

Full Service Babysitter

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A distinguished older man and his kid's babysitter pleasure each other one night

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The front door slammed jolting me awake. I hated falling asleep while babysitting. The parents always reassured me it was completely fine, but it made me feel like I was letting them down. Quickly, I hopped up from the couch hoping my employer would never suspect what I'd been doing for the past few hours. I heard him pausing to hang his coat in the closet, which gave me a few seconds to fix my disheveled honey blonde hair, and wrinkled school uniform. I swept my long delicate fingers under my eyes removing any mascara that had flaked off, and pinched my cheeks instantly bringing more color and life to my face. I grabbed my Psychology book from my bag and sat back down, acting as if I'd been doing course work all night. Only a few seconds later did he enter the room. "He" being Mr. Lucas Gilbert, renowned columnist for the London Times, father of two, and as of last May a widower. It had been almost a year since I'd seen him. The children's day time nanny had been there when I'd first arrived. His dark hair had gone slightly gray around the sides, but instead of making him look old he just looked distinguished. He had certainly not let his physique go. His shoulders seemed broader and sleeves tighter than I'd remember. "Hello, Mr. Gilbert. How was your evening?" I asked. "Tessa I must have told you 100 times you may call me Lucas," he replied. As he walked farther into the room I noticed his normally piercing blue eyes seemed glassy, his gentile-like saunter was more a stumble, and he smelled faintly of liquor. An interview over dinner must have become an interview over drinks, I thought to myself. "Right, of course, sorry Lucas. It's just that I haven't been over to watch the kids since..." I trailed off embarrassed and nervous about almost mentioning the death of his wife. "Since Cassandra passed away?" he questioned. "Well, um, yes. So sorry again for your loss," I mumbled. "No need to be sorry, my dear. It's been over a year now, and truth be told I never really cared for her anyways. If she hadn't died we would probably be divorced. Our marriage had been horrid since day one. In fact she was on the way to meet with her lawyer about drawing up the divorce papers when the accident happened," he stated as plainly as if he were telling me what he'd had for dinner. I was of course in shock. He'd clearly had even more to drink than I'd thought when he first came in the room. I was even more startled when he said, "Let's go to the kitchen and I'll pour us some drinks. Do you like scotch?" "Mr. Gilbert, I mean Lucas, that is very kind of you to offer, but I need to be getting home soon," but as I said this he walked towards the kitchen anyways. I followed him to the other room. "Don't worry Tessa I called your mother at midnight and told her you'd have to spend the night

on a cot in one of the kid's rooms," he told me as he opened the cabinet above the stove and took down an old bottle of scotch. He called her at midnight? Good lord what time must it be now? I wondered. I looked down at my mobile and saw that it was already 2:34 AM. No wonder I fell asleep. " Well if my mother said it was alright then I suppose it does make sense for me to just stay," I told him as he handed me a glass. We both sat down opposite each other at the breakfast table our glasses of scotch in front of us and the bottle in the middle. The lights were on, but dimmed and it was hard to completely make out all the details of his face. At first we drank in silence. Lucas quickly finished two glasses before I'd drunk half of mine, and he moved on to his third. The amber liquid was a bit hard for me to swallow, but the more I drank the easier it went down. When the bottle was about half gone Lucas struggled to get up, put his hands on my shoulders, and slurred that we should probably get some sleep. As we reached the top of the stairs he turned to me and whispered, "I'm afraid we will wake up the kids if we try and put the cot in one of their rooms. You can sleep in my bed, and I'll just sleep on the floor." I felt rude accepting, but I knew if I objected he'd just insist and I'd end up sleeping in the bed anyways. He opened the door to the room and I was amazed by what I saw. What had once been a bright, open, and mostly pastel themed room, fit for a married couple was now painted dark grey. The white four-poster, had been replaced by a king sized bed, which was low to the ground and adorned with navy silk sheets. This was a room more suited to a rich bachelor. Without thought Lucas threw off his shirt and trousers, grabbed a pillow and a blanket and laid down. As I walked closer to the bed I realized, "I don't have any pajamas." He looked up at me through half closed eyes and said "I still have a pair I bought for Cassandra right before she died. She never wore them said they were too "skanky" for a woman like her. They should be in the top drawer of that bedside table." I opened the drawer and pulled out a white box, inside was a hot pink nighty. It seemed a little scandalous for my 17 years, but it was my only option. I walked over to the bathroom on the other side of the room, and slipped it on. As I looked in the mirror I was a bit shocked by what I saw. My 36D's slightly slipped over the top which was meant for a 34C. My abs looked firm and flat under the see through fabric covering them, and my perky little arse and long lean legs looked fabulous in the matching lacy thong. I'd never felt sexy before, but at that moment I knew I was smoking. Lucas must have agreed, because as I stepped back into the room his eyes widened and a bulge immediately grew in his pants. I was embarrassed by the way he was looking at me but also slightly turned on. Maybe it was the scotch but I felt like a woman not a little girl and I liked it. I decided to give Lucas a closer look at my exposed body and stepped over him to get into bed. His erection grew even more. I liked that but he was still Mr. Gilbert so I wasn't planning on doing anything more. However only a few minutes after we turned out the lights Lucas started moaning and grunting on the floor below me. I peered down and saw that he was wanking to try and ease his massive boner. His thick long dick almost glowed in the moonlight and I immediately felt my pussy ache. I couldn't help but watch. He was so sexy and almost animalistic working himself because he'd seen my hot young body. I couldn't take it. I needed to be the one touching his massive member. So I leaned down and whispered in his ear, "You know you could do that up here on the bed, or if you'd prefer I could help you out." Like a feral cat he pounced up and growled, "I'd always hoped you'd

wanted me as much as I wanted you." I couldn't take it anymore. I sat up grabbed my hands around his firm arse cheeks and drew his dick to my mouth. I licked his head with my sweet small tongue tasting his precum and then quickly took his whole member in my mouth. I bobbed along as he growled, going deeper and deeper with each thrust. Soon I was taking his whole dick down my throat and as he loaded his sticky warm cum into my tiny mouth I swallowed him up. He agilely swung himself up onto the bed, gently knocking on to my back and straddling me. "Now my turn to teach my little babysitter how real men do it." He slipped his massive hand under my back and easily released the clasp on the top that had almost been his wife's. My breasts and erect nipples sprang into view but were immediately covered by either his eager mouth or nimble fingers. He suckled and twisted, building up the tension down in my dripping pussy. I couldn't help but let out my girly moans of delight. This was nothing like the boys I'd been with at school. After fondling my large breasts Lucas kissed his way down my toned abs to the band of the pink thong. He grabbed the lace in his teeth and slipped the panties off my body. He stopped and starred at my tight shaved pussy, taking in the smell of my sex. Then he licked from the curve of my arse all the way up to my swollen bud. My whole body twitched in delight and my toes curled under. Gently at first and then more forcefully he nibbled my bud sending my body through pure ecstasy. And then, just as my hips began to rise and my tension began to build he stealthily slipped his massively erect member into my small wet hole. I'd never had anything so large inside of me. It was like a whole new experience. Our bodies pounded together in tandem as he drove farther and farther into me. "Lucas, Lucas fuck me like a man!" I cried out. "Tessa you're such a naughty little girl," he called out in response. Quicker and quicker he pounded my tiny pussy, his balls slapping my arse and his pelvis grinding into my sensitive clit. I could feel my climax building and just as his balls tightened a mind-blowing orgasm over took my body. As I lay there panting, completely spent, Lucas softly whispered into my ear, "So, how would you like to babysit again tomorrow?"