Sex Diaries: Night with the babysitter

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Published on Lush Stories on 31 Mar 2012

babysitter lust

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/sex-diaries-night-with-the-babysitter.aspx

Cindy slid out of bed and gathered her scattered clothes off the floor. She turned around and saw that he was still sound asleep before quietly slipping out of the bedroom. She headed for the bathroom where she quickly got dressed and splashed some cold water on her face. Cindy looked in the mirror and smiled as she remembered what happened last night. The thought of it got her excited all over again. But she realized she had to get out here as soon as possible. A few minutes later Cindy left the bathroom and headed downstairs. In the living room she started to collect her belongings.

"Leaving already," she heard someone say behind her.

Cindy turned around and saw him standing in the entrance of the living room. He was still naked. His phallic penis hung. Cindy remembered how her mouth had been wrapped around that hard thick Italian cock last night.

"Yeah, I should leave," Cindy replied meekly.

"Why don't you stay?" He asked and walked closer to her.

"What if someone sees me here at this time?"

"No one is going to see anything. The shades are all closed and my wife is out of town. Besides everyone knows you babysit for us. I want you to stay," he said and wrapped his powerful Italian arms around her and lifted her off the floor. Cindy wrapped her legs around his waist as he leaned in and kissed her. His mouth landed on hers, slipping her his tongue. Cindy returned the kiss. She ran her hands through his thick hair. He turned around and took her back upstairs.

Cindy had a crush on Mr. Richards from the moment she walked into his Social Studies class. His broad shoulders, powerful arms and rugged Italian looks made her melt. So when she found out he needed a babysitter, she offered her services. That was almost a year ago.

Cindy babysat for the Richards once or twice a week. In the beginning it was all professional. Cindy would come over and the Richards went out, when they returned Cindy would leave. But over the past few months there had been a slight shift in the dynamics. Mr. Richards was a lot more friendlier. He joked around more and he started to rub her shoulders or touch her arm. When they sat on the couch alone he would pat her knees. Cindy started to wear short skirts or dresses when she babysat so she could feel his hands over her smooth skin.

Cindy came over last night in a low neckline tee shirt revealing a little cleavage and a short skirt two inches above her knees. She was called to babysit as Mr. Richards took his wife to the airport then met up with some friends afterwards. Around eleven Mr. Richards came home and found Cindy on the couch watching TV. He sat next to her and started up a conversation. His hands squeezed her knees a few times.

Who made the first move was unclear. Was it that Mr. Richards offered her a glass of wine or that Cindy spilled some wine on his shorts and quickly tried to blot the stain? Her hands grazed against his thighs. That physical contact had stirred something in his pants and they both felt it.

Going along with the moment, Mr. Richards undid his shorts and Cindy got an eyeful of his massive semi-hard penis. Mr. Richards reached over and took Cindy's wrist and brought it closer. Cindy wrapped her hands around his shaft and squeezed. Cindy got a little closer, leaned in and wrapped her mouth around his cock. She started to slide his stiff penis down her mouth and Mr. Richards leaned forward and ran his fingers around her outer thighs. Her skirt had gone up an inch. Cindy slid off the couch and got between his legs. Keeping her mouth still on his cock she managed to remove his shorts and put them aside. Her lips got to the tip of his cock and she used her tongue to lick the head. Cindy grabbed his cock again and licked her way down to his balls. She played with them for a while and Mr. Richards leaned back and moaned. Cindy continued with the blowjob for a while when suddenly, Mr. Richards grabbed her by the back of her neck. He got up bringing Cindy with him. He wrapped his hands around her and pulled her in. He lifted her off the floor and Cindy wrapped her legs around him. Mr. Richards kissed her. His tongue immediately went into her mouth. Mr. Richards carried Cindy up the stairs, towards the master bedroom.

Once in the room, he leaned forward and lightly dropped Cindy on the bed and her head hit the mattress. He lifted her skirt up and slowly removed her panties. He threw them on the floor and went down on her. The moment his tongue touched her inner thighs Cindy moaned out loud. She felt his mouth on her pussy and his tongue inside of her.

"OOoohhh goooddd," Cindy moaned. At that moment Cindy didn't care if Mrs. Richards walked in, or if the baby awoke and started crying. She wanted this Italian Stallion inside of her.

Mr. Richards ran his hands down to her ankles. He brought her legs up until her knees were on opposite sides of her face. Mr. Richards then dug into her pussy even more. His lips and tongue caressed every inch of her womanhood. Cindy continued to moan when all of a sudden she didn't feel his tongue anymore. She looked up and saw his sitting over her. His massive thick cock in his hands, eyeing her.

He took his cock and lightly tapped her wet cunt. The slapping drove Cindy wild. Mr. Richards was teasing her.

He tapped her pussy with his cock a few times when he suddenly leaned forward and kissed her again. She tasted herself on his tongue. He moved around her mouth to her neck and then started going towards her breasts. Cindy lowered her legs, giving him a better access to her chest. He lifted her tee shirt over her head and threw it on the floor. He quickly undid her bra and threw that as well. He grabbed one breast and sucked on it while he pinched the other one. His teeth bit into her nipple and the aureola. A light pain ran through the body. He continued kissing her until he was back to licking her wet cunt.

Mr. Richards lifted one leg up and placed over his shoulder as he guided his cock inside her.

Cindy let out a small cry. She had never had a cock this big or thick. Cindy understood why Mrs. Richards was always in a good mood. She was married to a fuck-god.

Mr. Richards gently slid his cock inside the tight eighteen year old pussy. He felt his cock stretching the walls of her pussy.

Cindy let out another cry. More ecstasy then anything else.

Mr. Richards started to hump Cindy. His cock went in and out of her. When his cock was inside of her deep, he put his arms around her and flipped her over. His cock was still in tact. Cindy was now on top.

She placed her hands on his hairy chest and dug her nails in deep. In response Mr. Richards slapped her ass. Cindy started gyrating her hips followed by jumping on him. Her ass slammed against his body. Mr. Richards leaned forward, pulled Cindy down and wrapped his arms around her. Her tits pressed against his sweaty hairy chest. Once he had her restrained, he started pulverizing her. He shoved his hips in and out her super fast. His cock was relentless.

"Ahhhhhh....." Cindy screamed aloud.

Her screams only fueled him. He went faster and faster. Cindy tried to move but he was too strong.

Cindy was reaching climax as was Mr. Richards. They both came together. He unleashed a thick stream inside of her. He held here tightly until he was done. When he finished emptying his load, he released his grip. Cindy relaxed and slid off of him.

That was last night.

Now Mr. Richards brought her back upstairs. He dropped her on the bed, and removed her clothes.

He flipped her over, leaned forward and grabbed her hair.

This time he wanted anal.