Buddy's Mom Chapter 5 6

By Tomanon

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The story continues of Buddy's Mom seducing me

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CHAPTER 5 “Batching it isn’t all that it’s cut out to be,” I thought. My dad had left a to-do list that kept me pretty much occupied. The gardener still came once a week to do the flower beds, but it was up to me to take care of the grass and clip the shrubs. Their new maid, Angela, tidied up on Wednesdays and did some of the laundry, but he would rather wash his own underwear than have her messing with them. Some days, I aimlessly wandered around the house, and poked into my Dad’s den. I had my own computer in my room, and Dad’s was off-limits, since he often used it for business. Angela had left the den unlocked for a change, and I decided to do a little exploring. The room key was in his Dad’s top desk drawer; I slipped it into my pocket. As I looked around, I noticed some wiring I hadn’t noticed before. I booted up the computer, and realized that my Dad had hooked up a nanny-cam, probably when they first hired Angela. It was hooked up to some motion detectors around the house, and let his Dad keep an eye on the help to make sure they weren’t poking around where they shouldn’t, or picking up things to take home. The software was new to me, and I spent some time nosing around until I discovered the video cam icon that activated it. When I clicked on it, the screen lit up with five displays, showing different rooms in the house, all showing still pictures. Apparently they came live only when someone was in the room, and then recorded what was going on. I clicked on the Living Room icon and scrolled down to history, and sure enough, there was a video of Angela cleaning the room. I wondered if Dad had a voyeur streak, since the shots of her bending over to dust were mildly titillating. I tried to check out some porn sites, and discovered that Dad hadn’t installed any software filters like he had on my computer. Not that it mattered, since any kid with computer savvy could easily bypass that crap. My Dad also hadn’t set his browsing history to auto-delete, so I got a good idea of where Dad had been surfing. Nothing really weird, but not all business stuff, either. Most were business news and stock market reports, which were of little interest. Among the “Favorites” list were some erotic story sites, and a few lesbian websites, with streaming video. I checked them out, of course, but girl-girl stuff wasn’t really my thing. One of them had a really hot session with two girls having dinner together, undressing, and then jumping into the sack to do the nasty on each other. Scans of the recordings from the other rooms were as boring as the Living

Room shots. Nothing much interesting had apparently ever really gone on in their house. The garage cam showed their three cars, and reminded me that part of my responsibilities while my folks were away was to keep them spotless for when they returned from their trip. I had especially liked to drive his Dad's Miata, but seldom had a chance. The last time I was allowed to take it out, my folks smelled beer on my breath when I came home. Grounded me for eight weeks. What a bitch! They must have figured that having to take a bus to get around would cure me of driving after drinking. Dad also mentioned that the odometer readings had been written down, just in case I got any ideas. It wasn't all that bad, since I could ride my bike up to the club when I felt like some tennis, or to check out the chicks. The golf club was only a five minute ride away, but I wasn't really all that interested. Most of the kids were from private schools in the East End, and I didn't really know any of them all that well. "OK, I'll do the damn cars," I decided, and shut off the machine. When I got to the garage, I punched up all the doors and tried to figure out where to start. The Miata seemed like a good place. I stripped down to my shorts and polished off the dust. "Damn, that's one fine car," I thought. It was British Racing Green and had a finish like a mirror. "Not bad," I thought, as I looked at my own reflection in the hood, showing my broad swimmer's shoulder, and a nice tan. Before I could move to the next one, I heard a car crunching on the gravel drive. It was the white convertible. Laura jumped out and came over. "I thought you didn't have a car." "I don't, these are my Dad's, but I'm grounded until the end of summer." "That must be a bitch." "I'm cool with it, but life goes on." "I just wanted to drop off the racquet and swim trunks you left at our place last week." Big deal, I had an ample supply of both at home. The trip really wasn't necessary. Why did she bother? She handed me the gym bag. "Gotta Go, I'm running late. I was over in the East End and thought you might need these." "Hope you can over again soon. We all enjoy your company." "Likewise." As the car pulled out of the driveway, memories of their encounters flashed back into my head. Not that they were ever that far away. "Who is this lady, anyway," I wondered. Back in my father's den, I started by trying to Google "Mrs. Jack Morgan" with no luck. "Laura Morgan" didn't get any useful hits either, but there were a shitload of Laura Morgans that popped up, including some Facebook pages. None of them were her. "OK," let's try "John Morgan." The trouble with Google is TMI. There is more chaff than substance, unless you know specifically what you are looking for. I had heard Laura say that her husband was an investment advisor, so added that as search term. Bingo! Most of the stuff was business-related, but a few were about his political and charitable contributions. Apparently the couple were patrons of the arts, and served on the Symphony and Art Institute boards. One photo, taken at a gala, was surely Laura. Interesting, but no big deal. Nice dress, but hardly any cleavage showing. Then I tried Facebook, searching for Buddy Morgan. About half the entries were for dogs named "Buddy," but I finally found my friend. There were dozens of photos on the page, but I was especially interested in those of his Mom. There she was, standing on the beach with Leah, with sand palm trees in the background. The picture wasn't very hi-res, but I downloaded it anyway. A little photo editing brought the resolution up, and I had a nice view of the two of them in bathing suits. Laura could have been Leah's sister, and they both looked really hot in their bikinis. Zooming in on her breast brought back memories of the other night, and I could feel the rise in my shorts. I turned off the computer and lay down on his bed,

and stripped to my briefs. “Oh, Laura, someday I’m going to fuck you flat!” Relief came quickly. CHAPTER 6 My cell phone buzzed. “Hi, Tim, it’s Laura. The kids are away for two days and I thought I could bring over something to eat. It’s lonesome over here all alone.” “Chinese OK?” “Pizza would be better.” “With?” “Your call, I’ll eat almost anything.” Hell, what I really wanted was to do was eat HER! I gave a little grunt to myself, thinking about munching on that sweet pussy of hers. “See you in half an hour.” “Just let me get a shower.” “OK, Bye.” “Hot shit,” I thought, “She’s really coming over again.” Then I had an inspiration. I headed back into his Dad’s den and booted up the computer. Firing up the nanny-cam, I activated it to record when motion was detected in any of the rooms. I also clicked on the “mic” icon, to see if the sound would be recorded, too. Just maybe I could get some better pictures of Laura than the lousy vacation shot from Buddy’s Facebook page. If I got really lucky he might catch some really hot shots of the two of us together. That would be awesome. Laura didn’t even ring the doorbell, but came straight in and headed for the kitchen. “Pizza Lady,” she called out. “In a sec.” I closed the den door behind me and locked it. I didn’t want Angela to come across anything if I forgot to turn off the computer. Not that she would know how to do it anyway. I had thought she had a key, but wasn’t sure. “I brought a six-pack for us, too.” Always thoughtful. “So what have you been doing with yourself? Besides jerking off?” I blushed, “Aw come on, that was a once in a lifetime experience. My folks keep me busy with their to-do lists, so I don’t have time to be bored.” “At least twice, but who’s counting?” “I didn’t mean to embarrass you. Want the Pepperoni or mushrooms?” “Either, or.” She put the slices out on the two plates he had set out on the table and we both dug in. As I watched her eat, I realized that I had never paid much attention to her face. As she nibbled on the pizza, I couldn’t take my eyes off the sensuous way her lips moved when she ate. “God, would those feel good wrapped around my cock.” She was no movie star, but one very good looking lady. I wondered where things would go from here. She wasn’t dressed at all provocatively, wearing shorts and a loose cammi top. As she moved, my opinion of the camisole improved rapidly. The sight of her braless breasts moving under the thin fabric, really turned me on. “What a tease,” I thought. She must have known very well that when she bends down to pick up the plates the top would fall away, giving me a full view of her assets. As she washed the plates, I moved behind her and cupped her breasts with both hand. She must have felt my cock pressing on her ass. “Easy, boy! Let me clean up first.” She put the plates away and hung up the dish towel, and turned toward me. “Now where were we?” I pulled her close, pressing her tits against my chest, and kissed her. It was the first time, and she eagerly returned my kiss. Her tongue began probing my mouth, and mine hers as we were locked together. When she reached down and fondled my balls, I knew things were definitely looking up. I cupped her ass cheeks with both hands and pulled her body tight against mine. “Is there somewhere we can get comfortable?” I led her to my room. Thank God it didn’t look like the pig sty it sometimes does. The bed was half turned down, and I sat on the edge and pulled her onto my lap. Without prompting, she pulled her top over her head, and began to unbutton my shirt, then slid it off my shoulders. We were skin to skin for the next kiss, and I could feel her boobs pressing on my chest. Her tongue kept probing, and we were both obviously impatient. As we kissed, I cupped her left boob in my hand and began kneading it, and playing with the nipple. She let out a low moan,

and said, “Tim, I’ve really missed you. I think about you all the time” “Me, too,” I unbuttoned the waist button on her shorts, and slid the zipper down. She stood up and let them drop to the floor, then peeled of her nylon panties. It was her turn, and she loosened my belt and stripped off my shorts and briefs. My cock was pointing at the ceiling, and she dropped to her knees in front of me. “Oh God, I’ve dreamed about tasting you.” Her full, red lips wrapped around my knob, and she slowly worked her way down my shaft, while her hand cupped my balls. Her tongue flicked up and down under the tip, driving me totally mad with passion. I had heard of deep throat, but didn’t really know what it was about. When she pulled me closer, I could feel the tip of my cock pressing against the back of her throat. What a feeling! She pulled away and slid her lips off my knob, giving it a final lick. “What a really gorgeous cock you have, young man.” She sat down on the bed beside me, and said, “Your turn.” I started with her lips, moved down to suck on her nipples, licked her belly and finally tongued the inner side of both her thighs. She grabbed me by the hair and pulled me into her crotch. “Suck me, Tim. Oh God, lick my pussy. I’ve been having fantasies about this! ” “Me, too.” I pulled two pillows to the edge of the mattress, and pulled her over on top of them. I got down on my knees, and covered her pussy with my mouth and sucked gently. I really had no experience with oral sex, but I was a willing novice. My tongue could taste the juices pouring out of her snatch. She was ready, but I had more in mind. I ran my tongue up her slit from the bottom, until I could feel her engorged clit. “Lick out the alphabet,” I reminded myself. It was an old Sam Kinison line, but he sure had it right. As my tongue flicked over her clit, spelling out one letter at a time, she squeezed her thighs against my ears and moaned. I only got to “g.” “Fuck me, Tim, fuck me! Oh God, Tim, I can’t wait. Please hurry!” I pushed her back a bit on the pillows, and lifted her ass up even with the edge of the mattress. Standing up, my cock was level with her cunt, and I shoved the tip into her gushing snatch. I slowly teased it in and out, and could feel her trying to thrust against each stroke. “For God’s sake, Tim, give me all of it. I’m so horny I could scream.” As slowly as I could, I let my cock explore her inner reaches, deliberately gliding down the insides of that juicy cunt, inch by inch. Finally, I was completely inside her, and could feel her vaginal walls clutching my cock, greedily. “Fuck me harder, harder! Hurry” I began to thrust stroke after stroke into that creamy cunt, and could hear her gasp every time I hit her G-spot. I spent as long as I could just moving in and out against it. Her face was contorted in ecstasy while she kept repeating “Yes, yes. Oh yes. Oh Tim, Oh YES!” At the very last possible minute, I pulled out and began to jerk off; just like in the videos I had seen. I shot load after load on her belly, and watched as it began to stream down on to her sides. We were both exhausted, and I lay down and pulled her to my side, with my arms around her. I loved hearing her purring noises as we lay beside each other, and kissed again. After we had recovered a bit, Laura headed into my bathroom. “I certainly can’t go home like this!” She jumped into the shower to clean off, and I stepped in beside her. “Let me help.” I took the washcloth and soaped it up, and wiped the cum off her stomach and sides. “These look like they need attention, too.” I soaped up my bare hands and lightly washed her breasts. She soaped up her hands as well, and gave my cock a good lathering. “Let me dry off,” she said. “If we keep this up, I’ll never get home.” “I’ll help.” We toweled each other off, and I said, “Let’s go outside and finish drying off.” We sat side by side on the chaise lounges on my parent’s bedroom

porch, holding hands. The air was just beginning to cool, as it gently blew over our bodies. “Tim, this was an incredible evening,” she offered. “An unexpected pleasure,” I replied. “I really do have to go.” “I know.” We went back into my bedroom and dressed, and straightened the bedcovers. I walked her out to her car, and gave her a passionate goodnight kiss. “Until next time?” I asked. “We’ll see,” she replied. I watched her taillights disappear around the curve in the driveway. Back in my room, I looked at the bookshelf. A faint green light was glowing on the spine of one of the books. The nanny-cam recorder was still on.