

Checkout Girl Part 3

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Jenny's mum just would not leave me alone

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When it had finally sunk in that I had laid the mum of the most beautiful girl I was ever likely to have any chance of marrying I began to tremble. What was Natasha's game? She evidently wanted me out of her daughter's life. Or did she?

I was very cautious with her in the flat even though she kept teasing me. Worst of all was that before breakfast she came into the bathroom while I was taking a shower. I had my eyes closed to keep out the soap and did not hear the door open. I felt a soft hand on my cock and jumped. She laughed with some wicked enjoyment. I wiped the soap from my eyes and there she was, arms folded and looking me up and down. I put my hands over my unerect cock. It seemed the decent thing to do. She said she wanted to watch me shower and just stood there eyeing me up and down saying what a beautiful man I was and how she was glad for her daughter. I would not turn my back on her. Suddenly she opened her shirt and showed me her tits. My cock responded quickly – gorging with blood and standing totally erect. I was angry that she had that power but couldn't help myself. Her tits look full, rounded and very sexy. I wanted to come on them. I think she read my thoughts. She came closer and took my cock, pulling back on it with her soft little hand. I was so damned turned on and my cock was so hard I just moaned "oh god", my rod twitched in her hand and the sight of her tits made my spunk shoot out in powerful spurts all over here lovely pair. She yanked my shaft strongly on the last few spurts, milking the cum out of my balls and at the end she let my satisfied dick rest on her gooey tits. She patted me on the belly, wiped the cum off with a towel and left me in the shower, the water raining down on me. I was devastated again. So much in her power. I knew that she would be calling all the shots.

I think I must have been looking uneasily at her for the rest of the morning because she just kept saying "don't worry, all be ok". She kept her hands off me all day, just amusing me with stories

about her life and she teased me saying I would be the perfect son in law. I tried to imagine what she meant.

Later in the day Natasha's gran appeared through the door and to my nervous delight, Jenny was with her. She looked ravishing, utterly beautiful. We looked at each other. I held back, not knowing what was acceptable. She came to me and kissed me on the cheek and gave me a light hug.

"It's a wonderful, no?" said Jenny's mum. "Zhenya's come a home and she's a gonna marry you". I looked at Natasha. Did she mean it? Surely she would spill the beans and that would be that.

I had a long chat in private with Jenny. She was sorry that she had vanished from England and she explained to me that all her life she had wanted to be a nun. But I had woken up the woman in her and her need to please and serve a man was far stronger than her desire to be a bride of Christ. I was glad about that. I told her I loved her and wanted to marry her. She accepted and said we could marry in Russia as soon as the paperwork was all through.

While we waited for the wedding day we all lived in the same small flat and Jenny's grandma went off to stay with her son so that we could have more room. Jenny slept in her bed and I had the sofa.

I was anxious all the time. But it was clear to me that Jenny's mum had no intention of revealing what we had been up to.

One night though Natasha came to me. I was awake. At first I thought it was Jenny. It was late at night. But I realised it was her mum. She sat on the side of my bed.

"You a hurting my feelings" she whispered.

“How is that?” I asked.

“You so cruel. You just ignore me” She put on a hurt voice and gave me a light slap on the hand.

“What happened between us was a mistake”, I said to her.

“See how cruel you are!” she said, getting a bit agitated. Then she began to cry.

I tried to shush her but she wouldn't calm down. She kept saying what a monster I was and that if only I would show a little warmth to her now and then it would keep her happy. I was scared that Jenny would hear the fuss and come through and it would all come out. There was only one solution. I lifted the duvet and she took the invitation with a bit of a snuffle and I felt her hot little body next to mine. I covered us both and laid back, feeling that I must not take an active part.

I was on my back and Natasha was on top of me and kissing and caressing my chest, belly and groin. She touched me with such a sensual warmth that I relaxed and decided that what ever would be, would be. If Jenny found out, so be it. I was powerless.

With all her agitation, loneliness and frustration at an end she was like an animal in the way that she gave herself to her own pleasure. I think she meant to please herself principally. She was breathing deeply and making little sighs and sounds of deep sexual satisfaction. I let myself go totally and sank into the deep sea of her feminine sexual heat. She had not come for a quick fuck. She wanted to conquer me utterly and allow the very deepest erotic experiences into our souls.

I didn't have to do a thing. It was her show.

“I know that you a like me”, she whispered as she felt my stiff cock pressing on her hot vagina. I thought she was going to let it sink into her hot wet flesh but she teased me, keeping her ass in the air a little and allowing my dick to feel the delicious slippery heat of her opening. She kissed me on the mouth and our tongues met as she opened her mouth so wide I thought she was trying to swallow my head. I felt for her breasts and held one in each hand, feeling the plump roundness and squeezing

gently. Then I reached for her thighs and stroked them, moving my hands around to her ass and I touched her anus, making her gasp. Then she suddenly went upright and I moaned as my cock slipped into her tight pussy and felt folds of hot female flesh making way for my horny rod until our pubic hair met. I wanted to come but held back. I knew that she wanted total satisfaction and dared not disappoint her. She sat upright for some time with her hands supporting herself on my tensed belly muscles. It was dark and I wished that I could see her face. Amazing, she read my thoughts and reached for a bedside lamp. We looked at each other. She was sweating and her hair was all over the place. Her face was all concentration and she lifted her ass until my cock was almost out – then she let herself down slowly and I arched my back as the waves of excitement flowed from the tip of my penis up the shaft, into my balls and through my groin. I relaxed into what I thought was my orgasm coming on but to my surprise my cock simply became stiffer and my breathing deeper. The ecstatic feeling made my back arch even more. I put my hand on her pussy and she gasped and began to go up and down on my cock, resting all the time with her hands at my sides and just moving her ass up and down to control the rate and depth at which she fucked my steel hard cock. I was keen for her to come and knew that if I got there before her there would be little chance of it. But my climax was building up and there was no power on earth which could stop it happening when it would. I think she sensed this and I felt her switching her attention from her pleasure to mine. My hands were all over her tits, beautiful belly and legs. The experience of feeling all of her feminine parts drove me even deeper into sexual excitement and I felt incredible intensity of pleasure as Natasha reached around and squeezed my balls just as I was at the peak. My gasping for breath was so deep and rhythmic it was just out of this world. My cock went to its stiffest state and shot hot fluid deep into her interior as I held her tits and arched my back so far she was able to put her tongue in my belly button while I came. When I was past my peak but still spurting she got off me and popped my cock into her warm mouth, milking me to completion and licking me totally clean while my rod was still hard. She kept wanking my cock while it was in her mouth until it had lost any trace of horniness and eventually went limp, totally fucked soft. Then she straddled one of my legs and began using my hairy knee to masturbate herself. Gradually working her way up to a rapid speed she yelped and shrieked, her brow went all tight for a moment and she collapsed on top of me, my knee felt sticky.

Exhausted, we dropped off to sleep and when I woke up. Natasha was gone.

Jenny came to me in the morning and gave me a kiss. She breezed off in high spirits and left me wondering how this situation would unravel. After my shower I sat in the kitchen to eat my breakfast although I was not hungry.

“What’s the matter”, asked Jenny. “You look worried”. I said I was okay. Natasha flaunted her ass at me (or so it seemed) while she washed up. How she could betray her own daughter I just could not fathom. She even seemed to suggest that I go ahead and marry Jenny and keep her happy with a secret fuck now and then. What a position I was in!

1 more part to come