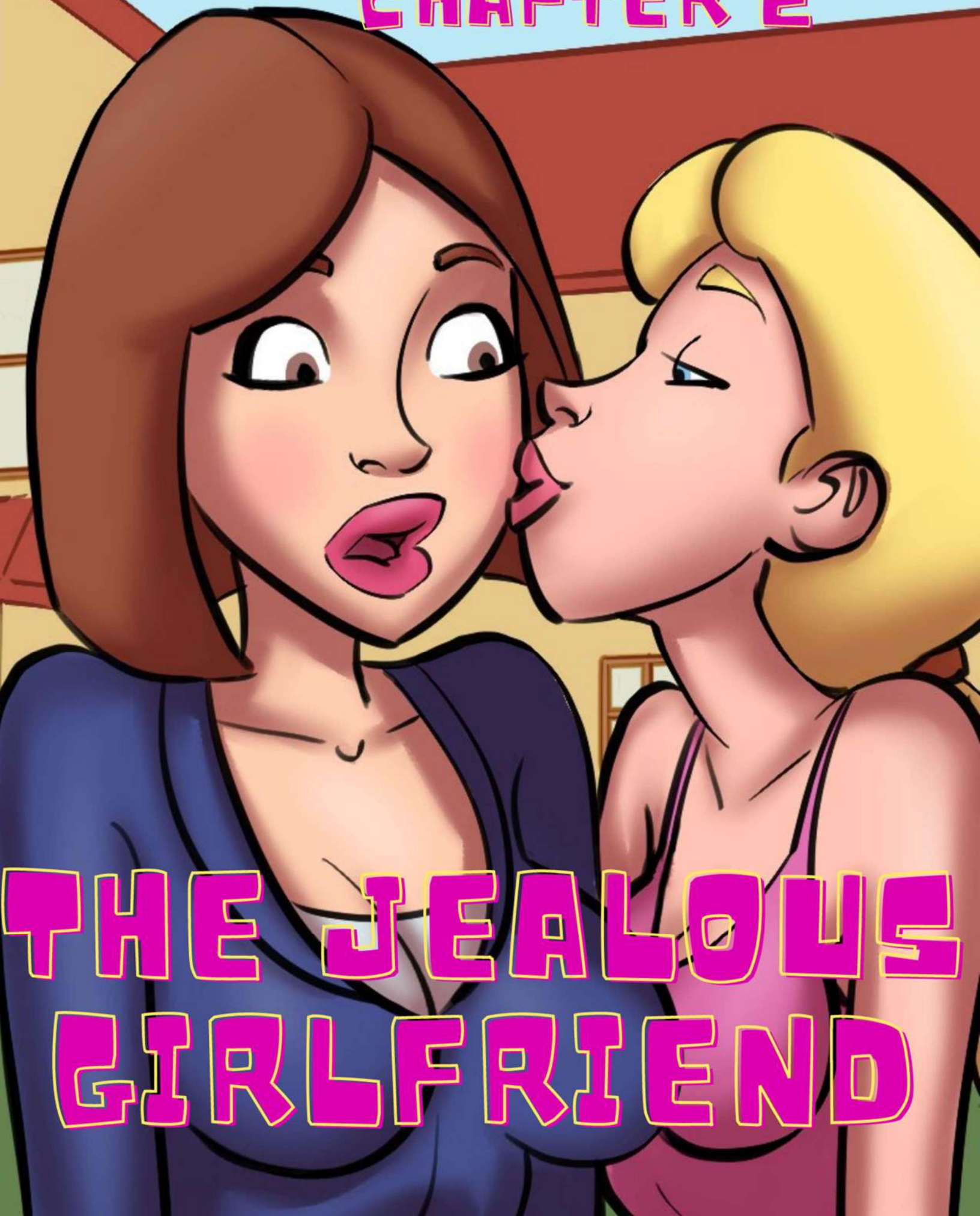


CHAPTER 2



THE JEALOUS GIRLFRIEND

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Jealous Girlfriend Ch. 2

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The car lurched to a stop in the driveway. In the rear-view camera, Tracy could clearly see her son's girlfriend, Becky, standing with her arms folded. Tracy's pulse quickened and she felt a bit dizzy. She'd been trying very hard to forget what had happened with Becky the day before. Panic seized her. Tracy found herself defaulting to politeness. She rolled down her window as Becky approached. Sweat suddenly beaded Tracy's forehead. "Um ... hello, Becky. Shouldn't you be in school?" She would try and pretend like nothing happened and get rid of Becky as quickly as possible. Adrenaline surged through Tracy, but at least she had a plan.

"I'm playing hooky." Becky smiled like they were exchanging normal pleasantries. "Didn't you know I'm a bad girl?" The eighteen-year-old leaned toward the window until their faces were only a few inches apart. Tracy's breath was warm and pleasant. "Are you playing hooky, too?"

"I'm actually late to show a house to a client, so ..." Tracy rubbed her legs together. She felt so flustered and confused.

"Great, I'll come with." Becky ran around the car, opened the door, and flopped in the passenger seat. "Let's go." The punctuation of the slamming door gave weight to Becky's words.

"Um ... Becky ... it wouldn't be professional for me to ..." Tracy watched Becky pull her phone from her bra and open up a picture. Tracy nearly fainted when she saw it was a photo of herself from the day before. She was naked and looked like she was having the biggest orgasm of her life. "What ... um ... what ... uh ... I mean ... what?"

"You're a nice lady, Mrs. Potter. Don't be stupid." Becky leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek. "You came onto me yesterday, and it was the best thing ever! But don't worry, I won't tell Brad," she lied.

How could this have happened? Tracy stared at the picture, confronted with the reality she'd been trying to forget. Had she had too much caffeine? She'd heard that it was a powerful drug, but would it turn a woman into a harlot? She swore off coffee in that moment.

"Let's go to your meeting. We don't want you to be late." Becky patted Tracy's thigh through her dress and put her



phone back in her bra. "We can discuss things after the showing." "Okay." Tracy didn't know what to do, so she put the car in reverse and backed out of the driveway. They drove to the house in silence as Tracy tried to collect her thoughts.

The showing was quite difficult for poor Tracy. The couple viewing the house were very nice and understanding. But Becky kept smacking Tracy's butt when no one was looking. And she even stole a quick squeeze of Tracy's boob in the upstairs bathroom. When her clients left, Tracy breathed a huge sigh of relief. Now, she could tell Becky that it was all some caffeine-fueled mistake and beg her to erase that picture.

"I can't erase it, Mrs. Potter. It means too much to me." They stood in the kitchen of the empty, unfurnished house. "I promise I won't show your husband, or Brad." It would be so much fun to share Brad's mom with him. But first, Becky had to put her in her place.



"Oh, God." Just the mere mention of the men in her life chilled her blood. "Please. I'll do anything. Just delete the picture."

"Okay." Becky nodded.

"Oh, thank you. Thank you, Becky. I'm so sorry this happened. I've never cheated on Miles before. Temporary insanity, I guess. So, we can put this all behind us?"

"Almost." Becky lifted her skirt and lowered her panties. She then hopped up on the counter and sat with her legs dangling. "I'll erase the picture if you take care of me this one time. It's only fair after all I did for you yesterday."

Tracy felt lightheaded. Her body swayed, and she was forced to lean against the counter. She could see the young woman's vagina clearly. "I ... can't ... do that."

"Oh." Becky frowned. "Well, then maybe I should share this picture with Brad. I mean, he'd want to know that his mom was unfaithful. And your husband would want to know, too."

"It was ... the caffeine." The excuse sounded pathetic even to Tracy. She saw Becky shrug in response. Maybe it wasn't the caffeine. Tracy thought things over. Maybe Becky had drugged her with something worse than coffee. The full scope of Tracy's predicament came into view.

"I could text him right now." Becky pulled out her phone and held it up.

“Okay, but I’ll only touch you with my hands.” Tracy walked across the kitchen as if in a dream.

Becky laughed at that. “Sure thing.”

Twenty minutes later Tracy was slurping at the teenager’s vagina. She didn’t know how she’d been coaxed into something so sordid. Becky coached her on what to do.

“Now ... oh ... take the button in ... your mouth. Gently ... yes ... very gently ... suck on it ... Mrs. Potter. Oh, shit ... I’m going to cum ... on your pretty face.” Becky’s hips bucked on the countertop. She came hard, her voice echoing through the empty house.



When she finally opened her eyes, she saw Tracy standing in the middle of the kitchen. The sweet mother’s face was shiny, and her eyes were cast down. She looked quite beautiful, beaten as she was.

“Will you ... erase it now?” Tracy’s voice was so meek.



“Well, I have to do you before that. It’s only fair.” Becky gave her a languid smile. “Your pussy ready?”

Tracy blinked at the teenager. She was moving the goal posts. She wasn’t going to be able to bargain with Becky.

“No, you don’t.” Becky jumped down from the counter when Tracy bolted for the door. She caught the woman in the living room, and they fell to the carpeted floor. Soon, Becky had the real estate agent on her hands and knees, her hand working Tracy’s pussy from the back. Tracy’s panties were around her knees, and her dress was up over her round butt. “What a sight.” With her free hand, Becky pulled out her phone and took pictures. “You’re so wet, Mrs. Potter. It’s like you broke a pipe in your pussy. Better call the plumber.” Becky laughed, but Tracy just

moaned and gripped the carpet with her fingers. “Tell me when you’re going to cum, Mrs. Potter.”

“It’s ... already ... happening ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Tracy convulsed on the nimble hand as Becky hit the perfect spot in her vagina. Tracy’s mind completely left her for a while. When it returned, she was naked, on her back, and the teenager had mounted her. Tracy didn’t know what the young woman was doing, since Becky didn’t have a penis. She squealed when their sopping vaginas rubbed together.



“This is called ... ugh ... tribbing ... Mrs. Potter.” Becky looked down at her conquest with delight. “We’ll be doing this ... a lot ... okay?”

“Oooohhhhhh.” Tracy didn’t want to answer her.

“Tell me ... we’ll be doing this ... all the time.”

Ecstasy sought out every nerve in her body. Why had nobody told her sex could feel so good? “We’ll do this ... all the time ... Becky.” In the moment, Tracy almost meant what she was saying. She let the young woman ride her to several orgasms.



When they were done, Becky helped Tracy clean up as best they could. She gave her boyfriend’s mom a nice pat on the ass when Tracy locked the front door on their way out. “My house isn’t far. I’ll walk home from here.” Becky leaned forward and pecked the blushing Tracy on the cheek. “I’ll see you tomorrow.” Becky turned and walked off, humming as she went.

Tracy watched her go. She had no idea how she would do it, but she knew she needed to find a way to end it with Becky. She looked around to see if anyone had noticed them. The quiet street was empty. She had been so naïve about the world. Guilt, lust, and confusion fought in her mind on the drive home. She needed more sex, that was for sure. Maybe she could get her husband interested in going down on her that night. She prayed he’d be interested.