**She's a Tease**

by MIKE HUNT

I was returning Karen & John's vacuum cleaner. Mine had blown up a couple of weeks earlier, and I hadn't spent the money to fix it or buy a new one yet. I didn't know either Karen or John particularly well; they had only moved into our duplex about 3 or 4 months before, and what with work schedules and all, I only ran into them at the mailbox or front door a few times for a couple of seconds.

Anyway, Karen answered the door, and as I thanked her for the use of the appliance, she told me stash it in the cleaning closet under the stairs in the living room. I carried it into her house, making polite conversation as we walked through the foyer and living room.

Hanging in front of the door to the closet was a dress in a cellophane bag. It looked to be new.

"New dress?" I asked. "Big event coming up?"

"Yes, and sort of," she replied. John is having some of his people from work over for a dinner party on Thursday, and I wanted to get something new to wear. But now I'm not so sure about it," Karen said.

"Why?" I asked innocently.

"Well, I was in one of my flirty moods when I bought it, and now I'm not sure it appropriate for his boss and coworkers," she said. I wondered what John thought of the dress, when she answered my unspoken question by saying "I just got it yesterday, and John hasn't seen it yet. In fact, he won't, because he's out of town on business until Thursday afternoon, and then he's picking them up at work and bringing them all here for the celebration dinner party. Some big deal they're closing this week..." She paused, and then said, "And his boss is kind of conservative. Would you do me a favor? Would you take a look at it and tell me what you think?"

"Sure," I said. "Always glad to help a damsel in dis-dress."

She groaned at my bad joke. So did I. She grabbed the hangar down from its perch on the railing above the door, and said "Just put the vacuum cleaner under the stairs. I'll change and be right out."

Her bedroom door was just opposite the closet, but she closed the door most of the way, and I couldn't see anything. But we continued talking.

She began. "Sometimes I'm just in such a mood, and I like to show off, a little. Well, maybe a lot, actually. I think it's a reaction to my ugly duckling years when I was a teenager."

"Well, those days are over," I almost shouted through the door. Karen, you see, is about 5' 6", shoulder length brunette hair, and has a killer figure. I knew she was nice looking, but today she was walking around in a T-shirt and tight jeans, and it was the first time I had really noticed how bouncy her tits were, and what a great hourglass shape she had.

"Thanks," she replied. "But I'm afraid I've turned into a bit of a flirt and a tease. Well, maybe more than a bit. I like to have men look at me. Once my figure filled out and I realized I wasn't quite so ugly any more, I sort of got the attitude `If you've got it, show it'. Cause I figure in another 10 or 20 years I won't have it, and then what?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean. I'm looking forward to another 20 years when I have a pot belly and am wearing fuzzy slippers around the house, myself," I joked.

She laughed. "But I am a little afraid that this dress might be a bit too much for a business dinner, so you can really help me by being completely honest."

"OK," I promised.

Karen appeared in the doorway. And she wasn't kidding. The dress was short. Real short. I estimated it ended about 4 or 5 inches below her crotch. The material was skin tight up to her breasts, and was like a thin satin or some such. But at the bust line, that material ended and gave way to a cottony bodice which held her breasts straight out, sort of in the fashion of the Swiss-miss ski outfits. The effect of the different material and her beautiful boobs was eye-shattering, to say the least. Best of all, the cottony bra section was quite low cut, showing the beginning swell of her breasts above it as she breathed in and out.

"Wow," I managed to say. OK, so my tongue was stuck in my throat. Witty conversation while staring at a beautiful girl has never been my strong suit. In fact, I'm quite shy, which perhaps accounts for why I hadn't taken much note of this goddess living right next door. "Wow," I said again.

"Well thanks, I think. But what do you think? A little too much for a business party?"

"To be truthful, I'd say it's right on the line. Maybe a little too much, maybe not. What do you think John will think?"

She answered quickly and without hesitation. "Oh, he'll probably think it's fine. He likes to show me off. He's completely secure in our relationship. And so am I. I have a wonderful marriage. I would never do anything to jeopardize it, I mean, like sleeping with someone else or something. And he knows what a tease I can be, especially when I put my mind to it."

"Well, then, what's the problem?" I wondered out loud.

"Maybe several things." John's boss is quite a bit taller than me, or even you. For example, here get up on the stair."

I moved to the first stair of the staircase.

"Now look." And with that, she turned around with her back to me and moved back so that I was looking down her dress. "See what I mean? I can't tell if he'll be able to see too much, and I don't want to leave a bad impression on the boss, right?" She paused for a moment. I drank in the view. "How much can you see?" she asked.

"Ah, er, I mean, some, ah,"

"Oh for heaven's sakes," she snorted. "Be honest. They're just boobs. All women have them. It's not like they're a rare commodity or something." Hers were, believe me. She went on, "Would you rather call them tits? You do call them tits when you're with the guys, right? I call them tits, too. How much can you see?"

There was an awkward lull. But I decided to press bravely on.

"Well, I would say I can see about halfway down, I mean about half-way, I guess. It's quite a view, I will have to admit. But if you're just careful not to let him sneak up behind you, you shouldn't have to worry, right?"

The entire time she was standing there, just letting me stare down her blouse at her ripe melons. God, is there a job like this anywhere on the planet?

"Yeah, I guess so. But that's not all. Here, sit down." She led me to a wooden chair in the living room. It was more of a stool with a high back, actually. I sat down.

"Suppose I'm serving hors d'oeuvres." She grabbed a magazine and held it out as though it were a serving tray. She bent over at the waist, directly in front of me, pretending to offer me a canape. She said "Can I interest you in something to nibble on?" As she bent over, the top of the blouse billowed down nearly revealing her full hanging breasts, my eyes were riveted on that most beautiful sight. I stared and stared, until she finally said, "Ahem. Hello? Can I have your attention please?"

Finally I took my eyes out of her blouse and looked up into her face. She was smiling quite broadly at me, and said, "See, I told you I like to tease. But I don't want to be blatant about it, or anything. So I need to know if this looks, well, too much." At this point she was still bent over, and the square cut neckline of the dress was still hanging away from her tits. I could see virtually everything except the cherry nipples which were still shielded from view. My eyes shifted back down and stared. My eyes never moved as I spoke.

"Well I suppose you could be a little careful about bending over like that, cause I certainly can see a lot of your, ah, you know, cleavage."

"Cleavage. I'm guessing you can see more than cleavage. Anyway, I've always thought that's a funny word. I wonder where "cleavage" ends and tits begin? I wonder why people use euphemisms like that. I call them tits. Don't you? I'm sure you mean tits. Is there some reason you don't like that word?" As I kept my gaze confined on her window of womanhood, she continued, "Would you rather call them jugs? How about hooters?" She giggled.

She was right. Somehow I was having trouble sitting in front of this gorgeous creature and staring down her dress and talking about her tits. I resolved to change that.

"OK, yes, I can see most of your, ah, tits. And just beautiful ones they are, too, if I might say. Some of the nicest tits I've seen in quite a while. OK? There, I said it. Tits."

She giggled. "Oh I've embarrassed you. I'm such a flirt. But I really needed to know. Thanks."

I replied "And maybe you should watch what you say at those times, too. Like `Would you like something to nibble on' could be taken the wrong way. Maybe you should try `Can I offer you something?' Oh, no, that doesn't work. Well maybe `Here, I made them myself.' Er, well, you know, something else that doesn't give the wrong impression."

"Good idea," she shot back. "While I'm passing out the snacks, maybe I'll just say `Grab `em while they're hot!'"

We both cracked up. I was getting onto the game, finally. Hey, I may be slow, but I can be fun. She finally straightened back up. Needless to say, I had already straightened up, some, myself.

As she stood back, she said "There's one other thing about this dress that I'm concerned about." She turned slightly to the side and flexed one knee forward. "Panty lines. Look. See these wrinkles where my panties are. That's the trouble with these clingy materials."

"Didn't you notice when you bought the dress?" I asked.

"No, I wasn't wearing panties that day," she said.

I almost choked.

"I often don't, except when I know I'm going to be trying on shoes, or something. Even then, I forget sometimes. It certainly does make for an interesting time in the shoe store. Usually the guys want to help me try on 20 or 30 pairs!" She continued "But I just didn't think how panties would look with this. And it makes the whole thing positively ugly."

I countered quickly. "I don't really think ugly is the right word. In fact I'd have to say that the whole damn package is pretty amazing, panty lines or not."

She told me to turn my head to the left and look at the fireplace. I did as she asked, and when she told me to turn back, there were her panties draped over the back of the sofa. She stood straight in front of me, with her legs about 6" apart. "Now doesn't that honestly look better?" she asked.

My head turned from the panties on the sofa to the area where they had been just moments before and back. The dress still covered that amazing space at the juncture of her slender legs, but the knowledge that there was just one little wispy, clingy piece of cloth in the way of my view was an immense turn on. I tried to burn a hole in the cloth with my eyes. No luck. Still, depending on how she moved, I could see the occasional outline, the hint of it, really, of her pubic hair pushing out against the cloth.

"Yes, that honestly looks better. Real honestly. Unbelievably really honestly." My words were getting harder and harder for me to pronounce. And other parts of my anatomy were suffering the same effect.

She walked over and picked up the panties. "Here, look," she said. You could have blown me over with a feather. How far was this going to go, I wondered. But I remembered her speech about her husband and how much in love they were and how she would never do anything to jeopardize her marriage. Well, that was OK. This was certainly entertainment enough. And then I remembered that her husband was out of town until Thursday. So...

Anyway, she held out the panties, saying "They're part of a matched set. Really. It's so cute. Want to see the other half?" I readily agreed. She walked into the bedroom and returned just a moment later with a shink-wrapped package.

"I thought it would be a bra," I said.

"No no no. It's a matched set. His and hers. They were just so cute that I couldn't resist. These are his. Go ahead, open the package. He probably won't wear them anyway."

My fingers pried at the plastic. "Why not?", i said.

"Oh he only wears briefs, and these are boxer shorts. But I just thought the idea of the `His and Hers" was so cute that I had to get them. Whaddya think?"

"Well I wear boxers, so I'm not prejudiced," I started. But before I could get out another word she squealed and interrupted.

"Oh you're kidding. Oh that's great. Would you do me the biggest favor. I mean the real biggest? Would you model them for me? Maybe that will give me some ideas on how to get John to wear them."

It was a pretty lame excuse, I thought, but hey, who was I to argue. "Ah, sure, sure. I suppose." I stood up and went for my belt.

She stopped me. "For heavens sakes, not here. Go change in the bedroom and come back out."

"Oh," I said. "Sorry." Guess her marriage speech was more real than I had hoped. Oh well. Just keep playing, I thought.

I stepped into the bedroom, dropped my pants and my shorts. My dick jumped out at half-staff. I did my best to get into the boxers and tried to lose at least a little of my erection, and after a couple of moments succeeded in getting as comfortable as I could with a small tent sticking up in the front.

"Well, are you ever coming back?" she said. Her voice was raised enough to hear clearly around the corner.

"Ready or not," I said. I walked around the corner. Her eyes rocketed to the shorts. She burst out laughing.

"They're great. Just great."

I had to say, I thought they were queer. There was a big red heart plastered on the front of them, a design I hadn't seen when they were folded inside the shink-wrap. "Well, I think they're a little weird," I noted.

"Why," she asked. "Don't you get it? See? Her heart-on."

I honestly hadn't noticed the little "Her" embroidered above the big heart. She stabbed at the word with her finger. About 3 inches from my manhood, and closing. But it was not to be. She really was just pointing out the word on the shorts.

"Here, look." She picked up her panties again. Now I noticed the little embroidery on them, the word "His" with a picture of a cat. I wrinkled my nose. The cat was positioned right across the pubic area.

"His pussy. Don't you get it? I think it's a riot. Her heart-on, his pussy. Oh, I just had to have them."

I let out an involuntary breath. "Oh, yea, now I get it. Pretty funny." Where was this going?

She continued, "Of course, yours aren't always supposed to look like they do now. You know, with your boner in there, and everything."

I blushed. I flushed. She went on. "That's OK. Really. I've seen a boner before. But we can cure that."

"What do you mean," I asked.

"Well, we can just wait a while. I'm sure it'll go down if we just give it some time." She hesitated. "Or..."

"Or?" I said.

"Or we can just whap Mister Wiggle there with a rolled up newspaper or something. At least I won't be worried that you're going to rip the material."

"Oh," I said, involuntarily pulling my pelvis back. "I thought maybe there would be some other alternative..." I trailed off.

"No," she said. "Remember the rules. Teasing and flirting is OK. But I don't want to do something that could affect my marriage. Remember?"

"Yeah, sure. I agree. Absolutely." I didn't mean a word of it, but what the hell, this broad had set the rules and I was sure enjoying the game. I saw no reason to take the chance of screwing it up.

"So, we'll just wait a few minutes, and they I'll get to see how those shorts look without the tent option." She smiled. I smiled back. OK, what now?

She said "Have a seat," motioning me back to my narrow little hard back chair. Sitting down did nothing to disguise my condition. "I'm sure if we just wait, that ole hard-on will go away and then you can model the shorts for me again."

"This could be a long wait," I said. As I sat there staring at her, she stepped directly in front of me and cast her eyes down at my groin. Yeah, this could take a long time, I thought.

She stood facing me while holding her arms behind her, not exactly sticking her chest out, but the effect was nearly the same. She had her panties in her hands which were folded together behind her butt. Suddenly she dropped the panties.

"Oh my," she said. And with that she turned around and bent at the waist to pick them up. Her knees were locked rigid, and as she bent over the back of the dress rode up and the full flower of her womanhood stared me in the face.

"Oh my god," I said.

"What?" she asked.

"You should be careful about bending over in a short skirt in front of people when you don't have any panties on. At the party I mean, of course."

"Why?" she asked innocently. "Can you see something else that you're not supposed to see?" She ever so slowly began to straighten up, still facing away from me. God, what an ass!

"Yes, actually. I could sort of, you know, kind of see, your, ah,"

"Oh here we go again," she interrupted. "Don't tell me you could see my pussy. Oh how embarrassing."

Needless to say, if I thought I was hard before, now I could have used my dick to pound a nail into concrete. The effect of her talking about her pussy almost made me lose it right then and there. This was just about like having a wet-dream except with your eyes open and you remember every second of it.

"OK, yes, your pussy. I could see a little of your, ah, pussy." I still wasn't totally comfortable talking with this voluptuous neighbor about her pussy. But what the heck, when in Rome, I always say.

"How much of it," she wanted to know.

"Well, I don't know how to describe it, exactly."

She began to lean over again. "Well, if I bend over this far, how much can you see?" She inclined at about a 20 degree angle.

"Not much. Nothing really, the dress hasn't lifted enough to let me see anything." It was a lie, but not by much. I could just barely see a few wisps of pubic hair and the very edge of her cunt lips. But it was honest enough to keep the conversation going.

"So how about now?" She leaned forward and bent into a sideways "L", with the top half of her body parallel to the floor. If I were on the other side, I'd have been looking right down her blouse. From this side the view was at least as interesting.

"Oh yes, I can start to see it now. Yes, yes, it's coming into view. It's really a pretty little pussy." I was starting to get comfortable. "I can almost see the lips now." Another lie. I had a perfect view of her cunt lips. I saw that her entire region was a bit puffy. Perhaps she was having the same sort of blood flow reaction that I was. I hoped so.

"So if I were to bend over to pick up a dime off the floor, like this..." She bent over fully. "You'd be able to see everything. And of course at a business dinner that wouldn't be a good thing, probably."

She didn't move, staying bent over for my viewing pleasure. "This is really being helpful. Thanks a lot. I really appreciate it."

"Oh that's alright. What are neighbors for if not to help out?" I gallantly replied. She was still bent at the waist. I drank it in.

As she slowly straightened up, I said "I have an idea that might help. Turn around." She stood up and faced me. I reached out with both hands and pinched the dress at her waist and gave a little tug down. "If the dress were just a little longer, maybe you wouldn't have this problem." I knew it was a joke, and so did she, but she played along.

"Well, maybe. But now I'm worried about something else. If the bottom comes down, the top comes down a little bit too. Here, look. If I were to accidentally bring my arms forward like this and hug myself..."

She wrapped her arms under her breasts and squeezed up as she said it, and the effect was electric. Her breasts rose up like half moons out of the bodice of the dress. I could even see just the top part of the circles of her nipples, which were beginning to grow and darken. "See, that wouldn't be good." She paused for a moment, then continued. "Oh, I'm such a terrible tease."

"Well that's true. I mean about what happens if you hug your sides. And yes, you are a terrible tease, but there are worse things, I suppose. Anyway, if you were just careful and didn't squeeze yourself like that, maybe you wouldn't have to worry so much about the bottom of the dress."

"OK, tell me know if this is better." With that she turned around and began to lean over again. The effect was the same. But this time her legs were apart by a few inches. As she reached 90 degrees, I had a perfect view of her cunt.

"Oh, I'm afraid you're right," I said. "I can still see your pussy, right here, staring me in the face. So if you were to bend over and pick up that dime..." As I said it, she involuntarily did it, giving me a 100% view. "Yep, I was right. I sure can see everything now. Absolutely everything. And I should say it's really a great looking snatch." What a cunt! Whew.

Suddenly she straightened up and turned to face me. "OK, let's see those shorts. It's been a few minutes. Let's see how you look now without the boner."

"Are you crazy?" I exclaimed. "After the last couple of minutes, you think my dick got smaller? What have you been smoking?"

"Hey, you promised," she protested. "Stand up." I did. If there had been a tent in the front of the boxer shorts before, now it was like the whole Ringling Brothers circus had moved in.

"Whoops," she giggled. "Guess it didn't work. Goodness, and what a boner. You're really going to destroy my husband's shorts if you're not careful."

"Sorry," I replied.

"So just take it out, and relieve the pressure," she suggested.

"Just take it out?" I asked.

"Sure. At least we won't have to worry about crushing your friend in there," she replied.

"Perhaps you'd like to help?" I fairly implored.

"Now now, you know the rules. Anyway, I think you're just trying to get something started that shouldn't be started," she said. ME! HAH! "You're just trying to get me to grab ole' wet willy there, and goodness knows where that could lead. Nope. You do it."

"OK. OK." And I stood up, and with a few bumps and grinds of my hips, managed to arrange my dick so it was ready to poke out of the flap in the front. I was in a funny crouched position, perfectly vertical except for my pelvis, which I was trying to keep back, which would keep my rigid rod back as well.

She said, "Come on, come on, stop stalling. There's no reason to be embarrassed. You think I've never seen a guy's dick before? For heaven sakes, I'm not even interested in seeing your dick. I just want to see if the pants will look good without all that strain behind them." YEAH. SURE. I thought.

I poked the head of my dick out through the flap. Her eyes were drawn to it like metal to a magnet. As I straightened up out of my crouch, my dick continued to march forward, an inch at a time.

"Oh yes, I see. That's much better," she said. Look how nice and smooth the pants fit you. Almost like a glove."

"Well if it were a glove, there'd be another finger in the front to keep me warm." We both laughed. "Just a little joke," I said.

"Anything but little," she retorted. She bent down in front of me, as if to inspect the pants. Her hands went up to the cloth to smooth it. She grabbed at the front panel and gave a little tug both down and back, and my balls popped out through the flap. "Perfect," she said. "Now look at how smooth the pants lay." She gently stroked the cloth, somehow managing to stroke the front of the shorts without ever actually touching me. As she stroked the pants, she smoothed the material across my pubic hair, then down between my legs and under my balls.

"And look how cute the set is together," she said. With that she brought her panties up in front of me, holding them by their sides. As she held them out in front of her, and moved them toward the matching shorts, the panties lightly brushed against my throbbing cock. She held the panties up against my shorts, as though she were looking at them and contemplating their color coordination or something. I thought I would blow my load at that moment, but managed to restrain myself. She continued to move the panties up and down, then back and forth lightly against my dick. The torture was exquisite.

"Ah god, that feels great," I exclaimed. At that, she seemed to snap back to attention.

"Oops," she said. "Almost got carried away. This teasing stuff is hard."

"That's not all," I interrupted.

"You know what I mean, difficult. But there's a line and that's that."

"Don't you ever get carried away," I said perhaps with more than a cupful of frustration in my voice.

"Don't be silly," she replied. "I'm always in control. Here, look."

She pushed me back and I stumbled against my high-backed chair. As I sat down she moved toward me. With one leg on the outside of each of mine, she sat down on my lap, straddling me. She was just inches in front of me, her passionate pussy resting barely in front of my throbbing dick. She grabbed the two upright posts of the chair back for support.

"See?" she said, not totally convincingly. "There's nothing going on here that shouldn't be. I can stop anytime I want. It's no big deal."

"Believe me it's big, and getting bigger," I said.

"Oh sure," she replied. If it gets any bigger, it'll be poking me in the forehead."

"It's pretty close now," I told her.

"Really?" she said. "Let me see." And with that she bent forward tilting her neck to look down. But as she bent forward, the top of her dress again billowed out, giving me a repeat showing of those beautiful hills that I had seen several minutes earlier.

"Uh oh, Uh oh. Tit alert," I called.

""Uh oh," she said. "Thanks for the warning. Boy it sure is a good thing I didn't accidentally do this at the same time." And with that, she brought her arms in and hugged her sides. Her breasts rose up; C cups, I guessed. Again she was showing the tops of her nipples over the gauzy fabric. And suddenly with a little extra squeeze, she gave a little bounce, and her tits completely flopped out of the top of the dress.

"Uh oh, serious tit alert," I said.

"Oh my, how embarrassing. Maybe if I do this..." She rose up on her toes. "Yeah, I really have to be on my toes now." As she did so, her body moved forward a couple of inches, until that sweet pussy was pushing up against the side of my engorged cock. I could feel the lubrication of her cunt sliding against the bottom of my dick. She was breathing harder now. "No, that's not going to work. I thought maybe I could swing them back into my top. Would you help me?" she asked. "Would you put me back together again? Up on my toes like this, and leaning this way I'm a little wobbly." Of course she could have easily taken care of the situation just by standing up, but her up and down movements, scraping her clit up and down the base of my shaft probably interfered with her thinking.

"What do you mean, put you back together?" I innocently asked.

"You know, straighten my dress. Your hands are free. Mine aren't. I have to keep my balance."

"You mean, put your tits back in your top? If that's what you mean, say it. Don't be embarrassed. What's the matter, are you afraid to say the word `tits" to me?" I had finally turned the tables on her.

"Yes, damn it. Please put my tits back in my dress. This is very embarrassing, sitting here with someone I hardly know and my tits are bouncing around right in your face."

"They're not in my face. I would know if they were in my face," I said.

"We'll they're practically in your face, and if I moved up just a couple of inches...like this...they would be."

Sure enough, she had managed to shove her tits right in my face. I wasn't exactly complaining. More like wondering where to get artificial respiration later. Or wondering if I would even care.

"OK, I'll be nice just this once," I said calmly. And with that, I took my right hand and cupped her bare breast. The nipple grew and got harder, until it felt like it was going to poke a hole in my palm.

"What are you doing," she suddenly said. "Are you trying to cop a cheap feel? I just asked you to help me put my tits back in my dress. I don't think you have to hold it that long to do that."

"I just wanted to do it gently," I improvised. "It really wouldn't do for me to just grab your tit and shove it into your dress, do you think? I have to be careful. Believe me, I'm just trying to do this job right."

"Well, alright, but don't even think about trying to get a feel. There are rules, you know." She was breathing heavier and heavier with every passing moment.

I placed the tit back in her dress. Now it was time to repeat the operation with my left hand and her left breast. As my hand reached up to hold her tit, she suddenly let out a shudder, and lost her balance.

She caught herself with bullseye accuracy, her cunt opening poised directly on the top of my vertical member. About half of the head of my dick was into her pussy when I said, "This would be a lot easier if you weren't quite so unstable. Perhaps you should sit down." Staring me straight in the eye, she said she thought that was a good idea, and slowly slid, pausing every half-inch or so. Our conversation continued as though nothing was happening.

"You really have lovely eyes," I said, looking deeply into her eyes. She slid down another half-inch.

"Really? Thank you. I'm lucky, I guess. My eye color goes with my hair color," she said. Another half-inch.

I glanced down at the junction of her legs, now busy fighting the losing fight against my pecker. "And your hair color is natural, too," I said.

She looked down at my dick, pushing inch by inch into her warm, wet pussy. "Yes, and it looks like you're naturally curly haired, as well," she replied.

I looked back into her eyes. She sank down another inch. I said "I'm getting the funniest feeling."

"What?" she asked.

"Sort of sexual, you know. With my hand here holding your tit. And you sitting in my lap..." I trailed off.

"I know what you mean," she said. "If I didn't know better, I would almost think that I was making love with someone. I can almost feel a man's hardness pushing into me." With that she suddenly sat down hard, ramming me as far into her as I could possibly go.

"Careful, careful," I said.

"Right, careful," she repeated. If I weren't careful, something could happen here, and that would break the rules." She seemed to want to completely ignore my dick which was now exploring the depths of the inside of her pussy. But she began to bounce slightly, just a little at first, harder and harder with each passing moment. As I continued to fondle her tit, she bounced higher and higher.

Then she said, "I shouldn't be telling you this, but as long as we're talking about things sexual, you know what's a great tease and turn-on for me?"

I couldn't wait to hear.

"When a guy is about to come inside me. I can tell because he nearly always says something, or groans, or whatever, and I can feel his dick get hot, and then I feel his throbbing dick begin to contract, and then when he comes it feels all warm and gushy inside. It's great. Too bad my husband is out of town, because I could stand to get fucked today."

"You are getting fucked," I shouted. I had dropped all pretense.

"Don't be ridiculous," she insisted. "If there were a big hard-on banging away at my pussy, don't you think I would know it?" She continued to bounce up and down.

"Yes I guess you would." What could I say to that?

Then I felt her cunt heat up, and I knew she was about to come. The warm flush of her skin told me that her orgasm was just moments away. I reached into her dress and wrapped my hands around both of her tits.

"I just have to tell you," I said. "If I were to come, which, you know, could happen accidentally, rules or not, I would come in buckets. Warm and gushy buckets, you know?"

"Well, accidents do happen," she said. She looked me straight in the eye as she tilted her head back slightly. And with that, my dick erupted, sending streams of hot cum into her tight little pussy. At almost the same moment her warm flush turned into a hot tornado, and she bounced down as hard as she could, her shattering orgasm causing her to cry out, louder and louder with each wave of sensation.

We sat like that for several moments, each of us trying to recapture our breath.

Finally she said, "You still have your hands on my tits. Are you trying to help me get my dress straightened out here, or are you trying to cop another feel? There are rules, you know."

"Ooops, sorry. Absolutely, rules and rules," I deadpanned. I gently pulled out the bodice of the dress and put her tits inside the material. OK, so maybe I took my time. She sat for several more moments while I fumbled with her clothes. She began to stand, although it was clear her knees were wobbly. As she stood up, she looked down into my lap and saw my now exhausted member lying shrunken on the boxer shorts.

"Oh my god, did I do that to you?" she chirped. "I'm so sorry. Look at what a mess. Oh my goodness, I feel totally responsible. Here, let me help." And with that she reached down and grabbed my softened sausage. Even though I had just been through one of the most powerful orgasms in my life, I could feel the blood begin to return to my dick. As she stroked it, she moved back, then got on her knees in front of me. Her top hanging low, her tits in full view, she crawled toward me.

"Oh, and it's so messy. Here, I'll just clean you up a little." Her tongue slid between her lips, and she began to lick the bottom of my dick, cleaning the remaining cum from it. She licked up and down, nearly all the way around it, as though she were licking a melting popsicle. When she had finished that, she formed her mouth into a small "o" and put the head of my dick directly between her lips. She pushed her head down, until she had more than half my cock in her mouth, and I could feel her tongue working small miracles in me while inside her mouth. She pressed down further.

The head of my dick touched the back of her throat, and she gagged a little, but pushed down even harder, until I was fully encased right to the base of my again swollen member. As I felt my internal pressure begin to build again, she continued sucking. Then, when I felt myself beginning that final climb, she suddenly withdrew, taking my dick completely out of her mouth.

"OK, all better. All clean," she said. She stood up.

"What!!!", I exclaimed! "You're going to stop now?"

"Yes, of course. I told you all along I was just a tease," she said.