Mary Comes Of Age

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A story of voyeurism in a small village.

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It was a hot August evening in the mountains of upper state New York. John was just finishing up chopping the wood that he was collecting for the Winter time. He was sweating profusely as the angry sun, like a torch in the steel blue of the Summer sky, beamed down on him. He laid the heavy wooden handled axe down on the ground in front of him and wiped the droplets of sweat off of his forehead. He was not really thinking of anything as he looked around him, at the little group of houses that made up the small community, and then down the gravel path that snaked
its way through the lush hills,and into the thick dark woods beyond, and then at the lake, its waters shimmering in the sun, as the light breeze sent little ripples rolling across its placid surface. He was thinking of how refreshingly cool the water would feel on his skin on such a hot day. As he gazed back toward the road, he saw a young girl. She was walking toward the lake. He Recognized her. It was Mary Roberts. She was the daughter of a certain Mr. Roberts a bank president and his wife Karen, who was a teacher at the local high school.

John had known her since she was knee high and had watched her grow up and blossom into a young woman. She was an only child, and her parents had her educated in a Catholic school so that she would be a proper lady. They tried to stuff her head with knowledge and made her read books, but her development into a young woman exceeded their expectations. She was beautiful but had retained her tom boyish ways and shy coy manner, which results from over protectiveness. Her shyness of manner totally belied her physical assets, a sweet angelic face framed in a golden mass of hair that flowed in wavy lots over her shoulders and back, swelling breast that stood out proudly, narrowing down to a tiny waist that perfectly compensated and accentuated a fine round ass, that swayed temptingly when she walked, and a pairof shapely legs that any woman would die for. Her only problem was her prudishness. Boys were goggling at her but to no avail. She was too shy to flirt back. Thinking maybe it would help bring her out of herself, on her 19th birthday, her mother bought her a bikini bathing suit, just a thin string, designed more toreveal, than cover herpackage of goods. Her father was shocked that so much skin of his lovely daughter was being exposed. At least everyone could see that she had grown up.
John watched her as she approached the lake. He also noticed that someone else beside himself was watching her. A tall man with dark hair about thirty five years old was standing near a fence, with his eyes riveted on the young girl. His name was Rodger. He was a truck driver. He was also married and had four kids. He looked to be the redneck type, but with a lean body and strong arms, tanned by

the sun. He appeared like a bronze statue with his eyes fixed in the direction the girl. To John, the look in his eyes was more than would denote just a passing interest. She was wearing tight fitting jeans, and she walked with a natural swing, her breast bulging from the top of her low cut blouse,but with an innocent demeanor, that seemed totally devoid of any sexual consciousness, which was enough to drive anyone wild who entertained such thoughts.

She was now standing on the river bank. John noticed the fire in the man's eyes as the girl slipped out of her pants, tossed them on the bank, then unstrapped and threw down her blouse, to reveal her lush body, clad only in her string bikini. John could see the pure lust on the man's face as he took in her form, and watched intently, as she stood by the bank with her arms held out, then dived into the lake. She moved though the water with the grace of a swan, executing front strokes and back strokes more typical of an expert swimmer, and then rolling over on her bank to float gracefully across the water. She then swam to the bank and came out of the water, and then grabbing a towel she begin to dry herself off. As john watched the man started walking toward the young girl. She did not notice him until he moved within about twenty feet of her. John was surprised that when she finally noticed him, that instead of showing fear, she smiled at him. She started talking to him. John could not hear what they were saying but after a while he could see that the she was being very friendly and she seemed to be even coming out of her shell. They talked for about twenty minutes. John could tell that she was enjoying herself very much with her new friend. Then the man started pointing toward his house, and the girl was looking in that directed. A small dog had run out of the yard and was barking. As the man turned around and started to leave, she reached out and grabbed his hand. He was surprised at first, then he took her into his arms and kissed her. She melted into him and her arms went around him, her fingers caressing and feeling the contours of his strong, muscular from. She pressed her body firmly against his as the kiss deepened, and stood on her tiptoes to reach up to him. She opened her lips for his exploring tongue and she begin to moan into his mouth. One of his hands gripped her ass while the other caressed and massaged her breast. She begin to writhe and squirm against him. His working hand slid the bikini bottom down her legs and she stepped out of them. She helped him loosen the bikini strap, and it to fell on the ground. The kiss continued. John could see their tongues exploring and thrusting in and out of each other's mouths. She helped the man out of his clothes, trying not to break the kiss, and soon they were both totally naked. John's cock became rock hard as he watched all the naked kissing. Their bodies were plastered together, skin to skin, and mouth to mouth. Her big breast were crushed against his chest. John watched as he pushed her against a tree, and entered her, thrusting his cock all the way inside her, as she locked her legs around him. He fucked her furiously, ramming her repeatedly with his cock, as she grabbed the tree with her hands to brace herself against his pounding thrust, and met each of his thrustwith her own. She was having orgasm after orgasm, throwing her back, with her blondehair thrashing. As their orgasm exploded they bucked and pounded against each other. John could hear the sound of their flesh slapping together, and the moans and yells of the girl mingled with the man's groans in a sexual chorus that reverberated through the woods. John had his cock out and was masturbating as he watched them. When their orgasm subsided it was not over. Mary went down to

the ground on her back and spread her legs wide apart, as the man climbed in between them, and begin fucking her missionary style. John could see the moons of his ass rising and falling as he pounded her. Her legs were pointed straight up at the sky as she writhed beneath him. John could hear her moans and screams as she was already having another very intense orgasm. As he masturbated, he just happened to see her father standing in his yard, with his mouth opened in astonishment as he watched his beautifuldaughter getting her brains fucked out. As John masturbated, he felt his climax coming, but he could also hear the sound of his wife calling him as she looked on from the porch. "My lord John, what in heavens name are you doing?" "Oh my God." From that moment, life would be turned upside down for John and for mary's parents, but there was no longer any doubt that Mary had come of age.