

# Seductive Sitter

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*Meetings canceled? Sounds good.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/quickie-sex/seductive-sitter.aspx>

Jill was the sitter my wife and I had settled on, because she had experience working in a day care and was an early childhood major at the college where I taught. Of course, I would have hired her on looks alone; the chance to see her made Wednesdays when she sat for us wonderful. She was tall and slender, with youthful modest breasts and gentle curves. But she had long, full, lush red hair that perfectly offset her creamy, freckled complexion. And she had a way of moving, deliberate and coordinated as if she was swimming through the world with her toned beautiful body. It was easy to look at someone so young, so beautiful, so uncomplicated, and fantasize about the raw pleasures of being with her. Of course, nothing's simple, and so I contented myself with the opportunity to see her when she arrived for a few minutes each week. My wife and I would leave her with our baby son, and my wife would drop me off on her way to work. One gorgeous hot day in late spring, Jill arrived in a stunning outfit that I could only glance at as I walked out the door: short white cutoff shorts and a sheer top that showed a white bikini top underneath. She flashed a cute smile and said, "I've got it under control, have a fun day at work!" I arrived at work only to find that all three of my meetings had been cancelled. I had left much of my other work projects at home, so I caught the bus back to my neighborhood. It was about an hour after leaving that I walked into the house, which was quiet. Heading back to my room, I saw something in the backyard as I picked up a book. It was Jill and my little boy. Jill had my son playing on a blanket in the shade while she lay on a black towel on her belly. She read a book, sunglasses framing her face as she slowly sucked on her lower lip. But what blew my mind was the first chance to see her nearly naked body. Her toenails were painted a peachy tone, and they curled and dangled as one foot lazily swung in the air. My eyes followed her long, lean, calves past the nape of her knee. Even lying down, her thighs had shape and tone, with a gentle crease as they met her white bikini bottom, which almost looked nude compared to her skin tone, save for the tie on the side. Her white top lay untied on the black towel, the rounded sides of her breasts pressing out past her shoulder blades, which lifted as her arms cradled a book. I watched for what might have been minutes, but felt timeless. The sun shone, her skin so white, the only movement her gently curling toes and the slow sucking of her bottom lip. I thought that if I waited, she might turn over for topless tanning, but then worried about her catching view of me. Instead, I thought I should take advantage of the chance to walk out and see her up close without being too creepy. I

put down my folder and headed around back, stepping out into the heat of the late morning. I walked toward the back, wondering what I could say, what my excuse would be, what I would do if she freaked out. As I saw Jill I spoke out, "hey, Jill, I'm home!" She turned, putting her book down splayed open. I couldn't see her eyes behind her sunglasses, but her face spread into a big smile as she looked over her shoulder and let out a friendly, "Hey!" "This is a surprise! I hope you don't mind we came out for some fresh air?" She said, reaching to tie her top in the back, "It's such a great day to get some sun... I hope you don't mind finding me out here like this," she said as she turned over, her breasts and flat belly on display. "Not at all." Quickly, I decided to flirt, "I think you just made my day." "You're sweet." I said, "Looking for romance?" She looked surprised, "Ummm, maybe you're being a bit forward?" I pointed to her book, "I mean your book. Looks like a love story." "Oh, absolutely! No matter how stressed out and frantic I am, my story studs always love me." I smiled, "I'm sure there are many of those lined up in real life. You look great." "Well," she said, "there aren't many guys in my major, and I don't go clubbing, so I'm still waiting after breaking up last month with Eric." "I can hardly believe that, every guy must want to get his hands on you." "Well, too bad for you, you just missed your chance to put my lotion on." There was a pause for both of us, just a moment. I smiled at her, and she took off her sunglasses. "Since you're home, do you want to put your son down for his nap?" "Sure, that would be nice." I helped pick up her stuff and my son, and took him to his crib. He fussed just a bit, but then fell asleep for what was always a solid hour or slightly more. As I walked back into the living room, Jill sat on the couch. "See," she said, folding down the top of her bikini bottom just a bit, "I tan. It doesn't show much, and it takes careful work not to burn, but it helps with some color," revealing how her skin was slightly lighter. Of course, pulling her bottom was an invitation to take a peek at her grooming. I could make out the faint outline of a small patch of hair, and she must have groomed closely to show me as much of her skin as she did. "Ummm, yeah, you also don't have any freckles where you don't get sun. That's a difference, too." "Really?" She rolled over and pulled aside her bottom to reveal a buttock, "How about here?" "Looks delicious" I joked, "Just creamy skin." She looked in my eyes, and I decided to go for it, "You look incredible." I looked into her eyes. "I'm blown away." "Thanks." She said, "it feels nice to be admired." She let her arm rest on her thigh, and her gaze dropped. "Umm, so, you're headed right back to work?" "Well, my meetings were cancelled, so I came home to get a book for a paper I'm writing. I want to get ahead on a deadline." I said, sitting down next to Jill. Jill leaned back, "So, nothing pressing?" "No, not really." "And your wife's working all day, and your son will sleep for an hour, too? So it's just you and me?" "I guess," I said. The corner of Jill's mouth curled into a smile, and she bit her lip like she had done outside. "Mmmmm." she said. I looked at her eyes. She laughed a bit, and said, "Hmmm..." then leaned in, put her head on my shoulder and cooed, "Mmmm..." "Mmmm..." I hummed back. "You're still warm from the sun." "I feel a bit hot," she said. "Maybe it's the romance novel. It's a story about a babysitter who sits for a widower. They fall in love, of course, and the sex is hot..." Her hand traced across her thigh, as her other leg lifted as she leaned into me more. "It is a fantasy of probably every college girl. To have a husband and a son, but not really have any of the responsibility. You know, just to play. Like, for me to pretend that we're married, that we just put our son down for a nap." I sat there, a lump in my throat, hands

cold at having such an amazing young woman saying this, knowing where it could be headed. "So, you said you had nothing pressing at the office?" Jill smiled. "No, nothing pressing." "What about here?" She asked, sliding her hand to my crotch, finding me already hard. "Oh, you do have some pressing business here, don't you." She quickly rolled, straddling me, her arms on my shoulders and her crotch right on my hardness. "It would be fun to play with you," she said, planting a quick kiss on my cheek as she gently ground into my cock. "Wanna play with me?" She whispered in my ear, her breath hot in my ear, her hair covering my eyes. "You don't have to answer," she breathed, her lip touching my ear, "I can feel what you want. It's okay, we can just play. We won't fuck. Maybe you can get me off... it's been too long. Okay?" She stuck her tongue into my ear, then whispered, "You do want to make me come, don't you?" I moaned, but she didn't relent, dropping her mouth to my neck and sucking like a vampire. "Do you want a hickey? So your wife will know?" "No, please, no." She stayed attached, gently sucking, licking, and biting, as her hands felt my side and then moved to her own bottom. She slid a finger inside her bikini, then came to my nose. "Smell." I was intoxicated, and grabbed her finger with my mouth, sucking sour taste. "I need that," I said. She pushed me down on the couch and climbed up, her cunt an inch from my mouth. Jill sat on me and held my hands back. "No hands." she said. Her hands grabbed the bows on the side of her bottom, and she tugged them open. Her bikini bottom was untied, but hung loosely just inches from my mouth. "Tell me what you want." She smiled down at me. "I want to taste you, Jill." "I'm not Jill, I'm your wife. Call me Terri." "I want to taste you, Terri." She smiled. "Say it again." "I need to taste you." Jill grabbed the white fabric and pulled it off. She had a neatly trimmed "V" that was just a hint darker than her hair. Her lips and all around was clean shaven. Being in my mid-30s, I had just missed the whole grooming thing, and it was so beautiful to see up close. She arched her pelvis upward and forward, and she opened up, releasing her wonderful pungent smell, mixed with the coconut sunscreen she had on. "Your tongue," she said, holding herself an inch from my mouth, as her hand grabbed my hair and kept my head in place. I pushed out my tongue toward her, but she pulled back. "Are you sure you're ready for me?" She smiled, "Once you have a taste, you've cheated. You've cheated on your real wife. You've crossed a line with me. It's a lot of risk and danger for just a taste. You could even get in trouble with our school. Are you sure you want it?" "Yes, please, please Terri, I have to taste you," I pleaded. "Oh, I've wanted this," she said, finally bringing her soft pink to touch my tongue. "Taste me. Lick me, hubby." My tongue touched her lightly. She put the clit right where I could just lightly touch it. I lapped, moaning, "Please, more. Please." She said, "You want more? What do you want, honey?" I said, "Give me the whole thing." She leaned in, pressing her pelvis into my face. My nose was covered with her folds, hot wetness filling my nostrils and my brain. My own mouth met her shaven lips, my tongue lost in her heat. We both moaned and she bucked slightly against the stubble of my chin as I ate. Jill panted, rubbing and then letting out a breathy, "Oh, honey." She continued to grind, and I ate her with abandon for a minute or more. My face grew hot, my ears on fire, and my cock, still in my pants, ached as it started to suck up spunk from my balls, dreaming of sweet release. Jill's breathing rushed and she panted, "Oh, honey, I'm going to come." She bucked again, and her hands dug into my head one final time as she let out a throaty moan as she came. Jill's face and chest were flushed, and a

bead of sweat rolled down her temple as she slowly smiled. "Yes, that's what I want," she said. "That was so nice." She looked down at me, "It must have been a while since you've really fucked your wife like this." "You remember, since before our son was born," I said. "Well, I bet you're bursting out, then." She reached back and felt my cock stiff against my khakis and the wet spot on my pants where my precome had stained through. Jill scooted down the couch, tugging off my belt and unzipping me. "Well, what a forest," she remarked at my pubic hair as she pulled my underwear just a bit, revealing that I only occasionally trimmed myself. My cock strained against my underwear, and she put her mouth on the wet spot. I could feel her tongue on my cock head, and she let out a loud, "Mmmm" which vibrated from her throat down to my balls. She looked up at me, delighting in the suspense. She cupped my balls through my underwear as she continued to chew on my head through my undies, then slipped her hand through the leg to grab my base. "It's so fucking hot, I feel like it will burn me," she said, her hand squeezing my me as she finally released me from my confines. The cool air of the room contrasted with her hot breath which brushed past the underside of my cock head as she looked into my eyes. Without another word, she opened her mouth and ran her tongue along the underside of my cock from base to tip. She pressed down, and the pressure of her tongue squeezed out a drop of precome, which she watched drip onto my hair. She slid her tongue onto the slit of my cock, as her hands massaged my base and balls. Sitting up, Jill smiled. "Go get a rubber for that boy." Ugh. I hadn't thought about that. "I don't have one, honey," I said. "You know the rules," she said, "no glove, no love. We don't need another kid just yet." I was crestfallen, I think I was nearly ready to cry. She looked at me with sympathy, and then said, "Well, I guess if you think you can last a stroke or two... maybe just hold it in me..." "Please," I said. Jill slid back up, rubbing her lips on my shaft, my head dripping precome. She rubbed her finger on my tip, and picked some of the precome from my pubes, rubbing it on her lips. "Are you ready for me?" She smiled devilishly. She rose up just enough to place my cock head at her hole, then sat down just an inch. "Mmmm, you are nice and hot." She just stayed there, then slowly slid down. We were both so hot and wet she hardly needed to take it slow, but I know if she had gone too fast I would have cum right then. With my cock in her, she sat there for a moment. Then, I felt a gripping, "Feel that?" She smiled. "I can grip you." I moaned. "You want to fuck me?" she asked. "Oh, so badly," I moaned. "No," she said, "we're staying like this. You're just staying in me." She bent over and kissed me for the first time on the lips, her tongue penetrating me as my cock rested in her. My hands reached around her back and undid her top, which she then pulled off over her head. She ground just so slightly, pushing me in just a bit more as she sat up so that her breasts hung in the air. Her nipples were peach, just like her toes, and she lowered one into my mouth. It was already firm, but it stiffened in my mouth. God, I had never felt so good. My ears burned, my hands were clammy as they reached for her hips, pulling just a bit so that I could sneak some motion. "Un huh," she said, "stay still. We don't need another baby." We stayed like this for a few seconds, then she abruptly lifted up off me. My cock was trembling, and it became even more sensitive as her juices evaporated and cooled me. "We need to let that relax a bit, or it's going to erupt." she said, looking down at my stiffness. Jill took my hand and placed it on her lips. "Make me come again, honey." I sunk a finger into her and placed the flat of my thumb on her clit. I

rubbed lightly from side to side, and she panted into my ear, "Yes, that feels good. Slower... lighter... yes," Jill silently breathed as I found her rhythm. Her hand reached and held the inside of my thigh, her forearm lightly touching my shaft. I kept up with my fingers as Jill moved, lying down on the couch. "I need you in me to come," she said, lying on her side. I sat up and lifted one of Jill's toned legs, my cock finding its way to her opening. "Remember," she said, "no coming." I just nodded and slowly rubbed my head back and forth to pick up some of her wetness. I slowly moved into her. I had no idea it would feel so good, so differently than before. She was tight, and I could feel how I had to gently press against her to open her fully to me. As I filled her, she closed her eyes and said, "Your thumb. Rub me again with your thumb." Our hands headed to our crotch; my thumb rubbing her clit while another grabbed a buttock so I could hold myself inside her. One of Jill's hands spread her lips open so her clit was fully accessible, while her other hand held my aching balls. Her leg lay against my chest, wafting coconut and her beautiful scent. My eyes watched her breasts heave, nipples hardening as we rubbed. The heat spread, and I saw a bead of sweat roll down her neck and onto her breast. Jill was withdrawing into herself as I intensified my rubbing. I could feel her wetness growing as her breathing deepened. "Oh, fuck," she said, "Yes, that's it, fuck me. Come on, honey, fuck me." My balls ached at her tease, but she persisted. "Are you ready to fuck me? Don't you need to fuck me? My pussy's so tight, it needs to be fucked. I need you to fuck me." Her lips pursed into a teasing grin, but I also sensed a genuine pleading. My head spun as she continued to provoke and tease as I rubbed her, light and fast, over and over, again sneaking a slight rocking into my motion to give me some pleasure, too. Jill came hard. She moaned loudly and began to rock back and forth as her hands grabbed her nipples and pinched. "Come for me," I said, and she rocked harder when I added, "Come for me, honey." Jill rocked against me, my cock tugged by her tightness, and once more she said, "Fuck me." I couldn't take it. I slid out, then stroked home, guiding myself all the way to the hilt. Jill screamed and I did it again. My balls stiffened as I shot the most intense load of my life. I moaned, Jill screamed, and I began to fuck her with abandon as I dumped my load into her tightness. It was a heaven I had only dreamed of before, and I moaned, "Oh, honey!" I collapsed onto Jill, into her, my mouth finding hers again, her mouth grabbing onto mine, only to both cold and dry from panting and screaming. Jill bit onto my tongue as I burrowed one more time, my balls squeezing a final load, my uncontrollable primitive need to plant seed in this young flower, too sweet to deny. As we lay together, Jill whimpered and I held her in my arms. "I hope we're not pregnant," I finally said, tentatively. "Oh, I'm still on the pill from Eric. I'm fine." "Why didn't you tell me?" "Well, I wanted to know you wanted me that badly. Bad enough to give everything up. I wanted you to have to choose to risk your whole life for one chance to fuck me." "Ugh, I don't feel so good about that." "And I wanted it to be real for you. And it was kinky, and that got you off even more, right?" "More than anything." I said, relieved at her trick. "I had to know I just said that to drive you crazy, to see if I could make you really cheat." Jill said, touching my arm, "And I did. And now, in a small way, you're mine. And I want you again, to play house. You'd like that, right?" I looked down at her perfect body, and she smiled again and said, "You'd better head off to work, our son's about to wake up. Kiss me before you go."