

# THE JEALOUS GIRLFRIEND



CHAPTER 3

# FICTION

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## The Jealous Girlfriend Ch. 3

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Written by RawlyRawls

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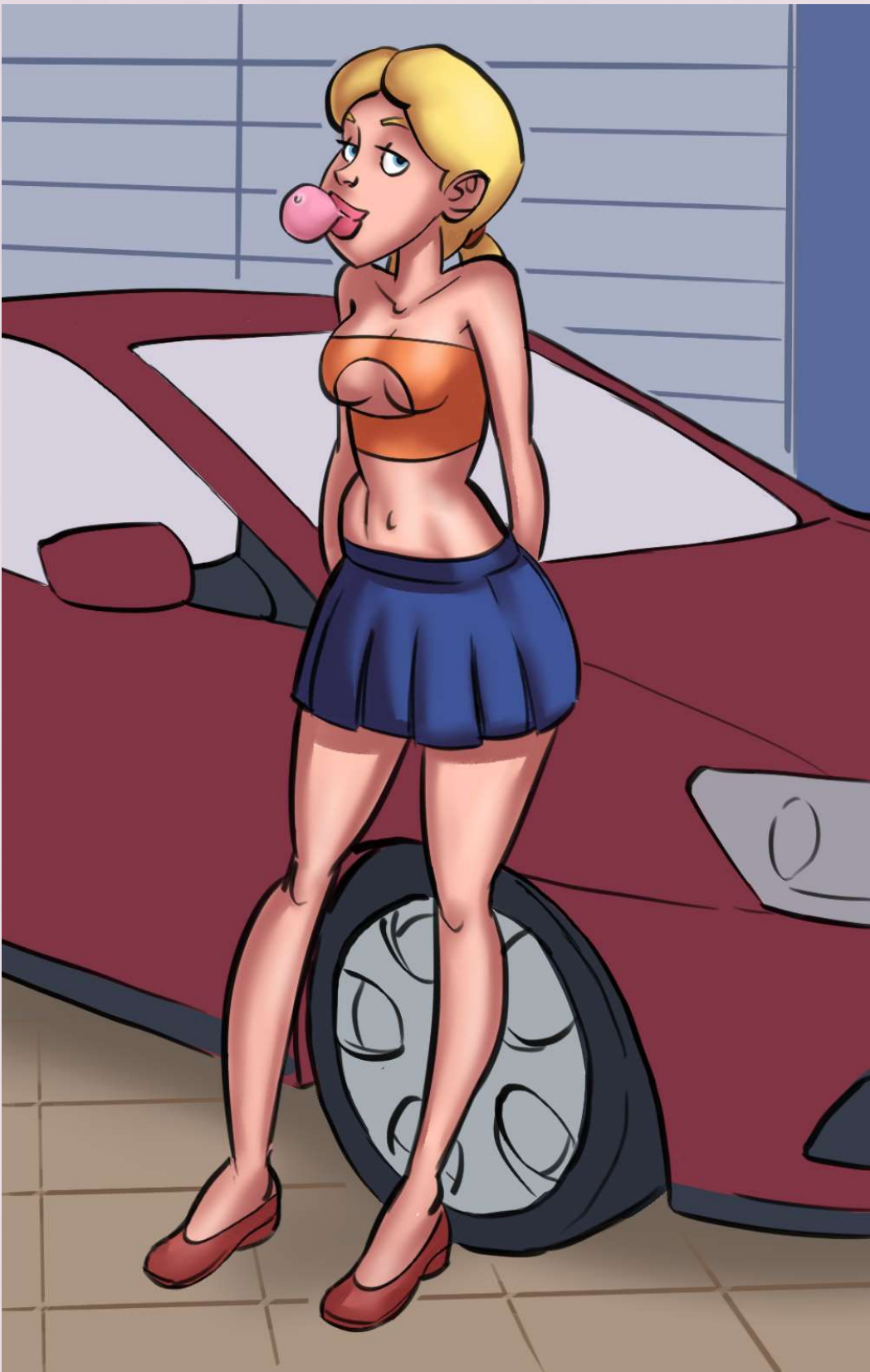
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The stars still twinkled outside Tracy's window when she awoke. She lay next to her husband, listening to him snore. The night before, he hadn't wanted to try anything new. She couldn't interest him in going down on her, so they had quick missionary sex, and he went to sleep. As she stared out the window, she wondered if that would be enough for her. Becky had changed Tracy's understanding of pleasure and sex. When her hand moved between her legs, Tracy tried to hide the obvious truth from herself. She was a cheater. Her son's girlfriend was a cheater. And they had cheated on the men Tracy loved most.

*One more time.* Another lie she told herself. Tracy worked her vagina, thinking about how pretty Becky had looked riding her the day before. Tracy would have one more orgasm thinking about the eighteen-year-old seductress, and then devise a plan to break it off with Becky. With her husband sleeping in blissful ignorance beside her, Tracy squirmed and shook, riding out an ecstatic wave.



Later that morning, Tracy pretended everything was normal. She shepherded her men off to school and work, her stomach queasy from guilt. Neither of them seemed to suspect how unfaithful their women had been. Once she was alone, she quickly put on makeup, dressed, and headed for the door. She would be out of the house before Becky could show up. It wasn't a complete plan, but it was the start of one. The only problem was that when she stepped out into the cool morning air, Becky was leaning on Tracy's car, blowing bubbles with her gum. The teenager had on a short skirt and a revealing top. Tracy stopped in her tracks and stared at her.



“Good morning, Mrs. Potter.” Tracy smiled and popped a big bubble. “I see we both thought to start early today.”

“Don’t you ever go to school?” Tracy stood frozen.

“Not when my boyfriend’s mom so clearly wants to spend time with me.”

“I do not.” Tracy’s vagina gushed. “I have a very busy day, so if you’ll excuse me.”

“I’ll tag along.” Becky popped another bubble and walked over to the passenger side door.

Without a word, Tracy unlocked the driver’s side door and got in. She started the car and sat for a while staring at the steering wheel. Slowly her hand reached out, and she unlocked the passenger side.

Becky was thrilled she didn’t have to threaten her with the photos again. She joined Tracy in the car. “So, where are we going?” Becky eyed the classy skirt suit Tracy filled out so nicely. They sat for a minute in silence. The engine shook the car gently. “You don’t actually have anywhere to go, do you?”

Tracy shook her head.

“Okay, no problem. Let’s drive up to Lover’s Point. It’ll be empty on a Thursday

morning.” Becky patted Tracy’s thigh like it had been decided.

“I’m not taking you to Lover’s Point.” Even when Tracy was in high school, Lover’s Point was the place people parked their cars to make out with their boyfriends and girlfriends. “There’s no way.”

Twenty minutes later, Tracy was driving her car down the dirt road overlooking the town. She parked at the far edge of the lot with the best view. Like Becky had said, no one else was up there. Tracy held onto the steering wheel and stared at the view. "It's pretty, up here," she whispered.

"People don't come here for the view, Mrs. Potter." Becky put her fingers on Tracy's chin and turned her head. They stared at each other for a brief moment, and then their lips met. Becky was pleasantly surprised when Tracy's tongue met hers. Soon, they were both lost in the passion of the moment, their hands all over each other.



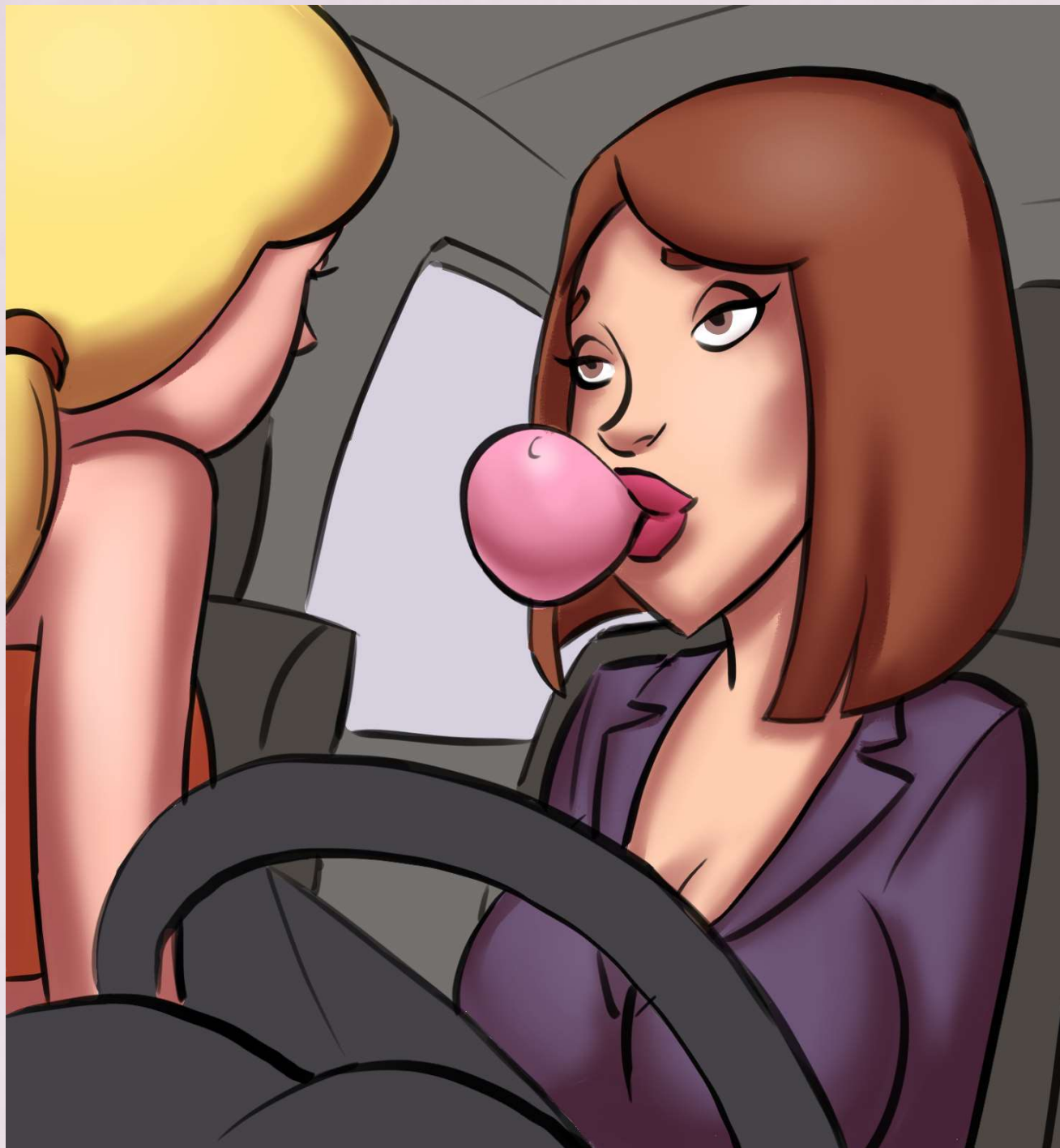
When Becky came up for air, she found she didn't have gum in her mouth any longer. "You stole my gum, Mrs. Potter." She laughed.

"I ... did?" Tracy's brows knitted in confusion, then she rolled her tongue in her mouth and stuck it out. The gum rested on top.

Becky laughed harder. "You're so cute. You keep it. I want to see you blow a bubble."

Tracy pulled her tongue back into her mouth. "I haven't done that in twenty years, Becky."

"We'll add it to the list then." With her left hand, Becky playfully jiggled Tracy's right boob.



"Okay." Tracy smiled despite herself. Becky's enthusiasm was catching. Tracy found she was more and more comfortable around this little harlot. That was probably a dangerous sign. She chewed the gum, stretched it on her tongue, and blew. A large bubble spread out from her lips and popped. They both laughed and went back to kissing. The gum exchanged mouths several more times.

Tracy tried to hold the line at making out, but Becky was every bit as pushy as a teenage boy. Soon, they were in the backseat. Tracy still had on her heels and bra. Becky still wore her skirt and panties. She kissed her way down Tracy's tummy but paused at her neat triangle of hair.

"Did you try sex with your husband last night?" Becky looked up at the trembling woman.

Tracy nodded.

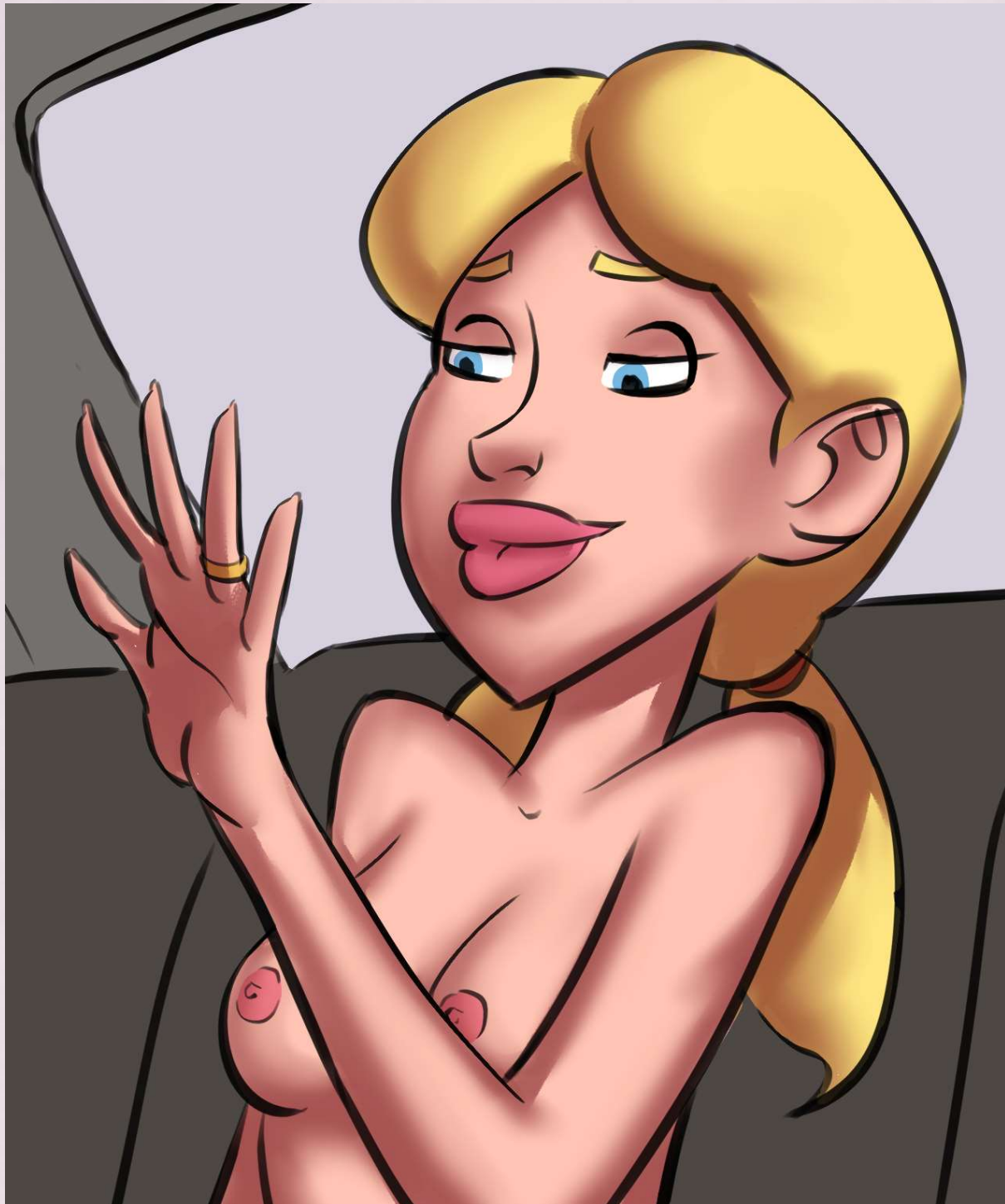
"But he didn't do it for you. Did he?" Becky kissed a little lower, just above Tracy's clit.

Tracy shook her head.

"You need a more considerate partner. I think maybe I'll be your wife for today, Mrs. Potter. Give me your ring." Becky held out her hand.

Tracy slowly reached for her left hand and removed the ring her husband had given her all those years ago. She knew she shouldn't, but she handed it to the teenager.

"I do." Becky slipped it on her left hand. "Fits perfectly." She held it up and watched the diamond sparkle. Then she lowered her hand and inserted her ring finger into Tracy's pussy.



“Oh ... oh ... God ... Becky ...” Tracy watched herself get fingered. That ring had been everywhere with her during her marriage, but it had never before been inside her. When Becky added her tongue to the mix, Tracy’s scream rattled the car.



A few orgasms later, they were both naked. Tracy was on top of Becky, rocking her hips back and forth.

“You remember ... uh ... uh ... what this is called ... oh ... Mrs. Potter?” Becky thought the sweet woman was almost conquered to the point where she could begin phase two. She smiled as she imagined how Brad would react.



“Um ... ugh ... tribbing?” Tracy reached down and tentatively touched the younger woman’s boobs. They were so perky and firm. She got a little bolder and grabbed them.

“That’s right.” Becky bit her bottom lip. She was going to cum soon. “I told you ... we’d be doing ... this all the time.”

“Yes.” Tracy’s eyes rolled and she nodded enthusiastically.

“You like being ... my sweet wife ... for the day?”

Tracy nodded again and looked at the ring still on Becky’s finger. It was wet and sticky.

“You going to ... cum for me ... Mrs. Potter?” Becky was just about there.

“Oh ... God ... yes.” Tracy’s hips sped up.

“Let’s cum ... together.” Becky grunted and Tracy screamed. The car rocked back and forth.

The drive back into town was a silent one. Tracy thought maybe she had tired the teenager out. But it wasn’t so. Tracy felt a hand on her boob. At a stop sign, Tracy tried to shoo her away. “Stop it, Becky. We’re almost in town. Someone might see.”

“Sorry, Mrs. P. I really like your tits.” Becky was pushing her, trying to test new limits. As they turned down Cedar Street, Becky got Tracy’s blouse open, and pulled her bra below her right tit. She leaned over and took the nipple into her mouth.

“Oh ... Jesus.” Tracy nearly drove off the road. No man had ever shown this much interest in her body. She let Becky suckle for several more blocks. She prayed the passing cars wouldn’t notice what was happening.



Becky gave Tracy’s boob one last kiss, and straightened in her seat. “That was sweet.” She pulled the ring off her finger and put it in the car’s console tray. “You can drop me off here.”

“Okay.” Tracy pulled over, trying at the same time to cover herself up.

“I’ll probably have to go back to school tomorrow.” Becky opened the door and stepped out. “Don’t look so sad. We’ll see each other soon.” She blew a kiss to Tracy and closed the door. As the car pulled back into traffic, Becky tossed her gum into a nearby trashcan. She hummed to herself the whole way home.