***Voyeur***

*By STEVESAINT*

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*(mg, MMF, mF, Mg, MF)*

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**A** 12-year-old Lolita!  That was my live-in girlfriend Stacy’s daughter, a lithe prepubescent nymphet who used every chance she got to drive me sexually crazy.  Angie managed to wear the skimpiest, most provocative clothing when I was around; I always got at least one “oops” panty-shot whenever she was wearing a skirt or dress.  Unbelievably, her mother let her wear a tiny string bikini with flimsy bra panels no bigger than postage stamps.  Angie always exaggerated her strut when she was out by the pool in my presence, her tight little ass out there for all to see, and her little-girl points noticeably poking at their skimpy covering.  I confronted my girlfriend about her daughter’s clothing and behavior, but she just laughed and said it’s a “girl-growing-up thing” and it shouldn’t bother me like it did.

I knew what Angie was doing to me—what about all the boys at school?  Could a 12-year-old be sexually active?  I called her ‘prepubescent’ earlier, but how could I know?  Girls seemed to reach puberty much sooner than they did when I was a kid.

The daily teasing reached its pinnacle the day she walked topless into the house from the pool, knowing her mother had gone shopping and leaving us alone.  I didn’t know what to say; I just stared at her.

She nonchalantly walked over to the fridge to get a soda, and said, “What’s the matter?”  She paused to take a sip from the soda can.  “It’s not like I have big boobs to show off or anything…besides, Mom’s got big boobs and she goes topless all the time around the pool when you’re not home.”

What’s this about topless when I’m not around?  I shooed her away to her room to get dressed, not attempting to address the fact her little “boobs” were indeed worth showing off.  They’re lovely little budding cones, centered by pink areolas with cute tiny nipples.  Shit, I have to stop thinking about what I saw or I’ll get an erection.

Little did Stacy know my heightened state of arousal lately was being fueled by fantasies of her daughter.  Angie’s done it, I think; she’s driven me over the edge.  The following Saturday, with both Stacy and Angie out for the day, I rigged a hidden camera in Angie’s bedroom.  I was hypnotized by the mystery that was Angie’s little body, and I was going to spy on it.  The web-cam sent video (no audio) to my computer, where I could watch it live or record the feed for later viewing.

The next day I retreated to the computer room—my den—to watch what was recorded the prior evening.  The den was understood to be my sanctuary; Stacy knew not to bother me when I was in there.  I watched the video in amazement, as Angie walked around her bedroom in only her panties.  The real show began when she pulled an old, tattered Playgirl magazine from under her mattress and stripped off her panties.  Where did the magazine come from, I wondered?

Her little girl ass and bald pussy were beautiful to behold!  She lay on the bed and began leafing through the magazine until she found a photo layout she liked.  While gazing at the pictures of some well-hung hunk, she began stroking herself, first slowly, and then increasing the intensity until she climaxed in what must have been a powerful orgasm.  Her whole body convulsed as she arched her back and plunged one or two fingers deep into her pussy.  Without realizing it, I had dropped my pants and was jerking off at the sight before me, spraying jism all over the computer table.  Hiking my pants back up and cleaning up my mess, I pondered the mysteries that would unfold before me every night on the computer.

Stacy really surprised me the following Friday night.  Angie announced she had invited a boy over to help with her homework that evening.  The shock came when I saw the boy was obviously a couple of years older than Angie, and Stacy was allowing them to be in Angie’s room with the door closed.  Was she that naïve?  I not only knew what was going to go on in there, I was going to watch it!

Saturday morning I couldn’t wait to see what the computer had recorded.  The kids wasted no time at all, as soon as the bedroom door was closed she was stripping off his shirt, and before long they were naked and fucking.  What a turn-on to see this boy (how old was he—14, 15 maybe?) between Angie’s spread legs, pumping wildly into her.  My hard-on was immense.  Astonishingly for two horny kids, they seemed to climax together.  She arched her back and placed a fist at her mouth to stifle an orgasmic scream at the same time his ass cheeks clenched repeatedly, shooting his seed into her.  You might have said all three of us came together, my hefty spurts spraying into the air, soiling the chair, the computer keyboard, and me.  I didn’t think I came so much since I was a teenager!  And I certainly didn’t get to cum in a 12-year-old pussy when I was that age either!

A spark of anger flickered within me.  How could Stacy allow this to happen?  Falling for the “homework” bullshit—her daughter having unprotected sex, in her own house, with her mother in the next room, with an obviously older boy.  But then again what could I say, secretly watching the whole thing?

On Sunday morning, while alone with Angie in the kitchen, I said to her, “I don’t know how much fooling around you two did Friday night, but next time make sure you use a condom, okay?”

She was stunned by my remark and had trouble summoning a response.  I got a little “We weren’t doing anything,” a little more “It’s none of your business,” and the obligatory (I’ve heard it a zillion time) “You aren’t my father,” thrown in for good measure.  Oh well, maybe I scared her a little, which would be a good thing.

When I returned from a two-day business trip that week, I checked the computer to see what I missed.  At first I saw the usual, panties-only Angie in her room.  However, the next day’s recording was the shocker.  I fast-forwarded through several hours’ worth of an empty bedroom but was surprised by a blur of unexpected activity in the middle of the day.  When I returned to where the movement began, I was stunned to see a wet and topless Stacy pulling two young shirtless men into the room behind her.  I recognized these two as members of the pool company I hired to clean and maintain my swimming pool.

Clothes flew everywhere as they quickly undressed, Stacy teasing the men by her exaggerated removal of her bikini bottoms.  They fell to the bed; the first guy (blond, curly hair) going down on her as the second guy (dark hair, maybe Hispanic, with an impressively sized member—I thought of him as “Mr. Hung”) stuck his cock into her eager mouth.  They went at it like that for a few minutes until Stacy spit the dark-haired guy’s cock from her mouth, spun around and getting on hands and knees, offered her ass to him.  Stacy may have gone slack with age in a few places, but her ass was still a glorious, round beauty.  Mr. Hung sure admired it…as he grabbed her by the hips and parted her pussy lips with his rigid member.  Dark-haired Mr. Hung was pounding away at her from behind as she deep-throated the other guy.  I knew when Stacy came because I could see her sort of scrunch up and tremble like I’ve seen her cum with me before.  She probably made some noise, but the cock stuffed in her mouth most likely muffled it.  When the two guys climaxed, they both pulled out of their respective orifices, spewing cum all over Stacy’s face and body.  Spent, they laid on the bed for a while, then gathered up clothes and left the camera’s view.

I was pissed as hell, but also aroused by this very private XXX video I just watched.  What was I going to do?  What could I say?  She was supposed to be at work, not fucking two guys in her daughter’s bed, with no protection.  It was at least two hours before Stacy appeared back in Angie’s room—fully clothed this time—to strip the soiled bedspread from the bed.  Even while doing this menial task, I could see her post-orgasmic glow.  Did more sex go on beyond the camera’s eye that afternoon?  I had to find out.

That weekend I bought and rigged miniature web-cams in the master bedroom and bath, as well as a wide-angle one out by the pool.  I thought that Stacy sensed something wrong between us, but she couldn’t suspect I knew she was fooling around behind my back, or that I watched it happen.  The best show I had during the week was the day Angie and a girl friend came home early from school to an empty house and skinny-dipped in our pool.  I jerked off to the sight of these two blossoming flower buds frolicking in the water.  No sex happened between the two girls, but there was a lot of touching and hugging going on, so who knew?

I had mixed feelings the next time I had to travel out of town.  I feared Stacy would screw around again (in my house!), but I was also captivated by the idea of watching it if she did.  When I returned home, one of the first things I did was check the computer.  Oh yes, there sure was something to watch!  The very first morning Stacy was home, topless again and flaunting it, talking with my neighbor Paul over the backyard fence.  Before long Paul was lounging by my pool in tight, show-everything Speedo trunks not at all flattering to his somewhat paunchy body.  Eventually Stacy went to him and they started making out.  It’s apparent Paul was aroused, his stiffening member stretching the front of the Speedos to the limit.  My mind was a jungle of emotional vines: Why was Paul home? I wonder if his pretty wife Karen knew he’s fooling around. How could Stacy do this to me? How long has she been fucking other men? Am I not good enough to satisfy her? Why am I getting an erection when I should want to kill them both?

With both of them noticeably breathing hard, they jogged into the house and headed for the master bedroom.  The suits came off and they got right to it.  He was lying on his back as she straddled him, lowering herself onto his cock.  Shit, no condom again—was she that uncaring to risk her health and mine?  She rode him like one of those mechanical bulls, bucking up and down on him at a frenetic pace.  I figured he came when I saw his body tense up, but she wasn’t done yet, as she continued to pound her ass into his pelvis.  Just then I noticed a shadow at one of the windows, and realized it was Angie playing peeping-tom, mesmerized by the sight of her mother fucking our neighbor.  When Stacy had her orgasm she must have screamed—her head was back, her mouth wide open, and I saw Angie flinch, apparently from the sound.

The show continued when Stacy and Paul jumped into the shower and soon were making out again.  Under the spraying showerhead, Stacy turned, bent over slightly, and offered her ass to Paul’s once again turgid cock.  Her ass was what he took.  He used some soapsuds to lubricate her anus and then penetrated her, mercilessly thrusting into her rectum at a rapid pace.  All it took was about 15 seconds of his thrusting to have her cum.  He came soon after, throwing his head back, penetrating her to the hilt, his ass cheeks contracting at each spasm.  My anger overcame the desire to masturbate.  Stacy once told me anal sex was disgusting, but not, I guess, with another man’s cock.  However, the urge was quickly back when I switched files to the recording of Angie’s room and found her finger-fucking herself over the Playgirl centerfold, more than likely aroused by seeing her mother having sex.  When Angie came, I came.

My anger was kicked up a notch when I viewed the next afternoon’s recordings.  Stacy had obviously come home from work early and was again topless and talking to Paul over the pool fence.  I was in disbelief when I saw Paul’s 15-year-old son Sean standing next to him ogling my girlfriend’s tits.  Stacy nodded in answer to something Paul said and planted what looked like a wet kiss on Sean over the fence.  Within a half-hour Sean was in my bed, between Stacy’s legs and fucking her like a maniac.  He came in no time (I could see his skinny little runt ass twitching and tightening) but I couldn’t tell if she did or not.  I was utterly furious—did she have no self-control?  Again no condom!  Was she that much of a whore?  I admonished myself—how come I never saw this in her before?

I had invited Stacy into my house and into my life—maybe it was time to ‘un-invite’ her.

First, there was something I needed to do.  The following Saturday, while Stacy was visiting her sister for the day (or was she off doing some other guy?), I sat out by the pool and contemplated my plan.  When Angie came out to the pool wearing her tiny bikini, I saw scorn on her face as she looked at me.  I knew what she was thinking—I couldn’t be much of a man if my lover had to fuck other men.  I called to her to sit next to me in the adjacent lounge chair.  We needed to talk; to set my plan in motion.

“Look, Angie, I’m sorry life isn’t all what we expect it to be.”  I hesitated, as she looked at me funny, not understanding yet where this would go.  “I know your mother is screwing around with other men, and I know you know, too.”  Her eyes bugged out a little at this unexpected turn.  “Ever since I met your mom, I’ve been faithful to her…I have not touched another woman…I always tried hard to make her happy, especially in bed.”  I stopped to gauge her reaction.  “You’re old enough now to know about sex” (wow, is that an understatement!); when she nodded, I charged ahead, “It’s not always easy to figure out why good sex with a loving and caring partner isn’t enough for some people, like your mom.”  I paused for a second, looking away. “I was going to ask your mother to marry me, but I guess I can’t now.”  Looking into her eyes again, I saw the scorn replaced by sadness and maybe a little apprehension.  “All I ever wanted was to be a good lover to your mom and a good father to you…I know, I’m not your real father, as you’ve reminded me countless times…but I’ve tried, haven’t I?”

She said I’ve been a good father, which is somewhat of a surprise, remembering all her bad behavior toward me.

I was swinging for the fences now.  “Angie, look at me.”  I made a sweeping motion over my body.  “Am I ugly?  Fat?  Did I somehow become undesirable?”

She answered as far as she was concerned I was a good-looking, fit man for my age and she didn’t really understand her mother’s reasons for straying.

It’s time for the game winning homerun.  “What’s wrong then? Maybe my cock isn’t big enough for her?”  She became even more shocked when I pulled my trunks down to reveal my member.  “What do you think?”

She was speechless, staring at my cock in awe, certainly much larger than any of the boys’ units.  I pulled the trunks all the way off, throwing them away in a mock show of anger.  “I’m sorry, you can’t answer that one…how can you judge a man’s anatomy?”

She stammered, “It looks nice to me” but didn’t quite know what else to say.  Yet she was still staring at it.

I looked away from her.  “Oh hell…‘nice’ she says…maybe I *DON’T* have enough to satisfy a woman…even this beautiful young woman isn’t impressed,” I said while placing my hand on her bare thigh.

Both my hand and “beautiful young woman” had the desired effect.  She flushed considerably and leaned over to touch my cock.  “Your…penis is, like…wonderful” she murmured, hypnotized by the sight and feel of it.  I wasn’t hung like some horse, but my 8 or 9 inches must look enormous to her.

I turned back to face her and said, “Thank you…you made me feel better,” giving her my best smile and her thigh a gentle squeeze.

In a further surprise, she told me in a gasping voice she had always been jealous of her mother, and she would “think” about me all the time.  Her touch was quickly getting me hard.  My thickening erection startled and amazed her.  A part of me was proud I measured up to the dudes in her secret magazine.

“I know you would satisfy me,” she whispered.   The crowd roared as the winning homer cleared the fence!

 “Why don’t we go inside and see if I can.”

She swooned a bit, almost fainting, her breathing more shallow and ragged.  I scooped her up into my arms and carried her into the house to my bedroom.  Having this supple little pre-teen body in my arms, knowing I was going to fuck her in the same bed I’ve shared with her mother—and knowing it was the same bed where her mother fucked other men—my cock was leaking so much pre-cum I could feel it dribbling like a stream down the erect shaft.  I stood her up next to the bed and started to remove her bikini.  On wobbly legs and breathing haltingly, she stood there while I first removed the little bra.  I spent a few moments kissing and stroking her now-hard, tiny nipples.  When I traced my fingers down her stomach toward removing her bottoms, she gasped again and rubbed her chest against my body.  I slowly eased the bottoms down her legs.  I was blown away by the amount of wetness in her crotch (had she cum already?)   I lifted her naked waif-like form off the floor and kissed her.  She wrapped her arms around my neck and reciprocated clumsily, not quite sure how to respond to my probing tongue.  I was holding her up with one hand under her ass cheeks, and I could feel a puddle of girl-juice forming on my palm.  Shit, I may never even get it in her before I cum, I was so horny for her!

While still locked in a kiss, I lowered her onto the bed and lay next to her.  My hands continued to lightly brush against her small breasts, her stomach and her thighs.  She was wild with lust—short, rapid, wheezing breaths—her whole body hot and writhing.

I whispered at her ear “I guess you’re ready to be loved by a real man.”

Her eyes bugged wide as I slid my finger between the folds of her soaked pussy and found her clitoris.  She cried “uuuuuuuu-UUUUUUUUUh-OOOOOOOh” loudly as she climaxed, her head dancing side-to-side and her legs clenching my hand like a vise.

I whispered again “I guess I *can* satisfy you…now I’ll satisfy you even more with my cock.”

Before she could really come down from this orgasm, I positioned myself between her legs and, placing a hand under each ass cheek, lifted her up to me.  I stared into her eyes—her heated, wild-eyed return look was priceless.  How I must have looked to this 12-year-old, with my six-foot-two frame looming above her and about to fuck her with my straight-up, throbbing manhood?  I teased the shaft of my cock between her pussy lips and started to move up and down, no thought of penetration just yet, allowing my shaft to stroke her clit.  Her follow-on orgasmic wave was tremendous.  She screamed and moaned; her entire body convulsing.

“Oh, Angie…I’m cumming,” I grunted, and she gaped at me in wonder as I shot several fountains into the air, coating her sweaty, pre-teen body with it.

I laid down next to her again and kissed her, at the same time rubbing my semen leisurely all over her stomach and breasts.  I’ve never been with another woman of any age who was as hot and aroused as Angie was right now; she’s had at least two orgasms and was apparently hungry for much more.  She was so aroused, breathing in short, rapid pants, it’s almost as if she was in a hypnotic trance.  I rolled over onto my back and pulled her atop me.  Her body was sticky-slippery from my cum.  She kissed me with fervor as she ground her pubic mound against my abdomen.

I broke off the kiss to whisper, “Why don’t we go take a shower together…would you like that?”

Her eyes were aglow with an inner fire as she gave me a quick little nod.  I lifted her small form from the bed and carried her toward the master bath.  When we got into the shower, she could hardly stand on her wobbly legs.  I took my time soaping up the front of her then turned her around, rubbing my soap-filled hand over her ass cheeks while the hot water rinsed her front.

By the time I turned her again and asked, “Will you wash me now?” she almost fainted again, her body red hot and her eyes glazed over as if stoned.  Stoned on lust!

She clung to me there under the shower spray, sleepily soaping up my cock and balls.  In a few seconds I was fully—and achingly—erect again.  With the water rinsing us both off, she looked up and our eyes met.

Never had there been another moment in my life like when this 12-year-old nymphet asked, “Will you…love…me?”

I lifted her as I did before and kissed her.  I coaxed her to wrap her legs around my waist.  Holding an ass cheek in each hand, I lowered her slowly onto my erection, but stopped before I penetrated her.  I was not going to be as stupid as Stacy.  When Angie asked what was wrong, I mentioned to her about using a condom.  I picked her up into my arms and carried her back into the bedroom, oblivious to the water dripping from both of our wet bodies.  I retrieved a condom from the hidden box in the dresser—the one I bought just last week (my plan!)

Angie was enthralled in helping me roll it on.  I could tell every time she glanced at my cock she couldn’t seem to get her mind around its size, as if pondering how she was going to get her girl vagina around it.

“I want to make love to you just as we were going to do it in the shower,” I said to her as I lifted her to me again.

She wrapped her arms around my head and her legs around my waist. She tried to kiss me again but couldn’t, since she was breathing too hard.  I lowered her slowly onto my cock.  When the head poked through her pussy lips and entered her, she gasped (did she stop breathing?)

Extremely lubricated, her vagina took my ascending cock about a quarter of its length, but the rest would be a stretch (sorry, that was the pun that popped into my head just about then).  As I continued to lower her onto me, the tightness was incredible.  Her expression was one-fourth fear and three-fourths desire as my thick and throbbing cock (I’m about as horny as I’ve ever been!) stretched her.

Full penetration would have to be a gradual process, I realized, so I began to raise and lower her ass, setting the tempo of our copulation.  She soon matched the rhythm as she bounced onto my condom-encased cock; making small “ugh” sounds as I stretched her more.  I knew I’d penetrated her fully when the head of my cock bumped against her cervix.  I couldn’t go any longer—the squeeze of her vagina, the feel of her pointed young breasts rubbing against my chest, the tautness of her ass cheeks in my hands, the look in her aroused eyes—I dropped her all the way onto my cock, driving it to the hilt into her, groaned, and came in the most intense climax of my life.   Her orgasm followed mine, her head thrown back and keening in ecstasy, intensified, I’m sure, by the fullness of it all and my cock striking her developing, pre-teen womb.  At the exact moment her climax was most visibly obvious, I looked toward the hidden camera lens and winked.

We fell onto the bed and lay in each other’s arms for a while.  Her only word was “wow.”  When I lazily traced my fingers around her breasts and down her stomach, she responded by humping my upper thigh with her crotch.

I wanted her one more time.  I got off the bed, removed the soiled condom from my still semi-hard member and got another one from the dresser, smiling and waving the foil packet at her.  She reddened, held her arms out to me, raised and spreads her legs—breathing again in the same rapid, panting way as before.  All it took was that vision before me—spread girl-legs in the air and the hairless, pink, wet, swollen pussy waiting to be filled—and I was completely erect again.  I put the condom on and knelt between her legs.  Her whole body was crying ‘fuck me.’  Without any reservations this time, I entered her.  This one was all for me, I thought, as I lustfully hammered into her at a feverish pace, using my arms as support to keep from crushing her.  Her orgasm was quick and explosive, her moans turning to screams and her entire body convulsing.  As she came, her vagina clenched down on my cock, making me shoot—seemingly forever—seven, eight, nine or more ejaculatory spasms in a mind-blowing climax!

Spent, in each other’s arms once again, I took this last opportunity to explore her young body with my hands.  I would never fuck her again so I wanted to savor the moment.  “Was it all you wanted it to be?” I asked, tweaking one of her little-girl points.

She said, “Oh yes…yes it was.”

“Never mind age, you’re much more of a woman than your mother ever could be,” I told her, laying it on real thick.  “Why don’t we put clean suits on and go jump in the pool…” pausing for effect, “and maybe we can do it again before your mother gets home.”  The wild-eyed, horny look was back in her eyes.

Yes, I managed to clean up the evidence of our lovemaking and get rid of the used condoms.  Yes, we frolicked in the pool for a while, Angie reminding me that underneath the sexually precocious exterior she was still a 12-year-old girl.  No, we had no more sex.  When Stacy drove into the driveway, I reminded Angie to keep this day a secret, but I wasn’t really worried since it wouldn’t be a secret for long.  Before going into the house, I reached into Angie’s bottoms and gave her ass a squeeze, at the same time making a gesture toward the hidden camera.

The video was breathtaking.  I could never have imagined how turned-on I’d be watching myself fucking, never mind doing it with a pre-teen girl.  I spent Saturday evening and the next day burning all the best footage onto DVDs—my voyeuristic keepsake.  Before reformatting my hard drive to get rid of all the evidence, I edited together two nice video ‘samplers,’ one for Stacy and the other for someone else.  That evening when Angie announced she was going out with a girl friend, you should have seen the way she looked at me!  I was sure she’d tell all her friends, but now I didn’t care, the remainder of my plan was set in motion.

I surprised Stacy by asking her if she’d like to watch a new video.  When the video opened on Angie’s empty bedroom, Stacy didn’t know quite what to make of it, and she looked at me quizzically.  I answered her look by gesturing at the TV screen.  When the clip suddenly jumped to her sucking and fucking the pool guys, her jaw dropped, she turned beet red and spun in anger toward me, but I cut her off with an angry look of my own, pointing back at the screen.  The video had now switched to her and Paul.  She reacted by jumping from the sofa and lunging toward the DVD player.  I leapt after her, grabbed her by the wrist and threw her back onto the sofa.  When the video clip cut to Sean pumping away between her legs, she was livid, but I could see panic now starting to edge its way in.  For my part, I was letting my anger flow freely; I knew she could easily sense my barely-under-control rage.

“What a bitch you are…whoring inside my house…”

“But I…how?” She stammered.  I cut her off.

“Fucking a 15-year-old kid!  I can’t believe it!  How many men *HAVE* you been fucking behind my back?”

She looked at me pleadingly, but didn’t answer.

“You don’t even have the sense to protect yourself…and me…getting fucked in every hole…”

She groaned when the scene switched to Paul taking her in the ass in the shower.  “At least I have the sense to wear protection,” I uttered while holding up one of the condom wrappers between two fingers.

She couldn’t seem to get this last idea to register in her panicky brain, staring at me again with a puzzled look on her face.  I wiggled the wrapper a little and pointed it at the TV.  When she refocused on the action on the screen, she gasped at the sight of Angie bouncing up and down on my cock and climaxing.  My wink into the camera at that moment was precious, eliciting the predictable reaction from Stacy.  When the clip switched to me thrusting between Angie’s legs, she completely lost it and came at me with fists flying.

I grabbed her wrists before she could land any serious blows and pinned her back to the sofa, bellowing in her face, “You *TAUGHT* her, bitch!  She watched you fuck Paul…in my bed…you probably gave her that old copy of Playgirl she’s been frigging herself over.”  I paused for a second to catch my breath.  “She’s been fucked by boys from school, without any protection…what a proud moment you’ll have when she tells you she’s pregnant at 12 or 13!”  Stacy started to cry, but I wasn’t finished.  “I put the cameras in because I knew you were fucking around (I lied, so sue me)…and this is my last statement on the matter,” forcing her head to turn and look at the TV one more time.  The last frozen image on the screen was of me by the pool with one hand feeling Angie’s ass while the other was raised in a middle finger salute.

I kicked her out that day.  I told her she was to pack her and Angie’s things into her SUV that evening and be gone for good.  She protested and tried to apologize, but I told her I didn’t care where they went, they weren’t to stay one more night under my roof.

A predictable look flickered in her eyes, but I cut her off before she could say anything.  “Don’t even *TRY* to get me in trouble for doing Angie…don’t forget, I have a video of you and Sean…what a lovely couple…hey, I wonder how Karen will react to *THAT* video?”

For that is whom the other video sampler was for.  Right about now I was certain Paul was out on his ass too.  Maybe Karen would storm over here to confront Stacy about Sean, but probably Stacy would be gone before then.  It didn’t matter.  Stacy was aghast, angry, afraid and a few other A’s I couldn’t think of right then, but the matter was over, she was out of here forever.

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What a quiet week it had been since the girls were gone.  His wife had indeed kicked Paul out of the house, and I heard she had already contacted a divorce lawyer.

The following Saturday I got up enough nerve to approach Karen while she was getting out of her car.  Before she could say anything, I apologized for sending the video.  It was human nature for her to hate me as much as Paul and Stacy since I was the one to expose the whole thing, so she surprised me by her lack of hostility today.  She told me she understood how I felt, and understood why I secretly recorded the “affair,” as she called it. (If only she knew the real reason!)

Never socializing, even though we were neighbors, I was looking at Karen with new eyes today.  She was a pretty, though not gorgeous, petite brunette, who always seemed to me to be a very nice, classy lady.  We talked for a while there in her driveway.

“Karen,” I chimed, “You and I have been hurt a lot…I’m not intending anything more than to be a friend…would you, and Sean if he’s home, like to come over this evening for a pool-side cookout?  I’ll fire up the grill, throw a few steaks on…” I smiled to her and added, “Dammit, I sure could use the company.”

She smiled back and said “Sure.”

When she dropped over later, she was wearing a pretty, flowered summer dress—a lot dressier than my shorts, t-shirt and sandals.  She explained Sean was still a little embarrassed to face me, so it would be just her and me.

“It’ll take some time, I’m sure…I guess I wouldn’t want to face the guy whose girlfriend I had screwed, either.”  I saw the pained expression on her face, and quickly apologized for my poor choice of words.

We had a great time.  I discovered many things that evening about the neighbor I never really knew.  She liked dark beer—a woman after my own heart!  Once I fretted over grilling up the two prime steaks (to perfection, I might add), we settled down at the poolside table and ate, drank beer and talked.  She told me about her work as a paralegal.  She told me some anecdotes of her “crazy youth,” as she called it, growing up fatherless in a Midwestern state.  She even told me a few really funny lawyer jokes.  We steered away from any talk of what just happened to both of us, but I did get the impression from things she said her marriage to Paul had not been a particularly happy one.  We were both surprised when we looked at our watches to see it was 12:30AM.  She helped me clean up and bring things into the house, then said goodnight.

Before leaving, I held her hands in mine and said, “Karen, I had a fantastic time tonight…don’t be a stranger, ok?”  No promises were exchanged, no commitments made, except we would stay in touch with each other.

We became friends that summer.  Karen and Sean used my pool often.  Our “dates” were the frequent weekend cookouts, where we did nothing more than hold hands occasionally.  She always wore a demure, almost old-fashioned, one-piece suit in my pool.  I marveled at Karen’s youthful figure, nothing big and flashy about her, yet trim and athletic, with everything in the right place as far as I was concerned.  One Saturday we went on a real date, driving up to a local microbrewery to check out their offerings, and then to dinner at my favorite restaurant.  That was the day I knew I was in love.  We kissed for the first time; releasing some of the pent-up longing for each other that had been growing over the summer.

The next day, I invited her over.  I had set my small TV out by the pool; we’d watch the game, have a few beers and enjoy the beautiful weather.  For some reason she had this devilish grin on her face when she arrived at my door.

“OK if I use your bathroom to change into my suit?” She asked, holding up her tote bag, indicating what was in it.

I knew what the grinning was all about when she came out of the house wearing the sexiest string bikini imaginable——how could three small triangles of pink fabric be so compelling?  The sight of her floored me.  She must have been using a tanning bed naked, since no tan lines could be seen. Her ass cheeks were tight and solid, her stomach flat with well-defined abs, and her breasts looked very firm, with a sexy upturn to them.  Her nipples were prominently showing through the bra cloth, as the bulge was prominent in my shorts.

She breathlessly asked, “You like?” pirouetting to let me get a good look.

As Angie did earlier this summer, all I could say was “wow.”  All she had to do was look at the front of my shorts to see that I “like.”

She explained she bought the bikini while on vacation last summer when Paul bought his Speedos, but had been too timid to wear it anywhere since.  She was as giddy as a young girl on prom night.  I knew we would consummate our love that day.

We watched the game, cooked some burgers on the grill, had a few beers and splashed in the pool.  The sight of her emerging from the pool with her miniscule suit, soaking wet, leaving nothing to the imagination, completely turned me on, my cock fully erect and seriously stretching the fabric of my trunks.  She walked up to me and kissed me while rubbing her body against my bulge.  Like two horny teenagers, we jogged into the house and headed for the bedroom.  By the time we hit the bed we were both naked.

I mentioned “condom” and she shook her head no, with fire in her eyes.  The whole summer had been foreplay, I guessed.  I immediately mounted her and we made love with animalistic intensity.  Our climaxes were earthmovers.  Our sweat, our limbs, our cries, our juices all merged in perfect harmony.

We spent the rest of the day exploring each other’s bodies, discovering each other’s pleasure triggers.  She was the most energetic lover I’d ever been with, eager to give as well as receive.  At one point, I thought how could Paul be so stupid—to fuck around and throw this magnificent woman aside?  We did it in the shower, back on the bed, and even on the floor.

While dressing to go home, she chuckled that she’d never been this sore in all her life.  When she called it “good sore” we both laughed and hugged each other in a long embrace.  I loved this woman!  She giggled and stated she was disappointed the camera wasn’t still recording. “What an X-rated movie we would have made today!” she added, both of us laughing hysterically.

It would be two months before I showed her the video.  Yes, I kept the one camera in the bedroom.  Who knows, maybe I was just preparing for the next woman to be in my bed.  She fucked my brains out that night, startlingly aroused by watching herself perform for the first time.  We now make it a regular part of our lovemaking to watch the videos, lovingly critiquing each other’s technique, making a game of it.

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The divorce proceedings were moving along slowly.  They had to sell the house to pool assets, so Karen and Sean moved in with me.  By now Sean knew I held no ill will toward him for fucking Stacy—hey, he was just a horny teenager with a willing whore.  And he knew I loved his mom.

Only once did I pull out the stashed DVDs and watched them.  It was still quite a turn-on to see me fucking Angie again, and I masturbated enthusiastically while watching.  However, I realized even the forbidden fruit of a 12-year-old’s tight pussy couldn’t compare with making love with Karen.  I proposed to Karen the following night and she accepted, crying tears of happiness.  We set a date for the following summer, when her divorce would be final.  She smothered me with love that night, sucking my cock dry, then coaxed me back to rigidity and rode me like a cowgirl riding her stallion.  Before I came, I marveled at the creature riding me; her beautiful firm breasts bouncing, mouth open, and moaning in pleasure.

When I watched the video the next day, my eyes were drawn to an unusual sight on the screen.  Karen was standing naked before the dresser mirror and admiring her belly.  Why hadn’t I noticed the little swelling of her tummy, and how her breasts were a little fuller lately?  She turned sideways and rubbed the contours of her once-flat stomach, then looked up to the camera and winked.

I started to cry.  As with hers, my tears were tears of joy.