Busted

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A sequel, of sorts, to The Sitters, in which Sara learns about me and her friend.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/busted-1.aspx

"Do you think about me?"

"Umm, sure. What do you---"

"Do you fantasize about me?"

Fuck. What do I say now? Sara had come over to trade music while I worked in my home office. It was innocent enough. She was 20 now. Home from college. I'd been friends with her and her family since we moved in next door 15 years ago.

I was stuck. I needed to answer quickly, but she knew. I could see it in her eyes. Her face. The way she leaned forward in her chair, watching me, waiting for an answer.

She would know if I lied.

"Yes." I said, breaking eye contact. "Yes. I'm sorry."

Honesty's the best policy, right?

"Why are you sorry?" She asked.

"Because I'm way older than you. I've known you a long time. It just seems so, I don't know, so wrong. "

"What, to be attracted to a younger woman? "

"No. That's biology. This is different, I protested weakly. I KNOW you. It's not like you're just some girl walking by. I've watched you grow up. "

This was met with silence.

"How long have you been watching me?" She asked, a smile forming on her face.

I responded weakly. "A couple years."

"Really?" She raised her eyebrows, challenging me.

"Well, maybe a little longer," I replied.

Honesty's the best policy, right? Fuck, I hope so.

She seemed pleased to hear this. "So, you've been fantasizing about me for a while, huh?"

"Pretty much," I said. Might as well tell the truth now...

"What have you fantasized about?" she was really curious now, almost interviewing me.

"Oh, I don't know," I stammered, trying to avoid specifics.

"It's ok if you don't want to tell me" she said. But I knew she didn't mean it.

"I don't know" I said. "Sex stuff."

I blushed intensely, I could feel my face heating up.

She was enjoying this.

"What kind of 'sex stuff'? Fucking? Blowjobs?"

Oh my God, to actually hear this girl--this young woman-- talking like this... It was a weird kind of dream come true.

"Yes. All that. And more."

She really perked up at that last word. "How much more?"

"I wrote a story once. You're in it. With me..."

"What's it about?" she interrupted. She was so pleased with how this was going. And I should've been overjoyed as well. I mean, I'd lusted after this girl for years, and we were finally alone, and discussing the very topic I'd always wanted to.

"Someone else is in it, too."

"Your wife?"

"No. Beth."

There, the cat was out of the bag. I'd written a hot little story once about Sara, her friend, Beth, and me, describing in great detail the fun we all had after I had come home from a night out while they'd been babysitting. Her friend had always seemed more sexual, more outgoing. And I'd hoped they'd both be awesome to fool around with, so I wrote a little story to that affect.

"I want to read it."

It wasn't a request.

Well, I'd gone this far, I might as well let her, I thought, hoping for the best. I dug through several layers of folders on my computer until I came to it, like a kid digging up buried treasure in the backyard.

• Read "The Sitters" from the link below •

I slid my chair back while she slid hers forward, taking my place. I watched her face as she read it. I had portrayed her as inexperienced but curious, and her friend as more worldly, someone who was learning what she liked. I hoped to God I was either correct in my characterization, or at least wrote it in a flattering way. Either way, I was sweating.

I watched her face as she read it, trying to read her expressions. Seeing her blush as she read the 'good' parts was almost too much. I was just hoping for the best at this point, even though I had no idea what "the best" was.

When she got to the end, she sat back, processing what she'd just read. Then she shocked me for the first time that day.

"How did you know how Beth shaves like that?"

Blurting out the first thing that came to mind, I asked, "How do YOU know?"

It was now her turn to blush, but she came right back with, "well, we're girls. We've changed together, so of course I've seen her."

I was busted. And she knew it. The look on her face told me I wasn't getting out of this.

"You want to know how I know?"

"Oh, yes. Please tell me," she said as she leaned back in her chair.

"OK," I started, after collecting my thoughts. "It was a couple months ago. You were away for the weekend. So was my wife. I wanted to go out with the guys so I called Beth to see if she could come over and watch the kids."

"It was a normal evening, up until I got home, Beth was watching a movie, so I sat down to watch a little, too. We exchanged small talk about how things went that night but I couldn't keep from glancing at her chest."

I need to explain that Beth is quite curvy. She really filled out during senior high school, and, since it was summer, she was wearing shorts and a top that displayed a decent amount of cleavage.

As my eyes were making one of their return trips from her cleavage back to her eyes, she stopped and just looked at me. Not in a negative way (I hoped) but in a more inquisitive way.

"My eyes are up here, you know."

"I know. I'm sorry. I know it's rude…"

She cut me off. "It's OK, I actually don't mind. I know they're pretty big and I've kinda got them on display. And, you're a guy, so you can't help it. Right?"

With that she smiled a mischievous smile.

"Do you want to see them?"

I know I blushed furiously, as I felt the heat rise in my face. She just smiled as she was realizing her power over me and said, "I'll take that for a 'yes'. But, you can't tell anyone about it, OK?"

I was silent. Didn't have a clue what to say. I just watched, mesmerized, as she lifted her shirt over her head. My mind raced as her lingerie-covered breasts came into view. Technically, at 20, she was an adult, but I felt like a perverted old man. And I loved it. She was in control and we both knew it.

"Go ahead. You can look at them, it's OK"

I gazed down upon her. She was so sexy, sitting there in shorts and a black bra. I was trying to think of something, anything, to say when she reached behind her and unhooked the bra.

"Would you like to help me take this off?"

I reached forward, my shaking hands sliding her straps down her arms. She could sense how freaked I was, I could tell. As her bra fell off, revealing her breasts, she took my hands and placed one on each. I looked into her eyes and she said, "I haven't played doctor in such a long time. Do you want to?"

With that invitation, I proceeded to thoroughly examine her wonderful breasts. They were pretty big (way bigger than my wife's B-cups) and pale, with large, increasingly perky nipples. Her red-headed complexion had graced her tits with a smattering of freckles. All in all, she was intoxicating. I decided this exam really needed a taste test, so I bent down and took a nipple into my mouth. As I gently squeezed it between my tongue and the roof of my mouth a quiet groan escaped Beth lips as she placed her hands on my head, holding it there. I caressed and kissed, touched and sucked for several minutes. When I looked up at her I could see she was a flushed as I was.

She reached down to my waist and pulled my shirt off, running her hands across the soft hair on my chest. "Are you enjoying yourself?" she asked playfully.

"Mmmmmm yeah," was all I could manage.

She reached down and unbuttoned her shorts. "Do you feel like continuing the exam?"

The smirk was back in full force.

Not wasting any time (it was getting late and I still needed to drive her home) I slid her shorts off and, before continuing with her panties looked at her, and at the expectant, wanting expression she bore. She raised her hips as I slid her panties off and was greeted with her mostly-smooth pussy. I dove right in, spreading her apart with my fingers and running my tongue across her lips and across her clit. She was so wet, so I slid a couple fingers inside her to massage her g-spot while I nibbled on her clit. The speed and intensity of her climax surprised me. She came hard, soaking my face and hand

in no more than a couple minutes.

I dried my hand and face off on my shirt and offered it her to clean up a little. We didn't really say anything as I paid her and she gathered her things to go.

The drive to her house was uneventful until we got to her driveway. As I put the car into Park she leaned over to me and gave me the wildest, tongue-filled kiss I'd ever had. At the same time her hand slid into my lap and found my stiffening cock. She smiled at me and had me in her mouth in no time. I watched her head bob up and down on my cock while her mouth and tongue worked their magic. Like her, my orgasm was quick and intense. She took as much of my cum as she could while the rest ran down over her fingers onto me. She held her hand up and licked the remaining cum from her fingers then leaned in for a kiss. I had never had a kiss like that one, either, and tasting myself on her was incredible.

I realized that, while telling this story I had been mostly staring into space, and when I looked at Sara again, I could see she was as turned on as I was. My cock was so hard it hurt, and I swear I could smell her pussy from where I was sitting. She looked at her watch and said, "Shit, I need to go, but I'd really like to come back and, umm, talk some more. Soon." She stood up, came over to me and whispered in my ear, "and I'd really like to give you a kiss like that sometime." Then she giggled a little, grabbed her stuff and left, leaving me to think about the possibilities...