

# More than a Lodger...Part 1

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*Tom looks for lodgings and gets far more than he bargained for.*

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More than a Lodger...Part 1 I had been looking for a place to stay for about a week, but there was few places on the market for rent, and I knew I could not afford a place of my own. So I found myself trawling through the adverts in the local newspapers. One advert caught my eye and made me smile. It was a rare occurrence. It read: "Lodger required, male or female, rent £500pcm could be reduced for the right person! Tel:07254362534 to make an arrangement and speak to Laura or Jerry." The exclamation mark at the end of the first sentence said it all to me, and it made me wonder what they meant by 'right person.'" Only one way to find out I thought, so I picked up the phone and rang the number. A woman answered the phone and we started talking about the rental advert she had placed in the newspaper. She was insistent that I come round and have a look before anyone decided anything. It was arranged for 7pm that evening. I have a tendency to always turn up on time. So at seven precisely, I rang the doorbell of twenty four Acacia Avenue, a larger than normal three-bedroomed terraced house that looked pretty good and well kept from the outside. The door opened and it was Laura. I mentioned my name and she immediately motioned me to enter their house. Her husband Jerry was right behind her as she moved aside to let me in. Jerry extended his hand and I shook it. Laura placed her hand on my back and ushered me inside closing the door behind her. Laura looked to be in her early forties, while Jerry looked a little older, but not much. We entered the lounge and I was amazed to find a huge mirror across the wall and over the fireplace. The seats were leather and looked luxurious. They had a large TV in one corner of the room and a cool HiFi at the other. The house looked immaculate and very well kept and for the price they were asking it was brilliant. What's more I could afford it, and decided that I liked it even though I hadn't seen the bedroom yet. I just hoped they liked me and we could come to some arrangement. We chatted for a while and it was Laura that started showing me around the house. The kitchen was large and superbly equipped. There was a second lounge downstairs, it was smaller and only contained a sofa, a small TV and video recorder, and some furniture against one wall. Then it was upstairs to the

bedroom. I wondered for a moment why she was ushering me into their bedroom when she remarked that this would be mine. My mouth fell open. "You're joking!" I exclaimed. "No, this is the spare room, ours is cluttered up..." she smiled as she looked at me. "I take it you like it then." I nodded and said I did, very much. We made our way back down the stairs to the lounge and we just chatted away. They were obviously listening to everything I had to say about myself. Suddenly Laura and Jerry excused themselves and headed for the kitchen. I was not sure what they said to each other but they came back in smiling. "We would like to offer you the room," said Laura, "that is, if you would like it..." she commented. I just smiled and nodded. I was very happy to accept and we agreed that I would move in the following week. I couldn't wait. I left the house and completely forgot to ask about what she meant by the 'right person.' I guess there would be plenty of time for asking that question, I thought. The following week I turned up with what little belongings I had accumulated in my relatively short life of twenty three years. Almost fresh out of college, all I had to my name were clothes and CDs. It was Laura that showed me to my room again and she even helped me with some of my belongings. I thought I caught her taking a sneak look inside the box of goodies that contained my music collection, but I didn't mind in the slightest. I just knew I was going to like it here. I had only been in the house four days when I made my way to the kitchen one evening to find Laura standing there making some coffee. She was topless, and sporting a small white skirt. I watched mesmerised by her large breasts as I watched them sway, firstly when she put the sugar in the cup, and secondly when she started to stir the coffee. I watched as she picked up the coffee and turned towards me. I looked at her straight in the eyes and stuttered "I'm...ssssorry..." "Oh Tom, don't be, I'm sorry," she said, "just back from playing badminton, top was soaking wet so I just threw it in the washing machine along with my bra..." she explained. "Come in," she said. She watched me walk into the room, trying my best not to stare at her gorgeous and wonderful breasts. I saw her smile at my unease. "Do you mind if I stay and just finish this coffee?" she asked. I could hardly say no, and I half watched as Laura lounged in one of the chairs next to the table and leant back in it. Her breasts opened slightly and fell elegantly on either side of her. I watched as she lifted the mug to her lips and drank the coffee. "Did you win?" I asked, trying my best to be easy and making the best of what I considered an awkward situation. "No, we lost," she replied, "but its not about the winning," she informed me. As I made my coffee and evening meal, I noticed she was holding her coffee mug to her lips but not drinking out of it. She was looking over the top of it, at me. I was still trying not to stare at her, but every now and then I just had to steal a glance. She had the most gorgeous pair of breasts and a slim waist to go with them. While not tall, she had wonderful legs as well. As I was finishing making my omelette and putting it on the plate, I wondered where I was going to sit. Laura made the decision for me. "Come and sit here..." she said pointing to the chair opposite her. I wished it was one next to her then I wouldn't have to look at her. As I sat, she crossed her arms in front of her with her mug of coffee in one hand. Her breasts rose upwards and nestled in her arms. Her nipples were erect. She crossed her legs and stared at me. I ate my food quietly. "You like my breasts...don't you?" she finally asked me. I looked up at her, the egg on my fork was about to go into my mouth and I nodded. I chewed, swallowed and said, "they look very nice...yes." She smiled at me. Actually it was more of a grin, I guess. I had the impression

she wasn't sitting there topless just because her top was wet. I started to wonder whether it was all planned. I then looked at her straight in the eyes. I saw a glint, a wicked glint that caught my eye. Her grin became larger. I lowered my gaze to her breasts and I just stared at them. The half eaten omelette on my plate was getting cold. I shovelled another fork load into my mouth as I just started at her breasts and nipples. Laura got up, placed her coffee on the table to her side and leant over the table. She reached for my hand with the fork and placed it on the plate. She kept hold of my hand, twisted it so that my palm was facing upward and brought it to her breasts. My hand took over and did exactly what her eyes were pleading me to do. I brushed my hand over her dangling breasts, stroking her nipples with my hand as I did so. I watched Laura as her eyes closed to my touch. I watched her mouth open and I heard her sigh as I fondled her breasts. "Squeeze them...go on, squeeze them for me..." she almost pleaded with me. I kept fondling her breasts, then I caught one of her nipples between my forefinger and thumb and I squeezed, gently at first, becoming bolder as I gauged her response to it. She seemed to love it, the harder the better. When I finally tweaked her nipple hard, she gasped out loud as she raised her head and neck upwards, arching her back as she did so. Laura looked straight into my eyes. "I'm so fucking wet!" she told me right to my face. It was then I realised how hard and erect my cock had become and how uncomfortable I was sitting in the chair with my cock desperate to be released from my jeans. I hadn't realised it but I had become as randy as fuck in the seconds it took for her to seduce me over the kitchen table. She looked at me, pleading me to do something more than just touch her breasts. I got up from my seat and walked around the table. I lifted her skirt up to her waist. I don't know why I was surprised, probably my naivety, but I shouldn't have been surprised that she had no knickers on. She was right too. As my hand brushed up against her pussy through her slightly opened legs I could feel it was soaking wet with anticipation. Laura never said another word to me. She just waited for the inevitable intrusion into her cunt. I knew she was waiting for it, because every time I touched her she winced and started to gyrate her hips around my hand. I just looked at her bare arse and wet pussy, touching it every now and then. My cock was rampant inside my jeans and I mean rampant. I stopped touching her and unbuckled my belt. I unzipped my jeans very slowly, trying to look around her swaying body to see if she was smiling. I wanted her to look around at me but she didn't. I could hear her sigh to herself as she heard the zip. I let my jeans drop to the floor and pulled my pants down with them immediately afterwards. I stood behind her with my rampant and erect cock in my hands. I waited for a short time stroking my cock all the while. "Please..." she uttered almost silently. I listened to her, then I put my cock at the entrance of her cunt. She sighed loudly. I pushed my arse forward. It went straight in to the hilt. My pubic hair was rubbing on her arse as my cock went all the way in. "Ooooo....fuck!" she said, "Gorgeous!" She pushed her arse back towards me as I pulled my cock backwards and then pushed it straight in for a second time. "Yes..." was all I heard. I started to pump into her pulling my cock out and thrusting it back in all the way, every time, and every time she uttered the word "Yes." My cock was certainly feeling the effect of her pussy. I started to fuck her faster as I really wanted to cum hard. She had teased me enough, and I couldn't hold back. I was uncertain whether I should cum inside her or not. "I'm cumming..." I said out loud, and then fucked her senseless as I did so. I was ready to

pull out when she told me to cum inside her. That made my mind up and that was exactly what I did. I spunked inside her as I thrust. Then I heard her cum hard on my cock as her orgasm exploded inside her. She started to shudder and buck her arse back towards me as my spunk flooded her pussy. As our orgasms subsided, I stayed inside her. To be honest, I didn't know how to face her now, now that we had fucked each other and we had both cum. It was Laura that made the first move. She stood upright and leant forward. My cock slipped from her pussy. She turned to me and kissed me full on the mouth. "That was a gorgeous fuck," she said, "I loved it, I hope you did too." I just nodded, then I took courage from her words. "I really love your body," I replied, "You are so sexy." Laura smiled as she held my cock and just looked me in the eye. "Let me make you an omelette," she said. She pulled her skirt down, walked around the table and picked up the plate. I watched as she throw out the omelette I had made and she started to make another one. I eventually pulled up my pants and trousers, watching her all the time. I sat down at the table. The front door slammed. "I'm home hun!" It was Jerry, I looked at her topless body as she finished the omelette and placed it in front of me. "We're in the kitchen..." she shouted. Fuck, I thought, she's not staying topless is she. Laura must have registered my shocked face. She opened the door to the washing machine and removed her white sports top. She put it on just as Jerry entered the kitchen. "Hiya, hun," she said as she kissed him and squeezed his arse. "Food?" she asked. "In a minute," he replied, "I'm a bit tired to eat right now." I just sat still and shovelled the food into my mouth. I couldn't actually face him in case my blushes would give the game away. They both left the kitchen and headed to the lounge. I was thankful for that. I heard Laura say that she was headed for the shower, and then it dawned on me. Her top that she put on was nowhere near wet.