Babysitting the Baumgartners

Ch. 01

by Selena\_KittÂ©

I was fifteen when I started babysitting for the Baumgartners. They had two

kids. Henry and Janie were four and five that first time I sat in their living

room eating pizza with them and watching "Lilo and Stitch" until they both

conked out on the floor, their greasy faces smearing their mom's white carpet.

I loved babysitting for themâ€”Mr. Baumgartner ("Call me Doc, everybody does")

usually came home drunk enough to pay me way too much for the night. Mrs.

Baumgartner (she never said to call her anything but Mrs. Baumgartner, although

I did shorten it to "Mrs. B" over the years) was very pretty and nice and kept

really good ice cream (HÃ¤agen-Dazs) in the freezer. They had a huge TV, an

enormous house, and I became their regular babysitter every Friday night,

sometimes Saturdays, too, all through high school.

They hated it when I started dating. I used to have my little sister, Amy, go

babysit when I had somewhere to go. It was actually a tough call for meâ€”a date

with Toby Lumetto, or babysitting for the Baumgartners. Amy complained that the

kids never behaved for her, but they always did for me. They were great kids. I

loved the Baumgartners and they loved me.

That's why they invited me on vacation with them, I think. The winter of the

year I graduated high school, the Baumgartners went to Key West. When they came back, Mrs. Baumgartner swore she would never do it again without help. Henry was seven and Janie was eight, and they were "too much of a handful," she said. Just kids, I thought, but I wasn't their parent, I was pretty much their playmate. What did I know?

So the next winter, Mrs. Baumgartner called and asked if I wanted to come with

them. All expenses paid, over the Christmas holidayâ€”a free trip to Key West. It

took me about five seconds to say, "Yes" to that proposition! My parents hemmed

and hawed about it, but I was over eighteen now, and I could pretty much do what

I wanted... technically. Finally, I got their blessing, packed my bags, and we

were off to the land of sunshine and bikinis!

I had one, of courseâ€”a yellow and white suit, fairly respectable, since I was

going to be taking the kids to the beach. It had a bikini top, but boy-shorts

bottoms. I left the micro-suit at home. I figured Mrs. Baumgartner wouldn't

approve. I don't know what she would have said about me wearing one, but boy,

was I shocked when she stepped out of the house wearing her own black

micro-bikini thong suit!

There was no one to see her, so I guess it was okay. The house was right on the

ocean and had a private beach. Mr. Baumgartner said it was a time-share. Henry

and Janie wanted to swim a lot, so I spent a lot of time trying to soak up some

sun. December in Michigan wasn't exactly tanning weather, and I wanted to come

back as sleek and brown as a seal.

It was on one of those mornings that Mrs. Baumgartner came out and joined me.

The kids were making some sort of sand castle (really, it was more of a sand

villageâ€”it spanned half the beach!) and I was reading a Nora Roberts novel.

"How are you feeling, Veronica?" she asked, laying out a large blanket on the

white sand next to my towel. She was the only one who ever called me by my first

name. Everyone else called me "Ronnie."

"Better," I replied, putting my book down and turning over onto my back. We'd

ordered pizza the night before and it hadn't agreed with me. I shaded my eyes

and looked over at the kids. They were now having a sand fight, throwing shovels

of it at each other. I sighed. Someone was gonna start screaming any minute

about sand in their eyes or their suit.

"Henry and Janie, you need to go in the house!" Mrs. Baumgartner called,

stretching out on her stomach on the blanket.

"I can take care of them, Mrs. B," I said. Her bikini was a thong, and her

bottom was completely exposed. I looked away. "That's what I'm here for, right?"

The kids had stopped at their mother's warning and were treaded through the sand

toward us. They really were great kids. I wished sometimes that my sisters and I

got along as well as they did.

"Why don't you two go in?" Mrs. Baumgartner said as they approached. "There's

lunch on the counter, and Daddy hooked up the X-Box."

"Woo hoo!" Henry whooped, kicking up sand as he headed for the doorwall. Janie

didn't look as thrilled, but the promise of lunch was enough to lure her into

the house.

"You know, watching the kids isn't all you're here for, Veronica," Mrs.

Baumgartner said after they went in, turning her face to me and resting her

cheek on her folded arms. "Doc and I were just talking last night about how much

you've done for us over the years. The kids adore you. You're like part of the

family."

I flushed. "Thanks."

"You deserve to have a good vacation here, too." She smiled at me, her eyes

creasing at the corners. I wondered how old she was. It was hard for me to judge

how old people wereâ€”to me, they just seemed either old or young. Mrs. B wasn't

really either. "It's the least we can do."

"If I can get a tan, that will be reward enough," I said, grabbing the oil next

to my towel and pouring some into my hands. I worked it into my thighs and over

my smooth, flat belly. I noticed her watching me. "Do you want some?"

"Sure," she said, taking the bottle from me and sitting up to squeeze a pool of

glistening liquid into her palm, rubbing it over her shoulders and arms.

I slipped my boy short bottoms aside, checking for a tan line. I actually had

one, which was thrilling to me, although it wasn't as dark as I wanted it to be.

"You can take it off," Mrs. Baumgartner said and when I looked over at her, she

was untying her black bikini top around the neck and spreading oil over her full

breasts. I knew I was staring, but I couldn't help it. She was blonde, although

I'm not sure that was natural, and her skin was smooth and tawny, even there.

Her nipples were brown, vastly different from my light pink ones.

"Whâ€”what?" I stammered, still staring. She was smoothing oil over her belly,

which was softer and a little more rounded than mine, working it under the

strings of her bikini and down into the grooves of her thighs.

"Your top," she said, massaging oil into her thighs and calves. "So you won't

have any tan lines."

She laid on her back on the blanket, glancing over at me. I must have looked

shocked. "No one can see, Veronica. It's a private beachâ€”just us."

"What about the kids?" I asked, looking over my shoulder at the house.

"One word: X-Box." She adjusted herself, opening her thighs a little. I couldn't

see a hint of hair under her bikini and wondered at it. Her body was fuller than

mine, more rounded and soft. "I won't look. Don't be shy."

Her eyes stayed closed and I hesitated, looking up and down the beach. I pulled

my top aside and checked my tan lineâ€”I was definitely getting one. Mrs. B's

breasts were so large that they kind of sloped off to the side when she laid

down. I was a little intimidatedâ€”mine were nowhere near as bigâ€”but it was the

smooth, almost bronze color of her flesh that really convinced me. I wanted a

tan without lines, too!

I untied my top and slipped it off, reaching for the oil. Squeezing some into my

hands, I laid back and rubbed it into the swell of my breasts. It felt strange

to be outside half-naked in full daylightâ€”I hadn't gone topless on a beach since

I was Janie's age. My nipples were small, pale pink pebbles on a puffy, rounded

areola, and with the stimulation from my hands rubbing the oil in and the gentle

breeze blowing in from the ocean, they were quite hard.

Mrs. B was humming something to herself, but I didn't know the tune. The

rhythmic sound of the waves against the shore had me drifting in and out. Far

away, I could hear a dog bark.

The heat of the sun was making me sweat, and I could feel it mixing with the oil

and trickling down my sides. It was beading between my breasts. When I snuck a

look over at Mrs. B, I noticed the same thing, only it was more pronounced on

her already tanned skin. I adjusted myself on the towel, straightening out the

edges where they had blown up at the corners.

Mrs. B shaded her eyes and peered at me with a smile. "Why don't you come over

here? There's plenty of room on the blanket, and a lot less sand."

I considered it for a moment, and then stood, hopping from my little towel over

to the larger blanket so as not to get too much sand on my feet. Settling down

beside her on my back, I could feel the heat from her skin, but we weren't

touching.

"You have lovely breasts," she murmured, and I could feel her shoulder pressing

against mine where it hadn't been a moment ago.

"Thâ€”thanks," I said. I was glad it was so warm to hide my flush. What did you

say to someone who said that? "You do, too."

"I wish I still had the body of a nineteen year old," she said with a little

laugh. "So firm and tight. There's not a crease or a wrinkle on you, is there?"

Now I was really flushing. "I think you have a beautiful body. When I have two

kids, I hope I can still wear a bikini out on the beach. And a micro one, at

that..."

She turned her face to mine, smiling at me. "Well, thank you for the

compliment." I saw her eyes moving down over my breasts, and I was aware of how hard my nipples were.

This conversation was making me feel dizzy and very warm. Maybe it was the

heatâ€”but I was pretty sure it was the conversation and the fact that I was lying

half-naked next to Mrs. Baumgartner with her thigh now pressing against mine.

Our flesh was slick and oily together when she shifted, and it sent a gentle

pulse to beating between my legs that seemed to be keeping time with the waves

on the shoreline.

"Do you have a micro-bikini?" Mrs. B asked, her eyes closed again now. I was

staring over at her body again, at the generous swell of her copper-colored

flesh and her big, dark nipples. Hers were hard, too.

"Yeah," I said. "But I left it at home. I didn't think it would be...

appropriate."

"You can borrow one of mine," she said, her thigh sliding along mine as she

adjusted on the blanket. "If you want less of a tan line. I brought several."

"Thanks." I watched her breasts rising and falling, glistening in the sun. Her

belly was beaded with sweat and oil.

"Do you shave?" she asked.

"Whâ€”what?"

"Do you shave?" she repeated, opening one eye to look at me. "I wax, myself.

It's much easier and takes care of things for a lot longer down there, if you

know what I mean."

"No," I replied, snapping my eyes closed.

"Oh, to wear a micro, you just have to," she said, half-sitting. She touched my

thigh, pulling my bikini bottoms aside a little to reveal the line of my dark

pubic hair. "Yep, you'd definitely need to shave. Or, I brought some wax. You

could wax it all. I do."

Shocked, I stared at her. I didn't know what I was more surprised by, her

revelation or the fact that she pulled my bikini aside to look at my puss!

"It's actually fun," she said. "Not the waxing partâ€”but having a shaved pussy."

I stared right up at the sun, blinking a few times so it made bright spots in

the dark when I closed my eyes. I couldn't believe that Mrs. Baumgartner had

just said the word "pussy" in my presence.

"Doc loves it," she went on, and I felt her hand against my hip, just resting

there. "And it's so incredible to walk around that way. You feel so exposed...

it's like a constant turn-on."

"Mrs. B..." I started, not even sure what I wanted to say.

"I'd be happy to help you," she offered. Her fingers were moving over the

elastic tops of my bikini bottoms. "It's hard to do a bikini wax on yourself."

I put my arms up over my head, tilting my head back as if someone might be

around to overhear this crazy conversationâ€”someone to share my astonishment

with.

"You think about it," Mrs. B said, her hand lightly stroking my side. I could

feel that gentle throbbing between my thighs, more insistent now.

"Ok," was all I could say.

When I had tilted my head back, I had gotten a glimpse of someone on the

balcony, high above us. It was Mr. Baumgartnerâ€”Docâ€”sitting outside on one of the white deck chairs, completely naked. His hand was moving up and down between his legs, very fast, and as I watched, thick, white streams of fluid erupted from the tip of his engorged cock and splashed down onto the balcony and the railing. His eyes never left mine.

"Mrs. B," I said, my voice trembling as I sat up. "I'm gonna go cool off, I'll

be right back."

I stood, not sure I could stand, but I did, forgetting that I was topless. I

walked, a little unsteady, toward the water and waded out into the cool waves,

up to my neck. When I looked back, Mr. Baumgartner was gone, but Mrs. B was

still watching me, shading her eyes from the sun.

When she waved, I waved back, feeling that steady, rhythmic pulse between my

thighs. The coolness of the water only served to make the heat between my legs

more pronounced. I floated on my back, watching the clouds drift, letting the

waves rock me and once in a while overtake me. When I finally had the courage to

get out, Mrs. B had gone into the house, and the beach was empty again.

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Babysitting the Baumgartners Ch. 02

When I came back in the house, Henry and Janie were fighting over the X-Box

controller, remains of lunch (peanut butter and jelly, looked like) still

smeared on their faces. The air conditioning was on, and it was very cool

compared to outsideâ€”I actually got goosebumps within minutes of walking in the

door.

"Where's your mom and dad?" I asked.

Janie looked up at me, and Henry took the opportunity to yank the controller

from her. "Hey!" she said. "They're upstairs taking a nap. They told us to stay

here until you got back in the house."

Henry had started the game, and while Janie was pouting, she was also relenting,

getting involved in whatever was happening on the screen.

"Well, what do you guys want to do?" I asked. No answer. Just blank stares at

the television. "Ok, looks like X-Box wins. I'm going to go take a shower, ok?"

The both nodded, their mouths partly open as they stared at the screen. Little

video game zombies. At eight and nine, they were pretty self-sufficient. I

didn't understand why Mrs. Baumgartner had such a hard time with them, really.

To me, they seemed like easy kids.

I climbed the stairs and went down the hall toward the bathroom. They had a

large Jacuzzi tub (which I was dying to soak in one night!) and a separate

shower. I turned on the water, adjusting the temperature, and peeled off my

suit, tossing it into the sink. It felt good to soap up and wash the oil and

salt water off my body.

I stood under the needling spray for a long time. Every time I closed my eyes, I

saw Mr. Baumgartner's hand moving, lightning fast, up and down the length of his

cock. It gave me a tight, funny feeling in my belly. That throbbing between my

legs hadn't quit.

When I slipped the soap between my thighs, rubbing it over the soft, curly hair

there, I remembered what Mrs. B said about waxing and flushed. I didn't have

that much hair to begin with, just a sparse, dark triangular patch. What would

it feel like to be completely smooth there?

I slipped my fingers past my swollen lips, remembering how soft and slick Mrs.

B's oiled-up thigh was against mine, how dark and hard her nipples were. My clit

was aching at the thought and I touched it, rubbing it slowly under my fingers.

The image that kept coming back to me, though, was Mr. Baumgartner and his cock and his eyes locked on mine as he came. It made me feel embarrassed and excited to think that seeing me and his wife lying together on the beach topless was enough to get him arousedâ€”to get him off. Was he imagining something, or just watching us, or both?

I knew I shouldn't be thinking about it, but I couldn't help it. The more I

thought about it, the faster my fingers moved over my clit. Leaning back against

the tiles, I rubbed it and rubbed it, the water making my nipples tingle. The

images of the afternoon flashed through my mindâ€”Mrs. B's fingers pulling my

bikini aside to look at my pubic hair, the swell and shift of her heavy breasts,

the way the oil and water pooled on her tanned skin, the way her eyes lingered

on my chest and belly and thighs.

Moaning softly, I slipped one finger inside my pussy, rocking against my hand

and feeling a low hum building in my lower belly. That steady throb between my

legs that had begun outside in the sun was like a fast, heavy drumbeat now

keeping fast time with my pounding heart. Was he really watching us that whole

time? Could he hear us? How long had he been sitting there, stroking himself?

The sight of his cock, bursting like a spewing geyser over his fist, the

pleasure on his face, the way his eyes met mineâ€”oh god, I couldn't stand it. I

shuddered and moaned and arched against the tiles as I came, remembering his

dark eyes, his pumping hand, his bucking hips and spurting cock.

Flushed from my orgasm and the heat of the shower, I knelt in the tub, turning

off the water. I rested my hot cheek against the cool tile for a moment, closing

my eyes and feeling the waves of pleasure slowly receding. I felt shy and

embarrassed to see him, now, wondering what I would say, what he might say.

When my legs felt steady enough to hold me, I got out of the shower and dried

off, wrapping myself in one of the big white bath sheets. My room was across the

hall from the bathroom, and the Baumgartner's was the next room over. The kids'

rooms were at the other end of the hallway.

As I made my way across the hall, I heard Mrs. B's voice from behind their door:

"You want that tight little nineteen-year-old pussy, Doc?"

I stopped, my heart leaping, my breath caught. Oh my god. Were they talking

about me? He said something, but it was low, and I couldn't quite make it out.

Then she said: "Just wait until I wax it for you. It'll be soft and smooth as a

baby's."

Shocked, I reached down between my legs, cupping my pussy as if to protect it,

standing there transfixed, listening. I stepped closer to their door, seeing

that it wasn't completely closed, trying to hear what they were saying. There

wasn't any noise, now.

"Oh god," I heard him groan. "Suck it harder."

My eyes wide, I could feel the pulse returning between my thighs, a slow, steady

heat. Was she sucking his cock? I remembered what it looked like in his

handâ€”even from a distance, I could tell that it was big, much bigger than any of

the boys I'd ever been with.

"Ahhhh fuck, Carrie!" he moaned. I bit my lip, hearing Mrs. B's first name felt

so wrong, somehow. "Take it all, baby!"

All?! My jaw dropped as I tried to imagine it, pressing my hand over my

throbbing mound. Mrs. B said something, but I couldn't hear it, and as I leaned

toward the door, I bumped it with the towel wrapped around my hair. My hand went to my mouth and I took an involuntary step back as the door edged open just a crack. I turned to go to my room, but I knew that they would hear my door.

"You want to fuck me, baby?" she purred. "God, I'm so wet... did you see her

sweet little tits?"

"Fuck, yeah," he murmured. "I wanted to cum all over them."

Hearing his voice, I stepped back toward the door, peering through the crack.

The bed was behind the door, at the opposite angle, but there was a large vanity

table and mirror against the other wall, and I could see them reflected in it.

Mrs. B was completely naked, kneeling over him. I could see her face, her

breasts swinging as she took him into her mouth. His cock was standing straight

up in the air.

"She's got beautiful tits, doesn't she?" Mrs. B asked, running her tongue up and

down the shaft.

"Yeah," he whispered, his hand in her hair, pressing her down onto his cock. "I

want to see her little pussy. God, she's so beautiful."

"Do you want to see me eat it?" she asked, moving up onto him, still stroking

his cock. "Watch me lick that sweet, shaved cunt?"

I pressed a cool hand to my flushed cheek, but my other hand was rubbing the

towel between my legs as I watched them. I had never heard anyone say that word

out loud and it shocked and excited me.

"Oh god, yeah," he said, grabbing her tits as they swayed over him. I could see

her riding him, and knew he must be inside of her. "I want inside that tight

little cunt."

I moved the towel aside and slipped my fingers between my lips. He was talking

about me! The thought made my whole body tingle, and my pussy was on fire.

Already slick and wet from my orgasm in the shower, my fingers slid easily

through my slit.

"I want to fuck her while she eats your pussy," he growled, thrusting up into

her. His hands were gripping her hips and her breasts swayed as they rocked

together.

My eyes widened at the image he conjured, but Mrs. B moaned, moving faster on

top of him.

"Yeah, baby," she said, leaning over him, her breasts dangling in his face. His

hands went to them, his mouth sucking at her nipples, making her squeal and slam

down against him even harder. "You want her on her hands and knees, her tight

little ass in the air?"

He groaned, and I rubbed my clit even faster as he grabbed her and practically

threw her off of him onto the bed. She seemed to know what he wanted, because

she got onto her hands and knees, and he was fucking her like that, from behind.

The sound of them, flesh slapping against flesh, filled the room.

They were facing the mirror, but Mrs. B had her face buried in her arms, her ass

lifted high in the air. Doc's eyes were looking down between their legs, like he

was watching himself slide in and out of her.

"Fuck!" Mrs. B's voice was muffled. "Oh fuck, Doc, make me cum!"

He grunted and drove into her harder, and I watched her shudder and grab the

covers with her fists. He didn't stop, thoughâ€”his hands grabbed her hips and he

worked himself into her over and over. I felt weak-kneed and full of heat, my

fingers rubbing my aching clit in fast little circles. Mrs. B's orgasm had

almost sent me right over the edge. I was very, very close.

"That tight nineteen-year-old cunt," he grunted, shoving into her. "I want to

taste her." He slammed into her again. "Fuck her." And again. "Make her cum."

And again. "Make her scream until she can't take anymore."

I leaned my forehead against the doorjamb for support, trying to control how

fast my breath was coming, how fast my climax was coming, but I couldn't. I

whimpered, watching him fuck her and knowing he was imagining me... me!

"Come here," he said, pulling out and Mrs. B was turning around like she knew

what he wanted. "Swallow."

He was kneeling up on the bed as she pumped and sucked at his cock. I saw the

first spurt land against her cheek, a thick white rope of cum, and then she

covered the head with her mouth and swallowed, making soft mewing noises in her

throat. I came then, too, shuddering and shivering against the doorframe, biting

my lip to keep from crying out.

When I opened my eyes and came to my senses, Mrs. B was still on her hands and

knees, focused between his legsâ€”but Doc was looking right at me, his dark eyes

on mine.

My hand flew to my mouth and I stumbled back, fumbling for the doorknob behind

me that I knew was there. I finally found it, slipping into my room and shutting

the door behind me. I leaned against it, my heart pounding, my pussy dripping,

and wondered what I was going to do now.

Babysitting the Baumgartners Ch. 03

I buried my red, flushed face into the coolness of my pillow and decided that I

wasn't going to leave my room. I just couldn't face them, after what had

happened. When Mrs. B knocked on my door for dinner, I told her I wasn't feeling

well again.

"Anything I can get you?" she asked kindly.

I shook my head and called a muffled, "No!" into my pillow.

Downstairs, they were playing games, talking, laughing. I could hear Janie and

Henry fighting over the X-Box again, but then Doc turned it off and put in Monty

Python, which had them both laughing hysterically. It wasn't something I thought

that I would let my eight and nine year old watch, but I wasn't their parent,

what did I know? I was just the babysitter.

Some babysitterâ€”hiding up in her room. I just couldn't imagine looking into his

eyes, knowing that he had seen me masturbating in their doorway while I watched

them have sex. What must he think of me, now?

My face burned at the thought, but the images of them together kept coming back

to me, again and again. I couldn't stop remembering how her breasts had swayed

when he pounded into her, how she had turned around to swallow his cum, like she

couldn't get enough.

I wasn't a virgin, but all of my experiences with boys had been mostly basement

or back seat fumblings, quick and mildly pleasurable. I had never heard or seen

anything like what Mr. and Mrs. B were doing in their bedroom this afternoon.

I was so lost in my own world that I didn't even bother to get dressed. I just

tossed my wet towel on the floor and curled up under the covers. I think I

drifted off. The heat of the sun had made me sleepy and a little lethargic.

My dreams were about Doc, seeing him stroking his cock over my breasts, rubbing

the fat, bulbous tip over my hard, pink nipples. He kept whispering, "I want to

cum all over you, Ronnie. I want to cum all over your sweet little tits."

When I woke up, my pussy was throbbing with the images from my dream, the light had faded to near-dim, and I couldn't hear the kids anymore. Someone was

knocking at my door, and I realized that was what must have woken me.

"Come in," I murmured.

It was Mrs. B, and she was carrying a cup of tea that she set next to me on the

night table. I could feel her hand in my hair, brushing it away from my eyes.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, sitting on the edge of the bed behind me.

"A little better," I replied, turning my face to her.

"I brought you some tea," she said, and I felt her weight shifting.

"Thanks."

"What hurts?" she asked. "Is it your tummy?"

I nodded, closing my eyes as she traced her fingers over my forehead.

"Here, move over," she said. I stiffened for a moment, feeling her curling

herself around me. "Let me rub it. Sometimes it helps."

"Mrs. B," I whispered, but her hand slid over the comforter, massaging my belly

through the material.

She smelled sweet, and I knew she must have taken a shower, too, after

sunbathing. We'd both been so oiled up and sweaty. Remembering how she looked,

rubbing oil into her breasts and then lying topless next to me, made me shiver.

"Better?" she murmured, her mouth close to my ear.

I shook my head. "No."

"Well, here," she said, sliding her hand under the covers. "Maybe like this."

I swallowed hard as Mrs. B's hand slid below my navel, rubbing the taut, flat

surface of my belly. She was gentle, tender, rubbing it slow, easy circles.

"Is it your period?" she murmured, her fingers moving a little further down.

They were touching the top of my pubic hair now.

"No," I whispered.

She continued to knead my flesh, and I could feel her breath against my cheek.

Her arm was brushing across the side of my breast with her motion, making me

tingle. She must have known I was completely naked under the covers.

I turned a little toward her, and now my nipple was rubbing against her upper

arm as she moved her fingers lower, bit by bit. Her hand was over my pubic bone

now. I could feel my breath coming faster and tried to control it. Her breasts

were pressed tight against my back, I could feel the generous swell and shift of

them when she moved.

"Better yet?" she whispered, kissing my cheek. The light was growing dimmer, and

I could barely see her outline now, but I could feel the weight and heat of her

behind me.

"A little," I whispered back, shifting on the bed and feeling her fingers dip

between my already swollen, wet lips when I did. Gasping, I pulled away from her

hand.

"It's ok," she murmured, putting her whole hand over my mound. "This might make

you feel better."

I drew a shaky breath. "Mrs. B..."

Her hand just massaged me, covering my lips, her fingers not moving inside. I

sighed, closing my eyes. It felt so good I could barely stand it. Her arm moved

over my nipple as she worked her hand slowly between my legs. I let out a little

moan, squirming under her.

"Mrs. B," I whispered, turning a little more towards her. Her mouth was right

there, I could feel her breath on my face. I could smell beer or alcohol, and

something sweet that was just the scent of her. "I have to tell you something."

"What is it?" she asked, her palm rocking between my thighs. I gasped, biting my

lip to keep from crying out. My pussy was wet and throbbing and aching for some

sort of release. She pressed her cheek to mine, and her lips were soft there,

inches from my own.

"This afternoon..." I moaned when she started making circles between my legs,

moving her hand around and around on my mound and rubbing the flesh of my lips

over the sensitive bud of my clit.

"Yes?" she encouraged, moving her hand a little faster.

"Oh, god, Mrs. B," I whispered against her cheek, shivering. "Please."

"What is it, Veronica?"

When I closed my eyes, I saw Doc fucking her, plunging his cock into her from

behind. It sent a jolt straight between my legs.

"I saw you," I confessed quickly. "This afternoon, in your room... you and

Doc..."

Her hand slowed, and I could feel a thick pulse throbbing under her fingers. "I

know, sweetie... it's ok."

I could barely breathe. "You know?"

"Yes." Her lips were pressed against the side of my mouth as she talked, and I

could feel their softness, their tender movement against my skin. "Doc told me.

He saw you."

"Oh god." I moaned, not sure if it was in embarrassment or pleasure.

"Shhhh." She rubbed her lips over mine, not really a kiss, more just a caress.

"It's going to be ok."

Her hand was moving between my legs again. "Mrs. B," I whimpered. "Oh, please."

A knock sounded at the door and we both jumped. I pulled the covers up to my

chin and Mrs. B sat up on the bed.

"Come in," I called.

The door opened, spilling light from the hallway. It was Doc, his large frame

filling the doorway.

"How're my girls?" he asked, leaning against the door frame.

I blushed. "Ok. I'm feeling a little better. Mrs. B brought me some tea."

He came over and sat on the other side of the bed, putting his hand on my hip.

"Glad to hear it. It's no good being sick on vacation. You're here to have fun."

"Yeah," I agreed, feeling his big hand massaging my hip through the blanket. It

sent tingles straight into my pelvis where my pussy was still wet and aching

from Mrs. B's massage.

"You get some rest," he said, moving his fingers under my chin. "You'll feel

better tomorrow."

"Thanks," I murmured, almost sad when he moved his hand and stood.

"Come on, Carrie," he said, holding out his hand. "Let's get to bed and let her

rest."

Mrs. B stood, following her husband. "Good night."

"Thank you," I called as they went out, shutting the door.

I breathed a deep sigh, staring up at the ceiling in the darkness. I didn't know

what to think, what to feel. I rolled over onto my belly, my pussy burning

between my thighs as I hugged my pillow, aching to be touched. I tried to ignore

it and sleep, but the more I did, the more restless I became.

I could hear Mr. and Mrs. B laughing and talking in their bedroom. I tossed and

turned on the bed, trying to find a cool spot, a comfortable position.

Finally, I got up, deciding to draw a bath. Tonight was as good a night as any

to try out that big Jacuzzi tub. I pulled my robe on and found my towel on the

floor. It was still damp, so I hung it over the end of the bed, deciding to get

a new one from the linen closet.

"That's her pussy, baby," I heard Mrs. B's voice when I peeked out my door. I

could see a light on in their room, coming from a crack in the door. "Taste it."

"Oh my god," he murmured, and I closed my eyes, hearing a sucking sound. "You

had your fingers in her?"

"Not quite," Mrs. B said. "Almost. I was just... rubbing her ouchie tummy for

her."

Doc chuckled. "God, she tastes so good. I want to eat that sweet little cunt."

Flushing, I pressed my hand between my legs, feeling the incredible heat there.

I knew they were talking about me.

"Me first, Doc," Mrs. B pouted. "I want to taste her, too."

I closed my eyed, slipping a hand under the soft flap of my robe and dipping a

finger between my swollen lips. Shivering when I touched my clit, I let my

fingers stay there for a moment, nudging it a little.

"We can share," Doc replied, his voice low.

I heard sucking sounds again and stepped out of my door and a little closer to

theirs. Their door was open just a little bit again and I could see them in the

mirror. Mrs. B was straddling his belly and he was sucking greedily at her

fingers.

Flushing, a heat spreading over my chest, I realized that he was tasting my

juices on her fingers. Curious, I lifted my own fingers to my mouth, sucking on

them quietly. It was a musky tang that coated my throat when I swallowed. Is

that what every woman tasted like? I wondered. Is that what Mrs. B tasted like?

Oh my god, I couldn't believe I was even thinking about it. I backed away from

the door, determined to go take my bath and leave them their privacy.

"Do you really think she'll do it?" I heard Doc ask. I stopped, closing my eyes.

"I think so," Mrs. B replied, her voice muffled. I turned back to the door,

leaning in to see that she was kneeling between his legs now, his cock moving in

and out of her mouth.

Do what? I wondered, watching in fascination as he disappeared between her lips

over and over. I found myself aching to feel what his cock felt like in my mouth

as she sucked him. His hands were in her hair, pressing her down further and

further.

"God, I hope so," he groaned as she came up on his cock, licking around the tip

like an ice cream cone. My fingers found their way between my fleshy lips,

searching for my aching clit and finding it.

"Now that I've tasted that sweet little puss, I want more," he murmured as she

moved up on him.

"You'll have to settle for mine tonight," she purred, straddling his face.

"You're never settling, sweetie," he murmured.

I watched, my eyes wide, as he grabbed her hips and she began to grind, moaning.

She rocked and rocked on him, her heavy breasts swaying. Her fingers found her

own nipples, rolling them, her head going back, her long blonde hair brushing

his chest.

My breath was coming fast, and I lifted my fingers up to my own nipples,

squeezing and rolling them like she was. The sensation sent heat through my

whole body, making my pussy buzz with delicious warmth. I wished I had three

hands as I kept one tweaking my nipple and slid the other back down between my

legs.

Oh god, my pussy was so wet! I wanted to cum, hard and fast, but I didn't want

to stop watching them. Mrs. B was shaking now, calling his name and saying

things I'd never heard anyone say out loud before.

"Yessssss!" she moaned. "Eat my cunt, baby. Oh fuck, don't stop!"

I could hear him, muffled, between her thighs, and I wondered how he could

possibly even breathe. His hand was between his own legs, shuttling up and down

the length of his cock. I didn't know where to lookâ€”her swaying breasts and

rocking hips, or his hard, red cock that was starting to get wet at the tip.

"Ohhh god!" she cried. "I'm gonna cum all over your face!"

I bit my lip, easing up on my clit just a little, or I would have cum right then

with her as she shuddered and leaned her palms against the wall above her head

to catch herself. I noticed Doc squeezing his cock hard, groaning between her

legs, and I could hear her wetness, or maybe it was the sound of his mouth on

her. Either way, it made me dizzy with lust.

"Oh god," she whispered, shaking as she climbed off of him. "You have the best

tongue, Doc."

"Is that all you want me for?" he chuckled, his hand stroking again, lazy. I

nudged my clit with my finger, back and forth, as I watched him.

"No," she purred, moving his hand out of the way and stroking him herself. "You

have the best cock, too."

"Good enough to eat?"

"Always," she said, moving down and taking him back into her mouth. Her body was in the way, and I couldn't see his cock in the mirror anymore. I stretched on my tiptoes, straining to see past her bottom. It was up in the air, and I could see

her lips, completely bare, just like she said they were. They were slick and

glistening in the lamplight.

"Yeah, baby," he moaned, and I could see his hand pressing her head down again.

She was almost gagging on him, but she didn't seem to mind. "Deeper... come

on... you can do it."

I heard her moan, and her ass wiggled back and forth. As I watched, she slipped

her hand between her legs and began to massage her smooth lips, round and round, just like she had rubbed me in the bedroom earlier that night.

I opened my robe a little more, bending over to look down between my legs at the

dark triangle there. Making my palm flat over it, I began to rub, round and

round. The sensation reminded me of her hand moving between my thighs and I

leaned against the doorframe, rubbing faster as I watched.

Doc was bucking up into her mouth on the bed, grunting and moaning, louder and

louder. I whimpered, easing back on my rubbing a little, wanting it to last

forever. I wanted to see him cum again, but from this angle, I knew I couldn't,

and from the sounds of it he was going to fill her mouth and make her swallow it

again.

Almost like he knew, suddenly he was sitting up, rolling her over onto the bed

and spreading her legs apart with his thighs. I could see everything now, the

tip of his cock rubbing up and down her slick slit before he slid into her, his

hips rocking as he held himself above her.

"Fuck me," she growled, and I saw her hands digging hard into his ass, pulling

him deeper into her. "You like that wet cunt squeezed around you, baby?"

He groaned, moving faster, driving deeper, and I felt myself edging near a point

of no return. My fingers wouldn't stop moving against the tender bud of my clit,

making delicious circles there, and my nipples were hard and poking straight

out. I used my other hand to tweak them, first one, then the other.

"Ahhhh god!" he cried, and I saw him thrust even faster, pumping in and out of

her now. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Come all over me," she groaned, and as he pulled out, I could see her fingers

working her pussy, round and round, just like me. His cock throbbed and

twitched, sending huge jets of his cum over her bare, swollen mound. A thick,

white cascade of it slipped between her lips and ran down toward the mattress.

I stared at that flood of cum and wondered how it would taste, mixed with all

her tangy juices. I trembled all over, feeling my orgasm taking me, shuddering

through me with a force that threatened to buckle my knees. Lifting my fingers

to my mouth and sucking on them, I moved quickly away from the door, heading for the bathroom.

When I had locked the door and started running the water in the tub, I took off

my robe and stood in front of the mirror, wondering what Doc had meant when he

said, "Do you think she'll do it?" He had to have meant me. What did he want me

to do?

I closed my eyes, remembering how he grabbed her, held her, pressed her, fucked

her. It made me flush and my breath came quicker. I met my own eyes in the

mirror when I opened them, realizing that whatever "it" was, Mrs. B was probably

right. I was going to do it.

"How'd you sleep, Ronnie?" Doc asked as he came into the kitchen.

He was wearing just a pair of swim trunks, and I noticed how tanned and broad

his back was as he bent down to look into the fridge.

"Good," I replied over my cup of coffee.

Janie and Henry were chewing mouthfuls of Cocoa Crispies and Fruity Pebbles,

each reading their respective boxes with a measure of concentration I only saw

when they stared at the TV. "How about you?"

"Great," he said, shutting the fridge and pouring himself a cup of coffee. He

grabbed a banana off the counter. "Hey, you want one of these?"

I stared at the banana in his hand and then met his eyes, swallowing and

nodding. "Sure."

He sat next to me at the table, ruffling Henry's hair and tugging at Janie's

ponytail as he sat down. They both mumbled some semblance of "Morning Dad,"

before going back to their cereal trance.

"Where's Mrs. B?" I asked, taking the banana from him and ignoring the tingling

feeling I got when his hand brushed mine.

"Getting her suit on," he replied, taking a big bite of his banana and chewing.

"We're going for a swim. You kids want to come?"

Henry looked up from his cereal box and then over to Janie. "Ok."

At least I knew they were actually paying attention to the conversation. "Well,

I guess that means I'm coming, too."

"You can get some more sun," he said, taking another bite as he watched me peel

my banana.

"Yep." I bit the inside of my cheek, avoiding his eyes, but I could feel them on

me. I slipped the top of the banana between my lips, licking the tip and

glancing at him before taking a small bite. I heard his breath catch and tried

not to smile.

"You guys coming swimming?" Mrs. B came into the kitchen in a white bikini,

different from the one she had been wearing the day before. This one covered a

little moreâ€”but not much. I saw Doc's eyes sweep over her.

"Can I wear my Spiderman suit?" Henry asked, putting his bowl in the sink.

"Did you hang it up to dry?" Mrs. B asked, turning to pour herself some coffee.

Her suit was a thong, and I could see her round, tanned behind, completely

exposed.

"I'll go look," he called, running toward the stairs. Janie put her bowl into

his in the sink with a sigh and trudged after him.

"Are you coming, Veronica?" Mrs. B asked, sitting next to her husband in the

seat that Henry had vacated.

I nodded, taking another bite of banana, my eyes shifting back over to Doc. He

was definitely watching me. I chewed slowly and swallowed, feeling a slow heat

spreading through my belly.

"Do you want to borrow one of my suits?" she asked, pouring cream. The white

fluid turned the dark liquid a smooth tanâ€”almost the color of her skin. "I

noticed yours was still in the sink. I hung it, but I don't think it's dry yet."

"Oh," I said, flushing. "I forgot it. I'm sorry."

"That's ok," she said, glancing over at Doc and giving him a smile. "Come on

upstairs, I'll get you one of mine. Will you take the kids out when they're

ready, babe?"

Doc leaned back in his chair, putting his hands behind his head. "Will do."

I put my half-eaten banana on the table, following Mrs. B upstairs. I could feel

Doc's eyes on us as we left the room, Mrs. B in her micro-bikini and me in my

boyshorts and t-shirt.

"What color do you want?" she asked me, tossing suits out of her drawer. I

stared at the selection piling up on the bed. She sat on the edge, sifting

through them. "Oh, here's a good one. It's adjustable. Don't want you falling

out."

She winked at me, holding it up. It was a light orange color, and to me it

looked awfully small.

"Let's try it on," she said, tossing it to me. I turned my back, even though I

knew she could see me in the mirror, and pulled off my shirt. The cups were

large for me, of courseâ€”she was probably twice my size in the departmentâ€”but it tied up top and in back, closing the gap.

"Here," she said, watching me struggle with the ties. "Let me."

Her fingers moved lightly down my shoulder blades, tying the strings in back. I

held my long dark hair up and out of her way while she tied the ones around my

neck.

"Not bad," she said, cocking her head and looking at me in the mirror. "What do

you think?"

I turned a little, staring at my reflection. "I like it."

"Well, let's try the bottoms," she said, holding them up.

I hooked my thumbs in my boyshorts, pulling them down over my slim hips. I could

see her watching me in the mirror, looking between my thighs. I took the bikini

bottoms from her, balancing on one foot as I stepped into the leg holes, which

were just a configuration of strings, really, attached to a small orange patch

of material. Her hips were obviously wider than mine, because the ties on the

sides needed to be re-tightened.

"Here," she said, seeing me working on one of the knots. "You keep going on that

one, I'll see if I can get this one."

Kneeling on the other side of me, she began to try to untie the knot. I did the

other side. They were very tight and hard to unfasten.

"Damn thing," she swore, and I saw that her long nails were giving her a

problem. Mine were shorter, and even I was having difficulty getting my side

undone, although it was comingâ€”slowly.

"Oh hell," she said, leaning forward and grasping the knot in her teeth. I

gasped, feeling her mouth against my hip, looking down and watching her pull at

the string, jerking her head as she tried to get it loose.

"Got it!" She grinned up at me and laughed. "Sometimes you have to get

creative."

I smiled back at her as she tied the string tighter around my hip. I had finally

unloosened mine and I did the other side, adjusting the tiny orange triangle

between my legs. The back was a thong, just a thin string that ran up between my

cheeks.

Mrs. B stayed on her knees, studying the orange material, and she began to pull

it, first left, then right, frowning.

"Sweetie, I think we're going to have to do something about this," she said,

biting her lip and trying again, this time right, then left. "Look."

She pointed to the mirror and I went to stand in front of it. "You've got just a

little too much hair down there to wear it out, don't you think?"

I could see what she had been doing now with all her tugging. There was a line

of dark, curly hair that showed on one side or the other of the small stretch of

material, no matter how you positioned it. It also showed a fine line of hair

along the top edge, although I could pull it up to cover that.

"I guess I can't wear it," I said with a sigh.

"Sure you can," she said, coming up behind me, her hands on my shoulders. She

turned me, pushing me gently toward the bedroom door. "Come on, we'll fix it."

She guided me into the bathroom, shutting and locking the door behind us. I

could hear the kids downstairs, and Doc's voice above them. Mrs. B took a towel

out of the linen closet and spread it on the long counter that connected the

twin sinks. There was a large mirror behind it and I glanced at my reflection. I

liked the color on me, the way it made my just-starting-to-tan skin look a

little more brown somehow.

"Ok, take those off," Mrs. B said, tugging at the string of the bikini bottoms.

I opened my mouth to say something, but I wasn't sure what to say, so I just

slid them down over my hips and left them sitting on the rug.

"Hop up," she said, patting the towel with a smile.

"Um... Mrs. B," I said, watching her put a razor and a can of shaving gel on the

counter.

She patted the towel again. "Come on," she said. "Don't worry, I've done this

hundreds of timesâ€”and when Doc does it for me, it's always easier than if I do

it myself."

I stared at her, sliding slowly up onto the fluffy white towel. "Doc... shaves

you... down there?"

She turned on the water in the sink to my left, both hot and cold, adjusting it.

"He used to. Before I started to wax. But we don't really have time to wax you

today. We'll just shave you and make it all neat and smooth, ok?"

I just nodded, not knowing what else to say. I could hear the doorwall opening

and closing downstairs, and knew that they were going out, and that we were now

alone in the house.

"Easiest way to do this is for you to lean back a little and put your feet up on

the counter," she instructed.

I flushed. "But..."

Sitting the way I was, or even changing in front of her, I wasn't completely

exposed. Doing what she asked would spread everything wide open for her eyes and

the thought made me dizzy.

"It's ok," she soothed, putting her hands on my thighs, rubbing them gently up

and down. Her hands were soft, her red-tipped fingers long and slender. "We're

all girls here, right?"

I nodded, letting her help me as she put my feet up on the edge of the counter,

resting on the towel. My back was against the mirror, and it was cold, making me

shiver. At least, I thought that's what was making me tremble.

Mrs. B knelt between my legs, and I could see her eyes roaming over me down

there. She smiled up at me and reached for the shaving cream. "You have a lovely

pussy, Veronica."

I swallowed hard, not knowing what to say to that. "Will it hurt?"

"Not at all," she said, squirting a glob of gel into her hand and spreading it

over the hair between my thighs. It developed quickly into a white foamy cream.

Her fingers rubbed my mound gently, making me remember how she had rubbed me last night. "It's just like shaving your legs."

She ran the razor under the stream of water before moving it toward my lips. I

watched, fascinated, as she started at the top, working her way down toward my

slit, rinsing the razor between swipes. She was concentrating on what she was

doing and seemed oblivious to the fact that she was touching the most private,

secret parts of me.

"Open your legs a little more," she instructed as she started to shave downward,

first one side and then the other. Her fingers pushed and prodded at my pussy as

she went, sending sweet waves of pleasure through me. Once in a while, her hand

or her fingers would nudge my clit, sending a jolt straight up my spine.

The water running down over my skin and onto the towel was warm and I closed my eyes for a moment, hearing the scrape of the razor, the running of the water,

and Mrs. B breathing between my legs.

I could feel her breath on my thigh, even over my pussy, as she knelt there and

concentrated on the work at hand. When I looked down, I could see all the dark,

wiry hair that had been there since I hit puberty was now gone, leaving just a

little stubble.

"This part is trickier," she said. "I've got to make it all smooth." Rinsing the

blade again and then starting at the bottom, she took the razor against the

grain of the hair, working her way back up my lips and over my mound. My pussy

was throbbing now, and my nipples were poking out of the orange bikini top,

betraying my excitement.

I gasped when she spread me open with her fingers. "Mrs. B!"

"I just have to run the razor along this edge here," she said, pulling one of my

lips taut and bringing the blade up just along the inside. "I hate stray hairs,

they drive me crazy. Trust me."

She did the other side, her wet fingers rubbing over my clit, not intentionally,

but it still send a wave of heat through my belly. I was aching, yearning to be

touched, or to touch myself. I knew my lips must be swollenâ€”they felt huge, and

so did my clit. I wondered if she could tell how wet I was, even with all the

water running down between my legs.

"There!" she announced, cocking her head and looking at her handiwork. "Lovely.

You have nice big, puffy inner lips, Veronica. And your clit stands right out.

It's very pretty."

I could feel my cheeks burning. "Mrs. B..."

"It's true," she said with a smile, standing and rinsing the razor in the sink.

"It's unusual... you should be proud of it."

I didn't know what to say. I put my legs down, closing my thighs. My pussy was

wet from the shave, but it was also slick with excitement and when I squeezed my

legs together, it made me feel faint.

Things felt very different down there nowâ€”vulnerable and exposed. I reached my

hand down tentatively and gasped at how incredibly smooth my skin was now.

"Isn't that great?" she asked, her eyes bright. "I love how soft it is. Here,

let's get you rinsed off. The fastest way is in the shower."

She had me stand at the back of the tub as she unhooked the showerhead and

adjusted the water temperature.

"Is that too hot?" she asked, touching the spray to my feet.

I shook my head. "No."

Mrs. B knelt by the side of the tub, moving the water over my thighs and up to

my pussy.

"Open up," she said, looking up at me. "Use your fingers, just spread your lips

open."

Feeling the water running over my smooth, exposed labia was one thing, but

feeling it spraying directly on my clit made me moan out loud.

"Here, let's try this," Mrs. B said, turning a knob on the shower massage. "That

shaving cream can be irritating if it gets left on your skin. Want to make sure

we get it all."

The water was pulsing now, and she was aiming it right between my legs. I could

barely keep my eyes open, it felt so good. My knees wanted to buckle, but I held

my lips open for the hot throb of the water moving back and forth over my clit.

"Mrs. B," I pleaded, my head going back, my eyes closing fully now. The water

got closer and closer to my pussy, the throb faster, harder, and I moaned, my

head going from side to side. I couldn't stand itâ€”it felt too good.

"Oh god," I whispered, feeling my climax beginning. I saw her watching me, her

eyes bright, and felt ashamed to be doing this here in front of her, but I

couldn't stop it. I shuddered and bucked my hips and moaned and bit my lip to

try to keep from screaming as I came and came, waves of pleasure rolling through

my body, undulating my belly and hips toward the hot flow of the water between

my legs.

"Good," she murmured, easing the pulse of the water back down my thighs. I could

feel her hand brushing over my mound, touching me there, cupping me. It felt so

good I thought I would die. "I think we got it all. Ready to get your suit on?"

I whimpered, opening my eyes to her as she shut off the water and grabbed

another towel out of the linen closet. Stepping out of the tub, I took it from

her, rubbing myself dry, my whole body flushed and filled with the heat of my

orgasm. I glanced shyly over at her as she watched me, wondering if she knew, if

she could tell?

"Here you go," she said, handing me the orange bikini bottoms. "Let's see how

they look now."

I slid them on, smoothing the straps over my hips, and looking into the mirror.

There wasn't a wisp of hair to be found peeking around it.

"Thanks." I smiled over at her.

"My pleasure," she replied, folding up the towel on the counter and putting it

in the sink. "Ready for that swim?"

"In a minute," I said, looking down at the floor. "I have to pee. I'll meet you

out there."

"Okay," she agreed, turning and opening the door.

I collapsed onto the toilet seat when she went out, panting and flushed. I

couldn't believe what had just happened, and yet Mrs. B acted like it was

nothing at all. I cupped the triangle of orange material between my legs,

feeling the gentle throb there still. My pussy felt different, new somehowâ€”and

so did I.

Babysitting the Baumgartners Ch. 05

They were all playing in the surf when I stepped outside into a wall of heat. It

actually smelled and tasted like rain, although there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

The humidity was like that down here, I'd discovered, and it seemed to force

beads of sweat to the surface of my skin the minute I walked out of the

air-conditioning.

Mrs. B saw me and waved, and I waved back. The white hot sand was burning my

feet, and I noticed how different everything felt between my legs now that I was

shaved. I could feel my lips rubbing together as I walked, almost as if they

were constantly massaging my clit.

Janie and Henry were taking turns being tossed into the rolling waves by Doc,

squealing and screeching as he hurled them out into the water. His arms were

strong ropes of muscle I noticed, working hard as he hefted them around. They

weren't lightweights anymore. They would come up sputtering and laughing,

although it looked dangerous to me, but what did I know?

I was grateful when my feet greeted the wet sand and then the water's edge. Mrs.

B looked over at me, shading her eyes against the sun. Her long blonde hair was

pulled back into a ponytail and I remembered that I didn't bring one.

"Hey, that's your bathing suit, Mom!" Janie called, wiping salt water out of her

eyes.

"Yep," Mrs. B agreed as I began to wade out. "Veronica's borrowing it."

I saw Mr. B's gaze moving over me, lingering between my legs. It tingled there,

as if his eyes were actually touching me. "Looks great, Ronnie."

"Thanks," I murmured, wading a little further out, wanting to bury myself in the

water even though part of me liked the way he looked at me. I had to go by him

to sink further in, and I swear I could feel his eyes on my back, and I was all

too aware that except for two sets of string, I looked naked from behind.

I sank to my knees, pushing off the sandy bottom and skimming forward into the

cool water. I went under for a moment to get my hair wet, slicking it back from

my face as I came up near Mrs. B where I could stand and the water came up to my shoulders.

"Let's play Marco Polo!" Henry exclaimed, watching his father toss his sister

into the water. She squealed and then held her nose, scrunching her face up as

she went under.

"Yeah!" Janie burst up a moment later, obviously having heard her brother's

remark before she went down. She was rubbing water out of her eyes. "We have

enough people, let's play Marco Polo!"

"You're it, then, Henry," I called.

He closed his eyes and started counting to ten. We all moved away from him.

Janie brushed past me, giggling, her wet blonde ponytail hanging to the middle

of her back.

"Marco!" he called, doing a blind-man walk forward, his hands out in front of

him.

There was a chorus of "Polo's" from all of us, and he struggled forward toward

the voices. He was closest to me, his fingertips reaching out, and I tried to

move back, but Janie was clutching my hips and giggling as she hid behind me,

making it impossible.

"I got you!" Henry cried, opening his eyes when his fingers brushed my arm.

"That was a short one," Mrs. B remarked with a laugh.

"Janie's fault," I grumbled, turning and sticking my tongue out at her. "I'm

coming for you, little girl, you better watch it!"

She squealed and moved away from me toward her mother as I closed my eyes and started to count to 10. I realized that it was going to be a lot harder to play

this in the ocean with the sound of the waves crashing in on the shore then it

would in the glass surface of a pool.

I was already reaching my hands out and straining to hear something as I

counted. There was Janie, giggling, to my left. I turned toward the sound,

rushing forward, trying to catch her, but came up empty.

"Ten... Marco!" I called, and I heard them all say "Polo!" Janie and her mom

were to my left and so was Doc, but Henry was somewhere off to my right. Playing

the odds, I lunged left and heard Janie squeal and the splashing of water as she

swam away.

"Marco!" I said, taking a few more steps forward. Janie responded off to my

right now, and so did Henry. Mrs. B was somewhere behind me, but I didn't hear

Doc at all. I realized he must have been under water when I called.

"Marco!" I said again, hearing the same responses, except this time Doc's "Polo"

was right in front of me, his voice low.

I reached a hand forward in the water and felt the smooth, hard planes of his

belly just above the elastic band of his suit.

Gasping, I opened my eyes and saw him standing there, looking at me and smiling.

"Got me," he said with a wink, his voice still low.

"Daddy, you're it!" Janie called, jumping up and down in the water.

We all moved away from him as he started counting. Janie was still hiding behind

her mother, and Henry was moving more toward shore. When Doc called "Marco!" I

was still the closest one, and he followed my voice.

I went under for a moment, kicking hard and swimming the opposite direction past

him. I heard him say a muffled "Marco!" again, but I kept swimming. Gasping as I

came up, I heard him say it again and I had to answer. He was inches away from

Janie and Mrs. B, but when I said "Polo," he turned toward the sound of my

voice.

I could look at him without him seeing me as he walked toward me, his dark, wet

hair curling, the tanned skin of his chest and belly and arms beaded with water.

I realized that if I could watch him, unnoticed, then he could have been

watching me, too. That thought made my breath catch. He was getting closer and

closer, edging his way, and his body blocked out the sight of Mrs. B and Janie

behind him.

"Marco!" he called.

"Polo," I whispered.

His head turned toward me and he grinned, lunging at me just as I pushed off

from the bottom, trying to swim away. We both went under for a moment, and he

had me by my thigh, gripping his way up to my hips, his big body twisting

against mine under the water. For a moment I was beneath him, in his arms,

pressed against him and could feel something hard against my leg. I didn't

realize, until his fingers brushed over my breast, sending shivers through me,

what it was.

I came up gasping and so did he. We were out deeper now, and I had to stand on

my tiptoes to stay up. He was under the water to his shoulders, his face inches

from mine.

"You got me," I whispered, licking my lips and sliding my thigh against his.

His eyes widened and then I felt his fingers gripping my hips, his knee sliding

up the inside of my thighs, dangerously high, until I heard Henry calling,

"Ronnie's IT!"

I smiled as I turned away from him and started swimming back. He followed. We

played a few more rounds, but then the kids got bored and wanted to go work on

their "sand village."

We three "adults" spread out a couple blankets and laid out in the sun. Mrs. B

was next to me and Doc had his own blanket on the other side of her. I was

looking over at Mrs. B. She was on her back, her arm thrown over her eyes. I

couldn't help watching her breasts rise and fall with her breath, full and

fleshy under the white bikini top. I was remembering what she looked like lying

there topless.

Doc was up on his elbow, facing me, and when I met his eyes, he smiled. I could

feel him looking at me, almost like a heat. I stretched, arching my back, and

saw his eyes widen and then darken, his smile fading as he watched me roll to my

side and then over onto my belly, adjusting my straps.

My skin and hair were still wet from the swim, and the heat of the sun felt

good. I opened my legs a little bit, lifting my hips, knowing that my bare ass

was sticking up in the air as I did. I was watching him watch me through

half-closed eyes, a lazy smile on my face. I couldn't help glancing down at his

crotch, and I could see that he was hard. I licked my lips, remembering the

length of him, how his hand moved up and down the shaft.

My now-bare pussy was tingling with feeling, and I wished I was alone so I could

touch it. I fantasized about his hand there, those big fingers spreading me

open. I glanced down at his suit again, and saw him shifting, moving things

around there, and wondered what it would feel like in my hand, my mouth, inside

of me. My pussy ached at the thought.

I was totally lost in my fantasy when a stream of cold water splashed over my

back, making me scream and kneel up. Henry was laughing and running, trailing a

blue bucket behind him.

"Ooooo you're going to get it!" I cried, standing up and taking off after him.

I caught up with him at the shoreline, grabbing his swimming trunks. He was

squealing and apologizing, and laughing, still. I tackled him, straddling and

tickling him. He howled, twisting.

"Stop, stop! I'm sorry!" he begged, gasping. Janie was watching, grinning.

"Henry, you shouldn't have done that." Doc was standing behind me and I shaded

my eyes as I looked up at him. He was grinning, too. "As irresistible as the

target may have seemed."

"Very funny," I remarked, standing up.

Henry was still giggling as he stood, too.

"Hop on pop!" he cried, tackling his father.

Doc groaned, catching him with one arm. Janie squealed, running towards him, and

he braced himself for her, mock-falling back onto the sand when she hit him in

the chest.

He laid sprawled in the sand while the kids crawled over him, trying to tickle

him.

"You know I'm not ticklish," he said, looking up at me as I walked by. "But I

bet Ronnie is."

"Hey!" He had hold of my ankle and I gasped, trying to shake him loose. "Oh, no,

you don't!"

"Hop on babysitter!" Doc called, and the kids screeched, jumping up to tackle

me. I couldn't get away with the hold he had on my ankle, and I tumbled to the

sand as Henry and Janie tickled my ribs, making me laugh.

"Stop!" I gasped, rolling away from them, but Doc still had my ankle, and now

his other hand was on my calf, moving up.

"I'll hold her," Doc said, grabbing my hip and using it as leverage to roll me

onto my back. I was helpless, laughing as Henry and Janie dug their little

fingers into my ribs. "You tickle her."

My eyes widened as Doc climbed on top of me, straddling me. He grabbed my arms,

pinning them above my head. My eyes met his, shocked and excited, and he saw it,

putting his mouth next to my ear, the heat of his breath making me tremble.

"Got you," he whispered, moving his hips just a little, letting me feel how hard

he was, the length of him pressed right there between my lips. My clit felt like

it was pulsing against the head of his cock.

"Stop, stop, stop!" I begged as the kids' fingers found their way under my arms,

making me twist and squeal underneath him. I couldn't stop laughing, and still

the feel of his erection between my legs made my pussy throb and my head pound.

"Ok, ok," he said, sitting up a little, looking into my eyes. "I think the

babysitter's had enough."

I shook my head and mouthed the word, "No," and met Doc's eyes, moving my hips up just a little bit with the tiniest, almost imperceptible rock. He pressed

into me, squeezing my wrists before letting me go.

Henry took his father at his word and tackled Janie then, trying to tickle her,

and they rolled and kicked in the sand. Doc moved off me and headed for the

water, and I knew whyâ€”because he was hard as a rock. That thought left my

breathless.

I stood, brushing sand off of me. Henry got bored and went back to digging a

"moat" around his "castle." Janie joined him after a breathless minute.

"Carrie!" Doc called, waving toward shore. I saw Mrs. B sit up, shading her

eyes. "Come swim with me!"

I was still wiping sand off my arms while I watched her wade into the water,

swimming out to where he was standing. He grabbed her, twirling her around,

making her squeal, and I watched them, feeling something hard and tight in the

pit of my stomach.

I went and got one of the floats from the side of the house, climbing onto it

and paddling through the waves. I laid on my belly, letting the water rock me up

and down as I watched them playing together. They were a good ways off from me,

splashing and laughing.

I closed my eyes and drifted, spreading my thighs and letting my feet dangle in

the water, hugging the float to my body. The water was rocking me a little

closer, close enough that I could hear them.

"No one will know," Doc said, and I opened one eye, seeing Mrs. B with her arms

around his neck. They were shoulder-deep in the water. "Please, baby."

"Doc," she admonished, glancing toward shore, and then over at me. I made my

eyes into slits, hoping to look as if I were sleeping. I knew what he wanted,

because I wanted it, too. My pussy was aching, my clit a little humming swell

between my thighs.

I saw his thumbs moving over her nipples through her white bikini top, making

her gasp. He kept that up as he kissed her. I was close enough now that I could

see his tongue slipping into her mouth. I licked my lips, swallowing hard, the

heat of the sun on my back nothing compared to the fire burning between my legs.

I saw Mrs. B glance over at the kids and then back at me. "What about Veronica?"

"She's not paying attention," Doc replied, glancing over at me, too. "Please,

Carrie. God, I can't stand it."

Mrs. B's hand was moving under the water, and I realized that she must have his

cock in her hand. That thought made my clit beg to be touched, and I slipped a

hand slowly underneath me, edging under the tiny triangle of my suit.

"That's it, baby," Doc moaned, and I saw him bucking against her. "God, I want

to fuck you."

My fingers eased between my swollen lips, rubbing at my clit as I watched her

straddle him, wrapping her legs around his waist. I couldn't see anything with

the water rushing around them, but I knew he was sliding his cock up inside of

her from the way their eyes closed, the way they moved together, a little

different rhythm from the waves that were rocking me up and down on the float.

She was wrapped around him, biting his shoulder, digging her nails into his

back. He turned with her in his arms, so her back was to me, and I could see his

face, his eyes closed as he fucked her. My clit was asking to be rubbed harder,

faster, and I did, I couldn't help it. I was watching them openly now, working

my hand under my tummy, between my legs, feeling that familiar tug and swelling

in my belly.

"I'm gonna cum," he groaned, pulling her hard into him, and I came, too,

quivering and gasping, trying not to make any noise at all as a white, pulsing

heat seemed to fill my body. I imagined his cum shooting up inside of me, the

feel of his cock throbbing as he came, and when I opened my eyes I saw him

looking at me. He was kissing Mrs. B's shoulder, her neck, but his eyes were on

mine and he was smiling.

"Thank you, baby," he murmured, nuzzling her. I bit my lip, shivering, sliding

my hand out from between my legs, making sure he saw me. His eyes widened as I

lifted my fingers to my mouth, sucking and licking them as he watched.

Babysitting the Baumgartners Ch. 06

I was supposed to be taking Janie and Henry shopping with Mrs. B. That was the

plan, mostly because Mr. and Mrs. B had a big party to go to that night and she

didn't have anything to wear, she said.

The kids got bored quick, though, and I didn't blame them. There were only so

many Louis Vuitton purses and Gucci scarves an eight year old could stand to

look at before getting whiny.

Frankly, I was starting to get whiny, myself, even after we took a trip through

the Disney Store for an hour or so. Mrs. B didn't seem anywhere near ready to

quit.

We stopped for lunch, and that's when we all got saved.

"Oh my god, Maureen Holmes, is that you?" Mrs. B stood up and I watched her kiss

the air next to the cheek of a woman with short, stylish dark hair who had two

children trailing behind her that looked a little younger than Janie and Henry.

There was a girl about my age with a blonde ponytail holding their hands.

Small worldâ€”they were friends of the Baumgartners from back home, and Janie and Henry jumped at the chance to have playmates their own age again. The older

women chatted, and me and the blonde (her name was Gretchen and she was the

Holmes' au pair, she told me) wrangled the kids. As she and I talked, I realized

that she actually got paid for doing for the Holmes' what I was doing for the

Baumgartners for free.

When it was time to go, all four of the kids had a meltdown, and we stood around

with the eyes of restaurant patrons on us, wondering what to do.

"Why don't I take them all back to the house?" Gretchen suggested, smiling at

Mrs. Holmes. "You can come pick them up later, Mrs. Baumgartner. I'm sure the

kids would love to play together a while longer, and it would give you two a

chance to catch up some more."

And just like that, the au pair saved the day. The two women looked at her like

she was wearing tights and cape with a big "S" on the back.

"Do you want to just go back to the house, Veronica?" Mrs. B asked me. "I'm sure

Gretchen can handle the kids."

And that's how I ended up with the whole afternoon to myself. I walked home,

since it was only half a mile, enjoying the sunshine. I went for a swim when I

got back, then took a shower and painted my toenails and called my sister, Amy,

and my best friend, Jenny, back home. Then I curled up with a book on my bed and

fell asleep and didn't wake up until someone came in downstairs.

It was Doc. He called up to see if anyone was home, but I was still half-asleep

and I didn't answer. Really, it was just that I was still too flushed and

embarrassed to reply. I'd been dreaming about Mrs. B lying on a towel on the

beach. I was straddling her waist and pouring oil onto her breasts and rubbing

it in. She was moaning and saying, "More on the nipples, Veronica. In circles."

I almost fell back asleep, still imagining what it would feel like to run my

slick hands over Mrs. B's heavy breasts, when I heard moaning from downstairs.

For a moment, I was caught in that liminal space between sleep and

consciousness, and I thought it must be my dream.

Then I heard it again, a woman moaning, saying, "Fuck me! Harder! That's it!"

I sat up in bed, tilting my head and listening. Was Mrs. B home? Where were the

kids? Remembering the other night when I stood outside of the Baumgartners' room and watched Doc and Mrs. B together, I crept quietly down the hallway. The

moaning was louder, now, and I could also hear music.

Then Doc's voice, "Oooo yeah, baby."

I sat on the first step, my breath held, trying to puzzle out what I was

hearing. I slid quietly down a step, and then one more, looking through the

banister. From my vantage point, I could see the television, a huge widescreen,

flat panel that made Shrek seem ten feet tall.

Shrek wasn't on it, thoughâ€”rather, a dark-haired girl in pigtails was bent over

the arm of a big, comfy chair, and she was being fucked from behind by an older

man with an enormous cock. I had thought Doc's was big...

In fact, I could make a direct comparison, because Doc was leaning back on the

sofa, his jeans pushed down his hips. His cock was hard, and he was gripping and

pumping it while he watched what was happening on the screen.

I stared, unable to look away as the girl put her leg up over the chair, giving

the camera a better view. My exposure to porn had pretty much been limited to a

few Internet pop-ups, so this was all new to me. I looked at the girl's faceâ€”she

looked young, probably my age, and she had a red lollipop that she was sucking

and licking on.

Her pussy was shaved completely, I noticed, and it glistened as his cock slammed

into her. I could feel my own shaved pussy when I squeezed my legs together,

aching to be touched. Doc was pumping a little faster now, his other hand

reaching down and cupping his balls. I bit my lip, seeing his eyes half-closed,

the look of pleasure on his face.

My breath was coming faster, and I unbuttoned my cut-offs, sliding the zipper

down the teeth a notch at a time, afraid he might hear, even over the moaning

and grunting on the television.

As I watched, the cock that had been plunging into her slid out, pulsing and

thick with her wetness. It was bigger than Doc's but it reminded me of him, and

my eyes flicked to his hand shuttling up and down the length.

"Put that big dick in my little pussy, Mr. Smith," the girl said, her voice high

and breathy. She was reaching back and spreading herself open, the lollipop

still in her hand.

"Yeahhhhhh," the guy on the screen groaned as he shoved his cock back inside of

her. "God, you've got such a tight little hole, baby girl."

From the sofa, Doc groaned, too, his hand slowing on his cock, squeezing the tip

hard.

The girl's pigtails were bouncing with every thrust, and she was moaning and

rocking. She reached her lollipop between her legs and the camera zoomed in on

her bare slit as she rubbed it over and over her clit. I stared, feeling the

pulse of my own clit.

I wedged my hand down into my cutoffs, fingers probing the moist heat of my

pussy, so sensitive now that it was bald and exposed. Doc was pumping his cock

again, his hand gripping the top, moving the loose skin over the head. I could

see the tip of it was a little wet and I wondered what it tasted like.

Rubbing my clit was difficult like this because the seam of my cutoffs rode

against my hand when I moved. I shifted, frustrated, as I watched Doc's hand

slip up under his shirt. He was tweaking his nipple, groaning and thrusting

upward.

The girl was sucking her lollipop again, arching her back and looking over her

shoulder at the older man fucking her.

She made a little pout with her lips and asked in that same breathy, high voice,

"Do you like fucking the babysitter, Mr. Smith?"

Doc groaned out loud, and I saw him squeeze the tip of his cock again until it

turned bright red. His hips were moving, his head back and his eyes closed.

"He loves fucking the babysitter, sweetheart," I heard Doc murmur, opening his

eyes again halfway.

He was using his palm to rub the wet head of his cock. I flushed, wondering if

he was thinking about me. The girl on the screen looked a little like meâ€”the

dark hair and eyes, the slender body and small breasts.

The thought made me desperate to touch myself. I tried rubbing the seam of my

jeans over my clit, but it was just a tease. I needed more stimulation. I stood

on the step, balancing as I slid my cutoffs and panties off.

My fingers slipped through the slippery, wet folds of flesh, so soft and smooth.

I could open my legs now, and I did, shifting to lean back against the wall at a

better angle to see both Doc and the screen. I spread and pulled on my lips as I

watched the babysitter who looked a little like me get fucked by that great big

cock.

The girl was on top of him now, a jerky transition as she sat on his cock facing

the camera, her movements uncoordinated and unsure. He grabbed her hips, putting her legs up, and gripped her ass, fucking her from underneath. His motion was fluid, fast and hard, making her moan, her tiny breasts bouncing up and down.

"Yeah," Doc moaned at the television, his hand speeding up. "Fuck her good."

I slipped my fingers inside of my pussy, staring at Doc's stiff cock. It was

swollen and red, and although it paled in comparison to the enormous thing on

the screen, it was real flesh, engorged with blood, being pumped just ten feet

from me. I could hear the sound of it, the slap and shuffle of his hand from

base to tip.

I teased my clit with my fingers, rubbing it in circles. I was already so wet

that I could feel my juices slipping down the crack of my ass. That was one

thing about being shavedâ€”there was nothing there to impede the flow. My panties

were wet all the time, now.

"Mr. Smith, what are you doing!" the pigtailed girl gasped.

I watched as he turned her over, his wet fingers probing her asshole. I stared,

stunned, open mouthed.

"Yeahhhh," Doc moaned, moving his hips lower on the sofa. "Fuck that tight

little asshole."

Shocked, I stared at the screen where that enormous cock was easing into a place

that it never should have even thought about going.

Horrified, I didn't think, I just reacted, gasping out loud.

Doc turned his head toward the stairs, and I knew he could see me through the

barrister, my shorts off, my legs spread. I sat for a moment, paralyzed, and so

did he, our eyes locking.

Then, I grabbed my cutoffs and ran upstairs to my room. I could hear him

following me and I slammed my door, mortified, burying my face in my pillow.

"Ronnie?" He opened my door without knocking. "I didn't know you were here."

"Go away!" I moaned into my pillow. I hadn't even had time to put my shorts back

on.

"It's okay," he said, his voice reassuring. "You don't have to be embarrassed."

"Go away," I moaned again, shaking my head.

"You're beautiful, Ronnie," he murmured.

I turned my face a little, listening.

"Did it feel good?" he asked after a moment. "Touching yourself like that?"

My pussy was still wet and aching to be touched. "Yes," I admitted.

"It feels good when I do it, too," he said. "It's normal, you know. Totally

natural."

I nodded, hugging my pillow. "I know."

He didn't say anything for a moment, but I heard a sound that had become

familiar to meâ€”his hand slipping up and down the length of his cock.

I rolled over, and sure enough, he was standing there in my doorway, his jeans

down over his hips, his stiff cock in his hand.

"Doc," I said, lifting my eyes to his.

If I had thought that he was looking at me with lust the other day on the

beach... suffice to say that now I knew what real lust looked like. His eyes

were dark with it as they moved over my body, focusing between my legs.

"It feels good," he murmured, and I shifted my gaze back down to his hand as it

moved faster. "Don't you want to keep touching yourself?"

I made a noise that was half moan, half whimper, nodding.

"Spread your legs for me, Ronnie," he said, squeezing the head again. "Please?"

I hesitated, seeing his eyes focused between my thighs, the look in them making

me feel faint. He looked like he could eat me alive.

"Go ahead," he said, and I could hear his breath coming faster. Mine was, too.

"I won't touch you or do anything, I promise. I just want to see you."

I opened for him, my knees up and falling to the side. He groaned, his hand

moving rapidly.

"You're so fucking beautiful," he whispered, his face almost pained as he looked

at me. "Will you pull up your shirt and let me see all of you?"

I swallowed, nodding, squirming under his gaze as I slipped my t-shirt off and

undid the front hook on my bra, letting it fall open. I was leaning back on my

elbows now, completely nude.

He let out a slow breath through pursed lips, shaking his head. "Do you know how

much I want you?"

I shook my head, blushing, feeling how much as he looked at me, seeing it in the

red throbbing of the cock in his hand.

"If you don't mind, I'm going to keep doing this," he murmured, pumping, that

slick sound filling the room. "Mostly because you're so fucking beautiful I

can't stop..."

I stared, my mouth a little open, my eyes half-closed, aching all over.

"But what I really want is to see you touch yourself," he whispered, his eyes

between my legs. "I want to see you cum. Would you do that for me?"

I blushed, feeling a heat creeping over my cheeks and my chest, but I slipped my

hand between my thighs. He nodded his encouragement, leaning against the door

frame and groaning when I spread my lips open with my fingers, looking for my

clit.

His reaction made me a bolder and I used both hands, pulling my lips apart,

showing him. He made a noise in his throat, his hand flying up and down his

shaft now. I used my fingers to rub my clit, moaning a little as I circled it

faster and faster. I was so excited now that I was dripping wet.

"Good girl," he breathed, and I watched him, too, the sound of our labored

breathing filling the room. He moved a little further into the doorway, his eyes

burning between my thighs.

"Oh, Doc," I moaned, using my palm to rub my nipple, making it hard, sending

shivers through me. It felt so good I could barely breathe.

"Yes," he murmured, taking a few more steps toward my bed, looking down at me.

His hand was a blur over his shaft, but I could still see the red tip, wet with

pre-cum.

"Oh, god," I gasped, rocking my hips, arching, pulling at my nipples and

twisting them as I played with my clit. "My pussy feels so good."

He groaned, standing beside the bed now. I could have reached out and touched

his cock, and I wanted to, but didn't dare. I looked up at him and saw that he

was staring at my fingers moving back and forth in my wetness, now, teasing my

clit toward release.

"Doc, I'm close," I whispered, feeling that sweet ache reaching a delicious

peak, the hot friction of my fingers driving me upward fast.

He nodded, squeezing the head of his cock again, and this time I could see it

actually throbbing between his fingers, the tip leaking a clear, thick fluid.

"Come on," he growled, and he started stroking again, aiming his cock toward

where my fingers were massaging my pussy, fast and furious now. I was breathless

and gasping, and I bit my lip to keep from crying out as the first wave of my

orgasm washed over me.

"Ohhhh now," I moaned, closing my eyes, my whole body shuddering with hot,

delicious spasms of pleasure. I felt the first spurt of his cum before I saw it,

like fire across my belly. I gasped and moaned, looking down at the thick white

rope of cum, like an arrow pointing its way toward my throbbing pussy.

I watched, still quivering, as he groaned and pumped his cock through his fist,

shooting more hot fluid over my trembling belly. When he was spent, he leaned

his hand against the wall, panting, resting his forehead on his arm.

"That felt so good," I murmured, and he smiled when he looked at me, nodding.

His eyes were still glazed and I wondered if I looked like that, too.

We both jumped at the sound of the door downstairs and Mrs. B's voice calling

up, "Doc?"

"Fuck," he swore, hauling his jeans up and I could hear Janie and Henry down

there too, arguing about something.

He looked back at me from the doorway. "You really are beautiful."

I sighed when he shut the door, looking down at the pool of cum accumulating in

my navel. Smiling, a dipped a finger into it, bringing it to my mouth. It was a

sharp taste, a little acrid, but I sucked it off my finger anyway, remembering

how he looked as he came all over my tummy.

Babysitting the Baumgartners Ch. 07

"Veronica, can I get your opinion about something?" Mrs. B poked her head around

the door to find me curled up on my bed.

"Sure," I said, putting down my book. "What's up?"

They were getting ready to go out, and Henry and Janie were already asleep.

They'd obviously worn themselves out playing with the Holmes kids. Henry was

actually nodding off over his spaghetti and Doc kept taking bets on whether or

not his nose would end up in it. I wonâ€”I said he wouldn't end up with his face

in the plateâ€”although a couple times, I thought for sure he was a goner. Doc

paid up, though, five bucks.

"I need a girl's eye," Mrs. B said, motioning for me to follow her. "Doc's no

help with these things."

I trailed after her into their room, a little hesitant, not knowing if Doc was

up here. I could hear the TV on downstairs, though, and I thought he was

probably down there. Mrs. B had two dresses hung over the door and she was

wearing a third, a long, brown, satin halter dress that I noticed was completely

backless when she turned to take the other two dresses down. She tossed them

next to me on the bed.

"Ok, there's this one," she said, going over to the mirror and turning, first

left, then right. "What do you think?"

I shrugged. "It seems a little formal. What kind of party is this?"

"This dress a Nicole Miller," she added, as if that might mean something to me.

I found myself much more interested in who was in the dress than who designed

it. "Oh, it's a fancy sort of party. All the men in suits sort of thing."

I watched her turn in the dress, the lush brown satin moving over her hips like

it was part of her. She smoothed it like liquid over her belly and reached up to

lift her breasts. Her hands on them gave me a start, even through the material,

and I couldn't help but remember her cupping and tweaking them, her hair falling

back and brushing Doc's chest as she rocked against his mouth. Her hands took

the weight of them, lifting and pushing them together in the fabric as I

watched, feeling that slow heat spreading in my lower belly.

She winked at me in the mirror. "Gonna need the push-up bra, no matter what we

decide."

"It's beautiful," I said, reaching out to finger the material as she came to

stand beside me to look at the other dresses. There was a long slit up the side

and my fingers touched the softness of her thigh as I rubbed the satin. She gave

me a warm smile, her eyes seeming to know something, and my breath caught and my belly clenched.

"Let's try this one," she said, pulling out a black silk dress, another backless

halter with velvet trim.

I watched as she untied the brown satin halter behind her neck, sliding the

dress down her hips. Her breasts swayed as she stepped out of it, and the dress

pulled her black panties down a little. She adjusted them, her fingers snapping

the elastic, before she stepped into the black dress, pulling it up tight and

holding the ties around her neck.

"What about this one?" she asked, turning again so I could see. It shimmered on

her body like it was made of liquid. "It's a Vera Wang."

"I love it," I replied, not caring at all who Vera Wang was as I saw that this

one was slit up to mid-thigh on both sides as she walked. "It really shows off

your tan."

She smiled, dropping the halter and coming toward me topless, working the dress

down her hips. Her brown nipples were stiff, probably from cold, but she was so

close that I could see the skin pursed around them. I couldn't help but remember

Doc's hands on them, her own hands on them, and then I found myself imagining my hands on them. What would they feel like, the weight of them, cupped in my

palms? I looked down at the carpet, feeling a little breathless.

Mrs. B tossed the black silk onto the bed. "See, if I had tan lines, none of

these dresses would work very well, would they?"

"Good point," I agreed as she lifted the last dress, a raspberry red chiffon

slip dress with spaghetti straps. This one went on like a second skin. The

bodice was crossed and pleated, making her breasts appear even larger, and the

plunging neckline gave a good view of the swell of her cleavage.

"Zip me?" she asked, backing up until she was pressed between my thighs. I was

wearing shorts and I couldn't tell which was softer, the material rubbing

against my legs or her skin. I grasped the little zipper and it went up like I

was sealing her in.

"This one?" she asked, twirling a little, the chiffon skirt showing a generous

amount of her long, brown legs when she did. "It's a Susana Monaco. Oh, but

wait!"

Mrs. B moved the black and brown pile of satin and silk and pulled out a long

chiffon scarf, the same color as the dress. She wrapped it once around her neck,

letting the ends hang down to her hips in front and back.

"Ohhh," I breathed, fascinated by the way little stray blonde hairs curled at

the nape of her neck and around her face with her hair up, how the scarf just

drew more attention to it. "That's the one. Perfect."

She smiled, looking pleased, and turned back to the mirror. "That's what I

thought, but it's good to get another woman's opinion."

I don't know why, but Mrs. B calling me a woman made me feel warm and a little

tingly. She dug through the closet and found a pair of strappy shoes with

incredibly high stiletto heels. They looked scary-high to me. She put each foot

up on the vanity table chair to do the straps, the muscles in her slim calves

flexing, and then walked around in them like a pro.

"Now I just have to find a bra," she murmured, going over and rummaging through

her drawers.

"Ah, here we are," she said, holding a black one up. "Here, can you unzip me,

Veronica?"

I watched as the smooth, tawny skin of her back was revealed when the zipper

parted. I brushed my fingers over her spine as I unzipped her, trying to make it

seem accidental. I just had to touch her. When I had it all the way down, I

could see the lace top of her black panties and the two dimples just above them.

She lifted her breasts into the bra cups and reached around to do the hooks. Her

fingernails were their usual red and almost matched the dress.

"There," she said, adjusting. "Zipper?"

I closed it back up, feeling the slight resistance as the material stretched

around her flesh. When she turned around, I gasped. The bra pressed her breasts

up high, firm golden orbs nestled together in the red pleated fabric.

She laughed and exclaimed, "I know. Thank you, Victoria's Secret!"

"Carrie?" Doc called up the stairs. "Almost?"

"Almost!" she called back, grabbing the hangers for the other two dresses and

starting to put them back.

"Let me do that," I offered, holding my hands out for them. She gave the hangers

to me with a smile, leaning in to kiss my cheek. I knew I would have a lipstick

mark there.

"You're such a sweetheart," she murmured against my ear and the smell of her

perfume made me heady.

She paused at the door, looking back at me. "We won't be too late. Midnight or

so."

"Ok," I said, swallowing as I stared at her curves and tried not to be too

obvious. She seemed to know it, though, I could tell by the little smile that

played on her lips, the way her eyes seemed brighter.

"Have a good night," she said as I started putting the black dress back on a

hanger.

"You too," I replied as she went out the door and started down the hall. "Oh,

Mrs. B..."

She turned to look at me over her shoulder, her hand on the railing, as I peeked

out the door. To me, she looked like a picture from a magazine and it took my

breath away.

"You really look beautiful," I gushed, feeling my face flush.

Her smile was like sunshine. "Thank you."

I heard Doc whistle when she got downstairs and wondered what it would be like

to have someone react to me like that. Then I remembered how he stood over me,

pumping his cock in his fist as he looked between my legs. Did he think I was

beautiful? He had said so... I heard the sound of Doc's keys and the door close

downstairs as I gathered the dresses and hung them back up in the closet with a

sigh.

Mrs. B had left her bras hanging out of her drawers and I started putting them

back in, straightening. That's when I saw it, although at first, I couldn't

believe what I was seeing. I just stared into her drawer, not touching it, as if

it might burn me. It was an enormous black vibrator tangled in one of her pink

bras.

Just looking at it made me feel all tingly between my legs, and I was standing

there imagining Mrs. B sliding it into her slick, shaved pussy. Did Doc watch

her? Did she play by herself? I had never used a dildo or a vibrator before,

although I'd seen one (my mother had one hidden away in her drawers, too) and I

had heard a lot about them from my best friend, Jenny, who owned three and kept

telling me I had to try one.

I took it out of the drawer, feeling the weight of it in my hand. It was huge,

much bigger than any cock I had ever seen, and it was shaped just like a cock,

with the bulbous tip and veined shaft. I turned the red dial on the bottom and

it buzzed gently, making me jump. Curious, I turned it further, and the buzzing

got louder, stronger, the sound filling the room. I turned it off quickly, as if

someone might hear, looking around and feeling guilty.

Still, my shorts felt a little damp now and my pussy had gone from tingle to

throb. I reached my hand down, cupping myself through my shorts and rubbing a

little, staring at the cock in my hand. What would it feel like? I bit my lip,

rubbing a little faster and glancing back at the bed. It was so tempting... and

so naughty.

"To hell with it," I muttered, crawling onto the bed and taking the big black

cock with me. I rolled over to my back, sliding my shorts down over my hips. My

panties were damp, alright, the crotch wet to the touch. Watching Mrs. B change

had me more turned-on that I had even realized. I grabbed the vibrator, turning

the dial on a little so it buzzed gently and slid the tip lightly over my

panties.

"Oh my god," I whispered as it hummed against my clit. I shivered, gasping,

pressing the big black head harder against the white cotton crotch. It made my

pussy sing! I tugged my panties off, spreading my legs wide and slowly slipped

the vibrating tip through my soft, wet flesh. I moaned, my nipples getting hard

under my t-shirt as I rubbed the shaft up and down between my slit. I couldn't

believe how good it felt!

Did Mrs. B lie in this bed and do this, I wondered, my pussy aching at the

thought. I remembered the smell of her, the soft feel of her thighs between mine

when I zipped her dress, the way her breasts moved and swayed when she bent

over, revealing the rounded curves of her behind. Doc would come home and zip

her out of that dress, I knew, and probably fuck her right here in this bed. And

I would listen to them and touch myself and fantasize some more, I knew I just

couldn't help it.

The vibrator was slick with my juices now, and I lifted it to my mouth, sucking

on the tip, imagining I was tasting Mrs. B on the tip of Doc's cock. I groaned,

turning the dial up a little more and rubbing the black head back and forth over

my clit again. God, that was good! Jenny wasn't kidding, I thought, my other

hand creeping up under my shirt, tweaking my nipple. The sensation sent

shockwaves through me and I felt like I was floating.

What did Mrs. B think about when she played with this big black cock? I

wondered. Did she fantasize about another man? A woman? I remembered how she

looked at me and touched me the day she shaved my pussy, how her eyes had

watched me while I came. Did she fantasize about me? That thought went through

me like a heat and I moaned, rubbing the vibrator faster between my legs.

Did she fuck herself with this hard, humming cock until her pussy squelched and

her body convulsed on the bed as she came? I pulled my legs back a little,

looking down between them as I slid the big head down toward the opening of my

pussy. I could imagine Mrs. B between my legs, that look in her eyes. Would she

fuck me with it? Would she slide it slowly in, like I was now, her eyes watching

it sink deeper into my flesh?

"Ohhhh god," I whispered, feeling that vibration inside of me now, through my

whole pelvis. I turned the dial up more, gasping and squirming on the bed. It

felt huge inside of me, a thick, humming length that filled me to bursting. I

moved it, slow and easy, in and out of my pussy, listening to the soft, wet

sounds it made.

I could see myself in the vanity mirror, my legs wide open, my t-shirt up, my

nipples pointing toward the ceiling. I watched the enormous shaft disappear into

my pussy about halfway and then reappear again, glistening in the lamplight. I

fucked myself, imagining her fucking me, almost feeling her breath on my thighs,

her hair brushing me, hearing her soft, encouraging moans.

"Mrs. B," I murmured, lost in the fantasy, still watching myself in the mirror

with half-closed eyes. I remembered how Mrs. B talked to Doc in bed and I tried

the words on for size, feeling myself flush even as I said them. "Oh yeah, fuck

me, Mrs. B... fill my pussy with that big cock."

That's when I heard it, a small hiss or gasp. I was so involved that I didn't

stop, I just slowed, listening. Was it the kids? Maybe I'd just imagined it and

it was really just the buzz of the vibrator. I watched myself in the mirror and

realized I could see the door open a little bit, just like it had been when I

stood there and watched the Baumgartners.

I moved the vibrator deeper into my pussy, moaning a little, and catching a

movement in the mirror out of the corner of my eye, a flash of red, and suddenly

I just knew. I didn't know how I knew, I just did, and the jolt that went

through me was both shocking and exciting. Mrs. B had come back and was watching me.

I tried not to let on I knew, still fucking myself with the vibrator, moaning a

little louder for her benefit. I could see her out of the corner of my eye now,

could see her cheek resting on the doorframe, her mouth a little open. I

wouldn't let myself watch her for long, too afraid she would discover I knew,

but I was fascinated by the movement I could see below the doorknob, that little

flash of red, moving faster and faster.

I pulled the slick cock from my pussy, spreading my legs even wider, pulling

them back to give her a full view as I slid the wet head up and down. I moaned

whenever it brushed my clit, and I knew if I kept it there for more than a few

seconds, I would cum, and hard! I wanted it to last, so I teased my lips, inside

and out, with the buzzing shaft and tip, over and over.

"Fuck me, Mrs. B," I murmured, full to bursting with the knowledge that she was

watching me, sliding the black head back into the opening of my pussy, feeling

it spread me wide. "Fuck me with that big, black dick."

I heard that little hiss again and knew she was hearing my words. That drove me

on as I pushed it deeper into me, my hand moving faster and faster. I was

fucking myself hard now, my whole pelvis rocking with that delicious hum as I

moaned and bucked my hips.

I thought I could hear her breathing, just as fast as mine, and I let myself

peek in the mirror, seeing that the crack in the door was wider now. I could see

her face, so flushed, her eyes half-closed, and I could see her dress pulled up

and her hand slipped down into the crotch of the sheer black panties.

"God, I want you, Mrs. B," I moaned, feeling my clit moving closer to the edge

with each tender throb, the buzz of the vibrator sending hot, electric sparks

through my pussy.

"Oh, I want you, I want you," I whimpered, shoving the cock deep, closing my

eyes and panting, working the dildo between my legs as fast and hard as I could.

That's when I felt her fingers brushing my thighs. At first I thought I must be

imagining it, but when I opened my eyes, there she was, her breasts spilling

over the top of her dress, her nipples playing peek-a-boo with the material as

her hand worked between her legs.

"Mrs. B," I moaned, feeling embarrassed and too close to cumming to care.

"Shh," she whispered, shaking her head and taking the end of the vibrator in her

hand, twisting it and moving it in my flesh.

"Oh god," I groaned, feeling her fucking me with that thick black cock. "Yes,

yes, please... oh Mrs. B, it feels so good!"

"Good girl," she whispered, fucking me with the slick length, turning it up as

high it would go, making me groan and writhe and twist on the bed. "Cum for me."

"Yesssss!" I cried, lifting my hips in the air off the bed toward her, bridging

up, wanting more and more. Mrs. B groaned, seeing me splayed out like that, and

I was so close I couldn't stand it.

That's when she sucked my clit into her mouth, sending me over the edge so fast

I thought I was going to die quivering and trembling from the delicious

throbbing wetness between my thighs.

I groaned when she slid the cock from my pussy and I came back down to earth and to the bed, watching her lift it to her mouth and suck on the tip. I gasped as

she lifted her dress further, pointing the wet cock down and sliding it under

the elastic of her panties.

"Mrs. B," I whispered, watching her rubbing the length up and down, up and down,

her eyes closed, her moans filling the room. I whispered, "Oh god, Mrs. B.

You're so beautiful," although I don't know if she heard me. She was lost in the

sensation, rocking against the black cock rubbing over her pussy.

Then her eyes opened and met mine, moving down over my heaving chest, my taut

nipples, my smooth, flat belly, to the slick wetness between my legs, still

seeping with my juices. She groaned, putting one red-tipped finger against my

clit, making me shiver, and then I watched as she came, her whole body flushing

and shuddering with it.

"Fuck!" she whispered and let out a half-cry, half-groan, the cock lost

somewhere between her legs. She gave me a dazed look as she slipped the vibrator

out of her panties, her dress falling down to cover her.

"Mrs. B," I started, not sure what I was even going to try to say.

She shook her head, turning the vibrator off but pressing the head to my mouth.

I gasped, but I opened my lips, slowly sucking and licking the tip, tasting her

for the first time, our eyes meeting, the air between us charged like some

electrical field. I took the vibrator from her, continuing to lick at it as she

watched.

"I forgot my earrings," she said, adjusting her bra and her dress, going over to

her dresser and opening a small box on top. I watched as she slipped her

earrings on, feeling dazed and kind of floating.

"Mrs. B," I whispered, rolling onto my side and pulling my t-shirt down as far

as I could. "I don't know what to say."

She glanced back at me and I could see her mouth was glistening with my juices,

like she was wearing lip gloss.

"We'll talk about it later, Veronica," she said, still breathless. "Good night."

With that, she was out the door and down the stairs and if I couldn't still

taste her in my mouth, I might have thought that I dreamed it all.

Babysitting the Baumgartners Ch. 08

"Some babysitter I am," I said with a little laugh, pulling my knees up to my

chin and watching the sun set across the horizon. Mrs. B glanced over at me from

her book, a paperback copy of The Davinci Code that I had loaned her, and

smiled.

"I'm glad the kids found something else to do," she said, stretching on the

lounge chair with a yawn.

They had gotten in very late from their party, past two. I knew because I heard

them laughing and trying to be quiet in the hallway as they fumbled their way to

their room. Then came Mrs. B's moans and Doc's grunting and the rhythmic bang of

the headboard against the wall and the squeak and shift of their bed.

I rolled around for a while trying to sleep but eventually couldn't help

slipping my hand between my legs and rubbing myself until I was breathless and

panting and shuddering all over with my orgasm as I listened to the sounds of

them together.

"I just feel bad," I said with a shrug. "You brought me along to watch the kids,

and they're spending all their times with the Holmes' au pair."

Doc had taken Janie and Henry over to the Holmes' to spend the night.

Mrs. B laid her book aside, reaching over and fingering a strand of my hair.

"That's not all you're here for, you know."

My belly seized when she said that and I looked at her, wondering if I was

understanding what she really meant.

"You're one of the family, really," Mrs. B murmured, tucking a piece of hair

behind my ear. "This was kind of like a gift for you, a thank you for everything

you've done for us."

I was almost disappointed by her words, but I smiled, looking back out over the

water. It had been a crazy-hot week and today was the worst. We hadn't even gone to lay out. Mrs. B's borrowed orange micro-bikini was still hanging in the

bathroom.

Now, though, it had started to cool a little, although the air was so humid it

was like trying to breathe through a wet washcloth. The sun was sinking fast and

spreading orange fire across the horizon.

"I've really... had a good time," I told her, still not looking her way. "It's

been... a very exciting week."

"I'm glad." Mrs. B's fingers were still in my hair, caressing me just behind the

ear, sending shivers through me.

Sometimes I just didn't know what to say or how to act around them. We never

talked about the things that happened, although there was always some

undercurrent of communication going on, lower than our words, like our bodies

were talking to each other all the timeâ€”Mrs. B's caresses, Doc's slipping by me

and Mrs. B in the kitchen, pulling me into the saddle of his hips for a moment

before moving on. I felt like I was keeping a big, juicy secret that I was

bursting to tell.

"That feels good," I murmured, turning my face toward her palm, my eyes meeting

hers. They had that light in them and she was giving me that lazy half-smile.

"It's still so hot," she groaned, stretching again, her tank top pulling up to

reveal a little expanse of belly over her shorts. "Let's go for a swim."

"Okay," I agreed, standing up and brushing sand off my legs. "I'll go get a suit

on."

Mrs. B grabbed my hand, her slender fingers squeezing mine. "No need. Private

beach and the kiddos are gone, remember? Come on."

She peeled off her tank top, standing there topless while she unsnapped her

shorts and wiggled them down her hips. I knew I shouldn't have been shy,

considering, but something about this felt different, like there was more

conscious intent behind it. I just watched her reveal her body, which had become

familiar to me, and yet still filled me with a slow, burning heat.

"Want some help?" she purred, the same one she used with Doc, as she moved

toward me, lifting the edge of my t-shirt. I let her, lifting my arms in

acquiescence, my eyes never leaving hers except for the brief moment when the

material was coming off over my head. Her fingers brushed over my shoulders as

she dropped the shirt to the sand.

I didn't say anything when she knelt, tugging the elastic of my shorts down over

my hips, pulling my panties with them. I just looked down at her, seeing her

eyes moving between my legs. The sun turned her hair a fiery gold and made the

light in her eyes seem even brighter.

"Hm, need to shave again," she murmured, standing and letting me step out of the

shorts at my feet. "Want me to help you later?"

I nodded as she took my hands, pulling me closer so we were standing

belly-to-belly, our breasts touching. I wanted her to kiss me, and I think she

knew it. She smiled, squeezing my hands and then turned toward the water.

"Last one in is a rotten egg!" she called, running toward the shoreline. I only

watched her for a moment, her sleek, tawny body streaking toward the water, and

then I was after her, both of us tumbling into the surf, laughing and clutching

at each other in the waves.

Wet, our bodies slid together and I'm not even sure how it happened, but we were

wrapped around each other and her mouth found mine. Everything was so soft, her

lips, her breasts pressing into mine, her thigh between my legs, the hair my

hands got tangled in at the back of her head. It went on and on, the sun finally

slipping down below the horizon as we kissed, moaning into each other's mouths.

"Come here," she murmured, pulling my hips forward, lifting me in the water, and

I wrapped my legs around her body, pressing in tight. I could feel the heat of

her pussy against mine, more pronounced with the coolness of the water all

around us, and I ground my hips against her as we kissed, making her moan.

Her fingers slipped down there between us, finding me, opening, probing, and I

gasped and rocked, wanting more. My clit was throbbing with that dull ache, like

it would never stop. I wiggled and pressed against her, rubbing my breasts into

hers, feeling my little nipples sliding wetly over the fullness of her chest.

She lifted me out of the water a little bit, her hands moving over my back, her

mouth finding my nipples, sucking first one and then the other. I moaned, my

legs wrapped just below her breasts, feeling them pressed hard into my belly.

Writhing and twisting on her as she made fast circles with her tongue around my

hard nipples, I threw her off balance and we tumbled into the water, both of us

crying out. I came up sputtering and laughing and she did too, wiping salt water

out of her eyes.

Still, I reached for her, not wanting it to end, not wanting it to go back to

the secret silence of just a few hours before. She took me in, kissing me again,

sucking at my tongue, more urgent now.

"Come on," she murmured, leading me toward shore. "We're safer on the beach."

I giggled, following her as we kicked up sand, which was still warm but cooling

now that the sun had set. She spread a large blanket and laid down on it,

pulling me with her. Our bodies were still slippery wet and she tasted like salt

water when we kissed. Her thigh slipped up over mine as we laid on our sides, my

hands moving slow, tentative now, over her shoulders, her arms, her back.

She was looking at me in the dim light, her hand moving down to cup my little

breast in, moving her thumb over the nipple and making me shiver. Then her

tongue followed her fingers, making those same circles over my wet flesh. I

could feel her breasts pressing into my side and reaching my fingers down,

finding a fat brown nipple and squeezing it.

"Oh god, yes," she whispered, arching her back. Encouraged, I rolled it, tugged

on it, rubbing my palm over it, and she moaned louder against my breasts,

licking them faster, back and forth between them now.

"Oh Mrs. B," I moaned when her hand slipped down between my legs, her fingers

opening me up again, finding my center. My pussy was a hot pulse against her

palm.

"I think you can call me Carrie," she murmured as she slipped a finger inside

and I flushed at the thought. I couldn't even imagine calling her by her first

name, still! Her hand rocked over my mound, her fingers, two now, moving in and

out me. I found her other nipple, making her groan when I tugged at it, so fat

and hard between my thumb and finger.

She was kissing her way down my belly and I realized where she was heading, my

whole body filled with heat at the thought. My skin was still beaded with water

and the air felt cool now that that sun was gone. Her fingers never stopped

moving in the darkness, seeking the heat at my core as her tongue slipped down

my smooth, flat belly, and then over the swell of my thighs.

"Oh god," I whispered, rocking against her hand, staring up at the blue velvet

sky. "Please." She knew was I was asking for and she slipped her fingers out of

me then, pressing my legs back with her palms. I opened them for her, feeling a

little less exposed in the near-dark, hanging onto my knees as I spread wide for

her tongue.

"Such a pretty pussy," she breathed, the heat of her words burning through me,

and then she was licking me, her tongue finding my clit and focusing right

there, a wet little flicker that went on and on. I pulled back more, lifting my

hips, and she seemed to understand, sliding her fingers back inside of me,

twisting them as she started to move in and out.

"Yessssss," I hissed, her tongue sending the most delicious sensations along my

spine. "Oh god, Mrs. B, finger me, do it hard."

She groaned, the vibration of her voice moving right through me as her fingers

moved faster, harder, slamming into me as she worked my clit with her tongue. I

rolled my head from side to side, dizzy with the feeling, wanting it to last

forever and knowing I couldn't possibly hold out against the soft lapping of her

tongue, the pounding of her fingers into my pelvis.

"So close," I whispered, and that made her lick faster, fuck me harder, making

those little encouraging noises in her throat that sent shivers through me. My

pussy was swollen and wet under her mouth, I could feel the mix of my juices and

her saliva running down my ass toward the blanket.

"Ohhhhhhh now, now!" I cried, unable to keep it back any more.

It came like a tidal wave, sweeping over and drowning me in my own pleasure

until I was gasping for air, shuddering and arching against her mouth and

fingers that still worked between my thighs. It moved through me so long I

thought I was going to die right there, spread open on a blanket with Mrs. B's

face buried between my legs, and then it began to ebb, in slow, pulsing waves,

like a tide slowly receding.

"Good girl," she whispered against my pussy, feathering kisses all over my

mound, giving me goose bumps. Staring, panting up at the sky, I saw the stars

just starting to come out. I pulled at her, wanting her, and she came up and

kissed me so I could taste me in her mouth. Sucking on her tongue, I groaned,

feeling her breasts pressing into my side.

"Let's go get all this sand and salt water off," she whispered into my ear,

nuzzling my neck.

"What about... Doc?" I was still breathless, dazed, floating.

"He'll be gone for hours," she assured me, standing and holding out her hand.

"He and Tom Holmes were going out to play pool."

I took her hand, letting her help me stand, and she kissed me again, her mouth

greedy, telling me how much more she wanted, and I wanted it, too. We both

shivered when we entered the air-conditioning and brushed off as much sand as we

could before we ran naked up the stairs to the bathroom. I felt a little more

shy now in the light, with her eyes on me, even though they were warm and

kind... and hungry.

"What are you doing?" I asked, watching as she started the water in the tub

instead of the shower.

"I thought a bath would be nice," she said, sitting on the edge and feeling the

water. I couldn't take my eyes off her body, the full, lush brown curves, the

way her hair shone even when it was wet. "Don't you think?"

"Sure," I replied, leaning against the counter and watching as she took a

lighter and started illuminating candles all around the tub. When she was

finished, she said, "Turn out the light, would you?"

I complied, the room going from stark to warm immediately, the candles casting

shadow circles on the ceiling.

"What's that?" I asked, curious, watching her pour something from a bottle into

the water.

"Bubble bath," she replied, letting the tub fill and going out to get us towels.

I went over and sat on the edge, trailing my hand in the warmth and stirring the

bubbles around. The scent of lavender filled the room.

I didn't say anything when she got a new disposable razor from the drawer and

set it on the lip of the tub, but my pussy responded, remembering the last time

she had shaved me down there.

"Come on," she said, sliding past me and stepping over the edge into the

half-full tub.

I swung my legs over, slipping down into the warm water with a sigh. I'd been

dying to soak in this tub since we arrived, but I hadn't ever imagined that I

would be doing it with Mrs. B!

"Come here," she said, gathering me into her. I rested my cheek under her chin,

the bubbles making our skin slippery wet. The tub was almost full now with us in

it, and I could see the tops of her breasts floating in the water, her nipples

hidden under the suds.

"Talented toes!" I laughed when she used her red-painted toes to turn the

handles and stop the water.

"You have no idea," she said with a grin, using her big toe to push the button

and turn on the jets, making the bubbles rise even higher. The water rushed

around us, soothing, warm, and I sighed happily.

We laid that way for a while, breathing together, watching the shadows flicker

over the walls and each other's faces. She was playing with a wet strand of my

hair, wrapping it around her finger. It should have been awkward, but somehow it

wasn't. I could feel something moving between us, like light or heat, growing

with every breath.

"Let's get washed," she murmured into my hair, sitting up in the big tub and

reaching for a bottle of shampoo. I closed my eyes and let her scrub and rinse

my hair, and then did the same for her, the blonde mass over her shoulders

spilling like waves wet of gold.

Then she found the soap. It was the moisturizing kind, and she grabbed a

scrubby, pouring some on and lathering it up.

"Turn around," she said, twirling her finger at me. I obeyed, looking at her

over my shoulder as she moved my hair aside and started scrubbing my back. The

rough yet smooth texture of the cloth felt good, and her hands felt even better

as her palms traced everywhere it had been, as if she were smoothing the way.

She turned me toward her, then, moving it down over my shoulders, over my

breasts, having me kneel up so she could do my belly. Then she wanted me to

stand, and the rough cloth moved over my thighs, between my legs, making me moan a little and spread for her.

"Good," she murmured, moving it gently between my lips, her eyes on mine. "Turn

around and bend over."

"Mrs. Bâ€”" I started, but there was no real protest left in me. I turned, putting

my palms on the edge of the tub, bending over and spreading my legs. I felt her

working the cloth over my hips and my ass, her hands following.

"Oh!" I cried when she slipped it between my ass cheeks, scrubbing a little

there, moving it over my pussy. "Whatâ€”?"

"Shhh." Her hand was moving there, now, down the crack, her finger probing at

the tender, virgin hole of my ass. I winced, feeling her slip a finger inside to

the first knuckle, turning and pushing and then pulling back out.

"My turn," she murmured, putting her hands on my hips and bringing me back down into the water. I sighed in relief, turning to face her as she handed me the

scrubby.

I started with her back, so she couldn't see my eyes roaming over her body, how

the sudsy, churning water lapped at her full hips as she knelt up and held her

hair out of my way, how the curve of her arm, her back, the sweet indentation at

her waist had my breath coming faster, my hands trembling as I washed her back.

I groaned when she turned around, still holding her hair up, and I knelt in the

water like I was worshipping her, and I was, running the soapy cloth over her

shoulders and breasts. I couldn't help using my hands there, finally feeling the

weight of them. She sighed and squirmed when I rubbed my palms over her nipples.

"I wish I had breasts like yours," I whispered, looking up at her. She just

smiled and shook her head, lifting herself up onto the edge of the tub and

opening her thighs, the water running off her in bubbly sheets at first, then

fading to streams and little rivulets.

"Here," she said, opening her lips with two fingers. "Don't forget here."

I nodded, swallowing and approaching her pussy with the cloth, swiping at it,

tentative. She sighed deeply and opened wider, and I gave up on the cloth, using

my hand to rub soap into the pink flesh between her legs.

"Mmmm yes," she whispered when I found the hood of her clit with my fingers.

I had never seen another girl up close like this and I couldn't help staring,

watching how the folds seemed to want to swallow my fingers. She was so smooth,

so soft here! I wondered if the folds would want to swallow my tongue like that

and the thought made me hot all over.

"Don't forget this," she said with a smile, standing and bending over like I had

for her.

I gasped, finding the cloth again, washing her bottom and slipping it between

the crack of her firm, rounded ass. She spread wider, looking back at me,

smiling.

"Go ahead," she said. "Do it."

I groaned, biting my lip, but I obeyed, pressing one finger to the tiny,

puckered hole of her ass. Her skin was so brown that the hole there looked

incredibly pink, and it gave way to my probing as I slid in up to my first

knuckle, mimicking her motion, round and round. Mrs. B moaned and pressed back a little, sliding my finger all the way in.

Shocked, I took it back out again, quickly, staring up at her.

"Let's get you shaved," she said, smiling like she knew a secret that she wasn't

telling me. Patting the side of the tub, she took the razor and waited for me to

open my legs for her.

She used just soap this time, no shaving cream, lathering my pussy up with her

whole hand. I moaned, not shy this time about how good it felt. It was over very

quickly compared to last time, the razor all-business as it slicked over my

skin, leaving smoothness in its wake.

Then she was pulling me back into the tub and we were kneeling together in the

swirling water, our mouths slanting, our tongue meshing and my pussy was aching

to be touched again after her fingers had probed and prodded it during my shave.

"Want to see something?" she whispered against my lips and I nodded. "Watch."

She moved to the side of the tub, grasping onto the edge and opening her knees.

I watched as she rocked, eyes closed, moaning a little. At first I was confused,

but then I realized what she was doingâ€”the jet from the Jacuzzi was pointing

straight between her thighs.

"Try it," Mrs. B murmured, and I could see her nipples, how hard they were, how

the water frothed and foamed between her legs.

There was a jet right next to her and I grabbed onto the edge, opening my knees

like she was, positioning myself over theâ€”

"Oh god!" I cried as the water pulsed against my clit, much harder and faster

than any shower massage. Mrs. B was already breathing fast, her hips rolling

with the water.

"Isn't it good?" she murmured, and as I watched, she lifted her legs out of the

water, dangling them over the edge so she could press her pussy full against the

jet. I did it, too, gasping at the intensity of the sensation.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," I whispered, over and over, the water around us

sloshing as we rocked together, the jets gushing in a wicked pulse against our

throbbing pussies.

"Ohhhh yeahhhh," Mrs. B moaned, shuddering all over, her voice low and throaty

as she threw her head back and I knew she was cumming, and I wasn't far behind

her, my pussy contracting as if it could pull the water right inside of me.

I felt shy again when we got out but she rubbed me dry with a towel without any

words and then I rubbed her dry, too, and we found our way to her room and

stretched out on her bed, lying on our backs, our thighs and arms brushing. It

reminded me of that very first day when we were lying out in the sun and

remembering took my breath away. Things had come so far, so fast.

I turned toward her, up on my elbow, looking down at her body in the lamplight.

Her skin was simply golden and she seemed to glow. I touched her nipple,

watching it purse, hearing her sigh and shift, her eyes still closed. I touched

the other one, rolling it a little, eliciting a little "mmmm" from her. Growing

more bold, I kissed the fat, brown nipple closest to me, gentle at first, and

then using my tongue, sucking the bud into my lips.

Mrs. B moaned, her hand tangled in my wet hair as I licked at her nipple,

tweaking the other one in my fingers. Her response made my pussy clench and

release and I moved my body onto hers, straddling her thighs. Our bodies were

soft and fragrantly clean from the bath and her skin tasted new in my mouth as I

licked my way down her belly, her hands pressing gently, guiding me.

I was a little afraid, knowing what she wanted, wanting to give it to her and

still unsure. In spite of our bath, I could still smell her musky scent as I

licked past her navel and moved between her thighs. She spread them wide for me,

using her fingers to part her flesh, showing me. I could see much better in the

lamplight, how smoothly soft she was, how pink her inside.

Fascinated, I moved her fingers aside and probed with my own, opening her lips,

first the outer ones, then the inner ones. The little hole to her pussy gaped

slightly when I did, and I bit my lip when I remembered Doc putting his cock

inside there. Her pussy was a little bigger than mine, fuller, the lips fatter

and more fleshy. Her inner lips hid way up inside, and her clit was a tiny bud

at the top. I touched it and she gasped, rocking a little.

Encouraged by her response, I explored her with my fingers, spreading the

wetness that seeped out of hole up through her lips and over the hood of her

clit. I even pulled the little hood back to see her clit, such a small thing.

When I kissed it, she moaned, her hands going to her own breasts, pinching her

nipples, and I decided to stay there, kissing, licking, sucking.

She tasted clean and sweet at first but grew more musky and tart as I continued

to work her clit with my tongue. I wasn't sure I was doing it right, but she

moaned and rocked and her head went back and forth, and I thought it was at

least okay. I tried to remember what she had done to me, out there on the

blanket, to send me into orbit, and began flicking my tongue fast, faster, back

and forth over the hard little nub of flesh.

"Ohhhh god, yes!" she cried out. "Put your fingers in me!"

I obeyed, searching for the hole, not able to see, finding it and pressing in,

first one finger, then two, pumping in and out like she had done to me. She

moved back against me, rocking, rolling, moving so much it was hard to keep my

mouth on her pussy, but I managed, moving with her. My pussy was aching to be

touched and I went up on my knees, exposing it, feeling how cool the air was

over my heat.

"Come on," she practically growled, her hips bucking. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard,

baby!"

I whimpered against her mound, shoving my fingers in deep, slamming them against her, the sound a wet squelching rhythm that pounded faster and faster into her flesh. She moaned and squeezed her breasts, pulling at the nipples again and

again.

"Make me cum!" she cried, grabbing my hair and pulling me into her so hard I

could barely breathe. I licked and licked, making my own low moaning sounds

against her, my pussy so wet I could feel it dripping down my thighs.

"Ahhhhh fuck yes, yes, oh god!" She was coming. I could feel the fast flutter of

her pussy around my fingers, the way her clit seemed to swell and then retreat

against my tongue. She was trembling with it, her toes curling on the bed, her

hips lifting into my mouth.

When she collapsed, gasping, she moaned again, and I saw her soft, golden belly

still quivering with the signs of her pleasure. I rested my cheek against the

impossible softness of her thigh, panting myself, trying to calm my own racing

heart.

"Oh god, that was so good, sweetie," she whispered, stroking my hair, her eyes

still closed.

That's when I heard Doc's voice from behind me. "It sure looked good."

We both turned to see him standing in the doorway, staring at us with those dark

eyes full of lust. How long had he been watching? I wondered, seeing him walk

toward the bed, and then I realized it didn't matter. He wasn't going to be

watching anymore.