

Kacey Gets Hosed

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Two pretty young things paying their way in life with what God gave them.

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Creek, grunt, thud, creek, grunt, thud. What a way to pay your rent. Creek, grunt, thud, creek, grunt, thud. Creek, a moment of emptiness. Grunt, filled to the hilt again. Thud, the bed again hits the wall. Still, the pace is increasing, and the grunts are getting more breathless and the thuds are starting to chip the plaster, it won't be long now, he'll be in to "Yes" mode shortly and we'll be into the last 30 seconds. Creek, grunt, thud, creek... "Oh, yessss" Thud. Here we go, what's he gonna have to say this week. Creek. "Oh, fuck yessss" Thud. Creek. "You gettin' it now" Thud. I sure am. Creek. "You fucking love it" Thud. I like the flat, just wish I could afford to pay for it more conventionally. Creek. "You little fucking whore" Thud. Fuck you too, you fat middle aged wanker. Creek. "Oh, fuck yessss" Thud. You already said that, get on with it. Creek. "You're gonna fucking have it" Thud. Hurry up then. Creek. "Oh, fuck yessss." Thud. Getting repetitive now, time to push him over the edge before my head reaches the wall. With my head squashed in a pillow I turn my face back towards him and spit. "Go on then, fucking do it." Creek, thud, creek, thud, creek. "Urghhh" Thud. "Urghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." A small latex balloon inside me fills with something that was just inside my landlord, and Jodie and I have a home for another week. I roll away onto my back, grab a handful of tissues and with my legs in the air as I wipe my crotch. I stare at the short, overweight, middle aged man, kneeling naked on my bed. His eyes closed, his chins resting on his chest, his pot belly resting on his lap, only the bloated end of the condom sticking out from the thick black curly hairs that cover his entire body. His chest rises as he snores in breath, a drip of sweat falls from his nose into the pool that has formed at his sternum. As he breathes his lip and jowls flap, the noise disturbs him into opening his eyes to a squint. He catches my blank emotionless eyes and cannot resist letting his gaze drop to my crotch. I lye motionless for a few seconds, letting him have a eyeful of my 22 year old pussy, knowing it will only make him feel worse. You can see the guilt hit him like a hammer blow, as it always does. His eyes are closed again now and his face averted. What a pathetic site he is. I jump to my feet, making sure I let out a rasping fanny fart, I know this will add greatly to his displeasure and smirk to myself as he visibly shivers at the disgusting sound. I toss the box of tissues to Mr Theodopolis, grab my gown and with out a word leave him to it. Jodie is in the lounge as I enter, slumped in an armchair texting on her mobile. "Was it good for you honey?" she quips in a mock accent, without even looking up. "Fucking A, bet you can't wait til your turn," I reply. "Oh he won't last that long in there with me." "Don't

bet on it, every time it takes him longer to cum. I'm gonna shower" "No you ain't, no hot water, the plumbers on the way." "Fucking A, why didn't you tell me before I fucked the landlord" I say as I slump into the other armchair. "Don't worry, he'll pay, asking him when he's guilt ridden is as good as when he's gagging, he'll agree to almost anything to get out of that door without looking us in the eye." She finishes her text, hops to her feet and approaches the bedroom door. "Watch this," she says as she swings open the door. Mr Theodopolis is on the edge of the bed pulling his underpants up his legs. He looks mortified and winces and tries to cover himself up. "Mr Theodopolis, the boilers knackered, I got a plumber coming round, he reckons it'll be about £150. If I pay him and get a bill you can pay me back next week, OK." Jodie says in her most authoritative voice. Mr Theodopolis mumbles and nods his head and gesticulates for her to close the door. "That fucking told him," she whispers to me as she gives him back his privacy. Five minutes later Mr Theodopolis emerges from the bedroom and leaves with nothing more than an embarrassed nod in our direction. He must have passed the plumber coming the other way, because within a minute of him leaving the door bell rang. Jodie let the plumber in and showed him where the boiler was, I thought he must be quite nice by the flirty, damsel in distress character that I could hear her playing. Either that or she was up to something. Then she returned to me and smiled her usual devious smile. "He reckons it'll take about an hour, why don't we go out onto the balcony and sunbathe....in our Budweiser bikinis." She was definitely up to something, but hey, the weather was good and I wasn't due anywhere. About an hour later and I'm snoozing on towel, on a lounge, in the sun, 99% of me covered in suntan oil, the other 1% covered in a lurex beer ad. Jodie is nearly identical. We're both 22, 5'7, slim, chesty and we've even both got our blonde hair tied back the same, it's just that mine's real. I hear the chunk slide noise of the patio door and the plumber steps onto the balcony. I don't move an inch, just check him out through my Oakleys. He's no dream boat, not ugly, but not the kind of guy you'd really give a second glance too, just plain ordinary. In his thirties, slightly disheveled, a big round shouldered guy in his overalls, stammering at the sight of two nearly naked sexy young things in their bikinis. "Fancy a Bud," said Jodie with a wicked smile on her face. "I'm errrr, done, it's errrrr, all working now and I've errr, made the errrr, bill out, its errr, £175 all in." Jodie sits, legs akimbo on the lounge, lifts her shades up her head and looks him straight in the eye. "One seventy five, you told me one fifty on the phone." "Yeah, er sorry, it took a bit more work and a few more parts than I thought." He said. "OK, I tell you what, I'll blow you for it." she said as she took the bill from him. He was completely taken aback. "I mean it," she said, "you give me the bill and I'll suck your cock til you tell me to stop." He was speechless, eventually he says "Errrr, sorry lady, I'm a married man, I errr, I have a wife who does that kind of err, thing for me." "Not like I do, and I bet she don't get her friends to help, does she." He hesitated. Was she serious? Would her friend do it? You could see his mind working overtime. "I wanna touch you while your doin it," he blurted out. "Tell you what, we'll play you double or quits, if you can guess whose a natural blonde just by putting your hands down our pants, we'll just blow you and we're quits. If you're wrong you gotta fit a new power shower." Fucking hell, I think, where the fuck has she got this from. He thinks, but not for long. "But you blow me either way?... Both of you, I mean," he says. "Sure" she says. "No condom either" he adds. "No problem" she says. "Your friend don't even look awake, how do I know

she's playin," he says. Lying on my back I slide my feet up the bed so the soles are touching and my legs are bent at the knee and spread at the crotch. He gets the message that I'm playing. "OK where do I start?" he says, crouching slightly nervously beside me and rubbing my thigh with his hand. Jodie slid onto my lounge, where my feet had been, sitting with her legs like mine but upright as opposed to my reclined position. "Well you can't peep so you'll have to look at the ceiling" Jodie said as she casually took the plumber's hands and placed one on my crotch and one on hers. Kneeling by the side of the lounge, staring upwards, I couldn't help but notice the look of awe on his face. His fingers spread across my pubic V, he pushed his thumb against the gusset of my bikini bottoms. Below my glass I could see Jodie getting the same treatment. But where she was smiling broadly at his upturned face, checking he wasn't peeping, I was still lying completely impassive. Not long before his thumb pushed the flimsy material aside and with a little dance of the fingers he was looking for the entrance. How totally man-ish. Take the shortest possible route to getting your fingers inside. And with a little dance of the fingers, while holding the gussets aside with his thumbs, which I watched him perform with both hands simultaneously, he had three digits of each hand searching for openings, and two little fingers grazing two little anuses. "Guess who then," said Jodie as he probed a finger into each of us. "I'm thinking," he said as he pushed another finger easily into Jodie, but struggled to get another into me, due to my efficiency in wiping myself clean of Mr Theodopolis. "Your friend definitely ain't as interested as you," he said, as he eventually forced in a second finger, making me grimace slightly as I accommodated it. "Oh she is awake" he said, which made me smirk involuntarily, followed by a contraction inside as his thumb made direct contact with my clit. "I can feel her coming to life" he laughed, as he started to stir his fingers in the moisture that was beginning to appear. "I don't think she's the blonde though," he said cockily. "Wrong" said Jodie. "We gotta power shower." The plumber looked down to his hands for the first time. He checked out the two pussies he was fingering, both neatly trimmed, mine looking quite red, with a little blonde triangle of hair, Jodie's looking pinker and very much wetter, with not much more than a line of pubes pointing to her clit. "You still gotta take care of this honey," said the plumber, nodding towards the lump in the crotch of his overall and pushing his hips forward, so there was no doubt in our minds what he meant. "No problem" said Jodie as she gently grabbed his cock, through his clothing, and started to stroke it. She reached up and unbuttoned the shoulder straps and his overall fell around his waist, he stood up, without actually taking a finger from either of us, which allowed his overall to fall around his ankles. This left his boxers, straining at the front, with the end of his knob peeping between the buttons. Jodie eased them down his thighs, causing his cock to bend towards his feet, then spring back against his stomach. He knelt down again on the edge of the lounge. Jodie reached out with both hands, gently tossing him with one and cupping his balls with the other. He had an average size penis, uncircumcised, with impressively large hairy bollocks. He looked painfully hard, twitching to Jodie's touch, like a loaded gun that could go off at any moment Jodie knelt up and shuffled backwards a little, allowing her to drop her head to his crotch. It also meant he had to remove his hand from her bikini bottoms. He immediately started to use both hands on me. Holding me open, as wide as he could and tickling my clit. He was transfixed with view, a look of sheer lust on his face, beads of sweat

on his forehead and a little spittle at either side of his mouth. I still lay impassive. I could see Jodie's head approaching his cock, still cupping his balls, but the other hand now just pulling back his foreskin as tight as possible. His helmet was a dark red purple colour, glistening with pre cum, a large drop formed at the eye as Jodie squeezed him. "You gotta little leak here plumber boy," she said, then opened her mouth and started to rub the underside of the head of his cock over the surface of her tongue. "These big balls must be full" she added, before swallowing his entire length. Not the biggest cock I'd ever seen disappear down her throat in one go, but still an impressive trick. She topped this by sticking her tongue out and licking his balls, with his cock still in her throat, causing him to give an involuntary thrust. This made her eyes open a little wider and pushed her nose deep into his pubic hair. The treatment was obviously getting to him as he looked skywards and sighed deeply, his fingers still at my pussy, but doing nothing now, just holding me open. Jodie now started to bob her head up and down in his lap, still using one hand to steady him and one to tickle his balls, and further between his legs. "I want her to do it now as well" he said nodding at me. I kneeled up, bent my head forward towards Jodie's, slide my shades up onto the top of my head and looked up at him submissively. Cheek to cheek with my friend I opened my mouth and stuck my tongue out. Jodie, holding the base of his cock, rubbed it around her tongue and then mine, ever so gently, causing it to jerk and bounce back onto my nose. We turned our faces up and both started to lick gently up and down his cock, taking turns to run our tongues around the head. Another couple of jerks and his erratic breathing made me think it was going to be long before he goes off. But we just continued to tease him gently with our tongues. His hips were now jerking occasionally as he tried to bury his cock in either of our mouths, but we continued to tease. "Lick my nuts," he mumbled to Jodie. Never one to do things by half she spun over onto her back and put her head between his legs, opening her mouth wide she lowered his balls into her mouth. She started lick and suck, from the base of his cock, around his nuts and between his legs towards his arse. She reached around with one hand and started to tickle in the crack of his bum, while tossing him gently but rapidly. This left me at the business end. I started to run my tongue in circles around the eye of his cock. He was leaking again, I could taste him quite clearly. I cast my eyes up to his, giving him my little Miss Innocent look. Which was obviously too much for him. I felt the first spurt hit the roof of my mouth and splash across my top lip, my nose and my forehead. Good effort I thought, that was a hell of a spurt, unlike the watery clear pre cum this was thick, lumpy and hot. Another jerk of his cock and another spurt, running from my tongue to up my face over my left eye, my forehead, finishing in my hair, if anything this one seemed bigger than the first. I just kept on running my tongue in little circles around the head. Another guttural groan, another jerk and another spurt, completely missing my mouth but landing between the last two ropes that ran across my face. Still thick, still hot and equally copious. Now I was beginning to wonder where this was going to end. Another jerk, splat, direct hit in the other eye, filling the socket with a pool of cum. Loads again, that must be nearly it I thought, as I let his cock head fall into my mouth. But I was mistaken, I nearly gagged as two more huge spurts filled my mouth. I jerked my head back and took the last big spurt straight in the middle of the face and up my nose. Fucking hell, Jodie, I thought, I must look a right fucking state. On auto pilot I kept circling his helmet with my spunk cover

tongue. She slid from under him, looked at me and cracked up laughing, as did the plumber. I motioned her to come closer with my finger. Giggling she lifted her head to mine. "What is it honey?" she smirked. I spat the come from my mouth straight into her face. "Fuck you!" I said, she winced but still laughed. As it ran down her cheek I could see just how thick it was, little lumpy blobs. "Oh she talks," said the plumber. "Fuck you too!" I said, leaning forward and wiping my face in his T shirt. I still had loads on my face, but at least I could open my eyes. "You wanna jerk off a bit more often, it's disgusting," I said. I got to my feet and walked inside to the mirror. I was covered, there was loads in my hair, my sunglasses were well plastered and I had a long sticky drip hanging from my chin, pooling into the gap between my tits. God my mother would be so proud if she could see me now. I went to the tissue box, only to discover Mr. Theodopolis had used the last of them. I bent down to the waste bin to see if any of the large pile I'd used earlier were clean. All I could see as I bent over was Mr. Theodopolis' used condom, oozing cum. The plumber walked behind me, overall back on. A big grin on his face, admiring his handy work and obviously taking pleasure from the fact that I was grossed out. "Don't worry, least you can have a shower now, see ya," He said, and seeing I was still bent over to the chance to goose me one last time picking up his tools and leaving, cheeky bastard, what a fucking liberty. "Next time we do that you can take the hosing," I said, waste bin in hand to Jodie, as she entered the room. "Sure," she said mockingly, scooping two fingers of cum from my chest, licking one suggestively and flicking the cum on the other back in my face. Cheeky bitch. She then waved the plumbers bill at me and snickered, "Now be a good girl or you don't get your cut of the 150 from Mr Theodopolis. As she turned away I took the condom from the bin, by the nipple, and slapped Jodie across the face with it, covering her other cheek, ear and hair with Mr. Theodopolis' cum. "Here's a deposit he left for you earlier, Sweetie," I said as I ran to the shower and locked the door. We have a laugh, me and Jodie. The End.