**Taking Advantage of a Situation**

byJackandJilldo©

The doorbell rang, and I answered it with anticipation. It was Brooke, a slim blonde with whom I'd had a few dates already, but this time, she was over for drinks and more serious talk.

"Hello," I said with a smile, as I opened the door. "Come on in."

Brooke returned the smile and entered my living room.

"Please have a seat." I said, as she stepped inside. "May I get you something to drink?"

Brooke nodded, as she sat down.

"I'd like one of those red things you make." she replied. "You've talked about them enough, I'd like to try one."

She was referring to a concoction I had created, using Everclear and cherry soda, and I was more than happy to oblige her request. I fixed one for each of us and returned.

"Thanks." Brooke said, as she took her drink and sipped it. "Hmm, a little strong, but not bad."

A little strong was a bit of an understatement. The flavor of the soda I used was rather concentrated, so it masked the bite of the alcohol well. Each drink was equal to three normal drinks, so they kicked in rather quickly.

Brooke finished hers surprisingly sooner than I expected and requested a refill. I was only too happy to fill her order, and returned with a second. By now, the alcohol had taken her guard down, and we were both speaking freely.

"You sure know how to fix a drink." Brooke purred. "A few more of these and I'll be helpless."

I wasn't exactly sure what she meant by that, but I assumed it was the alcohol talking. I decided to ignore it for the moment, and we continued talking for the next hour or so. Little by little, Brooke snuggled closer and closer, until I put my arm around her. She sighed, and rested her head on my shoulder as we talked.

Eventually, Brooke stopped answering me, and I glanced at her. She was sound asleep and breathing deeply. I gently laid her onto the couch and watched her for several minutes.

"Brooke," I said quietly, "oh Brooke?"

She didn't respond, so I put my arm on her shoulder and gently shook her. There was still no response, and I knew she was passed out. So much for talking!

I studied her for several minutes, and bit my lower lip as I gingerly touched her left breast with my hand. Brooke continued breathing deeply, unaware of my inappropriate touching, and my touches became gentle squeezes.

"Brooke!" I said sharply, shaking her roughly.

There was no response from her, so I took a deep breath and carefully unfastened the top button of her blouse. A minute later, I repeated the process, and continued every minute or so thereafter, until I had unbuttoned her top all the way to her navel.

Brooke was wearing a lacy white bra that contained her rather small breasts, and I squeezed them once again, this time feeling even less resistance between my hands and her tits. There was still no response from her, so I gingerly slid my hands under her bra and cupped her soft tits in my hands, kneading them until I felt her nipples harden reflexively.

Taking another deep breath, I carefully pulled the cups of her bra up, and then slid her bra up her chest, completely revealing her soft, jiggly tits. My heart was pounding, as I squeezed her tits once again.

Brooke had borne several children and breastfed them all, so her tits were rather soft and saggy. They felt wonderful in my hands, as I continued to squeeze and massage them thoroughly. I leaned over and gingerly sucked one of her nipples, and was rewarded by its hardening between my lips. I continued sucking Brooke's tits for several minutes, until I couldn't take it any longer.

I slid my pants down and began to jerk off, as I squeezed Brooke's right boob with my left hand. I could feel my orgasm building, as I continued to fondle Brooke's soft, saggy tit. I stared at her tits, as I felt a wave of pleasure course through my groin. I squeezed her tit firmly as I groaned in ecstasy.

Panting heavily, I pulled my pants up and put Brooke's bra back into place. Then, I carefully rebuttoned her top and sat back, staring at her face for several minutes.

I placed a blanket over Brooke and turned out the light. As I left the room, a quiet voice sent chills up my spine.

"See you in the morning."