

THE JEALOUS GIRLFRIEND

CHAPTER 4



FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Jealous Girlfriend Ch. 4

Illustrations by SeventeenSam

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more of SeventeenSam: <http://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/SeventeenSAM/profile> or <https://twitter.com/SeventeenSAM1>

The next day, there was no sign of Becky. Tracy was relieved. She went grocery shopping, met with clients, and made Brad a sandwich when he got home from school.

“Did you see that girlfriend of yours today, sweetie?” Tracy eyed her handsome son as he ate at the kitchen table. “What was her name?”

“Mom.” Brad put down his sandwich and took a big gulp of water. “You know her name is Becky.”

“Right, sorry.” Tracy nodded, trying to seem disinterested. “Did you see her today?”

“Yeah. The last couple days she was home sick. But she was back at school today.” Brad finished his sandwich and pushed his chair back from the table. “Actually, I’m going over to her house today. I might be late for dinner.”

“Oh.” Tracy’s tummy felt warm and unsettled. What was she feeling? Was it ... jealousy? “Well, don’t forget you promised to help your father with the new shed.”

“I’ll be back in time, Mom. I promise.” Brad stood, kissed his mother on the cheek, and left.



In the early evening, Becky straddled her boyfriend on her bed. They were both trying to catch their breath. "Wow ... that was ... fun." She leaned down and kissed Brad on the lips. The two eighteen-year-olds had been going at it for hours. "I have ... one more condom ... you game?" She dismounted him and watched his strapping, masculine body move about her room, throwing away the old condom. He was so different than his mother. Becky was infatuated with both.

"Yeah ... sure." Brad nodded. "But I'm late to help my dad with something. We'll have to be quick."

"I was thinking." Becky rolled onto her back and spread her legs. She watched him roll the last condom onto his large cock. "Maybe we should have a threesome sometime."



Brad stopped what he was doing and looked over at his girlfriend with a frown. "I don't want to share you with some dude."

"I was talking about another woman." Becky smiled sweetly as she held her legs open. "I already have her picked out. She's gorgeous. I know you'll love her." She tried not to giggle.

"Oh." Brad smiled and finished putting on the condom. "Yeah, that sounds great." He jumped back into bed and mounted Becky. "My parents would freak if they knew I was dating such a bad girl."

This time, Becky couldn't hold back the giggle. "I don't know about that."

She grabbed his cock and guided him in. "Now give it to me, you big dummy." She squealed with delight when his hips slammed into her.

Back at the Potter home, Tracy was forced to help her husband with the shed. She awkwardly held the door, while her husband fumbled with the screws.

"Do you know where Brad is?" Her husband sounded aggravated.

"I don't know where he is, dear. He's not answering any of my texts." Tracy knew exactly where her son was and what he was doing. Her stomach did cartwheels as she tried not to picture the teenagers humping the afternoon away.

Brad didn't return home until after nine. His father let him have it, while his mother sat nearby with a severe look on her face. Brad apologized and went to his room without dinner. He hated disappointing his mother. But it was worth it. Becky was awesome.

The next day, Tracy forbade Brad from seeing his girlfriend. He was grounded. She wasn't sure if she was doing this as a mother or as a jealous lover. Her feelings about Brad had become a lot trickier to navigate since Becky had seduced her.

The day was light on work, so Tracy stayed home. She drew a bath for herself and tried to relax. But as she soaked, her mind kept coming back to Becky and Brad and the afternoon they must have spent together. She had promised herself she wouldn't masturbate again. She wanted to channel all her sexual feelings toward her husband. But he wasn't doing



it for her anymore. She rubbed herself to three massive orgasms. Her fingers and toes were pruned by the time she got out.

When Brad got home, he almost caught her naked in her bedroom, but she closed the door when she heard him walking down the hall. Tracy thought that would have been horrifying for both of them. What son wants to see his mother naked?

When it was time for bed that night, Tracy had still received no word from Becky. She didn't know if the young woman even had her phone number, or what she would do if Becky texted. Sexual frustration was new to Tracy. Sex had never been all that important before. Tracy jumped her husband when he got into bed, but it was five minutes of boring missionary sex again. And then he was snoring. When she fingered herself that night, she made no promises to herself that she wouldn't do it again.

The next morning, Tracy's husband, remembering his teenage years, ungrounded Brad. After their son had left for school, her husband turned to her. "You can't expect a man his age not to get lost in pussy sometimes."

Tracy just stared at her husband, her mouth hanging open. Men could be pigs. Then she thought of Becky. Women could be pigs, too. Perhaps Tracy had a thing for pigs.

Tracy had more house showings that day. She got home just before dinner with takeout and was happy when Brad arrived soon after. So, he hadn't completely lost himself in "pussy." Tracy tried very hard not to imagine her son's hard body intertwined with Becky's. She couldn't admit to herself that the pairing had become a fantasy that was burning up her brain.

More days passed. And then a week. And another one. Just when Tracy thought Becky had abandoned her, the young woman showed up on her doorstep, blowing bubbles with her gum. The cool morning air swept into the house. Tracy stared at her seducer, her vagina gushing. It was a Friday, and she thanked God she didn't have any plans she couldn't break. She ran her hands over the hips of her yoga pants, embarrassed to be wearing such a casual outfit in front of Becky.

"Miss me?" Becky held out her left hand. She smiled when a look of understanding entered Tracy's eyes, and the wife took off her wedding ring and placed it on Becky's finger. "I've got something special planned for you today. Can I come in?"

There were two reasons Becky had left Tracy alone for so long. She wanted to ratchet up the tension on the poor wife, so that Tracy would be near desperate when Becky returned. Judging from the look in Tracy's eyes, that had worked. And, Becky wanted to work on Brad. It wasn't easy to convince her strait-laced boyfriend that he could and should smash his mother. But she had convinced him in the end.

"Yeah, come in." Tracy looked around outside, but the street was empty. No one was watching. She stepped aside and let Becky into her house. Tracy quickly closed the door. "After Lover's Point, I thought you'd lost interest."



"I've been busy putting something awesome together. You're still the best piece of ass I've had in a long time, Mrs. Potter." Becky made sure the front door was unlocked and then followed her boyfriend's mom into the living room. It thrilled Becky to see the older woman look so nervous. "You're adorable. No fancy suit today, so I'm guessing there's no demanding client to get to?" Becky spun Tracy around, admiring the curves of her yoga pants.

“No ... I mean, I was going to the gym, but ...” Tracy bit her lip. Her whole body vibrated. She could almost taste the pleasure that was coming.

“Well, take off your clothes then.” Becky started to undress.

“Here? The window over there is —”

“Take off your clothes, Mrs. Potter. I hate to ask for things twice.” Becky tossed her clothes onto the floor. She watched Tracy disrobe and neatly fold everything, placing it on the coffee table. “Great, now turn around. Good. Now stick out your ass. God damn, you’re beautiful.”

“This is an embarrassing position.” Tracy put her hands on her knees and stuck her ass out as commanded. “I don’t think I look very beautiful with my ass hanging out in the ... oooooohhhhhhhhh.” The teenager slipped to her knees behind Tracy and buried her face in Tracy’s vagina. Magical sensations spread through Tracy. “Oh ... gosh ... ohhhh ... mmmmyyyyyyyy ...”



Brad quietly opened the front door and snuck into his own house. His heart beat like a drum in his chest, and his palms were clammy. He hated cutting school. But how could he pass up Becky’s offer? He hadn’t really believed her until she’d shown him the pictures. And now that he heard his mom moaning in obvious ecstasy, he had no doubt that Becky’s offer was genuine. He undressed as Becky had instructed and moved toward the mewling and slurping sounds in the living room. He had never been harder in his life.

“You’re ... ugh ... doing it ... Becky ... you’re making meeeeeeeeeee ...” The last vowel became one continuous high note for Tracy. Her climax soared. When she returned to earth, Becky’s face was no longer pressed to her behind. Tracy turned around, ready to do as the teenager bid. She froze when she saw Becky and Brad standing arm in arm. Both were naked, and Brad had the biggest erection Tracy had ever seen. Her brain tried and failed repeatedly to process this new information. “I ... um ... I ... um ... what are you ...? um ...” She covered her vagina with one hand and her boobs with her other arm. “What are you doing home, sweetie?” It may have been the stupidest thing she’d ever said.



“Well, that is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.” Becky smiled, leaned up on her tippy-toes, and kissed Brad on the cheek. “I told you I had something special planned. I’ve offered you to my boyfriend, and he said yes. Isn’t that exciting?”

“No?” Tracy’s knees trembled. It *was* exciting. She hated herself for it, but seeing Brad naked made her even wetter than before. He was more beautiful than she’d imagined in her ongoing dirty fantasies about her son with his girlfriend. “I ... I have to go.” She moved across the room.

“Hold on, Mrs. Potter. Stop right there.” Becky was pleased when the wife and mother froze by the door. “I’m not asking you to do anything crazy here. Just a blowjob. You can do a little blowjob, can’t you?”

Tracy shook her head. The next ten minutes whirled in her mind. Somehow, she found herself on her knees in front of her son with her lips wrapped around the head of his penis. He tasted salty and vibrant. Her belly had gone from turning cartwheels to launching double pikes.

“Nice, Mrs. Potter. We need to work on your technique, but ...” Becky slapped her boyfriend’s ass. “You’re the one that knows for sure. How is she?”

“Awesome,” was all Brad could say. Becky gave way better blowjobs, but his mother was sucking his cock. His sweet mother, whom he would die for, was trying her darndest to pleasure him.

“Now, Mrs. Potter, take one of your hands and stroke his dick. Yeah, like that.” Becky nodded thoughtfully. “And get a little deeper.” She put her hand on the back of Tracy’s head and steadily pushed, easing up whenever the woman gagged. It took a long time, but eventually Tracy was stroking him about halfway down the shaft with her mouth, covering the other half with her hand. It was working out perfectly. Tracy had created a totem pole with herself at the top. And the totems below her seemed to be very happy with their new positions. She could see Brad was getting close to cumming. Becky pulled Tracy’s mouth off his cock and held her hair, making sure her face stayed inches from the nearing explosion. She put her other hand on Brad’s dick. Mother and girlfriend jerked him together.



"I ... can't believe ... I can't ... I can ... I'm ..." Brad stared at his mother's pretty face as he came. She closed her eyes and looked shocked when the first jet of cum hit her forehead. He guessed that he was the first guy to cum on her like that. Becky had been right. His mom was willing and ready. His thoughts spun away in a storm of pleasure.



Later, Brad sat on the sofa, fapping while he watched his mother and girlfriend grind together. He would have never guessed that his sweet mom could move her hips like that. Not only that, she still had his cum on her face as she convulsed in ecstasy. He was convinced that dating Becky was the best decision he'd ever made.

When the time of his father's return neared, they stopped their games. Brad and his mother stood before Becky like soldiers awaiting orders. Tracy covered her boobs and pussy, but Brad just stood there naked and happy, his dick dangling between his legs.

"We had fun today, right?" Becky gave them a smile. Her boyfriend nodded his head off. Her temporary wife looked at the floor. "I don't want you two to do anything without me. Got it?" She took off Tracy's ring and handed it back to her. Tracy took it and slid it back on her finger.

"Yes," Brad said.

"Okay," Tracy mumbled. The young woman was crazy if she thought anything like that would happen with Brad again.

"Okay, go hit the showers." Becky slapped Tracy's bare butt as the wife hustled away. She grabbed her boyfriend's arm. "Hold on, hot shot. I have some homework for you. You game?"

"Anything." Brad nodded his head earnestly. "Whatever you want."

"Okay, great." Becky leaned in and whispered in his ear. She then kissed him on the cheek. "Who's the best?"

"You are, Becky." Brad stared at her in awe of what she'd accomplished.

"And don't you forget it." Becky finished dressing. "Let's talk later tonight. I've got a busy weekend planned."

"Sure." Brad followed her to the door. He had forgotten he was naked and anyone might look in through the sidelight. He let his girlfriend out, they said their goodbyes, and he rushed off to shower.