

Moving Teresa

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The fun starts after helping her move apartments.

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Moving Teresa

Teresa, a co-worker of mine, asked me to help her move. She's 30ish, divorced, with a daughter, and cute as hell. That Friday, we rode the bus to her place in North Seattle. The bus was mostly empty, and the trip lasted about an hour. We sat across from one another.

I read, and when I had the chance, glanced at her. She wore a lime-green light flannel shirt with small flowers, and a pair of jeans. A little drab. She should have tried a little harder. She has a pretty face. At 5-4", she's generally skinny and round in places like her thighs and a little in the stomach. Her ass filled out nicely. Her light brown hair reached the top of her bottom.

We got off the bus and walked side by side. It was about six o'clock, late in the summer. The sun was still out and the air was warm.

"So, why did you move to Seattle?" She was from Kentucky.

"I always wanted to live in a big city," she said in her twangy accent. "Small towns don't treat divorced women very well."

"Met many people?"

She shook her head.

"It's a full-time job taking care of a daughter by yourself. Friends become less important."

“I’ll take your word for that.”

She smiled and lowered her head. The sun reflected on her smooth hair.

Her place was a guest-house in the back of a worn down lot. I greeted her daughter, and got down to work. We did good time loading the station wagon. Teresa was moving into the back of an apartment house in a nicer part of town. We made runs back and forth, loading and unloading, stacking boxes in the new place

It was hard work, like moving always is. I enjoyed watching her grunt and huff, as she carried boxes too heavy for her. Her face reddened, and her forehead got damp from sweat. She worked as hard as me. Occasionally, I glimpsed an ass crack or belly, as her pants shifted below her hips. When she walked away, I took in the rhythmic bounce of her well developed ass.

After a few hours, she went off with her daughter to get some pizza. Payment for the work.

“You should stay here and relax. We’ll be right back.”

Birds were flying, people were walking their dogs. You could hear kids playing in the neighborhood. I lit up a cigarette and waited on the cement steps in the back.

I thought about her ass, and how cute she was. Shame about the kid. She interfered with my fantasies. Maybe her dad took her on week-ends.

After half an hour, Teresa came back with a pizza box and a Pepsi 2-liter.

Teresa smiled. She seemed more relaxed.

Damn she was beautiful.

We went inside. We sat at a small table with a red and white checkered cloth. She put out some disposable plates and paper cups. We ate, exchanged some ‘thank yous’ and ‘any-times’. When we were half done, she noticed it was getting late. She excused herself and they went into the kid's bedroom.

The ‘mom’ came out minutes later. I told her I was ready to leave any time she wanted to kick me out. I kept eating.

“Mind if I do some laundry?” She asked. Work was never done, it appeared.

Her washing machine was in the split level below, past the kitchen. The rest of her apartment was down there.

"I like your new place better," I complimented her.

"Yeah. It's going to be better for us here."

She busied herself with the dryer. "I'm paying more, but it's a better school-- a better place to raise a kid."

I nodded.

She asked for a minute, and went in to check on her kid. On her way back, she stopped by the bathroom. She came out in a black tank top. Her small tits hung lower -- sexy without a bra. Her hair was pulled up.

I got up and stood by the door.

On her way to the other side of the kitchen table, she brushed her ass against me. I felt its firmness, and her warmth. I had a good whiff of her sweet musky sweat. Damn it.

"Want the pizza? I know where it's heading." She made a face and poked her thigh with her finger.

She was a few feet away from me, wrapping the stuff in aluminum.

"Thanks again for the help. I was kind of running out of time. Remind me not to pack so much," she said.

She walked by again. I stepped back to let her pass. Her ass still grazed me. And then she planted a kiss on my mouth. She had to leap for it. I dropped my hand down on the edge of a small shelf and almost tipped it over.

She put her hands on her hips. "How much do I have to grind on you, before you react?"

"A lot." I smiled.

I bent over and kissed her on the lips. I kept my face there. She moved her small mouth over mine. Her eyes were closed and she wrapped her arms around me.

I blurted out, "I'm not going anywhere, am I?"

"I think you may want to run." She looked at me with eager eyes.

She resumed kissing me, pecking at my mouth. I took her by her shoulders and moved my hands down to her wrists. I felt her shiver. She grabbed for my fingers. Her hands were small but not delicate. She moved mine to her back.

"You like that?" She guided me to her ass. "I see you peeking all the time. Like today on the bus." She gripped my hands firmly. I gritted my teeth and snickered.

She whispered into my ear, "Come on, touch it."

She opened my fingers and had me palming her jeans. She kept looking at me, like she knew she was going to end up getting fucked. Her eyes were eager. Her white teeth showed thru her small mouth.

I looked at her daughter's bedroom door.

"Don't worry about her. She's out."

She pushed me back onto the table. Her kissing was furious. She welcomed my tongue. She sucked it into her mouth, and she gave me hers.

My dick pulsed into full life. I stroked her ass.

"Damn," I blurted out.

She smiled at me. "Too much?"

"No," I said, but didn't believe it.

"Come over here."

She led me into the dark living room. There was a small two seater sofa, and the boxes I had helped move. We made a place next to some of her laundry. I fell back on the sofa. She fell on top of me, arms around me. She was lighter than I thought, but she still took me down. I smelled the fabric softener in the clothes next to me.

We held each other in the dark. Her breath warmed my face, my cock was hard. Her warm legs reminded me of what she had between them.

She clicked on a table lamp to take a better look and to let me enjoy what she was about to show. I moved forward and she took off my t-shirt.

She pulled away and grabbed her tank top cross-armed and yanked it over her head. Her hair jumped. The breasts bounced down. Small, pert, pink, with wide swollen buds, like vanilla wafers. Just like I had imagined.

She sat on my crotch, a proud look in her eyes. A conquest. She thrust her warm body forward, pleading me to suck her tits. I slurped one into my mouth. It was the softest, warmest, smoothest I had ever tasted. They were also very salty.

Her ass hovered over my crotch. I yearned for the pressure of her butt back on my cock.

She grabbed my head and kissed me.

We grabbed for each other and our naked chests rubbed together. My hairy chest pressed against her smooth skin.

I reached down and played with her jean buttons. She interrupted me.

“Wait,” she said.

She stood up, unbuttoned her pants, and turned away. She wanted to show me her ass. She tugged, struggled, and pulled down her jeans along with her purple cotton pantie. Her butt crack turned into delicious pounds of pink flesh. She paused. I took it in. She smiled.

She knew what she had and what she was doing to me.

The next part was surprising. She slowly turned around. She was hairier than hell. It was wonderful. Red curling hairs, bushy curls that swirled like some Van Gogh painting.

I looked in awe. Mouth wide open. She let out a laugh.

Next, she spread her legs to give me a fuller view. Her pink meaty pussy lips protruded through the field of curls. Her smile drove me crazy. What a beautiful cunt.

She fell on me, fully naked. I massaged, smoothed, mauled, pinched and man-handled her ass. I felt for shape, firmness, and smoothness. I closed my eyes and explored her curves and felt for the shape of her ass. I fingered her hairy bush. She gave me time.

Her skin goose-dimpled. She lifted herself on her hands and hovered. She breathed open-mouthed on my cheek. A tongue shot into my ear. I squirmed and turned to face her. We kissed and licked each others mouths.

“Come on,” she said.

Her fingers unbuttoned and pulled my pants down to my knees. I shook them off. I maneuvered my cock to her cunt. The hairs trapped my head. Her pussy came down, and I pushed into her, but it was no use. Fields of hair were in the way.

Her hands reached down. She smiled. With a quick gesture, my cock slipped in.

It was hot, wet and tight. I pushed in and out in smooth motions.

“I’m on the sponge, come inside of me,” she whispered.

She held me close, as I thrust into her. Soon, to my surprise, she came and shuddered.

She closed her eyes and put her face into my neck.

“Thank you.” She almost seemed to cry.

“Let it out,” I told her.

She whispered, “It's been too long.”

“It's O.K.”

After a few more minutes, I came inside of her. My cock pumped long and good. She was full of semen.

She spun down and sat beside me. She cleaned up with one of her shirts, The sofa sagged. She laughed, and put her arm on my shoulder. She handled my quickly fading cock. Her thumb massaged the dome of my cock. We kissed. She rested her head on me and I stroked her hair.

“Let me take you home.”

We got dressed and she turned off the lights.

It was early morning. Teresa drove. She tuned the radio and we listened to some uninterrupted jazz. We didn't say much. She went over the bridge. There were few cars out, and she did about 70. I looked at her and she looked at me and we laughed.

“Thanks for tonight,” I said.

“Thanks for helping me move. I'll see you on Monday?” She asked, not sure of what came next.

“8:00 o'clock,” I said.

We arrived at my house.

“Can I call you?”

She found a pen and gave me her number on a receipt.

I leaned over and kissed her lower lip. She bit it lightly. I shut the car door, looked back, and walked up to my house.

I walked in, used the bathroom and slipped into my bed.

“What took you so long?” My wife asked, half asleep.

“It was more work than I thought.”

“Was she any good?”

“She was nice. Big bush, nice tits.”

“Really?” She asked.

“How was your guy, Antonio?”

“Young, Mexican, uncircumcised 7-inches. Good technique. I think I'm pregnant.”

“Ha, ha.”

“Come here.” She said.

I gripped her hands and dived into her body. I grabbed for her naked pussy and got a good grip. I got one finger in, and stroked her clit. She groaned and closed her legs on my hand. She was wet.

“I'll have you meet her.”

I kissed my wife's neck and pleased her, until she fell asleep.