Covet Thy Neighbor's Son - Part 1

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Published on Lush Stories on 12 Feb 2012

A frustrated housewife compromises her hot 18-year-old neighbor.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/covet-thy-neighbors-son-part-1.aspx

The following story is co-written by me and Lush's hugely talented Black Velvet. She seized hold of this fantasy with relish and helped bring part one to an explosive conclusion. I look forward to concluding the story with her in Part Two...

Brandon was struggling with preparation for his math paper when mention of his name floated up from downstairs.

“No, I’m sorry, he’s too busy with studying right now. You’ll have to find someone else.” His mother’s voice was at its most austere. He heard the front door closing and went to investigate.

“Mom, who was that? What did they want?”

“It was nothing, dear. Get back to your books.”

Now he had to know. “Mom, tell me. Was it about work? Paid work?” He’d spent enough time putting ads in local mailboxes to expect some return.

His mother sighed. “It’s nothing you’d be interested in. Just next door. She wants some work done in that wilderness she calls a back-lot. But I’m not having you do it. I know her kind. Trust me, she’d want it for free or as good as.”

“ Hey, just because you and her don’t get along …” His mother and the local residents’ group had already sent a delegation to number seventeen to complain. So what if the new arrival to Acacia Drive didn’t meet their prim criteria? Brandon saw no need to be dragged into the business. “I can work out a fair price,” he insisted.

“It’s nothing to do with that. You’ve got your studies to …”

“It’s not your call, Mom.” The past few years had been tough for her and he’d tried to play the good son, but enough was enough. “I’m eighteen and if I wanna work weekends, that’s my choice. Why else have I been helping out Uncle Bobby all these years?” Digging rockeries and lugging stone around for his uncle’s landscaping business had turned him into the tower of brawn he was today. It was time to put his skills and strength to use. Aside from all else the work might take his mind off the break-up with Debbie.

“Where do you think you’re going?” his mother cried out as he headed down the stairs.

He stopped to lean down and peck her on the cheek. “You know where. See you later.” And he left her standing open-mouthed.

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Janice was just about to reply to the e-mail when the doorbell rang. Her fingers paused halfway to the keys as she leaned back to get a better view of the front door. She frowned at the tall silhouette, having expected children selling cookies or magazines. No one ever called on her. At least not anyone from this town, and she had not heard a car pull up.

She checked her hair and smoothed her hands over flat tummy and curvaceous hips to straighten her dress. Janice always liked to look her best, even while lounging at home reading disappointing e-mails from her distant husband.

The bell rang again.

She felt the oppressive summer heat rush inside as she opened the door. It was the kid from number fifteen. So he’d followed up on her call despite his zealous church-going mother.

“Hi. I’m Brandon, ma’am.” She cocked her head to one side as she observed him. “I live next door. My mother said that you needed some help with maintenance?”

“Come inside. You’re letting in the heat.” She stepped aside to allow him entrance.

“I … um… it’s nice and cool in here, ma’am.” He smiled nervously, like he was expecting her to pounce on him at any second.

“I don’t bite. And please don’t call me ma’am, I’m not old enough to be anyone’s ma’am.”

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t implying… I… um… sorry, ma’… Mrs. Cooper.”

She laughed, a loud boisterous laugh that made her bosom heave gently. “Now that was even worse. Mrs. Cooper is my meddling bitch of a mother in law. Call me Janice.”

“ Sure, okay. You were looking for me? My mother… um… she’s…”

“Oh I know what your mother is, Brandon. No need to explain. Follow me, I’ll tell you all about my needs over some cool lemonade.”

“Thank you, um… Janice.”

She turned and walked toward the kitchen with him in tow, hips swaying seductively, high heels clicking loudly on the marble floor. A mischievous smile touched her lips as she caught his reflection in the glass wall lining one side of the kitchen; his eyes were moving up her shapely legs and pausing at her well toned ass.

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Dammit, he was doing it again, looking! That was what had almost got him in trouble two weeks ago. Innocently staring out his window, a headful of turmoil at the whole Debbie thing, and there she had been – Janice Cooper, stretched out in a miniature bikini, applying lotion to every inch of that voluptuous worked-out body. Then settling down to her novel, one hand creeping its way under her string-bikini bottoms. He had watched it all … Until, that is, her eyes had flicked up and caught his.

Damn! He had looked away, heart pounding, the colossal boner which had sprung in his shorts making him feel a spying pervert. Maybe she’d complain. “Mrs Lane, you have a peeping tom for a son!” He’d forgotten the incident until the walk over to her place. Now he was gawping at her all over again! As she guided him into a chair he diverted his eyes.

“Thank you,” he said as she passed a glassful of lemonade. He tried to ignore the heave of her breasts against her flimsy dress as she joined him at the kitchen table. Around her he felt bulky and awkward, sure he was going to spill his drink everywhere.

“My pleasure, Brandon. You’re going to be working up a sweat before the afternoon is out, so drink that down.” Something about the way she said it made him heat up a little. He sipped nervously. “So are you as experienced as your advertising suggests?”

“ Yeah, I’ve been gardening and landscaping for years. Anything needs doing, I’m good for it.”

Her eyes swept his tall, muscled frame. “I don’t doubt it.” He shifted uncomfortably under scrutiny of her sapphire gaze. “It would be wrong of me to waste having such a strapping and able young man next door, don’t you think?”

“Well, I … What work do you have for me?” he asked in quiet desperation.

“For starters the grass in my back-lot needs hacking back.” Her attitude turned more frank. “And I mean hacking, before you even get to mow it. My pool needs cleaning and if you do a good job at that, I’ve got some stone slabs ordered for a patio. I’ll be honest with you, Brandon, I didn’t ask for you to do you a favour. I need a man around here to get stuff done, not a boy. You’re ready to do a man’s job, aren’t you?” She leaned forward, giving a view right down her impressive cleavage.

“Yes … Yes ma’am. I mean Janice.” God, he was swelling to the size of a bratwurst inside his pants. These days he felt like a reservoir of cum ever ready to burst and this woman was not helping.

“Then drink up and get your shirt off.”

“ Sorry?”

“You heard me.” She grinned. “You’re sweating already, you’ll get drenched out there. So strip.”

“Ehhh, sure. Whatever you say.” He knocked back the drink, but had to turn away to mask his bulging crotch as he stood up and removed his shirt. In just his jeans he felt almost painfully exposed. “Are the tools outside?” He said it over his shoulder as he exited via the back door.

“They’re out there. I think between us we’ve got all the tools we need,” she chuckled. His face was burning as he set about the grass.

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Janice sipped her lemonade and watched Brandon through the one-way glass panels. She could not help but imagine how those big calloused hands would feel on her skin. She was mesmerized by the way his muscles rippled as he hefted the sickle to hack at tall grass. The heat outside was intense; she could see the rivulets run down his face, his lithe young body slick with sweat. He had been working out in the yard for close to an hour and she knew that she should let him take a break, but it was too much fun watching him build up a good sweat.

She had gotten the flyer in her mailbox about a month ago, but not paid it much mind. At the old house she had always had a meticulously tended garden, insisting on her husband hiring from only

the best horticultural agencies. All of that had changed the day she caught her buff young neighbor spying.

She had been enjoying the late afternoon sun, not noticing him at his window until she sat up to apply more sun cream. Naturally, once she'd spotted him she had put on a little show. Applying lotion sensually slow, making sure she lingered on her inner thighs; spreading her legs just enough to make the spandex stretch tightly across her mound. Then she'd taken it one step further. Slipping her hand beneath the band of her bikini bottoms, she had run one finger lightly up and down her moist slit. Then without warning she had looked up directly at him. The glare of the sun on the glass had masked his expression, but within seconds she was staring at an empty window.

So when her husband hired a groundskeeper to tend the garden, she had sent him on his way with a cheque large enough to pay for three months of his services. Janice was not a patient woman, but she had waited two weeks before shoving her pride in her pocket and knocking on Martha Appleby's door.

The glasses clinked loudly against each other as Janice carried the tray of drinks out onto the patio. Brandon was bending over to check the lawnmower, his low-riding shorts hugging his hips. He picked up his t-shirt to wipe the sweat from his brow as he straightened and turned toward her.

"I wasn't sure if you would want more lemonade or if you wanted a beer, so I brought both." She flashed him her sweetest smile, pretending not to notice his surprise.

"Thank you. Umm… lemonade will be fine." He looked at a spot on the wall just slightly to the left of her as he spoke.

Janice smiled as she turned to pour the drink from the jug. Some spilled on the floor - woops – so she had to kneel over one of the pool loungers to mop up with a towel. "Oh dear, I can be so clumsy at times." She laughed, checking the glass paneled wall for his reaction.

"I… ehhh… can I help?" She could hear his slow intake of air as she wriggled her ass and felt the thin fabric of her white bikini bottom riding up to reveal more of her toned ass cheeks.

She flashed him a sunny smile as she straightened and turned toward him. "All done. Come sit with me. You look flushed. Too much sun?"

"I… umm… sure. I could use a break, ma'am… umm... Janice."

She took delight in the efforts he was making not to look directly at her. His attempt to hide the effect

her display had had on him was cute too; he approached with both hands hugging his t-shirt in front of his visibly taut crotch. He sat down on the lounger across from her, still clutching the t-shirt.

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Brandon strived to ignore Janice Cooper's magnificent bikini-trapped tits. He steered his focus away from the luscious thighs she was crossing and the taut swell of her buttocks. Even the refined beauty of her face unnerved him, tinged as it was with mockery. Or playfulness, her eyes roving shamelessly all over his torso. The scything of the grass had been therapeutic, he had channelled all his angst and frustration into hard labour, but now as he stewed in the aftermath with her staring at him, all the spare blood in his body rushed to his loins, swelling him huge. He couldn't stop it.

"Ehhh … Thank you," he panted, as his hostess passed him a fresh glassful of lemonade. He gripped the towel firmly in place as he drank.

"So Brandon," Janice purred, "Mom keeping you shut up in your room studying? That must be hard for an active young guy like you. Bet you were just bursting to get out today."

"Well yeah, but I'm, y'know, trying to get into college. Get my grades up." And keep my cock down.

"Finding it hard?"

" Sorry?"

"Your studies. Maybe your talents are more physical. Something you can put your back into." She sipped, eyeing him over the rim of her glass.

He fumbled through his heat-hazed mind for a response. "Well I'm pretty good at landscaping …"

"I'll make more use of you then." She leaned her elbows on the chair-back, so that nipples protruded through tight fabric. "So what else have you got to distract you? Any hot little girlfriends on the go?" Her smile was sweet and enquiring.

"Ehhh … Yeah. No. There was someone. We split up." She broke it off, he thought grimly. Probably thought I wasn't smart enough for her.

"I'm sorry, sweetie." Janice reached over and set a consoling hand on his leg. It sent a shock of electricity from the root of his cock right up to the tip. "I'm sure you miss her. In all sorts of ways."

“Yeah, well, we hung out a lot …”

“Aside from that.” She’d withdrawn her hand, but her eyes smouldered with meaning. He couldn’t believe it was the meaning he thought. “A big healthy guy like you must need to let off a little steam. C’mon, Brandon, you can tell me.” God, she did mean it.

“I … We …” He blurted out the truth in his panic. “We didn’t do, y’know, that.” She raised a sceptical eyebrow. “Really. We met at church. She wanted to wait and I … I …”

“You respected her like a good boy,” Janice said, nodding her understanding, though there was a hint of something wicked beneath it. “Only it didn’t work out for you, poor love.” Her face tightened. “No wonder you go looking into other people’s gardens.” Brandon’s rush of horror might have freeze-dried his sweating body. He opened and shut his mouth to no effect. “Thought you’d got away with it, did you?”

“I … It was … I …”

Janice’s face broke into delight. “Brandon, I’m fucking with you! God, honey, the look on your face.”

His face burned in the heat of her laughter. His heart was still pounding. Clutching his tee-shirt to his crotch he said, “Look, I should go finish the grass…”

She restrained him with a hand to his arm. “Enough work for today, sweetie. You’ve earned a shower. Go on. It’s up the stairs, first left – through the main bedroom to the en suite.”

Brandon’s panic hadn’t abated. “It’s okay, Mrs Cooper, I can shower at home.”

“Janice! And I insist you use mine. Can’t have you going back to Mom’s all sweaty. There’s regular shower gel among all the foufie girlie stuff, so you won’t end up smelling of orange blossom. Now get your cute butt up those stairs.” She squeezed his bicep and his cock swelled solid under disguise of the tee. “Go!”

It was a relief to escape upstairs from Janice’s scrutiny, even if he had to clamp the shirt obviously to himself as he went. He hardly noticed anything about her luxury abode until he made it – through her bedroom – to the expansive wet-room beyond. The state-of-the-art power shower was open to the rest of the tiled space. It felt strange, transgressive even, to be stripping off in this woman’s house still with a massive erection. He stood under cold jets deliberately to calm himself. With his head still full of voluptuous tits and ass, even that only slackened him to half-mast.

He eased the temperature to lukewarm and gradually relaxed into his shower. It felt good to have his worked-out body cleansed and massaged by multiple hard jets. He picked out some Lynx shower gel and began to soap the aching muscles of his arms and chest. Escape from work and his mother's finger-wagging. This was good. This was just fine. And if the price was a little teasing from his hot neighbour, then …

"God in Heaven, ain't that a sight for sore eyes?"

Shit! "Mrs Cooper!" She was leaning in the doorway, still in her white bikini, just staring at him. He dropped the gel bottle and grabbed both hands to his cock, turning away for good measure.

"Nice. Those buns are just as tight as I'd hoped."

"Mrs Cooper! Janice!" He couldn't believe this. "What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm looking." He could hear the satisfied smile in her voice. "Just like you did, you naughty boy."

God, his ass was on display to her. And his dick was engorging to full size. "Janice! Please! Let me get a towel!"

"Not gonna happen, mister. I didn't tell on you and now you owe me."

"Owe you? Whadda you want from me?"

"Don't fret, honey. I'm not gonna touch you. I'm going to stay right here and watch while you soap yourself."

"While I …"

"Soap yourself, Brandon. Thoroughly. From top to bottom. Every. Last. Inch."

* * * *

Janice stood in the doorway while Brandon squirmed in an attempt to preserve his modesty. "Please. I… I... please Mrs. Cooper. I'm sorry. Okay? I'm sorry I watched." He remained with his back to her, butt cheeks clenched, hands over his crotch and hunched slightly forward as he pleaded. "Now can you please pass me a towel?"

She ran one finger slowly along the edge of the counter as she sauntered into the room, eyes glued

to his ass. She grabbed a bath sheet off the top shelf before sliding onto the counter. The cool marble top did little to calm the searing heat spreading through her loins. “Now if you’re truly sorry, then I suppose you can have a towel.”

“Really? I… thank you.” She could hear the relief in his voice.

“So… what are you waiting for? Come ‘n get it, big boy.” She smiled; practically feeling her words sink in as his body tensed.

She heard him sigh in resignation as he turned to face her. He moved toward her with as much grace as a man hobbling along with his cock in his hands could muster. Much as she tried to look on nonchalantly, it was hard to miss how impressive his barely concealed package was. She found it charming that he thought that he could hide a cock that size.

She looked up into his blushing face, noticing that the meek puppy dog look had been replaced by a look of quiet determination. Her gaze lowered as he lifted one hand to reach for the towel. Even in its half erect state Brandon’s cock exceeded her husband’s in both length and girth. With the right amount of motivation, this young stud could give her the fuck of her life.

“The towel please?” He held her gaze as he reached out his hand, jaw set firmly.

“Not so fast, big boy.” She eyed him solemnly. “You haven’t given me what I want yet.”

“But you said… you said…”

“I said that you could have a towel if you were truly sorry. I’m afraid your apology didn’t sound sincere at all.”

A flash of anger flitted across his rugged features, outstretched hand balling into a fist. His hands dropped to his sides, chin lifted defiantly as if challenging her, giving her a glimpse of his erect manhood before he turned from her.

“ Oh you’re looking for your clothes? About that… they were so icky with sweat, I thought I’d do you a favour and pop them into the washer.” He groaned. “If you’re feeling self-conscious because you’re naked and I’m not… I could fix that.”

“No… that’s not what I…” He turned just in time to watch her reach back and pull the string on her bikini top. The scrap of material glided down her abdomen and slid off onto the floor. His cock twitched in appreciation of her naked breasts.

“Oops! Too late…” She shrugged her shoulders apologetically as she cupped her fleshy globes, thumbs stroking over her pointed nipples.

Her fingers moved down her sides, over her hips and teasingly slow across her thighs. She watched emotions chasing each other across his face as she pushed her thighs apart with her hands. Her fingers travelled higher up her inner thighs until her thumbs brushed lightly over her spandex-covered lips on their way to the delicate threads holding up her last scrap of clothing. Her escalating heartbeat was echoed in the dull throb starting deep inside of her soaked pussy.

“ Please don’t do that…” he pleaded in a shaky voice as her fingers gripped her bikini strings.

“I said I wouldn’t touch you. I said nothing about not touching myself.” She leaned her head to one side, but despite her words, her fingers dropped away from her hips.

“What do you want from me, Mrs. Cooper?” His voice was heavy with desire; no longer making any attempt to hide his desire, his fully-erect cock pointing purposefully in her direction.

“What do I want?” Her voice was barely above a whisper. “I want you to get back in that shower and do what I fuckin’ asked you to. Do that for me and I promise you can leave whenever you want. I won’t lay a single finger on you. You have my word on that.”

* * * *

Brandon paused in his full exposure before Janice Cooper. The all-but-naked Janice Cooper. She’s toyed with and teased him all afternoon, till irritation now vied with guilt and embarrassment. Along with the other emotion, the one which ran rampant to his cock. His organ was elevated and throbbing between them, responding to her magnificent naked breasts and her fevered words. It was beyond his control, straining with its own agenda. No point in even trying to hide it anymore, that just made him feel like a boy. Go ahead then, Mrs Cooper, go ahead Janice … Look at my cock if you want to.

“Well?” she demanded, eyeing him top to toe. “Go scrub yourself, gorgeous.”

He glared at her and strode back into the steaming jets with as much manly dignity as he could muster. He slipped a little as he went and burned anew to the sound of her throaty giggle. Resentfully he grabbed the gel and squirted a large glob into his hand. “This what you want to see?” he asked as he spread it around his pectoral muscles and abdomen, both hands working it into a lather.

She leaned against the wet-room wall and gazed at him, all smiling lips and out-thrust tits. “Oh yeah,

honey, that’s just what I want to see. My own live shower-gel commercial. Go on, soap up your whole body, legs, ass, everything. I’m gonna watch it all.”

He did what she said, gritting his jaw so that no further shame would show through. He worked the gel into his chest, stomach and arms, shooting his watcher defiant glances as he washed. Then he spread the slippery sheen all down his thighs and calves, cock thrusting out from his loins as he went. She was fixed on him all the time, enjoying the show with a lascivious gaze. With his mother next door and half a dozen church elders living in the homes scattered about, he was the naked entertainment of their new nemesis, allowing foam to spill all down himself under her shameless gaze.

And now she was slipping a hand casually inside her bikini bottoms, working a finger between her legs. God, getting off on him while he soaped! “Don’t miss that ass,” she said, her voice hoarse. “Use the wash-rose. And let me see.”

He grabbed the rose in a bunched fist, turned and gave her the full view as he worked it in circles around his tensed buttocks, sudsing them up for her delectation.

“That’s it, honey, squeeze it into the small of your back, let me see the foam run down your ass-crack between those beautiful buns.” He squeezed a soapy river from the rose and let it channel down, as she sighed her appreciation. “Damn, that looks so good. A girl could just watch that all fucking day. Now turn around.”

Once more he complied, still bobbing at full attention. How humiliation could combine with such excitement he had no idea. The attention she was giving her pussy distracted him, but he made it clear in his voice how pissed he was. “So do I get my towel now?”

“God, baby, not before I’ve seen you soap that cock!”

He bridled at her damned presumption, and yet the words pumped him harder. Debbie had always shied away from any view of his member, even though he had secretly wanted her to see it in its glory. He’d wondered how she might gasp at its full extension, maybe even reach out to touch it, awed by his manliness. Now Janice was staring freely and, it seemed, loving what she saw.

“Go on, Brandon, soap up that beautiful big dick for me. I wanna see you work it.” She was working herself as she said it, her free hand massaging a full breast. He couldn’t believe she wanted this from him. “Do it for me, Brandon, or is the little church-boy too scared?”

Bitch! He grabbed the bottle and splurged gel into his free hand, before wrapping his hand around his

shaft and starting to massage. Not soaping gently – pumping himself hard in front of his hot neighbour. There, take a good look, Mrs Janice Cooper! Look all you damn well like!

She did like, that much was clear. “Goddam, baby, that’s it. Jack that big fucking baseball bat. And look at me while you do it.” He looked and knew instantly he saw this hot woman finger herself that he was in trouble. He was way too excited, his balls way too full to withstand much more. Then she made it worse. “You watch porn, honey?” He stared in confusion as he pummelled his cock with his fist. “Do you jack that big hard fuck-stick of yours to porno?”

“Yeah,” was all he could gasp.

“I’ll bet you do, every fucking day on the internet, tucked away in your room. Drooling over pretty little naked sluts. Well now you can do it to this.” She took baby-oil from the shelf and drizzled it all over her tits, then commenced to rub it in with both hands. Brandon watched in astonishment as she squeezed great handfuls of breast-flesh, tugging on her big hard nipples, getting her mounds slippery with oil. His clenched fist speeded up instinctively on his shaft, driving him closer to crisis.

“You like that, honey? You like to be the one rubbing oil into these tits? Maybe slide that big pole of yours between them? Would you like that? Would that make you shoot your load, horny boy?”

Brandon pumped himself into a frenzy, he couldn’t do otherwise. With alarm he realised the imminence of his climax. He tried to hold back, but it was too late. Right before her eyes – he was going to come and come big.

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Janice was captivated by the sight of her strapping young neighbor stroking himself in her shower. Not even the sound of Brandon’s phone ringing in the other room could distract her. Her eyes followed his hand as it glided smoothly up and down his well- soaped shaft, working him into a frothy frenzy. She felt his eyes burn into her as she pinched her hard nipples, stretching them to their limit until they slipped from her oiled fingers, making her full breasts bounce lightly as they sprung back. She looked up into his face, reading raw lust fighting for supremacy over muted shame and guilt. His movements slowed as their gazes locked; she sensed the shift in his demeanor, as though the indignity of his actions were sinking in.

Shame and guilt threatened to win the fight against his baser instincts, so she held his gaze and lowered her head; her tongue darted out to run around her pert nipple as she lifted a breast to her mouth. “Mmm… want to come over here and help a girl out, big boy?” She sucked her nipple into her mouth, rolling it with her tongue. Pleasure started from her pampered nipple and spread through her

like liquid fire.

She heard him growl deep as his fingers tightened around his thickly-veined rod; he squeezed so hard the bulbous head of his cock looked ready to explode with the pressure, balls huge and heavy with unspent cum. She grazed her nipple with her teeth before lifting her other breast to her mouth. Her other hand teased slowly at her spandex-covered pussy, keeping her on the edge.

He leaned back against the tiled wall, breath coming in short ragged gasps as his hand resumed its movements. She heard the doorbell ring, but just watched as jets of water pelted his body, hips rocking to the rhythm of his pumping fist.

Janice worked her tiny love-button furiously, till she reached the precipice of her own fulfilment. Her breaths were coming in short shallow bursts as she frigged her way closer to powerful orgasm. She was tempted to rip off her panties and strum her naked snatch for him, but she knew that restraint was best after messing up her seduction. In desperation to put him at ease she had promised not to touch him... A promise she regretted as her fingers pushed down hard onto her spandexed clit, the fabric rough against her swollen nub.

The doorbell rang again. Janice was enthralled by the sight of Brandon stroking his cock for her; Martha Appleby’s reverent, bashful, church-going son in her shower stroking his virgin cock just for her. The mere thought was enough to push her beyond coherent thought.

In her mind’s eye she saw herself kneeling in front of him, his raging hard-on bobbing lewdly inches from her face. She felt the steely hardness of his cock under her tongue as she licked the underside of his shaft. She smelled his musky maleness invading her rioting senses, tasted the salty fluid as her tongue lapped an oozing droplet from his cock head. She saw him grabbing her by the hair and forcing her down onto him. She felt him push into her mouth, his girth stretching her lips into a wide O with brisk hard strokes.

Brandon’s gutteral moan burst her bubble of erotic fancy seconds before his bucking hips tensed. His fist tightened around his thick shaft, eyes shut, face scrunched into a grimace of pained pleasure as his cock erupted. She heard his strangled yell. A thick jet of cum fired from him, exploding into the tiles a metre from his jarring body; it was followed by rhythmic bursts of creamy fluid as he juddered back and forth, his orgasm rippling through his entire body, splashing the tiles and his chest. Janice watched as he hosed himself free of cum, cock bulged to incredible dimensions, jerking as it spewed its spectacular load. Christ, the boy was going off like a burst fucking hydrant.

She pinched down hard on her throbbing clit, whimpering softly as the pain quelled the orgasm building deep inside of her. She had waited two long weeks to get what she wanted from him, a few

more days of sharpening her appetite would only sweeten the pot. Instead she enjoyed Brandon shooting his final round, panting hard as his hand moved to milk his cock gently of the last sweet drops. Janice licked her lips as she watched it drool slowly from his cock, coating his fingers, huge globs sliding down the slick tiles, some still clinging to his heaving chest

The insistent ringing of the doorbell brought her out of her reverie. He was still under the shower with his eyes shut, his body visibly trembling, and clearly oblivious to the ringing bell, as his mess slithered down the tiles. Janice slid off the cool marble and grabbed her discarded bikini top off the floor. “I’ll leave the towel over here. Come downstairs once your legs start working again.”

She smiled as she left the bathroom adjusting her bra, whispering to herself, “You done good, big boy. You done good.”

Janice opened the door to a grim-faced Martha, her neighbour’s finger poised to ring the bell yet again. “May I help you, Mrs. Appleby?”

“I’ve come to….” Her voice trailed off and she stood gawking at Janice’s scantily clad body.

“Yes? You’ve come to...?” She ran her fingers impatiently through her hair as she observed the other woman.

“ I have come to get my son. Is he here?” Martha spat out vehemently.

“Your son?” Janice raised a quizzical brow.

“Yes. My son. Brandon? He came over here hours ago.” She strained her neck to peer over Janice’s shoulder.

“Oh you mean the handsome young man working out back? You have to excuse my confusion, Mrs. Appleby. It’s just hard to imagine that anything that sweet could’ve sprung from those loins.”

“Oh! Oh I have never…”

“Yes, I’ll bet you’ve never. Now what was that you wanted again?”

“My son…”

“ Where’d you put my clothes, Janice?”

The expression on Martha’s face was priceless. Janice fought to suppress a triumphant smile as she turned to face Brandon. His wet hair framed his flushed face and his torso glistening with moisture, a towel slung low around his hips as he came down the stairs.
Janice turned back to smile sweetly at her ashen-faced new visitor. “Is that the son you were looking for, Mrs. Appleby?”

“Mom?!”

To Be Continued