

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 12 WTF!

I quickly changed into my clothes and exited the building. I wanted to see Miss Tolu as soon as possible, but I didn't rush back to her house.

I went back to my hostel and changed into semi-formal clothing. I wanted to surprise Miss Tolu with something special.

I went to her house and bought her a dozen roses. I knocked on her gate and couldn't help but laugh that no matter how many times I'd come here, I'd never made it to the front.

Miss Tolu quickly opened the gate and nearly tackled me before dragging me into the house.

"Where in the name of God have you been?" Miss Tolu said this while kissing me all over the place.

"Don't worry, I didn't abandon you for Damilola." With a laugh, I said.

For a split second, I yanked her away from my face. I gave the roses to her. "Go inside and get dressed. Tonight is our night out, we are going out" I said.

"Can't we do it later?" "I'm super hot," she purred, attempting to grab my c*ck. "Don't worry; there will be plenty of time for that." I ushered her into the house to dress. We left 30 minutes later, and I took her to a fairly upscale restaurant in town.

We were about an hour into our meal and still talking and laughing. When the unexpected happened, I had completely forgotten about Damilola and the blackmail situation.

"Tolu?" From behind, a female voice said. "Hello, Kamara." Miss Tolu said as I smiled at her. My heart

started racing out of control, and I thought to myself, 'dammit!!

Another of her friends has arrived to ruin the occasion.' "I assumed it was you. "How are you doing, and who is this?" Kamara asked as she approached our table.

"I'm fine, and he is Patrick." Miss Tolu responded, motioning to me. "Hi." Kamara extended her hand for a handshake.

Looking up at her as I shook her hand, I couldn't help but notice her beauty. Miss Tolu had a lot of sexy friends. Kamara was very petite, which gave her that adorable appearance.

She couldn't have been taller than 5 feet. Her breasts were petite but perky. I'd say just a C cup. Her hips were wide, though, which led me to believe she had a

nice ass.

She had long black hair and beautiful, glistening eyes.

She had to be the youngest of the three, no older than 28.

I found out earlier that I was correct about Miss Tolu; she was 35, while Damilola was 40. Anyway, I said hello to her and drew my hand away, but I noticed she kept staring at me.

It was a little unsettling. "How are you two...uhh?" Kamara inquired of Miss Tolu. Miss Tolu and I hadn't really made our relationship public because of how it began and the fact that I was her student, so I just looked at her to respond because I wasn't sure if she wanted us to be public or not.

"Oh no...

"He's my contractor," Miss Tolu stated as she looked at me. 'WTF!' I exclaimed to her. She could have said anything other than "contractor." Really? Well, it's not like this one could come back to bite me.

"Oh, I didn't realize you were having work done," Kamara stated. "Well, I'm just getting an estimate right now."

You know, trying to tie him up so he gives you a lower price." Kamara laughed as she said this. "Patrick, you appear to be quite young for a contractor." Kamara said as she rested her hand on my shoulder.

"I started building when I was quite young." Unsure of myself, I said. I despised lying because it always led to another lie. "Well, if you're not too busy, could you come out to my house?"

Do you think you could build a deck that wraps around the front of the house?" she inquired, her gaze fixed on me and her hand resting on my shoulder.

"Uh.." I looked at Miss Tolu, who was expressionless. "Of course, no problem. I could at the very least look."

"All right, do you have a card?" Kamara inquired. 'Dammit!' I exclaimed. See? This is why I despise lying. Why didn't Miss Tolu simply say I was her right hand man or probably say something else?

"No, I'm sorry.

"I don't have my phone with me." I shrugged my shoulders, hoping she would leave. "That's fine; just write your phone number here." She pushed me a napkin and handed me a pen.

In retrospect, I should have just written a fake

number, but for some inexplicable reason, I wrote my real one. 'Oh well, maybe I can learn how to build a deck quickly,' I joked.

I returned the napkin to her. "Many thanks; I'll call you next week." She laughed. "See you at lunch on Monday, Tolu," Kamara said as she returned to her seat. I cast a glance at Miss Tolu.

"What. "Don't give me that look," she said, sticking out her bottom lip. "Just wait until I get you home," I joked. "Uh oh," she replied, playing along with her fear.

We left soon after, and as we were walking out, I noticed Kamara staring at me again. I also noticed her husband, who appeared to be at least 15 years her senior.

We were driving back to Miss Tolu's place when she leaned over and kissed my neck. "Mmmmm," she

groaned as she sucked my flesh. My c*ck began to harden as I tried to concentrate on driving, but She became even more persistent.

She reached down and expertly undid my belt and jeans, continuing her assault on my neck. She slid her hand inside, clutching my c*ck.

"There's my treasure," she said as she pulled it from my pants. "Do you really mean my c*oc*k is your treasure?" I asked, laughing, as she stroked it.

"That's correct, and I need to reclaim it," she said as she bent down and took my length into her mouth. I sighed. "Well, it definitely didn't land in your mouth." I said this as I noticed her sucking on it.

She hummed, her tongue swirling around the shaft of my hardness. The rest of the way back, she kept her mouth on my c*ck, and I nearly lost control of the car

a few times.

I eventually drove up to her gate and parked the car. I was about to open the door when she intervened. She snatched the lever on the side of my seat and pushed it all the way back.

She climbed on top of me pressing my c*ck in between us. "Ow!" I shrieked with a laugh. "Aww, Poor baby. Let me put that in a better place." she said quickly guiding my c*ck in her already wet honeyland and sitting down fully on my pelvis.

It was then I realized she wasn't wearing panties and I was pleasantly surprised. "Oh yes, you missed this little c*nt." she moaned. "Oh f*ck baby.

I think you've gotten tighter." I said reaching behind her to caress that plump ass I loved so much. She leaned down and kissed me passionately as I began

to thrust into her slow and deep.

she moaned in my mouth as continued to make love to her. She quickly began shuddering on top of me. Her wall was clenching around my c*ck hard and I knew she was having a major orgasm.

I could feel her liquid running down to my balls and wetting the front of my jeans. “Phew, I needed that. Come on, lets go inside.” She said as she dismounted my c*ck and exited the car. Once we got inside the house and to her bedroom, she told me to get on the bed and wait. “I bought you something.” She winked at me and sashayed into the bathroom, deliberately swaying her hips in a teasing manner as she moved.

I took off my clothes and jumped into the bed, not really sure what to expect. “Hey.” Miss Tolu appeared in the door way 5 minutes later. She looked sexy as hell. “Wow!!” I said sitting up. “I take it you like what

you see". She said, spinning so I could see the back.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.