Nailed

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20-year-old workmen install Milf's new deck and wood isn't the only thing they're nailing

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Helen was a little surprised when the doorbell rang at precisely nine a.m., exactly when the contractor had told her that the workers would arrive to build her new deck. She was even more surprised when she opened the door and saw two young men who couldn't be more than twenty years old.

"Helen Flint?" One of the sandy-haired young men asked.

"Yes," she answered, doing her best not to stare at the muscular workmen.

"Just making sure we're at the right place. I'm Mike, and this is Ron. We'll get around back and get started. We've put up about three of these the last couple of weeks, so we've got it down. Should be done by late afternoon."

"That's perfect," Helen responded, still fighting against her wandering eyes and thinking, *Speaking of perfect...*

The two, nearly identical young men turned and walked back to their truck. Helen hesitated before she closed the door, her eyes locked on their butts. She shivered and let out a hungry little moan after closing the door. Having anticipated overweight men showing plumber's crack all day, she was more than pleasantly surprised by reality.

With the kids gone to her ex-husband's house for the week, Helen planned to enjoy her first day of vacation. Shortly after sitting down to watch her soaps, she heard the tools starting in the back yard. A satisfied smile spread across her face, because she knew that by this evening, she would have a deck that one-upped the one that her snotty neighbors refused to shut up about.

A little over an hour later, Helen headed to the kitchen for a drink. She passed a window on the way to the cabinet, and froze in her tracks.

Helen’s nipples stiffened and she blew out a long, slow, whistling breath. Both of the blond men were hard at work, their shirts hanging from the side mirror of their truck. She had to resist the urge to lick her lips as she drank them in. Both had six-packs, and sparse body hair – just a little triangle between their rippling pecs and a trail pointing from their navels to their tight jeans.

She couldn’t resist taking a long look at their jeans, either – or rather the large bulges in them. When one of the men turned her way, she quickly stepped away from the window so that they wouldn’t see her staring at them like a horny teenager. That was exactly how she felt, though. She hadn’t even been on a date in months, let alone had sex.

Her glass of water in hand, Helen couldn’t resist one more quick peek as she passed the window. Once again, she shivered as a chilly tingle shot through her from between her legs. Daydreams about the shirtless men kept her from really seeing anything on the television for the next half hour or so, and she eventually turned it off.

Helen picked up the phone to order something to eat, but saw the low battery indicator flashing. With a roll of her eyes and a sigh, she took the handset back to the charger and went to the bedroom to fetch the other phone. As she walked past the bathroom, she passed through a curtain of warm air.

Forgot to close the window, she realized, having opened all the windows on the back of the house the night before to let in the cool evening air. She walked into the bathroom to close it, but stopped and cocked her ear toward the window when she heard the workers in the back yard talking. They were talking quietly, but standing near enough to the open window that she could hear every word.

“How old do you think she is?”

“Maybe thirty. Shocked the hell out of me when she opened the door. Thought this was an old-folks neighborhood.”

Helen couldn’t help but smile at that, as any woman of thirty-five would.

“Swing set. That means kids, and that means...”

Both young men finished the sentence simultaneously, “MILF.” They shared a laugh.

“She’s got great tits. And that fucking ass in those jeans?”

“Bam! I would hit that like a prize-fighter.”

“Yeah, but who goes first?”

“Flip a coin. Who gives a fuck? I’d take sloppy seconds for a piece of that ass.”

Helen stood listening, her breathing heavy and her fingers pressed hard against the denim between her legs. Her fantasies took on a whole new dimension.

Could she?

Would they?

The thought of being with both of them had her flowing like a river. As quickly as the thought formed in her head, she popped open two buttons on her blouse, took off her bra, and dropped it on the bathroom floor. A quick glance in the mirror showed her that her stiff nipples were poking at the cloth.

I can’t believe I’m doing this, she thought, but she couldn’t resist the intense arousal. She ran a brush through her brown curls, checked her makeup, and headed for the kitchen.

A few minutes later, she opened the sliding glass door and held up a tray when the two men turned toward her. “It’s awfully hot out here. I thought you might like some ice cold lemonade.”

“Cool. Thanks,” Mike said, and then walked over to take the tray.

Though they tried to hide it, Helen was watching for the young men to take note of her hard nipples and bared cleavage. They’d noticed, and shared a quick smile as Mike carried the tray over to the patio table.

“Just let me know if you run out,” Helen offered with a smile and a coquettish, finger-wiggling wave. She could see them whispering to each other even before the door slid completely closed.

Helen felt wonderfully alive. She knew that they were only thinking of her as a sex object, but she didn’t care. New excuses to tempt them flashed through her head, and she soon settled on one. She stopped in the bathroom on the way to her bedroom, but pouted when she couldn’t overhear them saying anything about her. They were too far from the window.

In the bedroom, she filled a laundry basket with her sexiest panties, skimpy nightgowns, and even a lacy bustier that she’d only worn once for her ex-husband. She considered adding the garters and stockings, but thought that might be a bit too much. These she ran through a quick wash, just long

enough to get them wet and spin them out. Everything went back in the basket, and she headed for the back door once more.

“Do you think you could help me down? It’s quite a drop with the porch gone.”

“Sure thing,” Ron answered. He picked up one of the small patio tables, and Helen nearly swooned when he flexed his muscles – obviously overdoing it for her benefit. He carried it over, placed it beneath the door, and then offered her a hand to steady her as she descended.

“Thank you,” Helen said once she reached the ground.

“No problem,” he said with a wide grin, his gaze straight down her cleavage.

Helen placed the basket on the ground, and took her time hanging up the clothing. She bent instead of squatting to pull things out of the basket, offering a perfect view of her ass for her audience. Every time she hung something on the line, she turned in profile so that the young men could see her breasts lifting.

Neither Ron nor Mike was doing a very good job of hiding their looks or their desire by the time she picked up the empty basket and strolled back to the door. Mike offered his hand to help her up this time.

In a flash of naughty inspiration, she feigned a stumble upon stepping on the table. She quite nearly overdid it, and might have in fact fallen, had Mike not caught her as she spun. It was all she could do not to moan with her hands against his sweat dampened chest, and his on her back and bottom.

“Careful, there,” he said as he reluctantly moved his hands.

“I’m so clumsy sometimes,” she said, and punctuated it with a silvery laugh. “Well, let’s try this again.”

Mike held her hand a little tighter this time, and placed his hand behind her butt – without actually touching it – as she ascended. She gave the pair another smile as she closed the door and walked away with her bottom swaying. She just saw them walking away from the window as she turned the corner.

Back in the bathroom once more, she climbed up on the toilet and perked her ear to the window, just below the sill.

“Sexy bitch,” she heard Ron finish in a hushed voice.

“That ass is as tight as it looks, too.”

“Bet the panties she’s wearing are as wet as the ones on the line.”

They are, Helen thought.

“She sure acts like she wants it.”

“No way, dude. Unless she comes right out and says, *wanna fuck*, we can’t risk it. Boss would fire us in a heartbeat. We better keep our eyes in our head.”

“Weren’t thinking that when you pulled that *look at my muscles* shit when you were picking up the table. Where’d you get that move?”

“Ah, fuck you,” Ron said, and then laughed, his voice receding as he moved away from the window.

Helen sat down on the toilet and caressed her aching sex through her jeans. It wasn’t enough, and she soon popped them open. She could feel the wetness on her panties as she stroked her finger over them, and her hand slipped underneath a moment later.

A whimper escaped her as she pushed a finger past her damp curls and into her saturated pussy. She froze, remembering the open window. If she could hear them, then they could probably hear her. The thought was tempting, but she couldn’t go through with it.

She was in desperate need of relief, though. She stood and walked to the bedroom, kicking off her shoes as soon as she crossed the threshold. She peeled off her jeans and flopped down on the bed, jerking down her panties as well.

Two fingers plunged in and out of her depths as she rubbed her clit in fast circles. She licked her lips as she imagined Mike’s cock in her mouth while Ron’s replaced her fingers buried inside her. The thought of being with two men at the same time, something she’d never even seriously considered, brought her to a fever pitch in a hurry. She kept her teeth clenched tight, letting none of the squeals and cries threatening to escape her free, and exploded into orgasm only a minute or so later.

Helen lay on the bed, quivering and panting for breath, wondering if she could take the last step.

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“There you are,” Helen said as she handed back the clipboard after signing the work order.

“You shouldn’t have any problems, but everything is guaranteed. Just give us a call if anything isn’t right, and we’ll send someone out that day to fix it.”

It had taken nearly two hours of agonizing over it, but Helen had finally summoned up the courage to make her move. The remaining time until the two men finished their work had been torturous. “So, would you get in trouble if you didn’t head back right away?”

The two sandy-haired young men glanced at each other, and Mike asked, “Why?”

Helen reached out and stroked her fingers down both of their chests. “Because I’ve been soaking wet all day thinking about you.”

Mike tossed aside the clipboard with a wide, lusty smile.

Helen turned and crooked her finger, instructing the two men to follow. As she sauntered toward the bedroom, she looked back over her shoulder to see them both tossing aside their shirts, their eyes locked on her ass. She let out a little moan and popped open the remaining buttons on her blouse, allowing it to hang open. The button on her jeans followed, and she tugged down the zipper as well.

As she stepped into the bedroom, one of Mike’s hands reached around her to squeeze her breast. Ron took his squeeze from her ass, and Helen turned to face them when she reached the bed.

Helen gasped as Ron bent down to suck her left nipple between his lips. Mike tugged down her jeans at the same time. The tight denim resisted, but allowed him to reveal more than enough for his fingers to rub over the wet spot on her panties. Even though she’d changed them after masturbating, they were already wet again.

“Oh my,” Helen breathed as she squeezed two hard cocks. She reached for the button on Ron’s, and he let her nipple slip from his mouth to pull down his jeans. Helen moaned and licked her lips as his cock popped free. A second later, Mike’s pants fell to the floor as well. Mike was a little longer, but Ron was much thicker.

She knew that she was going to love them both.

Helen sat down to wriggle out of her jeans, and had two gorgeous cocks in her face as soon as she kicked the denim away. She wrapped her hands around them and stroked them both while writhing from a hand from each man squeezing her breasts and teasing her nipples.

“Fuck yeah,” Ron groaned as she took him in her mouth. Helen kept her hand rasping over Mike’s shaft, though the coordination was difficult. After a few strokes, she switched.

“Yeah, suck that cock. Let me see your eyes,” Mike said as he tugged on her hair.

Helen looked up at him and moaned around his stiff organ. Once he was well wetted, she started to switch back to Ron again.

“Oh!” Helen cried out as Mike’s strong hands pushed her back on the bed. As Mike tore down her underwear, Ron fed her his cock.

Mike lifted one of her legs up high into the air as Ron pumped his thick shaft into her mouth and pinched her nipple hard. Her muffled cry as Mike pushed into her pussy warbled from Ron’s pumping shaft. Ron hit the back of her tongue just as Mike’s balls settled against her, causing her to gag.

Thick tendrils of saliva coated Ron’s shaft when she wrapped her hand around the base to keep him at bay, and out of her throat. Mike’s balls slapped against her as he took her hard and fast.

“Oh yeah, that pussy’s tight,” Mike said, and then let out an explosive growl as he slammed his cock into her hard, the tip pushing up against her cervix.

Helen yelped around Ron’s cock, but quickly closed her lips around him again.

“She sucks like a fucking vacuum cleaner,” Ron said, and then brushed her hair away so he could see her face.

“You like that?” Mike growled as his cock assaulted her with hot friction.

Ron pulled free just long enough to let her answer, “Oh god – yes! Fuck me!”

Helen was rapidly building toward a climax when Ron said, “Give me a shot of that pussy,” and stepped away from the bed.

A loud whimper escaped Helen as Mike pulled free, leaving her with an aching void in her depths while the two men traded places. Helen groaned as Ron’s thick cock stretched her a second later.

Mike slapped his pussy-slick cock against her lips a couple of times, and Helen didn’t think twice about her juices covering him when she sucked him in. He seemed perfectly content to let her give

him head while stroking him with her hand, more interested in watching her face than fucking it.

Helen couldn't concentrate on sucking as her passion mounted. She whimpered and cried out as Ron's cock pounded home, occasionally flicking her tongue over Mike's throbbing organ. She let out a disappointed sounding *oh* as Ron jerked free of her clinging sheath.

Ron stood back from the bed, panting for breath. Mike immediately moved from the foot of the bed to the side, picking up Helen by her bottom and pulling her closer to the edge. He pushed her knees back, and then thrust inside her with a wet crackle.

"Oh god, yes," Helen cried out as her breasts bounced from his assault. Their flesh clashed with loud slaps, and he had to keep pulling her back as the force of his thrusts pushed her across the sheets.

"Oh my god! Oh my god!" The words burst from Helen's lips in a rush, every word a little higher pitched than the last. Her next words were loud, drawn out, and quavering. "Fuck me hard!"

Mike grunted with every thrust as he did exactly that, pounding her pussy hard. The warm tingle of her approaching climax swelled, and Helen teetered on the edge. She screamed, desperate to come, and then the last of her breath exploded from her in a shrill cry as she burst into orgasm.

Helen's cries of release warbled in time with Mike's thrusts as her head lashed back and forth on the bed. Her entire body was alive with ecstasy, jolts of orgasmic energy shooting through her relentlessly. A sucked in breath turned to a squeak when Mike jerked free of her tightly clenched sheath.

An almost frightened sounding cry burst from her as Ron penetrated her once more. She felt an odd numbness as he took her hard, her body still quaking from the initial shock of her climax. Sensation slowly returned as her orgasm fitfully waned. Her eyes popped wide open as the numbness completely faded, and she realized she was near a peak again.

Having never experienced a multiple orgasm before – at least not one where the first hadn't even ended before the second claimed her – Helen lost all sense of self. She came, and came, the energy tearing through her, causing her body to thrash on the bed and inarticulate sounds to croak from her dry throat.

Whenever one of the men would come to close to climax, he would pull free, and the other would take over. Helen had no idea how long the relentless assault continued. Her vision dimmed, and her breathing grew labored. She nearly lost consciousness, and may actually have blacked out for a few seconds, because one moment Ron was pounding her pussy, and the next her legs were hanging

limp over the edge of the bed.

“You okay?” She heard over the sound of her own loud breathing, though the words sounded distant, almost as if they were coming from inside a barrel.

“I... I...” She hyperventilated for a few seconds, trying to draw oxygen into her starved lungs. “Oh... Oh god.”

Helen slowly became aware that she was drenched in sweat despite the air-conditioning. She regained her senses with her breath after a couple of minutes, just in time to see Mike walk into the room with a bottle of water, his still stiff cock bouncing with every step.

Ron helped her sit up, and Helen held out a trembling hand for the water. She coughed with the first sip, and spilled a few drops of the chilly liquid onto her breasts, which elicited a sharp cry of shock. After a few swallows and some deep breaths, she managed to drink.

“You okay now?” Mike asked.

Helen nodded her head and let out a sound similar to a bark, following it with a weak chuckle. After another drink, she glanced at one man, and then the other. “Neither... Neither of you came?”

“You just kept going and going,” Ron said. “I’ve never seen a woman get off like that, so we just kept switching before we blew a load.”

Helen handed the water back to Mike, and then fell heavily to the bed. “I’ve never come like that. God, I don’t even remember half of it.”

“So, you... You good to go again?” Mike asked, his cock twitching in anticipation.

A sharp tingle shot all through Helen’s sex, protesting that idea. She wasn’t about to turn them away, though.

“You could always suck us off,” Ron suggested, seeing her wince.

Helen shook her head. “Give me a minute. I want to feel you come inside me.”

“Seriously?” Mike asked, obviously excited about the prospect.

“Mmm hmm.”

“No chick has ever let me do that before,” Mike said.

“Me either,” Ron agreed.

“Mmm – I get to be your first. I like that.” Helen lay back and parted her legs, wincing a little as she parted the sticky curls surrounding her sex. “Am I split? Bleeding?”

Ron and Mike both looked, and Mike answered, “No. It’s really red though.”

“There’s some lube in that drawer over there,” Helen said with a weak gesture toward the night stand.

Ron retrieved the bottle and she waved toward her still parted legs when he started to hand it to her. He nodded in understanding, and moved between her legs.

Helen parted her nether lips as Ron opened the bottle. He gave it a squeeze, and Helen squealed as the cool liquid hit her hot, abused flesh. She swallowed, and rubbed the lube into her folds. She then parted her lips again and said, “More. A lot.”

She worked the lube into her after each drizzle Ron released, drawing smiles from the two men as they watched her fingers penetrate her. “Okay,” she said when she felt slippery enough, and then rolled over onto her tummy.

Helen rose up to her hands and knees, and then looked back over her shoulder while she wiggled her ass. “Give it to me. Fill me full of cum.”

Ron and Mike both looked at each other, and Mike said, “Flip a coin, I guess.”

Ron shrugged and retrieved a quarter from his pants on the floor. “Call it.”

“Heads.”

Ron lifted his hand and said, “Ha. Sloppy seconds for you.”

“Don’t make me wait,” Helen said in a sultry tone of voice, again wiggling her ass.

Ron moved in behind her and grabbed her hip with his left hand while he guided his cock inside her with the right. Helen felt a burning sting when he first penetrated her, but that quickly faded as he started thrusting.

“Do it. Fuck me. Come for me,” Helen encouraged him as Ron gripped her hips tight and drove his cock home. Her breasts swung erratically from the force of his thrusts, and she had to fight to keep her hands from sliding forward.

Ron’s grunts of exertion mixed with loud growls as his cum bubbled up for release. “God yes! Come for me!” Helen cried out as her own pleasure mounted.

With a deep, explosive cry, Ron jammed his cock inside her a final time. Helen could feel him throbbing, spurting his hot cream deep inside her. “Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Mmm hmm,” she breathed as she squeezed her intimate muscles, milking his cock as he panted for breath.

“Fuck,” Ron exclaimed as he withdrew, trailing a strand of their mingled juices from his cock. He fell over onto the bed with a groan.

“Move over,” Mike said, already moving to mount her.

Ron weakly scooted out of the way, and Mike slid in behind her. A faint, flatulent sound accompanied his cock sliding into her already cream-filled pussy.

Helen’s hair whipped as she looked back over her shoulder at him. “Take me. Fuck me. Come for me.”

“Oh yeah,” Mike growled, and drove his cock home again.

After only a few thrusts, Helen felt her climax swelling within her. To help it along, she dropped down to one elbow and used her other hand to rub her clit. “G-god yes, F-fuck m-me,” she cried out, stuttering from the power of his thrusts. “I’m g-gonna c-come aga... Again!”

A long, deep cry rumbled from Mike as he neared his peak. Helen’s fingers curled into claws, scrunching up the bed sheets while the fingers of her other hand blurred over her clit. She yelped with every thrust, just the faintest tinges of delightful pain mixed with the ecstasy swelling inside her.

Mike jammed his cock home with a grunt, and Helen exploded into orgasm. She fell face-down into the sheets, screaming into the mattress as she came, Mike’s cock pulsing, filling her clenched canal with yet another load of cum.

“Shit, dude. It’s almost six thirty.”

Mike pulled free with a groan, a thick stream of cream flowing from Helen's gaped canal as soon as the head of his cock popped free. "Ah fuck. We've got to get back, or the boss is going to fucking kill us."

"There are washcloths in the bathroom," Helen said in a languid moan as she rolled over onto her back. Ron hurried out of the room to fetch one.

Helen lounged in the afterglow of her orgasms, leaking cum all over the bed and not the least bit concerned about it. Little stings of pain shot up her spine from her overworked pussy, but she felt it was more than worth a little discomfort.

Once Ron and Mike had finished dressing, she gestured for them to come to her. She pulled each into a passionate kiss, and then said, "My kids are gone all week."

The two young men looked at each other and chuckled. "We'll be over right after work tomorrow."

"I'll be waiting," Helen purred, and then waved as they hurried toward the back door.

She pulled over a pillow, cuddled it against her, and then chuckled as she thought, *Who better to know how to nail you than a carpenter?*