And I'll Get a Pole

By RejectReality

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Hot Mom's summer night fishing trip lands her a big one

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“You get a line, and I’ll get a pole, and we’ll go fishing in the crawdad hole...”

The chorus of young voices finally faded out as Nicole, her two sisters, and their seven kids made it back to camp from their fishing spot on the lake. Despite the still early hour, the heat was already oppressive. Fortunately, there was an easy cure for that.

“Okay, everyone put your fishing poles away and get your swimsuits on,” Nicole said, gesturing with the stringer full of the morning’s catch while she pushed a lock of sandy-blonde hair off her cheek because it was tickling her.

The kids all cheered and ran toward the tents – at least most of them did. Nicole rolled her eyes as her son strolled behind, doing his thirteen-year-old best to look cool. He was going to be a problem soon. She could just sense it.

“You sure you don’t want help cleaning those?” her sister Wendy asked.

“It will be hard enough for you and Stacy to corral all of them. I can use the peace and quiet for a little while. I’m the only one with a teenager.”

“I’m going to go get ready then.” A lopsided grin spread across her face, and she surreptitiously pointed toward the corner tent of the camp before heading toward her tent to change into her swimsuit.

Nicole turned that way and rolled her eyes again. She crept up as quietly as she could on her youngest sister, who was hiding in the tent peeking out the screen window. Even though she was fairly certain of what she would see, a glance in the direction Stacy was looking revealed three young men – cut and shirtless – camped not too far away. They looked to be fresh out of high school, and

she knew for sure that one of them was.

“What are you doing?” she asked when she was standing in the doorway.

Stacy jumped and gasped, her face turning beet red. “Nothing.”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Oh, give me a break. They’re delicious.”

“I’m sure Randy would think so.”

“I’m married – not dead. And you’re neither. You could do more than look and daydream.”

Nicole shook her head. “I’m sure we’d have a lot to talk about.”

“Who said anything about talking?” Stacy said and twitched her eyebrows before grabbing the zipper and closing the tent door.

Chuckling from catching her sister mentally robbing the cradle, she still couldn’t resist a quick glance in the young men’s direction before walking away. She had to agree that they were all delicious, but one of them had a major negative in his column. He was her manager’s son, and if the apple hadn’t fallen a hundred miles from the tree, she’d probably just as soon strangle him as anything else.

A quick walk brought her to the dining fly, where she gathered up everything she would need to clean the fish. Some of the bluegill were so small that they weren’t even worth it, but the kids had caught them, so they’d end up tiny little fillets in the pan anyway. The largemouth she’d caught would make up for a few of them, but even the full stringer wasn’t enough for an actual meal for so many.

The kids – even her son – were ready long before her sisters, and milled around impatiently. Finally, Wendy and Stacy came out dressed in their swimsuits, but covered by shorts and t-shirts. Whether that outer layer came off or not depended upon how crowded the beach was, most likely.

Wendy gave the marching orders and led everyone toward the cars for the drive to the beach on the other side of the lake. In the process of packing everything in a cooler before heading to the fish cleaning station, Nicole saw something out of the corner of her eye and let out a little laugh.

One of the young men her sister had been ogling was making a gesture with his hands, obviously talking about the size of their breasts. Apparently, that salient feature overshadowed the weight they’d

both put on – not that it was much.

She wasn't so lucky, and had come out of the breast lottery less gifted than her siblings. She'd never had any complaints, but her chest simply didn't stop traffic the same way her two sisters did with their D cups. Fortunately, she only had one child and no husband to deal with any more, so she had more time to work out. She could wear the same size clothes she'd worn when she was twenty again, though the sprinkling of gray hairs and inevitable force of gravity on her butt and boobs meant nobody would ever mistake her for that young.

The three boys kept their eyes on her sisters, obviously engaged in crude sexual banter the whole time. She was going to have to tell them about that as soon as she got the chance. Finding out that they'd both abandoned bikinis in favor of one-piece suits this year had made her a bit sad, and showed self-consciousness that a little attention from hot young men might help.

With everything gathered up, she headed for her own car, putting the cooler in the front seat and the stringer full of fish into a tub she'd put in the trunk for exactly that reason. When she closed the trunk, she cast a quick glance in the direction of the young men's camp, and saw that her sisters weren't the only ones attracting attention.

As much as she wished it didn't, having them check her out felt pretty good. She'd all but given up on finding romance some time ago, and now she was getting discouraged with even finding *Mr. Right Now*, as opposed to *Mr. Right*.

Saying she was in a dry spell was a bit like saying the ocean was wet.

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Between staying up late making S'mores the night before and the near constant activity all day long, the kids were dropping off fast as Nicole sat around the campfire with her sisters. She, on the other hand, had turned in early because she'd been up late the night before the annual summer trip, finishing something for work that easily could have waited – if her manager wasn't a bitch.

An especially strong breeze combined with the cooling night air to create a pleasant contrast to the heat of the day, but it had other effects on Nicole as well. She shivered, and said, "I'm going to tinkle."

Her sisters nodded, and Wendy yawned. Both looked tired, and likely wouldn't be up very long after the last of the kids went down for the night. Not trusting that there would be any in the restrooms, she grabbed a roll of toilet paper from her tent before making the short walk.

On the way back, the moon reflecting off the lake caught her attention, and she wandered off the road to stand on the shore and look at it for a while. While she enjoyed the quiet moment, she thought of a way to make it last a little longer, since she was likely to be up by herself for a while anyway. Decision made, she angled back toward the road while still progressing toward camp.

As it happened, her path took her directly behind the tents of their ‘neighbors’. They were drinking beer and apparently hadn’t noticed her approaching in the moonlight. She slowed and then stopped to listen, still completely concealed by the tents.

“...they’re sisters?”

“Sort of look alike.”

“Who cares. They’re genuine Milfs.”

“Just them, too. Camping and fishing with the kids.”

“Probably divorced.”

“And hungry for some dick.”

The sound of high fives followed that.

“Love to motorboat those tits. Damn.”

“I’ll take the one with the dark streaks. Fuck. Did you see her in that bikini?”

“Hell yeah. Love to put her knees back by her ears.”

A crooked grin spread across her face and she chuckled under her breath, knowing the last two were talking about her.

“Colby hooked up with a chick like that last year. Said she couldn’t get enough. No playing games. They just want to fuck.”

“That redhead? Oh, hell yeah...”

Bemused that she’d happened by just as the three were talking about her and her sisters, she left when the conversation turned to other women – if not other subjects. She backtracked a little so it

wouldn’t be obvious that she was within earshot, and then walked straight across to the road. When she saw their campfire out of the corner of her eye, she couldn’t resist adding a little strut to her step, assuming that they could see her in the moonlight.

The last of the kids had crawled into their tents by the time she walked back into camp. Her sisters were obviously preparing to bed down as well. “Done in?” she asked as she walked up to the fire.

“Mmm hmm,” Stacy answered.

“Are you staying up?” Wendy asked.

“I think I’m going to take a couple of poles down to the lake and see if I can’t catch enough catfish to get us closer to a meal tomorrow.”

“Wish I could keep my eyes open. That sounds fun,” Wendy remarked.

Stacy let out a snort. “And leave me with all the kids? I don’t think so.”

“Speaking of that... Would you mind if I slept in a little in the morning? If they’re biting, and it’s worth staying out, that is?”

Stacy yawned and waved her hand as she headed for her tent. “That’s fine. You herded all the kids down this morning and gave us time to wake up. Not like you’ll be able to sleep too late, once the sun comes up.”

“Good luck. I’d rather have catfish anyway,” Wendy said by way of her answer.

That decided it, and Nicole headed over to grab her gear. The three poles, battery lantern slung over her shoulder, and the bag with the nightcrawlers and some extra tackle was cumbersome, but more or less manageable.

The moon provided plenty of light for most of the journey, then the light from a shelter house covered a walk through the trees near the lake. It was only for the brief distance between where the light faded and the trees opened up to the lake shore that she had to pause and turn on the lantern to guide her steps.

Since this was the same spot she’d fished with the rest of the family earlier in the day, there were several forked sticks still planted in the bank, ready to receive one of her rods. She left the light on just long enough to bait her lines, which she’d rigged up for bottom fishing before leaving camp, and

to clean up with some wet wipes and hand sanitizer she'd brought along.

After waiting a minute for her eyes to adjust, she cast all three lines and attached bells to the end of the rods. With her lines in the water, she settled down to wait for a bite, enjoying the dance of the moonlight on the water and the nighttime sounds of the lake.

The wait wasn't long. Within five minutes of sitting down, one of her bells jingled, and she popped up to set the hook. The catfish was about a three pounder, and a good start toward filling in the gap between what she'd already filleted and what they needed for everyone to have a fish dinner.

Once it was on the stringer, she baited the line and cleaned her hands again. Quite enjoying the night, she knew that she was probably going to have to force herself to go back to camp before it got too late – especially if the fish kept biting.

The sound of footsteps a short while later pulled her out of a memory of her first nighttime fishing trip with her father. Turning toward where she heard the sound, she could just make out someone coming through the trees with a flashlight, and heading in her direction.

The light kept coming, and she held up a hand when it shined in her eyes.

"Sorry," a voice that she recognized called out, and the light moved down to the ground.

Hmmm. Interesting, she thought, because the voice sounded like the one that had been talking about her when she eavesdropped behind the tent earlier. Unfortunately, the moment of excitement ended when he walked up and she recognized that it was her manager's son, Jake.

"Didn't think anyone else was out here," he said as he turned off his light. "You work with my mom, don't you?"

"*For* her, yes," she corrected.

"Nicole, right?"

"That's right."

Apparently picking up on the ice in her tone, he said, "Take it you're not real fond of her, huh?"

That was an understatement, but she held back on voicing how she really felt. "Well..."

“It’s okay. We don’t get along that well, either. That’s why I live with Dad. She’s a demanding bitch.”

Nicole laughed, unable to hold it back. “You said it, not me.”

He chuckled, and then gestured toward her poles. “Having any luck?”

“I’ve only been out here for a little while, but I’ve already caught one.”

“Mind if I drop a few lines and try my luck?”

Not wanting to commit too much, because she was more than a little suspicious of what he was up to, she pointed and answered, “I’m cast off that way with all three of them.”

“I’ll pitch mine the opposite way so we don’t end up tangled.”

Not sure what to make of him, she acted as if she were ignoring him while watching him out of the corner of her eye. He baited up, cast his two lines, and then squatted down at the edge of the water to wash his hands. She wasn’t really surprised when he walked back over to her afterwards.

“So, you out here with friends?”

“My sisters. We bring the kids out every year.”

“Kind of like a split vacation thing? Get some time to yourselves?”

He was obviously fishing in more ways than one. Feeling a little mischievous, she dodged his attempt to find out if she were married by saying, “It’s an old family tradition.”

“Your folks used to bring you out?”

“Dad. Mom wanted nothing to do with it. She just welcomed the peace and quiet for a few...”

One of her bells rang, and she popped up in a flash. In the midst of reeling in her catch, she heard a higher-pitched ring and saw Jake jump up to run to his pole.

“Looks like it’s going to be a good night,” he remarked as he reeled in.

Nicole smiled when she saw her second catfish was bigger than the first – and his. “Looks like it.”

She returned to her spot after putting the fish on the stringer and casting her line again. Jake wasn't far behind. When he sat down – closer this time – he held up his wet hands while she cleaned hers with a wipe. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Because you haven't been worrying about messy children for years." She chuckled as she finished and slipped the used wipe into the bag.

"How many kids?"

"Just one boy."

"How old is he? Three? Four?"

After letting out a depreciative chuckle, she said, "Thirteen."

"No way. You can't have a kid that old."

"Oh, I'm afraid so." She had to admit that he had a great deal more charm than his mother.

"Wouldn't believe it in a million years if someone else said it."

Her curiosity beginning to pique, she asked, "So, how old do you think I am?"

"Oh, hell no. I know better than that," he said while holding his hands up in front of him in a defensive gesture.

"No, really. Tell me."

"Uhm... Uh..."

He paused, and she lifted her eyebrows to give him a look that undoubtedly said, *I'm waiting.*

"Thirty?" he answered nervously.

"Good answer," she chuckled.

"I got it right?"

"I didn't say that. I said it was a good answer."

He chuckled as well. “Really, you just look way too h... young to have a kid who’s thirteen.”

She caught that slip of *hot* coming out before he thought better of it. “Thank you.”

“Just the truth.”

He grinned and a shiver passed through her, raising goose bumps. His smile gave him a bit of a boyish quality, and only added to his handsomeness. At the same time, there was something in his eyes that was anything *but* boyish. Taken aback by the way she was reacting, she was on the verge of changing the subject when he did it for her.

“Dad used to bring me out here too.” He shook his head and chuckled. “My sister never touched worm one. As soon as she saw that, she was out.”

That was hardly surprising to Nicole, as she had met his sister. If anything, the young woman was even prissier than her mother – and more rude. “It was just us girls, so Dad really had no idea what to do with us. We all ended up playing baseball and fishing to spend time with him.”

“Tomboys, huh?”

She laughed. “Hardly. I have a Barbie collection that would make you swoon up in the attic somewhere, but I still have my baseball glove, too.”

“Mom’s idea of spending time with her is cutting the grass while she has a strawberry daiquiri and complains about how hot it is.”

“That sounds like the same woman I know. I’ve only met your father once, but I liked him.”

“He’s great – especially now that they’re divorced. Mom just sucked the life out of him.”

“Seems you take after him. I haven’t had the urge to strangle you once yet.”

That caused him to break out into loud laughter, and he slapped a hand over his mouth when it echoed back in the silence of the night. Once he regained his composure sufficiently to speak, he chuckled, “Oh, damn...”

A second later, one of his bells rang, and he scrambled for his pole. She knew she shouldn’t have started flirting back, but it wasn’t going to hurt anybody, and the thought that his mother would lose

her mind if she knew was *scrumptious*.

He got his fish unhooked and started to string it up when it went into a last-ditch effort to flop away. He yelped and dropped it, barely managing to snatch the fish up before it got into the water. Unfortunately, that effort also resulted in him slamming his other hand down in the lake, soaking his shirt.

Somehow, she held back a laugh, saving him the embarrassment. Before he could string up his recaptured fish, one of her bells jingled.

The pole bent in a promising way when she set the hook, and she knew she had a fight on her hands.

“Snagged?”

“Nope,” she answered as she fought to reel the fish in without snapping her line, growing more excited by the moment.

“Damn. Nice,” he muttered.

She was winning the battle, but it wasn’t going to be quick. With a tug, then a few cranks, then another tug, she slowly pulled her adversary closer to shore.

Then one of her other bells started ringing.

“Damn it,” she spit out, putting a foot down on the handle of the other rod so it at least wouldn’t get pulled out of the fork and into the lake.

“Want me to get that one?” Jake asked.

“Please.”

She felt his hand grab the pole, so she lifted her foot.

“Got him,” he said as he set the hook. “Feels like another good one.”

She knew she had to have her fish close to shore about the time she heard a desperate splash to her right. When she looked down, she saw that the fish Jake was reeling in was about the size of her last one. The fish lifted out of the water as he turned, bringing it up onto shore to remove the hook.

Oh my god, Nicole thought as his bare back appeared in her peripheral vision. Before she could overrule them, her eyes darted to his naked torso, which was rippling with lean, young muscle. She'd seen it before, but that had been at a distance. Up close, it was even more evident just how cut he was.

A jerk on her pole returned her mind to the task at hand. A few more cranks and she could make out the fish below the water. It was easily twice the size of anything else she'd caught already in the evening.

"Holy shit," Jake said when he spotted the fish as well. "Get it up to shore and I'll grab it. The minnow is still hooked. Can worry about him later."

Nicole's arms were beginning to burn, and she was glad not to have to lift the big cat up out of the water. Jake planted a foot right at the edge of the water and squatted down at her feet. Once again, her eyes devoured him and she felt a triplet of tingles – one from each of her stiffening nipples and the last between her legs. More or less on autopilot as her hormones raged, she pulled the fish in close enough for him to grab it.

"Ten pounds easy," he said as he stood. Then he looked at her and grinned.

Nicole saw him flex a little, and knew she'd been caught. Her cheeks burning, she had little choice but to spin and keep him in sight as he walked the fish farther up the shore. She was at least able to let the rod tip drop, relieving her arms and shoulders.

"I'll get them unhooked and on the stringer if you want to sit down for a minute. This guy was a feisty one."

"Thanks," she said as she sat the rod down and walked over to her bag.

You're just supposed to be flirting a little, she reminded herself as she sat down. *But, god, he looks good enough to eat,* another part of her piped up.

Jake wisely pulled in the stringer first, not wanting to risk either fish getting free after he removed the hook this time. He slipped the smaller one on first, and then worked the hook free from the big one.

All the while, Nicole couldn't keep her eyes off him.

"There we go," he said, and then hefted the stringer, letting out a theatrical grunt.

“I appreciate it.”

“No problem. I don’t mind helping out.”

You could help me with something else, popped into her head as he turned. She found herself lamenting his rather baggy shorts, but she could see the muscles working in his legs and imagine just how tight his butt must be.

She snapped her eyes to her bag to pull out both the nightcrawlers and the tub of moist wipes when he turned back around. She gestured with the wipes before sitting them down and going to bait her hooks again.

She knew he’d been checking her out, and he’d just caught her doing the same. The question was whether he was all talk, or whether he might actually try to push for the next level. Still of two minds about that, she couldn’t help but think about something she’d daydreamed about for years.

One of her strongest and most enduring fantasies was having sex in public – and more specifically – outdoors at night. It ran the gamut from romantic lovemaking to down and dirty, depending upon her mood at the time, but it had always been there. She’d tried to coax her ex-husband into fulfilling it once, but he’d balked even after she took her top off.

Jake was tapping into it something fierce, considering the setting.

With both lines baited, she turned to sit the tub of nightcrawlers down and saw him looking at her and grinning. Her shorts were a great deal tighter than his, and he was making almost no effort to hide that he was checking out her ass.

A shiver running up her spine, she cast her lines again. He’d moved even closer to her chosen spot when she turned back around. His shirt was still laying spread out in the grass, and he was still grinning. Her heart started to patter.

He handed her the wipes when she sat down and asked, “Ever landed one that big before?”

“Once,” she answered as she washed up. “Three or four pretty close over the years.”

“You know how to handle a pole, that’s for sure. Most girls I’ve known have just been fumbling around trying to get it right.”

Already suspicious that his earlier question had a double meaning, his tone and expression left little

doubt that he wasn't really talking about fishing this time. Caught up in the moment, she said, "Well, it takes experience."

"You could probably teach me a thing or two."

"You're probably right about that," she said as arousal surged within her from the banter, the sight of him, and his eyes unmistakably devouring her. As wrong as it was, the thought that he was her bitchy manager's son was making her even hotter. Then her eyes wandered below his washboard abs and she saw the bulge in his shorts.

I shouldn't do this. This is such a bad idea. But, god! No matter the warning voice in her head, she'd reached a boiling point. Desire overcoming her, she said what had popped into her head the moment she saw his erection.

"So, are you planning to camp right here tonight?"

His brow furrowed and he said, "Huh?"

"Well, you're pitching a tent," she clarified while looking down at his manhood, and then up into his eyes to fix him with a sultry grin.

His eyes lit up and his smile turned just as naughty as hers. "Sleeps two."

"Is that so? I'm not sure about that."

"You could always see for yourself."

Putting a hand on her hip, she fixed him with a hard stare. "Well, you're cocky all of the sudden."

He winced. "Uh..."

She couldn't maintain her stern gaze any longer after that. "I was just playing."

He tried to hide it, but she could hear the disappointment in his voice when he said, "Yeah, I was just goofing around."

"I hope not." She reached over and ran a fingertip up his leg from his knee to his thigh. "I meant I was just playing when I called you *cocky*."

His eyes lit up, a far cry from the earlier confidence he'd exhibited. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," she mimed as her finger continued its journey up to the bulge in his shorts. "Oh my," she whispered as it throbbed beneath her finger and he let out a grunt.

Between her ultimate fantasy coming to life, his youth, and the dirty pleasure of who he was, Nicole was hotter than she'd ever been in her entire life. She knew she had to be soaking her panties as she grabbed the waistband of his shorts between her finger and thumb, tugging in little circles to tease him. Putting a hand on his chest – and shivering from the feeling of his hard muscles – she pushed.

He laid back at the silent instruction, and as soon as his back settled into the shin-high grass, she pulled his shorts down. He lifted his butt as she tugged, and his cock sprang free.

"Mmm hmm," she moaned as she wrapped her hands around it. His cock wasn't the biggest she'd ever seen, but it filled her hand nicely as she stroked it.

"Ah fuck," he groaned as she gave a few short strokes of her hand. "Let me see your tits."

Stroking him a little faster, she asked, "What's the magic word?"

"*Please* let me see your tits," he amended.

"Much better."

Rising up onto her knees, Nicole licked her lips, crossed her arms, and reached for the tail of her top. He kept his eyes locked on her while kicking off his shoes and wriggling the rest of the way out of his shorts. She tugged the cloth up slowly while swaying back and forth, revealing just her tummy at first.

"God, you're fucking hot," he said as he watched her and gave his cock a squeeze.

"Mmm, so are you. Play with it for me."

He stroked his hand up and down his erection, pumping it a little faster when she tugged her top higher, revealing the bottom of her bra. Then she straightened her elbows and pulled the top the rest of the way over her head. A coquettish grin decorated her face as she negligently tossed the garment into the grass.

Feeling incredibly sexy, stripping in the moonlight while kneeling over a man half her age who was stroking his cock for her, she reached behind her back and popped open the clasp to her bra.

“Oh yeah. Take it off.” He gave his manhood a couple of strokes before he added, “Please.”

Down came one strap off her shoulder, and then the other, leaving her bra barely clinging to her body. A tug on the material between her breasts tipped that balance, letting the bra slide down her arms and onto the ground below.

“You like them?”

“Hell yeah.”

She cupped her breasts, pushing them together while still swaying sinuously, and shivered as a breeze washed over the naked globes. She could see a drop of pre-cum glistening on the head of his cock as he continued to stroke it for her hungry eyes. Releasing her breasts, she let her fingers slide down her body and slipped them beneath the waistband of her shorts.

“You want to see more?”

“Please.”

“You learn fast,” she said as she stood up to hold out a foot over his chest.

He picked up on the signal and uncurled his fingers from around his erection to untie her shoe, which he then slipped off. Her sock followed, and before he released her ankle, he kissed the tips of her middle toes.

“Mmm hmm. I like that,” she said as chills shot through her from the touch of his lips.

She switched feet when he let her ankle go, and he repeated the process, once again kissing her toes while looking up into her eyes. Once her foot settled in the grass, she pushed down on her shorts just enough to reveal the top of her panties, then turned in a hip-swiveling dance to face away from him.

Looking back over her shoulder at him, she pushed down on the back of her shorts, bending to thrust her bottom out at the same time. The thong she wore hid little as she let her shorts slither down her legs to pool at her ankles. A couple of quick steps freed her legs, and she turned slowly back to face him, sliding her fingers between her legs.

Her earlier assumption proved true as both her fingers and the breeze washing over her confirmed

that her panties were damp. She hadn’t given her inner exhibitionist such free rein since college, and it was incredibly exhilarating – especially in light of the rapt attention of her primary audience. The danger of someone else seeing only heightened her excitement as she knelt down again.

Jake groaned as she let her nipples glide along his chest while crawling over him. When she pressed her lips to his, her breath caught in her chest from the combination of his hungry kiss and both hands squeezing her breasts together.

Lifting one knee, she quickly crossed it over his body to straddle him. Sinking down against his muscular chest caused her to pull away from his lips and gasp before seeking them out again. His hard young cock tap-tapped on her bottom as their tongues wrangled.

She needed only to push up on her arms and rock forward for him to understand what she wanted. His lips wrapped around her right nipple, and she moaned in bliss.

“Fuck, I love your tits,” he hurriedly said a few seconds later when he switched nipples.

“Oh, and I love your lips,” she breathlessly responded.

As true as that was, she was aching for more. She straightened her elbows, but his lips held on tenaciously until her nipple slipped free with a wet pop. She rose up over her knees, reaching for her panties.

“Turn around. Let me.”

Letting out a moan, she stood just long enough to turn around and drop onto her hands and knees with her bottom over his chest. His cock twitched up from his body right in front of her as his hands glided over her bare buttocks, and then squeezed.

“Oh, that ass,” he said, and then she saw his leg muscles tense.

Nicole gasped as he sat up to kiss each cheek in turn. She heard his back thump back down, and his fingers slipped beneath the elastic band of her panties.

He pulled her panties down slowly, revealing what little they hid inch by inch. Once they were stretched taut between her thighs, she gave a little wiggle, and he responded with an aroused chuckle. She straightened her legs, letting him continue to pull her panties down, and managed to kick her left foot out when they reached her ankles.

He didn’t give her a chance to free the other one.

Nicole trapped the squeal bubbling up from her throat as his powerful hands pulled her down. She trembled as his tongue slithered over her folds. Anything he lacked in skill, he certainly made up for with enthusiasm, and she was in such a state of heightened arousal that it wasn’t going to take much.

Jake held her against his face, licking and slurping her pussy at a ferocious pace. Unable to resist it any longer, she wrapped her fingers around his cock bobbing in front of her. She was able to reach it with the tip of her tongue, and the growl he let out when she tongued the head rumbled through her folds, which were trapped between his lips. The angle was awkward, and stretching to reach him with her tongue pulled her away from his wonderful mouth, so she settled for stroking the throbbing organ and admiring it instead.

Hips gyrating over him, Nicole soared ever closer to a peak by the moment. Yet, at the same time she felt a growing ache deep inside her. She needed more than just his tongue, and she needed it *now*.

The words tumbled from her lips in a high-pitched plea. “I need you inside me.”

He didn’t relent in the slightest, and gave no indication at all that he’d heard her.

“*Please.* I need your cock inside me.”

His grip on her relaxed, and she could feel his breath washing over her tingling sex when he said, “Ah yeah.”

Nicole pulled her knees under her, and in two quick hops driven by need, she hovered over his cock. Not wasting a second, she reached down and stood the hard organ straight up. She loved the deep penetrative feeling of riding a man while facing away from him. A wiggle against her slippery nether lips positioned him at the entrance of her canal, and she sank down.

A warbling groan escaped her as his hard cock filled her full. He growled once fully enveloped in her hot, wet depths, and reached out to curl his fingers around her waist.

Her throat tight and voice low, she exclaimed, “God, your cock feels good.”

“Oh, that pussy’s tight.” He bucked his hips, stirring the throbbing shaft inside her.

“So hard. So big. So good.”

“Ride it. Fuck yeah.”

Nicole gasped at those words and started rocking her hips. She tilted her head back, whimpering to the star-filled sky above from how well his cock filled her. Bathed in moonlight, amidst the lapping of the lake and the chirps of crickets, she surrendered fully to the fantasy, so long awaiting fulfillment.

One of her bells started jingling, but it went completely ignored.

Overwhelmed by the pure, naughty thrill of what she was doing, Nicole rode him like a woman possessed. She bounced, ground, and rocked on his stiff, throbbing organ, alternately rubbing and slapping her clit. Despite the night air, sweat soon beaded on her flushed skin. It dripped from the tip of her nose, and droplets flew this way and that from her bouncing breasts.

“Holy fuck,” Jake growled, apparently surprised by her reckless abandon. His hands rested lightly on her hips, often sliding on her sweat dampened skin.

Unable to form a single, recognizable word, she let her pleasure spill out in whimpers and stifled yelps. Her ass smacked against him with loud claps as the chilly tingles behind her mound transformed into electric pulses shooting all through her sex. Her climax built until the pressure was almost painful, leaving her teetering on the cusp of oblivion and silently begging for release.

Then it crashed through her with the unstoppable power of a tidal wave.

The first shockwave stole her senses and closed her throat, holding back a scream of orgasmic bliss that surely would have awakened people far and wide. When the white-hot wave faded, she dimly realized she had fallen forward onto trembling arms before another explosion of beautiful agony claimed her.

In the midst of it, Jake’s fingers gripped her hips tight, and he started thrusting up into her.

On and on it went, until her vision was going dark with dancing spots. She just kept coming, not sure if the relentless, unbelievable orgasm was ever going to let her go.

Gasping desperately for breath, she eventually drifted back to earth. Her forehead and arms both rested on the ground, her ass still high in the air above him. He’d slipped free from her at some point, and she could feel the wind kissing her dripping pussy while his hands caressed her ass.

“God *damn*,” he muttered, and then quietly laughed. “Thought you were going to break it off, and then thought you were going to pinch it off. *Fuck*.”

She heard him through the sound of her heartbeat pounding in her ears, but still couldn't do more than hyperventilate and squeak as aftershocks rippled through her, making her tremble and twitch.

"You okay?"

Lifting a weak hand, she pointed toward her bag. "Wat... Water."

He wiggled and scooted until he was out from under her, and she let her knees slide until she was lying prone in the grass. Finally catching her breath, she nearly lost it again when he turned back from digging in her bag and she saw that he was still hard. As much as she'd felt dripping, she assumed he'd come inside her. Apparently, she was just that wet.

He squatted down beside her, pussy-slick cock bouncing, and held out the water. Something between a whimper and a groan passed her lips, and she rolled over onto her back after one false start. Sitting up proved more difficult.

Jake braced a knee on the ground and held out a hand. "Here. Let me help."

When she took his hand, a bunching of his muscles easily pulled her up. She accepted the water and sipped slowly at first, only drinking as much as her parched throat was really demanding when she was sure it wasn't going to make her cough.

Sighing as she put the cap back on the bottle, she noticed that he was looking around. Worried, she asked, "Was I too loud?"

"Just a couple of yelps," he answered, smiling down at her. Looked like you wanted to scream, though."

"God, yes. At least, I think I did. All I can really remember is coming until I couldn't see straight."

"Fucking awesome. Wish I could have seen more than your ass and back – not that I'm complaining."

The bell that had started ringing as she rode his cock let out another jingle. Apparently, the fish was catching a second wind and trying to escape again. "Can you get that for me?"

"Yeah, I guess." He reached for his shorts.

"Leave them off," she purred.

“Oh man. Seriously?”

The sight of his strong young body and hard cock was starting to make her tingle again. “Mmm hmm. I’ll make it worth your while.”

“Yeah?”

“Oh yeah.”

She giggled as he walked in a crouch over to her pole and started reeling, his eyes roaming the horizon for any sign of someone looking. He cranked quickly on the reel and then swung the rod around once the fish reached the bank. It didn’t take him long to string the fish up and slip her catch back into the water.

“Just leave it there and come here,” she said when he pointed at the pole.

He grinned and walked toward her as she pinched one nipple. “A little nervous, huh?” she said, seeing that his erection had drooped.

“Yeah. I keep expecting the cops to show up any second.”

“It makes me *so hot*.” She licked her lips and said, “Let me help you with that.”

He was already rising when he stepped up in front of her, but she leaned in to tongue his balls anyway. Then she gave the hardening shaft a slow, broad-tongued lap all the way to the tip, and slurped it between her lips.

Jake groaned and twined his fingers in her hair as she sucked him. The tang of her juices on his cock made her moan around him. When she let his fully erect cock slip free of her lips, she said, “Mmm, my pussy tastes good, doesn’t it?”

“Uh huh. So fucking hot when you talk dirty.”

“Oh?” She pushed the naughty boundaries a little farther and asked, “Did you like licking my Milf pussy?”

“Loved it.”

“Bet you want to spread my legs and shove that hard young cock inside me again, don’t you?” she asked while lying back in the grass.

“You know it.”

“Then do it.”

He dropped to his knees between her parting legs, pushing on her knees until she was spread wide open for him, before grabbing his cock by the tip.

“Give it to me. Give me that cock,” she encouraged him while parting her nether lips with the fingers of one hand.

His hardness rested against her folds for only a fraction of a second before sinking balls deep inside her.

“Oh, yes. Fuck me. Fuck my Milf pussy and make it come.”

His muscles rippled as he grunted, pumping his cock into her needy depths. Nicole rubbed her clit in fast circles, pressing down so it slipped along his shaft pounding into her. Her breasts jiggled from the power of his fast-pumping cock, the claps of their colliding flesh echoing back from across the lake. He pushed her knees harder after a few strokes and let out an excited growl.

“That’s it. Take me. Fuck me hard.”

“God damn – yeah,” he growled. “Yeah, that pussy’s good.”

“Mmm hmm. Squeezing that big cock.”

“So tight.”

“You want it to come all over you, don’t you?”

“Fuck yeah.”

“Faster. Harder.”

Even though she’d just asked for it, the power behind his next thrust made her draw in a whiny sounding gasp, and it didn’t stop there. He ravaged her body with all the strength and vigor his young

body had to offer.

A louder growl burst from his lips and he said, “Come for me,” never slowing.

Voice broken by the rapid pounding of his cock, she said, “Just like t-that. F-fuck m-me.”

In only a pair of minutes, they were both dripping with sweat. It was all Nicole could do to keep from yelping her ecstasy at the top of her lungs. Her fingers flashed over her clit, helping to push her toward another towering peak. She snapped an arm beneath her breasts, which were bouncing so much that they were distracting her with the discomfort. He showed stamina she wasn’t really expecting from someone so young, not yet faltering at all as an indication he was about to come.

She was a different story.

“So close. Going to come.”

“Do it,” he growled from between clenched teeth.

“Come so hard. Don’t stop,” she managed to push out between the involuntary sounds of her building climax.

Almost too loud, he repeated, “Do it.”

“I’m... Ohh! Yes!” At the last second, as her orgasm claimed her, she had the presence of mind to press her lips tightly together, stifling a long, high-pitched scream of ecstasy.

“Fuck y-y-yeah,” Jake exclaimed as he continued to assault her clenching, climaxing pussy.

Her head lashing in the grass, Nicole’s legs pushed back hard against his hands, trying to straighten and flail about, but he held her fast. Every thrust caused her orgasm to surge. As before, her orgasm was so powerful that her vision dimmed under its assault.

He jerked free of her without warning, and she lost control of her lips, yelping from the sudden sensation. Before she could process the sudden void in her depths, a hard jet of semen spattered on her breasts.

She managed to focus enough to see him squeezing his cock above her before the next spurt hit her cheek and ear. The next hot ejaculation decorated her chin and lips. He groaned, spattering her with his hot, potent seed from her upper lip down to her belly button. As her orgasm eased its grip, a last

half-spurt, half-dribble landed on her tummy, just above her mound.

Jake sat down hard, allowing her legs to fall limp. They both panted for breath as they dripped with sweat, ever so slowly coming down from the heights of pleasure.

Two bells started ringing, unheeded.

As wrong as it was, she couldn’t fight off a second source of euphoria. She just knew that somewhere, her manager was probably having nightmares, and deserved each and every moment of it. Every time the woman got on her nerves from this point on, she knew she’d see Jake groaning and spraying cum all over her in her mind’s eye.

Staring up at the sky and quivering from the most wonderful orgasms of her life, Nicole ran her fingers through his cream covering her and smiled.

Tonight’s fishing trip had *definitely* landed her a whopper.