Mark's Lucky Streak : Chapter 1

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16-year-old Mark gets lucky on a hot summer's day.

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This is first chapter in my erotica series: Mark's Lucky Streak! (As published under a previous name, oogleking.) As it is my first work, please keep your criticisms constructive, and enjoy! Ideas for part two -a work in progress- would be greatly appreciated either via comment or direct message.

Bored. Mark was, to say the least, bored. He'd spent the majority of his summer playing video games in his room, - or "The Cave" as his mother had grown to call it - jacking off, working out, trying to get ass around his city, jacking off and hanging out with his best friend Caleb. So, when he constantly complained of boredom, his mother's and Caleb's confusion was appalling. You can imagine, when Caleb ran into his room screaming unintelligibly about something on that musky august day, Mark was intrigued.

"Dude! This is unbelievable! Big opportunity, hurry your ass up and follow me!" Mark obliged, because in his state anything would be better than X-box and porn.

"What's the deal?" He asked, already excited for some change in the monotony.

"Just come with me and watch!"

They were about five blocks away from Mark's house when Caleb crossed the street, and jogged through the bushes of a large imposing house whose occupants Mark had never met. Well, that wasn't true, his last girlfriend Melanie had lived there until her dad got a job cross-country and packed up the whole family. Mark hadn't wanted to go near the place again, and the new owners hadn't asserted themselves in the neighborhood.

"Dude, what are we doing at Melanie's old house?" He asked, not offended, but confused.

"Okay, okay, this is kind of weird, but I was walking Danny through the alley, and I saw something AWESOME. Here, just follow me, and you can thank me later."

Mark walked through the bushes, thrown off by the new fence that the owners had installed. It was strangely tall, about seven feet off the ground, and had no gaps. However, the sounds that came to his ears made him forget. It sounded like someone was getting fucked, and loving it. Being a sixteen-year-old guy, the blood started pumping towards his dick. He tried to ignore it since his shorts were very flimsy, and he had sadly chosen today to go commando. An erection could be very awkward, but those moans wouldn't quit, and Mark wanted to see what was happening.

"Okay, okay, come over here, but before you look, how cool am I?"

Caleb gestured towards a small knot hole in the wooden panels, and Mark took a peak. His dick shot up in his pants. There was a woman -she looked to be about thirty-five, black hair, and small but very perky tits- and she was writhing in pleasure at her own hands. She had a pink dildo halfway in her pussy in one hand, while the other tweaked her left nipple. As she continued, she slowly arched her back on the lawn chair that supported her, clearly nearing her climax.

"Dude! Move over!" Caleb whispered as he shoved Mark to the side to get a clear view of the woman. Mark fell, right into the tall bush that was shielding the two from the public eye. Shit, these things can make a lot of noise, thought Mark, as Caleb turned, horror struck.

"Who's there?!" The obviously disappointed temptress called, and as Caleb began to run, Mark could hear the unlatching of the back gate, some twenty feet down the fence.

Mark stood - well, attempted to stand, but the waistband of his shorts was caught in the low-hanging branches of the plant. Just then, the peeved beauty opened the gate and stepped out, now wearing a white bath robe that she had clearly discarded earlier. Her eyes met his.

"What were you doing?! Staring at me on my private property, you fucking pervert!"

Mark panicked, he attempted to stand, but only succeeded at tangling his shorts further in the bush. Did the branches get caught in my pocket or something? Thought Mark, and his mind pulled a blank. He stammered, then just started wriggling violently, attempting to free himself from both the bush and major embarrassment. All the while, Mark couldn't help but notice that the woman's bath robe had slipped while she stalked towards him: He had a full view of her still-parted pussy lips as she stood over him menacingly.

"Well? What do you have to say for yourself?" She inquired, looking him over, Mark thought he saw her eyes rest on his crotch, but he chalked that up to his own horny brain.

Just as the woman came to a stop right in front of him, Mark gave an almighty wrench, and was freed

from the bush! Or so he thought for a scant moment, before he felt a slight breeze. He looked down to see that his shorts hadn't been untangled, he'd just stepped out of them; revealing his swollen, sweaty, 8-inch cock to this total stranger. It was still hard - whether from watching this beauty pound her pussy with a dildo or the adrenaline rush that had brought him to his feet, Mark would never know - and the woman gasped. She caught his eye for the second time, and Mark watched as her eyes traveled from his handsome face - framed in his short brown hair and accentuated by his strikingly green eyes - down to his chest, still masked in his sweat-stained shirt, then they stopped directly on his cock.

Oh god, please please deliver me from this. Mark had a silent prayer before the unbelievable happened. The woman - who Mark could see, now that he was closer, was strikingly beautiful, with chestnut eyes, a thin nose and full, thick lips- reached her manicured hand forwards, and lightly brushed it over the purple head of Mark's member.

"Now, now, now." She chided, with each 'now' she tapped the increasingly swollen head of Mark's dick. "What have we here? A neighborhood pervert, I see."

"No, ma'am! You see, this is all a big misunderstanding! My idiot friend was the pervert, he brought me here and I didn't know what was going to ha-"

"What friend?" She interrupted, "All I see is one guilty pervert with the wood to prove it." With that, she wrapped the tips of her fingers around the tip of his dick, and squeezed lightly.

Oh god, I take it back. Mark thought, although he was incredibly embarrassed. And while the fingers of this stranger felt amazing on his cock head, which was now starting to leak a small stream of pre-cum, Mark couldn't help but back away slightly. He had completely forgotten that he had no shorts, no underwear, and that this woman had seen his face.

"Where are you going?" She asked, not accusingly, but playfully, gripping the length of Mark's rod and pulling him back by the base. "I don't think the police would like to hear that I've seen a peeping tom in my yard. Not to mention, I think you'd be fairly easy to describe: Tall, handsome, muscled," with this she reached up his shirt and felt his abs, slowly trailing her finger back down to his cock, placing a warm hand on his balls and squeezing them. "gifted," Mark, whose eyes had been closed, felt another squeeze on his cock, as the stranger slowly started stroking, up and down. "and buck naked." She giggled at the last word, and Mark couldn't help but laugh along with her: This woman was nothing short of enchanting.

"Is there anything I can do?" Mark pleaded, one half of him thinking that he could just push her over, grab his mangled shorts and run, while the other was considering pushing her robe off her shoulders and fucking her right up against the fence. "Anything at all, that would make you reconsider? I really can't get in trouble." This was true, as Mark had been busted with pot on one occasion, liquor another, and wasn't about to let this be his third strike.

"Hmm, let me think." She placed a finger on her chin, feigning serious thought as her brow furrowed. "What use could I have for a young stud such as yourself, when I've already got myself a dildo?" She withdrew her hand from her chin, and reached into the pocket of her robe, taking out the large pink dildo that Mark had seen her so expertly use what seemed like a lifetime ago.

"I will literally do anything!" Mark choked out, speaking was becoming harder as the speed of her stroking slowly increased, and she began to spread his pre-cum around using the head of the dildo - which, as Mark could see, was still coated in some of her juices.

"Oh?" She inquired, still speeding up her strokes until she was completely jerking him off, not the playful touches she had started with. Mark moaned, relaxing his stance and posture, allowing this goddess to bring him closer to the edge. "Well, if you'll do *anything*, then I think I can reconsider."

She led him, by the base of his cock, - which was very swollen and pulsing now, angry that it had not been appeased when she stopped stroking - through the path, back to the gate. As she walked into the back yard, Mark could see that this woman was clearly of exceptional taste. She had removed the corny garden gnomes that Melanie's parents had haphazardly tossed in corners of the yard, and replaced them with exotic plants and flowers. Mark was caught in the beauty of the transformed landscape, and was not even aware when the woman released his prick and slowly walked over to her lawn chair, collecting the lube and various sex toys strewn about, and placing them, along with the pink dildo into a black bag and slinging it over her shoulder.

"Come along," she laughed, reveling at the mesmerized look on Mark's face as he inspected the yard. "you have work to do."

Mark snapped out of it, and ran right up behind her, flexing his cock so it stood at attention, clearly begging to be held again. She giggled at the sight, but understood the message. With one swift motion she changed the bag to her other shoulder, grabbed his engorged cock, and started walking towards the sliding glass door into the house. Mark followed - led by his libido and not his brain - without complaint. As he entered the house, Mark did not fail to see how different it truly was since he had spent his younger teen years sneaking out of it with Melanie. This stranger clearly had a very nice standard of living, but Mark was lost for the feeling in his prick as she slowly slid her hand up to the tip, twisting as she went.

As she led him up the stairs, Mark was focusing on keeping his load as his dick bumped her ass on every step, the smooth fabric of her robe making him moan in pleasure.

"Ah, ah, ah, not so fast! Save that for later." She breathed as they reached the top of the stairs, and she took a left turn.

He has been hoping against it, but Mark didn't care as she led him to what was once Melanie's room. It didn't even matter, as the space was completely different, and Melanie's meager twin was replaced by a king-sized monument to sex. As the woman bent over to remove her sandals, Mark received a very nice view of her round ass through her robe, and his rod nearly fell off as she slipped out of her robe and let it fall to the ground.

She was truly something: Her ass was better than his brief impression led him to believe, with round, full cheeks and he could see her pussy lips through her legs. She turned, giving him a full view of her small slit, with a light wisp of well-trimmed hair right above it. His eyes devoured her, rising to her flat stomach, then to her beautiful breasts. They were pale, with perfectly round shape and topped with small, pert nipples.

"Are you going to stare at me, or come over here and ravish me?"

Mark was broken from his spell, and quickly stripped off his shirt, walking towards her as he did. Before she could instruct him further, Mark grabbed her by the waist and pulled her into a passionate, deep kiss. His tongue explored her mouth, only to be expertly met with her own. As the kiss progressed, Mark slowly ran his hands down her waist, then he grabbed a handful of her ass with each hand, and lifted her from the ground.

He was about to shove his pulsing cock straight into her pussy and fuck her into oblivion, when she interrupted him.

"Not so fast, there, I want you to really work for your freedom. Set me down," she instructed, and Mark obliged, somewhat deterred. She walked towards the bed, wagging her ass at him as she walked, teasing him. She crawled on to the comforter, giving him an awe-inspiring view of her ass and pussy, and turned, propping herself up with her hands and leaning back. "Come over here and eat my pussy" she breathed, and Mark wasted no time in reply. He almost ran head first to her, laying down in front of her on his stomach and using his elbows to level his face to her waiting lips.

First he kissed the hair right above her mound, slowly making his way around and down to her thighs, giving them each equal attention. She shivered as he changed his path to suddenly shove his

face right into her. He breathed in the scent of her, and slowly stuck his tongue out, probing her lips from side to side. He then tickled her clit with his tongue, in an attempt to put some of the power back on his side, teasing her to no end. She moaned as he circled the sensitive nub with the tip of his tongue, and gasped as he suddenly punched his tongue into her. He found himself delving as deep as he could go into the depths of her sex.

As he fucked her with his tongue, Mark slowly raised his hand and used two fingers to part her lips, giving him better access. Soon, he was finger-deep in her, making her writhe as he felt his way towards her core. She leaned back, inviting his other hand to probe slowly down to her tight ass. He circled it with his finger, then, as he shoved his tongue into her pussy as deep as it would go, he pushed his now wet finger into her ass.

"Very good," she breathed, barely able to speak above a whisper she was in such pleasure. "You've clearly done this before."

He nodded in assent, moving his tongue up to her clit again as he did. He increased the pace of his fingering, and soon pushed a second into her pussy. As he increased the speed even more, she began to breathe faster, and he anticipated her impending orgasm. As she slowly arched her back, rising another couple of inches off the bed, Mark slammed his fingers into her hard; two in her pussy and one in her tight asshole. She screamed in pleasure, and her pussy and ass began to pulse and squeeze around his fingers. He increased his pace twofold, making her orgasm much more powerful. Within milliseconds her juices erupted forth, covering his face as he continued to finger-fuck her. After what seemed like minutes, she came down, and her breathing slowed as the last vestiges of her orgasm left her.

"Alright, you did very good. But I want to get a taste of that huge cock!"

She pounced, rolling him over and placing her pussy right above his face as she neared his eight inches of pulsating meat. She licked the tip, swallowing the copious amounts of pre-cum that welcomed her contact, and started to circle his cock-head with her tongue. He moaned into her pussy, once again entering her with his tongue. Then, all of a sudden, she raised her head above his dick and swallowed it in one go. Mark was dumbstruck: Melanie had tried and failed to get his entire dick into her mouth, and this goddess had just taken it like nothing. She went all the way down until her nose caressed his balls, and released it just as easily. He groaned as she began to pump up and down his throbbing cock, swirling her tongue around the tip every time she reached the top .

Mark groaned. He had been hard for so long, and was all-too-ready to give it up and pump his load down this beautiful stranger's throat. She sensed this as he started breathing faster and thrusting upwards, fucking her face. Just as his balls tightened and Mark began to groan, she released his

cock, and let it slap up to his stomach.

"Like I said, not so fast!" She scolded, and got off of him, turned, then straddled him as he slid further up the bed. She rose up, positioned the head of his cock at her opening, and lowered herself down upon him. Mark started to thrust into her as his cock was only half-way in, but she placed her hands on his chest to stop him. "Just relax, you've worked enough, leave this to me." She cooed as he laid back and let her get to it. She slowly pumped down, until their crotches met and her clitoris rubbed into his pubes.

She began to ride him then, pumping up and down on his massive rod as he enjoyed the sensations of a total stranger.

"I never asked you... What's your name?" She frowned at him upon this question, although she did not stop her riding of his cock.

"Shh, skip names, and all that other bullshit," she trilled, the pitch of her voice rising as she reached climax. "this can be anonymous, if you want it to last the summer." Upon the thought of fucking this woman for the rest of the summer, Mark began to thrust into her with vigor. This time she did not object, letting him work her pussy in quick, short thrusts.

She came first, her pussy clenching down upon his rod as she moaned. The pulsing feeling he received was enough to set him over the edge, and Mark finally let go. After all this time, his balls were heavy and his orgasm was astronomical. His dick pulsed several times with the magnitude of it, and he soon shot several huge loads deep into her waiting depths. Wave after wave of jizz filled her, and was soon overflowing as he continued to thrust into her. She collapsed on top of him in exhaustion, and rested there for a few minutes, basking in the afterglow of their release.

"That." He breathed into her ear after he kissed his way up her neck. "Was the best fuck I have ever had."

"You're not so bad yourself" she smiled.

Some time later - after a quick shower that involved a lot of caressing and some communal washing - Mark was sitting on her couch in the living room with a cold glass of water, simply breathing and remembering everything that had just occurred. His cock jumped at the thought, which was surprising since it had been so thoroughly drained; once in the bed and another in the shower. She walked in, this time in a purple plush robe that concealed her body, more for comfort than looks. She led him to the front door, and he kissed her deeply and felt her ass while she gave his cock a quick squeeze through the sweatpants that she had borrowed him. He intended to return them as soon as tomorrow

so that he might have an excuse to be there.

As Mark walked down the block, he thought of what was to come later this summer, and how everything leading up to it- the boredom, the jerking, everything- was worth it. *Shit did I just get lucky*, he thought, *and I've got something to tell Caleb!*