

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 14 Sexy Little Minx

'Drat!!' I thought "Hello, Kamara. how are you?"

"I'm good. I was calling to see when you could come by and see about that deck." "Uh...Well when it's good for you." I said.

"Actually, I don't have anything going on now. Could you come over?" I thought I should say "no" and avoid her all together but thinking it through, I realized I would eventually run into her again.

"Sure, no problem." I said.

"Fantastic, I'll text you the address." she said and hung up. I did some quick research about giving estimates and pricing materials involving decks and I thought it was a piece a cake. I can bullsh*t her.

Then after weeks of saying I'll get to the deck, she'll eventually get tired of me and hire someone else. I got dressed and headed over. As I pulled up to the huge house that she lived in, she opened the gate and came outside to greet me.

She was looking as hot as ever too. She had on a beautiful white gown that came down only about 5 inches above her knees. Her neckline was also revealing and I could help but stare at her golden cleavage. She bounded up to me as I was getting out of my car; coming pretty close to me too I might add.

"Hi. I'm so glad you could make it." she said putting her hand on my arm and squeezing my bicep.

"Yeah, no problem. So let's take a look at the house." I said, quickly dismissing and moving past her. As we walked checking out the house, I was explaining from memorization the type of deck she could get and how

much it would cost her.

she seemed disinterested and out of nowhere, she said she needed to check on something inside. I reluctantly followed her inside and she insisted that I sit down on the couch.

I noticed as she was passing the couch, she set her cell phone down on the arm and continued walking. I didn't think anything of it as I sat down and dismissed it.

“Would you like anything to drink?!” She yelled from the kitchen.

“No, thank you.” I replied impatiently, just wanting to get out of there. She came back with sheets of paper and handed them to me. “

Which style do you think would be best?” She asked

sitting down right next to me, our thighs touching. As I was browsing through the papers, she suddenly reached over grabbing her cell phone off the arm of the couch.

In the process, she placed her right hand right on top of my flaccid jean covered crotch. I couldn't help but gasp a little as she did this. She didn't even react and I knew she had to feel my bulge.

As she receded back to her original position, she kept her hand on my crotch. I didn't know what to do; I didn't want to embarrass her, but I couldn't just let her grope me. "I think this one would be perfect for your house." I said pointing and giving her back the paper.

I then looked at my watch and stood up like I needed to leave. "Well, I should really get out of here." I said. She stood up. "Oh well. Do you know when you could start?" she said, moving close to me.

With our very different heights, I was getting a perfect view of her healthy cleavage and I couldn't help but stare. "You know I'd really have to look at my schedule. I've got a lot of projects already. How about I give you a call tomorrow?" I said, heading toward the door.

"Ok" she replied, following me out. "See you later" I said, walking to my car. I heard her say goodbye to me and then a loud thud. I turned around quickly to see Kamara on the ground.

"Ow!" she winced, trying to get up. "Are you ok?" I said running over to help her.

"Yeah, I'm just so clumsy sometimes" she laughed. "My leg really hurts though. Can you just help me inside?" she asked.

“Sure.” I said picking up her petite body in my arms and taking her into the house.

“Thank you so much, you’re my hero.” she laughed softly. “If it’s not too much trouble for you, could you take me to my bedroom upstairs?”. “Of course.” I said walking upstairs.

Even though I kind of believed she may have been plotting something, I still thought she was hurt and wanted to help. I got to her bedroom and I set her down gently.

“Do you want me to call your husband?” I asked sitting down next to her. “Oh no that’s ok, I’ll be fine. And he doesn’t like being bothered at work”.

“Ok. Well if there’s nothing else I can do, I’ll leave you alone.” I was about to get up and Kamara grabbed my arm.

“Actually Patrick, I know you’re probably busy, and I really don’t want to inconvenience you but could you do me a favor?” She asked. “What do you need?” I watched as she turned over to lay on her stomach, not really sure of what was happening.

Then my mind switched on the slow motion as she peeled the fabric of her dress up her beautiful thighs, over her gorgeous round ass and stopping at her waist. “Do you mind massaging me? I fell right on my upper thigh and butt and it’s killing me.”

My mouth was wide open and I could only stare dumbfounded at her sexy ass. It was perfect, along with the rest of her; Not too big, but far from small. It was round and toned.

I must have continued staring for at least 2 minutes. “Uhh.. Patrick. Are you ok?” she asked looking up at

me with her tempting eyes. “I’m sure you’ve seen plenty of women’s bums.” she added with a laugh.

“None like yours.” I mumbled. “Look, don’t you think this would be inappropriate? Me handling you and all; I mean you're married”.

“It’s ok, don’t worry, you're just helping me out” She replied.

“Ok, I guess I could for a little while.” I said putting my hands on the soft skin of her thighs kneading her flesh. “That feels nice. Could you go a little higher though?” She said, putting her head down and closing her eyes.

I moved my hands higher, massaging her thighs and butt. Her thighs and ass felt so great in my hands. I only wished she wasn’t wearing panties. I continued to massage her forgetting everything that told me not

to pound this sexy little minx.

I began to move my hands in between her ass cheeks getting bolder with my movements. As I got deeper into the cleft of her butt and closer to her c*nt, I felt her juices wetting the fabric of her panties.

Each time I swept my fingers over her slit, she'd moan softly. Kamara began to turn over and I thought I had done something wrong.

“Could you massage my hips as well? I guess they took some of the impact.” She said, now lying on her back. “No problem” I said, continuing.

“You know, Patrick, why don't you come up on the bed with me? I don't want you in that awkward position”. I got on bed and moved over her hips while on my knees.

I was straddling her thighs while massaging her hips and I knew i was beginning to get hard but I didn't realize that i was displaying a full tent until i noticed Kamara staring and smiling at my crotch.

I just pretended that I didn't notice and continued on with the massage. Obviously both Kamara and I wanted to get it on, but I guess she got tired of the teasing and placed both of her hands on my crotch noticeably groping my bulge.

Then without warning, she started undoing my belt all the while staring straight into my eyes. She began to sit up coming close to me and kissed me passionately on the lips.

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