Skye's The limit

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The babysitter provides more services than watching junior

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My wife, the high powered corporate attorney, had to go to New York City for the better part of a month, leaving me home with our three year old son. Since she is the major bread winner in the household, I couldn't very well tell her, not to go, so we arranged for a neighbor's daughter to stay at our place and watch junior while I was at work.

Her name was Skye. Her parents had told us she needed a summer job to pay for her fall wardrobe. Just sixteen, she was a tall, well endowed girl with short brown hair, and haunting green eyes.

The fridge was stocked, the VCR was set up. Mareth left early Monday for the 'Big Apple' and I welcomed Skye to the house and set her up for the day. I was a bit shocked when she strode up to the front door in a pair of tight shorts and a low cut shirt that left little to the imagination. I guess the sweat suit she wore to our interview had hidden most of her ample assets. I couldn't help but gawk! Especially at her cleavage. She smiled, batted her eyes, and said, "Hi Mr. G."

I invited her in, following her into the living room, and enjoying the view from the rear as much as I did from the front.

She turned, suddenly, again catching me leering at her ass. "Like what you see?" she asked, the innocence in her voice making me not fit well in my work clothes.

"What? Oh….well…I…I…guess so." I stuttered, my face crimson from embarrassment.

Recovering from my predicament, I told her where everything was, gave her my work number, and made a quick exit.

Coming home at seven, I found her sitting on the couch with Junior asleep beside her, reading a romance novel. Noticing the steamy cover illustration, I told her that Mareth had several similar books in the library, and she was welcome to read anything she found.

I thanked her profusely, letting her know that she needed to be here at the same time tomorrow, and watched as she walked down the street to her house.

The next couple of days went by uneventfully. Other than Skye finding new ways to make me stare at her full figure, my cock bulging in my pants each morning as I left for work, and re-awakening at night when I arrived home.

After a few days without Mareth, I was getting more and more horny. Skye's choice of clothes didn't help much, either. Finally, I gave up on the idea that I could go for a month without some relief. After seeing Skye home, I retreated to my office, turned on my computer and started surfing. Seeing that my stuff had been disturbed, I decided to see what Skye had been looking at. Expecting face book or e-mail, I was surprised at what I found when I accessed the history for the day. She had been accessing several porn sites. Not just any porn sites, older men and younger women porn sites. I took a closer look at some of the videos she watched and got hard. Looking at these Lolita's submitting to older guys, got me wondering if she was having the same thoughts as I was. I decided to find out!

The next day, I arrived home a little early, a power outage in town having left the store in total darkness. Again, Skye was on the couch, one leg tucked under the other, reading a romance novel. Junior was still napping, so I sat down next to her. "So, Skye, you got a steady boyfriend?" I asked, trying to make it sound like innocent conversation.

"Not at the moment." she replied. "Guys my age can be such assholes, at times."

She smiled as she leaned over, putting down her book. With her blouse unbuttoned almost halfway down, her ample cleavage was quite evident. She caught me looking!

"I think an older guy would be more attentive. Less selfish. And some of them can be so sexy"

"I suppose! College age guys would have that kind of allure, I guess."

She un-tucked her leg in such a way that I could see up the loose fitting shorts, a hint of panties visible. "Oh, no! I think a much older man would be more fun. They have a wealth of experience to draw from. Wouldn't you agree?" Her gaze switched from my face to my crotch, where my developing hard-on was forming a bulge in my pants.

"I ….I suppose so!" I stuttered, caught off guard by the way this conversation was going. I shifted in my seat, hoping that my awakening manhood would co-operate, but the movement made it worse.

Skye extended her shoeless foot, rubbing the bulge in my pants with her sole. "Looks like you've got

a problem there, Mr. G.”

Looking down at the foot massaging my crotch, I neglected to notice that she had unfastened another button on her blouse. “Can I take care of that for you?” she cooed.

“I…I don’t think that’s such a good idea.” I answered back.

“Why not?” she said provocatively.

The feel of her foot rubbing my cock felt so good that it distracted me for a moment before I answered. “Well, umm….there’s the fact that I’m married. And….and you’re only sixteen. I’m old enough to be your father.”

“That does add a little spice to this, doesn’t it. As for the married part, you won‘t see your wife for nearly a month. Are you sure you can go that long without cumming? I would think that its unhealthy !” she smiled as her foot increased the pressure.

“What if she found out?” I said, squirming in my seat.

“Well, I’m not going to tell her!” she answered back as she finished unbuttoning her blouse. “Are you?”

She stood up, her blouse open and draping over her breasts, and straddled my lap. Putting her arms around my neck, she stared into my eyes, her message clear. Our lips met, brushing lightly. She ground her pelvis into my rampant dick. My mouth opened. My tongue darted into hers, exploring her teeth. We kissed hungrily as she continued to rub her crotch against mine.

“Lets go upstairs!” she said as she stood up. Her shorts were at eye level and sported a small but visible wet spot. She extended her hand, adding, “Well, don’t you want this?”

I stood, following her to the master bedroom, where she stopped, turned and kissed me again. Another, deep, sloppy, wet kiss that seemed to go on forever. My cock twitched as my hands cupped her breasts, my thumbs rubbing her nipples to hardness.

She broke the kiss, sat on the edge of the bed, and started to undress me. My trousers pooled around my ankles, followed by my boxers. Without a word, she opened her mouth and took in the head of my prick. I moaned, looking down at this cute young girl, her lips wrapped tightly around my manhood. She looked up, a devilish twinkle in her eyes as she sucked gently, her teeth grazing the sensitive skin just behind the head. I moaned again, my hands gravitating to her head, my fingers

combing through her short locks, my hips rolling slightly.

My attempts at subtlety were rewarded with her pulling off and admonishing me to “not get greedy!” She engulfed my stiffness again, this time sliding more of me into her hungry, talented mouth. Her tongue felt like heaven as it rubbed the underside of my penis from tip to base. I even felt the tip tease my testicles. God! I wanted to cum so bad! I rolled my hips in time with her head bobs, my nuts bumping her chin each time she went down on me.

“Oh God! I’m sooo close!” I moaned as I slowly fucked her face.

She abruptly pulled off, looking up at me. “Oh no! Your not cumming until I tell you to!” she said, sternly. “Now, finish getting naked!” grabbing my cock in her hand, she stroked it, slowly.

Kicking off my shoes, I stepped out of my pants and shorts. I loosened my tie and pulled it over my head, tossing it on the bed. I fumbled with the buttons on my shirt, finally tearing it off. I stood there, naked, a sixteen year old vixen pulling on my cock, unable to make any decisions on my own. Enslaved by a high school girl jacking me off! All I could think about was Skye. Kissing Skye, Drinking from Skye. Fucking Skye. Cumming deep inside Skye. And she knew it!

Sitting on the edge of my bed, she shimmied out of her shorts and slid out of her shirt, leaving only a pair of peach colored boy short panties on. She saw me staring at the damp silky fabric. “You like?” she said.

Speechless, I just nodded, my eyes riveted to her crotch.

“Then help me take them off.”

I knelt down between her legs, looking, first at her crotch, then her face. “Go on!” she said.

Spreading her legs, I leaned forward. Her panties were soaked! To the point where I could see the matted hairs of her trimmed pussy as well as the outline of her lips. I reached out slipping them from her hips and exposing her womanhood to my unobstructed view.

“Wanna taste?”

I looked up. She smiled, running her tongue slowly along her lips. She opened her legs wider and reached out, placing her hand on my head, pulling me closer. The scent from her pussy was intoxicating! I could feel the pressure of her hand on my head as I drew nearer. Not that I needed much coaxing. My lips brushed against the well lubricated petals of her pussy. My tongue extended,

feathering along the oozing crease, up toward her clit, around the hood, down the other side to just above her rectum, then up, through the middle, parting her lips, getting a real taste of this hot young morsel.

“Oooh, that’s good Mr. G.” she cooed rucking her hips up to meet my tongue Both of her hands firmly clasped my head, pulling me into her soft wetness, my nose tickled by the dampened hairs of her young bush . “Eat my cunt!”

My tongue delved deeper, slurping up the dew in the folds of her pussy as she moaned gently, her hips slowly moving back and forth, smearing her teen essence onto my cheeks and chin. The scent and taste of her drove me to probe deeper until all I could do was suck on the tender entrance to her womb.

Wrapping my arms around her thighs, my hands reached up, cupping her pendulous breasts as I moaned into her cunt. My fingers dug into the soft orbs, kneading her nipples, making her moan as well.

“Make me cum, Mr. G.” she begged, as I wrapped my lips around her hooded clit, my tongue barely teasing the tip. My right hand twisted her nipple between my thumb and forefinger as my left hand drifted down under her ass. I began stroking her cunt lips with two fingers, coating them with her juices.

Sufficiently lubricated, I plunged them deep in between the swollen lips of her pussy, until the palm of my hand slapped her outer lips. Flexing my fingers deep inside, the tips sought out the rough flesh of her g-spot. “Oh fuck! That feels good!” she squealed, surprised at the suddenness of my attack. My hand plunged in and out, in and out, scratching at the inner walls of her birth canal. I sucked her clit into my mouth, rasping it with my tongue, and I alternated between twisting her nipple, pulling on it, or mashing her breast with my hand. I wanted her to cum! I wanted her to cum hard! I wanted her to cum on my face! I wanted to taste her before I fucked her! And I desperately wanted to fuck her!

I could feel her fingers in my hair, grabbing, pulling me into her, almost as if she wanted my head inside her. Barely able to breathe, I gulped pussy scented air, whenever I had the chance. Her body began to shake, her breathing ragged, her moans more guttural.

Her thighs locked around my head. Her hips jerked! She screamed as she thrashed. Her cunt let loose copious amounts of her sweet young essence.

Jerking my head backward, she looked me in the eye and growled, “Fuck me! Fuck me now, Mr. G.! Treat me like the slut I am!”

She let go of my head, unclamped her thighs, spread her legs, beckoning me to fill her with my throbbing , aching, manhood.

I stood up, aimed my dick at her still leaking young twat and rammed it forward. Sinking in immediately, our bodies met with a sharp slap, momentarily taking her breath away.

Her surprised look gave way to a smile as she grabbed my hands, placing them on her wobbling breasts “Fuck me hard!” she said rocking her hips in time with my thrusts. My fingers flexed around her breasts, kneading them in time with our wanton, barely controlled fuck. My cock plunged in and out. Hard! Fast! My balls slapping against her ass cheeks. Her cunt sucking in my impossibly hard member, caressing the shaft with her wetness and heat.

“Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck” she groaned, her mantra driving me to slam into her harder, until I grunted, feeling my cock expand as I poured my hot, potent seed, deep into her young fertile belly.

I collapsed on top of her, my cock still leaking its essence into her cloying cunt. She pulled me to her breast, her hands stroking my head, letting me suckle gently as my penis began to shrink.

“God! That was good!” she whispered, “You’re a fucking animal. I can‘t wait to do this again!”

“I’m not sure I have anything left” I answered back, rolling off her lush body, still trying to catch my breath.

“We’ll see about that!” she replied, sitting up and grasping my well lubricated, but flaccid member. Extending her tongue, she licked off a drop of sperm leaking out of the slit. “Mmmm! I love the taste of cum!” she whispered just before engulfing the entirety into her mouth, sucking off the dregs of our sexual union.

“Please! Please, Skye!” I begged, “ It’s too much! Too sensitive!”

Straddling my knees, she smiled briefly before popping my left testicle into her mouth and slowly sucking the leftover sperm and cunt honey that covered the crinkly skin.

I tried to buck her off, but couldn’t get enough leverage. She let the left pop out of her mouth and sucked the other one in, licking it as clean as the first. Laying down on top of me, her breasts mashed against my chest, she kissed me. Her tongue slithered into my mouth, playing with mine, and letting me taste the combination of juices that coated not only my prick but the warm walls of her cunt as well.

She rolled off, sprang off the bed, gathered her clothes and got dressed, putting on everything but her peach colored panties. Wiping them on her battered and still dripping pussy, she tossed them at me as she turned to leave, Winking at me she said, “Think of me, Mr. G! See you in the morning!”