

It's Just Business - Part 1

By theotherwayisup

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Don't worry honey, that thing with Mr Johnstone was just business.

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Doing an Internet startup is both a blessing and a curse. While I'm my own boss, I'm often gone for days or weeks at a time and I haven't had a free evening in a year. The economy is still bad, and so is the money. Some months are great, some not. Boom or bust plays havoc on my checking account. I've been fortunate to be married to a woman who appreciates that I'm pursuing my dreams and supports me completely. For the last year, she's been working in a local bakery to normalize some of our income. The last few months her meager job has been the only income. Bills have been piling up. But it's spring and I'm determined to be happy. Just this afternoon I closed a deal that will help the business stay afloat a few more months. It's not enough to pay myself, but it's a win. Plus it was an amazing spring day and I drove down the road with the top down and the music playing. Life could be worse. As I climbed the stairs to our tiny apartment the neighbors dog barked through the door at me just like she does every time I pass. "Good afternoon, Daisy," I said. Bark bark. I threw my keys on the kitchen counter and heard Megan talking to Mr Johnstone, the damn landlord. "C'mon, Mr J, Tom just got home. He thinks this will be fine," she said to him, gesturing towards me. "Come over here and sit on the couch honey." "Uh, I uh," Mr Johnstone muttered. He was in his late 40s and a nice looking man, a little round around the middle. But he was single, and had a level of contempt for pretty much every tenant without good reason. "It'll be fine," she said, pushing him in front of the couch, directly in front of where I'd taken a seat. She looked at me and mouthed "Trust me on this." and I nodded, not having any idea what she was talking about. She put her hands on Mr Johnstone's chest. "I always see you looking at my tits when you come over here. Do you like my tits?" Mr Johnstone nodded. "Good." She pulled off her shirt and reached around and unhooked her bra, making a little show of letting it fall off of her chest. She has average sized tits, with perfect large pink nipples. This wasn't what I was thinking about though. My mouth was open, and I was genuinely shocked at what she had just done. "Is this what you imagined they'd look like?" she asked. "They are even better," he said. I was frozen. Normally a man of action, I couldn't move. Or speak. Or think. She sunk down onto her knees in front of him and looked up. "Do you want to cum in my mouth, on my face, or all over my tits?" "In your mouth." She smiled and started to undo his pants. "As you wish."

She pulled his pants down to his knees and hooked her fingers into the waist of his boxers pulling them down slowly. He breathed in sharply as the band raked over his hard dick. It was smallish, about what she expected. Tom knew firsthand that she was an expert at this and she wasted no time licking up the shaft and then taking him completely into her mouth. Mr Johnstone was moaning and grabbed a handful of her waist length blond hair, pushing her head onto his dick as she worked him. She reached down and fondled his balls as she felt him get close. I watched her perfect tits bounce as she bobbed her head up and down on our landlord's cock. Mr Johnstone moaned loudly and she started to as well, knowing that the vibration would make the blowjob perfect. He threw his head back and came into my wife's mouth. As promised, she sucked it all clean and swallowed. Within a minute he was pulling his pants up and making to leave. "So we're good then?" she asked him. "Oh yes, we're more than good." "Excellent, pleasure doing business with you," she said, and looked down at her tits, caressing them. Mr Johnstone stumbled out the door and after it clicked shut, she finally turned to look at me. "Rent's paid," she said with a smile. My mind was still racing. We were a pretty normal couple. Good sex lives, but pretty average I'd guess. This was WAAAYYY outside of normal for us. "Oh relax, it was just a blowjob." I tried to play it cool despite the screaming in my head. "Uh, okay," was what I could muster. "I'm horny as hell now," she said and stood up. She removed her jeans and plopped down on the couch beside me. She looked at me hungrily and with a mischievousness I'd not seen in her for a while. She leaned back on the couch and starting rubbing those amazing tits. She pulled off her panties, and despite the level of fear I was feeling, I found that I'd been hard since the whole ordeal started. She ran her hands down her belly and into her closely trimmed pubic hair. She rubbed and I watched. "Tom, eat me," she said, now pulling her cunt lips apart, exposing her swollen clit. The voices in my head suddenly stopped and I practically dove into her pussy. I licked her lips and sucked in her juices like a possessed man. She ran her fingers through my hair and cheered me on. "Oh yes baby, eat me." She came hard as my tongue lapped at her clit. My whole face was covered with her juices and she spent several minutes undulating her whole body after her orgasm. I watched her with fascination and with genuine adoration for how beautiful she looked while doing that. My face still inches from her musky cunt, I became aware of my own needs. She seemed to sense it too. She looked down at me and said, "Take your pants off and jerk off on me. I want you to cum on my tits and on my face." I was still fully clothed and I frantically tore my pants off. I put one leg over her and masturbated just inches from her tits. "Oh yeah, I want to see that cum. Cum on me, baby," she cooed. It wasn't long before my dick was convulsing and ropes of cum hit her on the chin. She cried in delight and rubbed the cum into her neck and chest. At that point I was spent. I leaned down and kissed her on the mouth, hard. The smell of my cum, and probably Mr Johnstone's cum was strong on her. She returned my kiss, but then pushed me off of her and quickly headed to the bathroom. "Don't worry honey, that thing with Mr Johnstone was just business," she said over her shoulder. The voices in my head started shouting again when I heard her orgasm in the shower.