Helping Hands

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The summer help are a pair of studs, and this cougar pounces.

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Liz sighed, watching an especially amorous young couple who had obviously forgotten they were on a public beach. He was gorgeous, and as much as Liz would have liked to live vicariously through the redhead he was pawing for a few minutes, she blew her whistle anyway.

The pair looked more than a little embarrassed when they finally realized after the second tweet that the whistle was meant for them.

Shaking her head to toss her tawny curls, a few of which were sticking to her lotion-covered shoulders, she chuckled and resumed her watch.

It was always a mixed bag for Elizabeth whenever one of her lifeguards called in sick. There was a great deal of work not getting done while she sat atop the watch chair, but the scenery almost made it worthwhile. The beach was teeming with muscular, bare-chested young men, and every one was giving his all to attracting the eyes of girls in skimpy bikinis. With a birds-eye view and a perfectly respectable reason to be letting her eyes roam, Liz could drink it all in.

“Damn, those two needed to get a room, huh?”

Liz looked down at the two blond boys standing below her watch chair. They were doing a poor job – probably intentional – of hiding their lusty admiration of her body. Her bikini wasn’t much more conservative than those of the daring girls frolicking in the sand or the lake. Though she was pushing forty, Liz had the benefit of good genes and regular exercise on her side. Her ample bosom and lush figure never failed to attract attention.

It was finding time to pursue the possibilities that was the problem.

Giving a nod and a grin, she answered, “Mmm hmm.”

The pair laughed and headed back toward the water. Liz just heard the word *MILF* drifting back to her from their hushed conversation. It wasn't entirely accurate, as she didn't have any children, but she appreciated the sentiment anyway.

Fortunately, the final shift of lifeguards all showed up, freeing Liz to deal with a dozen things that needed her attention. She slipped a pair of shorts and a tank top over her bikini. Upon returning to the concession stand, which also housed her office, she got down to work.

Elizabeth finished updating the accounts in her computer and smiled. Though putting in the golf course around the lake had been expensive, it was proving a godsend. Even in the sputtering economy, the variable challenge and inspired design of the course drew in enough golfers to keep the park profitable. Word of mouth was spreading fast, and tee times were filling up faster each year. Her father had even lived long enough to see his dream come true and play a few rounds before he slipped away.

With a little luck, she would be able to pass a successful park to her nephew when he graduated college. She could then retire with a clear conscience that the park would remain in the family.

The phone rang, reminding her that she still had another year of minding the park before that happy moment could happen. When she answered, the voice on the other end piqued her interest. Troy was the principal of the high school now, but back when they were students there, they had hooked up a few times. As she recalled, the sex had been rather fantastic.

Putting a little flirty excitement in her voice, she said, "It's so good to hear from you, Troy. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Work keeps me pretty busy, and it doesn't really stop when the school year ends. That's why I called you, actually."

A little crestfallen that this wasn't a social call, as Troy was recently divorced, Liz asked, "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I just found out that two boys from the senior class cheated on their community service requirement. They had someone sign for eight hours and then went fishing. They're not really bad kids, so I had a talk with them and convinced them to do those eight hours in exchange for me not telling their parents.

"So, I was wondering if you might have something that needed done around there? I know you won't

let them get away with cheating, and I thought that you might be willing to keep it a secret.”

“I’m sure I can find something suitably sweaty for them to do,” Liz answered with a laugh. “I actually have quite a few things that need taken care of, and if I have some helping hands, I won’t have to ask the lifeguards to do it for me.”

“When can you use them?”

“Now would work.” She laughed again.

“Give me an hour and I’ll send them along.”

“That’ll be perfect. I’ll leave word with the gate guards to let them in. Just send them to the beach and I’ll put them to work.”

“I owe you one.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” Liz responded, able to think of several ways to collect that he would probably enjoy as much as she did. “Don’t be such a stranger. Bye.”

Liz hung up the phone and started drawing up a list, knowing that her lifeguards would go home happy today when they didn’t have to stay late after the beach closed at six.

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The last couple of people trudged up the beach at closing time, closely followed by the lifeguards. As soon as Liz latched the gate behind them, she hurried back to her watch post near the showers.

She couldn’t hold back the hungry growl that escaped her when she saw the two shirtless young men raking the sand out on the beach.

Kyle had the lean musculature of a swimmer, his chest bare shaven and his blond hair cropped close. Steve was the complete opposite, hulking large next to his friend with the body of a linebacker and dark curls adorning his broad chest. They were both dripping with sweat in the almost-stifling humidity, and looked absolutely delicious to Liz.

As much as she’d liked to have admired the fine examples of manliness, there was still work to be done. The admissions were already counted, but she’d sent home the cashier from the concession stand as soon as they turned the sign to *closed*. The only consolation was that the beach would take

a long time to rake out, and she had them for another two hours today, with four more tomorrow.

Liz made a mental note to grab an extra pack of double-A batteries for her vibrator before she headed home tonight.

With all the money from the beach in the overnight deposit bag a while later; Liz went out to check on the progress of her strapping temporary help. Only about ten feet of the beach remained unraked, and the bucket of assorted debris looked suitably full. They may have shirked their responsibility before, but the two young men appeared to be making a genuine attempt to do the job right now.

Liz remained hidden in the shadows watching the play of the young men's muscles as they raked. She could hear them talking, but couldn't make out any of the words. Slipping a hand between her legs, she caressed the building need there through the two layers of cloth. It wasn't nearly enough, but that would have to wait until she got home.

Engrossed in watching them and touching herself, Liz barely had time to duck back from the archway between the shower entrances when Kyle bent down to pick up the bucket and the pair turned to walk her way.

Taking a moment to tug her bikini bottom out of the cleft of her nether lips and pluck at the top clinging to her stiff nipples, Liz regained her composure. She walked back into the archway just as the two men approached.

"Good job. Just dump the bucket into the trash can, and then you can take the trash out back to the dumpster."

"Okay, Ms. Wallace," Steve answered, his deep voice sending chills up and down her spine.

"Please – just Liz. Grab the bags from the cans out on the beach, this one here, and the two by the concession stand."

"Got it," Kyle said as he popped the top off the can and upended the bucket into it.

"I'll be in the concession stand seeing what I need brought down from upstairs. Come see me when you finish with that."

Elizabeth turned and walked to the concession stand, letting her hips sway just a little on a whim. *They've got me all hot and bothered, so they deserve a little tease to get even,* she thought, wondering if they were watching.

Feeling delightfully naughty after her strut, Liz grabbed a pen and paper to take stock of what she would need brought down from the freezers upstairs. It had been a brisk day of business, so quite a few things were running low. She was nearly done when she heard voices emerging from the vent hood over the grill.

Liz had learned the hard way that, when turned off, the hood served as a perfect listening post to hear anyone on the other side of the thick block wall. Her father had overheard some things about her that he really didn't want to know one day when she was talking with a girlfriend outside. She had heard his gasp the same way he heard her, when she was right in the middle of telling her friend about the blowjob she'd given the night before.

Mindful that they could hear her as well as she could hear them, Liz leaned under the vent hood.

"Damn, those are some big tits," Steve said. "I'd like a mouthful of that."

"Did you see that ass when she walked away? Fuck, man. Can't believe my brother got some of that."

"I don't believe it either. That four-eyed geek brother Gary of yours never tapped that."

"I believe it. Have you seen that hottie he's fucking now?"

Elizabeth's cheeks reddened a bit and she had to purse her lips to keep from laughing. The name and description sparked a memory from a couple of years before. She had been working late in her office, more than a little tipsy on wine coolers, when flashes of light from somewhere outside had startled her. When she went out to investigate, she'd discovered a young man in glasses standing on the beach – stark naked – with a bunch of other men snapping pictures of him and laughing from the other side of the fence.

As soon as she had flipped on the security light, the boys outside the fence had scattered. Gary, the unfortunate butt of the joke, had tried to cover himself, but not before Liz had a chance to see something very eye-catching between his legs. The other men had run off with his clothes, so Liz grabbed a towel for him to cover up with while she tried to figure out what to do.

When that towel rose up in tent-like fashion a short while thereafter, she'd immediately come up with an idea.

Gary hadn't been lying to his brother. Judging by the description of his current girlfriend, Liz hoped that maybe she had something to do with him overcoming his near terminal shyness. It would be a

pity for such a nice cock to go to waste.

I wonder if it runs in the family? She thought as Kyle mentioned that his brother had told him that she shaved her pussy.

The two men outside were still talking about her when she stepped out from under the vent hood. Once again she caressed her sex through her clothing, thinking that there was an easy way to save the batteries in her vibrator, and they were just on the other side of the wall.

She was lucky that Gary hadn't bragged too far and wide about her alcohol-fueled indiscretion though. No matter how appealing the idea was, she couldn't risk it to lure one of them into a tryst.

Or both.

That thought quite nearly made her gasp aloud. It was a fantasy of hers anyway, and the notion of having two such young, gorgeous men fulfill it was almost too much. This time, her fingers slipped beneath the waist of her shorts and the bikini bottom as well. Not surprisingly, she was soaking wet.

Bringing her moist fingers to her lips, Liz sucked them clean and tried to get a grip on her arousal. She could hear the pair's voices moving away from the dumpster, and that meant that they would be back in just a few moments. A few steps brought her to the cabinet where she kept the trash bags, and she bent down to retrieve them.

Standing up from reaching into the cabinet, she could feel their eyes on her. As she turned, she got a visual confirmation of that feeling when Kyle didn't quite tear his eyes away from her ass quickly enough.

Holding out the roll of trash bags, Liz said, "Put these in the cans and you can both grab a coke and take a break."

"Cool," Steve said as he grabbed the roll from her.

A quiet, purring growl rumbled in Liz's throat from checking out their glutes as they walked out to the beach.

When the pair returned, they both tapped drinks, and then Kyle asked, "Any chance we could jump in the lake and cool off for a couple of minutes? We're both kind of sweaty."

"Not without any lifeguards out here. You can take a shower if you want, though."

Steve shrugged. “Better’n nothing.”

I shouldn’t be doing this. I shouldn’t be doing this, Liz thought, but her feet were already moving as soon as the pair turned into the men’s shower enclosure. She flipped off the upstairs light and climbed, heading toward the window facing the beach.

A couple of steps away from the window, she peeked through the glass from behind a stand-up freezer. After what felt like an eternity, she got her reward.

It definitely runs in the family.

Steve and Kyle both had impressive cocks, the long, thick organs swinging with their steps as they walked to the showers. Stepping away from the window a minute or so later took a supreme surge of willpower. The last thing she wanted to do was get caught ogling them like a horny schoolgirl.

Of course, that *was* exactly how she felt.

As she walked back down the stairs, Liz realized that she’d already gone too far and let her arousal build to a fever pitch. A glance at the clock revealed that there was only about forty minutes left until the pair had served their four hours for the day, but even that long was going to be pure torture.

Elizabeth stayed inside acting as though she was still taking inventory while Steve and Kyle finished their break at the picnic tables. She didn’t write a thing in her notepad, though. She was too busy daydreaming about two hard cocks and the studs attached to them.

Kyle’s voice startled her out of a vivid fantasy of tonguing his balls while Steve was fucking her hard and fast.

“So what do you want us to do now?”

“Oh – here.” She handed over the notepad. “Just fetch this from upstairs. The ice cream goes in that freezer and the meat goes in this one.”

She knew exactly where she wanted both the meat and the cream, and it had nothing to do with freezers.

The two young men tromped up the stairs, and Liz wrestled with her inner voice, which seemed to have developed multiple personality disorder. One moment, it was warning her to calm down, and the

next it was screaming at her to tear off clothing. Somewhere in the background, her arousal was scheming, and it steadily drowned out the warning voice.

Liz looked up as she stepped into the women's shower enclosure and could see movement beyond the window. There was no turning back if she went through with the plan her raging hormones had brewed. The sound of first one, then the other of the two men carrying supplies down the stairs reached her ears, and Liz surrendered to her need.

Though she peeled off her clothing with almost desperate speed, she sauntered at a leisurely pace from her hidden spot just inside the enclosure to the shower in the far corner. Fighting the urge to look up, she turned on the water and stepped into the spray.

A few seconds later, the chilly sensation of eyes watching her rippled through Liz's body. Leaning her head back, she let the water splash off her abundant breasts and reached up to run her fingers through her hair. A quick peek through those splayed fingers let her know that she wasn't imagining things. Steve and Kyle were both doing a poor job of trying to hide as they stared down into the enclosure.

Now certain that she had an audience, Liz rubbed her breasts beneath the cascading water and slowly turned to give the two spies above a much better view. Her hands slid down her body in a sensual caress to her mound, and she cupped her sex in one hand. The show of wiggling her hand back and forth to wash was actually a means of taming the near painful ache there.

Growing more excited by the moment, she continued the sensual tease, bending to run her hands over her legs, presenting her bare ass to the watchers above. Then, she stood and turned to face them again, this time squeezing her breasts and tweaking her nipples. For just a fraction of a second, her eyes locked with Kyle's, and she let a grin creep across her face as she pretended that she didn't see him.

A quick twist of her wrist a moment later turned off the water, and she saw the two young men dart away from the window above in her peripheral vision. Not caring in the slightest that she was still dripping wet, Liz pulled on her shorts and top, leaving the bikini on the wooden bench where she'd discarded it.

The material of her tank top wasn't especially thin, but the water beaded on her breasts and the hardness of her nipples still served to make the garment almost transparent. The wetness dampening her shorts had two sources, and one was getting wetter by the second.

Caught fast in the grip of her desire, Liz sauntered back to the concession stand. Steve and Kyle

were both obviously hard when they turned to face her, their shorts tented from the erections beneath.

“All done?” Liz asked as four eyes homed in on her well-displayed breasts. She tilted her head to the side as if in confusion, making her tawny curls bounce, and then acted as if she’d only just noticed that she was on display for all the world.

“Oh dear,” Liz said as she tugged at her top, accomplishing nothing. “I guess I should have dried off before I put this back on, huh?”

Steve obviously knew where she was leading, and he completely abandoned propriety. “I don’t know. I kinda like it.”

“Flatterer,” Liz declared with a dramatic roll of her eyes. Then she looked down at the bulges standing out from both men’s loins. “Are you trying to smuggle out popsicles?” She asked with mock seriousness.

“Nope,” Kyle answered, giving his package a quick adjustment and grinning from ear to ear.

Liz put her hands on her hips, cocking them to the side. “Well, what are you hiding in there then?”

Kyle responded, “Why don’t you come see?”

“Maybe I’ll do just that,” Liz declared, and then closed the distance between her and the two smiling men. She grabbed the front of Kyle’s shorts without preamble and jerked them down, letting out a gasp that was part theater and part arousal.

“That’s certainly not a popsicle.” Another tug revealed Steve as well. “And neither is that.”

“You can lick it and suck it, though,” Steve suggested.

Curling her fingers around both throbbing organs, Liz moaned and stroked them. The girth of them in her grasp made the pulsing ache between her legs even stronger. “You’re not all hard for me, are you?”

“Hell yeah,” Kyle answered. “You’re fucking hot.”

“I’m not too old for you?”

“No way,” both men answered almost simultaneously.

“Why don’t you get them tits out?” Steve tugged on the tail of her tank top as further encouragement.

Liz playfully slapped his hand away. “Not in here,” she admonished. The last thing she wanted to do was spend time cleaning up afterwards, and she had high hopes that things were going to get delightfully messy very soon.

She’d taken Kyle’s brother into her office after finding him naked on the beach, but it would be a bit too crowded for three, and presented the same problems with cleaning up. The recently added fence around the tables outside provided the perfect solution. Though meant as a wind break, it would serve just as well to hide what was going on from prying eyes.

Liz licked her lips and turned around, pulling her tank top over her head as she walked, Steve and Kyle hot on her heels. Letting the top tumble from her fingers to the ground, she looked over her shoulder to see them dropping their shorts as she finished her hip-swaying walk over to a picnic table to sit down.

Steve hiked a thumb at his friend. “Did you really do his brother?”

Sighing, Liz answered, “He had a rough night. I thought I’d cheer him up. He was nice and didn’t go telling everyone he knew.” Arching her eyebrows, she asked, “Are you two nice like he is?”

Both men nodded and answered, “Yeah.” She didn’t know whether to believe them or not, but considering she was sitting bare-breasted in front of them and their naked erections were only a couple of feet away, it was a little too late to worry about it. She crooked her finger and beckoned them to her.

As soon as they were within reach, Liz cupped their balls in her hands, stifling a chuckle at the slightly uncomfortable looks on their faces as they stepped apart. Just like their chests, Steve’s orbs were covered in dark hair, while Kyle’s were smooth shaven. Steve had a slight advantage in length and girth, but the head of Kyle’s cock was bulbous, and she could almost feel it popping in and out of her aching pussy.

Sliding her fingers upward, she curled them around the throbbing erections and gave them a few strokes. Overwhelmed by having two such gorgeous cocks at her beck and call, she leaned in and wrapped her lips around the head of Kyle’s cock.

“Holy shit,” he groaned as she massaged him with her lips and swirled her tongue over him.

Liz kept stroking Steve’s cock while she sucked Kyle’s deeper into her mouth. Kyle put his hand on the back of her head; while Steve reached down to squeeze her left breast. Moaning around Kyle’s cock, she slid her lips over him a bit faster.

“Let me have some of that,” Steve said while tweaking her stiff nipple.

Letting Kyle pop free of her mouth, she turned to engulf Steve’s cock. Her tawny curls bounced as she sucked him, taking as much of his big cock as she could handle. After a few hungry sucks, she returned to Kyle’s stiff member, giving it a few teasing licks before taking him in again.

A drop of pre-cum welling up from Kyle’s cock filled her mouth with flavor, prompting another moan. When she turned back to Steve a minute or two later, he rewarded her as well. Soon enough, she had to concentrate on one cock at a time, needing her hands to keep the eager young men from gagging her as their excitement built.

Kyle and Steve were both grunting and groaning, obviously near to an explosion in her mouth. That wasn’t where she wanted their cum, though. Sliding her lips back to the tip of Steve’s cock, she let it pop from between her lips and looked up at the sweating faces above with a coquettish grin. She lifted her bottom enough to pull down her shorts, and then stood up so she could sit on top of the picnic table.

Parting her legs as soon as she sat down, she gave them a good view of her baby-smooth sex and reclined back onto her hands. Expecting one of them to take the initiative and fill her full of cock, she was nonetheless quite happy when Kyle sat down on the bench instead and buried his face between her thighs.

Liz leaned back and groaned, her toes curling to grip the edge of the table as Kyle’s tongue danced over her. She opened her eyes when Steve’s shadow blocked out the sun just in time to see him bend down and suck her right nipple. Twining her fingers into Steve’s dark hair, she reveled in her fantasy coming to life.

His brother had needed more than a little instruction when she guided his head between her legs, but Kyle had obviously done this before. She writhed on the table and lifted her hips toward his talented tongue as it danced over her folds. Steve sucked her nipple hard, actually pulling the areola into his lips along with the stiff bud. Her fingers tightened in his hair and she gasped when he let her nipple pop from his lips to take in its twin.

A surprised yelp burst from Liz’s lips when Kyle sucked her clit, wiggling his head back and forth at

the same time. Steve let her nipple go and straddled the bench, lifting one knee onto it. His twitching manhood only inches from her lips presented an easily read sign of what he wanted. As soon as she opened her mouth, he fed her his cock.

Liz fought against her gag reflex as Steve fucked her mouth and Kyle devoured her pussy. When she croaked a little, Steve pulled his cock out of her mouth, trailing thick strands of saliva, and tapped it against her cheek with a chuckle. “Damn, you know how to suck a dick,” he remarked.

After a quick swallow, Liz opened her mouth wide and wiggled her tongue. She had just enough time to gasp from a sharp jolt of pleasure shooting up from her pussy before Steve stretched her lips again.

Moaning and whimpering around Steve’s cock, Liz could feel the first tingles of an approaching orgasm dancing through her nether lips and behind her mound. Those tingles built rapidly into hot sparks, and her mouth opened even wider to let out a cry of bliss.

Steve pulled back, dribbling more pre-cum and said, “Think you’re about to make her pop.”

“Uh huh,” Liz whimpered in confirmation.

Kyle took that as a cue to center his attention squarely on her clit. As soon as his sucking lips pulled the bud in and he wiggled his tongue over it, Liz gave a warbling cry and exploded in orgasm.

Her body lurching from the tidal wave of ecstasy crashing down on her, Liz grabbed the edge of the table in one hand, and pulled Kyle’s face tight against her with the other, yelping and moaning as she came. He continued to fervently lap her pussy, and her thighs clamped down around his head.

The orgasm went on and on, even after Kyle pulled her knees apart to escape the vice-like grip of her legs. When it at last let her go, she collapsed limp on the table, her legs dangling in Kyle’s lap. She was panting for breath, dripping with perspiration, and twitching from the electric jolts still dancing through her from head to toe.

“Holy shit,” Kyle said with laughter in his voice as he wiped her juices off his face.

“Oh yeah, that was sweet,” Steve added.

“Oh my god,” Liz managed to whimper, and then sucked in a noisy breath. “You got me so good.”

Steve growled. “Man, I want up in that pussy.”

Liz laid a hand over her still heaving breasts. “Oh lord. Let me catch my breath.” She glanced down at Steve’s cock, still glistening with her saliva. “Ah – god – that’s gorgeous.”

Steve stood up wiggling his erection suggestively, prompting Elizabeth to giggle. “Yours too. Such big, hard cocks.”

“So who gets sloppy seconds?” Kyle asked.

An idea popped in Liz’s head and she said, “Guess how old I am.”

Steve waved a hand in front of him. “No way. Ain’t fallin’ for that.”

“Whoever wins get to go first,” Liz countered, sliding her hand down her body and parting her nether lips.

The two men looked at each other, their expressions dubious. Then Kyle hesitantly said, “Thirty-two?”

“Thirty?” Steve offered.

Smiling, Liz pointed at Steve and said, “You win.”

“Oh well. I guess you were closer.” Kyle shrugged and sighed.

Liz shook her head. “I didn’t say that. I said he won.”

Kyle reached down and gave her ass a squeeze. “Okay, it was your game, so how old are you?”

“Thirty-nine.”

Both men’s eyes widened. “No way,” Steve argued.

Liz sat up and spun around so she was facing Steve with her legs hanging off the edge of the table. “Afraid so. Still want to fuck an old lady like me?”

“Why don’t you let me show you?”

After throwing her head back and moaning, Liz slid down off the table and turned to place her hands on it. She bent low, wiggling her ass, and Steve moved in behind her. He gave her butt a spank.

“Damn, that ain’t no thirty-nine year old ass.”

“Mmm – you’re so sweet.” Liz then looked at Kyle and patted the table in front of her.

Kyle didn’t waste any time in climbing up on the table, but Steve was well ahead of him. The big man grasped her hip with his right hand, guiding his cock with the other. Liz gasped as the tip slipped inside her, and then groaned as he pushed his hips forward.

“Fuck, that’s tight,” Steve growled.

“So big. I love it,” Liz said in a breathless voice as Kyle lay down in front of her. “Take it slow. I want to feel that big cock.”

Steve chuckled and worked his hips in slow strokes.

Moaning from the feeling of Steve stretching her, Liz looked up into Kyle’s eyes and licked him from root to tip. His cock bobbed upward against her tongue and then tapped her in the chin after she traced the ridge below the large helmet. Steve was letting her feel every inch and throb of him as his cock stroked her.

Kyle lying on the table in front of her provided the opportunity to fulfill her earlier daydream, so she pushed up on his knees and lapped his hairless orbs. Having never been with a man who shaved his nether regions, she found the feeling exciting, and set to tonguing his balls with curious delight.

A yelp burst from Elizabeth’s lips when Steve slammed his cock home hard and fast after one methodical stroke. His cock retreated just as slowly as it had since he’d first filled her, but then dove back in again with a powerful thrust. His loins collided with hers in an audible slap, quickly followed by an even louder one as he spanked her ass.

Kyle was obviously ready for more than a tongue washing over his balls, and pushed his erection straight up in the air with a thumb as an indication of that. When Steve’s cock again rushed into her depths, knocking at the entrance of her womb, she opened wide and filled her mouth with hard young cock.

“Fuck yeah. Suck it,” Kyle muttered as she bobbed her head over his lap, her curls bouncing and her breasts swinging.

He slipped free of her lips once when Steve pounded his cock into with even more force and caused her to cry out. Kyle’s slick member barely had time to slap against his hard lower abs before she

scooped it up and brought it back to her eager mouth, though.

Filled from both ends, Liz was in heaven. Her fantasy, as good as it was, couldn't even begin to compare to the reality of two young studs fucking her. The pace of Steve's thrusts steadily increased, and Kyle started tugging down on her head, forcing her to take him deeper. Much to her surprise and delight, Steve slid a hand between her legs to rub her clit in a fast back and forth motion.

The additional stimulation soon had her gasping around Kyle's thick organ. She could feel another, even stronger orgasm swelling deep inside her. The first tickle heralded a rapid rise, and the building ecstasy stole her ability to concentrate on Kyle in front of her. She let him slip from her lips, loosing out a loud wail.

Steve's cock pounded into her – fast and relentless. His fingers on her swollen bud sent her soaring toward a peak. The jolts of his body colliding with hers forced Liz to brace the heels of her hands on the edge of the table and lock her elbows.

"Want me to come all over that ass?" Steve grunted, his voice tight.

"Inside me," Liz instructed in a rush as the storm of orgasmic energy within her reached critical mass.

"Ah, fuck yeah," Steve growled, and dug his fingers into her hips.

Liz felt as if she was about to fly apart from her pent up orgasm, and then she felt the hot, roiling energy surge a final time.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! I'm..." The remainder of the words never emerged, drowned out in a tight-throated squeal as ecstasy exploded within her.

Steve grunted with every thrust, growing louder as she yelped in the throes of orgasm. Then he slammed his cock into her and roared, "Yeah!"

Liz could feel him throbbing and pulsing deep inside her tightly clenched canal. Her womb fluttered again, and she screamed as another wave of release ripped through her.

"Holy fuck. Yeah. Goddamn," Steve grunted as his big cock pumped her full of cream. His hips twitched involuntarily, every tiny movement sending Liz to another plateau of bliss.

A choked yelp escaped her when Steve jerked his sensitive cock free. Yet another aftershock of the most incredible orgasm she'd ever experienced rocked her. Steve's cum dribbled from her gaped

canal, dripping down her legs and spattering on the concrete below.

She didn’t even have the presence of mind to realize that Kyle had moved until his fingers dug into her hips.

Liz’s hair whipped as she looked back to see the final instants before Kyle’s cock penetrated her. “Oh my god,” she whimpered as then the big head slipped into her, a flatulent sound emerging as he buried his cock in her cum-filled pussy.

The sound of the deep growls and moans emerging from Liz’s throat shocked her a little. She hadn’t even fully recovered from coming on Steve’s cock before Kyle had filled her again, and her senses reeled.

Kyle wasn’t playing around. He pulled back on her hips every time he thrust his forward, fucking her hard and fast. Steve’s cum and her juices squirted out around his shaft every time he drove his cock home. Yelps and whimpers replaced her moans, summoned up by the shock of him taking her with all of his pent up need.

Spots dancing before her eyes from crying out with little breath to do so, Liz had only a scant second to realize that she was on the cusp of sweet oblivion once more.

“God! Gonna come again!” She screamed, and then stiffened as she felt chilly pinpricks awaken on every inch of her skin. Kyle’s next thrust pushed her over the edge.

Liz knew she was screaming from the hoarseness of her throat, but she couldn’t hear it over the sound of her heartbeat pounding in her ears. Kyle didn’t abate his pace in the slightest, ravaging her climaxing body without respite. Only the tiniest bit of her awareness not caught up in the beautiful agony realized that he’d buried his cock inside her with a roar, flooding her depths with cum.

By the time Elizabeth caught her breath and her senses would obey her again, Kyle had sat down on the bench with his head resting on the table. Liz folded her trembling arms and rested her head on them with a weary moan. Cum dripped from her still quivering pussy, pattering on the ground below.

Steve’s muscular arms wrapped around her, helping her first to stand, and then to sit. She slipped a hand between her legs, shuddering from the touch, and her eyes popped wide open when she felt how much cum was coating her fingers. She lifted the digits to her lips, licking them clean, which caused both men to groan and shiver.

Elizabeth’s weariness dissolved with surprising speed, replaced by a burst of energy. She stood up

and suggested, “Why don’t the two of you go get in the shower while I get out the hose and clean up?”

Liz went to tinkle while the pair showered, in near disbelief at the amount of cum still flowing from her. They were still in the shower when she returned, so she skipped hosing down the table for the moment to join them, much to their delight.

A little twinge from her overworked pussy tried to discourage her when Kyle wrapped his arms around her from behind, his cock stiffening against her buttocks. The sight of Steve’s gorgeous cock also rising sealed her fate, though.

Bending over in the spray of the showers, she gave herself over to the fantasy again.

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Liz leaned back in the chair, fighting against the urge to moan as Troy answered her call.

“Hey, Troy. Just wanted to let you know that your two boys finished their eight hours.”

“Good. You didn’t have any trouble with them?”

Liz chuckled. “Oh no. No trouble at all.”

“Did you make sure that they broke a sweat?”

“Absolutely. I worked them hard.”

“I appreciate it. Like I said, I owe you one.”

“And like I said, I’m holding you to it.” A quiver of anticipatory pleasure rippled through her, and she said, “Well, something’s come up and I’ve got to run.”

“Okay. Good to talk to you, and thanks again. Bye.”

“Bye,” Liz said, and then pushed the end button.

What had come up was Kyle’s cock, which she’d already wrapped her fingers around. His hand was down her top, fondling her breasts, while Steve had his hand down her shorts and two fingers buried inside her.

Though they’d finished their community service, it seemed that they were still ready to lend a helping hand.