Not cheating on mum

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One thing leads to another when I play a tease on mum's boyfriend

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(All of the events described in story took place after my 16 th birthday.)

It was some time after mum and dad separated before mum started dating and a while longer before she felt comfortable enough in a relationship to bring her boyfriend, Mark, back to the house to stay over.

The first time was awkward, to say the least. We sat around the table having dinner and trying to make inconsequential small talk whilst all I could think about was, ‘this guy’s going to be fucking my mum anytime soon!’

After dinner we watched telly. I was too old to be sent to bed, but it was made pretty clear that I should have an early night. I took the hint at about nine o’clock.

I got myself ready for bed and tried to read but my mind was still on what mum and her boyfriend might be doing. I tried to sleep but I couldn’t.

About 10.30pm I heard them coming to bed. Mum’s room is next to mine and it’s a modern house so there’s not a lot of sound insulation. I think they tried to be quiet and once or twice I heard mum saying things like “Shush, you’ll wake Shazz,” but it was pretty obvious that they hadn’t finished whatever they had been doing in the living room.

The next morning mum was on a late shift so I got up and out of the house early so as not to see her and her boyfriend, to avoid any embarrassment.

That evening mum and I were on our own. We didn’t speak directly about her boyfriend but she did ask me, a little nervously, whether they had disturbed me when they came to bed. I lied and said that I must have been asleep, turning away from mum to hide my reddening face.

Mum must have taken this as reassurance, as Mark was invited back on at least a weekly basis from

then on. They also seemed to become more relaxed in front of me, kissing and canoodling, and in the amount of noise they made during sex. In the bedroom, mum still occasionally told Mark to ‘shush’ for fear of me hearing or being awakened, however she said it with little apparent conviction as it was often mum who was the most vociferous as their love making reached a climax. Meantime, and somewhat to my confusion and embarrassment, I found myself increasingly aroused whilst listening to their loving making. Inevitably I began to seek out my clitoris and to diddle myself to my own orgasm.

I couldn’t forever avoid Mark the morning after he had stayed over and I sometimes bumped into him going to or from the bathroom or saw him in the kitchen having breakfast. Mum had bought him a bath robe to wear for such occasions and I, likewise, tried to make sure that I was adequately covered up when he was around. I also tried to get into the habit of locking the bathroom door when Mark was in the house; not something mum or I bothered about in case one of us needed the loo whilst the other was in the shower or bath.

After a few weeks it happened that mum was on the early shift when Mark was staying over so she was out of the house first in the morning.

To be honest I’d forgotten that Mark was in the house. As a result, I walked into the kitchen after my shower with just a towel wrapped around me. Mark was making coffee.

“Oh, sorry!” I said, “I’d forgotten you were here,” meantime holding my towel close to me for fear of it slipping off.

Mark stared only for a moment and then drew his attention away to the kettle.

“Would you like a coffee?” he asked.

“Yes, thanks,” I replied, “I was just going to do that,” and then, “I’ll be back in a few minutes,” as I quickly exited for my room to get dressed. My reflection in the mirrored wardrobe showed that the towel barely reached to the top of my legs which, if nothing else, helped explain Mark’s stare. I felt a tingle in my secret place at the thought.

When I returned to the kitchen, Mark had my coffee ready and we made small talk over our cereals.

Mark had to go to work, so we left the house together.

In the few days before Mark’s next visit, a plan was formulating in my mind.

Up to now mum had mainly been on late shifts the day after Mark was staying over, but for the next few weeks her shift pattern changed and she was mainly on earlys.

The morning after Mark and mum's next romp I waited for mum to leave and Mark to get up and go to the kitchen. I generally sleep naked, so I put on a shortie nightie and a thong, went to the loo and then straight to the kitchen. Mark was already dressed.

"Morning," I said as nonchalantly as possible, trying to keep my nerves out of my voice. Mark did his best not to stare. I knew my breasts and nipples were clearly visible through the satin of my nightie, as was my thong.

This time I did not retreat to the bedroom when he offered me coffee but proceeded to get my cereals and sat with him at the breakfast bar.

Again we made small talk until it was time for him to leave. I had a late start so, once I had seen Mark to the door and locked it behind him, I went for my shower and to relieve my tension. I was dripping. I couldn't believe what I just done, but I knew that I was it was the start and not the finish of my little game.

As it happened, it was only a couple of days before the next opportunity arose.

Again I followed the same pattern. I waited for mum to leave and Mark to get up and go to the kitchen. I put on the same shortie nightie and thong and joined Mark in the kitchen. Mark was in his bath robe.

This time was a little more relaxed and we made small talk as we had our breakfasts. I pretended not to notice Mark's frequent glances at my breasts and my crotch and, as I made no objection or attempt to cover up, he made less of an attempt to disguise his interest.

To add to his interest, I made sure he had a good view of my breasts down the top of my nightie when I bent over to get the milk from the fridge and a similarly clear view of the, now damp, crotch of my thong when I squatted down to put the milk back.

Eventually, Mark had to go for a shower and to get ready for work and, reluctantly, he had to leave me to my own devices.

Another few days passed before Mark stayed over again. This time it was Friday night and neither Mark nor I had any reason to rush out on Saturday morning, however mum was again on an early shift at the hotel where she works.

I got up and went to the kitchen first. I wore a lace chemise without underwear. There were butterflies in my tummy as I looked at myself in the mirrored wardrobe before I left the bedroom. The chemise was almost see-through and hid very little, barely covering my pussy. I hesitated, wondering if I was pushing things too far, but the moistness between my legs told me that this was something that I wanted to do.

Mark must have heard me get up. It was only a few minutes later that he followed me into the kitchen. Today he was wearing a shorter, lighter, robe. His eyes nearly popped when he saw me.

Before Mark could say anything I said, “Just go take a seat in the living area and I’ll bring your coffee over to you.”

Mark did as he was told, making sure he pulled the bottom of his robe together as he sat in one of the easy chairs. I wondered what, if anything, he was wearing underneath. I took encouragement from the fact that he seemed to be joining in the spirit of my little game.

I made coffee and took Mark’s over to him, giving him a good view of my breasts as I bent over to pass it too him. I gave him another view of my bottom cheeks as I turned away and put my own coffee on a small table next to another easy chair, facing Mark’s chair.

I sat down carefully, keeping my legs together so as not to reveal too much, too soon.

I took a sip of my coffee. It was hot, so I put it down again. In doing so I realised that I had shifted a little in my chair and that Mark could now see directly up my chemise. I kept my legs together.

There was a definite tension between us which couldn’t be ignored. Mark spoke first.

“Damn it, Shazz,” he said, “do you realise how sexy you look sitting there, wearing that?”

I was a little taken a back by Mark’s directness. I could feel the blush in my cheeks. I wasn’t sure what to say.

In the end, I replied, rather lamely, “I could go get changed, if you want?”

Mark shifted in his own chair, deliberately or otherwise, and I could now see under his short robe. Mark followed my gaze and his legs parted slightly. I could see his cock!

“No, don’t leave on my behalf,” Mark answered, adding, “unless you feel uncomfortable.” He smiled

at me.

I smiled back and parted my own legs a little.

Before I could respond, Mark went on, “But you have to realise the effect that you are having on me!”

His cock twitched and started to grow.

“As you can see!” Mark said. Again his directness startled me a little. I was aware that I had started this game but I hadn’t really thought through where it was going, beyond a little teasing on my part.

I felt that I should respond, but I couldn’t think what to say.

“Well, now you know the effect that lying in bed and listening to you and mum having sex has on me!” I blurted out.

Mark looked a little startled.

“You mean you can hear us?” And then, “I suppose that’s not surprising,” almost to himself.

“And it turns you on?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied, weakly, bowing my head to avoid eye contact.

“And do you play with yourself, while you’re listening?”

“Yes.” I blushed.

“You’re wet now, aren’t you?”

“Yes.” I felt my blush deepen. My legs had parted further and it was all I could do to keep my fingers away from my slit.

Mark seemed to hesitate and then said, “Well I’m going to have to do something about this!”

I looked up and realised that Mark was now fully erect. His robe had parted, or he had opened it, and his cock stood proud between his legs, pointing directly at me. As I looked, Mark reached down and took his cock in his right hand.

Slowly, Mark began to stroke his cock. He took his balls in his left hand and clutched them.

I followed Marks lead and began to touch my slit, lubricating my fingers in my vagina before moving to tease my clit. I kept my eyes on Mark and his cock. Mark was staring at my cunt. I pulled my feet up under me on the chair and moved my legs apart to give him a better view. I was now widen open and fully exposed to him, sat in the chair opposite.

Mark's oscillations on his cock quickened. If possible, it seemed to grow larger still. He grasped his balls tighter with his left hand.

My breathing quickened as I flicked and rubbed my clit, dipping my fingers in my fanny from time to time for fresh lubrication. My gaze was still focused on Mark, or rather his cock, as was his on my cunt.

Both of us were too far committed to wonder about the propriety of what we were doing; too absorbed in our own pleasure but also the sight and actions of the other similarly engaged.

Mark was first to break the silence.

"Oh God, I'm cumming. Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!"

I could feel my own orgasm building. Starting in that special place between my legs and building and spreading.

"Fuuuuck!" Mark ejaculated. The first spurt crossed about half of the six or so feet between us. He continued to pump as the rest dribbled down into a pool on the chair between his legs.

And then I was lost in my own orgasm. A mixture of pleasure and guilt. The guilt making it even more pleasurable. My body tensed and my buttocks lifted off the chair. I closed my eyes and let it take over.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhhhhhh!"

Slowly my convulsions eased and my breathing gradually returned closer to normal.

"Wow," I said to break the silence.

"Are you OK?" asked Mark.

"What do you think?" I replied.

“I mean with what we just did?” said Mark.

I thought. Was it what I had intended or expected? I wasn’t sure. Was I embarrassed? Yes, a little. Did I regret it? Not really.

“I’m cool if you are,” I replied.

Mark looked relieved.

“Are you?” I asked.

“Yes, if you are.” And then, “I don’t suppose we are going to say anything to your mum, are we?”

“I wouldn’t have thought so,” I said and started giggling. Mark laughed too; a little nervously at first and then whole heartedly.

“Well you’d better go get a shower while I clean up here.” I said when we had finished laughing.

“Is that OK with you?” And, as he moved towards the door, “Will it happen again?”

“We’ll see,” I said, but I knew that wasn’t the end of the story.

Epilogue:

Mark told me later that thereafter, whenever he was fucking mum, he couldn’t get out of his head the image of me diddling myself in my bed in the next room. Which turned him on even more!

Mum never knew what Mark and I got up to when she wasn’t there but she did remark to me how pleased she was that he and I seemed to be getting on well together and that we seemed relaxed in each other’s company. It didn’t seem to bother her that we were often both scantily clad around the house and that I’d reverted to never locking the bathroom door, a practice which Mark had also adopted, which meant we sometimes shared the bathroom together.

When mum wasn’t there we’d play a new game that Mark and I had invented. I would have to describe to Mark what I thought mum and he had been doing in bed the previous night, based on what I had heard. If I got it right, Mark would perform cunnilingus on me. If I was wrong, I would fellate him. Of course, Mark was the only one of the two of us who knew if I was right or wrong! Nonetheless, the rewards were distributed fairly between us!

However we never had full sex, because that would have been cheating on mum.