Side Work

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Guy runs into old classmate, has sex with her after doing work

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The economy has sucked over the last three plus years. Right, hasn't it? I know because I've been laid off, for the most part of it. I don't know how many times, but I haven't fretted too much seeing as I am single and somehow have managed to find myself a job here and there each time throughout these layoffs.

Okay, I'm not too old either and seeing as I'm not, it may have worked out to my advantage. My first year of being laid off, I was only 27. Now, no I don't have a college degree but with my skill set, it hasn't mattered all that much. I tried college but knew almost instantly it wasn't for me. Seeing as it wasn't I knew I would have some difficulties in life although I am young still.

So there I was, working another job as I smiled and bagged while I worked at our local grocery store. They all new me. They all "loved" me to death, so to speak, and they all seemed to find a way to tip me quite well too. I never tried to move on up the supervisory chain. I didn't like it up there. I liked being around the customers. I really liked talking with all of them. Getting five's and ten's and even sometimes a twenty would find its way into my hand or even into my top and get this, sometimes my pants pocket too. How that happened, I don't know, but they'd smile one of their sweet lovable smiles as if they were suggesting something dirty to me. I'd smile back and thank them as well. Young and often older women did it all the time as money always found its way into my hands.

"Thank you" I'd say offering my own impressive smile as if I was superbly glad to get it.

And I was happy. I'd see them the following week and another five, ten, or even a twenty seemed to find its way into my hand or even into my pocket. I'd tell them thank you. Their hand found its way on to my arm. They'd tell me I was welcome as their hand, while on my arm, moved up and down it as if trying to say something as they smile. However their smile had to be suggesting something else. I knew it. I wondered about it too. Were they telling me to come over to their house? Were they saying we should sit down and talk a while? Were they even, possibly suggesting, we bed down for the day, maybe? Now, I wasn't sure about that but if I was placing bets on how and what I felt I'd probably be a lot bit richer then I was.

Shortly after that, I got my job back, but I soon found myself back here, and as before I soon started feeling the load of fives and tens and sometimes once in a while a quick twenty lining my pockets by these delicious looking women who probably needed a little company in a bedroom void of male companionship. This I do know for a fact. They were all more then a little grateful that I had returned to the grocery store position.

Then out of nowhere I saw her walk in. Pam Jenkins. Back in the day Pam always made me smile. One of my classmates, she came strutting in. Wow okay, Pam Jenkins I told myself. She was still quite pretty in many ways, but time does things to you and Pam had, like many others as well, put on a few additional pounds. Now I am being considerate here because Pam noticeably put on several pounds as a matter of fact but let me say this.

Regardless of how much extra weight she'd put on, Pam was more than a little kind and she was as sweet as ever too. Once she saw me working at the grocery store and knowing I had landscaping experience too she found a way to get me carry her groceries to her car.

Yeah her car wasn't a car. It was a huge SUV. Although she wasn't show-boating or anything. Most people who knew her wouldn't think that it was at all. When she saw me and I saw her, our eyes widened. We smiled at one another. She smiled because, like I said, we were good friends back in high school. We hung out a lot but as life has it, we lost touch.

Pushing her cart out to her "car" was a treat and a half. She told me, unequivocally, that it was a treat and a half to see me around. She told me her and her husband were now separated. He is a traveling salesman and found a way to "expand" his sales meaning he'd met other women and bedded down with them. She also told me she wasn't mad about it, that it only allowed her to "expand" her own horizons. She laughed and I snickered a fake snicker too but to tell you the truth I liked that she was now "single."

I had always and I mean always loved her company back in the day and to be truthful always wondered about what her life started to be like once we graduated from college. Now moving on I stayed rather slim but the test of time started to show on her a little.

"Yes, I know it," she said as her hands waved down her wavy but budging figure, "I've put on some weight. That's for sure but I'm not too bad am I?" she asked me, smiling.

I put away the last of four bags into her car. "No," I said, and I meant it seeing as I did still like Pam a lot or so I think I did "not at all."

We stared at one another and we smiled. Her eyes still appeared to sparkle. I loved seeing her again and that face, well her face, lit me up once I thought about her a little. She told me I should stop over and happened to write down her address. She said, if I wanted to, that maybe she could find me some extra work, which I could always use.

“It was really great seeing you again,” she said and tried offering me a hug, which I reluctantly accepted seeing as I was at work.

Later that week, I decided to call on her. I drove past her house. It was a nice, upper class home, and after driving by it a couple times, I pulled in the driveway. My beater in her driveway, I thought. No big deal. I knocked. She answered. We hugged. It to me was a longer than usual hug but let me say this. Her hug, her body overall, and her arms around me like they were felt incredible as she seemed to smile endlessly as she lead the talk and talked about this person and that person and half the people in our graduating class.

“Wow, how do you keep track of everyone Pam?” I asked.

“I don’t know. I guess I just love knowing what everyone is doing. So how long have you been landscaping?” she said and I told her. “Six years, really?” she asked in an astounded tone of voice. "Do you know a lot about it?”

I told her yes. Then her eyes changed. Then she suggested I could make some extra money and she was being overly generous about it too. She said she’d pay me five-hundred dollars, and I couldn’t believe that and told her that was way too much and that was when she came to it.

“Then maybe we can work out another solution,” she said.

I asked what that could be. I had no idea. I never ever thought about this in my entire life either. Not with Pam I never did but back then, back in high school we were simply kids.

“I’ve always liked you,” she said, as her tone of voice seemed to change a little. That’s when I thought maybe she was going to refer me to friends of hers, or something of that nature. “And I know you have always liked me too. Okay, maybe as a friend only, but aren’t I right?” she asked.

I had to think about what she’d said but I also had to start thinking about the way she had said it too. Something in her face, something about her tone of voice, and there was one more thing that seemed to bother me too. How she “moved” around me or when we were near each other. Somehow I knew something was up.

Nevertheless, she took me out back. It was a war zone out there. It was a virtual mess out there and needed attention, badly. I was surprised. I told her too. She smiled and made nothing of it telling me she knew it as well. However, she offered me something else.

“And, if you’re interested in it of course, you can run upstairs afterward, and simply jump in the shower,” she told me.

Now this is where it all became interesting and I didn’t know it until later on. I worked on it and it was a mess. The first day the temperature reached a very balmy low 90’s. I was beginning to sweat horribly. I took off my shirt. It was soaked. I was soaked. I was sweating but while I worked, she was upstairs, peeking through her curtains, and watching me do my job for her.

However, this is what I learned later on. While upstairs and while she “watched” me work, Pam would undo her clothes. Pam’s fingers would find their way onto her body. First her breasts and yes, that’s right. She’d caress them. She’d undo her clothes and lightly caress her tits. Her fingers in fact found their way to her nipples but get this. Soon, her hand found its way inside her slacks or skirt or whatever she had on and soon those fingers began tickling her own “ivories” so to speak as she played with her pussy while I worked. She wanted me and she wanted me badly.

The first day I went home but it was the second time I was there that I openly decided why not? Take a shower at her place, in her shower. I got a towel and seeing as I was soaked I didn’t even have a drink of water. I got in that shower and let the spray splash all over me. Mmmmm, it sure felt good.

I heard something. It was odd. I should have expected it too. “May I come in?” she said. My back was turned to her. The door was shut to me. She really couldn’t see me on the other side. I said yes. Out of nowhere she opened the shower door, smiling. I didn’t hear it either. She carried a bar of soap with her. “Mmmmm, you sure look nice to a woman who doesn’t see a man’s body like this” and that was when I turned around.

Her eyes were all over me. I was stark naked of course. She was full of smiles as she looked me over. “I’d give anything to be in here with you. That doesn’t mean I’m desperate but you are so soooo gosh darn good looking to me that I’m not sure what to say except that there are places on a man’s body that need very thorough washing. And they usually don’t get washed.”

Here I was. Stark naked, soaking wet, and a woman on the other side of the tub who wanted me for me she told me, with her spirited smile, that I’m a great guy and she’d give anything to be in the shower with me, while holding the bar of soap in her hand.

I felt twinges shooting through me. Her eyes shifted to my mid-section as if she really wanted to

reach down and hold my cock. She wore a lightweight satiny robe. I wondered about her breasts. I wondered about her soft wavy body and curves and everything. I could almost feel her against me as she stroked me all over.

“Yes, come on in. Join me” I heard myself say out of nowhere and get this. I smiled as I said it too. And then her robe came off as quickly as I said it. “Wow Pam” I said. “Wow” I said as I shook my head noticed my eyes become a little bigger. Her breasts were fuller. Her body, although soft was quite curvy with her noticeable waist and hips and even her thighs seemed delicious to me. I liked what I saw. I mean it. I did as I seemed to feel a certain amount of emotions I never expected to feel. “Pam, you look great” I told her.

She smiled and even blushed as she leaned in and as I watched she kissed me on my lips. “Mmmmm, now this is what I’ve waited for for a very long time. A man and that man being you of course with me here in my shower. “Ohhhhhh lord, I want to hold you and love you all afternoon, if I can.” She still held on to that bar of soap. “Here, let me wash you” she told me in a sweet soft tone of voice.

She stood behind me. Her hands and that bar of soap reached around me and as she did, she rubbed and washed my chest. It felt terrific. Soft and gentle, she eased up and around my chest. She didn’t force it. She moved very slowly. Her hands went around and around my chest and then my stomach. It was emotional somewhat and seemingly erotic too.

Her hands, and that bar of soap, moved down around my sides. Ooooohh, it still felt relaxing and it still felt erotic as well as she then washed my sides, but out of nowhere moved to my back. First, she washed my back. Softly, she moved that bar of soap around and around. She washed my neck and moved to my lower back. Ohhh wow, felt tingling in my cock as she washed me all over it. Suddenly something weird happened.

That bar of soap she had eased inside the crack of my ass. “Everywhere needs cleaning you know” I heard her say, which I had to agree with her on, but I’d never had anyone do that before. How she “washed” my ass was amazing. She slipped it inside my ass, slowly. She moved it up and down inside the cheeks of my ass slowly too. Ohhh shit, I thought. I felt like bending over so she could wash me much more thoroughly while she did it too. “You probably need it here as well” I heard her say and then she leaned down and brought the bar of soap beneath my balls. “But it probably feels a lot better if I did this from the front. Don’t you think?” she went on to say and before I had a chance to answer her, she spun me around and smiled as she kissed me on my lips. Her hand and that bar of soap gently found their way between my thighs and up underneath my balls and cock. It was done slowly and gently. “Mmmmm, I sure like doing this area of you. I hope you don’t mind it either.”

I was having so much fun being in her shower with her that I took hold of Pam and looked into her eyes. I placed a passionate kiss on her lips. She didn't expect it. I did it again and again and I took that bar of soap she was using and did the same to her. I washed her breasts with it and she enjoyed it too. I washed her belly and around her sides as well. I did it softly and slowly and affectionately as we showered playfully together. I reached around her and washed her back but she turned and let me do it all over. And I washed her ass, meticulously. Her fatter soft cheeks were a thrill to me to wash. I told her how much I enjoyed washing them and got down on my knees and placed kisses on each one. She giggled once I did. I smiled and caressed each one too. Then I washed each leg, especially the insides, and then I kissed them as well.

I stood up and looked at my old high school friend. "Do you know something?" I said and she asked what. "You are one beautiful woman. You always have been and always will be too."

"Mmmmmm thank you. Then go to bed with me and show me how beautiful I am?" she asked.

I said yes. We shut off the shower and she stepped out. Her ass cheeks shook a little as she found a towel and dried off. I did too. We were in bed. I was on her. We were kissing happily and ardently and we were having fun. Lots of it too and then I stopped.

"God, I love your body. It is soooo" but I couldn't find the right word.

"Pudding like?" she said teasing me.

"Uhhh yeah, I guess" I said. "If that's how you want to put it."

"I will for now. I don't know how else to uhhh say it but I like it" I told her as I looked at her soft pudding like body over. Then I leaned into it and kissed her tummy on the spot. She giggled and so I did it again. I reached down and started fingering her pussy, which she loved of course too. She spread her thighs apart and as I dug deeper into it her legs rose up into the air. She reached down to grab hold of my cock. "Ooooooh yeah, take it, and make this man hard."

"Ohhh I will. I will, superman" she said jokingly.

While I fingered her she stroked my cock. We made affectionate and fun love to one another as we worked one another's body over but I heard her cry out that she needed me in her and so with my cock now hard, I placed myself against her pussy. I pushed it inside and once I did, she cried out even more.

"Ohhhhhh god, deeper" she seemed to yell happily. "Fuck me more! Fuck me harder too! Ohhhhhh

do me, fuck me, and don’t ever stop” she squealed as I banged away at her thick luscious pussy. “You are soooo good. I mean it. I soooo mean that too.”

Her body moved all over, so to speak, as I continued fucking her soft soaked cunt. She had cum at least twice or so I thought and it was fun having sex with my old pal from high school and although she had put on some weight she hadn’t lost any of that vitality or passion I recalled from way back when.

She took hold of me in the end and her lips were like superglue that afternoon. She kissed me hard. She kissed me long. And she begged me to come back often so we could do this all the time. I did. I’d work. I’d shower. She’d join me in the shower. And we’d find our way to the bedroom. From there we continued our great times in the sack as well.

"There is something else" she said as we laid facing one another. "When you first starting working here. I'd watch you out of that window" pointing to one of them. "I was so darn horny for you and I'd..." and she closed her eyes. "I started playing with myself and get wet and look at us now. We're here, naked, and snuggling. Hmmm, get that huh? Me masturbating or trying to and now you're here after having sex with me." Personally, I found that interesting.

I never left the grocery store. It was way too easy to make good money there. I was making way too much money on the side. Plus Pam had several other friends as well. I may have been a little picky but they were all worth the time. And the extra tips were great. That’s for damn sure. Women, tips, and good old fresh pussy. What can you say?