**Candid Camera**

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**Candid Camera Pt. 01**

The basement bedroom where Ben and Sharon spent most of their time was a collection of ugly trophies. The two had been friends since fourth grade- ever since they had worked on a shared science project. Their ant colony had lasted for three years, trading hands during each vacation, until its size overtook the ten gallon aquarium and their mothers imposed an embargo. They had been given a humane release in Ben's grandmother's old barn with all the solemnity of a military funeral, and Sharon and Ben had moved on to bigger projects.  
  
Though their paths had diverged pretty dramatically since then, their friendship- and the furniture- were as sturdy as ever. Everything in the basement was their salvage. The charcoal basket-weave couch and ottoman, the fake veneered TV stand that they had spray painted over in seventh grade (it was supposed to look tie-dye, but that hadn't worked), the big tube television they had wheeled home on Sharon's skateboard, edge covered in bastardized stickers. "I Voted", "Pac-Man" and "I'VE BEEN KROGERING!" became "PEE", "toe ban," and "ROGER Me", faded into a peeling mosaic around the edge of the dependable television.  
  
Like pirates in a wreck, the two of them had mercilessly sought what they wanted. For Sharon, that was debate club, social status, and a women's cross-country track team that offered no mercy. She was always the seeker of the two, the youngest of four girls with something to prove. She proved it by running with the boys- at least until middle school- pushy, even brutish, to make sure she earned her space. Something had happened around eighth grade, though, and she had cleaned herself up just enough to fit in with the girls whose company she now kept. Jenny, on her track team, whose curly brown hair shone like polished walnut. Hannah, who cooked and spoke French and loved her old polaroid camera. Pretty, respectable girls, who didn't clean gutters, wear stained, threadbare clothes, or ride mountain bikes and four-wheelers in the woods.  
  
Ben was an only child. He had a laid-back attitude and easy smile that sometimes made him seen like a pushover. Okay, he didn't have Sharon's drive- he would admit to that, of course. But he didn't feel like he really needed it. Ben was happy how he was. There wasn't anything he really wanted that he didn't feel like he could get, and there just wasn't anything he really wanted. He was happy to fuck around on the internet, experiment with bad electronic music and photoshopping pictures together into weird collages.  
  
There was time to figure things out, he supposed, especially since the two of them were completing their general requirements at the same local community college. They hadn't discussed what they wanted to do beyond that- after more than ten years of friendship, it was hard for Ben to imagine a world without Sharon in it.  
  
Sharon held a light beer in one hand, one leg cocked askew on the ottoman as she scrolled through her phone, not paying attention to the black and white movie chattering away to itself on the screen. The two of them had been on ladders all day, up to their elbows in grime, cleaning out Ms. Joss' gutters. Sharon worked like a dog for Ben's mother- one of the rare times her tomboyish attitude shone back through. Both of them were exhausted, but they knew his mother wouldn't give them any grief over the beer- she politely ignored such misdeeds now that they were almost 21.  
  
Bottles littered the mismatched side tables- one a scratched, glass 80s minimalist thing, the other bubbled, veneered wood 60s-imitation. Ben's was the wood one. His legs were crossed out in front of him on the ottoman. Nearly halfway through his third beer, he glanced over toward Sharon. Her messy, brownish-blonde hair was half-up, a lock in the front falling down to rest near the edge of her army green tank top,  
  
her loose yellow shorts were stretched over one warm ivory thigh, and Ben's attention caught on the heathered gray fabric up the other, rolled-back leg. He didn't think much about it- on the screen a man in an ugly suit argued with his friends on a streetcorner, and the flashing light flickered over the scalloped hem barely pressing into the curves of her pelvis.  
  
"You looking at my underwear?"  
  
Ben froze. He looked up at Sharon's face, ready to see anger, but instead, she looked smug- mischievous. She set her phone aside.  
  
"Oh," he hesitated. "No, sorry. I wasn't paying attention. I was just staring into space."  
  
"Horseshit," she scoffed. "Fair's fair, Benjamin. Show me yours, since you're already looking!"  
  
"I don't think that's a good idea," he protested.  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"Just because."  
  
"That's not a reason, perv!"  
  
"Because," he fumbled as he explained, "I'm not wearing any."  
  
Sharon was facing him halfway. She frowned. Ben knew the look well- her almond-shaped, sage green eyes serious and stubborn.  
  
"Bullshit excuse. Pull down your shorts."  
  
He sighed. "Sharon, come on. I barely saw anything anyway."  
  
"Oh yeah?"  
  
Sharon grabbed the waistband of her jogging shorts, untying the lace and shoving it to her knees. Her smooth hipbones and thighs framed the gray cut of her underwear so temptingly that Ben stared again, back at the smooth bump where the cotton rest against her pussy in the harsh television light. Ben couldn't pretend like he hadn't looked at her before- up on the ladder, the soft curve where her butt met her thigh, for example. Her round breasts in thin shirts on her bike in the summer, quivering over rocky trails, had sent him over more than one craggy rock and to the forest floor, to her entertainment.  
  
"Fair is fair." Sharon repeated. There was an edge to her voice this time.  
  
"I'm not wearing anything under my shorts," he protested again, but she wasn't buying it. After a bit more back and forth, his eyes moving from her face to her hips to her body and to each again- wherein she remained unconvinced- he finally held up a hand.  
  
"Look, I don't care. But you have to promise you're not going to get offended by my dick."  
  
"Why would I be offended by your dumb dick?" She barked.  
  
He gestured at the couch. Sharon plopped down, crossing her arms. He stood up.  
  
Ben squirmed. He unbuttoned his shorts, and pulled them down to his knees. His dick lifted to attention, swelling and flushing without any regard for how Ben might feel about it. Sharon's eyes widened.  
  
"Oh, fuck, Ben."  
  
Benjamin reached down to grab his shorts, beginning an 'I told you so,' before Sharon grabbed his hand. She shifted closer. There was a heady smell about her each time she moved.  
  
"Sharon, watch it, stupid."  
  
His half-hard cock was holding itself forward now, like a magnet to her approaching face. Without touch or words, her warm breath and the sight of her breasts down her tank top sent his cock springing hard in front of her. Her thin hand gripped his wrist hard, and his cock pulsed, a drop of crystal precum oozing from the red cockhead half-hidden by his foreskin dropping onto her bare thigh. Sharon stared at the drop. She stared at his cock. She pressed her hand against the base, looking up at him with those big, green eyes. Another bead rolled onto her hand.  
  
She ran her hand up his cock and he shuddered. Then down, exposing the ridges of his glans. Sharon learned in, her breath shallow, and then kissed his cock. In moments her mouth was popping back and forth over his cockhead, sucking the pre away, and his hands were tangled in her hair. He had never felt anything so good as her warm tongue sliding around him. He listened to her hungry pants and the sounds of her as she pressed her face against his cock, sticking out her tongue-  
  
"Stop," he gasped, finally. Her blood orange lips pulled back with a soft pop. "This isn't fair." She jolted her head halfway back, face clearly flushed with embarrassment and indignation. He grabbed her hair in pigtails.  
  
"Show me your pussy." He watched her face. "Fair is fair," he insisted.  
  
Then: "you don't get to touch me if I don't get to touch you." He let the pigtails he'd created in her blonde hair thread through his fingers as she flopped backwards, clearly trying to feign confidence. She grabbed her beer and took a long drink. In a quick motion, she spread her thighs.  
  
Ben knelt down, cock throbbing as he peeled her underwear away, watching the gleaming threads of her girlcum stretch and snap from her shaved pussy. She was incredibly wet.  
  
It struck him then how incredibly lucky he was- how out of his league a girl like Sharon would normally be. Ben was painfully average, at least he thought so- big ears, short brown hair, eyes the dim blue of old denim. He was a firm "okay," which in some ways, in his opinion, was worse than looking weird.  
  
He decided to gamble. In the riskiest choice he'd made- for what he'd wanted more than he remembered really wanting anything- he put his hands on her breasts, ready for a slap in the face. He squeezed them through the tank top, Sharon's slim, fit body tensing under his hands. She inhaled in shock, and he watched her nipples perk through the fabric. Okay. Good enough for him. He teased them with his fingers, and Sharon made a funny moaning sound. He reached under the soft green cotton, and groped the bare flesh of her breasts in turn, sliding back to pull her nipple, and she twitched. She was warm and smooth, and as Ben slid his hand down her torso and across the front of her, down to her cunt. He felt how wet she was as he rubbed her. Her pussy opened easily beneath his fingertips, slick and hot. He rubbed his index finger across the opening as his thumb massaged her clit. Sharon made a face- almost cringing- and threw her head back, covering her mouth with her free hand. Ben watched her breasts rise and fall rapidly, nipples poking hard through the ribbed tank top. Her hand was shaking. He felt a drop of girlcum slide out of her hole, and he followed it with a finger, hooking it into Sharon's cunt and feeling around, rubbing her clit faster.  
  
"You look good," he breathed. She squirmed more. He lowered his head toward her, and she grabbed his coarse hair. The smell of her was intoxicating. He slid a finger inside her, feeling the gentle ridges inside her, and parted her labia to look at her coral-colored bead of her clit, poking up from its smooth hood. If it hadn't been for the smell drawing him in, further and further, he might have chickened out. Pressing his face against her smooth skin, he sucked and licked it until she was moaning in a way he had never heard. He pulled back, pulling his finger out, he rubbed her with the moisture he'd pulled from her pussy, alternating between his now-slick mouth and fingers as he rubbed, sucked, slid his tongue over her until past when his jaw went numb and his tongue tingled, listening to Sharon's cries of pleasure. The taste and smell of her consumed him. Suddenly, Sharon's hips tensed forward, and he heard her groan. Her heavy breathing turned into panting, then into stifled moans as he felt her go stiff for a moment.  
  
His fingers, resting on her pussy, felt a sudden rush of rapid twitching. She was cumming. The charcoal couch beneath her hips was soaked with spit and the dripping, crystal liquid from her pussy. He leaned back rubbed her clit slowly, watching her tremble. Sharon stared down at him, fair face covered with a sheen of sweat. Ben stood up in front of her, aching cock bobbing as he did, watching her eyes follow its movement.  
  
"Ready?" He asked, surprised at the huskiness in his own voice. Sharon's eyes were glazed. She nodded, breathing heavily, and pulled up her tank top, revealing her pert breasts. He squeezed each one in turn, leaning in to lick and kiss her coral nipples. Grabbing her thighs, her breasts, pulling her nipples as he kissed and sucked her body thrilled him. After a few minutes, when he figured she'd waited long enough, he stepped back for a second to look at her again.  
  
Sharon lay before him on the couch, pussy flushed and slightly parted, glistening with moisture that looked like melted ice. She stared at him hungrily as he shifted forward, bare cock finally nestling against her soft, forgiving flesh. Stroking her breast with one hand and spreading the lips of her pussy with the other, he nudged her snug hole before sliding inside her. The feeling was like white fire. It felt unreal.  
  
He grabbed her cell phone from the side table, snapping a series of photos- Sharon's sweaty, disarrayed face and grin, her nipples hard and breasts speckled with red bites and hickeys, down her trim body, to where his cock rested in the smooth part of her labia, just barely there. She lay back with an embarrassed, submissive smile as he did- finally reaching down behind her knees, pulling her thighs back, opening herself further for him. His bare cock twitched against her as he hastily finished up his photography project.  
  
He pushed into her. Her cunt was so wet and so tight, he gripped her hips immediately, shoving himself as deep as he could. He heard Sharon squeal, and her thighs shook as his balls slapped her ass on the next deep thrust. God, she felt so good. Beneath him, she was panting his name, groaning, gripping his shoulders. His cock glistened with her slickness. He grabbed his phone, and held it out.  
  
"Smile, Sharon!" He ordered, and shaking- one hand digging tight into his shoulder, the other hand half-covering her bouncing tits- she did. He aimed it down, at her bare pussy, spread around his cock. He snapped pictures there, too, pushing in, pulling out, shining a light on the gape of her cunt as it twitched. Ben fucked her harder. He felt her cervix sliding against his cock, smooth and divoted and- and-  
  
"I'm gonna cum in you," he grunted weakly. She bucked her hips again.  
  
Sharon ground herself against him, pulling him down further, bringing his face to hers, biting and licking his neck and whispering in his ear. The hairs on the back of his neck prickled as he heard her- "Please," she begged. "Do it, Ben."  
  
She moaned. His mind was numb. Only his best friend's wet, tight cunt occupied him. He had to cum inside her. He fucked harder and she screamed as he held her thighs apart.  
  
"I'm gonna cum!" He warned again; but Sharon just bucked her hips, rubbing her cervix against Ben's thick cock as he shoved deep. He grimaced, and felt his balls go tight. Against his better wisdom, he dug his hands deep into her hips, pushing her hard against him as he roared, sperm shooting hard through his bobbing cock, deep inside Sharon's body. He grabbed her arms, pinning them back on the couch, and kissed her, rubbing his tongue across hers as he filled her.  
  
He photographed that too, his cock buried balls deep in her pink cunt, battered by his hammering- the creamy flood that dripped out of her as she lay with her legs askew.  
  
Ben crawled onto the couch, scooping Sharon's nude body up against him as he pulled a gray comforter from the back of the couch. She seemed surprised at first, but gazed dreamily at him as he cozied her soft ass against him, facing the television. The two of them fit- just barely- on the damp couch, her head on his arm. Her head smelled light, slightly spiced- a woodsy smell. He ran his hand down her smooth side, the swell of her hip, warming her as he explored his friend's naked body. He picked her phone back up, sending copies of the 37 photographs of her, as she watched, to his own phone. She was silent as the two of them scrolled through the pictures, chronicling each step of his taking of her. His heart fluttered as he handed the phone back to Sharon, and watched her scroll back and forth through them. Finally, She sighed, and put it down- nestling into Ben's arm as the television droned on to itself.  
  
Against his still-wet cock, Ben felt his cum drip down her thigh.

**Candid Camera Pt. 02**

The morning public-access channel on the television broke through Sharon's slumber with a loud, obnoxious laugh. She lifted her head halfway, looking across to the chattering television's morning news. Saturday was forecast to be in the mid sixties, cloud cover and light showers. Wear a jacket, they advised.  
  
The beer from last night hadn't totally loosened its grip, and she dropped her head back down to the couch. She felt hot, sticky... her body was stiff. Her pussy was sore, as were the tendons in her hips- the rush of last night came back to her in waves as she remembered staring up at Benjamin, the camera clicking as she pulled her thighs back and apart.  
  
She glanced over to the half-bath on the right side of the room. There was light from beneath the door. Ben had gotten up already, it looked like. She swung her feet to the carpeted floor and sat up, snatching the comforter around her.  
  
What she hadn't told Ben, and had never intended to, was that nothing bigger than the slim metallic purple metal g-spot vibrator dildo she had been given two years ago had spent time inside her. Her feet were freezing as she shuffled around the back of the couch, looking for her shorts and tank top.  
  
She remembered the girl who had bought it. Toni, the curvy, freckled, peroxide blonde she'd known in high school, had driven her to Charlotte on her 18th birthday. She was 'just cool enough' to fit in on the outskirts of Jenny and Hannah's circle, and had heard Sharon mentioning it was coming up to Toni offhandedly the week before. She had sidled over, not unwelcome, twisting her long, leather necklace between her hands.  
  
"March 6th? I totally would have guessed you were a Pisces!" she had cheered. "My birthday is June 29th." She had waited for Sharon to respond, before explaining: "I'm a Cancer." Sharon couldn't pretend to understand the significance of that, but she had smiled and nodded along.  
  
They had piled into Toni's car and ridden into the city. In the store Toni brought them to, the girls schooled like fish, shifting along the walls of frilly underwear, corsets, videos, and shelves labeled with the (very new age) 'phallic' and 'yonic' figures. Standing in front of the shelves of cocks, Toni had asked what she wanted. As her friends scampered around the other side of the store, Sharon had looked at her sidelong, and, very much under her breath, confessed she was a virgin.  
  
With Toni's advice, Sharon had picked the one that looked the 'friendliest.'  
  
In the car, they compared purchases. Hannah had bought a silky black pinstriped nightgown, trimmed with lace. Sharon had hesitantly shown them the windowed box with the shiny vibrating dildo inside, and felt a little better at their approval. Jenny, with a smug and roguish grin and "Ha-HA!", slapped an eleven-inch "realistic" double-dildo like a whip from the backseat onto the dashboard of the car and Toni had momentarily swerved into the other (blessedly) empty lane.  
  
After that summer (Toni got to ride a four-wheeler for the first time, and had screamed like a maniac, and Sharon- well, Sharon had spent at least an hour each night exploring herself with her birthday loot, and had done her fair share of screaming too) she had gone off to state college. She never updated Facebook, but Sharon knew Toni had gotten bangs and a septum piercing, so she could only assume she was having fun out there.  
  
Sharon felt something sliding down her thigh as she searched beneath the couch with her foot. The point was: with Toni gone, Sharon's sexual history was a classified file. If Benjamin had asked, she would have anyway, of course- she didn't want to look stupid. Sharon had always thought that when she lost her virginity she would be a strict condom negotiator. And probably would have insisted on a bed.  
  
The door clicked open. Swiftly, Sharon flung herself over the back of the bed and shut her eyes, pretending to be asleep. Ben would probably go over to his bed. It wasn't even 7 AM yet.  
  
But he didn't. Benjamin shifted over the couch, lifted the comforter, and slid back behind her. Her heart was pounding. She felt his dick pressing between her ass cheeks as he snuggled into her. It felt thick and warm. She felt moisture beading her pussy... likely around the semen still swimming inside her. To her surprise and shame, the thought just turned her on more. Was she serious? She should be jumping to her feet and getting the hell out of there, not spooning.  
  
He cozied her soft rear against Ben's hips, feeling the short, ticklish red-brown curls of hair rub against her. She nearly opened her eyes when she felt his hand rest on her hip, but she caught herself, just sniffing quietly. Ben's hand slid up her side, slowly, then back down over her hip, pressing her hipbone lightly. She forced her breathing to stay level. Ben slid his hand up her now, stroking her breast, feeling the weight in his hand. Was he getting hard? The warm, soft cock was growing, prodding her thighs now. She swallowed the drool pooling in her mouth. It was no big deal. It was just goofing off between friends. No reason to be this embarrassed. Ben leaned into the nape of her neck. She felt his rough skin brushing her shoulder as he breathed into her ear. Was he... smelling her? She forced herself to stay still.  
  
His hand kneaded her breast gently, thumb flicking the hard bead of her nipple every once in a while. She felt her wet pussy slicking the cock laying against her. Fuck, it was so hard not to move. She heard Ben grunt with pleasure as she tilted her pelvis slightly, sliding his shaft to rest between her wet thighs, the rosy head poking between her legs. She twitched her thighs and he made a soft sound.  
  
"I know you're awake, Sharon," he whispered into her ear. He pinched her nipple and it was her turn to gasp. "You snore when you're really asleep." His teeth grazed the edge of her ear, and he bit her lightly, pulling it back. She yelped as he shoved the arm beneath her around her chest, grabbing both breasts, sliding to both nipples, pulling them. She moaned despite herself.  
  
"Ben-" she started, wanting to sound condemning- but it came off horny. His fingers dug into her breasts.  
  
"Walk with me."  
  
Slowly, he sat her up, and steered her to the left, where his bed and dresser were. The basement windows above them lit the blue-grid comforter in a soft morning light, and she looked down, seeing her tangled blonde hair over her bare breasts, clutched in Benjamin's large hands. They were speckled with hickeys and bite marks. She couldn't believe what she was doing. Step by step, her best friend walked her over to his half-made bed by her breasts, rolling and pinching her nipples. In the ten feet they walked, she felt wetness slicking a third of the way down her thighs.  
  
"W-we should go mow the backyard," she whimpered. They had said they would yesterday, after all.  
  
"The grass is wet," he told her. She felt- and watched- his cock slide between her thighs, lubricating itself with her arousal. It rushed past her clit, and she moaned, knees knocking into the mattress.  
  
"You're so fucking hot, you know that?" His cock was sliding, agonizingly slow. He released her breasts, which felt heavy without his support.  
  
"Bend over."  
  
Biting her lip, her arms shaking, she did. Her ass was in the air in front of him. She felt him grab it, groping her hard, spreading her pussy open. She groaned in shame, covering her face.  
  
"You look so good. Stay just like that."  
  
He walked away, and she heard drawers open. Then he returned, grabbed her ass again, and she heard the click of a camera. Ben's digital camera, the nice one he'd gotten for Christmas when they were 17.  
  
"Spread your legs more."  
  
She tilted her hips back, too. The camera shutter went off.  
  
"Roll over."  
  
She felt like a dog, being given orders. She tossed her hair as she rolled onto her back. She looked up at him as he photographed her front, resisting the urge to cover herself. She felt something dripping down her, out of her. Ben stood naked before her, cock towering again, a gleaming monster of a thing to her- shifting under his hand as he stroked it. It arced up, veins bulging from its thick shaft. Her doubt melted away, slowed into one point of attention: her best friend's hard cock.  
  
"Good job, Sharon," he said, behind the black box. When he approached her, she bit her lip, spreading her legs. She wanted him to do it- fuck her again. Take her.  
  
Sharon knew, logically, that this was not like her- she was a pretty proper girl who had only been on a handful of dates through high school and college thus far, twice with the same girl- all plausibly deniable, of course- and four times with boys, one with one and three with the other. None of that had ever gone further than some light brushes of the hands. Now she was wet, dripping, ready to be barebacked. Didn't she look a mess, she thought? She had showered yesterday afternoon, but hadn't brushed her hair or teeth or anything since.  
  
Ben mounted her, and she gasped as his first few short thrusts opened her again. Her back arched on his comforter as his camera clicked. He held up one leg as he slid deeper and deeper, scratching a deep, physical itch that had been tormenting her all morning. He was grunting, on top of her now, licking her nipples, sucking her neck. The slap of his round balls on her ass made her shiver as she wrapped her arms around his back, staring at the basement ceiling, enveloped in him as the heady musk of his sweat filled her senses. Her legs slid up his hips, resting on his back as her mind went blank with the in, out, in, out, stretching pushes of his sex deep inside her. The shivers down her as he ran his tongue over her collarbone. Why couldn't she think? Her mind wandered to the cum certainly being stirred up inside her.. pushed into her cervix... swimming deeper into her. The firm warmth of his thick cock inside her. She bucked her hips, biting her lip as her eyes fluttered. The poised ridge of his cockhead pushed back that spot she'd always teased with her dildo while she masturbated, slowly rubbing her clit while she watched whatever porn happened to catch her interest until she came, stifling her squeals so her sisters didn't hear her.  
  
Her hands grazed the smooth muscles of Ben's flexing back, her head curving forward to nestle at his shoulder as she spread her legs wider. A low, moaning cry escaped her as his pelvis hammered her, battering her clit as her hole was stretched round. Sharon's thighs quivered.  
  
"Is that good?" She heard Ben ask.  
  
"Yeah!" she whimpered.  
  
"You're so tight... I want to cum inside you again."  
  
She squeezed him. "Yeah," she repeated, huskier this time.  
  
His cock plunged deeper, harder. She heard the schlicking sounds of her own cunt as he hammered her.  
  
"You liked it?"  
  
"I... I do..."  
  
"You wanna keep fucking me?"  
  
"Yes, Ben, please-"  
  
He shoved her down, pulling his cock out of her, leaving her shocked, legs spread and pussy opened to a glossy pink teardrop. She made an unintelligible, indignant sound as he grabbed the camera again. Strings of her arousal made dewy threads between his cock and her hole, dripping.  
  
"Say it."  
  
"W-what?"  
  
"Say it, I'm filming you."  
  
She was stricken dumb. Her body wouldn't allow her to close her thighs, even though shame burned through her like lightning.  
  
"I wan.. I want..." she gestured towards his cock. "Please... Ben, come on," she panted. Her breasts heaved, nipples pointed and creased with tortured arousal. He reached down, spreading her pussy open, fingering her in a curled motion. She gasped, groaning, shutting her eyes tightly.  
  
"You like that, huh?"  
  
"I want- I want your cock," she begged.  
  
"Mmm. Look how wet you are." His fingers spread and swirled inside her. "You like this, don't you, Sharon?"  
  
"Ben, please!" She gripped her breasts, rolling her nipples as his thumb stroked her clit. She heard another frustrated moan escape her.  
  
"What do you want me to do?"  
  
"Fuck me."  
  
"Yeah? What else?"  
  
"Fuck me hard."  
  
"Uh-huh?" His finger mashed her, sending electric arousal through her.  
  
"Cuminme," she finally choked out, unintelligibly.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Cum in me," her voice was half-tearful. "I want you to cum in me- cum in my pussy," she begged. His breathing was ragged as he withdrew his fingers. She opened her eyes to see him positioning his bobbing cock between her legs again. Ben started pounding her, and she cried out in pleasure, propping herself up on her elbows to watch his cock flash in and out of her. She lifted her legs, watching the gleam of her arousal shine on him as he fucked her.  
  
"Cum in you? Yeah?"  
  
"Yeah!"  
  
"What'd you want that for?"  
  
She was squirming. She stared up at his deep blue eyes, panting, sweat rolling between her breasts. "Fill me up," she whispered. Then, tumbling out of her like the dirty comics she'd pleasured herself to: "breed me, Ben."  
  
She felt his cock spasm inside her, and he groaned. Camera in one hand, he put his other hand on her chest, shoving her flat on her back.  
  
"Fuck, Sharon."  
  
She squirmed in pleasure as his cockhead slid along her cervix. It felt so fucking good. Why had she given a fuck about how she looked? Why would she deny herself this? He smelled so good... felt so good. She pushed him deeper with her legs on each deep thrust. Yes. Fuck, what had she been missing out on?  
  
"Okay. Okay. Yes- fuck," Ben's breathing was ragged. "Oh fuck, you're so wet. I'm gonna cum deep inside you."  
  
She bit her lip again, eyes rolling back, grinning like an idiot.  
  
"Do you want it?"  
  
"Yes, yes," she whined.  
  
"You want me to breed you," he said, sounding more like he was convincing himself than dirty-talking her. She ground her hips on him as he held her down.  
  
"That's so fucking hot, Sharon..." She felt his jolt inside her snug cunt. "you're so fucking hot. You sexy little slut, I had no idea. I should have fucked you sooner."  
  
Sharon couldn't think anything except that if she had come as close to his cock before as she had last night, she would have been in the same position.  
  
"You're so tight... I'm gonna get you pregnant..."  
  
"Yes! Yes! Fuck!" Her voice broke as her hand slid down, finding her slick clit, rubbing hard as she stared up at Ben and his camera, down at her bright coral pussy.  
  
"Cum while I breed you, you sexy bitch," Ben hissed, and she felt her cunt getting tighter. She was drooling now.  
  
"I'm gonna cum," she cooed, vision growing hazy. He was pounding her so hard her imagination teased her with images of him shoving straight through her snug virgin cervix, bursting a torrent of creamy white cum into her uterus. She was getting tighter, tighter- Ben's hand slid on her slick chest, holding her jaw as she stared up at him in enraptured bliss. She was right on the edge.  
  
"Cum, slut."  
  
Ben's voice was breathless. Her toes curled, and she screamed as his hammering carried her through her orgasm, inattentive to anyone who might be in the house. Ben's balls seized hard against her, jerking hard, pouring cum as deep as he could push. It squirted past the tight seal of his cock, mingling with their sweat on his bed as he made good on his promise of filling her. His loud groan of pleasure mingled with hers as her legs pulled him in tight, gasping each time her cunt squeezed his cock, milking him inside her.  
  
"Ben? Benny?"  
  
She was still too high to react, but she recognized Ms. Joss' voice. Fuck, fuck, fuck! Ben was still shrinking inside her, sliding out, leaving her sprawled on his bed as Ben hissed curses under his breath. She raised her knees weakly and tried to shove herself backward as Ben darted around the room, grabbing the gray comforter, her shorts, and a shirt and throwing it over Sharon.  
  
Ordinarily, Sharon would have cracked up at his panic, not to mention watching him waddle around with his wet cock slapping his thighs- but she was still dazed. She slid the shorts and t-shirt on and slid back onto the pillow just as Benjamin hammered the channel button and volume up on the remote until it was near-screaming. He darted into the bathroom, cranked the shower, and slammed the door just as the door at the top of the wooden basement stairs opened.  
  
Ms. Joss was a lean-built woman with a checkered bandanna on her head. Her reusable mesh bag, filled with Farmer's Market fruits and vegetables, was on the kitchen table behind her.  
  
"Benny? I thought I heard a yell, is everything..."  
  
She looked around the room. The television was cranked up, and she heard another scream as the woman on Law and Order heard the terrible news about her brother. The shower to her right was on, steam in the air, carrying the obnoxiously pungent smell of whatever Old Spice Ben had picked this time.  
  
Sharon, laying on the bed with her phone in her hand, wearing her son's black Buffy the Vampire Slayer t-shirt, which draped loosely over her. Her blond hair was in sleepy post-drunk disarray.  
  
"Sharon, honey, you gave me the fright of my life!" Ms. Joss shouted over the noise, and began to move down the steps toward the remote on the ottoman and the television. As she started, Sharon rose quickly. She tried not to look at the pale slicks along the cushions.  
  
"Oh, Ms. Joss, my bad. I'm sorry. I just changed the channel. I know it's super loud, I've got it." She walked three quick steps and plopped herself down over top of the whole mess, grabbed the remote, and turned it down just as Olivia Benson began to raise her voice. Sharon could smell the sex in the air... she could only pray Ms. Joss couldn't.  
  
She put the remote down and turned toward her, folding her arms on the back of the couch.  
  
"How was your girls' night?"  
  
"Wonderful as always. Ruth's a peach- Ben in the shower?"  
  
"Yep." She paused. "Hey, do you think it will be dry enough to mow today? I kinda want to get out there and burn off this hangover before it really hits."  
  
She attempted her most energetic grin.  
  
"I wish I had you kids' energy! Well, I won't take it for granted. I'll find something for you two to do while the weather's nice." Ms. Joss turned and took a few steps up. Before she reached the top, she paused, turning around.  
  
"Between you and me, Sharon, I always find hair of the dog does the trick without as much punishment." She smiled back. "Watch the noise, okay? And tell Benny I'm making waffles on the iron."  
  
"Yes ma'am."  
  
"Thanks, sweetheart."  
  
"No problem." Sharon turned back to the television, pretending to pay attention to it as Ms. Joss turned around, holding the side of her embroidered skirt as she went back up the stairs. Once the door shut, she collapsed on the couch, grabbing her hair in fistfuls and screaming into her knees.  
  
She waited for a few long minutes for Ben to exit the shower, growing antsier and antsier, until she crawled to the other side of the couch, where Ben's still unfinished beer was. She downed what remained, and began the work of gathering up the empty bottles. True to what Ms. Joss had said, the beginning grips of tension in the back of her head eased with the alcohol. Cleaning up around the sitting area helped to clear her head as well, and by the time Ben finally emerged, faded red towel around his waist, she had not only re-discovered her tank top and underwear, but put the basement back into some semblance of order.  
  
"She didn't kick the door in, so everything okay?"  
  
"Yeah, all good I guess. Your mom's making pancakes. Or waffles, or something."  
  
She straightened up. "I'm going to be needing that shower, so you better start cleaning your fucking cum off the couch before your mom notices."  
  
Before he could reply, she moved past him and into the narrow bathroom, grabbing a damp washcloth from the shower and throwing it with a wet slap into Ben's back and closing the door. Once the door was closed, she sighed, and slumped to her elbows against the sink. The dark circles under her green eyes and her wild hair made her look wild. She grabbed the hairbrush she kept hanging off the robe hook- which was perpetually unused- and began to brush her hair back out. With that complete, she undressed, slid off her shorts and washed them in the sink with her underwear. She supposed that should be enough for the washer, at least.

After that, Sharon heated up the shower and stepped inside, closing the glass with a rattle.  
  
The smell of the men's soap in the shower was almost overwhelming- as she picked up the bath sponge, she noticed it was soaked in body wash, and she stared around at the bubbles on the walls. Okay, Ben. Whatever. Waste not, want not, right?  
  
The hot water relaxed her tense limbs, and she knelt down, rinsing last night's- and this morning's- girlcum and semen off of her pussy. With the shower water, the stuff had re-hydrated, turning into a slick mess she rinsed from her hand over and over. She pulled her hand away as she felt her face getting warm and focused on washing Ben's saliva off her breasts and body.  
  
As she did so, she found herself fondling her breasts, biting her lip to keep herself quiet as she felt herself getting turned on again, one hand now stroking over her well-bitten nipple, her other cupping her pussy, rubbing her fingers over her smooth slit, up to her clit. Ben's words in her head sent electricity up her thighs. She thought about the pictures on her phone- she'd save those for sure. She wanted to see all of it. Her index and middle fingers rubbed her clit faster as her breath turned into panting. Sharon intended to work out her lust here and now- she had to, she thought, or she might fall victim to it next time she and Ben were alone. She wanted to cum hard, really peak out- and be able to set that aside. She wasn't a slave to her desires. That was- that was just not her!  
  
She slowed down as she began to shake. She thought about the pictures of her legs spread on the couch, drunk, naked, stuffed with cock. How her pretty coral pussy had been stretched so wide she could see the labia barely peeking out. She stroked herself, slow and deliberate. Ben's cock- oh god- hammering her insides, sliding across her cervix, pushing it hard as he creampied her, totally unknowing that he had taken her virginity in the most thorough and intimate way. She felt her orgasm building, and tapered off with a shivering breath, edging herself. She raised onto her knees, grabbed the cheap green apple shampoo Ben had started keeping in the shower when she had bitched at him that it was disgusting to wash your hair with body wash, and washed her hair, trying to keep her hands otherwise busy until her body calmed down. By the time she was rinsing it she was sucked into her fantasies of cum being sucked deep into her uterus as she orgasmed, being pounded hard on her hands and knees. What was Ben into, she wondered, her heart beating hard.  
  
She sat back against the wall, one hand finding her clit again, the other sliding one finger, then two, into her pussy. She braced her feet on the wall and let the water pour over her as she fingered herself, teasing her clit, jaw clenched as she imagined herself- imagined herself- she searched for a fantasy that she could delve into. Ben's dripping cock, his fingers inside her. Groping her. Her mind slipped as her cunt grew tighter. She imagined her belly swelling with his baby, his hands holding her wide hips as he enjoyed her pregnant body. Bondage, hands tied up and legs tied open. The photographs. People watching her scream and writhe as he filled her, spread her open, left her vulnerable and wanting as- his mother watched her. If she hadn't called when she had returned home. Opening the door to see her son pounding her into the next dimension, breeding her with her knees pressed back over his shoulders. Shoving her dress- the nice, velvet, midi dress with the three-quarter sleeves and waist that sat right at her hips- the one she liked to wear for functions that didn't have to be too fancy- up her hips as she fell back on a bed, and parting her thighs by force as he took her. Her insides were seizing sporadically, begging for orgasm. Figures standing around the bed, random people- it didn't matter- as Ben stroked himself to full mast before flipping her skirt back and revealing her wet vulva, spreading her lips before entering her. She imagined them laughing and smiling as they watched her in a live pornography, grasping him, unable to let shame stop her from spreading her legs for him. The pictures of her defloration, the video of her, still cum-filled, begging for more, being passed around, played in the next room. As her imaginary literal cock-tail party unfolded, a woman's hand on her pubic bone, thumb fondling her clit while Ben ravished her. Male hands holding her arms up and out of the way as Toni's brass-colored fabric scissors sliced her dress open, displaying her bare, gold-cream breasts as they shook with the force of her mate. Onlookers participating now, they groped and kissed her as Ben drew closer and closer to orgasm between her athletic thighs. They edged her as she edged herself, slowing as they asked her to say degrading, shameful things- calling herself a cockslut, a cumdumpster, a fuckhole. Begging for him to use her for his pleasure, impregnate her. Use her body how she was raised to know it was meant to be used; her womb assailed with his semen as the woman- she pictured Jenny's delicate, manicured fingers- manipulated her to simultaneous orgasm. She heard herself gasp as she tipped over the edge. Her fantasy party pulled her legs back over her head, tying them to the bedframe to let her pussy drink it all down as she lay, submissive and weak, licking her taste and the taste of cum off of Ben's soft cock as he approached the side of the bed.  
  
A strangled moan escaped her clenched jaw as she pushed hard against the shower wall. Her eyes rolled back and her head grew light. She slipped down with a thud, onto her back, clit and cunt still seizing. Grasping the dial with her feet, she cranked the cold water, and cooled herself down.  
  
When she exited, she peeked around the door. She heard Ben and Ms. Joss upstairs, talking and laughing. She had shaken most of the water out of her hair, slipped on her sports bra and the Buffy t-shirt back on to cover the hickeys and marks on her breasts, sides, and collarbones. After rustling through Ben's dresser drawers behind the couch, she slid on a pair of his black briefs- snug over her round hips and rear- and a pair of his track shorts, tucking in the loose shirt and tying the front into something she figured had to look at least half-acceptable. Carrying her wet clothes, she ascended the stairs to the smell of strawberries and baked batter.  
  
"Hey Ms. Joss," she said as she emerged. Ben was dressed now; loose jeans and one of the cheap white multi-pack cotton shirts he often defaulted to.  
  
It had never been difficult for Ben to blend in. It came easy to him; and honestly, she kind of envied that. Sharon didn't seem to be able to capture that- as a kid, she had felt like a freak for her short hair and rough-and-tumble nature. Now, as an adult, she always felt observed in a different way; sized up. Even with her American Eagle jeans and sweaters, her styled, just-past shoulder length hair, her mindfully-practiced, minimal, foundation, lip gloss, and eyeliner looks, people stared, and it chewed at her mind.  
  
"Hello, sweetheart!" Ms. Joss sang, and pulled the chair to her other side, across from Ben, away from the table. She seemed happy today. "Leave it to you to make even my son's clothes fashionable. Benny, you should take a tip," she teased, elbowing her son, who grumbled nonsense through a mouthful of waffles. Sharon smiled. Ms. Joss was a good mom, and a nice woman, she thought. She didn't know much about her, honestly, except that she had raised Benjamin alone and been a fervent hippy in her youth. She was one of those fine-boned older women who had retained their style and sparkle of a fervent youth.  
  
"So, I thought of something you kids can do for me."  
  
"What's that?"  
  
Ms. Joss leaned back in the chair, folding her arms. "I think I want chickens again," she said. "Do you two think you could clean out the henhouse and get it ready? Fix the fence and what all?"  
  
Sharon chewed the buttermilk waffles slowly. When she and Ben were 10, Ms. Joss had built and painted a large red and white henhouse in the backyard. Most children got a playhouse around then, but not Ben- though the henhouse was more than big enough to suit any kind of playhouse-adjacent activities desired, particularly Goosebumps books by eerie, swinging lightbulb.  
  
Both kids had learned to rake out a coop and care for the- she thought- weirdly haughty animals, take in eggs, and scatter the food right so that the big chickens didn't pick on the little ones as quickly. Ms. Joss, though, could whistle at the chickens and have them darting toward her to sit in her lap or follow her around.  
  
She had kept them for a few years before losing them to foxes, raccoons, or neighbors' dinners. For the past eight years the old henhouse had been unoccupied, and it was falling into disrepair now.  
  
"That sounds good to me," Sharon said. "What kind?"  
  
"Oh, I don't know. Something heirloom."  
  
"That's cool, I can't wait to see."  
  
"You nesting, Mom?" Ben asked.  
  
"You're twenty years old! If I start nesting I've really lost it. I'll let the chickens take care of that."  
  
Sharon managed to focus on Ms. Joss through nearly all of breakfast, only exchanging sporadic looks with Ben. While he and his mother did the dishes, she scampered downstairs to check her phone. As she turned it over, she saw she had texts from Hannah- not unusual- and, to her surprise, one from Toni. Perplexed, she opened the facebook message. Sharon sat down on the bed. To her surprise, it started with a 2 AM missed call notification... from herself. Sharon squinted at the screen now, eyebrows furrowing.  
  
- heyy girl!! how are you?? saw u called me.  
  
- u actually up? or is this a butt dial  
  
- lol  
  
a few minutes went by between the first messages. Then, from her own account:  
  
- hewfirg tony1111 i will asgdsdffffff  
  
"What?" Sharon whispered, involuntarily shaking the phone once, like it was an etch-a-sketch whose messages could simply be cleared.  
  
- LOL, Sharon, what?  
  
- aif i aeronautics administration  
  
- I can't wait for u to see this tomorrow.  
  
- so, u drunk or u asleep?  
  
- I will have a good time and I will have  
  
Sharon groaned. Fucking predictive text! Son of a bitch. She had sleep-posted a few times before, in the haze between being actually awake and dreaming. She scrolled down, dreading to see what she had hammered out to her unwitting high school acquaintance. As the "conversation" ticked on, eventually, Tonia pretended to understand what was being said, replying with "oh yea? really?" and "wow, then what happened?"  
  
Then Sharon nearly dropped the phone. After a few long strands of jumbled keysmashing and autocorrect was a string of images. Two were screencaps of an eBay listing for a really good price on some trail-running shoes- size nine- name brand, new in box. She exhaled, frustrated. The third was topdown; the top of her head, hair strewn around her shoulders, hands high out frame. It looked almost upside-down, with her thighs parted wide around Ben's cum-covered cock, breasts covered in red hickeys and bite marks. Sharon went cold with dread. It took her ten long seconds to stop staring at her own nude body to read what Toni said.  
  
- HOLY SHIT  
  
- SHARON  
  
- no way u knew u sent this girl  
  
- but tbh, u look hot lol  
  
- call ya when u sober up. ttfn babe  
  
as she was staring at the screen, the phone buzzed in her hand. Tonia's name appeared. In a panic, she almost declined- finger swapping from side to side, then finally answering the call.  
  
"Hello?" Her voice sounded a little raspy. She swallowed.  
  
"Sharon!"  
  
"Toni," she tried to conjure up a carefree voice.  
  
"How are you doing?"  
  
"I'm," she tucked her hair behind her ear, readjusting on the couch. "I'm good, how are you?"  
  
"Seriously? You give me that answer after your texts last night?" Toni's laugh was high and clear.  
  
"You can't tell anybody about that. Seriously."  
  
"So..."  
  
"So what?"  
  
"Was that your friend? What's-his-name?"  
  
"Toni, stop!"  
  
"BEN!"  
  
She pulled the phone away from her head, shoving her hand over the speaker. She hissed into Toni's laughter.  
  
"Yes. I hate you. Seriously, you can't tell anybody. You have to delete that."  
  
"No way."  
  
"Toni, please!"  
  
"You almost gave me a heart attack. I'm keeping it."  
  
"Toni," she groaned.  
  
"Mean it when I said you were hot," She purred. Sharon's face burned. "You scared the fuck out of me. But for real? I love to see you finally getting dick. You always seemed tense in high school. Send me more."  
  
Sharon wanted to say 'stop messing with me.' She wanted to call her a pervert and hang up the phone. But not being able to tell anybody was taking its toll. She scanned the ceiling as she heard Ben and Miss Joss talking, milling around overhead. Sharon found herself striking a bargain.  
  
"Promise me on your honor that you won't tell anybody or- or show them to anybody. Toni, I'm dead serious- swear on your life."  
  
"Swear. Swear on my life. I won't tell a soul. C'mon Sharon."  
  
Sharon took a few deep breaths, and hung up. Then, swiping into her photos, sent five in succession- each one part of several particularly hard thrusts into her, the ones that pulled her girlcum into shining crystal strands between her shaved pussy and the curls of the trimmed hair around his cock; her breasts slipping out from her hand.  
  
She swallowed as she watched them send, one by one, and slid the phone into her pocket before darting back up the stairs. As she did, she felt her pocket buzz again.  
  
- U are awesome. Cant wait to see more!!  
  
Sharon twisted her sandy hair around her finger, put the phone away again, and trotted out to join Ben and his mother outside as they pulled supplies from the garage.