

# The Beckwith Affair Chap 1

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Published on Lush Stories on 02 Feb 2010

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/the-beckwith-affair-chap-1.aspx>

August 3 rd , 10:05 a.m.

“Robert Eyestone, private investigations, this is Maggie, how can I help you?”

“Is Mr. Eyestone in?” the voice on the phone asked.

“He is not in at the moment, can I get your name and number and have him call you?” asked Maggie.

“Please, this is Mrs. Beckwith, of Beckwith Importers. My number is 310-555-7600.”

“He will call you as soon as he is able. Thank you Mrs. Beckwith.”

“Hello, is this Mr. Eyestone?” asked Mrs. Beckwith.

“Yes it is, how did you know it was me?” I asked.

“Because I don’t recognize your number and very few people have my number.” She responded.

“How can I help you Mrs. Beckwith?”

“You have been recommended highly to me and I’d like to hire you to find someone for me. I don’t have time to discuss it now; can you meet me for dinner at the Yacht club? You do know where the Yacht Club is don’t you?”

“Yes, I know where it is. Don’t you want to discuss my fee first?” I asked.

“That won’t be necessary. Meet me at 7:00 and don’t be late. Just ask for me, and don’t worry about dinner, it’s on me.” She said.

I had some free time so I decided to do a little internet research on Mrs. Beckwith before we met for dinner. I kept a netbook with me with an AirCard so I have internet access at all times. I learned a number of interesting facts. Her husband, Randall Beckwith, had died in an accident about a year ago, leaving her with sole ownership of a very profitable importing business. She lived in a mansion on the cliffs in Palos Verdes, was very rich, and from the pictures I found, very beautiful.

I decided to wear a suit to dinner, not knowing exactly what to expect. I arrived at 6:55 and was told I would be seated shortly. At 7:00 I was escorted to her table.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Mrs. Beckwith,” I said as I stood next to her table.

“Please Mr. Eyestone, call me Beckey, and do have a seat,” she said as we shook hands.

“You can call me Bob,” I said as I took my seat across from her.

“Do you mind if I call you Robert? I like that name.”

“Not at all, Robert it is,” I responded.

“I’ve taken the liberty of ordering for both of us, I assume you like lobster,” she said.

“I love lobster, that will be fine,” I responded as I glanced around the table.

“The wine will be here shortly,” she said, correctly interpreting what I was looking for.

“So, Beckey, who is it you would like me to find for you, if you don’t mind getting down to business” I asked.

“Not at all, I like a man who gets right to the point. His name is Alan Jankowski. We’ve been seeing each other for about 6 months, and he has suddenly disappeared.”

At that moment the wine and the lobster both arrived. We ceased talking for a few minutes, then made idle chit chat as we ate. I could only see the top half of her, but what I could see had no doubt caused a lot of heads to turn. She was a stunner. Her curly blond hair came down below her shoulders and the shape of her cleavage suggested something very nice was hidden there.

As the wine and lobster disappeared I became more relaxed with her, but I didn’t see the same transition from her. She was very guarded, and clearly used to controlling things.

“I’ll need some details on Mr. Jankowski,” I said, “his home address, where he worked, a picture if you have one, and where he spent his time when he was not at home. Also any friends that he spent time with. Anything that you can think of that might help.”

I have some pictures at the house. Why don’t you come by tomorrow afternoon and we can spend more time discussing it. Here is the address,” she said as she handed me her card.

“That will be fine. I have some work to do tomorrow, but I can be free by 3:00, will that work?” I asked,

“I’ll expect you at 3:00 then,” she said.

“Good, I’ll bring a contract with me. I hope you don’t mind, but I find it to be good business to get a signed contract before putting much time into any case. My fee is \$500 a day plus expenses. Sometimes the expenses can be higher than the fees, depending on travel requirements, etc. Any problem?”

“No problems,” she said, “here is a check for \$2500 in advance. That covers the first 5 days. I’ll see you tomorrow,” she said, as she held out her hand.

We shook hands and I left her sitting there.

August 4<sup>th</sup> , 3:00 p.m.

I arrived at 3:00 sharp the next afternoon. A servant asked me to remove my shoes, then escorted me into a large living room and told me that Mrs. Beckwith would be down shortly.

I looked around, noting the pictures of her late husband on a sailboat with friends, her husband on the golf course with friends, etc.

I walked into the next room. It’s the study, with a lot more pictures of her husband with friends. Surprisingly, I see only a few pictures of Mrs. Beckwith. I walk around behind a large oak desk with inlaid green leather. Expensive desk, I wonder if it has any secret compartments.

I look up and see a picture of Mrs. Beckwith. She is sitting in a black BMW wearing cut off jeans showing long slender legs and a white top that is unbuttoned to her waist, with her breasts completely exposed.

I instinctively look up at the door and listen, knowing I should not be looking at this picture. I neither see, nor hear any sign of Mrs. Beckwith, so I pick up the picture and take a closer look. My God, she has the most incredible breasts, the most perfect nipples I've ever seen.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked.

With a start I see her standing in the doorway. At that moment I realize I have a very large bulge in my pants. I place the picture back on the desk and ask, "I was just wondering what kind of car that was," attempting to avoid the question and stalling until the bulge receded.

She looked at me with a knowing smile. She was wearing a short summer dress, cut fairly low and from the points protruding just below the neckline, no bra. Knowing exactly what was under that dress I realized immediately that the bulge was not going away anytime soon. It didn't help that she looked radiantly beautiful.

Since she had not answered my question I turned and gestured at the pictures, commenting that there were a lot of pictures of her husband and his friends, but not very many of her.

"My husband had a lot of pictures of me," she said, "but not the kind you can openly display in your house. And no, I'm not going to show them to you."

I looked back at the picture on the desk.

"I think I've seen the best picture already," I said.

"I'm sure you must have a lot of questions," she said, "why don't we sit in the living room and talk? I'll

fix some martinis.” “That’s a good idea,” I said, “I do have questions.”

The living room was separated from the kitchen by a breakfast nook. I walked around the living room looking at pictures and mementos as she made the martinis. Whenever I found a mirror or window that reflected I looked at her and found her watching me. I turned to look at her.

“How did you meet your boyfriend, Mrs. Beckwith?” I asked.

“Please, call me Beckey,” she responded.

“Oh right, sorry, Beckey.”

“I met him at the yacht club. I go there for lunch quite often. I was sitting alone and he asked if he could join me, since he was alone also. I agreed. He was quite attractive and I didn’t think I would meet any weirdo’s at the yacht club. I found him to be very charming and we began having lunch together every few days.”

She came into the living room with two martinis and handed me one. I sat on the sofa and she took a chair opposite me. When she crossed her legs I couldn’t help but notice the powder blue panties. “Was that deliberate?” I wondered.

I sipped the martini and found it to be very strong. I made a mental note to watch how much I drank.

“What was your husband’s name?” I asked.

“His name was Randall.”

“Were you and Alan very close?” I asked.

“No, not really. We have been seeing each other for a number of months, but nothing serious.”

“Do you have a picture of him?” I asked.

She got up and went into the next room, returning shortly with a picture.

I thought about her body and wondered if I would wait months to get her into bed. I decided I couldn't, it would drive me crazy, so I assumed they were sleeping together.

I looked at the picture and there was something familiar about his face, but I couldn't place it.

Beckey stood and picked up our empty glasses. “I'll get us a fresh one,” she said.

“I better not, I have not eaten lunch yet,” I said, a little half heartedly.

“I'm sure a big man like you can handle a lot more than this.” As she said it she was turned with her breasts in silhouette and her nipples clearly evident.

“Was that a double entendre?” I wondered. I felt the bulge returning and momentarily lost my focus.

“Ok,” I said, “I'll have just one more.” She smiled seductively and spun around, the dress billowing out and showing most of her thighs. Now I was convinced that was deliberate. She was trying to turn me on. She had already turned me on.

When she returned she leaned over to hand me my drink. I noticed that another button was open on the top of her dress, and I took a good look at the delicious cleavage she was offering me.

“What the hell,” I thought, “she's deliberately trying to turn me on, why shouldn't I look?”

The next martini was as strong as the last and I was already feeling it. I decided I better get back to the questions while I could still concentrate.

“How did your husband die?” I asked, not sure if I really cared. I took another sip of the martini. It must be pure vodka.

“It was an accident, he fell off the cliff out behind the house,” she said.

Beckey got up and came over to sit beside me. She clinked glasses in a toast.

“Here’s to a successful investigation,” she said. I nodded as we both took another sip.

As Beckey sat down her skirt had ridden halfway up her thighs. She crossed her legs and leaned toward me. I was vaguely aware that she might be planning to seduce me, but it might also be a tease to get me to do whatever she wanted. I was nearly at the point where I didn’t care which it was, as long as she kept it up.

She placed her left arm on the back of the sofa behind my head as she told me that her husband had fallen off the cliff behind the house. It’s a very long drop and the tide was high, so he landed in the shallow water.

I made a mental note to look into that, and hoped that I would remember to do so. I took another sip of the martini and tried to think of another question, but the only thing on my mind was that picture in the other room.

I turned to look at Beckey and her face was only a couple of inches away. She leaned forward and kissed me on the lips. I shifted my position so we had better access to each other and sat my glass



on the table. She did the same and all pretenses were tossed aside. The kissing was slow and sensuous at first, but quickly became passionate, even urgent. My hand went to her thigh and began to caress her skin, moving up and down her leg and higher with each stroke.

While my hand was working its way up her thigh my mind was on her breasts. As we kissed I opened one eye and looked at her cleavage. She had one hand stroking my thigh but she quickly moved it and began to stroke the bulge in my slacks.

My mind went back 30 minutes to me standing at the desk holding the picture of her and her standing in the door looking incredible. 30 minutes ago I believed her to be inaccessible to someone like me, and now it appeared that I was going to fuck her. Something didn't seem right, but it didn't matter, I wasn't going to second guess this at the moment.

I moved my hand up and began to unbutton her dress. She began to undo my pants and completed the job just as I got the last button open. My hand went to her breast and began to squeeze and caress, pinching her ample nipple between my fingers. I moved down and replaced my hand with my tongue, rolling it over and around her nipple, then sucking it into my mouth and biting it lightly. She moaned, placing a hand behind my head and pulling me closer.

Beckey reached up and slid her dress off her shoulders and shrugged her arms free. She was now naked to the waist and I had a perfect view of her magnificent breasts. I had seen my share of breasts before, but these had to be the most incredible ever.

I continued to feast, switching back and forth between nipples. Beckey had my pants down around my ankles and was stroking my cock with one hand almost absentmindedly. Her head was back on the sofa and her moaning was slowly getting louder. Apparently my attention to her breasts was increasing her arousal.

I decided that I needed to move on and moved one hand to her thigh, sliding it up and pulling her dress along with it. I caressed her skin up to her hip, pushing the dress out of the way to gain access to her panties. The powder blue was now darker where her excitement was soaking through. I covered her mound with my hand and pressed in the center with my middle finger, sliding it up and down at the same time. Her moaning got louder immediately.

I slipped my thumb under the elastic at the top of her panties and lifted them up, looking down as I did so. I could see that she was clean shaven and I quickly reached my hand inside. She spread her legs further apart and I pushed my hand all the way down, loosening her panties for easier access. Her pussy was very wet which greatly increased my own excitement. I began to lose interest in her breast as my mind became focused on her slippery wet folds.

One finger parted her swollen lips and stroked up inside. I searched for and found her G-spot and began to stroke it. Her hips immediately came off the sofa and her moaning became shrill as she reached her first orgasm. This was too much for me to take and I reached my other hand down and slipped her panties off. I kicked my pants to free myself and then got on the floor between her legs.

I was looking at a very wet pussy with a very aroused clit. I pushed her legs up, raising her ass higher and began to lick from her asshole to her clit. She began to have orgasm after orgasm and she nearly screamed with each one. I continued this until she had 6 or 8 orgasms, then I pulled my underwear off and slid my cock into her, easing it in all the way. I worked in and out slowly, savoring the feeling and wanting to prolong it.

I took in the scene visually, looking at her beautiful face, her incredible breasts, her dress in a bunch around her waist and finally my cock sliding in and out of her delicious pussy. I could not believe this was happening but the sight only helped to increase my excitement. I began to fuck her faster, slamming my cock into her with increasing force and speed. She began to have orgasms again and my moaning began to join with hers.

After a short while I was beginning to get close. My cock began to swell and Beckey appeared to be aware of it. I felt her tighten her lips around me which hastened my approach to the finish. I exploded inside her, feeling my cock twitch with each spurt, and it drove her into a final giant orgasm. My verbal expression of extreme pleasure was loud but was drowned out by her own.

When it was over and we were putting our clothes back on I told her I would begin the investigation right away. She said that she hoped to hear from me the next day, and I promised that she would.