It had to be

By alexcarr

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Angela was pregnant and the truth had to come out

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Jenny was the co-owner, along with her husband Jerry, of the Bize newsagents and grocer store on the corner of Strutton street.

It was an up and coming business and just six months after opening the couple took on a part time assistant called Angela. And now, a year on, Angela seemed part of the furniture.

At the rear of the shop was the store and the astute Angela began to put two and two together when, each time a delivery was made, Jenny seemed to spend ages in the store chatting up the delivery driver she called Jo.

In fact at times it got annoying because often there was a long queue of customers anxiously waiting to be served, but the problem was Jenny was her boss and it wasn't for her to tell her to get a move on.

But it came to the point that on one occasion a couple of guys started to complain bitterly about having to wait, so she did a runner to the back of the shop - knowing that she should never leave the till unattended - but such was the urgency of the matter.

She soon discovered that no way was her boss ready to help her serve in the mode in which she was already serving Jo the delivery driver.

Having already seen the couple in deep union she pretended she had not and closed the door just enough to leave a gap, then shouted through that things were getting tense in the shop.

Sat on the edge of an old settee Jenny tried to push Jo away saying she'd better get back to help Angela, but Jo was so well committed that no way was he going to stop his action until he'd reached his Waterloo, so he carried on pumping regardless.

It was Jenny who had set him up with all her French kissing and her bunching his bulge from the

start. He knew he was onto a good thing and often he called by pretending he had a delivery, when the only real delivery was the parcel inside his jeans, awaiting collection.

Jenny of course knew this and encouraged him in every way, he was some catch and just what the doctor ordered. With hubby busy in the office above the shop she knew his habits and how he would hardly ever appear downstairs, so given a good assistant in Angela, she could partake in a few special quickie delights with her very own toy boy.

“You saw us Angela didn’t you?" Jenny asked on her return to the shop after the queue had dispersed, looking very flushed. “Mum’s the word okay?, it’ll be our little secret.”

Angela smiled. She’d been put in rather an awkward position but, for reasons of her own, it made her feel better.“Of course, Jenny, he is a hunk, almost young enough to be your son,” she ventured, but Jenny took it in good heart.

“Well I need some escape from that old man of mine. He is useless and I have forgotten the last time he rose to the occasion.”

Angela knew the reason why Jerry was having her at least twice a week. Like when she’d finish her morning shift leaving Jenny to take over, she’d say goodbye, go out of the front entrance and walk around to the back, up the stairs leading to the flat above, and there was the randy Jerry waiting.

And now that she knew about Jenny cheating as well she felt much better and really let herself go with the guy old enough to be her father.

He was for Angela the most wonderful guy in the world. Jerry, enjoying a new uninhibited Angela, not knowing why the sudden change, enjoyed her to the full in every way. He initiated the young girl into the learning curve of sexuality at its best and, if he was not busy orally between her tender young thighs, he was enjoying the satisfaction of having showed Angela the rudiments of deep quality oral stimulation and penetration, such as she’d never encountered with her former boy friend.

When Jerry had her, he had her full circle, and afterwards they enjoyed the serene comfort of the post fuck experience.

So all went well until one day it had to happen. The shelves collapsed in the store at the back of the shop when the very passionate Jenny and her toy boy were doing something extraordinary, not realising the thin structures could not take the strain.

Consequently the noise brought Jerry to the fore and he caught both his wife and Jo in their nuddies

struggling to free themselves from the collapsed shelving.It was some relief for Jenny that Jerry’s reaction was an absolute roar of unadulterated laughter.

His wife spent three weeks in hospital nursing several breaks, but hubby was having lots of hay days with sweet Angela and temporarily, nights too, whilst Jenny was away.

The outcome of all that was, like with Jenny and Jo who were well and truly caught at it, so also in time were Jerry and Angela.

Just out of hospital Jenny was too.

Angela was pregnant and the truth had to come out.

Well Jerry always wanted a son, that’s why he could no longer perform with his wife once the marriage had set in. No matter how they tried she could not conceive and the doctor said she was sterile.

Yet after all that, Angela still worked for the couple.

They worked it out and decided on a threesome and they’d live together. Just as long as Jenny could still have her toy boy.

And oddly she didn’t want him in the comfort of the flat or anything like that, insisting that the thrill of it all was the element of being the naughty woman in their secret rendezvous - it worked for her and for Jo. So he still continued making a delivery most every day, when the need was just twice a week.