

## **CRAZY 121**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### **Chapter 121 The Busty Babysitter 1**

Rachel was just pulling her coat on when John came down the stairs. He handed Rachel her payment in cash.

"Thank you, Mr. Greene." Rachel smiled in gratitude.

"You're welcome," he replied. "You deserve every penny. Kathy and I are very happy with you. There is no one that we trust the kids with more than you."

"Thank you, that means a lot. I love them like they're my own. I would do anything for you guys."

Rachel was starting to blush and was having a hard time meeting John's gaze. For his part, John was having a hard time keeping his eyes away from Rachel's exposed cleavage. Did she realize what she was doing? It was bad enough that her breasts were over-large on her small frame, jutting out from her chest like a pair of ripe melons. Why did she have to wear such revealing clothing? John was glad that she wasn't meeting his gaze. He was embarrassed at his lack of self-control.

"Okay...I guess we'll see you on Saturday then." He cleared his throat and broke the awkward silence. How long had he been standing there trying not to look at her chest and not saying anything?

"Yes. I'll be here at six pm," She managed to meet his eyes. "Bye, Mr. Greene." She grabbed her purse and hurried out the door.

Do all high school seniors dress that way? He wondered. He had to remind himself that she was eighteen and could dress any damn way she chose. She was an adult now, although just barely. John stood there for a long time staring at the closed door, until his wife called to him from upstairs.

"Coming, honey," he said. "Just turning out the lights and locking up down here."

John dreamed of the busty little babysitter all night long and awoke with one of the hardest, most painful erections of his life. His wife had already left for work and he resigned himself to a cold shower. Not that she would have done anything, John thought. He was running late himself and barely made it to work on time. It was a long day and it took John most of it to clear his head.

The week progressed at a snail's pace, but Saturday arrived at last. John's wife had tickets to the opera and although John couldn't think of anything he hated more, he resigned himself to his fate. It was bad enough that she always seemed to have a headache when there was a concert that John wanted to go to, but she expected him to attend all of her highbrow events.

The doorbell rang and John ran down the steps to open it. It was Rachel, and she couldn't have worn a tighter shirt if she tried. It clung to her chest like a second skin. Her giant, gravity-defying tits were

straining to burst right through it.

"H...uh..." John stammered. He started to shake and cough just like the old man in that famous book by Nabokov.

Rachel giggled. "Can I come in?"

"Yes!" he exclaimed a little too loudly. "Sorry, Rachel. It was a long week and I'm exhausted." He stood to the side allowing her to saunter past him.

"It's okay, Mr. Greene." She gave him a long look before turning her attention to the children who ran in from the back yard to greet her.

John went upstairs to finish getting ready. By the time he and his wife came downstairs, Rachel was busy playing with the children in the living room. He noticed that she had put on a cardigan that made her clothes look considerably more conservative. Was that for his wife's benefit? Was she just trying to mess with him?

His wife was already out the door as John turned to give Rachel her final instructions. "We'll be back after eleven sometime. Is that okay?"

"Of course," Rachel replied, giving John a huge smile. "Um...would it be okay if you could give me a ride home? My car isn't running and my mom gave me a ride over here."

"Yes. That would be fine." John wondered if he could drive without sneaking glances over at her chest on the way to her house.

The opera was every bit as boring as John imagined it would be. He tried to put his arm around his wife a couple of times as they watched, but she brushed his hand off and gave him a look that told him how inappropriate he was being. In fact, he couldn't remember the last time she smiled at him, or laughed with him. He couldn't remember the last time they'd entailed a conversation that didn't entail her bitching at him for something.

He had been resigned to his fate for a while now. The marriage wasn't all bad and there had been glimmers of hope that it might get better and then of course there were the children. They had tried counseling, but his wife wouldn't do any of the actual work once they got home. She refused to talk to him about any of the issues that were raised in their sessions. She had the opinion that she was right about everything and wasn't open to the chance that she could be wrong. He found himself thinking about Rachel during the opera and cursing himself for his thoughts.

At last the show was over. "That was an excellent performance, don't you think?" his wife asked as they made their way out to the car. "Much better than that awful Foo Fighters rubbish you listen to."

John thought it better to keep his thoughts to himself, and they drove home in silence. Why did she

have to throw that little barb at him? As they pulled into the driveway, he reminded Kathy that he had to give Rachel a ride home.

Kathy snorted and then told him that he better not forget to pay her and not to wake her up when he got back. She grabbed her coat and went into the house in front of him, said a quick good-night and thank you to Rachel and disappeared up the stairs.

John followed her in the door, fished some cash out of his pocket and handed it to Rachel. She was just slipping on her flip-flops and smiling at him. She wasn't wearing her cardigan.

"How were the kids?"

"They were perfect angels, just like always."

"No problems?"

"Of course not, Mr. Greene," she said. "They love me and you know that I love them."

John thought that an odd response. "Well...you know we both adore you and thank you for watching them. Kathy was exhausted or she would have told you herself."

"Oh, there's no need to apologize for her, Mr. Greene," Rachel answered.

That was another strange response. John was tired, though and didn't let his mind linger on it. "Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes. I'm totally ready." Rachel grinned at him.

John tried not to stare. Was she thrusting her chest out further on purpose? Her flat stomach was showing between the bottom of her shirt and her tight pants. John wondered if she was ever able to tuck her shirts in.

John looked away and opened the door letting Rachel exit first. They got in the car and John started the long drive to Rachel's house. She had been their babysitter for the past three years and that first year, Kathy and John took turns driving her home. It had been awhile since John had been alone in the car with her and he was having trouble finding something to say.

Rachel saved him the trouble. "How was the opera Mr. Greene?"

John could feel her gaze on him. "Oh it was fine," he lied. "Well, Kathy enjoyed it a lot more than I did."

"I bet," Rachel replied. "I'm sure you would have been much happier at a Foo Fighters or Def Tones concert."

"How...really...you like the Foo Fighters?" he asked, wondering how she had come to mention two of his favorite bands.

"Yes. I love both of them, and I know you do too. You're really funny."

"I try," John replied, feeling out of some kind of loop.

"I was looking through your CDs on the stereo, " Rachel finished, laughing. "You always get nervous around me."

There, she had said it. Rachel had come out with one of those cold hard truths that most people don't talk about openly.

"Don't say that. I...I don't," John fumbled over his words. Who was the adult here?

"I'm just kidding with you. You're turning all red by the way," she replied.

John knew that he was turning red. This conversation was making it hard to concentrate on driving up the winding country road to Rachel's house. A flash of movement to one side, caught his eye and he realized he should have been paying more attention to the road.

A deer darted out from the trees and in front of John's car. He barely had time to brake and steer to avoid it. He managed to miss the deer but slid his car off of the road and into some brush on the side. Rachel screamed as the car came to a stop.

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John's heart was racing. He reached across to grab Rachel's arm and accidentally brushed one of her enormous boobs.

"Oh, my fucking God!" she exclaimed, breathing hard and looking over at John.

"Are you okay?" he asked, staring into her big blue eyes.

"Yes," Rachel mouthed, without making a sound, staring back so hard at John that it almost hurt him to turn away.

John's eyes drifted down to Rachel's heaving chest as she fought to control her breathing. It was mesmerizing.

"We're okay," John said, lifting his gaze back to her eyes.

He squeezed her hand a little too hard. "We're okay," he said again.

Rachel nods and squeezed back. Her little hand felt so warm and her skin felt electric against him.

John pulled his hands away as if they were burned.

"Let's see if I can get us out of here." He looked away from her, placing all of his concentration onto restarting the car. John was certain that if he had kept gazing into Rachel's eyes and squeezing her hands, he would have leaned over and kissed her, or more.

John got the car started and back on the road, resuming the trip. He found himself driving insanely fast even after their little mishap.

"Please, slow down," Rachel requested timidly, not looking at him this time.

His body was coursing with adrenalin, as much from Rachel as from the near accident. John took a deep breath, forcing himself to slow down. He got them both there in one piece. Rachel got out of the car and came around to the driver's side, motioning for John to lower the window. John sat there looking at her through the glass for a few seconds before finally lowering it. Rachel tilted her head forward just a little too close. John started to sweat. He couldn't move or say anything.

"Thank you," she said simply, smiling at him and then turned and ran into her house.

It was a long drive home, especially with a raging hard-on. John's house was cold and dark when he got home.

"Just like my fucking life and marriage," John muttered under his breath, as he locked up and went upstairs to bed.

The rest of the weekend was non-descript and Monday came just a little too fast. The following week was a long exercise in de-motivation.

John felt like his whole life was turning into Groundhog Day and the only thing he could think about was his barely-legal baby sitter. For God's sake, she was still in high school! Life used to be so much better and he never used to have deviant thoughts about young girls.

As the weekend approached, John decided that the problem was him. His whole attitude about life and his marriage and his career was the problem. He decided that, thinking about his babysitter was a direct result of his negativity. She was exciting and different. That was all. He would change and with his mental change he could change his life and his marriage and his job and everything else for the better. There had to be a way to break through to Kathy. She wasn't a bitch when he married her. She had changed somehow. He would figure it out and come up with a plan. He wasn't about to give up.

He made up his mind to make a concerted effort to connect with his wife again. Maybe she was cold because he was cold. If he tried hard enough and long enough she would come around again. He bought

a dozen roses after work on Friday and made reservations for one of her favorite restaurants for Saturday night. When he got home, Kathy was standing in the foyer with two heavy bags and her hands on her hips.

"It's about time you got home." She glared at him.

"I ...are you going somewhere?" He handed her the roses.

"How nice, but they'll be dead before I get home. You've got a black thumb," she said distractedly, throwing them down on the table in the foyer.

"What do you mean? Where are you going? You know I have to work tomorrow?"

"Yes. I know you have to work. Some of us keep calendars. I'm going to my sister's for a few days."

"Why?"

"She just had surgery this morning."

"I knew that," John lied . He had forgotten all about it. "Is she okay? I didn't think you were going down there though."

"I wasn't, but she called and really needs me. I called Rachel already and she'll be here before you go to work tomorrow. I've got to go. The kids are in doing their homework. No sugar this weekend. I should be back by Tuesday evening."

Then, without a goodbye or a parting good wish, Kathy was out the door.

"Well shit." John stared after her for a moment and then went in to see the kids.

John and the kids had a great night, playing the Wii and eating way too much sugar filled food and candy. It was the best night they had together in months. He hated to admit it, but he thought it was probably because Kathy was gone . She hardly ever seemed to have fun anymore.

The next morning John woke up late. The alarm hadn't gone off or maybe he just forgot to set it. Usually Kathy reminded him. "Damn her," John muttered as he ran into the shower. He threw on some clothes and ran down the stairs. He was immediately greeted to the scent of eggs and bacon wafting from the kitchen.

"What? How?"

"Oh there you are, sleepy head." Rachel leaned out of the kitchen doorway. "We thought we heard you coming down the stairs." She held out a cup of coffee to him.

"Uh...good morning Rachel," John said, taking the coffee. "I forgot you were coming over. I guess Kathy gave you a key?"

"No silly. I know where you guys keep the extra key outside. So I came early and decided you could use a good hot breakfast. That's yours at the table. Hurry up and eat so you aren't late."

"Wow. Thank you," John said sitting down at the table and digging in. He couldn't remember the last time he had eaten a hot breakfast at home. Kathy just decided one day that she was done cooking.

The kids had already finished and were in the family room watching cartoons. John stood up and grabbed his briefcase and jacket . "I'm not sure how late I'll be Rachel," he said.

"That's no problem. Stay as late as you need to. We'll be fine."

"I'll call and order you a pizza if I'm going to be really late." John was now awake enough to really look at Rachel. She was wearing another skin tight t-shirt and he could see the outline of her nipples poking out. She wasn't wearing a bra. Shit!

Rachel laughed. Had she caught him glancing at her chest? John started to turn red.

"Don't worry about pizza, Mr. Greene. I'll cook something up. Just let me know when you'll be home. I love to cook, and I've got two really good helpers in there. Say good bye to your dad, guys," she called into the family room.

"Good bye daddy! " two little voices shot out in unison.

John felt a warmth in his chest. This was how family life should be. Then he caught himself...life is what you make it.

"Okay, then," John said. "Dinner's on you, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," Rachel said, beaming at him. "Have a great day Mr. Greene," she called after him as he walked out the front door.

John turned to her. "Call me John," he said and headed off to work.

John put in almost a full day of work finishing up his quarterly reports. He would be happy if he never saw another spreadsheet or SQL query for the rest of his life. When it was nearly six, he called Rachel and let her know that he was on his way home.

"That's great, John," Rachel said. "Dinner will be hot and ready when you get in."

"Wow. You really are good," he said. "Thanks again. You didn't really have to cook dinner."

"Yes I did silly," Rachel said, giggling, and then hung up the phone.

John found himself smiling like an idiot when he got off the phone. She had a way of making him feel like an awkward kid fresh out of high school. He had forgotten to ask her if she needed another ride home tonight.

John pulled up to his house about forty minutes later and the door opened up before he had a chance to fish his key out his pocket. "Hi, John," Rachel smiled at him. "How was your day?" It was really nice to have someone ask about his day for once.

"It was great," he said, meaning it. It felt good to get everything done and not have to worry about someone giving him an attitude when he got home late. "I'm really glad to be home though." That was the truth.

"Well I'm glad you're home too," Rachel said. She reached out to take his briefcase and carried it into the house.

John followed her into the house and was greeted by the unmistakable smell of spaghetti and fresh garlic bread.

Rachel placed his briefcase by the stairs and motioned for John to follow her into the kitchen. She had two plates on the table and two glasses of wine as well.

"Thank you. This looks wonderful."

"You're welcome. I'm a little nervous. I'm afraid you won't like it."

The both sat down and started eating.

"Rachel, this is so good. Who taught you how to cook?" John couldn't believe how good it was.

"My mom," she replied. "Well, she started me off, but I absolutely love to cook and I've taken some classes at the community college already."

Rachel picked up her glass of wine and took a big gulp and John snapped back to reality.

"Uh...that might not be a good idea," he said. "I don't want you driving home after drinking and I don't want your parents to think that we're...partying here or something. In fact, you probably shouldn't be drinking at all"

"I already thought about that," she said, sucking an entire meatball into her mouth.

John's cock twitched in his pants. What did she mean that she'd already thought about that?



"Drink up. It's really good," Rachel said, draining her glass and then filling it up again from the bottle on the table.

John did drink up. She had definitely picked the correct wine. He should know. He was known as a wine snob by his friends. He hadn't realized she knew anything about wine or even where his wine cellar was.

"That really is good," John said. "How were you planning on getting home?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I'm not," Rachel said simply, taking another drink. "I told my parents that you wouldn't be home till really late and that it would be easier for me to stay the night and get picked up in the morning."

"Well...I mean..."

Rachel cut him off with laughter. "You are so silly," she said smiling and gazing into his eyes.

"Well, let's finish up," John said.

When they were done, Rachel went up to check on the kids. John cleared the plates and started the dishwasher. Rachel came down a few minutes later. "Oh, I was going to do that."

"Not on your life," John said. "The cook never does his own dishes, at least not in this house."

"That's sweet," Rachel said.

Was she tipsy already? John had only seen her drink two glasses but the bottle was empty already. "The kids are already in bed and just waiting for you to say goodnight to them."

"Thank you," John said, meaning it. He bounded up the stairs.

When he came back down a few minutes later, he noticed another open bottle of wine on the kitchen counter. He was more than a little uncomfortable having an underage drinker in the house, and even more so since it was Rachel. He went into the family room and found Rachel lounging on the couch. She had a glass for him as well.

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"Here you go," she said handing it to him as he sat down on the far end of the couch, away from her.

"Thank you."

"Don't keep thanking me. You deserve it. You looked like you had a rough day when you walked in. It's time for you to relax."

She was right, of course. John just needed to relax. Rachel was going to sleep in the guest room. Nobody would ever find out that she was drinking here and it was just time for him to relax. Maybe that was the whole problem with everything. Maybe he was so uptight that it was having a negative impact on every aspect of his life.

"You're right," John said looking over at Rachel . "It was a long day and I just need to relax." He picked up the remote control and turned on the TV. "What do you want to watch?"

"Anything."

John looked over at her as she sipped her wine. She really was beautiful, with the biggest blue eyes and most amazingly huge breasts on such a slim figure. His cock started twitching again.

John turned his eyes back to the TV. What the fuck is wrong with you John? He started flipping through channels quickly, before settling on Dumb and Dumber. A good comedy was what they needed.

"I've never seen this one," Rachel said.

"You're in for a treat then ."

They watched the movie, laughing together at all the funny parts, and finished off the second bottle of wine in the process. John didn't realize how much he missed sharing laughter with someone.

Somewhere near the end Rachel had dozed off. John watched the rise and fall of her chest as she slept. He was entranced. He couldn't take his eyes off of her nipples outlined beneath her shirt. She truly was beautiful. Now he had a problem. He had to get her into the guest room. Rachel had definitely had way too much wine and John was feeling a little tipsy himself.

"Okay...let's find out how much you weigh," John said moving over in front of Rachel. "Time for bed...can you hear me?" He gently shook her but she didn't respond. "Okay," he said and picked her up.

She was surprisingly light; much lighter than his wife. Of course, it had been years since he'd tried to pick Kathy up for any reason. He didn't think it would happen again unless it was to throw her out the front door on to her ass. John found that thought extremely funny and struggled to contain his laughter.

Rachel snuggled against John's chest as he carried her up the stairs. His cock hardened and he knew what he would be dreaming about all night. He managed to get her into the guest room, and onto the bed. She was wearing shorts, so he didn't feel the need to undress her. He pulled the covers over Rachel and left the room.

"Whew...that wasn't so bad," John said as he brushed his teeth a few minutes later. He decided to sleep in shorts, just in case he had to wake up for any reason and was soon fast asleep himself.

He woke up to the wind howling outside. It was going to be a stormy night. He got up and checked all

the windows and looked in on the kids. Everything was as it should be and he was soon fast asleep again.

He woke up a little while later. There was someone else in his bed snuggled against him and snoring peacefully. It was Rachel. When had she gotten into his bed? Why had she gotten into his bed? She was still fully clothed and he was too tired to care so he rolled over to the other side of the bed.

He did dream about Rachel that night. He dreamed that he could feel her large soft breasts dragging against his legs as she deep throted his cock. He dreamed that he was bucking his hips up, driving his cock deep into her mouth. He dreamed that she was drooling around his cock and slurping on it, moaning in pleasure as she sucked him hard.

John snapped awake. This was no dream. The covers were off and so were his shorts. Rachel's giant tits were pressing into his legs and he was thrusting his cock deep into her mouth.

"No...stop..." he protested. "You have to stop!"

This only caused Rachel to grab the base of his cock and take him further down her throat. Where had she learned to do this? He was going to cum. She was staring into his eyes and sucking hard; swirling her tongue around his shaft. She wanted him to cum in her mouth. It was too late to stop.

Rachel moaned as John flooded her mouth with semen. She kept sucking him until he was spent and then released him and sat up on the bed. John's eyes were accustomed to the dark now and he could see her clearly. She was even more beautiful and more perfect than he had imagined that she would be. Her breasts seemed larger without the confines of a shirt. Her nipples were thick and long.

"You're still hard," she said giggling and looking down at his crotch.

"I...yes...I mean no...why are you..." John Stammered.

Rachel shook her head and crawled up over John, letting her breasts drag up his body as she did. It was too late for John to protest. Rachel took one of John's hands and placed it on one of her massive breasts. It was so full and firm and soft. He squeezed.

"My God," he whispered. "You're perfect."

"I'm yours," she whispered back, kissing him lightly on the lips.

She was rubbing her pussy on his cock. She was already dripping wet. He had both hands on her chest now, mauling her breasts. She stuck her tongue into his mouth and they kissed passionately. She gripped him and guided him to her hole and in an instant he was inside her. She was so wet and hot and tight.

"Uh...Oh fuck you're big," Rachel grunted. "Let me do all the work."

Rachel rode him furiously, sliding her body up and down his. Her giant, full breasts mashed against John's body. She was so tight. He was going to cum again.

"You're...I'm going to cum," he panted.

"Me too," Rachel grunted, staring into his eyes. Her body started to shake. Her pussy contracted around his cock, and she whimpered setting off John's own orgasm.

Rachel leaned forward, pressing her lips against his. He responded by sucking her tongue into his mouth and they kissed fervently as they finished cumming together.

Rachel rolled off of John and they both lay there panting and gasping for breathe.

"That was the best sex I've ever had," John said and then regretted saying anything at all. What are you supposed to say after mind blowing sex with your eighteen-year-old babysitter in the bed that you share with your cold , frigid wife? "I mean...I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything," Rachel said as she cuddled up next to John, draping her arm and leg over him. Her large, firm breasts were molded against the side of his body. She kissed him on the cheek and soon she was snoring again. John fell asleep a few minutes later.

John woke the next morning with a start. He popped up into a sitting position, full of panic. What had he done? He looked around the room. It was empty except for himself and the bedroom door was shut. There was absolutely no evidence of last night's tryst with the baby sitter. Maybe it was a dream? As John yanked on a t-shirt and sweatpants, he knew in his mind that he had done something very, very wrong last night.

He all but ran down the steps and into the kitchen and stopped dead in the doorway. Rachel and the two kids were singing a song about a bus and eating fruit loops between verses. It was the cutest thing John had ever seen. It had been a long time since there had been any singing in the Greene home. John smiled despite himself.

"Say, 'good morning, Daddy,'" Rachel commanded and kids cheerfully did as they were instructed and then went back to eating their cereal.

"We need to talk," John said, motioning for Rachel to follow.

"Sure," Rachel said smiling deeply at him. "You can finish the movie after you eat," she said to the kids as she followed John into the downstairs office.

He shut the door behind him, but Rachel spoke first.

"Kathy called."

"She did?" John kept himself calm.

"Yes. She called while you were sleeping. She was a little surprised that I was still here, but thought that it was a good idea. She asked if I could watch the kids tomorrow and Tuesday until she came home."

"I...well I was going to ask you but...I mean...it's not a good idea now. We need to talk about last night."

Rachel ignored John's comment and kept on going. "Did you know that I don't have school this week?"

"I didn't know that, but..." John countered. "It doesn't matter."

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"So I told Kathy that I could, and she said you had early morning meetings both Monday and Tuesday and thought that spending the night in the guest room Sunday and Monday night would be best for the kids."

"She did?" John was flummoxed.

"Yes. I already told my mom and she's dropping off a bag of clothes for me later today. We're all set."

"No...I mean, we're not all set." John said.

"Kathy asked me what we did last night."

"What?"

"You heard me, didn't you?"

"Yes...what did you tell her?"

"What do you think I told her?"

John shook his head. Rachel wouldn't do that to him.

Rachel just laughed.

"What do you want for breakfast?" Rachel said. She smiled and left the room.

"I don't want anything," John said to himself. What was he supposed to do now? It was his dream come true and his worst nightmare. How could anything go back to normal again? Why would he want it to?

John decided to skip breakfast. He snuck a cup of coffee when Rachel was in tending to the children and

then went upstairs to finish his TPS report.

He had been shut off in his bedroom the entire morning without interruption when the bedroom door opened. It was Rachel with her bags.

"Hey you," she said coyly. "I didn't want to disturb you while you were working up here. Everyone is down for their naps and I thought I'd take a shower."

"Thank you," John said. "You really are great with them. They'd still be crying if I was alone here trying to put them down to sleep."

"Well you aren't alone. You aren't alone anymore," Rachel said, peeling off her t-shirt.

"You shouldn't," John protested. "Last night was..." He was unable to finish as she stepped out of her shorts. She was perfect.

Rachel just giggled and locked the bedroom door. Her massive tits bounced as she walked towards John. He stood there frozen, his breathe quickening. Rachel changed directing just before she reached him and sauntered into the master bathroom. She looked back, motioning him to follow. John did.

Rachel had already started the shower. "I...I'm going downstairs to get some...to..." he stammered.

"I want you to join me in the shower. Please?" she walked over and kissed him hard on the lips, placing a hand on his crotch at the same time. He was already rock hard. She grabbed his cock firmly through the fabric of his pants.

John kissed her back, his hands roaming over her young supple body. Rachel stepped back. "Please?"

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I love you silly," Rachel said giggling again. She turned and walked into the shower.

John stared after her. Nobody beside his children, had told him that in years. Could she even know what love was? Asking God to forgive him, he pulled off his clothes and entered the shower with Rachel. Last night was bad enough, but at this second in time, he was about to cross the line of no return. Maybe he'd already crossed it last night. It didn't matter.

Rachel handed him the body wash and sponge. "I really need you to get my back good," she said turning away from him.

John started to lather up her back. Just touching her was sending electric shocks throughout his entire body. He felt like his head was going to explode.

"Don't forget my ass." She winked at him.

John didn't. He couldn't imagine ever forgetting a perfectly round ass like hers. It just wasn't possible. He worked the soap over her shapely ass and thighs and down the back of her legs and then worked his way up the sides of her stomach and reached around to her enormous boobs. Rachel moaned and leaned back against him as he worked his hands over them.

"It's my turn," Rachel said turning around. John closed his eyes as this beautiful young woman cleaned every last inch of him, paying singular attention to his rigid cock.

They made out as the hot water washed away all the soap. It seemed to wash away all of John's doubt and shame as well. They toweled off and then Rachel led John back out onto the bed.

"Let me take care of this for you," she said dropping to her knees in front of him. "It's so big. You have no idea how full I felt last night. I didn't know I could feel like that."

"Oh...it's not that big...I mean..."

John stopped talking as Rachel engulfed his member deep into her mouth. She was good. She slid her mouth up and down his shaft, taking him deeper each time. Then she blew his mind as she took him so deep into her throat that her nose was buried in his pubic hair. John had never felt anything so good in his life. Kathy certainly wasn't capable of this. Hell, she wouldn't even give him a hand job anymore.

John looked down at Rachel and they stared into each other's eyes as she worked her wonderful mouth up and down his shaft. She was drooling around his cock and moaning as she sucked him. John only lasted a few minutes.

"I'm going to cum," he warned.

Rachel pulled her mouth off of his cock long enough to plead for him to fill her mouth with it. That was all it took, and he started pumping cum between her lips.

"Ugh...Oh God. .."

Rachel kept on sucking and swallowing until John started to deflate in her mouth. She pulled her mouth away. "Yummy."

John collapsed back onto the bed. "Come here," he commanded.

Rachel stood up. "I'm right here."

"No. That's not what I mean. Come here. I want your pussy on my face. I'm going to eat you."

"Oh!" Rachel exclaimed and then jumped onto the bed, crawling over John's body until her naked sex was right over his face. "No one's ever done that to me before."

John pulled her down onto his mouth and started to lick her oozing slit. Rachel moaned and ground herself against John's mouth. "Oh Fuck! Eat me!" she squealed.

John pleased her, licking and sucking on her clit. It had been years since he had done this, and he was going to make the most of it. She was delicious and her body was telling him that he was doing it right.

"Oh...oh....I'm cumming," she moaned as her body shook in orgasm. John kept licking and sucking her as she came. Rachel kept grinding her pussy against John's mouth. She rolled off of him a few minutes later, breathing heavily.

John looked over at her squeezing her hand. "Are you okay?"

"I couldn't breathe...fuck...that was so intense...that was so good....oohh."

They both lay there recovering on the bed, holding hands.

"I love you," Rachel said and then grabbed some clothes and a small bag of toiletries and ran into the bathroom.

"Shit," John said to himself, still savoring her taste on his tongue. "She really is delicious."

Rachel came out a few minutes later. "It's all yours," she said smiling at him. "I'm going to check on the kids and what I've got in the oven."

She was wearing the tightest jeans that John had ever seen. They were a second skin, revealing every inch of her luscious ass and shapely legs. She had on an almost sheer white top with a plunging neckline. John could see her large thick nipples poking against the fabric. Rachel just laughed at him and left the bedroom. John's cock was semi-hard again. He shook his head and walked into the bathroom.

John brushed his teeth, got dressed and went downstairs as well. When he got there he could smell a roast that Rachel had in the oven. She knew her way around the kitchen for sure. She was outside playing with the kids again. What was he going to do? Did she really love him? Was he going to leave his wife? What about the kids? She was too young for him!

Just then there was a knock on the front door. John was surprised when he opened it up and it was his sister. "Uh...Hi," John said, clearly surprised.

"Hey John," she said. "Well, aren't you going to let me in?"

Of course not, John thought to himself. My braless, barely-legal, illicit lover is out back playing with my children and you want to come in? Instead, John simply said, "yes."

John's sister, Wendy, was a few years younger than John and lived in Pennsylvania.



"What are you doing here?" he asked, just now noticing that she had a suitcase with her.

"Don't you remember?" She sighed and stared at him. "I told you I was heading out west for the writer's faire and that I'd be stopping by Sunday night. Don't tell me that you forgot?"

"I...no...I mean yes. I forgot."

"Where's Kathy?"

"Well that's part of the problem. Her sister was in the hospital and she left to help her out for a few days. Things have been kind of crazy around here, especially with work. It doesn't matter though. You're always welcome and we always have room for you."

"Well that explains a lot," Wendy said laughing. "Are you cooking? Something smells wonderful."

"Well, not exactly," John said grabbing Wendy's suitcase and setting it near the stairs. "Do you remember Rachel, our babysitter?"

"She's here? She's cooking?"

"Yes. It was all Kathy's idea. "

"Of course," Wendy replied. "I see."

There was no love lost between John's sister and his wife. "Come on out and say hi to the kids," John said, leading Wendy to the back of the house.

As soon as the kids saw John's sister, they came running in from the back yard. "Hi Aunt Wendy!" they said in unison, smothering her in hugs and kisses.

"Hi," Rachel said sheepishly, standing in the doorway.

"Hi Rachel," Wendy said, arching her eyebrows, obviously shocked by Rachel's barely covered breasts. "Shouldn't...never mind...do you remember me from a few a few years ago? You've changed."

"Thank you," Rachel replied. "I do remember you."

At this point the kids ran back outside to finish making mud pies and Rachel hurried along behind them.

"John, we need to talk," Wendy said angrily to John. "She looks like a slut and in front of the kids."

"I was upstairs working and just now came down. I had no idea," he defended himself. His own anger was rising; or was it guilt?

"Okay...Christ, I'm sorry," Wendy said putting a hand on her brother's arm. "It's been a long drive and I'm a little grumpy. I was just shocked. I know that's how girls dress these days. Could you tell her to change shirts, for me?"

"Of course," John replied. "Why don't you go upstairs and freshen up. Rachel was going to stay in the guest room but it's all yours. She won't mind sleeping on the couch."

Wendy just nod to get in the room and took her bags upstairs. John called Rachel, but before he could say anything, she told him that was going upstairs change shirts and her stuff out of the guest.

"That was she," he said to himself. Why did she have to make everything so damn easy?

John and Wendy spent the rest of the afternoon catching up and playing with the kids as Rachel made dinner. "It's like having your own live in housekeeper," Wendy said as Rachel call from the kitchen that dinner was ready. John smirked. It was a lot more than that.

Dinner was great and Wendy started warming up to Rachel. They both kicked John out of the kitchen and cleaned up together. They were actually having a good time in there, joking around. John thought that it was nice to have the sound of friendly laughter coming out of the kitchen for a change.

When it was time to turn in for the night, Wendy apologized for taking the guest room and offered it back to Rachel.

"No thanks Wendy," Rachel replied. "I'm fine out here and these couches are very comfortable. I'll probably sleep better than you."

John hoped so. He knew that he wouldn't be able to resist her if she snuck into his room tonight. He still didn't know what he was going to do? Just cut Rachel off and find another babysitter? Would she keep quiet? Did John even want her to?

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 125 The Busty Babysitter 5

John awoke in the middle of the night with a massive hard on. Well, that wasn't quite right. He awoke in the middle of the night to Rachel jacking him off to his full length and hardness.

"Rachel! What are you doing ? My sister is in the next room!" he hissed at her.

Rachel responded by taking half his shaft into her mouth and swirling her tongue around it. Soon she was bobbing her head up and down his thick cock, making wet slurping noises. John was unable to protest. The feeling was too good and the sounds of her sloppy blowjob were almost too much.

Rachel pulled her mouth off of his cock, drool running down her chin. "I missed you today. I felt like we had to keep our relationship a secret with your sister here."

"We do," John said as Rachel pulled off her oversized t-shirt letting her monumental tits spring free.  
"Oh, my God."

Rachel got on the bed and lay back, spreading her legs. "I've never needed anything in my life as badly as I need you right now. I was going to ask you to make love to me but all I really want you to do is fuck me," she said pouting her lips for effect.

"I...Wendy is...you..." John stammered. His cock was impossibly hard and it hurt.

Rachel inserted a finger into her pussy and started fucking herself with it. "I need this to be your cock, lover. Your cock is much thicker and longer than my finger and it will pump me full of your baby seed."

In spite of himself he crawled over Rachel, squeezing one of her plump boobs as she continued to finger herself. Did she just say baby seed? He had filled her pussy up with his semen without using protection. He hadn't even bothered to ask her if she was on the pill. What if he got her pregnant? She probably already was. This was a nightmare. She was his personal whore of Babylon and he was helpless to stop himself.

"Please," Rachel whispered huskily. "Be my man and fuck me."

"I am your man," John said and thrust himself inside her. Soon they were sucking on each other's tongues as they fucked. Rachel was moaning into his mouth and grabbing John's ass, urging him deeper. Rachel was so tight and warm and alive. He knew in that instant that he would never give her up. They both came together, neither of them noticing Wendy watching from the doorway.

Rachel slept with John that night, only bothering to get dressed when his alarm clock went off for work. She took her time pulling on her pajamas and leaving his room.

When John finished dressing, he left the room and ran right into Wendy.

"John...we need to talk."

"What's up? I haven't had any coffee yet so don't make it too complicated."

"Oh this is going to be easy," Wendy said looking like she was about to unleash the fury of the world upon him.

"Okay, you've got my attention."

"I know that Rachel slept with you last night."

"Slept with me?"

"Don't make me say it. Goddamn you!"

"I..."

"I saw you fucking each other's brains out last night. There! Do you understand that?"

John strode past his sister and headed down the stairs and into the kitchen. Rachel and the kids were sitting there eating fruit loops. He stood there for a minute, realizing that his little fantasy was soon going to be over. Rachel stood up as soon as she saw John enter the kitchen, and went over to the coffee machine. Wendy followed John into the kitchen and her and Rachel shared a look. It was a look that said that there were no secrets here this morning. They both turned and looked at John.

"Go finish your movie, guys," Rachel said to the children. They both took off into the family room leaving only the adults.

"John?" Rachel asked. It was a question that really asked everything.

"John," Wendy said simply.

John started to sweat. He wanted to crawl into a hole. It was moments like this that defined who a man really was. He didn't want to be a timid little coward who cheated and lied.

John went over to Rachel and pulled her against him. Her massive chest squeezed between them, as he looked her in the eyes. "I love you," he said and kissed her passionately. She kissed him back, wrapping her arms around him.

They stepped apart, holding hands and looked over at Wendy.

"Well I guess that settles that," Wendy said. "Now, what?"

"I guess I'd better call Kathy."

"She'll be furious," Wendy said.

"I don't think so. She can have the house. She doesn't even like the kids."

"You're being a little simplistic," Wendy said. "Life's way more complicated..."

John cut her off. "I see everything so clearly now. I'm tired of doing the wrong thing and banging my head against the wall. I've got to make a few phone calls."

John found Wendy and Rachel drinking coffee together in the living room, when he came back. He went over to Rachel and kissed her, sitting down next to her. She melted against him, eyes wide, mouth open.

"Well?" Wendy asked.

"I told her I was leaving her and that I was taking the kids. I told her that she could have the house and that we'd work out visitation and that my lawyer would be in contact with hers. For once in her life, she didn't have much to say. She asked who would be watching the kids and I told her Rachel would. She didn't say much more than that, except that she wanted all of my stuff gone by the time she got home."

"Where will you go?" Rachel asked.

"That's the wrong question Rachel," John said, grasping both her hands in his and gazing into her eyes.

"I just can't...I don't know how to ask what I'm feeling," she said. She took a big gulp as tears streamed down her face.

"I've just rented us a townhouse. You're moving in with me. You're moving in with us."

"Oh, John," she said collapsing against him.

"Oh, John," Wendy said. "Should I stay and help you pack?"

"Please," John and Rachel said in unison. Wendy did. John and his busy little baby sitter made babies and lived happily ever after.

The End.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 126 A Lesbian's Love Story 1

PROLOGUE: WHAT IS LOVE?

Love. Just four tiny letters.

Love. Just one simple word.

Love. No two people would create the same definition.

Love. So many different kinds; so many different emotions. I love my mother; I love my decaf mochas; I love my teddy bear from when I was three; I love the Big Bang Theory; I love to read; I love teaching; I love wearing stockings; I love sex. Yet had I ever felt true love? I don't know. I definitely thought I was in love on a few occasions, but that faded away over time.

I love you. Three simple words. I have said them before; I have had them said to me; were they meant sincerely? I like to think so. Were they actually true deep down in their heart? Maybe.

This is a love story. This is my love story. Is it a traditional love story? No. It is a complex, layered and

sexually filled story. Will you think it is a true love story? That is up to you, as each defines love as they see it. So don't judge my view of love. It is messy, complicated, addictive and, yet I think, pure.

It wasn't until I was 26 and my best friend for many years announced she was engaged and getting married that I realized I was in love; pure, unconditional love. A love that overwhelms you. It is intoxicating; bewildering; overwhelming; haunting. This is the story of how I found such a love.

For me, love equals Gwen.

## CHAPTER 1: A REVELATION

Gwen and I were best friends since grade 10. We had almost every class together and graduated together. We both lost our virginity at our grade 12 prom, on a double dare that had become a tradition between us. We would both dare each other to do the same thing. In grade 10 it was to walk up and kiss a nerd; by grade 12 we were daring each other to flash old men, go without underwear during a cheerleading practice, and lastly daring each other to give up our cherries to our respective boyfriends at prom, both of us having turned 18 the month before.

In college the dares got crazier, each one created by me. Gwen was psychologically shy, yet when a dare was given the shy facade always seemed to fade away as she also hated to lose.

Anyway I digress; we both got our teaching degrees at the same college. Luckily for us, we also got jobs at the same school; me teaching kindergarten and Gwen teaching grade 3. Over the next few years I dated a couple men before strictly dating women. Unfortunately, I had been through a string of women. I broke up with women for many trivial reasons: she had an annoying laugh; she was too high maintenance; she was too low maintenance; her family was crazy; she wasn't intelligent enough for me; she was too intelligent for me; she wasn't good enough in bed; etc... What I realized after the fact is they actually all had the same problem...they were not Gwen. Gwen, on the other hand, dated a couple guys briefly before falling hard for a decent guy named Rob.

Anyways, life went on and had been very normal, until she announced she was getting married. It shouldn't have been a big deal as they had lived together for two years already and nothing had really changed in our relationship. We still had our weekly girls' night, our occasional dares, our daily phone calls and our constant text messages. Yet, when she gave me the news, something triggered deep inside me. I had this empty feeling and then it was replaced by this overwhelming fear and then it was replaced by something I can't explain. A light bulb went on. It didn't flicker, it shined bright. I was in love with Gwen. Not as a friend, not as a sibling; no, I loved her in an 'I want to spend the rest of my life with you' love.

That night I went to bed alone thinking of the few times we experimented with each other. It started with drunken kissing a few times to tease the boys at the pub, then one time for the boys when I fingered her, on a drunken dare of mine, for their entertainment; on a few occasions we masturbated side by side as we watched some porn and then eventually helped each other reach orgasmic bliss once...just once. I remember how gentle she was and how she found my g-spot, something very few

had ever been able to do. In retrospect, that night was so tender, so gentle, and so perfect. Unfortunately, we never were intimate again, nor had we ever talked about that one special night.

Then I reflected on our friendship. I was the outgoing one, while she was more reserved. I was sarcastic funny, while she was quirky funny. I was always the one making the plans, while Gwen simply went along with it. I was confrontational, while she avoided it at all costs.

The more I considered Gwen and me, the more revelations exploded inside my head. She always let me decide what we did when we went out; she never disagreed with me, even when she clearly didn't agree with me; she always listened to my advice on fashion, make-up, etc.; she began wearing stockings after I suggested that they were sexy (now she always wears them).

As I considered our brief intimate encounters another eye-opener emerged. I was always the initiator, while she was always the follower. When we first masturbated each other it was me who suggested she let me help her out. It was all coming together. The puzzle pieces didn't all fit yet, but the picture was beginning to come into focus. Gwen was submissive. I had been with a few submissive women in my past and knew how to manipulate them. If Gwen was submissive, which I was pretty sure she was, I could seduce her.

I should note that I am a very attractive woman. I am 5 foot 6, hypnotic hazel eyes, long red flowing hair, small but firm breasts, a perfect tan, an intoxicating smile, a tight ass and luscious legs. I don't mean to sound arrogant, but men and women have been checking me out since I was a teenager.

Gwen is also pretty, but in a much more wholesome way. She is more the girl next door type. She is a brunette, with unique crystal blue eyes, large breasts which she often hides behind sweaters, a slightly chunky ass, lips to die for, cute dimples and a smile that sparkles.

Anyways, I fell asleep pondering...did she love me too? Would she have done more with me if I had made a move?

A few things became crystal clear:

1. I loved Gwen.
2. I had to stop the wedding.
3. I had to seduce Gwen.

I barely slept as I considered my seduction plan.

## CHAPTER 2: BUYING A BRIDESMAID DRESS...THE SEDUCTION BEGINS

The next couple of weeks it was simple things. I started hugging her when we saw each other and complimented her every chance I got. The compliments during this time were simple, flattering

compliments, things a man would never say. "Oh you painted your nails a new shade of red" or "Those shoes really help showcase your legs," or "Is that a new lipstick? It really makes your lips come to life." Each compliment seemed to perk up Gwen.

Then we went bridesmaid dress shopping .

"So what color are you thinking the bridesmaids should wear?" I asked as we arrived at the store.

"I don't know I was thinking green."

"I look amazing in green," I said flirtily.

"I know it's your favourite color," she responded.

I coyly ask her, "But do I look hot in green?"

She blushed, ever so slightly, as she said with a slight laugh, "Yes, you look hot in green Julia."

I smiled and gave her a big hug. I then whispered in her ear, "You look hot in everything you wear ." I then kissed her cheek, something I had started a couple of weeks ago, and we started looking at dresses.

I pointed out a couple nice ones and then headed to try on a nice dark green one that was sexy, yet still wedding appropriate. When I came out to show it off a pretty saleswoman, who looked to be in her early twenties, give or take, was there to assist us. Her name tag said Emma. I looked in the mirror and asked, "How do I look?"

Gwen said, "It looks really good on you."

"You think?" I asked. Taking a long look in the mirror I then said, "This would definitely need stockings."

Gwen agreed, "Yes, either black or dark beige."

I looked at Emma and said, "Do you sell stockings here?"

"Yes," Emma responded.

I smiled at her, my sexy flirting smile, "Not pantyhose, but thigh high stockings."

Emma smiled back at me with a similar flirting smile, "Yes ma'am. That is all I wear as well. I would recommend French Coffee."

It was my turn to be impressed. "I have never heard of French Coffee as a colour."

Emma smiled and said, "Do you like the colour I am wearing?"



"They are very fetching, but they are suntan are they not?" I said.

"Very good. Well French coffee is a darker shade, one that would be perfect with that shade of green. They are a 50s style vintage stocking."

"Can you get me a pair?" I asked.

"Yes ma'am," she responded.

"It's Julia," I said.

"I will get you a pair," she paused smiling coyly at me, "Julia."

As she walked away, I watched her waiting for the look back; as expected, it came with a sly smile. I looked at Gwen and said, "What do you think Gwen? Think I can seduce her?"

Gwen looked at me with a look I could not read. "Well few have ever been able to resist the Julia charm." It should be noted that Gwen has seen me seduce many men and women throughout the years.

"You did," I paused, "Well mostly."

Gwen blushed, but before I could continue cute little Emma returned. The brunette handed me a package. Instead of going back to change in the dressing room, I simply opened the package and decided to put them on in front of the two girls I was trying to seduce.

I slid off my three inch pumps and slowly slid a stocking on my tanned legs. I made sure to make eye contact with Emma as I put on the first stocking. As I put on my second stocking I looked eye to eye with Gwen who watched before looking away when she realized I saw her watching. I then looked in the mirror. Pretty Emma was right. The stockings really showcased both my legs and the dress. My long red hair also was showcased by the dress. I never looked better. I looked at Emma and said, "Good call, how do I look?"

"You look radiant ma'am, I mean Julia." She said overly friendly.

"Radiant. That is very flattering. Can you bring me a pair of matching heels for this dress?"

"Sure," she said, "A size 6 I assume."

"You are very good at your job Emma, a size six indeed."

Emma walked away, her ass swaying perfectly in her tight black skirt.

I winked at Gwen as I quickly pulled off my panties and tossed them to Gwen. She was startled, but only

briefly, as she quickly put them in her purse.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 127 A Lesbian's Love Story 2

Emma came back with two shoe boxes and knelt beside me. I lifted my foot up, legs open enough to showcase my shaved pussy, as Emma slid on the matching green pump, slowly caressing the back of my ankle and calf as she did so. She was a seductress too. Even so, her face gave a startled look as she saw my uncovered cunt. She lingered longer than propriety would allow, before reaching down for the second shoe. As she put the second heel on, she again took a lingering look at my delicious pussy. As she was hypnotically seduced by my appetizing delicacy, I said, "Like what you see?"

She broke her stare and stood up embarrassed and tried to change the topic. "Um, those shoes really work for this outfit ma'am."

I smiled at her and said, "It is Julia dear. Plus you didn't answer my question." I then moved close to her and whispered, "Did you like what you saw."

Her face was red, yet she caught on to the game quickly as she recovered, "Very much so."

"I thought you would," I said and turned to look in the mirror while I winked at Gwen who shook her head. "Emma these are good, but not amazing. What else do you have for me?"

She reached for the other box as I sat back down and lifted up my leg, angled so this time Gwen could take a peak as well. Emma slid off my shoe and replaced it with a sexier pump with a strap that wrapped around my ankle. Emma took her time putting my shoe on; her gaze rarely leaving mine. When both shoes were on, I checked the mirror and knew instantly this was perfect. I did a twirl and said, "So Emma, how do I look?"

Emma walked over to me and said, "Ravishing."

I smiled back, "Thanks Emma. Gwen I think this is the dress and these are definitely the shoes. You think?"

Gwen, who was gawking at me quite frankly, responded awkwardly, "Yes, yes, they are perfect."

I turned to Emma, "We will buy it all Emma. Can you help me get the dress off please," I asked as I went into the changing room.

Emma looked back to see if anyone was coming before following me into the room.

As soon as the door was closed, I pushed her against the wall and kissed her passionately. She kissed back with a similar intensity. I broke the kiss eventually and she helped me out of the dress. I kept on the nylons and fingered my pussy quickly before putting my finger at Emma's lips. She obediently

opened her lips and savoured my love juice. I then got dressed and said, "Emma, I will be at Le Chateau Club next Saturday, I expect you will be there."

She looked embarrassed as she whispered, "I can't."

"Why?" I asked with a seductive pout, "You don't find me attractive?"

"No, I find you incredibly intoxicating. It is just," she paused for a long time, "I am only 20."

"Really? You look over 21," I said genuinely surprised.

Her face glowed with pride as she said, "Thanks, I turn 21 in a couple of months."

"Well," I said, "Do you want to see me again?"

"Desperately," she said eagerly.

"Well then meet at Le Chateau Club at 9:30 next Saturday. I know everyone there, if you come with me they will let you in."

"Really," she said like a little school girl, "I have wanted to go there forever."

"Well consider me your Fairy Godmother, but a lot younger, hotter and someone you want to fuck."

She laughed and said, "I will be there; what should I wear?"

"It is a high scale lesbian bar, so dress classy, yet sexy. Your outfit should showcase your assets and have the other woman drooling to please you, but should also be made so others can easily access your...", I paused for effect, "fun parts."

She said, "I have a few ideas."

"You understand," I cautioned, "That you must obey all my commands when at the club."

She looked slightly surprised, but quickly regained her composure, "Well that goes without saying."

I smiled, "You are a little deviant, aren't you?"

She moved in, her hand on my ass, "In more ways than one." She moved to my ear and whispered, her hot breath on my neck, my weak spot by the way, "What about your friend?"

I responded, "She's straight, or at least she thinks she is."

As my hand slid under her skirt, just teasing her pussy through her panties, she moaned into my ear,

"She's a dyke, even if she doesn't know it yet."

She nibbled my ear, my knees giving just a hair, giving away my weakness, as I responded, "That's my hope."

I kissed her again one more time and opened the door. I went to Gwen and said, "Can I have my panties back?"

Gwen sheepishly opened her purse and handed them to me.

I gave them to Emma and said, "A gift for my little slave."

She smirked, looked around, slid off her panties and tossed them to me, "I can't take a gift without giving one back. "

I grabbed them, handed her my phone and said, "Type in your number in case something comes up."

She grabbed the phone, expertly typed in her pertinent information and handed me back the phone.

I took it back, paid for my outfit, using her generous 25% discount, and Gwen and I headed out. We headed over to Annie's house for our once a month Bridge night where I purposely avoided Gwen as much as possible, trying to play a little aloof. Although I did tell the girls about the new girl I met and how she would be a good little plaything for a while. The girls called me a lesbian slut and I shrugged my shoulders and agreed.

### CHAPTER 3: BUYING SOME TOYS

The school week went on with little fanfare as it was report card week, so both Gwen and I were bombarded with work. Writing down comments for 60 kids in every category of learning is exhausting and brain-numbing. So on Friday, Gwen and I went out for drinks, to celebrate another ending of report card reporting; Rob was out of town as was often the case. After a couple drinks we left, Gwen saying she was exhausted and needed some sleep. I laughed and said it was only 7 , but I too was pretty tired.

As we got in the car I said, "Can we make one more stop?"

Gwen responded, "Sure, where else do you need to go?"

"The adult shop on 8th. I need a new toy or two for tomorrow night," I said rather matter-of-factly.

"Oh,"Gwen said surprised and seemingly a bit crestfallen.

"Plus, you being an old married hen pretty soon, we should get you some special toys for yourself. Rob is out of town a lot."

"I --I --I have a toy."

"I know, the same small, thin vibe you had in college isn't it?"

"Maybe," she said ever so slightly defiant.

"It is isn't it?" I said while laughing, "I was just kidding."

She responded all defensive, "I don't need it, Rob is all I need."

"Really, Rob is gone for weeks at a time, how do you survive? If I don't get off every day or two I am a complete mess."

"Every day or two?" Gwen asked astonished.

"Usually every day, sometimes more than once, if I am being honest," I said honestly.

"Huh," Gwen said contemplating, her mine seeming to go elsewhere.

"It's settled girlfriend, we are getting you some new play things." We drove in silence for the last couple minutes of the drive.

We entered the store and I went directly to the toys. Now I have a decent collection of adult accessories already, but I decided this was a great opportunity to up the ante on my seduction of my best friend.

The first thing I did was grab a pair of handcuffs. "Ever been handcuffed?"

Gwen shook her head no.

"Well you really should try it. It is exhilarating when you are totally at the whim of someone else. It is, even better, to be the one handcuffing someone else. Suddenly you have all the power. These ones even glow in the dark, that would be pretty handy don't you think?" She didn't answer as I tossed a pair into a basket and said, "One can never have too many pairs." I then walked over to the vibrators. I grabbed a 7 inch black one and tossed it to Gwen. "Is Rob this big?"

Gwen blushed and looked at the toy as if it was an alien object.

"Twice as big as the one you have now." I then grabbed a 5 inch pink one with five speeds and said, "This may be more to your liking." I then took the black one and tossed it in the basket.

Gwen looked at the toy as I moved to a double ended dildo, something I didn't actually have. I looked at them as a saleslady, a woman in her late 40s, black hair, clearly dyed, and hazel eyes, walked over. I asked her, "Any advice on what kind of double ended dildo one should buy?"

Gwen dropped the toy when she realized someone else saw her with it.

The woman, clearly not fazed by such a question, answered, in a clearly British accent, "Well it depends on what you want. Our most popular, for women of experience, is our 7 inch long and a solid one inch thick double dong." She reached up to an upper shelf, where I got a good look at her still firm ass. She handed it to me still in its packaging.

"Have you ever used one yourself?" I asked teasingly.

She smiled and said, "Long ago in my college days."

"Was it effective?"

"Oh it did the trick."

Gwen just watched the sexual verbal exchanges, not saying a word, yet seemingly hanging on every syllable.

I looked at it and burst out laughing. "Gwen it's called the Pretty in Pink Double Dong. That is hilarious. Seriously, it even has two different John Hughes references."

Gwen looked at me confused.

"Well the Pretty in Pink reference is obvious, but remember in 16 Candles that Chinese exchange student is named Dong," I explained. I then continued, "I have to get this." I placed it in the basket which was already half full.

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The saleslady then handed me a much slimmer blue dildo called a Feeldoe Dildo. I looked at in awe. The saleslady explained, "This one is for a situation where one wants to be a little dominant and still get off at the same time."

"That sounds like me," I flirted.

"I thought it may," she said back.

"So how does it work?" I queried greatly intrigued.

"Well you see the one part goes inside you, while the other would go in your lover and you could actually use it as a penis to make love to her."

"Wow," I said, "Look Gwen isn't this cool?"

Gwen blushed again, but said, "It is creative."

"That it is," I said looking for a price. "Ouch," I said, "its 120 bucks."

The saleslady said, "It is expensive, but if you buy at least 5 toys, I will give you the special customer discount of 30 percent."

"Well in that case," I flirted, "How can I say no?" The saleslady put it in the basket for me.

"I also need a strap-on cock, preferably one that vibrates as well. Do they make such a thing?" I queried as Gwen gave an awkward cough slash choke sound.

I looked at her and winked.

The British woman completely unfazed answered, "Yes they do. What length were you considering?"

"What length do you like?" I teased.

She chuckled as she said, "It has been many years since I have had the need for such a toy, but the women who come in here tend to like a couple different ones." She grabbed a black one that was eight inches long and said, "This one is for deep penetration, but I am told, by some very reliable sources, that women love it, especially if it is turned on high."

I grabbed the straps and wrapped it around my skirt. I asked, "Can you buckle it up for me?"

"Sure thing sweetheart" she responded and buckled me up. I was slightly disappointed that there was no sexual tension or teasing by her. Usually my flirting works on almost everyone. I decided I would have to turn on my charm.

I turned to Gwen and said, "So how do I look?"

Gwen stuttered and stammered questioningly, "Well, um, good?"

"Really, just good?" I teased feigning hurt feelings.

Gwen quickly reiterated, "Well great for a girl with a strap-on, but isn't that way too big?"

"God no, I have had bigger cocks then this in me before. I won't even fuck anybody less than 7 inches now-a-days and that is only if I am desperate to get off." I paused, for dramatic effect, "Well that was the rule before I quit dating men and started fucking only women."

Gwen looked bewildered and overwhelmed. I couldn't tell if she was turned on by me or repulsed.

The British saleslady broke the tension by upping the erotic tension when she said, "On the other hand, if you are into butt play, a smaller, thinner strap-on is better." She then handed me a pink cock.

I looked and said, "Good call, that eight inch would be too big for my ass, but this would fit snugly."

Gwen stammered trying to get the words out, "You, you.."

I walked over to her and said astonished, "You have never had a cock in your ass? Ever?"

"God no," she said.

"Ever?" I said trying to press her buttons by acting like it was the most natural sexual act in the world.

"No, I would never do that," she said confidently.

I smiled and said, "Never say never, honey."

I dropped it in the basket and took off the one on my waist and dropped it in the basket also.

The saleswomen then said, "We do have a brand new product that I think you will really like."

"Do tell," I responded curiously.

She handed me a pink strap-on cock that had a second plug for the woman wearing the strap-on. I looked at it and said, "Does it vibrate?"

"Both do," she said and added, "The one could be in your vagina or butt while you pleased your lover."

"Really," I said all excited.

"Yes, it is similar to the feeldoe, but this one vibrates and is cheaper."

I looked at the price; the vibrating duel harness, as it was called, was only 60 bucks. "Well, I think I will take this instead, um, what is your name?"

"Audrey," she said.

"Well Audrey, you have been amazingly helpful," I said as my hand gently caressed her arm.

"That is my job," she joked. "Now I get the feeling that you have a bit of a domination streak in you, am I correct?"

"Well," I shrugged nonchalantly.



"I have a very unique item if you are into extreme power trips in the bedroom."

"Do show?" I said.

She handed me a strange looking 6 inch long beige cock with a strap. I looked at her confused, "Another strap-on?"

She gave a soft sincere laugh as she said, "No, no, it's called the Accommodator. You wrap it around your lover's head and she can pleasure you with her face."

The light bulb went on as I said, "I can have my slut just fuck me with a cock on her face." Audrey shook her head yes and I said, "That is amazing." I looked at it closer and said, "I need to see it on someone."

I looked at Gwen and decided to test the water just a bit and asked, "Gwen will you audition it on for me."

"Um," she began awkwardly, but I just walked over and put it on her head.

"Wow, that is awesome," I said. "I'll take it." I quickly took it back off her so as to not humiliate her too long and tossed it into the full basket. I then noticed a hilarious named anal toy the Rump Shakers Vibrating Butt Plug which was 5 inches long, an inch wide and a crazy inch and a half at the base. I had never had anything that wide in my butt, but maybe someday. Plus it came with a remote control.

I asked, "How far can one control the butt plug?"

Audrey said, "I am not sure, let me check." She read the back of the box and after a minute or so said, "It doesn't say." With that, she opened the package and quickly inserted the batteries. She then handed me the plug. I turned it on. Audrey then used the remote to make it vibrate faster. With each speed she moved a few feet back.

"Wow", I said, "it works from at least 20 feet, that would be handy?"

Gwen looked at me and said, "How?"

"Well say you have it in a girl's butt and want to get her off, you can do it from across the room."

Gwen sarcastic, for the first time today, said, "Well obviously, who wouldn't need such a convenience." But I saw her head spinning as she contemplated all she saw today.

I tossed it in the basket, smiling right at Gwen, and said, "Never know when this will come in handy. Audrey, which toy would be best for a girl who is always alone because her husband to be is always on the road? "

"Is she into kink?"

I looked at Gwen, "Are you into kink?"

"God no," Gwen said astonished by the question.

"No," I said to Audrey, who chuckled.

"Well then the we- vibe-2 is an amazing little toy that can be used by yourself, with a man or with a woman. It goes inside your vagina and the inside part vibrates hopefully hitting your g-spot while the outside vibrates on your clitoris." She handed on to me.

"Wow it is small and light," I said amazed for once myself.

"Yes, it is and you can have it inside you when you are being pleased by a man's penis or one of your," pausing for effect, "special toys."

"Nice," I said. "Gwen, your engagement present from me is this." I then tossed the small toy to her.

She caught it and looked at it closely. She turned it on and jumped a bit.

As she played with her toy, I whispered to Audrey, "I also need two jelly egg vibrators with remote."

She smiled, seemingly knowing my future purpose for them, as she said, "I will add them to your things."

"No, I am going to ask for one, but I need you to tell me that actually they are buy one, get one free. Of course, you can charge me for both."

"I understand," she said.

I leaned right into her ear, as I slipped her my card, "If you ever want to reminisce and relive your younger days with the toys give me a call."

She smiled, her face blushed, as she whispered back, "You never know sweetie, I just may take you up on that offer."

I nibbled on her ear briefly and said, "I would fuck you like no man ever has." I then moved away before she could respond and asked no longer whispering, "Audrey to you have any jelly eggs?"

"Yes actually, and they are on sale. Buy one, get one free and they come with a remote control similar to the one for your butt plug."

"Well Gwen today is your lucky day ; besides your little vibe thing there, you get a free jelly egg."

"What is a jelly egg?"

"It is a tiny little vibrating toy, shaped like an egg, that goes inside you and can tease and please you all day long," I explained handing her an egg and taking the vibe from her.

"Oh," she said, looking at the small egg.

"Thanks Audrey, I think that is all I can afford today."

Audrey smiled and said, "Do you need any lube for the toys or anything?"

"No, no," I replied, "I've got lots of lube."

Audrey then took the basket and went to the till.

We followed and saw Audrey whisper something to her 18 year old employee. The young girl nods her head in understanding.

I grabbed an anal starter's kit for 10 bucks on my way to the till; hopefully something I could use on Gwen someday as well.

The brunette scanned all the items and then Audrey scanned her card and typed in 50%. I looked at her as she said, "You are now a gold card client." She handed me a business card with her name on it, Audrey Murphy, and a cell phone number hand written, and continued, "You will always get 50% off anything you buy here. Call me anytime you need anything."

"Anything?" I asked, "That is a pretty broad word."

She flirted with me for the first time as she stressed, "Anything."

"Good to know and thank you very much, that is very sweet of you," I thankfully responded playing on the word sweetheart, she had earlier called me when she had no idea what was about to happen to her.

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I grabbed the bag, pulled out Gwen's we-vibe, and the medium sized vibrator I had forgot to take out when we picked the other vibe. I kept the extra egg for a later seduction.

I handed them to Gwen, who sheepishly took them. Behind us we heard, "Gwen, Julia, how are you?"

I turned around to see our principal, Glenda White, with her husband. Gwen frantically pleaded to the teenager, "Please put these in a bag for me now."

The teenager obliged and handed Gwen the bag. Glenda looked at my large bag and gave a smirk, but said nothing. We talked about nothing for a couple of minutes and then Gwen and I headed out.

I burst out laughing as soon as we exited the building, "What do you think old bag Glenda would be doing in a sex shop?"

Gwen just shrugged, still embarrassed from being seen in a sex shop.

"Probably buying a strap-on to fuck her husband with. I bet she wears the pants at home," I vulgarly suggested.

Gwen just shook her head, used to my over-the-top commentary.

"Can you imagine, our principal wearing a strap-on...what a hoot," I exclaimed still laughing hard.

We got in the car and headed back home relatively in silence.

As I dropped Gwen off I said, "Tell me how it works, I may have to get one of those myself."

Gwen sighed slightly as she said, "I doubt I will try it tonight."

I said, with just a bit of a dominant tone, "Oh you are using it tonight. I want details. I didn'tt spend all that money for your new pleasure toy to sit in your nightstand."

"Um," she hesitated.

"No ums Gwen," I said confidently, "Promise me you will use it tonight."

"Fine," she said, giving in like I thought she would, "I'll use it on myself."

"Good," I said, "I want to know if I should get myself one, now that I have a fifty percent discount."

Gwen shook her head, "How do you always get so lucky?"

I smiled, "You can get lucky like that too. Gwen, you just have to know how to talk the talk, flirt the flirt and flaunt the flaunt."

Gwen began to get out of the car as I finished, "Tomorrow night, I am picking you up and we are going to Le Chateau Club."

Gwen looked startled as she said, "The lesbian club?"

"Yep," I said matter-of-factly.

"I can't go there," she began.

"I have gone with you on double dates with complete losers; the least you can do is go with me once to my favourite club."

"Fine," she said, which meant it wasn't fine, but she would do it.

"What should I wear?"

"That red dress you wore at the Christmas party would work," I answered as I blew her a kiss and got out of there before she had a chance to change her mind.

I then went and took a nap. I was woken up at 9:27 as the phone rang. I grabbed it and answered ,  
"Hello."

The British MILF Audrey was on the line. She said she was done a bit early. I gave her my address and she said she should be about 20 minutes.

I changed into something a little more domineering. Black stockings and a garter, 5 inch fuck me heels, a black thong, and a lace bra. All this deliciousness was wrapped inside my silk red robe.

Audrey arrived early and I let her in. She was in the same outfit she wore at work, but she brought a bag in with her.

She handed me the bag and said "A couple special gifts for you sweetheart."

I opened the bag and saw a we-vibe and the blue feeldoe slim dildo that I didn't get because it was so expensive. "Why thank you Audrey, that is very nice of you."

"You're welcome," she said, shyly.

"So what did you tell your husband?"

"I told him that our inventory was not adding up and I may be an hour or two late and not to wait up for me."

"I see. So are you ready to get fucked?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Get undressed," I demanded. She slowly slid out of her skirt, tights, blouse and bra. "When was the last time you were with a woman?"

"In College, that would have been 1982."

"Your room mate? " I queried.

"No, my boyfriend's sister," she responded.

"Nice," I said, "Very nice. Come undress me," I commanded as I dropped my robe to the floor.

Her mouth dropped open a bit as she looked at my near perfect body. She walked over and took off my heels and my skirt. She then slowly pulled down my thong. I grabbed the bag and led her to the bedroom and laid down on my bed. I simply said, "Let's see if you remember how to please a woman."

She crawled onto the bed and between my legs. I opened a little wider as she began licking on my pussy lips. She was so tender and focused. She licked, nibbled, and teased. This luxuriously slow paced pleasing went on for minutes. When she had me near the brink she slid a finger inside my eager hole. A couple of minutes of slow fingering and concentrated licking and my legs stiffened, squeezing her head between them as an orgasm quaked my whole body. I collapsed on the bed, sweat pouring from my body.

I then went to the bag and grabbed the feeldoe toy. I placed the one piece inside my still very wet pussy and pushed her onto the bed. I said, "That was very good Audrey. You will make a good little pussy pleaser when I need to get off."

She looked at me, but said nothing other than giving a slight smile. I went between the older woman's legs and lapped at her soaking wet cunt. After a couple minutes of licking her moaning began.

I then moved up and kissed her hard as my plastic cock slid easily inside her.

Any restraint or shyness she had earlier faded as, without instruction, she started gyrating on my cock. Also, I learned surprisingly, she had a foul mouth. "Oh yes, fuck me hard, pound my cunt, harder, please don't stop."

"You like that slut,being fucked by someone half your age?"

"Yes, yes, I love it, fuck it feels so fucking good."

I kept pumping and her first orgasm scream filled the room as she moaned, "Oh fuck, I'm cumming, keep fucking me."

After her orgasm, I said, "Get on your knees."

I reached for some lube and lubed my cock. I asked, "Ever had a cock in your ass my little MILF?"

She moaned, as the toy teased her anal crown, "Yes, my husband regularly fucks my arse."

"Arse," I said with a chuckle, "I love that, it sounds so much dirtier than ass. How big is your hubby?"

"Five inches or so," she answered.

"How disappointing, think you can handle this?"

"I'm your whore tonight. Do with me as you please," she said.

I grabbed her hips and started pushing the toy into her ass. Her moans began instantly and she started pushing back onto the cock. Soon almost the whole cock was buried in her ass and she got really animated, "Oh yes, fuck my arse, hammer me. Make me your whore. Harder. Put it all the way in." I obliged, shoving the last inch inside her MILF ass. She screamed again, her left hand rubbing her clit, "Oh my God, yes, yes, fuck it feels so good, don't stop."

I kept pumping her arse, faster and faster, as she shook with a second orgasm. As she collapsed on the bed, I leaned forward and collapsed on top of her, the toy still completely inside her ass. I kissed her back, keeping full pressure on her ass. Then, without warning, I began thrusting again, the toy inside me keeping me near orgasm, but not getting me off.

"Oh my God," Audrey screamed as another orgasm overwhelmed her, "It feels so good, I have never been fucked so completely. Yes, yes, fuckkkkkk."

I then pulled out, pulled the toy out of me and said, "Grab a strap-on and fuck me now."

She expertly put on my brand new never used eight inch cock and said, "Put the we-vibe in you first."

I did and was surprised at the gentle, yet teasingly, hot tremors that began to pulse through my body.

She then said, "Straddle me sweetheart."

I did just that and quickly the long cock disappeared inside my tight body. I bounced up and down on the long cock as the we-vibe vibrated on my clit and g-spot. I orgasmed way quicker than I usually did as I moaned, "Fuck yes, I'm cumming." The vibrating sensation kept me horny and I continued to bounce on the cock. I was close again when my knee went numb. I lay on my back and said, "Fuck me MILF."

She leaned in and began kissing me hard as the long cock began fucking me. She pounded me hard, leaning forward so the cock continually put pressure on the we-vibe and my clit. A third and fourth orgasm thrilled my body as I was pleased better than I ever had been before.

Exhausted, I lay there and said, "You are a very good MILF lesbian."

She smiled, moved on her side facing me, and said, "Thank you."

"I plan to fuck you again," I said casually, looking her directly in the eye.

"I hope so," she purred.

"I plan to fuck you in the same bed your husband does," I exclaimed upping the stakes.

"I see," she said, "You like power don't you?"

I shrugged, "Not always. I am tri-polar sex wise."

"What does that mean?"

"Well," I began, "One the one hand I love to dominate a woman, particularly someone like you or someone who thinks they are dominant; on the other hand, I sometimes like to just be dominated; yet, other times, I want a long, slow, love session. "

"Well I would be tri-polar sex wise too then. I love to be dominated by my husband; I love to be made love to by my husband; it really just depends on my mood; and apparently, I love to be fucked by you."

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I kissed her gently and then said, "I have never came like that before. That we-vibe is fucking amazing."

She smiled, "I know, we sell a ton of them."

I kissed her and then said, "You know your British accent fucking turns me on."

"Your fucking body turns me on," she replied.

I looked at the clock, it was 11:15. "Shouldn't you be getting home?"

"Do you want to get rid of me already?"

"Well your husband must be wondering where you are."

"He might be," she said, "But I need one more taste before I go."

I smiled and we got into a comfortable 69 and lapped at each other's pussies for another half hour until we both had one more gentle orgasm.

As she dressed I said, "You will be on call for when I need a quick fuck?"

She smiled and said, "You got my number, but my fucks are never quick."

I chuckled, "I guess you proved that tonight didn't you." I kissed her one last time and she left.



After she left, I had a quick shower and decided to get a good sleep as tomorrow was going to be a real fun and full day.

#### CHAPTER 5: LE CHATEAU CLUB (A Lesbian Bar)

I slept in past lunch, before slowly getting up for the day. I read the newspaper, called my mom, and finished the new Steve Martin novel "An Object of Beauty", which by the way is a riveting novel about the art world in America in the 1990s.

Around three, I called Gwen. "Hi Darling," I cheerfully opened with.

"Hi," she responded, reluctance lingering in her tone.

"So, do you want to go out for supper and an early movie before heading to the club?"

"Sure," she said, after a slight pause, "Do we really have to go to Le Chateau though?"

"Yes," I said adamantly, "You have never been there and I think you should see and learn a bit of my lifestyle. I am a lesbian now and I don't see that changing."

"Sorry," she immediately said, "I didn't realize it was so important to you. Of course, we will go. But, I get to pick the movie."

"Fine," I said, feigning disappointment, "I was so hoping we would go and see Harry Potter part whatever it is."

"Funny," she laughed and said, "I was thinking that action movie with Angelina Jolie."

"OK, she's hot, I'd do her," I said continually pushing the envelope just a tad.

"She is hot, I might too," she surprised me back.

I laughed and said, "I'll pick you up at five."

I then went and decided what to wear for tonight. It took forever as I wanted to look powerful, seductive and sexy. I finally decided on the stockings I had bought at the shop from Emma, a black dress that was sexy but classy, stopping just below the knee, but sexy enough to showcase my all my curves; matching black leather boots with a flashy three inch heel that went just below the knee. The dress, backless, did not allow for a bra, but I did have on a black thong.

I grabbed both the little eggs and a small vibe and dropped it in my purse, just in case. I did my make-up, and checked myself in the mirror; I looked pretty darn hot and headed over to pick up Gwen.

I arrived early and knocked on her door. Scruffy, her adorable little poodle, yapped at the door until Gwen opened it. She clearly did not want to look underdressed, as instead of the conservative, slightly sexy red dress I had suggested, she had on an amazing gold dress, a gown really, with matching four inch heels and beige pantyhose or stockings. Her hair was up and she had never looked this delicious. It really took all my will power not to just rape her right then. Instead I decided to flirt with her, "Wow, you look good enough to eat?"

"Julia," she said all giddy, she had been drinking already, I concluded.

"Julia," she said all giddy, she had been drinking already, I concluded.

"No seriously," I said, "If you were not getting married in a couple of months, I would be all over you."

She blushed and I waited for what seemed like an eternity for her to respond, when she didn't, I finished, "But you are, so I guess I will have to devour someone else tonight." I looked at my watch and declared, "We should get going, we don't want to be late at McGiny's or they just give away your table."

We headed out and as I drove I noticed that her nails were done, something she seldom did. The rose red shined in contrast to the gold. "I see you did your nails gorgeous, what is the occasion?"

She looked at me and said with a surprisingly confident tone, "I figured if I was going to an upscale club, regardless of its clientele, I had to look upscale." She paused before blurting out "Plus, I want to know if I am lesbian hot."

"Lesbian hot?" I asked stunned.

"Yes," I know I am relatively attractive for the boys, but I have no idea if I can make a woman all excited."

"Are you going dyke on me?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said, "I would never cheat on Rob, but flirting is still fair game."

I purred, "And don't you worry, you are definitely lesbian hot."

She blushed as we arrived at the five star restaurant and I said, "Indeed, flirting is allowed, but be careful; some of the women at this club are very aggressive."

As we got out of the car she said, "Oh, I can take care of myself."

I smiled to myself, thinking seducing her may be easier than I thought, but said, "Oh I know you can," but thinking that I was not so sure she could.

We went in to the restaurant and had a great meal as we talked about the wedding, which of course I

hoped never would occur, but I played along like a maid of honour should. I asked questions, we discussed who to invite, blah, blah, blah. The whole time I just kept thinking how badly I wanted to make love to her; to declare my love for her.

As we ate I said, finally changing the depressing topic, "So you know the waiter has been checking you out all night."

"I thought he was giving my chest area a little more attention," she responded somewhat confidently.

"Want to freak him out completely?" I asked.

"How?" she inquired.

"Pretend to be a lesbian," I devilishly put forward.

"How would I do that?" she asked considering the idea.

At that moment the waiter came to the table and asked, "So how is everything tonight?" His eyes, moved slightly lower to check out Gwen's cleavage.

"Oh good," I said, "The food is excellent."

Gwen, now suddenly shy, said, "Yes, it is very delicious."

I got up then and decided to take a small risk and moved to Gwen and leaned in and gave her a three second tender kiss. I then stood back up and said, "I am going to the ladies room lover, be right back."

The look on both Gwen's and the waiter's eyes was one of complete shock. Gwen's look was one of bewildered surprise, while the waiter's was more of a 'wow, did I just see what I thought I saw' look.

When I returned, Gwen was on a second glass of wine. I sat down and said, "Sorry if that was awkward, but the look on his face was way worth it, don't you think?"

Gwen responded too quickly, "Oh yeah, that was hilarious." I could tell that she was still trying to process what had occurred. But in my mind it was clear, she enjoyed it.

Our waiter checked back on us every couple of minutes, each time lingering a couple seconds longer than necessary.

When he gave us the bill I saw that his phone number was on it. I smirked. I looked at the waiter and said, "Neither of us swing that way, but do you like to watch?"

The guy, who probably seemed confident when he put his number down, now was way out of his league. He babbled, "Um, yeah, I."

Gwen, surprising me, stood up, moved towards him, and whispered just loud enough for him and me to hear, "Ever seen two women fuck?"

I coughed, almost choking on the mint I had just popped in my mouth; but I recovered quickly as I added, "Maybe we could add a real cock, honey?"

Gwen playing along said, "Yeah, think you could handle us both?"

The guy was as red as an apple and he barely was able to answer, "Yeah, I, could."

Finally I broke the awkward situation by saying, "Well, we got your number." I kissed his cheek and Gwen and I left laughing so hard tears came down her face.

As we drove to the movie I said, "You know, you played lesbian pretty well, girlfriend."

She retorted, "Well I have watched you seduce quite a few women the last couple years."

"Are you calling me a slut?" I asked acting all sarcastically insulted.

"No, no," she said all apologetic, not catching my sarcasm, "It's just watching your seductions has always been rather entertaining."

"Really?" I asked, "I thought that repulsed you. I have often been tamer than I usually am."

"I am not repulsed by it. I accept you for who you are and if you are interested in women, then so be it. Actually," she continued, "watching you play the seduction game with girls has been fun to watch and kind of hot."

I decided not to pursue this now as we didn't have enough time to discuss this the way I wanted to. So I said with a purr, as the movie theatre came into view, "Well, I will try to really entertain you tonight."

Gwen did not respond and I could not read her face. Either she was jealous of my relations with other women or she was just a supportive friend. Which was it? Or maybe it was both. I decided right then as I parked the car that tonight I would try to make her jealous. Try to get her to play all her cards. If I played mine correctly, I may be able to play her bluff. But first I had to raise the stakes.

At the movie we split up as I got the tickets and she got the popcorn. It was our usual routine, almost like an old married couple I reflected.

By the time we got to our seats the previews, all seven of them (why are there so many fucking previews), were under way. We watched the movie in silence, sharing popcorn and Swedish berries. I made sure to time my popcorn reaches for when she did, so we would often brush hands, both of us lingering in the popcorn container longer than we ever had as I pretended to reach for popcorn. I really

felt like a teenager in high school when a boy would take me to a movie and he would make slight moves to see how far he could get. I wanted to push it further, but I didn't.

The movie ended, it was like all Angelina Jolie movies, not bad, but not as good as it could have been. The movie was longer than expected and we headed to the club at 9:35, already five minutes late. We drove talking about the movie and its relative lameness as we headed to the club and I embarked on the next step of the seduction plan.