

Like Son, Like Father

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The perks of house sitting

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My wife, Audrey, and I had flown in to Philadelphia, to house-sit for our son and daughter-in-law. They were away at an old friend's wedding, and had left us in charge of our preschool granddaughter for three days. We had just dropped her off at her classroom with her backpack filled with her lunch, her snack, her art homework and a little conch shell for her to 'show and tell.' Getting her up and dressed, breakfasted and out of the house was a challenge, and reminded us why our species leaves child rearing to younger adults! I was exhausted and ready to head back to bed and have a little 'private' time with my wife, but when I suggested this to her, she reminded me that she had to leave in ten minutes for a hair appointment. "I could give you a quickie" she offered kindly, seeing the disappointment on my face. Knowing I have never once turned down an offer like that, she dropped to her knees in the living room, right in front of me, and with her practiced hands had my pants around my ankles in two seconds flat, and my limp member felt the rays of the early morning sun, beaming in through the picture window. She squeezed my cock a few times and quickly popped it into her warm mouth. "Aaaaah." I stood there, gazing out into my son's little vegetable garden towards the back alley where they kept the trash cans, and slowly my wife's ministrations firmed me up and my pleasure sensors began their magic tricks. But I wasn't as hard as usual, and I wasn't getting the satisfaction I'd hoped for. Perhaps it had been too sudden; I prefer a slow buildup, thinking about it for a while, having a chance to fantasize. Watching porn could certainly have solved the problem, but obviously there was nothing like that available in our son's living room. "Audrey," I asked, "could you do me a big favor?" "What?" she mumbled with her mouth full. "Could you pull your top off? I need to see your tits." "Jeez," she replied, but, ever the dutiful spouse, she complied and I leaned over her back and with my own practiced fingers quickly unsnapped her bra. Her lovely, mature tits swung into view. Before I had a chance to grab them and fondle them, out of the corner of my eye I saw something move at the far end of our son's tomato bed. Careful not to turn my head and reveal that I knew she was there, I saw a young woman staring at us through a hole in the hedge. Suddenly my cock hardened like it hadn't in months. "Oh my God!" I thought to myself, "I'm an exhibitionist!" "Oh my God!" yelled my wife at the same time, "You still love my tits that much?" Two more sucks and

one more finger in my ass and I came. The whole of my body's mid section shuddered with that exquisite sensation, and my legs buckled and almost dropped me to the floor. "Mom! Come on! I'm gonna be late." The sound of a child's voice penetrated a half open window, and the woman in the alley disappeared. "You idiot," Audrey moaned, "you got some in my hair! What are they going to say at the beauty parlor? Oh, Jeez," she muttered to herself as she hurried off to the bathroom. I was sitting on the couch, enjoying the afterglow, when Audrey dashed out of the front door for her appointment. I was still sitting there unzipped when, a minute later, the doorbell rang. "Did you forget your keys?" I called out as I struggled to my feet and shuffled into the front hall. 'Ding dong; ding dong,' the bell rang again angrily. "I'm coming, I'm coming," I sang out, matching the musical pitches of the doorbell as I turned the handle. It wasn't Audrey. It was the woman I'd seen spying on us minutes before. She was a lot more attractive than I had imagined; in fact, she was very shapely and extremely bosomy. She had thick, red lips, her cheeks were flushed, and it was obvious she was mad as hell. "That was quite disgusting!" she spat at me. "What sort of neighborhood do you think this is? Look at the way you're dressed!" "Shh, quiet! Please! The neighbors!" I quickly adjusted my pants, and tried to silence her outburst. "Come inside, tell me what the trouble is, but please, let's just keep this between the two of us." I ushered her into the living room and offered her a seat. She wouldn't take it and began to pace back and forth across the room venting her anger. "How dare you? Right in full sight of anyone passing along the alley! Why, even my little girl could have seen you! What sort of disgusting behavior was that? Are you some sort of pervert?" "This is one crazy woman," I thought to myself, "gorgeous, but crazy." I decided right then that I'd better deny everything. She went on and on with accusations, questions and insults until she ran out of breath and sat down. "I don't know what you are talking about," I said flatly. "Of course you do," she snapped back. "You were standing right there, and she was ... ah ... she was ..." She either didn't know the word for what we had been doing, or couldn't bring herself to say it. "I don't know what you are referring to," I declared innocently. "Could you be a little more specific?" "Of course I can! You were standing right there --" "Here?" I asked as I moved to the spot where Audrey had been sucking my cock. "Yes! And that woman --" "My wife." "Whoever that slut was -- she was right there on her knees." "On her knees? Are you sure? Where was that?" "Right there." "I'm afraid I don't know what you are talking about. Show me where you mean." "Right here," she told me emphatically through clenched teeth, moving to the spot where Audrey had been. "On her knees, you said?" "Yes. Precisely. Like this." She copied Audrey's position almost exactly. "And what is so disgusting about that?" I asked her, prompting her to go on with her story. "What is so disgusting? Don't you understand anything? You had your pants around your ankles, and even as far away as the alley, I could see ... ah ... I could see your ... I could see ..." This time I knew she knew the word. I thought I'd help her out anyway. "My cock? You saw my cock?" "Yes. Anyone could have seen it. It was so big, and it wasn't just resting there; it was sticking way out." "Let me see if I understand this. You say I was standing right here with my pants around my ankles -- like this?" I dropped my pants. She stopped talking and with an open mouth stared at my cock which was fast coming to attention. "Then what happened? I don't follow. Tell me what you saw." "I ... she ... ah ... she ..." She couldn't say it, but she could do it. Right between her lascivious

red lips, she sucked my cock straight into her mouth and ran her tongue all around my knob. She was no innocent. She'd done this before. "What happened next?" I managed to croak unevenly, prompting her again to finish the story. I knew what should come next; if she'd do it, I'd get to see her monster tits. "She threw her top off." "No! You've got to be joking." "I am not joking. I saw her do it. Like this!" She whipped her top off dramatically and threw it on the floor. She looked up at me and pointed an accusing finger. "And then you leaned over and undid her bra." "I did?" "Yes, you did. Go on, do it," she ordered. She was really getting into it now, and so was I. My cock was as stiff again as it had been earlier, and OMG, when I unclasped her bra, her voluptuous tits shot into view! Torpedo shaped wonders, they were, smooth and warm to the touch, with nipples as wide as the tip of my thumb. With her sucking on my cock and tugging at my balls, and me fondling her great orbs, both of us were groaning with pleasure and the conversation totally dried up. It wasn't long before her ragged breathing and squeaks told me that she came moments before I did; it was another outstanding orgasm and I pumped more into her mouth than I thought possible. Me, at my age, twice that morning! "The lady doth protest too much," I thought to myself as we tidied ourselves up and I led her back to the front door in silence. "Are you staying long?" she asked as she stepped out onto the path that led to the front gate. "No; we go home tomorrow," I replied, wondering what might have developed if we were staying longer. "Bon voyage!" she called out as she strode away, but then stopped, and turning back towards me added in a stage whisper, "By the way, your cock is way bigger than your son's."