

THE JEALOUS GIRLFRIEND



CHAPTER 5

FICTION

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The Jealous Girlfriend Ch. 5

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"Oh, my God, Brad. What are you doing?" Tracy was in the middle of her yoga routine when her son walked by, completely naked. "Have you gone crazy?"

"Just letting everything breathe, Mom." Brad turned to face her. He was soft, but even so he was proud of how he it was hanging. He wiggled his hips and watched his mother's eyes follow the pendulum of his cockhead.



"Get out of here with that." She shooed him out of the living room, watching his toned butt bounce away. Had she really put his thing in her mouth? It seemed like a strange dream. Twice more on that Saturday, Brad accidentally ran into his mother while wearing nothing at all. She became quite angry the third time, because her husband was due home any minute. "Yesterday didn't happen, okay? You're my sweet Bradley, and nothing more."

"I'm sorry." Brad wiped the sweat from his palms onto his bare thighs. He hated making his mom mad. "I didn't really want to." That was a lie. "But Becky gave me homework. She wanted me to 'show-off'

for you a bit."

"Oh, she did, did she?" Tracy frowned. "I don't think we should be seeing anymore of her. I'm sorry I let her do ... those things. This is my fault as much as anybody's."

"But Mom ..."

"I don't want to discuss it." She could hear her husband's car pulling into the driveway. "I'm your mother, and it's time I started acting like it."

"We're supposed to see her tomorrow at two. Her parents are going out of town." Brad let out a long sigh. He was completely deflated. He had let Becky down, for sure.

"Well, you're breaking up with her tomorrow. And I'm going to have a talk with her, too." Tracy put her hands on her hips. "Now go get dressed before your father comes in. I don't want to see your penis again unless it's an emergency."

“Okay.” Brad plodded upstairs.

The next day, there was a knock on Brad’s door. “Come in.” He was still in bed, heartbroken over Becky, and despondent over upsetting his mother.

Tracy entered her son’s room. “What are you still doing in bed?”

“I’m sorry about yesterday, Mom. Can I still see Becky? I promise we won’t do anything weird.”

“We’re going to see her right now.” Tracy threw open his curtains and sun streamed into the room.

“Don’t look all excited. I’m going to have a talk with her about something. And you’re going to break up with her like we talked about.” Tracy had spent a sleepless night thinking about all the pictures Becky had taken of her. She had to get the eighteen-year-old to delete them before she broke it off.

“Oh, shit.” Brad pulled the covers over his head.

“Get up, Brad. I’ll see you downstairs in ten minutes.” Tracy left the room.

Brad, ever the dutiful son, dragged himself out of bed and got dressed.

They spent the drive over to Becky’s house in silence. Brad could see his mom’s knuckles turning white on the steering wheel. “It’s over there, Mom.” Brad pointed to Becky’s driveway.

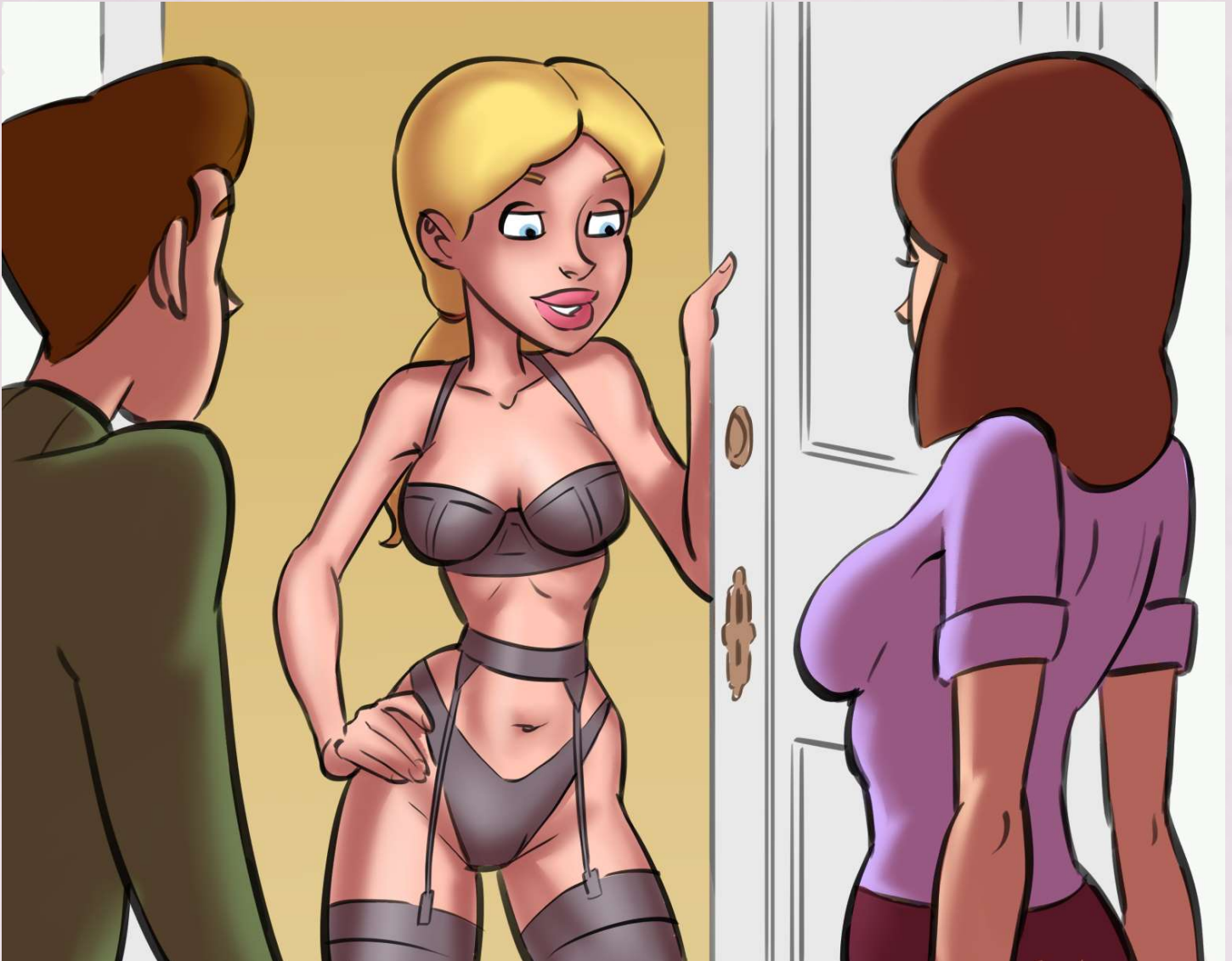
“Her house is huge.” Tracy gaped at it.

Becky’s behavior was beginning to make sense. She was a spoiled brat. They parked in the circular drive and walked up to a wide double door. Tracy rang the doorbell.



Becky opened the door wearing nothing but lingerie. "There you two are." She eyed them both. "You look frumpy and angry, Mrs. Potter. And you, Brad, look like someone just stole your lunch money. What's going on?"

"May we come in, Becky?" Tracy folded her arms and tapped her foot.



"Yeah, sure." Becky stepped out of the way and let them inside. She closed the door after them. "I've got some fun things planned. Are you two into edibles? Because -"

"We need to talk." Tracy spoke over Becky. She could see the teenager's eyes widen in surprise. Becky was so used to having the upper hand. The teenager had pushed Tracy too far, and enough was enough. "Brad, you wait here. Becky and I are going to have a little talk. You can say what you have to say when I get back."

“Okay, Mom.” Brad walked into the first living room. Or at least that’s what he called it. The floor had three living rooms, and they probably all had their own names. This one had a great view of the woods to the side of the house. He listened to Becky and his mom until their voices were extinguished by a door closing. He sighed heavily and watched some squirrels run up and down a tree. He rehearsed the breakup speech in his head. An old grandfather clock in the second living room ticked away, the only sound to break the silence.

How many times had he run through his speech while waiting? Too many. He expected his mom to come storming out from wherever she was any minute, demanding that he dump Becky immediately. But she didn’t show. Brad gave it about a half hour before he went looking for her. Something had gone wrong, for sure. He walked through the other living rooms, past the kitchen, toward the back of the house. The door to Becky’s dad’s study was closed. He pressed his ear to the solid maple door. He thought he could hear someone talking inside. He didn’t want to interrupt them, so he leaned against the wall and waited some more.

The muffled voices got louder. It sounded like his mom was screaming. She must have been furious. Brad could guess what all this was about. It was the pictures. That was a dirty thing for Becky to do, he had to admit. He probably should have asked her to delete them so it didn’t ever have to come to this. But he really liked looking at them, so he hadn’t. Wait ... His mom wasn’t screaming in anger. Brad put his hand to the knob and opened the door a crack. He was assailed by his mother’s guttural orgasmic cries.

A very naked Tracy sat on the study’s desk. She was holding Becky’s phone for some reason. Becky



was between Tracy’s legs, noisily slurping at the older woman’s pussy. Brad could see that Becky wore his mom’s wedding ring where her left hand gripped Tracy’s right thigh. Neither woman saw Brad. Becky’s face was buried in pussy. Tracy was looking at the ceiling, coming down from her high and muttering “Oh gosh” over and over again. Brad stood there dumbfounded. His cock strained his pants.

Becky leaned back and wiped her mouth. "I knew you'd see it my way, Mrs. Potter. Can I have my phone back?"

"Okay." Tracy's body was rocked by an aftershock, shaking all over. When her nerves had quieted, she handed the phone back to Becky. Instead of deleting the pictures, she had taken more with a focus on Becky's work between her legs. "Oh, no ... Brad."

"Brad?" Becky turned around and smiled at her boyfriend. "Your mother tells me that you want to break up with me." She put an exaggerated frown on her face. "Is that true?"

"Well ... I ... um ... I ... um ..." He looked to his mom for help, but all he could see was her sopping pussy, until she closed her legs. When he met her eyes, her petrified face was no more help than her vagina had been.

"You two are slippery little fishes, aren't you?" Becky stood and walked toward Brad, her hips swaying in the lingerie. She began undressing her boyfriend.

"Um ... no?" Brad still stared at his naked, sweating mother.

"Yes, you are." Becky freed his cock and playfully bounced it with her fingers. "One innocent blowjob, and you're both freaking out." She pulled off his shirt. "Have you heard of immersion therapy, Mrs. Potter?"

"What?" Tracy started to remove herself from the desk.

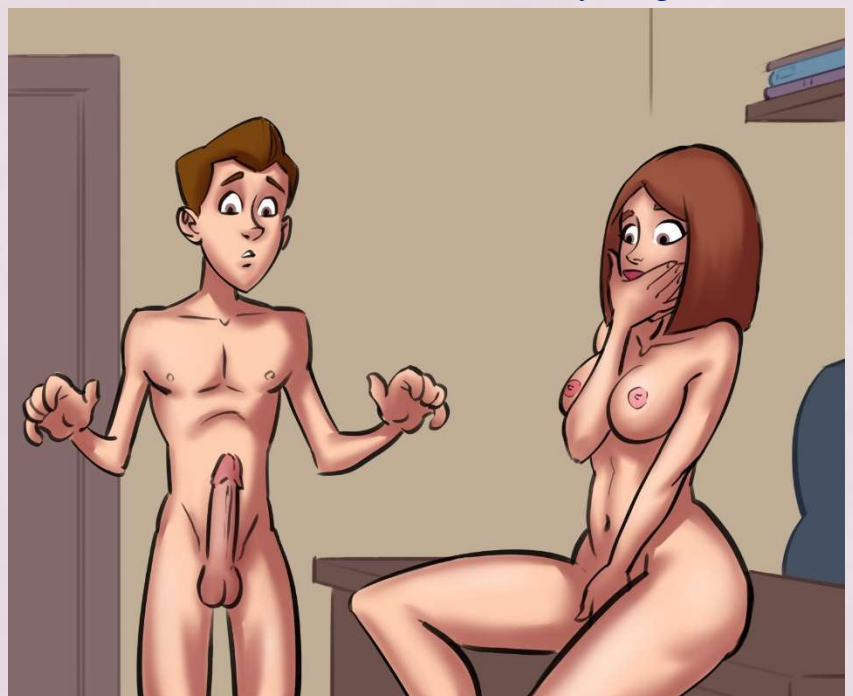
"Stay there, Mrs. Potter." Becky's voice was commanding. Both Brad and Tracy froze when she spoke.

"Spread your legs again." Becky bent down and removed Brad's socks.

"Please ... Becky. Brad and I have a special relationship." Tracy reluctantly spread her legs. She had no idea why she treated this girl with respect and deference. "I don't want to do anything else that would make things -"

"We need something to take the edge off." Becky slapped Brad's bare butt. "I'll be right back. Don't either of you move."

Brad and Tracy stayed right where they were. Tracy covered her boobs with her arm as she watched her son. She covered her vagina with her other hand. Why wasn't she getting dressed and getting the hell out of that McMansion? Because Becky had told her not to. "No, Brad. Don't get hard." She released her boobs and her hand went to her mouth as she watched his proud tool rise. "No, no, no. Stop it."



"I can't help it, Mom." Brad tried to think straight. He found that very difficult. "I'm sorry."

"Here we are." Becky marched back into the room carrying three glasses with clear liquid. She handed one to Brad and one to Tracy, keeping the other for herself.

"What's this?" Tracy sniffed her drink, remembering what Becky had put into her coffee all those weeks ago. It had no odor.

"Mostly water." Becky smiled.

"Mostly?" Brad wasn't sure. He loved Becky, but she was a little wild and he frowned on drugs.

"Don't be such babies. Here, Mrs. Potter, I'll trade with you." Becky exchanged her glass for the one in Tracy's hand. "Bottoms up." Becky downed the contents of the glass in one gulp. She smiled at Tracy. "You next."

"I came here to end things with you." Tracy stared at the confident teenager. And then at her son, standing and waiting to see what his mother would do.

"Nobody's perfect, Mrs. Potter." Becky's eyes shone bright in anticipation. "But you are wonderfully photogenic, aren't you?"



"I'm going to regret this." Tracy gulped down her drink. It tasted just like water. She put the glass down on the desk. "Brad, you don't have to ..." But she could see he was already drinking it.

"Great. Now we can have some fun. Not exactly how I planned it, but whatever."

Becky walked over to Brad and stood next to him facing Tracy. She took hold of his stiff dick and stroked slowly. "Did you know that I've trained your son to eat pussy with the best of them?"

Tracy shook her head slowly. The room vibrated around her. Her heart opened with an inexplicable outpouring of love and joy. Whatever Becky had given them, it wasn't the same stuff she had put in her coffee.

"Go get her, champ." Becky pushed Brad toward his mother. He stumbled at first, but caught his balance. He dropped to his knees in front of the desk and took hold of his mother's thighs.

“Oh ... my sweet Bradley. You look so handsome. Are you really going to ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Tracy leaned back, gripping the desk with both hands. Only one other person had ever put their mouth down there, and Becky was a tough act to follow. But Tracy had to admit, Brad was almost as good. His girlfriend had taught him well. “Oooohhhhhh ... gosh ... sweetie ... it’s already ... happening ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her hips jerked as her son sucked on her clit. Whatever Becky had given them, Tracy already knew she wanted more. When she came down from an explosive orgasm, she grabbed the back of her son’s head and pressed him hard into the V between her legs. She came again almost instantly.

After about ten minutes, Becky stepped in. “Okay, okay. Don’t be a hog, Mrs. P.” It took some effort to get Tracy to relinquish her grip on Brad’s hair. “Time for Brad and me to have some fun.” She pulled Tracy off the desk and positioned her on all fours. Becky pulled off her own panties, and sat in front of her sweet wife. “Don’t be bashful.”

Tracy’s overflow of love and bliss somehow included Becky. She desperately wanted to make the young woman happy. She lowered her face and tasted Becky’s sweet tang.

“Oh, shit ... that’s right ... that’s my slutty wife.” Becky looked up at Brad and nodded to Tracy’s ass as it waved back and forth in the air.

“You want me to eat her again?” Brad wiped his chin.

“No ... dude ... it’s time. I promised you ... ugh ... didn’t I?” Becky wound her fingers in Tracy’s hair. She didn’t think Tracy would flee when her son got behind her, but she wanted to be sure.



Even in his mentally compromised state, Brad knew to wear a condom. He ran out of the room, raced upstairs, and found the box he and Becky used under her bed. He rolled the condom on, and raced back downstairs. The walls pulsed and thundered in time with his own heartbeat. He didn’t remember the walls pulsing on his other visits to the house, but he decided not to worry about it. When he got back to the study, his mom was still in the same position, face in Becky’s pussy and ass in the air. He dropped to his knees behind her.

“Mmmppppphhhh.” Tracy was in such a frenzy, that she didn’t think twice when something hard and thick pushed into her vagina from behind. Even when Brad’s strong hands gripped her hips and she realized what was happening, she didn’t put a stop to things. She didn’t want the feelings surging through her to ever stop. She moaned and hummed into Becky’s vagina while her son took her as he pleased.

“Yes ... fuck her ... Brad ... I told you ... I fucking told you ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Becky shook violently as she came. The three of them humped in their little train for a long time. The steely-eyed feral intensity on her boyfriend’s face melted her insides. His customary repose and intelligence were gone. He was a fucking machine. When the night was done, Becky knew she would completely own Brad and his



mother. Becky came again, releasing Tracy’s hair.

“Oh ... Mom ... oh ... Mom ... I’m going to ... cum.” Brad couldn’t believe how tight her pussy was. He could feel the whole world winding up to a massive eruption. Or maybe it was just him. He couldn’t tell.

Her head now free, Tracy looked over her shoulder. Her son could not truthfully be called sweet anymore. He looked ferocious, and she loved it. “Yes ... yes ... yeesssssss.” She didn’t know or care if he was wearing a condom, she just wanted him to be happy. The outpouring of love and bliss continued.

“Aaaaahhhhhhhh.” Brad threw his head back and

exploded. Somewhere far away, he could hear his mother howling.

A little while later, the three of them lay on the study floor. Brad’s condom was still on his penis, now bloated with cum. “Are the walls of your house beating with my heart?”

“No.” Becky giggled.

“We have to go.” Tracy sat up. “Your father will wonder where -” She was cut off by Becky’s lips on hers. They kissed for a while and then Becky released her. “Oh, my,” Tracy whispered.

“We’re going to have a sleepover,” Becky said matter-of-factly. “Immersion therapy, remember?” She rolled Tracy onto her back and beckoned Brad over. “We’re going to go all night.”