath. She felt a small hand creeping down her tummy. “Don’t do ... that.” But her words had no conviction. Tracy spaced out and the next thing she knew, her son’s girlfriend had two pumping fingers buried in Tracy’s vagina. Ecstasy flashed between her legs. The bedroom filled with splashing sounds. How could Becky do this to her? In her marital bedroom no less.

“There now. Don’t fight it,” Becky cooed. “You’re about to cum. Good, that’s it.” She watched Tracy’s eyes roll, her spine arch, and her body tremble. This was even more fun than when Becky fooled around with her girlfriends.

While her son kicked around soccer balls, and her husband worked at the office, Tracy was brought to one orgasm after another. She screamed like a banshee. She had forgotten sex could feel so good. Or maybe she’d never known.

When Becky was satisfied with her afternoon, she took a few pictures of Tracy, washed off her hands in the bathroom sink, and let herself out. The last she saw of Tracy, the woman was a quivering, whimpering mess, curled up in bed. Phase one complete. Becky couldn't wait for more.

