

Hard Times

By mischiefmaker

Published on Lush Stories on 11 Feb 2013

Volunteer work saving the environment has side benefits for Trevor.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/hard-times.aspx>

When Trevor came in to the Environmental Awareness Center at ten a.m. for his Wednesday volunteer shift a new receptionist was on duty. She looked to be in her mid-twenties with long auburn hair, sparkling green eyes, a rosy blemish-free complexion and a buxom chest. "Hi, I'm Trevor Bridges," he said extending his hand, "are you a new volunteer here?" Ashley Thomas accepted Trevor's hand with a firm grip. "I am new, I had orientation on Monday and today's my first full day, but I'm not a volunteer. I'm part time. I thought I saw your name on some documents." "Not bad report cards, I hope." Trevor chuckled. "No, number one on the donors list, I think," Ashley replied with a sly smile. "Don't believe everything you read," Trevor mumbled, then continued, "So what are your duties?" "Receptionist on Wednesday from eight a.m. until two p.m., and helping out any way necessary in "Water Pollution" from eight to two on Thursday and Friday." "'Water Pollution,' that's where I volunteer on Wednesday through Friday; I guess we'll be seeing a lot of each other," Trevor replied trying not to sound too excited. "I'm sure we will," Ashley responded with a smile and a lilt in her voice while trying as politely as possible to extricate her hand from Trevor's. "Oh, sorry," was Trevor's last, flustered, comment when he realized that he had held her hand during their entire little chat, well past the point of propriety. Blushing he scurried to the office he shared with the Center's Director. "Why the red face, Trevor," Director Melissa Blomquist asked him as he walked into their shared office, "did something embarrass you?" "Uh, no, nothing." "Nothing, huh – you're the third male volunteer today blown away by our new part-time employee. You've never blushed around me. What does she have that I don't besides a beautiful face, flowing hair, and big boobs?" Melissa laughed. "Oh, and thirty years less wear?" "Hey, don't sell yourself short," Trevor laughed back, starting to relax, "you're taller." "Obviously you haven't seen her stand up yet," Melissa snickered. "Now about the analysis of the dissolved oxygen and pH levels in Lake Michigan..." Melissa continued, snapping Trevor out of his mild stupor. Trevor made a point of passing by Ashley's desk about twice as many times that day as required. He tried not to stare when he did so, sometimes successfully, sometimes not. The best reason yet for wishing I was twenty eight instead of fifty eight, he mused when on one passing Ashley was bent over inserting documents into a filing cabinet with her round, tight ass tempting him. When Trevor drove his Prius home that night he saw that his wife Candice's Lamborghini was already in the garage. The masseuse's van was parked in front. As

Trevor walked into his mansion he heard mood music playing in the den. "I'm home Candice," he roared, loud enough to be heard over the music before opening the door to the den. "Hello, Mr. Bridges," said Carl, the masseuse, turning to face him with his hands still on Candice's neck, "will you be wanting a massage later." "No thanks, Carl," Trevor replied although he knew that he likely needed some release, but not from Carl's knurled fingers. "How was protecting the environment today, Hun," Candice gurgled without raising her head from Carl's portable massage table. "It's still there," Trevor retorted as he then closed the door. I'm glad she's getting her massage today, Trevor said to himself, I really need to fuck tonight and the probability of Candice spreading her legs, non-existent most nights, is 50-50 when she gets a massage. Candice was in a good mood after her massage. After the butler served dinner Trevor put on some waltz music and danced with Candice, one of the few common interests that they shared, and opened up a new bottle of her favorite liqueur, Drambuie. His probability of getting laid increased about 10% with each glass she consumed. After she had had four and complained of being 'light headed' he carried her up the stairs, no mean task since she had put on twenty pounds since they got married thirty years ago, but doable considering his 6 foot 4 inch, 225 pound frame and his thrice weekly weightlifting sessions. Trevor quickly removed his clothes and Candice's and after a few minutes of kissing unceremoniously put her on her hands and knees. Doggy was not a position Candice liked but Trevor did and his motivation was sky-high so she didn't have much choice. However Candice did offer some complainants as he stroked her hairy pussy first with his fingers and then with his rock hard cock. All she did was groan after he penetrated her, however. Trevor pounded Candice's pussy like he was on speed imagining that he was fucking Ashley's perfect ass and despite Candice's ass wiggles in protest actually stuck a pussy-juice-lubricated finger in her pucker hole. Trevor didn't last long and soon was groaning and ejaculating, driving Candice into her own, rare, orgasm. Trevor kept pumping long after he launched his last cum grenade, his ears interpreting Candice's groans as those of Ashley's. Finally he wore out, extricated himself from Candice's sixty year old pussy, and lay next to her on their bed. Candice was out of it for a few minutes but when cognizant held Trevor's chin while looking into his eyes. "What got into you, stud? You fucked me like I was a three dollar whore," Candice said, half smiling and half sneering. "Wasn't it wonderful?" Trevor mused, himself not yet aware enough to recognize the half sneer. "You did climax, didn't you?" "Yeah, I did," Candice replied the half sneer temporarily waning from her face. After a few seconds the half-sneer returned and she persisted, "Regardless of whether I climaxed, what got into you. You know I don't like it doggy or rough." "Candice, we haven't had sex in more than two weeks and I was just plain horny and needed a good fuck," Trevor replied, realizing his mistake as the word "fuck" turned Candice's expression into a full sneer. "I'm not a 'fuck,' Trevor," Candice barked as she started turning over to face away from him. "I'm your wife and you should make love to me. If you want to fuck get yourself a three dollar whore." Apparently Trevor's words didn't help him when he laughingly responded, "I think they cost more than that nowadays." The retort was an icy "Good Night," destroying any hope Trevor had of practicing his favorite post-coital pastime, namely sucking tit. Thursday and Friday at the Center were both the best of times and the worst of times for Trevor. Since Ashley was working with him, two other volunteers, and a staff scientist, he had plenty

of eye candy, and things seemed to get livelier than normal because of Ashley's sunny disposition. However with Ashley around it was hard for Trevor to concentrate on his work; she was screwing up his libido big-time! The first weekend after Ashley started Trevor tried his best to get Candice in the mood. While he couldn't understand why she wasn't pleased with their last encounter since there was no denying the fact that she had a nice orgasm, she still seemed pissed. He promised to make gentle love to her rather than pound her pussy, and tried everything he could think of, without success. By the time that Wednesday rolled around and he returned to the Center he had a bad case of blue balls. After being greeted by Ashley's cheery smile Trevor's condition got even worse. Somehow she looked even better than he had remembered – how that was possible he didn't know, but she did. After another day of distraction Trevor put himself out there and timed his exit from the Center with when she was leaving. "You're leaving now too, huh Ashley?" Trevor rhetorically asked as he held the door for her. "Sure am, Trevor, two on the dot like always," she answered smiling, followed by a "Thanks," for him holding the door for her. Trevor liked it that Ashley called him 'Trevor' instead of 'Mr. Bridges' since it gave him "hope." "Ashley, I often go and get something to eat after volunteering. Would you like to join me, my treat?" "That would be wonderful, Trevor, but you see I have to pick my daughter up from day care. If I don't pick her up on time I pay more per hour than I make at the Center," Ashley replied while expressively touching his arm. "I'll pay for the extra time, if you can otherwise make it," Trevor eagerly responded. "You would? Why that's so nice. I'll go back inside the Center and use the land line to call and tell them I'll be two hours late," Ashley said with a big grin. "Don't you have a cell phone, Ashley?" "No, I really can't afford it, maybe the only person on the planet who doesn't," Ashley replied. "Here, use mine," Trevor said handing her his iphone. "How do you call on it?" Ashley innocently asked. "What's the number, I'll dial it for you." After Trevor dialed the number he handed his phone to Ashley. She walked a few steps away, carried on a short conversation, then returned smiling. "All set. Shall we ride together and you drop me off back here at my jalopy, or should I follow you?" "Why don't you ride with me," was Trevor's obvious response. On the ten minute drive to the restaurant Ashley remarked about Trevor's 'green' car and made small talk while deflecting some of the questions Trevor asked her. Ashley seemed wide-eyed when they arrived at the restaurant, a Country French establishment, indicating to Trevor that this was a much fancier place than she was used to. After Trevor was greeted by name by the owner and they were seated Ashley overcame her initial awe and got very talkative. "So tell me, Trevor, what work do you do when not volunteering?" "Actually, I don't really work for money anymore. Monday and Tuesday I make cameo appearances at two businesses I own but I don't run them anymore; I have competent CEOs for that." "Why did you start volunteering at the Environmental Awareness Center?" "Well, since I didn't need to work for money but since I had plenty of time on my hands and wanted to do something socially productive and since I have an engineering background that I thought would help, I volunteered at the Center." "Are you really their biggest donor too?" "Yeah – I'm not sure why they gave you a document showing that your first real day you were on the job because even though it is public information I don't like it spread around. Please don't mention it to others at the Center because if they don't already know I don't want them to. They might treat me like management –

which I'm not, just a benefactor – rather than a normal volunteer.” Ashley had lots of other questions about his family, the businesses he still owned, what other businesses he had owned in the past, and what his favorite activities were all of which Trevor was happy to answer. Both Ashley's enthusiasm in devouring the bread that was brought to the table, and her fast consumption of a large main course, surprised Trevor. He started asking her questions. “I see that you have a healthy appetite – how do you keep such a slim figure?” Ashley turned completely red then stammered out, “Sorry, sometimes I eat like a truck driver. I can't afford food this good, and I guess I just got carried away.” “I'm really sorry to embarrass you,” Trevor replied with obvious discomfort in his voice, “I'm just glad that you're enjoying yourself.” “I am,” Ashley smiled, placing her hand over Trevor's and squeezing it for a few seconds. Trevor got an instant hard on and had to surreptitiously rearrange his trousers. Recovering the best he could Trevor said, “I've spent way too much time talking about me. Tell me about your family.” “Well, I have a three year old girl, unfortunately my husband isn't around so I have to take care of her myself. I don't have any family in the area, my mother and father are separated and thousands of miles away, and my brother is a druggie living in Belize – at least the last I heard. I don't have a real good family situation,” Ashley understated. “I don't mean to pry – but I guess I am going to – but where is your husband?” Trevor asked. “I'm reluctant to say because some people judge me by it,” Ashley barely whispered, looking down at the table. “One thing that I can assure you of is that I will not judge you by it,” Trevor replied putting his hand on hers for a second before returning it to his lap to continue to deal with his out-of-control hard-on. “Well...,” Ashley hemmed before finally speaking, “he's in jail for fraud. My little girl Melanie and I live where we do so that we can visit him on weekends.” “How long is he in for?” a stunned Trevor queried, not knowing what else to say. “If he behaves himself he has twenty five months and ten days more to serve,” Ashley softly replied, not taking her eyes from her now completely clean plate. “How do you make ends meet with him gone?” “Well, Monday and Tuesday I do office work for the dumpy apartment building we live in, I get Medicaid for Melanie, and now my part-time work at the Center, and there is a little still in savings from before my husband Jim's sentencing, but that will be gone soon. But I'll find a way to get by,” Ashley responded still looking down. Then she raised her head, again put her hand on Trevor's even though it was on his thigh, and said “Look, I don't want to bore you with my troubles. I get through life just fine and I'm optimistic about the future.” “I know that I'm getting way too personal, but I'm going to ask it anyway. Why don't you wear a wedding ring?” “I sold it, and my engagement ring – the money I got from that is what is in savings,” Ashley hesitantly answered, with a slight tear in her eye. She quickly re-gained her composure, however, and with a smile, albeit a somewhat forced one, said, “So will you spring for dessert too? I'm still hungry.” “Of course,” Trevor replied getting a big grin on his face and changing the subject to talk only about happy things. On the way back to the Center parking lot after lunch Trevor insisted on stopping at a toy store and bought Melanie a stuffed animal “Because I took her mommy away from her for two hours,” and gave it to a smiling Ashley. After Trevor dropped off his very grateful dining companion at her junk heap masquerading as a car, and gave her 30 to cover the two extra hours of day care, he took stock of his feelings. That woman has to be both the sexiest and most pleasant, yet most pathetic, woman I've ever met in my life. I have to

find a way to help her. Trevor's interaction with Ashley on Thursday was very pleasant although both parties avoided mentioning information they had gleaned from their lunch together the day before. Trevor had some things that really needed to be done so he couldn't leave at two with Ashley, however Friday presented a unique opportunity to Trevor. Trevor arrived around 8:15 on Friday, shortly after Ashley. Director Blomquist was conducting an impromptu meeting. "Glad you're here, Trevor," she said, "We need someone to go to Lake Geneva today and get water samples, and I'm getting a bit of resistance. Ashley is willing to go but no one else seems to be. Are you game?" Trevor took a deep breath to hide his excitement then said, "Sure, Melissa, if you need two of us I'm happy to go. What do you want us to do?" After Melissa explained the situation and what equipment they should take with, which Trevor was already well familiar with, Trevor packed the equipment in the trunk of his car. He and Ashley took off to drive the roughly sixty five miles, a significant amount on back roads, to Lake Geneva. While Trevor did his best to mask his enthusiasm at being with Ashley for the day eventually it got the best of him and oozed out. Fortunately it wasn't a problem because Ashley was much more animated than at their lunch. They laughed, joked, and told stories most of the way until Trevor insisted that Ashley get out the map they had brought along and navigate rather than relying on his GPS. The agenda called for them to take samples and do in situ testing at seven different locations in the lake. Trevor had explained one of the simple pieces of equipment to Ashley which she operated while Trevor ran the more complicated pieces. They stopped for a quick lunch at a fast food restaurant in hopes of finishing in time for Ashley to get back to pick up her daughter at two p.m., but when they still had one sample to take and it was almost one p.m. they knew that they wouldn't make it. "Ashley if you can extend again, like you did Wednesday, I'll reimburse you for the extra daycare charge, and I'll also be sure that you get paid for the extra hours you put in since I don't want to come back here another day for just one sample." "No problem if I can use your phone again," Ashley smiled. Trevor dialed the number for her again, she walked off a bit and chatted with the person on the other end, then returned and said "everything's copasetic." "I've never heard someone your age use the word 'copasetic' before," Trevor laughed, "glad to see that it hasn't morphed out of existence." "Maybe I'm really your age at heart," Ashley laughed. On the way back to the Center Trevor and Ashley first talked about the work that they had done that day, but when still forty minutes out from the Center Trevor directed the conversation to Ashley's economic situation. "Ashley I'm going to be more direct than I should be, having only known you for two weeks. However, I really feel a connection with you and I want to help you with your bad economic situation." Ashley got slightly ashen and hesitated before saying, "That's nice of you Trevor, but what can you do?" "Well I could get you full time work at the Center?" "I'm afraid that wouldn't help enough because then I'd have to use expensive day care on Monday and Tuesday rather than the inexpensive care I use now, and the extra charges on Wednesday – Friday would eat up any extra earnings on those days. You really don't have to help, Trevor, I'll be okay." "Well I could just give you a thousand dollars, would that help?" Ashley appeared to get a little misty eyed. She undid her seat belt, leaned over and planted a long wet kiss on Trevor's cheek with her left hand on the back of his neck and the other on his chest. Trevor almost burst his zipper and hoped that Ashley couldn't see. Ashley then scooted

back to her seat, redid her seat belt and said, "That is really sweet of you, Trevor, you may be the nicest most generous man I've ever met. But despite my family's dysfunction in many ways I was brought up not to accept charity – I already have to accept Medicaid for Melanie's health insurance and my pride won't let me accept anything else." They remained silent for a minute or so when Ashley broke the ice by noticing the condition of Trevor's cock and laughingly said, "I see you need to do something to relieve yourself – what caused that?" gesturing toward his crotch. Although he turned red Trevor decided to be bold, having been put off by Candice for two weeks and salivating at just the thought of Ashley's body. "You did," he gruffly responded, "aren't you ashamed?" They both laughed, then Trevor chuckled. "Too bad money for sex is illegal in this state otherwise I could pay you to take care of my condition," which got him a punch in the arm from Ashley. However right after she punched him she started laughing too. Once they both stopped laughing though a pall of silence fell over vehicle interior. After a few minutes of quiet Trevor turned to Ashley – who appeared to be deep in thought – and said, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that even in jest." Ashley said nothing for a few minutes more while Trevor chastised himself until she finally urgently spoke up. "Pull into this parking lot here, now," she said pointing to a motel parking lot on the right side of the road about a hundred yards ahead. "What?" Trevor asked. "Just do it," Ashley responded with a commanding voice. When Trevor pulled in and stopped the car Ashley turned to him and said, "I have a business proposition that will help me out in more ways than one." "I'm listening," a puzzled Trevor replied. "I'm poor and horny, with my husband in the slammer. I don't know any guy around that I would cheat on him with, although he knows that it is impossible that I'm going to remain celibate for two years more; that is no one except for you." Trevor's jaw dropped. "How about I give you a fifteen minute massage. You pay me 1,000 for that. If it turns into sex, well we're consenting adults. We may not be compatible and it will be a one-time thing, but if we are you may want more 1,000 massages." Within seconds Trevor analyzed the situation in his mind. He had a sixty year old wife who had not aged well who except for rare circumstances denied him sex; he was as horny as he ever had been in his life; he thought Ashley was the sexiest woman he had ever seen in real life and he loved her personality; he wanted to help Ashley out of her dire financial situation and had already told himself that he would do anything to help her out; and he had more money than he could possibly use in ten lifetimes. "Is today too soon to start?" he breathlessly asked, almost drooling. "Go get us a room," was Ashley's reply. When Trevor closed the door behind them as they entered their room he was in attack mode. Ashley stopped him – pushing firmly on his chest. "This is not money for sex. You're going to pay me 1,000 for a fifteen minute massage, right? Then you may or may not get lucky!" "I understand," Trevor panted, removing his short sleeve shirt and then flopping on the bed. Ashley took off her jeans, top and shoes so that she was only in a skimpy bra and panties almost causing Trevor's zipper to burst, then straddled him on the bed and started massaging his neck and back. Even though Ashley's body and hands on his skin felt fantastic it was the least relaxing massage Trevor had ever had by a light year. He kept on asking "Is fifteen minutes up yet, is it up yet?" "You sound just like a little kid saying 'are we there yet,'" Ashley giggled. "I'll tell you when it's up, just relax." Even though the time passed excruciatingly slowly the fifteen minutes were finally up. "Okay, MISTER Bridges," Ashley chirped,

loudly emphasizing the “Mister,” “let me give you an invoice.” With that she hopped off the bed avoiding Trevor’s attempt to grab her, went over to the motel room desk and wrote on a piece of paper there: “Back massage, 1,000,” then handed it to Trevor. “How and when can I expect payment?” she asked with a fake sneer. “Cash, Wednesday,” Trevor uttered getting up off the bed to take Ashley into his arms. “How do I know that I can trust you?” she said with a sly grin, pushing the “invoice” into his front pants pocket with one hand as she undid his belt with the other. “How about I make a sperm deposit as collateral,” Trevor asked as he deeply kissed her while she continued to undo his pants. “If you’re going to fuck me you’re going to eat me first, and since I’ve been out and about all day I need to shower first,” Ashley said as she broke away from Trevor’s kiss at the same time that his pants and boxers fell to the floor. “Not a chance, I’m way too horny to wait,” Trevor cackled as he lifted a giggling Ashley up onto the bed, in one swift pull removed her panties, and dove into her pussy. Ashley’s objections shortly turned into moans and “oh yeses” as Trevor squeezed both of her pussy lips and flicked her clitoris mercilessly with his tongue. Ashley started to massage her own tits only to be flustered by the fact that her bra was still on so she sat up without interrupting the assault on her pussy and removed it. Trevor wanted to make sure that Ashley would never forget this encounter so while continuing to tongue and suck her clit and finger her labia with one hand, he inserted a finger of the other hand into her pussy, found a G-spot, and started vigorously stroking it. He was pleased with himself when Ashley had a first massive orgasm, but he fingered and sucked right through it despite her screams and pulling of his hair. When he brought her to her second, even more massive, orgasm he was extremely pleased with himself but again didn’t let up. When she screamed at the start of her third massive orgasm, but then almost went limp while she moaned incoherently, he had achieved his objective and now it was time for some relief for his throbbing cock. While Ashley was still almost like a wet noodle Trevor turned her onto her hands and knees. He couldn’t believe how erotic her leaking pussy, framed by a world class ass and slender muscular thighs, looked – he almost came from the view alone. Trying to be as gentle as possible, but too excited to succeed, he jammed his tool into her pussy, bent over to grab ahold of her ample tits, and started stroking. While Trevor loved it hard he didn’t know whether Ashley did so at he first took it slowly, nine slow strokes, one hard one, eight slow strokes, two hard ones. By the time he got to the second fast stroke Ashley started moaning, “Fuck me harder, you bastard, fuck, fuck, fuck.” With an invitation like that Trevor let loose. He was shocked that someone who had had a child could be so much tighter than his childless wife Candice, but that encouraged him even more. He pounded, rotated, and squeezed with more passion than at any other time in his life. He didn’t last long but he didn’t have to because as soon as he started grunting and unloading a torrent of cum into her perfect cunt she buckled in the throes of her fourth orgasm. They simultaneously groaned for the longest time, neither wanting to separate, until finally Trevor pulled out exhausted and deflated. They collapsed onto the mattress next to each other and lay face-to-face grinning. “You’re a goddess,” Trevor blurted out. “Were you disappointed?” Ashley teased. “It’s hard to be disappointed with your best fuck ever,” Trevor cooed. “I’d tell you you’re a fantastic fuck,” Ashley giggled, and as she squeezed his dick helmet continued, “but I don’t want you to get a big head – it’s big enough already. But to show my

appreciation I'll continue your massage for a while, this time with my mouth." With that Ashley scooted down to Trevor's crotch and took his half-hard dick into her mouth and tongued it from helmet to root, cleaning it completely while manipulating his testicles. Trevor simply groaned appreciation while stroking as much tit as he could reach. When Ashley finished with a smile Trevor started sucking a nipple with alacrity, making it Ashley's turn to lay there and groan. By the time that they were both sated they had been at it for more than an hour after Ashley's massage. As they were both joyously getting dressed and Ashley was zipping up her jeans she stopped for a moment, went into Trevor's arms, stared intensely into his eyes and coyly asked "Did you get your money's worth?" "No way that was worth 1,000," Trevor deadpanned, then after getting a poke in the ribs continued "it was worth 10,000,000." "Well you can pay me that Wednesday," she snickered. "And speaking of Wednesday, are you ready for another round then – but you have to find the place." "Nothing could stop me from another encounter," Trevor shot back as he grabbed her again and zealously kissed her. Their banter on the trip from the motel to the Center parking lot was light, cheerful, and filled with sexual innuendo. They kissed at the last stoplight before the Center since they obviously didn't want anyone else to know that their relationship had escalated. As Ashley was getting ready to exit the car Trevor handed her 145 with an explanation. "I don't have the cash for the massage on me, that will come Wednesday, but the 45 is for the extra daycare and the 100 to take Melanie out this weekend for a special treat." Ashley seemed somewhat choked up by the gesture but then regained her composure and said "Thanks. That's sweet. I can't wait for Wednesday." Trevor was so giddy the entire weekend his golfing buddies asked, "Why the big shit eating grin." "Life is good," was his only retort. When Candice asked, "Why are you so giddy," his devilish reply was, "Because we're going to fuck this weekend," eliciting a bemused "Dream on," from his surly wife. Actually the only reason Trevor was at all interested in sex with Candice was so that he could picture Ashley's goddess body while pounding Candice's pussy, a stretch to be sure but not as big a stretch as his hand was. Trevor and Ashley immediately began encounters on both Wednesday and Friday after work. Trevor's sex life went from sub-poor to impossibly outrageously phenomenal. Ashley was a sex queen, fucking in every position he had ever imagined, and then some, willing to do anything to please, and continuously upbeat in every encounter, whether for sex or the mundane. Unless she was the best actress in the world she was enjoying it almost as much as he was. There could be no doubt that her orgasms were real, no one could fake those spasms of delight. Trevor was also pleased that Ashley never asked for her money. Trevor would just slip it into her purse as they were getting dressed or she was drying off after a co-ed shower. After every Friday encounter he would give her a toy, piece of costume jewelry or an article of clothing for Melanie. "Trevor, you're going to spoil her, you can't do that with kids," Melanie chided after about the tenth gift. "Hey, I never had any kids of my own to spoil – Candice never wanted any – so let me spoil her. By the way, when do I get to meet her." "I don't know if that's such a good idea with her father in jail, and with you such a friendly positive role model. She might bond with you," Ashley replied with concern on her face. "I promise not to steal her from your husband," Trevor replied. "We'll see," Ashley responded, "but regardless thanks for being so considerate," she said as she wrapped her arms around his waist and gave him a big hug. The next

Friday after Trevor fucked Ashley's ass with two fingers as she rode him reverse cowgirl and then he gave her three oral orgasms Ashley was pretty close to comatose. Before showering with her to wake her up Trevor reached into his suit jacket pocket, hanging next to the bed, and pulled out three tickets. Holding the tickets near Ashley's half-closed eyes Trevor cackled "The circus is coming to town. What little girl – or big girl for that matter – doesn't want to go to the circus. I've got three tickets for Sunday at one p.m. What do you say, huh, huh, huh," Trevor continued, tickling Ashley. "Stop, stop, okay, anything as long as you stop tickling me," she giggled. "I'll pick you up at noon," Trevor said excitedly. "No," Ashley moaned, "we'll meet you at the Center's parking lot." When Trevor met Melanie he was a little surprised that she had blond hair and blue eyes, but she was as cute as Ashley was beautiful, and very excited. As Ashley predicted she bonded with Trevor almost immediately, and he doted on her, carrying around and buying her anything she asked for despite occasional protests from Ashley. Trevor was thrilled at how precocious Melanie was. However, he was puzzled by some of her expressions and the fact that she called Ashley "Li" instead of "Mom." He was humored by her willingness to share everything with both him and "Li," and her references to him as "UT," which Ashley explained was who she told him all the presents she brought home were from, short for "Uncle Trevor." After a full afternoon of excitement Melanie was dead weight when Trevor carried her back to the car. Holding onto Trevor's arm Ashley looked up at him and mused, "So who's your real girlfriend, me or Melanie?" then caught herself, "actually I'm surely not, just your fuck buddy." Trevor stopped cold, kissed Ashley on her forehead and said, "While sex with you is beyond incredible you are so very much more than my fuck buddy." Ashley blushed. After Trevor put the limp Melanie in her car seat, with no one around to observe her, stroking Trevor's crotch Ashley said, "Can we please have a quickie in the back of your car – no massage so no exchange of money." "I don't think that I can fit, Ashley, I barely fit in the front seat." "Leave that to me," Ashley snickered. She opened the passenger door of Trevor's car, moved the passenger's front seat all the way up, opened the rear door, and pulled her shorts and panties off and put them in the front seat. Then she hauled the wide-eyed Trevor next to the back seat, undid his shorts and boxers so that they dropped to his ankles then pushed him into the car. With Trevor seated and Ashley standing, but bent over, next to him with the open car doors hopefully blocking the view of anyone who might happen into the otherwise empty parking lot that late Sunday afternoon, Ashley enthusiastically sucked Trevor's cock until he was rock hard. Then, in a pseudo-gymnastics move she climbed over him and started to lower herself onto him. "Don't you need any foreplay....Ahhhh," Trevor started to say as she lowered her wet pussy onto his upright cock. Between kisses Ashley mumbled, "Hell no, uhh, sucking your cock --- oh shit -- and looking into your eyes,groan... was all the foreplay I – fuck, fuck – needed; now, ...ahhh, oh shit... relax and enjoy." With that Ashley started bouncing on Trevor's lap like on a trampoline while she passionately kissed him and he massaged her abundant mammary glands through her shirt. He didn't last long, shortly spewing a full load into her still bouncing pussy. Once his tank was empty she gave him one last kiss, then pushed herself off him groaning. Though spent Trevor reached his hand out to her and said, "That was phenomenal – but you didn't climax; what can I do for you." Ashley smiled, gave him one more kiss as she put her panties and shorts on over her

cum-coated thighs, and said, "That was about you, not me, for being so wonderful. Now pull your pants back up before someone sees your glistening cock!" Trevor drove home happy, stunned, confused, and bewildered. He was badly in need of getting his libido, emotions, and rational mind in sync. Trevor went into the Center for a few hours Monday to finish up a project that he didn't finish Friday because he was distracted by his upcoming fuck with Ashley and how she would react to the circus tickets. After an hour or so the Assistant Director, Tom DuBose, came up to him. "Say, Trevor, you know Ashley pretty well don't you." "Sure, we work together all the time," Trevor replied slightly apprehensively. "Has she moved recently?" "Not that I know of, though I've never been to her apartment. Why?" "Well I tried to send her something in the mail and it came back 'Address unknown.'" "Have you sent her checks to that address, or tax forms?" "No, her checks are direct deposited and she specifically asked me to pick up her W-2 form at work at the end of last year rather than having it mailed." "Well maybe there is some problem with the Post Office in her area, Tom; give me the letter and I'll run by the address to see." "Thanks Trevor," Tom replied handing him the addressed envelope, "let me know what you find out." Trevor quickly finished his project and then immediately got into his car. He punched the address into his GPS, but it didn't seem to register and suggested alternative addresses. He knew approximately where the street was and drove to that neighborhood. After forty five minutes of searching the entire area around the address on the envelope, as well as the alternative ones suggested by his GPS, Trevor concluded that there was no such place as the address Ashley had given the Center – nothing close. Monday night and Tuesday morning Trevor could think of little else but inconsistencies in what he knew about Ashley. He was so distracted that he didn't even bother to ask Candice where she was when she showed up after the butler had already served dinner with her normally pristine hair askew, although she apparently felt obligated to volunteer that she had the top down on her Gallardo 570-4 Spyder Lamborghini. What puzzled Trevor the most was the way Melanie interacted with Ashley, other things that Ashley had told him that seemed improbable if not entirely unbelievable, how the story of how she came to work at the Center conflicted with what the Director had told him a few weeks before, and now the non-existent apartment. What he also had to admit to himself was that he didn't just find sex with Ashley off-the-charts fantastic but that he had fallen in love with her. Whenever he heard her voice, whenever she touched his hand or shoulder, whenever he heard the distinctive rap of her heels on the ground, butterflies flew in his stomach. Then there was the phenomenal impromptu fuck in the parking lot on Sunday! Trevor went to the local jewelry store, bought a broach, then brought the broach to the head of the engineering department of one of the companies he still owned. As Trevor walked in everyone in the entire department said a "hello," and he responded in kind. As he walked into the head engineer's office John Marley, the Head Engineer, was on the phone but immediately told the person on the other end "Something important has come up, can I call you back in about an hour? Thanks." "Hi, Mr. Bridges, what brings you here?" "John you needn't have hung up, I could have waited outside." "No problem, Mr. Bridges, just a supplier that I was discussing a problem with. How can I help?" "John, I need you to have a special device made up, hopefully by tomorrow before two p.m. See this broach," Trevor said handing his recent purchase to John, "I need some sort of a

locator and a wireless microphone put in it. Then I need to be able to hear what is said into the microphone with a receiver within one hundred yards of the device.” “From how far away does the locator signal have to be receivable?” John asked while turning the broach over in his hands. “A mile would be best, but half a mile would work.” “I don’t see a problem – nice broach by the way. When do you need it?” “Can I come in before ten tomorrow morning and have a tech describe the operation to me so that I can use it tomorrow afternoon?” “Can you come in 9:30 tomorrow? It should be done by then.” “Thanks, John, see you then.” After picking up the broach and receiving instruction on its use Trevor got to the Center a little later than usual on Wednesday morning. He wanted to act as normally as possible around Ashley. He succeeded at least with respect to the butterflies when the most beautiful receptionist in the world greeted him with a cheery smile and a flirtatious “Nice that you could make it, Trevor – you’ve got to stop getting drunk Tuesday nights.” “Hi Ashley – I was saving the world this morning and it took a little longer than usual so get off my case will you,” Trevor laughed, squeezed one of her hands, and then walked back to his shared office chirping over his shoulder “If Captain America comes to see me send him right back.” “Will do, Flash,” Ashley giggled. When Trevor and Ashley met for their normal Wednesday fuck session that afternoon, as Ashley was slowly taking Trevor’s clothes off while kissing each newly exposed piece of skin she had a surprise for him. “Trevor, you’ve given me plenty of money, enough to change my life style and provide for Melanie. Therefore there will be no more massages, so no more payments. In fact I don’t want the money for the extra day care time anymore. I just want to fuck and add a session on Sunday if we can.” Trevor was dumbfounded and speechless. “The only condition is that now you have to give me a massage each time – but I’m not paying you for it,” Ashley continued with a mischievous grin. When the next hour and a half was up and Trevor had fucked Ashley twice – unprecedented for him in the last fifteen years -- and had given her a complete body massage he stood up. He got the broach out of his sport coat pocket and made Ashley face him. “I have a present for you,” he said. “You mean besides the best sex and massage I’ve ever had in my life?” she muttered with half-open eyes. “Yes, besides that,” Trevor smiled, flashing the broach in front of her. Ashley immediately snapped to attention. “Oh my God!” she exclaimed. “It’s beautiful – are those real diamonds and rubies and is that really silver?” “The diamonds and rubies are real, but it’s platinum, not silver,” Trevor replied pleased with her enthusiastic reaction. Between applying kisses to Trevor Ashley moaned. “I’m gonna fuck your brains out for this!” “Not today, though,” Trevor laughed, “you’ll rip my dick off. I’m giving this to you on one condition though.” “Oh yeah,” Ashley snickered, “what?” “You have to wear it the rest of the day and night, and in to work tomorrow.” After giving Trevor another kiss Ashley giggled. “Can I at least put my clothes on before I wear it?” “I guess,” Trevor chuckled, “I certainly don’t want anything to harm your perfect nipples and pussy lips.” As Ashley drove away from the motel Trevor was even more confused. That didn’t stop him from following through on his plan, however, so he tailed Ashley’s car, staying about half a mile behind, using the receiver for the locator. She wasn’t driving anywhere near the address she had given the Center. After about ten miles Ashley pulled into the parking lot of a townhouse development. She walked into an end unit. Trevor parked his car far enough away so as not to be noticed and then went up next to the townhouse unit with his

headphones on. He hid behind some bushes so that he wouldn't be seen by anyone in the parking lot. He started listening at exactly the right time. "Come on Hun, we have time for a quickie before I go off with Candy-baby." "How many times do we have to go through this, Ron. I told you we don't fuck the days that I fuck George." Who's Ron, who's George? Trevor mused. "Come on, baby, you know I don't like that sixty year old pussy I've got to fuck for our financial security." "That's not my problem. I found a rich cock I really like and just because you're not clever enough to find a rich pussy that you like don't beg me for quickies." "You know you seem to be getting too into this guy – what was this shit of going to the circus last weekend." "Oh Ronnie's jealous of a guy old enough to be his daddy – you've got some self-confidence issues, don't you dude. And I told you that I needed to go to the circus to keep up my cover." "You're the one who should be jealous, Ash-baby, I get to ride in a Lamborghini while you're stuck in a fucking Prius." "Well lucky you, Ronnie. Tell you what, you go fuck that sixty year old cunt thinking about me and maybe you'll get the real thing tomorrow night." Trevor removed the headphones and peeked into a window of the townhouse. There was a handsome guy about Ashley's age, blond hair, about six feet tall, giving her a quick kiss and turning to walk out the door. Without his headphones on Trevor didn't know what he said but he had heard enough. The information he had just gathered in two minutes was more mind-boggling than everything else he had learned his entire life. Not only was he being conned – or at least had been until today – but Ashley was telling her boyfriend/husband that his name was George; and Ron had to be fucking his wife Candice. How many sixty year olds with a Lamborghini named "Candy-baby" could there be? Trevor leaned against the wall processing the information and waiting until Ron was long gone before leaving himself. As he was finally getting ready to leave, however, he heard the front door to the townhouse open up and when he peered around the corner he saw Ashley walking to another end townhouse unit three away from hers and knocking on the door. He had to know what this was about so he quickly went to that unit, found another mature piece of landscaping to hide behind, and put his earphones back on. The first thing he heard was a little girl's voice. "Li, have you got sometin from UT for me?" "Melanine," a strange adult female voice chimed in, "you don't ask Aunt Ashley for presents, you go give her a big hug." "I always hug Li, mommy," Melanie's voice chirped. "Come give me a big kiss you little monkey," Trevor heard Ashley's voice say. Trevor peeped into a window and there was Ashley hugging little Melanie, obviously not her mother but a friend of her mother's. WOW Trevor thought to himself; but he had to hear more so he put the headphones back on. "What a beautiful broach, Ashley, where did you get it?" "That's part of what I need to talk to you about, June. Can you let me vent for a while?" "Yeah, girl; you look pale – you're not doing justice to that broach," the voice Trevor now knew to be June's replied. "Don't I know it!" Ashley exclaimed. "Melanie, honey, go play in your play room and Aunt Ashley will come give you a kiss goodbye before she leaves." "Can we go to the circus again Li?" Melanie asked. "Maybe honey if you let Mommy and I talk for a while." Trevor couldn't quite hear what Melanie said but heard little feet scampering away. "What's up, Ash?" "I need to unload – you know the guy who I tell Melanie is Uncle Trevor who you loaned Melanie to me to go to the circus with and who gives her all those presents?" "Yeah, Melanie loved him." "That's the problem. I love him too. I started fucking him as part of a con but now I've

fallen head over heels in love with him. He's treated me better than anyone else in my life...and..." then Ashley broke into tears. Trevor again peeked into the window and saw June comforting Ashley. "Have you told him?" "No because there's no future. He'll hate me if he finds out that I started fucking him as part of a con, and there's no way he'll leave his wife even though Ron is fucking her." "What, Ron is fucking his wife? Does Ron know that, or Trevor?" June asked flabbergasted. "No, neither does, that's why I call him George to Ron." "Is the sex with Trevor okay?" "No – it's by far the best I've ever had. When I fuck Ron now I think of Trevor." "Girl, you've got it bad; are you sure you can't just fess up; maybe he loves you too," June said between Ashley's soft sobs. Trevor removed his headphones, sat down on the mulch below his feet, and stared into space. Trevor didn't know how long he sat there in a trance but he at least partially snapped out of his stupor when he heard the front door of June's townhouse open and heard Ashley say, "Thank you so much, June, you're a great friend," followed by a "Good luck," from June. Trevor peeped around the corner and watched Ashley return to her townhouse. He was jolted fully back to reality watching her consummate ass wiggle as she walked down the sidewalk. Once sure that both June and Ashley were in their respective abodes Trevor suddenly had an epiphany. He immediately walked up to Ashley's townhouse and knocked on the door. Ashley gasped when she saw Trevor. "What..." was the only word to come out of her mouth. "Sorry to surprise you but we need to talk – can I come in?" "Okay," was all that Ashley could mutter as she moved away from the door and Trevor followed her in. When the door closed Trevor gently grabbed her arms and turned her toward him. "Looks like you've been crying," Trevor said softly. "I probably look like a raccoon with smeared eyelash liner, don't I?" Ashley mumbled not wanting to make eye contact but somehow knowing that she had to. "Actually, you look beautiful. Before we have a talk though I want you to know something, which I hope will make it easier for you to tell me everything. I am hopelessly, pathetically, desperately, in love with you." With that Trevor gave her a quick kiss then sat her down on the couch. Gazing into her eyes he said, "Tell me everything." Ashley started quietly sobbing; Trevor held her hands, all the while looking at her, until she regained her composure. "Ron is my boyfriend, not my husband. I'm not married and Melanie is not my child, but rather the child of a good friend who let me 'borrow' her for the circus. She's the one I give all of your presents to." Ashley stopped for a moment then took a deep breath and continued. "Ron is a gigolo and con man and I have been drawn into that life too. When we first got to town he identified your wife Candice as a mark while we were running a separate con at the same time. He told me that I needed a mark too, but I can't just fuck anyone like he apparently can, so I did some research. Not intending to target Candice's husband I found you as the only potential mark that was rich and who I wouldn't get sick fucking so..." With that tears welled up in Ashley's eyes and she looked at Trevor who had an understanding look on his face and said, "Why aren't you running out the door, or calling the cops?" "I already told you," he softly replied, "because I love you. Go on." Drawing another deep breath Ashley continued, "I was really lucky getting that part time job at the Center because the other scenarios I had lined up probably would not have worked out and I would have had to look for another mark. You know how well things worked out between us. After we fucked the first time were it not for Ron expecting money I would have paid you to fuck me it was so

good.” After yet another deep breath Ashley concluded her confession. “I told Ron your name was George and you were paying me 500 per session, and put the rest in a separate account and used the daycare money you gave me for expenses. Ron’s con on Monday, Tuesday and some weekend days fell through so he’s been pressuring me to get more money from you. However, I’ve fallen in love with you and decided that I’m going to take the money I’ve saved and get as far away as possible.” The word “love” made Trevor smile. “So now you know. If you did fall in love with me, then you fell in love with a con, cheat, liar and whore.” “You know, Ashley,” Trevor very deliberately replied as she started to cringe like she would be yelled at, “there is an alternative to your plan.” As Ashley sat with an expectant look on her face Trevor gave her a peck on the lips then said, “The alternative is for me to divorce Candice, for us to move in together as soon as the divorce is final, and then get married,” Trevor continued with a warm smile. As soon as Ashley’s eyes were as big as they could get he laughed. “That is if you’ll agree to a prenup and children, my only two conditions.” Ashley dissolved into Trevor’s arms almost unintelligibly mumbling “yes, yes, yes” between wails. By the end of the day Trevor had moved Ashley into a hotel, with information from Ashley had a team of private investigators get a video and stills of Candice’s goings-on with Ron that night, and had talked to his lawyer. Trevor didn’t go into the Center to volunteer Thursday although he insisted that Ashley go. After confronting Candice with the information from the PI and reminding her of the mutual pre-nups that they had signed he had her agree to a no fault divorce by Friday morning and only a modest settlement; that is considering his wealth it was modest but more than enough to get Candice out of his life forever. Within two weeks Candice moved two thousand miles away to be close to her family. Ron was happy to leave town for parts unknown with a 100,000 payoff but with the knowledge that there was a warrant for his arrest on fraud that would be executed if he ever returned. Ashley and Trevor had lunch and dinner together every day but only when they were certain that they were unseen did they sleep together. By pulling strings Trevor got his divorce final within two months. Ashley moved into Trevor’s mansion the by the time the ink was dry on the divorce decree. They both continued to work – Ashley now as a volunteer – three days a week at the Center. Trevor formally asked Ashley to marry him a week after she moved in during a three day trip to Paris. She signed a prenup without even reading it but would have been embarrassed by how generous Trevor was in it if she had read it. At their wedding reception a month later June and Ashley both beamed as Trevor danced with the flower girl – Melanie. When Ashley cut in, pretending that she was perturbed, she clutched him tightly and while giggling said, “Stay away from that hussie, I don’t want her stealing you away from me.” “Don’t be jealous,” Trevor laughed, “you know how I love kids.” Ashley stopped dancing, kissed Trevor, then with a wicked smile said, “I hope so because I’m six weeks pregnant.”