

THE JEALOUS GIRLFRIEND



CHAPTER 6

FICTION

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The Jealous Girlfriend Ch. 6

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“Hi ... honey ...” Tracy held the phone to her ear while lying on her back. Her son was on top of her. He moved his hips at a slow, steady pace so she could concentrate on the phone call. Tracy glanced at Becky watching them from her desk chair. The young woman gave her a thumbs-up with one hand, while she rubbed her clit with the other. “Yes ... I’m here,” Tracy said into the phone. “Uhhhhh ... Bradley and I ... are going to stay out tonight ... yes ... all night. We’ll be home in the ... ugh ... morning.” She put her hand over the receiver. “He doesn’t believe I’m with Bradley.”



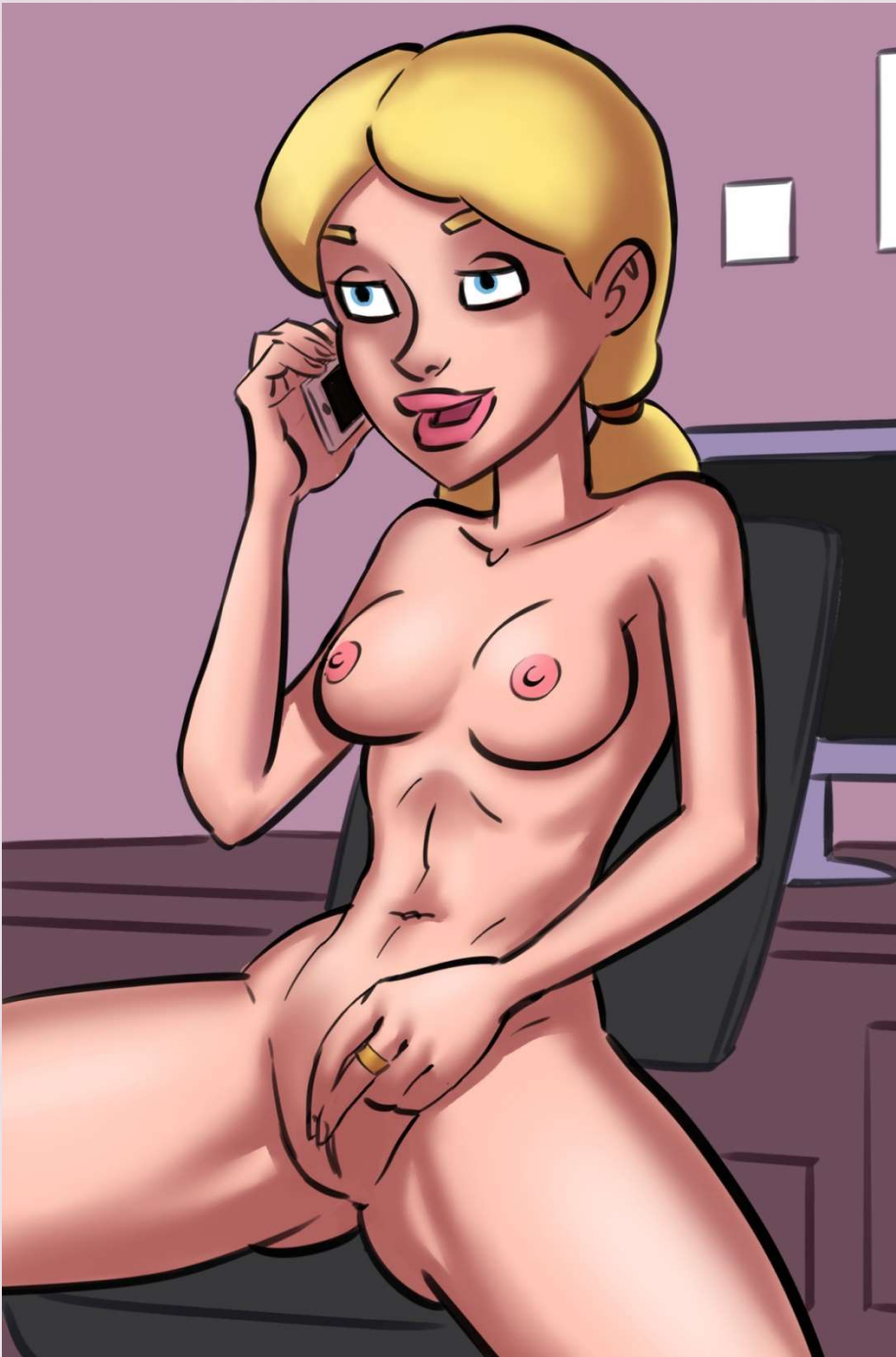
“Well, put Brad on the call,” Becky whispered. This was maybe her favorite moment yet. Becky was totally in charge, while Tracy looked so lost with her wide eyes and running mascara. Even though Brad moved slowly, his mother’s whole body tensed every time he sank all the way inside her. Becky owned mother and son.

Tracy nodded. “Here, Bradley wants ... to speak with you.” She put the phone up to Brad’s face.

“Hi, Dad.” Brad watched sweat drip from his nose and collect on his mother’s delicate clavicle. She looked so wonderfully disheveled and gorgeous. The walls had stopped pulsing with his heartbeat, so he wasn’t sure how much his feelings could be attributed to the drugs, and how much was ... reality. “Yeah ... Dad ... Becky’s here, too. I thought it would be good ... for Becky and Mom ... to bond. Oh ... we’re staying ... out by the lake. We’re hiking ... right now.” He saw his mom trying to get his attention by shaking her head. “Oh ... yeah ... of course I know ... it’s dark. We’re on a ... night walk.”

Becky snickered. They should have let her do the talking.

“Okay ... we’ll be safe. Uh ... he wants to say hello, Becky.” Brad held the phone out in Becky’s direction.



"Hello, Mr. Potter," Becky yelled at the phone. "Don't worry, I'm taking good care of your family." She giggled.

Tracy took the phone back. "Yes ... tomorrow morning ... we'll be home. I'll tell you all ... about our ... little adventure. Bye ... love you, too." She disconnected with a sigh.

"I feel bad ... lying to him." Brad's hips sped up now that the coast was clear.

"Oh ... gosh ... I do ... too ... sweetie. But ... ugh ... it can't be helped." She squeezed her son's butt, relishing the way it clenched with every thrust.

"You could stop fucking your son, Mrs. Potter." Becky moved over to her bed and climbed on. She lay next to them, still working her pussy.

"The ... ugh ... drugs ... won't let me." Tracy looked over at her temporary wife. It seemed like a century ago that she had stormed into the house with every intention of breaking it off with her.

"The drugs wore off ... hours ago." Becky winked at Tracy. She tried to catch her boyfriend's eye, but Brad was too focused on rutting with his mother. "You're just ... a slut."

"No ... that's ... not true." But Tracy knew it was true. She was a slut. The truth of it seared into her brain and sent her mind spiraling toward another soul-smashing orgasm. She gritted her teeth and stared up at her son's handsome face. They made eye contact and her enraptured gaze was met by his look of desperate intensity.

"Look at your mom, Brad. She's not so perfect now, is she?" Becky smiled. This was her crowning moment of victory. She had turned the picturesque wife and mother into a floozy. "She pretended to be so wholesome, but she was really a slut underneath."

Brad looked Becky's way. His eyebrows furrowed with annoyance. "She's ... uh ... uh ... uh ... more perfect ... like this. I love her ... more than ever." He turned his focus back to his mother, watching her eyelids flutter. "I ... love you ... Mom ... more than ... anything."



"Ooohhhh ... Bradley ... what we have ... ugghhhh ... is so special." Tracy's climax came roaring at her like a runaway train. "I ... love you ... toooooooooooooo." She convulsed and pulled him toward her. When the wave of pleasure passed, Tracy found that her son had stopped moving and was panting on top of her. "Did you ... finish ... sweetie?" She ran her fingers along his sweaty back.

"Yeah ... Mom. That was ... the ... best ... ever." Brad looked over at his girlfriend with a dreamy smile. He had not expected to see Becky frowning at them. Why wasn't she happy?

"Maybe we should eat something." Becky crawled off the bed and threw on a large shirt. "I'll order pizza." She went over to her phone, chewing on her bottom lip. Once Tracy revealed her depravity to Brad, he was supposed to lose respect for her. He was supposed to see her in a whole new light. But instead, he was gazing into his mother's eyes with the same nauseating adoration he always had. Except, now it was even more intense. Becky had miscalculated. "Well, are you two going to stare at each other all night, or are you going to get up?"

"Sorry, Becky." Brad rolled off his mom, and pulled the bloated condom off his dick. He got up and hustled to the bathroom to throw it away.

“Is this what you wanted all along?” Tracy propped herself up on an elbow and watched Becky order the pizza.

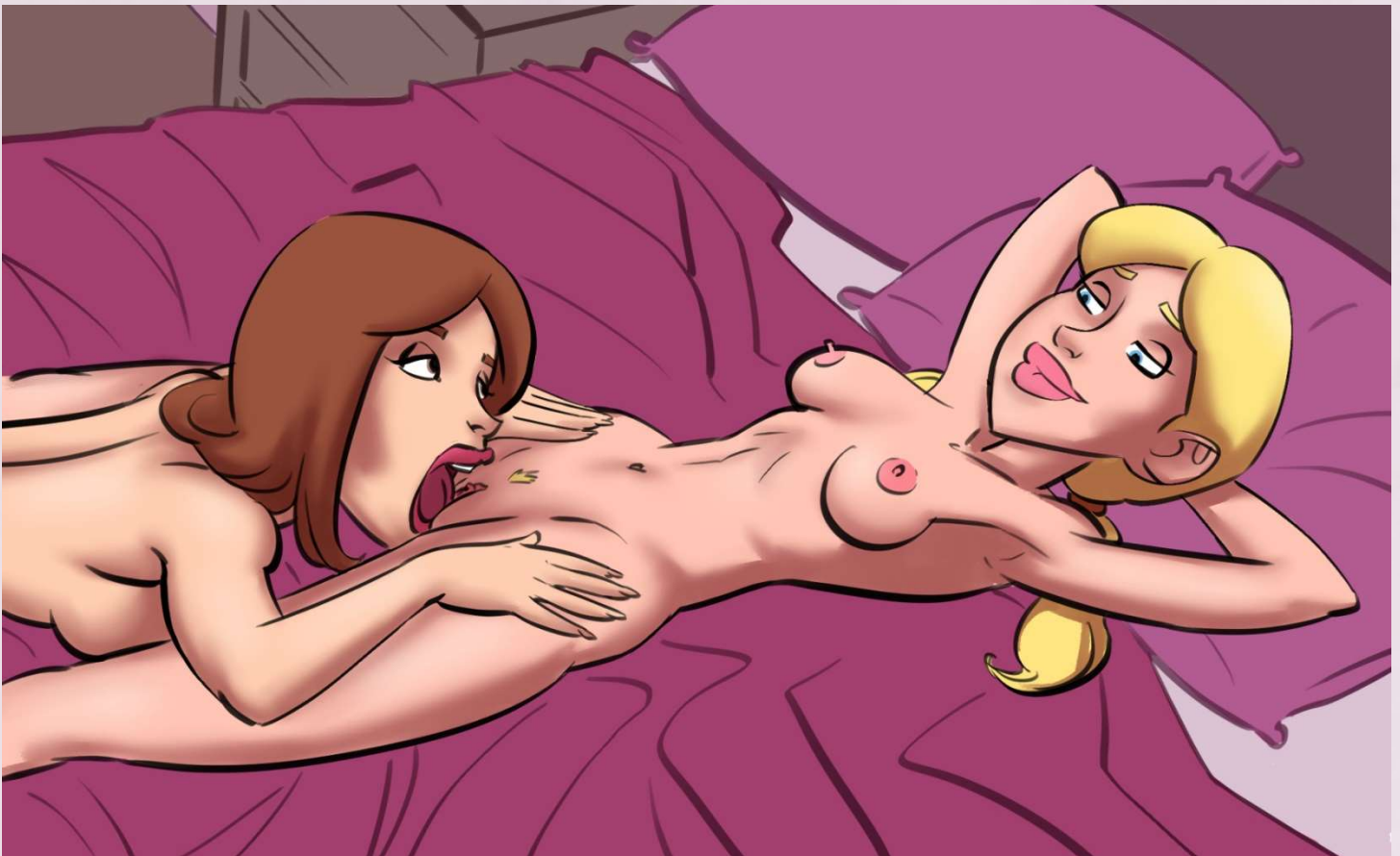
“Not exactly.” Becky looked down at the borrowed wedding ring on her finger. “Come over here and eat me out while I order.”

“Can’t we take a break?” Tracy was so tired.

“Get over here, Mrs. Potter.” Becky’s eyes narrowed.

Dutifully, Tracy moved over to Becky, spread the eighteen-year-old’s legs, and started licking.

When Brad walked back into the room and saw what they were doing, he was instantly hard again. He remembered those commercials about erections lasting longer than four hours. “Do you think I should call a doctor? Because ...” He caught Becky’s expression and stopped. “Never mind.” He sat, watched them, and fapped. The pizza wouldn’t arrive for a while anyway.



“What do you two think about something mind-altering?” Becky picked a billiard cue off the wall and stroked it slowly with her hand. They were in the family game room, dressed only in oversized shirts. An empty pizza box lay on the ping-pong table. Tracy and Brad were holding hands and staring at each other in the most annoying lovey-dovey way. She was playfully feeding him the last slice of pizza. Becky wanted to gag, or maybe hit them over the head with the cue. She sighed. No need for violence, drugs could get the party back on track. “Drugs?”

“What ... oh ... sure.” After their last experience with drugs, Tracy had come to trust Becky’s stash. “Do you have any more of what you gave us earlier?”

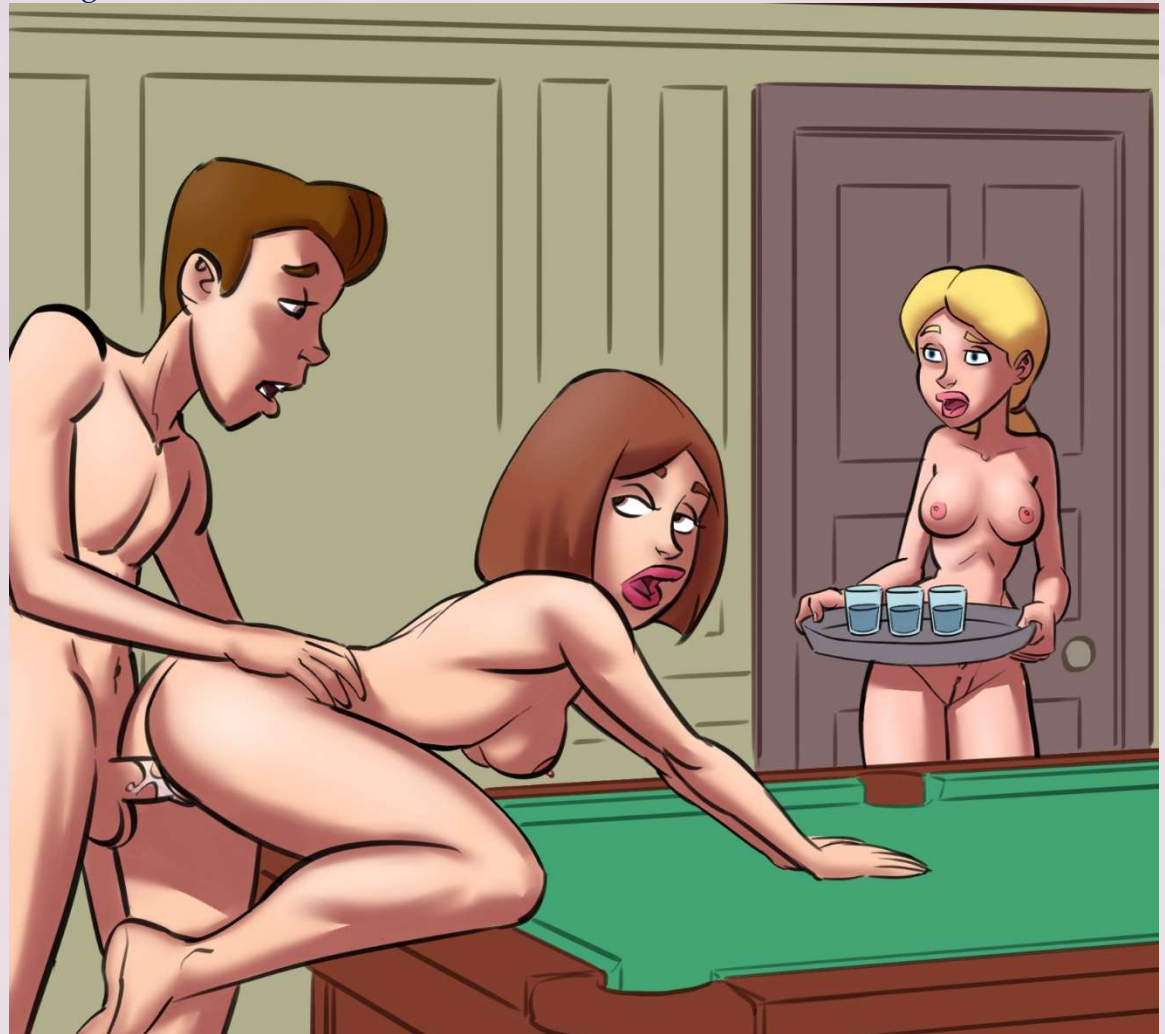
“Yeah, that was awesome.” Brad smiled at her and took a bite of the pizza his mother offered him.

“Too much of that stuff can be ... not good.” Becky frowned, put the cue down, and turned for the door. “I have just the thing. I’ll be back in a few minutes.” She looked over her shoulder at them.

“Don’t do anything while I’m gone.”

“Okay, Becky,” Brad said enthusiastically.

“Right.” Becky hurried up to her room. It took her a while to find what she was looking for. Brad was always telling her to get more organized. Finally, she got the right stuff. She went to the kitchen to get some juice to disguise the taste, put three glasses on a tray, and hustled back to



the game room. A slapping sound accompanied by frenzied moans greeted her ears out in the hall. Were they ...? She walked into the doorway. They were indeed fucking again. Becky stared at the mating pair. Tracy was bent over the billiard table, Brad pounding away at her from behind. “You’re ... um ... not wearing a condom.”

Brad glanced at his girlfriend, barely aware that she had returned. “Mom ... thought that ... it was okay ... this one time.” He stared at his mom’s ass, holding tight to her hips.

"You always ... wear a condom with me." Becky's frown deepened. What had she created? She put the tray down on the ping-pong table. "Okay, you two. Cut it out. It's time for some more fun." She poured the juice into each cup. The fucking continued. Becky put more authority in her voice. "Brad, pull out of her right now."

"I can't ... ugh ... ugh ... it's too ... good." Brad went right on pummeling his mother's backside.

"Mrs. Potter, your son doesn't have a condom on. You're not safe." Becky put her hands on her hips. "Stop it right now."

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii," Tracy screamed.

"Really?" Becky sat down and watched them. She looked down at Tracy's wedding ring on her own hand. If Tracy was her wife when they got together, then ... a dark realization hit Becky. *I'm getting cucked*, she thought. Her wife was falling for someone else. "You two do look ... really hot." Becky drank her juice and fingered herself as she watched. She didn't bother giving the drugs to her guests. They didn't need it. She listened to Tracy run through a series of explosive orgasms. Eventually, Brad trembled all over. Becky could see he was almost ready. "No ... condom ... Brad," she warned them.

"I don't care ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... I don't ... ugh ... ugh ... care." Tracy looked like a woman possessed as she gripped the table, practically frothing at the mouth. She was literally frothing elsewhere.

"Cumming ... Mom." Brad's hips fell out of rhythm. He jerked wildly. "Uuuuggggghhhhhhhh." He hunched forward and came in his mother.

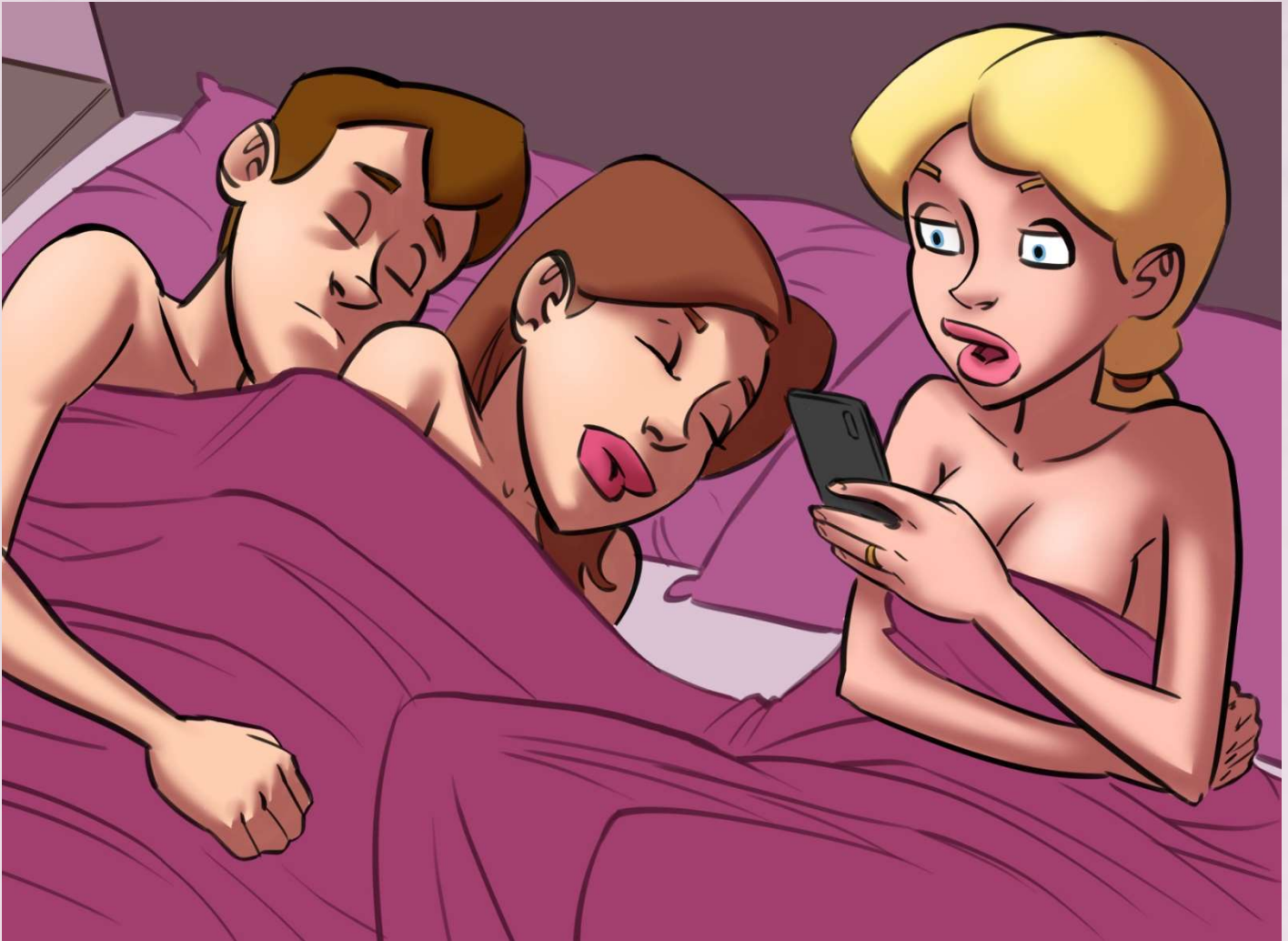


Becky watched with wide eyes. The pair had such chemistry together. This was not what she had planned.

Mother and son either slept or humped most of the night, mostly the latter. They still listened to Becky, so long as she wasn't trying to separate them. But Becky could tell her spell was broken.

By the time the sun rose, Brad had emptied himself into his mother's unprotected pussy three times. That didn't include the first two times he'd used a condom.

At around ten in the morning, Tracy roused herself and checked her phone. There were three missed calls from her husband. "Oh ... my." Tracy shook her head. "We have to get up." The three of them were all tangled up in Becky's bed. Tracy dragged herself to her feet. She was incredibly sore. She prayed she hadn't broken Brad's penis with all that sex. She imagined trying to explain to the doctor what was wrong with her son. "Brad, sweetie? Get up. We have to go."



"Mom?" Brad blinked. He slowly rose.

"Is your penis okay, Bradley?" Tracy helped him out of bed and stared at his thing. It was finally soft and looked normal enough.

"What?" Brad yawned. "Oh, yeah. It's fine, thanks," he said awkwardly.

"It smells like a brothel in here. We need to shower first thing." Tracy looked around the giant bedroom. She saw the door to the bathroom.

"No." Becky opened her eyes and looked up at them. "You can't use my shower. Just go." It was petty revenge sending them back to Mr. Potter looking and smelling like they did. But it gave Becky a little satisfaction.

“What? We have to use –” Tracy’s mouth hung open.

“My parents are going to be home any minute.” As always, Becky lied with ease. “You need to leave.” With a broad smile, she watched Tracy and Brad hurriedly dress. They had such delightful fear in their eyes. They acted like a T-rex was coming home, not her parents.

Once dressed, Tracy took her son’s hand. “Do you know the way to the front door, Bradley?”

“Sure, Mom.” Brad led her to the bedroom door, and looked back at his naked girlfriend. “Thank you for this. That was the best night of my life.”

“Don’t mention it.” Becky waved her left hand at them.

“Wait.” Tracy ran over to the girl and removed her wedding ring from Becky’s hand. She slid it onto her own finger. “Goodbye, Becky. That was ... um ... a wonderful night.” She walked back to her son with a bow-legged gait and took his hand.

“Whatever.” Becky rolled over in bed. She heard them leave. She thought about the way they had looked into each other’s eyes. Her hand snaked down between her legs. She masturbated while the Potters drove home.

