Pam's New Bikini

by Jack   
  
Ethan sighed. He turned a corner and walked past another rack of clothes, women's sweaters on the left, dress jackets on the right. He sighed again and rolled his eyes, wishing he could be anywhere else but the women's department, like in sporting goods or in hardware. He needed new tools to work on his car. Couldn't he at least look for them?   
  
He turned another corner and stopped. The racks changed. On the right were small kitchen appliances like toasters and bread making machines. On the left was ... lingerie.   
  
He walked past the racks, trying to pretend he wasn't looking at the tiny pieces of fabric on the hangers. Most were just panties or bras, frilly, lacy things he could see right through. He imagined Mrs. Thorn wearing those things, or Maria Lopez. Some of the other things, though, he couldn't figure out.   
  
"Can I help you?" a woman said.   
  
Ethan turned abruptly. She smiled at him. He tried to smile back. His face got warm.   
  
"Uh, no. Just looking," he said and walked away quickly.   
  
He wandered back to the swimwear department. Mom and Pam were not in sight. Where the hell did they go? And why did it take so long for girls to pick out clothes? He found a new swimsuit in five minutes and was done. He shook his head. Girls were so weird.   
  
He went by the changing rooms. He still couldn't find Mom or Pam. Over by the register, two girls were talking with each other. They looked at him, smiled, and said something to each other.   
  
Ethan noticed someone in the changing rooms. In a full length mirror, he saw the reflection of a girl's back. She had long, shiny light hair down to the middle of her back and was wearing a thin tank top undershirt. He rose on the balls of his feet to see her panties, then looked around to see if anyone was watching. He hoped there were no cameras on him.   
  
He turned back to the girl in the changing room. She had removed the undershirt. His eyes widened. He could see the backsides of her round boobs and the gentle curve of her back.   
  
The girl put on a red bikini top, tied the straps in the back, brushed her long hair in place, adjusted the front over her boobs, and turned to face the mirror. Ethan's mouth fell open. It was Pam. She saw him in the mirror and smiled.   
  
She came out from behind the curtain.   
  
"Come in here, Ethan. I want your opinion."   
  
She glanced to the girls by the register, grabbed him by the elbow and dragged him into the changing rooms.   
  
"Sit here," she said and pushed him into a chair.   
  
"Where's Mom?"   
  
"She went to look at silverware." She stood by the curtain, facing him, her feet together. "What do you think?"   
  
Ethan tried to speak. How did he tell his sister she looked hot?   
  
"It's ... nice," he said.   
  
"Nice?"   
  
He opened his mouth to speak. The word caught in his throat. "Hot."   
  
"Hot," Pam repeated, and smiled. "Wait, let me show you the next one."   
  
She ducked behind the curtain and pulled it closed, except for a narrow gap in the center. Ethan leaned forward on the chair and tilted his head to see through the gap. He could see only a narrow strip of her naked body. His dick stirred in his shorts and suddenly he couldn't sit still.   
  
Pam pulled back the curtain again. Ethan's mouth fell open. Pam smiled.   
  
"Wow," he said, barely muttering.   
  
"You like it?"   
  
He nodded. His throat was tight.   
  
"You think the guys at college will like to see me in it next year?"   
  
"Definitely."   
  
"Let me try the next one," Pam said, and went behind the curtain again.   
  
Ethan let out a deep breath. Through a gap in the curtains, he saw Pam removing the white bikini. He caught a glimpse of her bare breasts. His erection strained against his jeans. He looked around and shifted on the chair so it stuck down against his leg. He peeked through the gap. Pam was putting on a blue bikini. She bent over to step into the bottoms and he saw a hint of the slit between her legs. He rolled his eyes and groaned quietly.   
  
"Ethan, could you help me with this?" Pam said from behind the curtain.   
  
"What?"   
  
"I need your help."   
  
He got up and looked around again. They were alone in the changing rooms. He pushed one of the curtains aside. Pam stood with her back to him, watching his reflection in the mirror. Her hands were over her breasts, holding the bikini top in place.   
  
"Tie this for me, please?" she said.   
  
Ethan took the thin strings off her shoulders. She used both hands to collect her hair and lift it away from the back of her neck. The patches of fabric over her breasts swung away, exposing her nipples. Ethan stared, then noticed Pam smiling at him in her reflection. His fingers fumbled with the strings.   
  
"There," Ethan said.   
  
"This part, too."   
  
Pam passed the lower strings back and Ethan tied them together. She adjusted the patches of fabric over her breasts.   
  
"Do you like it?" she said.   
  
He nodded. He especially liked the way it barely covered her boobs, and the way her nipples stuck out through the fabric. Pam put her hands on her ass.   
  
"What do you think of this side?" she said. She wiggled the straps down a bit.   
  
"Great."   
  
Pam turned to him. Her face looked up to his. Her lips parted slightly and the corners of her mouth curled.   
  
"Do you like the color?" she said in a soft voice. Her hand brushed his leg. She pulled the strap away from her hip. "Do you think it will make my tan look good?"   
  
Ethan stared at her hip and nodded. He couldn't make any words come out. Pam turned back to the mirror. His face looked over her shoulder in the reflection.   
  
"Could you move those straps a bit lower, please?" Pam said and held her arms out at her sides.   
  
Ethan touched her hips lightly. Her skin burned the tips of his fingers. He pushed the straps down until they practically fell off, and left his hands on her hips, his thumbs brushing the cheeks of her ass.   
  
"That's better," Pam said. Her voice was barely loud enough to hear. She leaned back. Her ass pressed against his erection. Her fingers brushed over her breasts, tugging at the fabric. "Do you think it fits good here?"   
  
"Yeah," Ethan said.   
  
He moved his hips and his erection lodged between the cheeks of her ass. Pam flinched and gasped softly. His hands squeezed her hips and pulled her back.   
  
"Ethan, don't," she said in a whisper, staring at his eyes in the reflection. Her fingers brushed over her nipples.   
  
"I know," Ethan said, and nearly choked on the words.   
  
He moved her hips back and forth with his. Pam's mouth opened wider. She was breathing hard. She shook her head slowly.   
  
"We shouldn't do this. It isn't right," she said.   
  
"I don't care. You're eighteen now, right?"   
  
Her eyelids drooped. "We could get in trouble."   
  
"I know."   
  
"Ethan, stop," she said.   
  
She moved her hands down over his. Her back arched. He rubbed his hard cock along the groove between the cheeks of her ass. Pam's fingers pried his fingers from her hips, but she was moaning. He watched her face in the mirror. Her eyes were closed and she bit her lower lip between her teeth.   
  
He heard the laughing and the voices, but they seemed far off, like the sound from a television in another room. His eyes were focused on his sister's chest. It wasn't until her nails dug into his hand that he noticed she was talking to him.   
  
"Ethan, for God's sake, someone's coming. Get out of here," Pam said in a low hiss.   
  
Ethan jerked his hands away from her hips. Pam shoved him out of the changing room and snapped the curtain shut. The two girls who had been standing by the register appeared at the same time. They both looked at him. Their faces became serious. His own face grew warm. His hard penis pushed out the front of his jeans. He prayed they didn't look down.   
  
The girls glanced at each other, walked past and giggled. Ethan walked out of the changing area while they collected the clothing and hangers. He let out a deep breath. He was sweating. He walked quickly to the nearest counter and leaned against it before anyone saw the bulge in his jeans.   
  
"Ethan, where's your sister?" Mom said.   
  
Ethan looked over his shoulder, but didn't turn around. She was carrying two boxes and a bag.   
  
"She's, uh, in the changing room."   
  
"Hold these for me, please," Mom said, and dumped the boxes into his arms.   
  
Ethan grunted. The boxes were heavy. He held his breath, hoping she didn't notice the front of his jeans.   
  
"Did she find a swimsuit she liked?"   
  
"I think so," Ethan said and looked away. The thought of Pam in that bikini made his penis twitch.   
  
"There she is," Mom said.   
  
Pam came out of the changing area in her clothes, carrying the tiny bikini on a hanger. Her face was flushed. She looked at him and smiled quickly.   
  
"Is this what you want?" Mom said. She held up the hanger and her eyes became skeptical.   
  
"I like it, Mom."   
  
"It's a bit small, isn't it?"   
  
"No, it's not too small. It fits." Pam glanced at Ethan.   
  
Mom shrugged. "Ok, if that's what you want."   
  
They bought the swimsuit and drove home. Ethan could not look at his sister without feeling a stirring in his shorts. She never looked at him. As soon as they got home, she ran straight up to her room. Ethan spilled his new clothes on the sofa and tore the tags off, but couldn't stop thinking about what Pam was doing upstairs. Finally, he gathered all his clothes in his arms, took them up to his room, dropped his jeans to his ankles and rubbed himself with the image of Pam in the tiny blue bikini in his mind.   
  
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She couldn't sit still. It was Labor Day. The intense heat of August carried over into the first days of September, and Gayle was running around the house like a schoolgirl before her first date. She scurried through the kitchen, dodging around Francis, who was trimming the chicken at the sink.   
  
"For God's sake, Gayle, settle down," he said. "What's got into you?"   
  
"I don't know. I'm just so nervous." She straightened the pillows on the sofa, rearranged them, and straightened them again.   
  
Francis pointed with the knife, squinting one eye closed.   
  
"It's because of Ethan, isn't it?" he said. "You're all worked up about a boy coming over."   
  
Gayle paused in the middle of the living room. "Do you think that's it?"   
  
"I'm sure of it."   
  
"You're not jealous, are you?" Gayle said. She went to the kitchen and leaned against the counter, watching him trim the chicken. She touched the back of her hand to her forehead. She was warm.   
  
"Of a boy? You're not going to run away with him are you?"   
  
"Of course not. I just want to fuck him."   
  
Francis shrugged. "Can't blame you for that. Wouldn't mind doing it with that sister of his myself."   
  
"Francis, how can you say that? She's just a child."   
  
He put his fist on his hip. "And Ethan's not? What is he, nineteen? You're twice his age, dear."   
  
"Pam's barely eighteen herself."   
  
"That doesn't make any difference. I know what eighteen year old girls are like," Francis said.   
  
Gayle nodded. "I guess you're right about that. I was pretty horny when I was her age. I just hope you know what you're doing."   
  
"I'm not planning anything." He stopped abruptly and set the knife down. "You don't think I'm going to rape the girl, do you?"   
  
Gayle sighed and patted his shoulder. "I never know with you, dear."   
  
Francis pointed out the window with the knife.   
  
"I guess we'll find out. They're here," he said.   
  
Gayle turned to look. Pam and her mother came through the gate and waved. Both were carrying beach towels and their swimsuits. Her heat skipped a beat. Ethan wasn't with them. Finally, he appeared and closed the gate behind him. He had already changed into his swim trunks and his towel was slung over his shoulder.   
  
Gayle let out a long breath. Her insides felt warm. The sight of his bare chest and rigid stomach made her tingle all over. She couldn't wait. She wasn't sure how it might happen with Ethan's mother and sister being there, but she hoped she could manage to get herself alone with him for a few minutes. That might be all the time she would need. She was dying to feel that huge cock inside her again, dying to feel Ethan's hard, trim body locked between her legs.   
  
Mrs. Thorn opened the sliding glass door and stepped out of the house. Her face was beaming. Pam went up the few steps to the deck, just ahead of Mom.   
  
"Hi, I'm so glad you came," Mrs. Thorn said. "My husband is still inside, preparing the chicken. You'll want to go swimming before you eat, won't you?"   
  
"Yes, ma'am," Pam said.   
  
Mrs. Thorn smiled and touched her cheek. "You're so sweet."   
  
She and Mom started chatting. On the other side of the pool, Ethan tossed his towel on a deck chair and jumped into the pool.   
  
"Your yard is beautiful," Mom said. "I love what you've done with the flowers."   
  
"Let me show you what I'm working on now, on the other side of the house."   
  
Mrs. Thorn led Mom off to the other side of the house. Pam held her hand over her eyes, like the bill of a cap, and watched Ethan. He moved gracefully up and down the pool. She didn't want to wait any longer. Mom would make her wait an hour after they ate before they could go back in the pool. She dumped her beach towel on a deck chair and went inside through the sliding glass door.   
  
"Hi, Pam," Mr. Thorn said.   
  
"Hi, Mr. Thorn." She pushed the heavy door closed and leaned on the counter to watch him work. "What are you making?"   
  
"Well, we've got chicken and hamburgers, and I got corn on the cob over there and some scalloped potatoes," he said, pointing to each item with the knife. "What do you like?"   
  
"I want a hamburger," Pam said. She held herself up on her elbows and let her legs dangle under the counter.   
  
"With cheese?"   
  
"Yeah."   
  
Mr. Thorn nodded and got a package of cheese from the refrigerator.   
  
"What are you gonna have?"   
  
"I am having chicken, with barbecue sauce," Mr. Thorn said, pointing at the chicken breast on the cutting board with his knife and his finger. "I can't have red meat. Doctor said it's no good for me." He leaned close to Pam and lowered his voice. "That's what happens when you get old, you know."   
  
Pam laughed. "You're not old."   
  
"I am. Look, I have gray hairs."   
  
Mr. Thorn cocked his head forward and picked at his thinning, black hair. Pam came around the counter and stood on her tiptoes.   
  
"Where?"   
  
"Right here. See?" he said.   
  
Pam put her hand on his shoulder. Finally, she saw the few gray hairs mixed with the little bit of hair he had left, but it was not the hair she noticed. He smelled good, even over the smell of the chicken and hamburgers. He felt good, too. His shoulder was hard muscle under the light polo shirt.   
  
"I see," Pam said.   
  
Mr. Thorn straightened up, pulling his shoulder out from under her hand. He sighed.   
  
"Yep, I'm getting old." He stacked the chicken on a plate. "Are you hungry?"   
  
Pam shook her head. "Not yet. I wanna go swimming first." She held up her bikini. "I wanna wear my new swimsuit."   
  
His eyes lit up. "Wow. That's a nice suit. You can change in the bathroom, right down the hall."   
  
Pam skipped down the hall. Ethan was already in the pool. She couldn't wait to get in, too, and she couldn't wait to let Mr. Thorn see her in the new bikini.   
  
The bathroom was at the end of the hall. She closed the door and leaned against it, staring around her. The bathroom was huge, as big as her bedroom. It had a shower stall and a bathtub. The bathtub was huge, too, round instead of square, with steps to get up to it and seats and nozzles around the inside. In the ceiling was a skylight, letting the sun shine down on the huge tub.   
  
It was amazing. Two people could sit in the tub at the same time, or more even. A whole group of people could sit in the tub, all naked, all touching and kissing at the same time. Pam shivered. The idea made her tingle all the way down to her toes.   
  
She removed her t-shirt, her shorts and her panties, folded them neatly and lay the pile on the counter. The entire wide wall behind the sink was covered with big mirrors. She stepped back to look at herself naked. She put her hands on her hips, turned one way, then the other. She smiled. Her body finally had curves, not like Mrs. Thorn's curves, but good curves anyway.   
  
She lifted her hair high and let it fall back to her shoulders. She shook her head and her long, golden hair flew wildly around her head, covering her face. The straight cut ends reached all the way to her nipples.   
  
She rubbed her nipples with her thumbs and sighed. Wouldn't it be so nice if Ethan came in to make love to her? Or Mr. Thorn. That would be exciting. They could sit in that big tub with their clothes off and she could put her head on his shoulder, put her hands on his cute bald head, reach under the water and put her hand around his thing.   
  
He would have a big one, like Ethan's, long and thick, and she would have to put both hands around it to make his stuff come out. She would sit on Mr. Thorn's lap and his big, hard thing would go way up inside her and she would move up and down with the warm water surrounding them and he would put his hands on her waist, just like Ethan did in the changing rooms.   
  
Pam sighed. She wanted it to happen like that, but it never would. It was fun to imagine, though. She leaned on the edge of the counter with both hands and smirked at her reflection in the mirror. It would be more fun to do it for real.   
  
She brushed her hair away from her face and tucked the strands behind her ears. She turned her face to look at her cheeks. Her skin was very pale. She'd been inside all summer and summer was almost over. It was too late to get a good tan. She could put a little color on her lips, though. Mrs. Thorn probably had lipstick somewhere in that bathroom. She just needed to find something that wouldn't wash off while she was swimming.   
  
She sat down at the counter and opened the drawers of the cabinets. On one side of the sink were all sorts of men's things, like razors and aftershave. On the other side of the sink, the drawers were full of women's things. Some of the drawers had makeup, but not the kind she could use.   
  
She opened the bottom drawer and stopped. Her heart skipped, then beat faster. It looked real. For a second, she thought it was. She could only stare, unable to believe what she was seeing. She didn't even know such things existed.   
  
It looked exactly like a penis. She lifted it out of the drawer. Her fingers squeezed. It was firm, but not as hard as a real one. She held it in both hands, squeezing. It was hard enough. She rubbed her legs together. She was getting warm. Her little fingers moved over the rubber penis like it was the real thing.   
  
Pam glanced at the door, then down at the thing in her hands. What did Mrs. Thorn do with it? What else could she do?   
  
Pam pushed the chair back, spread her legs and touched her pussy. She was wet and warm down there. She glanced at the door again. Would Mrs. Thorn mind if she tried it for a few seconds? It wouldn't be the same as the real thing, of course, but it would be close, closer than anything she had in a long time.   
  
She spread her legs wider, lifted one foot to the edge of the counter, the other on one of the steps leading up to the round tub. She touched her pussy, pushed her middle finger in and spread her moist lips. She touched the tip of the rubber cock to the wet, pink area, moving it up and down until she found her opening. She pressed it in and winced. It was a tight fit. She pressed again, biting her lower lip. Her toes curled. She whimpered. Slowly, her pussy opened and the rubber penis slid between her lips.   
  
Pam sighed and let her head fall back. Her legs spread wider as she pushed the rubber cock deeper. It felt good, even though it wasn't as warm or as hard as the real thing. With one hand, she pumped it back and forth slowly, working it deeper bit by bit. With her other hand, she rubbed the button between her pussy lips. She moaned softly and closed her eyes.   
  
Most of her memories of the feel of Todd's body between her legs had faded. She remembered how his weight pressed down on her, how he forced her legs so wide, how his long thing was so hard and hot and deep inside her. She tried to pretend it was Ethan between her legs, tried to imagine his weight on top of her. His thing would burn inside her body, would be so much harder, so much deeper.   
  
She heard the doorknob click. By the time she realized the door was opening, it was too late. She sat up quickly, jerked the rubber cock out of her pussy with a pop and let her feet drop to the floor. She spun on the chair to face the door. Mr. Thorn stood in the doorway, his hand on the doorknob. His eyes were wide.   
  
"I'm sorry. I thought you were out," he said.   
  
He looked at the thing in her hand. Pam looked at the thing in her hand. It glistened with her juices.   
  
"Sorry," she said. She didn't know what to do with the rubber thing.   
  
Mr. Thorn came into the bathroom and closed the door.   
  
"Don't stop on account of me," he said. He was blocking the door.   
  
Pam trembled. Her heart was beating terribly. She glanced between Mr. Thorn's legs. The front of his shorts began to swell out.   
  
Pam's head spun. For a few seconds, she was frozen, then her body acted on its own, like she was watching a movie. She sat back in the chair. Her legs lifted and spread, her feet resting once more on the edge of the counter and the step. Her right hand spread the lips of her pussy and her left hand brought the tip of the rubber cock to her opening. It sunk into her body.   
  
Pam moaned. She looked at Mr. Thorn. He rubbed the front of his shorts. She could see the outline of his hard penis, and pushed the rubber penis deeper. Mr. Thorn unzipped his shorts. His hand reached in and came out with his penis. Pam gasped. His hand moved slowly up and down on his erection. Pam's eyes were fixed to it. She bit her lower lip between her teeth. Her fingers rubbed her button furiously and she pumped the rubber penis deep into her body.   
  
It was so close, as close as Ethan's when he surprised her in the hallway. She wanted it, not just to look at it or watch Mr. Thorn rub it. She wanted to feel it with her hands, feel it inside her, pushing deep into her body in place of the rubber one. She wanted to beg him to do it to her, but she couldn't. It felt too good; she didn't want to stop.   
  
Lights flashed behind her eyes. She moaned. It was happening again, finally, after so long. She could not take her eyes off Mr. Thorn's stiff thing. The waves of pleasure hit her again and again. She felt dizzy and weak. The last thing she saw, before everything went black, was the surprised look on Mr. Thorn's face.   
  
Someone was saying her name, and someone's strong hand was holding her shoulder. She opened her eyes and looked up into Mr. Thorn's face.   
  
"Pam, are you all right?" he said.   
  
She smiled. "I'm fine. Why?"   
  
"You passed out. Are you sure you're fine?"   
  
He helped her sit up. She was still in the chair, but had slipped over the side. She looked down between her legs. Mr. Thorn's hand was holding the end of the rubber thing.   
  
"I'm fine," she said again.   
  
Mr. Thorn tugged the rubber penis.   
  
"We should take this out. It's probably too big for you," he said.   
  
He pulled it out slowly. Pam noticed his cock hanging from the front of his shorts, still hard.   
  
"You can put your's in," she said. She looked way up at him and smiled.   
  
"How old are you, Pam?"   
  
"Eighteen."   
  
He stood between her spread legs, holding her ankle in one hand, the rubber cock in his other. His thing pointed straight at her pussy.   
  
"Eighteen?" he said.   
  
Pam nodded. "Please," she said in a whisper. Her chest was heaving.   
  
Mr. Thorn dropped the rubber thing and grabbed her other ankle, pulling her legs apart. She reached up and closed her small hand around his thing and sighed. It was hot and hard. That was what she needed, not cold and soft like the rubber one. She moved her hand back and forth slowly, just like she saw him do, just like she saw Ethan do.   
  
"Tell me what you want."   
  
"I want you. I want this." She squeezed his thing.   
  
He closed his eyes and moaned softly.   
  
"What do you want me to do?" he said.   
  
"What?"   
  
Mr. Thorn looked at her. He smiled. "Tell me what you want me to do."   
  
Pam hesitated, her mouth hanging open, panting.   
  
"Love me," she said.   
  
"Tell me you want me to love you."   
  
"I want you to ... I want you to love me, Mr. Thorn, please."   
  
Mr. Thorn released her ankles. Her feet dropped to the floor. He slipped his hands under her arms and scooped her up, lifting her to the edge of the counter like she was just a doll. His hands closed over her boobies, squeezing gently. Pam lay her head back against the wide mirror. She closed her eyes and licked her lips. Her butt squirmed. Her legs dangled over the edge.   
  
"Oh Mr. Thorn, Mr. Thorn," Pam said with a soft sigh.   
  
He unfastened the snap holding his shorts up and let them fall to the floor. Pam watched his thing bob up and down. Mr. Thorn lifted her legs by her ankles and pulled them apart. He stepped closer. This was it. It was going to happen, finally.   
  
"Yes ... yes ... yes," she moaned. She grabbed the edge of the counter with both hands.   
  
The tip of his thing found her opening, as if on its own. Pam held her breath. The round tip burned her soft pussy lips. Mr. Thorn pushed. It disappeared between her lips. She groaned.   
  
"Does it feel good?"   
  
"Yes, Mr. Thorn, it feels good," Pam said. Her voice was just a whisper.   
  
Mr. Thorn pushed it deeper. He held her legs high over her head and pumped with his hips. Pam was panting and moaning. She touched his sides lightly with her hands, holding him by his waist.   
  
The rubber one did not compare. Nothing was as good as the real thing, because it came attached to a man's body. Mr. Thorn had a good body, just a little bit plump. His waist had soft handles at the sides she could squeeze and hold while he pumped himself inside her. She reached up and stroked his bald head.   
  
"Oh Pam. Oh Pam," Mr. Thorn said.   
  
His back stiffened. He grunted. Pam felt the first splash of warm cum inside her and gasped. She closed her eyes. He was filling her with it. She sighed, smiling.   
  
Mr. Thorn's thrusting slowed, then stopped. He was panting. Pam had one hand on his head and one hand on his chest. She moved her hips slowly back and forth. His stuff leaked out of her slit, down between the cheeks of her butt.   
  
Mr. Thorn pulled himself from her pussy. His white stuff came out with it like a flood. He let her ankles down and looked between her legs, then into her eyes.   
  
"I'm afraid I probably got you pregnant," he said.   
  
"I can't."   
  
"Can't what?"   
  
"I can't. The doctors said I'm broken, inside. I can't."   
  
Mr. Thorn looked puzzled, then he nodded.   
  
"Oh, you poor child. I'm so sorry."   
  
Pam shrugged. "It's ok."   
  
Mr. Thorn picked up his shorts, stepped into them and pulled the zipper up. Pam frowned when his penis disappeared behind the zipper.   
  
"I'll have dinner ready when you're done swimming," he said. His eyes looked over her naked body from her head to her toes and back up to her eyes. He leaned forward, kissed her forehead, then tilted his head to the side and kissed her lips.   
  
"Maybe we'll do this again sometime," he said, and turned to the door. It clicked shut behind him.   
  
Pam sighed and squeezed her legs together. Mr. Thorn's cum moved inside her. She stood up, put on the bikini and looked at herself in the mirror. Her boobs were swollen and the sides showed from behind the bikini top. In the back, the bottom slipped into her crack. She smiled at herself. She looked a little different somehow, more like Mom, not so much like some of the other girls she knew. She liked it.   
  
Pam walked barefoot through the house to the sliding glass door. Her boobs jiggled with every step. She couldn't keep the smile off her face. The warmth of Mr. Thorn's seed tingled inside her, and only the two of them knew what they had done.   
  
She slid the door open and stepped outside to the patio. Mom was sitting in a deck chair, watching Ethan. He stood at the end of the diving board and dove in. Mr. Thorn was at the grill with a plate of chicken and hamburgers. Mrs. Thorn was next to Mom, sitting sideways on another deck chair. She looked at Pam. Her mouth opened. Pam looked away. She knew what they did, too.   
  
Pam walked straight to the pool, hoping no one looked at her jiggling boobs. Ethan splashed her as soon as she got to the edge. She shrieked. She sat on the edge with her feet in the cool water to lower herself in. He grabbed her ankle and pulled her in.   
  
Gayle stood up. She walked to the grill, where Francis was setting the plate with the chicken and hamburgers. He opened the lid of the grill to check the temperature.   
  
"Is it ready?" she said.   
  
"Just about." He closed the lid.   
  
Gayle lowered her voice. "Did you fuck her?"   
  
Francis dropped the tongs. He bent down to pick them up, then looked like he didn't know what to do with them. He looked at Anne, then at Gayle.   
  
"Who?" he said.   
  
"Pam."   
  
"Pam?"   
  
"Yes, Pam."   
  
He glanced past her at the kids in the pool. He cleared his throat.   
  
"Yes, I did."   
  
Gayle picked up the plate. She opened the lid and slapped the hamburgers and chicken breasts on the grill. When she spoke, her teeth were clenched.   
  
"You're one to talk about seducing children. How could you do such a thing? She's only seventeen, for God's sake."   
  
"She's eighteen," Francis said.   
  
"Oh. Well, that makes all the difference, doesn't it?"   
  
"Am I supposed to be sorry?"   
  
The meat sizzled. She put the plate on the tray next to the grill and took the tongs from his hands.   
  
"You're supposed to be careful. She's vulnerable right now. You took advantage of a child."   
  
Francis said nothing. Gayle let out a deep breath. Maybe she had gone too far. She put the tongs back in his hands.   
  
"These need to be washed before you use them again," she said.   
  
He went into the house. Gayle put her hands on her hips and shook her head. She turned to watch the kids splash in the pool. Pam was floating on her back. Her body had the shape of a grown woman. No wonder Francis found it so difficult to resist her.   
  
  
Ethan climbed out at the far end of the pool, dripping with water. He was tall, slender and lean. His stomach was rigid and flat and the muscles of his arms rippled under his skin. He walked around the pool to the deck chair. His wet shorts clung to his groin, revealing a hint of the shape of what he kept hidden in them. He rubbed the towel over his body and through his hair, then went inside. He glanced at her as he went past. She smiled.   
  
Gayle turned to Anne. "I'll be right back," she said and went into the house.   
  
Ethan's wet footprints tracked across the tiled floor. Francis was at the kitchen sink, washing the tongs.   
  
"Where'd he go?" she said.   
  
Francis looked around. "Who? Ethan?"   
  
"Yes."   
  
"I think he went to the bathroom. Why?"   
  
"Do me a favor," Gayle said.   
  
Francis turned off the water. "What?"   
  
"Keep his mother occupied."   
  
"Why? What are you going to do?"   
  
"What do you think?" she said.   
  
She went down the hall, walking softly. The bathroom door was closed. She turned left and went into the bedroom. She put her hands on her hips. She had to figure out a reason to get him in there. Once he was in her bedroom, the rest was easy. She looked up at the light fixture attached to the fan that hung from the ceiling, and smiled.   
  
The toilet flushed. She imagined him holding that cock, then pulling his wet swim trunks back up over it. The bathroom door opened.   
  
"Ethan?" she said.   
  
He poked his head around the bedroom door.   
  
"Yes, Ma'am?"   
  
"You so sweet. You know, you can call me Gayle."   
  
"Yes, Ma'am," he said.   
  
Gayle smiled. "Could you help me, please? I think one of these lights has stopped working." She pointed at the light fixture over her head.   
  
Ethan stood beside her and looked up. Her shoulder brushed his arm.   
  
"Which one?"   
  
"I don't know. Could you make sure they're screwed in?"   
  
"Sure." He grabbed the chair from Francis' desk. "Is it ok if I use this chair?"   
  
"I'm sure it is. You don't have your shoes on."   
  
Ethan moved the chair directly under the light and stepped onto it. He reached over his head for the light bulbs. Gayle sucked in her breath. She could clearly see the outline of his penis in his wet shorts.   
  
She put her hands on his thighs. "Don't fall over," she said.   
  
Ethan looked down at her. She squeezed his thighs. The lump in the front of his shorts twitched.   
  
"How does it feel?" she said.   
  
He blinked twice. "Uh, they're all tight. It should work."   
  
The front of his swim trunks stretched out. His legs trembled. Gayle put her hand over the hard lump. He sucked in his breath.   
  
"I think it'll work fine," she said. She tugged his wet shorts down.   
  
"What are you gonna do?"   
  
"I'm gonna give you a blowjob, hon."   
  
"A blowjob?" he said.   
  
Gayle nodded. "Have you ever had a blowjob?" He shook his head. "You'll like it, trust me."   
  
The shorts came down slowly. First, she saw his pubic hair, then the base of his thick shaft and fat balls. She was immediately relieved and excited at the same time. He was as big as she remembered, and it was just what she wanted. The shorts slipped down to his knees and his cock leapt out, bobbing an inch or so in front of her face.   
  
"Oh Ethan," Gayle said with a sigh.   
  
She put her hand around the shaft and licked the tip. He tasted of chlorinated pool water. She kissed the fat, round head and licked the side.   
  
"Do you like that?"   
  
"Yes," he said with a groan.   
  
She grinned. God had not yet created the man who did not enjoy her blowjobs. Even the few gay men who'd allowed her this close complimented her on her skill.   
  
She lifted the long, heavy shaft out of the way and kissed his balls. Ethan groaned. It was such a thrill to excite a young man, especially when he never experienced such a treat. She sucked his balls into her mouth. It was especially satisfying to know he wasn't likely to get a better blowjob in his life.   
  
"Oh my God, Mrs. Thorn," Ethan moaned.   
  
He put his hand around his cock. Gayle smacked the back of his hand and he jerked it away.   
  
"Don't you dare jerk yourself off when I'm giving a blowjob."   
  
"Sorry."   
  
"You better be," she said.   
  
She untied the front of her halter, pulled it away and let her tits fall out. Ethan's eyes went right to them. She snickered. His boyish fascination with breasts was irresistible. She kneaded them with her fingers. Ethan licked his lips.   
  
"Now, you're not gonna cum too soon, are you, dear?" she said. She put her hand around his cock.   
  
"Come?"   
  
"Yes, cum. You know, shoot your stuff?" She pumped his cock slowly. "When I suck a man off, I like him to cum on my tits." She touched the tip of his long cock to her nipple. "You think you can do that?"   
  
"Yes ma'am," Ethan said in a choked voice.   
  
"Good, because that's what I want you to do, all right?"   
  
"Ok."   
  
She wedged his cock in the valley between her heavy tits and rubbed his cock.   
  
"You just tell me when you're ready to cum."   
  
She lifted his cock, opened her mouth wide, and sucked the head between her lips. Ethan groaned. She worked her lips and tongue over the head, pumping the shaft in her hand. He was huge, maybe a bit bigger than she anticipated. She never sucked a cock as big as his. Her jaw was stretched wide. She managed to take only the head and a bit of the shaft. With most guys, she could take their cocks all the way down. Ethan would not be so easy.   
  
She could make him cum, though. Ethan wouldn't be too difficult. She imagined most nineteen year old boys would cum if she just looked at their hard cocks. Ethan did well to control himself. She sucked in her cheeks and moved her head back and forth slowly. Ethan's knees buckled a bit. He put one hand on top of her head and one hand on her shoulder. Gayle sucked faster.   
  
The bedroom door opened. She jerked Ethan's cock out of her mouth and turned to the door. Francis stood in the doorway, his hand on the doorknob. He came in and shut the door.   
  
"What's going on here?" he said.   
  
"I'm giving the boy a blowjob, Francis. It would be easier if you didn't interrupt."   
  
"I'm really sorry," Ethan said.   
  
"For what, honey?" Gayle said. She looked up at him. She heard a nervous tremor in his voice.   
  
"I'm the one who should apologize. Your mother's looking for you," Francis said. He walked toward Ethan, shaking his head. His eyes were fixed to the boy's cock. "My goodness, son. That sure is an impressive penis."   
  
"Francis, I'm trying to make the boy cum. I don't have the time to be messing around."   
  
"No, let me just measure it real quick." He got a tape measure from the top drawer of his desk.   
  
"But, Mr. Thorn ..." Ethan said.   
  
"Wait, just a second. Just hold it up for me, hon."   
  
Gayle sighed and rolled her eyes. She raised Ethan's cock. Francis stretched the tape along its length. His eyebrows arched.   
  
"Twelve inches. That's a hell of a tool."   
  
"That's nice, dear, now can I finish, please?" Gayle said. She heard Anne call for Ethan from the living room.   
  
"That's my Mom," Ethan said. He reached down for his shorts. "She'll kill me if she sees me like this."   
  
"God damnit," Gayle said. She carefully bent his cock sideways to stuff it back into his shorts. "I'm sorry I didn't get you off, honey. Maybe next time."   
  
The door opened just as she tied her halter top. Anne looked at all three of them.   
  
"Ethan, there you are. You ready to eat?" she said.   
  
"Yeah, I'm starving."   
  
He jumped down off the chair. Gayle stepped between them to block her view of her son's shorts and the huge bulge in the front.   
  
"Ethan's really been a dear. I don't think we could have got that fan fixed without him," Gayle said.   
  
She put her hand on Anne's shoulder and turned her to the door. She glanced quickly at her son's groin. Did she see the lump? Was she able to figure out what was going on? If they got out of this, she was going to make Francis pay for cutting them off.   
  
End.