



CJ BLAKE

**HOT
MILF
STORIES**

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Hot MILF Stories

OceanofPDF.com

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Naughty Gym MILF

It had been a long day, but it had been a good day. I just finished wiping down all the equipment at Power Gym and now I was back at the front desk, waiting for Hank, the guy that would take over when my shift ended.

I worked the front desk, signing people in and giving them membership forms, and when no one was coming in during the down hours I wiped the sweat off the machines and put the free weights back where they belonged.

You might think this was a terrible job, but at this point in my life, just one year out of high school, I was glad to have a job that paid more than minimum wage, and it wasn't all bad, I got to meet a lot of interesting people, in fact, here comes one right now.

The big glass front door of Power Gym swung open and in walked a sexy MILF I'd met earlier named Gina Reynolds. Gina was about forty-five, but she had a body better than most twenty-year-olds. She told me she was at Power Gym seven days a week either working out or training someone else. She was Power Gym's head trainer and she'd probably forgotten more about weightlifting than I ever knew, her brain was like a database of fitness.

"Hi, Mark," Gina said.

"Hi, Mrs. Reynolds."

She shot me a stern frown. “Mark, under no circumstances will you call me missus, I want you to call me Gina, even though I am old enough to be your mother.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I teased.

Gina shook her head and handed me her Power Gym card. I scanned it. The computer beeped and I told Gina to have a good workout.

When she walked passed my desk I leaned forward to get a better look. She wore an extremely tight pair of yoga pants with a crazy blue, white and grey design, the tight fabric allowed me to see every curve. On top, she wore a matching sports bra and her bare midsection was toned and tanned to perfection. Gina had long brunette hair that hung down to the center of her back.

I licked my lips as I gawked at her, wishing I had my hands all over her tight booty. I leaned just a little bit farther over the desk to get a longer view, then Gina turned her head and looked back at me.

I pushed away from the desk and stumbled back, almost yanking the expensive computer into the floor.

“Shit, that was close,” I muttered.

I took a seat behind the front desk and tried to catch my breath. It took me a minute. I didn’t want to get in trouble on my first day. I shouldn’t have done that, now Gina’s gonna hate me.

Over an hour later, Gina came back by the front desk. When she didn’t say anything to me I thought I was dead meat, but right before she walked out the big glass door she turned and looked at me, “Mark, you working tomorrow?”

“Yes, seven to three.”

“Why don’t we have a training session after your shift ends...If you think you can handle it.”

I was so surprised I couldn’t speak for a second. “Sure, sure,” I said. “Sounds great. I’ll bring my stuff.”

Gina’s eyes brightened, “definitely bring your stuff,” she said, then she slid out the door.

I watched her through the windows all the way to her SUV in the parking lot.

“Yes...Yes! Yes! Yes!” I couldn’t wait for my training session with the hot MILF.

Ten minutes later, Hank came in and relieved me of my duties. We chatted for a few minutes then I raced home.

I was barely in my apartment before I had my hard cock in my hand. I dropped onto my faded brown couch and started stroking furiously, trying to recall every single detail about Gina. Those tight yoga pants hugging her perfectly round ass. Her bare back and abs.

“Oh fuck.” I gripped my cock, stroking up and down. Pre-cum leaked from my tip. I was incredibly hard.

I thought about Gina’s big tits in that tight sports bra, begging to pop out of the top. Her perfect smile, those luscious lips, and all that thick brunette hair.

“Oh fuck!”

I stroked faster.

My balls clenched.

I lifted my hips off the couch.

“FUCK!” A huge squirt of jizz erupted from the tip of my cock and landed on the floor. My cock pulsed and another stream followed, then

another before the rest of my load dribbled out onto my fist.

I imagined Gina licking it all up, her face covered with my creamy load.

“Oh, Gina,” I muttered.

I had a huge mess to clean up.

* * *

The next day I showed up at Power Gym bright and early. I was so excited about my training session I didn't know if I'd be able to make it through my shift.

I signed in a few members then I made my rounds wiping off the equipment and putting the barbells, plates, and dumbbells back where they belonged. Some people never put their weights up.

I did this same routine just about every hour, and I think I looked at the clock every fifteen minutes.

I grabbed an energy drink from the cooler by the door, they allowed employees a few free drinks per week. I sipped the lemon-lime drink and ate a granola bar with chocolate chips that I bought from the vending machine, employees weren't allowed those for free.

I finished off my drink and tossed it in the recycling bin when I heard a familiar voice. “Hi, Mark.”

I turned back to the entrance and smiled, it was Gina. I looked her up and down and almost forgot to speak. Her outfit today was nothing short of incredible. Gina had her hair pulled up in a high ponytail. Her top was a pink sports bra that showed off a pair of hard nipples. Her ripped abs were bare and the grey shorts she wore were so tiny I doubted that they covered

her ass, they barely covered her pussy and I could see a visible outline. Honestly, it was too sexy for the gym.

“Mark?”

“Oh—uh—hi, Gina.”

“You’re so cute. You ready for our training session.”

“Sure, sure,” I said. “Let me go get changed. In the locker room.” I pointed.

“Yeah,” Gina said. “I don’t think you should change right here.”

I blushed before I grabbed my bag and headed for the locker room. I changed quickly and met Gina by the freeweights.

“I love to do a little warmup stretching,” she said. “See if you can keep up.”

Gina spread her legs into a wide stance and bent forward, then to each side, then she popped back up and rolled her hips in circles to the right, then to the left. It was the sexiest warmup I had ever seen. I was glad we were facing a mirror, that way I had a great view. I only had one problem, my hard cock was trying to make itself known. I managed to tuck it away when Gina wasn’t looking but with all the movement we were doing I knew it would be back.

“All right,” Gina said. “I’m feeling pretty good today, let’s do some squats.”

“Okay,” I said.

We walked over to the rack and I put the bar at shoulder height. “Ladies first.”

“Thank you,” Gina patted my arm as she stepped up to the bar. She planted her feet, ducked under the bar and lifted it off on her shoulders. She slowly lowered into the squat position, then came back up.

I took a step back and admired Gina's ass. I was right about those shorts, they barely covered anything, and when Gina came up out of the squat position the muscles in her legs and butt flexed beautifully. I could watch it all day.

Gina put the bar on the rack and turned around, "you're up."

I did my warmup set and racked the bar. Gina started adding weight. With each set they got heavier and heavier and before Gina's last set she said, "I'm going all out on this one, every rep possible to burn out my glutes. On the fifth rep I want you to spot me."

"How do I do that?"

"When I'm in the up position, standing up straight, slide in right behind me and actually do the squat with me, don't be shy about it I really want to work those muscles."

I gulped. Slide right in behind her? My cock started throbbing.

"Ready?"

"Ready," I said.

Gina lifted the bar on her shoulders and took a step back, she did three squats.

"This one is gonna need some help," she said and followed it with a deep breath.

I stepped up behind her, so close I could smell her sweet perfume mixing with her fresh sweat, an intoxicating scent.

"Where do I put my hands?" I asked nervously.

"Right under my upper arms for support. And go all the way down with me. Ready?"

"Okay," I gently reached around her and got my arms ready. I scooted in. I was so close to her ass. My hard cock was almost touching her.

“Here we go.”

As we squatted her ass went right into my crotch. It felt so good. My cock pushed right against her and when she started back up I felt her ass flex. Wow!

“Two more,” Gina huffed and puffed. “Ready?”

“Go for it,” I said.

Gina dropped down again, pressing her ass into me. A shiver went up my spine. This was amazing. Truly, my lucky day. We went all the way down and back up. Then we did it one more time. On the last rep, I thought I might explode when Gina paused at the bottom. She pushed the weight up with just enough help from me and put it on the rack.

I tried to stand in a way that would hide my erection, but it was the first thing Gina looked at when she turned around.

“Nice job,” she said. “Those last few reps can be really tough. My glutes feel so nice and tight right now.”

“Yeah,” I said.

Gina giggled, “I guess you got a good feel of them too. You getting a good pump from our workout? Feeling it down there?” she glanced down at my crotch then back up to my eyes.

“Y—Yeah,” I muttered.

“I’d hate for you to get any aches or pains in your lower body,” Gina looked around the gym quickly. “Let’s go upstairs, maybe some light stretching could help you out.”

I followed her upstairs where the cardio equipment was, it all faced the parking lot and looked out through a big window. Behind all that equipment were a few empty mats for stretching.

“Sit,” Gina pointed to a mat.

She got behind me and rubbed my shoulders. Her hands slid down my back and around my abs.

“You have a nice, firm midsection,” she said. Then her hand slid over my throbbing cock. It was like the biggest explosion of fireworks.

“Gina, is this...”

She slid her hand inside my shorts and squeezed my cock.

“Is this what?” she asked.

“Nothing,” I said.

Gina purred in my ear and stroked my cock up and down.

I gasped. It felt so good finally getting some relief after getting all worked up. Pre-cum made my head slippery, Gina’s hand was all over it. She stroked me slowly and smoothly, much different from the tight grip I usually used. Much better.

“How’s that feel?” Gina whispered in my ear.

“Amazing,” I managed to reply.

She stroked me some more, then cradled my balls in her hand. “They’re so tight, so full. I want you to empty them for me. I want you to cum, Mark. Didn’t you like it when I shoved my ass against you?”

“Yes,” I panted. “I loved it.”

Gina picked up the pace, stroking faster. “Show me Mark, how much did you like it?”

“OOOHHHHHH!” I moaned. I had a huge load on the way. What if someone came upstairs?

“That’s it,” Gina said. “How much did you like it?”

Fuck! I couldn’t hold back. “OOOHHHHHHH! I’M CUMMING!”

“YES!”

Gina tightened her grip and milked me as my balls clenched and stream after stream of hot jizz filled my shorts. She squeezed out my entire load and kissed me on the neck as the rest dribbled out.

She pulled her hand out of my shorts and licked a drop off jizz off her finger. "Post workout shake."

I couldn't help but laugh.

"I have a good idea," Gina said.

"I'd love to hear it."

"Why don't we have another training session tomorrow?"

"That sounds great," I said.

"Okay," Gina said. "Same time."

I watched her bounce up and walk down the stairs. I laid back on the mat and stared at the ceiling for a minute. Was this all just a dream?

Once I finally made it downstairs I saw Hank at the front desk.

"Mark, how's it going?"

"Pretty good, you?"

"Great man. Hey, I saw Gina come down the stairs and she sure was chipper. You know anything about that?"

The smile on Hank's face proved that *he* actually knew all about that.

"Maybe," I shrugged.

Hank looked around then leaned forward, he spoke quietly, "be careful man, Corporate has got cameras all over this gym, they catch two employees together, that'd be it for the both of you."

I looked down at the desk. I really needed this job, but Gina was such an amazing MILF. Fuck.

"Hey, I'm not telling you what to do," Hank said. "I'm just warning you."

“Thanks, Hank. I really appreciate it,” I headed for the door.

“Hey, Mark.”

I turned around, “yeah?”

“One day you gotta tell me all the details. ALL the details.”

I smiled, “you got it Hank.” Then I walked out the door.

* * *

The next day I was working the desk when Gina came in. She was looking hot in a tight pair of orange yoga pants with black trim and a matching sports bra.

“There’s my big man,” Gina said.

She had her hair down today and she tossed it over her shoulder when she spoke.

“Hi, Gina,” I said.

I had decided a little fun wasn’t worth losing my job over. I had to stay strong. “I don’t think we should have a workout session today.”

“Me neither,” Gina said. She ran her hands up and down her thighs. “I’m so sore today it wouldn’t do me any good.” She leaned over the desk.

Her sports bra was cut so low and fit so tight.

I quickly looked away.

“What I was thinking,” Gina said. “Was a hot oil massage.”

Fuck. How tempting can she get?

“Come on,” Gina grabbed my wrist and jerked me around to the edge of the desk. “You’re going to love it.”

“Gina. We can’t.”

“Why?”

“Look, Hank said there were cameras all over. I could lose my job. I need the money. You could lose your job too, don’t you love training people?”

“Oh come on, Mark, it’s just a harmless massage. Nothing more.”

I raised an eyebrow at her. “Is it?”

“Yes!” Gina jerked my wrist again. “Now come on.”

I let her pull me to the private room. My muscles were a little sore and a massage sounded really good. Especially a hot oil massage.

Gina pulled open the door and yanked me in, she quickly closed it and locked it. She turned on the lights.

The only two things in the small room were a light green massage table and an oil heater on a small table.

“Me first,” Gina said as she yanked her top over her head. Her breasts were more perfect than I imagined, with nice, red nipples that were hard and ready. She shimmied out of her pants, then stripped off an impossibly small black thong. Gina was smoothly shaved. Her naked body looked even better than I imagined.

She laid down on the table. “Start on my legs.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I got a big handful of warm oil and started just below Gina’s knees, kneading her calves. I worked my way up her firm thighs and slid my hands very close to her pussy. My cock grew hard. I made sure to rub both thighs evenly and really squeezed her firm muscles.

“Go on up,” Gina purred.

I made my way up her sides and rubbed all over her firm abs. The oil made her skin so shiny and slick, her body felt amazing under my fingers.

“Feel those tits,” Gina said. “All natural.” She had her eyes closed but she smiled.

I squeezed her big breasts. I loved having those firm nipples under my palms.

“Mmmm,” Gina moaned. “Do my back.” She rolled over, showing me one of the nicest asses I’d ever seen.

I started at the bottom of her legs, but it wasn’t long before my hands were gliding over her firm rump.

“Mmmm.” Gina moaned again as my fingers brushed her smooth pussy.

I ran my hands over her ass and down her legs.

Gina’s head popped up, “it’s your turn. Strip down, lay on your back, and close your eyes.”

I followed Gina’s orders. My cock stuck straight up, twitching in anticipation.

“Keep those eyes closed,” Gina said.

I felt something on either side of my thighs. Gina’s hands? Then I felt an incredible tingling sensation at the tip of my cock. Warm oil slid down my shaft, covering me. Then an even more incredible warmth covered my cock.

I opened my eyes and looked right at Gina, head leaned back, mouth hung open as her pussy sank down on my cock.

“Gina! It was supposed to just be a massage!”

She wiggled her hips, sending electric shocks through my cock. “So you want me to stop?” She leaned forward, her face just inches from mine.

“Fuck no,” I grabbed a big handful of silky hair and pulled her in for a long kiss.

My hands traveled down to her ass and right as I gave it a big squeeze and a slap she started riding me like a wild woman.

“Oh fuck!” I moaned.

Her pussy slid up and down on my cock, gripping my shaft and getting wetter and slicker with each fuck.

“OH YES!” Gina sat up and squeezed her breasts. “I’ve never had such a big, young cock!”

“I’ve never had such a hot pussy!”

The warm oil all over Gina’s body made it so fun to grab her everywhere. I especially loved the feel of her nipples all slicked up. I squeezed them as I bucked my hips, bouncing Gina on top of me.

“OH! OH! OH! OH! I’M GONNA CUM! OOOHHHHHH! Gina yelled.

She looked so hot, and she felt so good writhing on my cock, it was more than enough to send me over the edge. Giving Gina a massage had worked me up so much I was surprised I lasted this long.

“OH FUCK!” I yelled.

I lifted my hips off the massage table and spurted my load deep inside Gina’s hot, MILF pussy. My cock was like a firehose, pummeling Gina’s insides with thick jizz. When I was finally done, Gina collapsed on top of me.

“That was so good,” Gina kissed my cheek and nuzzled my neck.

“Incredible,” I said.

“Same time tomorrow?” Gina whispered.

I didn't even have to think about it. "Yes."

* * *

As it turns out, Hank was right. Power Gym had camera's everywhere, and a week after my massage with Gina a Corporate HR person came to town and promptly fired my ass. I thought I was doomed until Gina showed up at my apartment. She said she needed a pool boy and her husband was willing to pay top dollar for someone trustworthy. I took her offer and we had many training sessions out by her pool. It was the best job I'd ever had.

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The MILF's Secret

My ringing phone woke me up too early on a Saturday morning. I rolled over and looked at the clock on my bedside table. 6:42 am. Too damn early.

I snatched the phone off the table. It was my friend, Tim Abrams. I had to answer.

“Hello,” I said.

“Hey Sean, it’s Tim.”

“What’s up?”

“I need a favor.”

“Just say it.”

“Mom’s got me cleaning out the attic. She says if I don’t get it done I can’t go up to the lake with Jessica this weekend. Will you come help me out. It’s way worse than I thought.”

“Tim, aren’t you a grown man nearly twenty years old, why do you have to answer to Mommy?”

“Because I still live under her roof,” Tim said.

“All right, all right. I didn’t mean it, I’m just cranky because I didn’t get my nap out.”

“I’m sorry about that,” Tim said. “I’ll make it up to you. I’ll pay you for your time and buy you lunch.”

“Tim,” I said. “You can buy me lunch all you want but there is no way I’m letting you pay me. We are friends.”

“Thank you, Sean,” Tim said.

I hung up. I rolled over and let out a big sigh, then I got up, put on some old jeans and an old shirt, slipped into my shoes and headed over to Tim’s house.

* * *

I knocked on the front door of the big, two-story brick house in the middle of Hampton Hills nicest neighborhood. Tim’s mom opened the door.

“Hi, Mrs. Abrams,” I said.

“Oh, Sean. Don’t start with that Mrs. Abrams stuff around me, now that you’re all grown up just call me, Tiffany. I’m not that old, am I?”

“Of course not, Tiffany,” I said with a smile.

Tim’s mom was probably forty-five but she didn’t look it. She kept up with the trends and she was really into fashion. Today she wore a tight pair of ripped jeans and a form-fitting black sleeveless top. Tiffany Abrams still had a great figure, and with her smile and that wavy platinum blonde hair she was quite the MILF.

“Tim’s inside. You can go on up and join him. You’re too good a friend, Sean.”

“I know,” I said.

Tiffany patted me on the arm as I walked by and went up the stairs. It felt good.

“Tim?” I called out.

At the end of the hall I saw a ladder coming down from the ceiling. A pair of legs dropped down from a hole in the ceiling onto the top step.

“Hey, Sean,” Tim said.

My poor friend was covered in a layer of dust. His brown hair looked gray.

“What happened to you?” I asked.

“An avalanche of old boxes happened to me,” Tim said.

“Is it that bad?”

“Come look for yourself.”

I climbed the shaky ladder and stuck my head into the attic. Boxes were piled up everywhere. Junk was strewn all around. The rest of Tim’s house was so neat and clean, the attic looked like a hoarder’s paradise.

“What have you gotten me into?”

“Sorry,” he said. “But if I’d told you the truth you wouldn’t have come over.”

“That’s probably true.” I climbed into the attic and looked around, unsure of where to start. It was a little overwhelming.

“You wanna start on one side, I’ll do the other and we can meet in the middle.”

“Sure,” I said.

“Organize the good stuff and throw out the rest,” Tim said.

“Gotcha.”

I stepped over and around box after box to reach the back corner of the attic. I had to squat down where the roof was slanted. I opened a very old box and looked inside. A fluffy pink sweater was on top, I moved it out of the way and saw a stack of magazines and ancient VHS boxes, hadn’t seen any of those since I was a kid.

I flipped over one of the magazines, it was heavy and slick. When I saw the cover I could tell it was an old men's magazine, the kind with lots of softcore nude pictures inside. The cover model was a beautiful blonde. I grabbed the next magazine, it was another one. I had hit the jackpot. I looked at one of the VHS covers, It was titled, *Girls of the South*, and that same blonde was on the cover wearing a pair of Daisy Dukes and a skimpy plaid shirt, she was washing an old classic car. I looked at that VHS cover, then at the magazine cover. I looked at the eyes, the mouth, the hair. I knew that girl, only she wasn't a girl anymore, she was a mom, Tim's mom! Holy shit!

I closed the box.

"Find anything good?" Tim yelled out.

Yeah. Hell yeah I did. I found nude pictures and video of your MILF mom.

"Nah," I said.

I slid the box back in the corner. I had to get that one back to my place. But how?

I cleaned out a few more boxes and found one full of model cars. I had an idea.

"Hey, Tim. I found a bunch of old Hotwheels, you mind if I keep them?"

"You like those?"

"Yeah, you know I'm into cars, and I got a small collection of these from when I was a kid."

"Sure, you can keep them. I would just sell them anyway."

"Thanks," I said. "I put a layer of Hotwheels over the fluffy sweater that was hiding the magazines and VHS tapes."

“Go ahead and make a trip to the curb and put that box in your car. The more we get out of here the better,” Tim said.

“Okay,” I stacked up the boxes full of junk and put the good one on top. I carefully carried them down the ladder and down to the front door. I saw Tiffany folding laundry as I walked by.

“Oh Sean, let me help you. I’ll get the door.”

She dropped the shirt she was folding and scampered to the door, she held it open for me. I stepped out to the sidewalk and put the stack down. I grabbed the top box and put it on the hood of my car. I came back and carried the rest to the curb for trash pickup. I set them down by the garbage can and when I looked up Tiffany Abrams had the box on my car open. She had the VHS tape in her hands.

Oh fuck.

Tiffany dropped the VHS back in the box and put her hands on her hips. “Sean. Come here.”

“Tiffany. I—uh—”

“You found something, didn’t you. Tell me one thing Mister, did Tim see these?”

“No,” I shook my head.

“Thank God, because if he did...”

“I’m sorry.”

Tiffany grabbed the box and went inside with it.

Fuck.

I trudged back inside and up to the attic. I kept cleaning out my side of the room and didn’t find anything else as exciting as the magazines and tapes. Tim and I went on like this for hours, cleaning, arranging, and

sometimes getting lost in an avalanche of boxes. It wasn't until well after lunch that I finally saw the light at the end of the tunnel.

"We're so close," Tim said.

"Yeah."

"I know you've gone above and beyond helping me out here today, Sean, but would you do me one more favor?"

I put down a very heavy box that kicked up a cloud of dust. "What do you have in mind?"

"Would you please, please, please finish this up without me. If I left right now I could pick up Jessica and be at the lake in time for a pre-twilight boat ride."

I rolled my eyes. "Seriously?"

"Please," Sean said. "I'll make it up to you. I swear."

"Fine."

"Thanks, man." Tim scurried down the ladder.

A few minutes later I heard him say bye to his mom, slam the front door, and take off in his car.

I grabbed a stack of boxes and carefully carried them down the ladder. I had about three more trips up and down the ladder then I'd be done. I was going slow, but my brain must've been zoning out because my right foot totally missed the bottom step and I tumbled right into the hall dropping every box in a huge crash.

Tiffany was up the stairs in a flash, "what happened?"

I moaned.

"Sean, are you okay?"

She pulled boxes off me until I saw her sweet face looking down at me like an angel from above.

“Come on, Sweetie. Sit up. What happened?”

“I dunno. I guess I wasn’t paying attention and missed the last step.”

“Oh no, are you okay?”

Tiffany’s hands were on my shoulders, then my arms, then my knees.

“I’m fine.”

“Let me help you up. Let’s go downstairs.”

Tiffany draped my arm around her neck and we slowly walked downstairs. I really was fine, but all this attention from a hot MILF like Tiffany was too good to pass up. She put me down on her couch.

“Don’t move a muscle. I’ll be right back.”

I watched her wonderful ass as she left the room.

She came back a minute later with a cool washcloth. She sat on the edge of the couch, her thigh pressed against my thigh and she wiped my face and neck clean.

“How are you feeling?”

“Fine. I’m good now Mrs. Abrams—I mean Tiffany—sorry. You’ve nursed me back to health, now I can finish up the attic.”

“Nursed you back to health?” Tiffany’s tone changed. “You think you’re a real jokester don’t you?”

“What?”

Tiffany pulled the washcloth away. “Don’t play dumb with me.”

“Tiffany. I dunno what I said, but I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it.”

“Are you being honest with me, Sean Milton. I’ve known you since you were a little boy and I can tell when you’re making up a story.”

“Honest,” I said.

Tiffany left the room. She came back a minute later holding something behind her back, she moved her hands forward. It was a magazine.

“So you didn’t see my *Naughty Nurse* photoshoot?”

“No! No Ma’am. I didn’t look, at any of them, just the covers.”

Tiffany kept a stern look on her face, but her blue eyes were bright.

“You’re loss.”

I already knew that.

“Tiffany. I know I shouldn’t have taken those magazines and tapes, but it’s always been a bit of a fantasy.”

“A fantasy?”

“Yeah.” Did I hit my head? Why was I confessing this? “You know, friend’s hot mom, that kind of thing.”

Tiffany stared at me.

My insides squirmed as I waited for a reaction. Something. Anything.

Tiffany walked over to the couch, hands on her hips. “You think I’m hot?”

I nodded. “Well, beautiful really, or gorgeous.”

She smiled a warm friendly smile. “Sean, you did a really nice thing helping Tim clean the attic out, and I told him he was being a dick for leaving you to finish it. I think a nice guy like you deserves a reward.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” Tiffany tossed the magazine into my lap. “Check out my photoshoot, page forty-five.”

I looked up at my friend’s hot mom. “Now?”

She nodded.

I flipped through the old car, camera, and cigarette ads until I was on page forty-five. I saw a very young Tiffany Abrams wearing a short nurses uniform with a red belt, a little white hat was in her permed blonde hair, she had red cross dangly earrings and white stockings and heels.

“Wow,” I muttered.

“What was that?” Tiffany asked.

I looked up at her, “you were—are—you are...hot, Tiffany.”

“Turn the page.”

I flipped the page and Nurse Tiffany had her top open. I licked my lips when I saw her delicious pink nipples. I wanted one in my mouth. On the next page she was bent over, showing her white thong from the back. My cock was so stiff I thought it might explode.

“You like looking at my pictures?”

“Yes.”

“Turn over to the centerfold.”

I turned the page again and opened it up. It was like unwrapping a Christmas present. The spread showed Nurse Tiffany with her uniform completely open. She was on a bed, lying on her side with one knee arched up. Her white thong was long gone and I could see a thick brown bush and pink pussy lips. I was speechless.

“I know you like that one,” Tiffany said. “Show me what you were going to do with these when you got them home.”

I gaped at her. “Show you?”

“I know what boys do with these magazines. Now show me.”

“Uh—ok.”

I slowly sat up. My cock was rock hard. I slid my hand into my pants and grabbed it. It felt so good, not just touching it, but knowing Tiffany Abrams, my friend’s hot mom, was watching. I stared at the picture and stroked my cock.

“Is that how you’d do it if you were all alone at home. I think you might pull your cock out.”

She was right. I pulled my hand out. I unbuttoned and unzipped and pulled my jeans and boxer shorts down all at once. My cock pointed straight up.

“Ooh, Sean. You’ve got a big one.”

“Thanks,” I said.

“Now do what you do.”

I looked at the beautiful picture, at Tiffany’s naked body, her tits and pussy. I stroked my cock. I looked up and saw Tiffany watching me, a big smile on her face, her nipples poking at the fabric of her shirt. I closed the magazine and looked right at her. She ran her hands over her breasts and squeezed her nipples.

“Cum for me,” Tiffany said.

I was so worked up that was all I needed to hear. I stroked hard and fast. My balls tightened up and I leaned back on the couch.

“AAAHHHHHHH!” I groaned.

A huge spurt of jizz fired from the tip of my cock and landed on the floor.

“Yes, Baby!” Tiffany moaned.

I kept stroking as more spurts followed. I cummed about a gallon of jizz before I was finally done. I let out a long sigh and relaxed on the couch holding my leaking cock.

“Good show,” Tiffany said. “I think I’ll let you take that box of goodies home after all, but only under one condition.”

“Name it,” I said as I pulled my pants back on.

“You come back tomorrow and finish what you started.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

* * *

The next day, I went over to Tiffany’s house thinking I’d finish up the attic and offer to do any other chores she needed done. Tim was still at the lake so it would be just me and her.

I knocked on the door.

No answer.

I waited. Knocked. Waited some more. I was about to give up when I thought I heard music from the backyard, so I walked around to the gate and opened it up.

The scene before me looked straight out of a movie, not just any movie, but *Girls of the South*, the VHS tape that Tiffany had given me.

She was wearing a tiny pair of Daisy Dukes and a plaid shirt tied up right underneath her big tits. She had the garden hose on and she was washing the car and getting herself quite wet in the process.

“Hey there, Sean.”

I didn’t say anything. I just stood there staring at a real-life version of a movie scene that I jacked off to last night, once I finally found a working VCR.

Tiffany sprayed me with the hose, bringing me back to the real world.

“Tiffany, you—”

“Recognize this pose?” she asked.

She turned around, put her hands on the hood of the car, stuck her ass out and looked over her shoulder at me.

I nodded.

“Why don’t we make a new version of that scene. Where my son’s hunky friend joins me.”

She didn’t have to ask me twice. I was already next to her. She turned around and splattered me with the hose, drenching my shirt and jeans.

“Guess we’ll have to take those off,” Tiffany said.

She dropped the hose and pulled my shirt over my head, then dropped to her knees and yanked my jeans down. She didn’t hesitate once I stepped out of them, she pulled my boxers shorts down as well. There I was naked in my friend’s backyard with his hot mom.

“Mmm, that is such a nice cock, Sean. I’m so glad you’re a grown man now, and we can both enjoy it.”

My erection pointed right at Tiffany, it pulsed up and down, begging for her attention.

“What do you want me to take off?” Tiffany asked.

I reached forward and untied her plaid shirt, exposing her big tits. They looked just as good now as they did in the magazine years ago. Her nipples were nice and hard, ready to be sucked, but I had to get Tiffany’s shorts off first. She had already unbuttoned them, so I pulled them down. Tiffany didn’t wear any panties so I got a full view of her dark bush. I couldn’t help myself, I buried my face in it. Her feminine scent engulfed me. I licked her lips and thrust my tongue inside, tasting her sweet juices.

Tiffany propped a leg on the tire of the car so I had better access to her pussy. I pushed my tongue deep inside her.

“Yes, Sean! Yes! Yes! Lick my pussy!”

That made me go at it that much harder. I loved her taste and she got wetter and wetter with every lick. I circled her swollen clit and teased it. I

enjoyed every second of eating her sweet pussy and it didn't take long for it to pay off.

“YES SEAN! FFFUUUCCCKKK! YES! YES! YES! I'M CUMMING!”

I grabbed Tiffany's round ass and buried my tongue in her cunt. She quaked and quivered and doubled over and grabbed my head as a wave of passion washed over her body.

Her pleasure excited me and my cock bobbed up and down, desperate for a hole.

“Holy fuck,” Tiffany said.

I popped up next to her and she leaned against me.

“Who taught you how to eat pussy?”

I shrugged. “The internet.”

“Well that's one more thing it's good for. Damn. Sean, your poor cock looks like it's about to burst.”

“I think it just might.”

“Not just yet,” Tiffany said.

The sexy blonde milf turned around and put her hands on the hood in that famous pose, only this time she was totally naked and when she looked over her shoulder she told me, “my pussy is all yours.”

I stepped up behind Tiffany and grabbed her around the waist, my hard cock rested in the crack of her ass. She had a sponge from washing the car filled with soap suds, she squeezed it out over her shoulder and doused her back and ass. She moved her booty up and down, teasing my cock as it slid between her cheeks like a hot dog.

I grabbed my throbbing cock and slid it up and down Tiffany's pink lips. She felt so soft and wet. I shoved inside her and her warmth and tightness

made me gasp.

“Oh fuck!” Tiffany said.

She leaned forward.

I grabbed her hips, grunted and pumped in and out of her.

“Fuck, that big dick feels so good inside me!”

I thrust even harder. I was building up to a huge orgasm. Tiffany’s tight pussy gripped and squeezed me. I couldn’t hold back much longer.

“I love your hot milf pussy!” I said.

I reached forward and squeezed those perfect tits. I pinched her hard nipples and Tiffany started to tremble. That urged me to go faster. My mind said slow down, but my cock wasn’t listening.

“OH FUCK! YES! YES! YES! I’M CUMMING!” Tiffany yelled.

I shoved all the way, until my balls stopped me.

“ME TOO!” I yelled.

I spurted a hot stream of jizz deep into my friend’s mom. I gasped and squeezed out another stream, followed by another and another. It felt better than I ever imagined.

“Ohmygod! You just filled my pussy.”

I couldn’t even respond. I was still riding the wave of orgasm. My cock was too sensitive to even pull out. I leaned against Tiffany, still squeezing her tits.

She turned her head and gave me a light kiss. “All right big boy, pull on out of there. I promise you can do it again sometime.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” Tiffany said. “I’m gonna need a lot more of that big thing, and Tim will be going away for an entire week for college orientation.”

“That sounds great,” I said.

“It sure does. We can reenact all of my famous video scenes.”

“I guess I’ll need to do my research then.”

“You better,” Tiffany said. “But you save all those big loads for your friend’s hot mom.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

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MILF Beach Trip

After five hours in a fully packed SUV, I could finally smell the ocean. Its salty goodness filled my nostrils. I rolled my window up, happy that we'd reached our destination.

My friend, Will had invited me to go to the beach with him and his divorced mom this summer. I immediately accepted the offer because Will is a great friend and his mom, Samantha, is totally hot and I really wanted to see her in a bikini.

"This is it, boys," Samantha said, as we pulled into the driveway of a turquoise house on stilts.

"This place is cool," I said.

"Looks awesome," Will added.

"Will you two strong young men unload the suitcases from the back. I'll carry the groceries."

"You got it, Mrs. Prescott," I said.

I grabbed a heavy black bag from the back of the SUV and lugged it toward the house. It was the biggest bag so I knew it belonged to Mrs. Prescott, probably full of woman shit.

I dragged the bag up the flight of stairs and carried it up into the bright yellow-walled kitchen.

“That’s my bag, Billy, will you take it to the master bedroom for me,” Mrs. Prescott said.

“Sure.”

What’s another flight of stairs.

I dropped the bag in Mrs. Prescott’s room and looked outside, she had a small balcony and an amazing view of the emerald waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

“Ooh, this place is great,” Mrs. Prescott said.

I didn’t hear her come in.

“Yeah,” I said. “Really is.”

“You ready to get down to that beach, Billy?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said.

“You don’t have to do that ma’am stuff around me, Billy. Call me Samantha.”

“Okay.”

“Now get on out of here so I can change into my new bikini.”

“Sure thing, Samantha.” I felt funny calling Mrs. Prescott by her first name. Even in my fantasies she was always Mrs. Prescott, and I had a lot of fantasies involving her. How could I not, with that honey-blond hair, sexy smile, deep blue eyes, firm rack, and nice round ass. Mrs. Prescott was the definition of a MILF. The only problem, her son was one of my best friends.

Mrs. Prescott waved a hand in front of my face. “Billy? Hello, Billy?”

“Huh? Sorry.”

“What were you thinking about? You were in a zone.”

“Uh—”

“Girls, right?” Mrs. Prescott poked my arm. “Get on out of here, help Will unload the car. Then I’ll come model my new bikini for you two.”

“Okay, Samantha,” I still couldn’t get used to using her first name.

When I got downstairs, Will was at the table eating some nacho-flavored chips. “Where the fuck have you been? I unloaded the whole damn car myself.”

“With your mom,” I shot back at him.

“Fuck off, Billy. If I ever catch a guy like you with my mom I’ll blow his fucking brains out.”

I didn’t doubt it. Will could be a bit of an over-reactor. But hell, it might be worth it, Samantha Prescott was fucking hot.

“Have some chips,” Will said.

I grabbed a handful, and was about to put one in my mouth when Samantha Prescott came down the stairs. I froze.

She wore a big, floppy beach hat over her blonde head and a sheer white cover-up over her new bikini.

“Check it out, guys,” Samantha lowered the cover-up off her shoulders and showed off her bikini. Two peach-colored triangles of fabric struggled to contain Samantha’s big titties, they were bursting out each side and a little bit on the bottom. Underboob!

“Mom!” Will yelled, spraying some half eaten chips across the table. “That’s too fucking revealing.”

“Watch your language young man,” Samantha said sternly. Then she smiled again and said, “you haven’t even seen the back, yet.”

She spun around and through the sheer fabric of the cover-up I could see a tiny strip of black fabric that vanished between Samantha’s full ass cheeks.

“A thong! A fucking thong!” Will screamed. “Jesus Mom, every sleazeball from here to Miami is going to be all over you!”

“Good,” Samantha shot back. “Maybe one of them will treat me to a night of sex, drugs, and rock’n’roll. Minus the drugs and rock’n’roll.”

“Dammit Mom!” Will pounded the table, got up and walked out the front door slamming it so hard behind him that the whole house rattled. He went straight down to the beach.

“I didn’t think he’d get that upset,” Samantha said. “Seriously though, do you like my bikini?”

“I like it,” I said. I didn’t just like it, I fucking loved it. It was sexy as fuck, too damn sexy for a mom, but when the mom looked like Samantha Prescott I guess it was okay.

“Thanks, Billy. Why don’t you put your swimsuit on and join me on the beach.”

She didn’t have to ask me twice. I ran to the room Will and I would be sharing and grabbed my swim trunks, they were blue with little silver fish all over them. I stripped down and put them on, then I noticed a problem. I had a raging hard boner that would not go away. No matter what I did, I couldn’t hide it. I was so frustrated I just grabbed a towel and held it in front of me. I could do this until we sat down.

When I went back into the kitchen I saw Samantha on the front porch. I opened the door and the warm sea breeze hit me, hot, humid and filled with that ocean smell. A flock of seagulls squawked overhead annoyingly.

“I just love the beach, don’t you?” Samantha said.

“It’s great to be on vacation,” I said.

Samantha pointed to the chairs and I grabbed two of them after she started down the walkway toward the beach. I followed her thong and never looked away from it. I think it looked even sexier through the sheer fabric of the cover-up like a hidden treasure just poking out of the sand.

My dick was still fully hard and to carry both chairs I had to put my towel over my shoulder, there was no hiding it now.

When we made it to the beach, Samantha picked out a spot up by the dunes that didn't have many people around. I saw a really fat, really hairy guy on a towel to our right, and a chubby woman with her nose in a book and her hand in a bag of peanuts to our left, but they were both a good distance away.

Samantha pulled a tube of sunscreen out of her beach bag and started rubbing it on her face. While she was occupied I quickly set up the chairs and sat down in mine before she could see my big boner.

I kept glancing to the side and watching Samantha with her sunscreen, spreading that white stuff all over her arms and shoulders.

The bottle made a farting sound.

"Oops," Samantha said.

I looked over and saw a big glob of white on her left tit. My cock pulsed and twitched, it looked just like someone had shot a load right on her chest like I wanted to do.

She started rubbing it in, really groping her own breasts. Her nipples hardened and showed quite plainly through the fabric of her top. I was dying over here.

"I really want to get some sun on my back, will you get me?" Samantha held out the tube of sunscreen.

"Yes!"

"Wow, a little eager are we?"

I blushed like a beet.

"It's okay, Sweetie." Samantha rolled over and my eyes went straight to her juicy, round ass.

Holy fuck, I never thought my vacation would be this good.

I squirted a glob of white sunscreen into my hands and rubbed them together, it looked like I'd just jacked off an elephant. I put my hands on Samantha's back, her skin was sun-warmed and smooth. I was leaking pre-cum into my swim trunks.

"Mmmm, your hands are magical," Samantha moaned. "Go a little lower."

I slid my hands down to the narrow part of Samantha's back, almost at the waistband of that tiny thong. I was going to slid my fingers right under it when a giant glob of wet sand hit me so hard in the side of the head I nearly fell out of my chair.

"What the fuck?" I held the side of my head and coughed.

"What happened?" Samantha jumped up, grabbed my head in her hands and looked at my face.

"I told you about sleazeballs messing around with her!" Will screamed.

"William!" Samantha said. "He was just putting sunscreen on my back. Do want me to burn? Ruin my whole vacation?"

"Whatever," Will wiped his sandy hands on his shirt and stomped up the walkway to the house.

"I'm so sorry," Samantha said.

"Guess we should keep our hands to ourselves."

"I guess," Samantha said. "But I really wanted to get my hands on that." She lowered her sunglasses and looked right at my throbbing erection.

Fuck.

The rest of the day no one talked at all. Will said about three words to us at dinner then went to his room. I watched TV for a few hours then joined

him. Our room had twin beds and he was either already asleep when I came in, or he was pretending.

I tried to sleep, but the only thing on my mind was Samantha Prescott.

* * *

The next day Samantha fixed us a huge, delicious breakfast of pancakes with maple syrup, scrambled eggs, crispy fried bacon, sausage links, and fresh-squeezed orange juice. I devoured two plates worth, and Will silently ate even more than I did.

We were helping Samantha clear the table when a loud knock on the front door scared me.

“Helllllloooooo!”

I looked out front and saw a spicy Latina in a floral print bikini with long dark hair and big brown eyes. Who the hell was she?

“Hiiiiii Camila!” Samantha rushed over to the door and opened up.

They hugged and kissed each other on both cheeks. Camila made a big *mwa* sound along with each kiss.

“And this must be Meester Weell,” Camila came over and gave me a big squeeze before I could even get my arms around her, then I got a kiss on each cheek.

“No, no, no,” Samantha said. “That’s Will,” she pointed at her son at the sink.

“Aaahhh,” Camila said. “He’s the working man. I love a working man.” Camila glided across the kitchen and hugged Will from behind and leaned side to side, her hands went all up and down his chest.

“Will,” Samantha said. “I ran into Camila on a walk on the beach yesterday evening. She’s visiting from Colombia and it was her dream to meet a nice American man to show her around.”

“Iss all true, Weell. I love the American men,” she clutched Will to her side.

I was damn jealous.

“Why don’t you two get to know each other, the keys to the car are on top of the fridge if you need it. I’m going to the beach. Billy, let’s give them some privacy.”

“Okay,” I went to my room and changed and grabbed a fresh towel.

When I made it back downstairs Will was leaned back against the counter. I was about to ask where Camila went, then I saw her on her knees in front of him, head bobbing back and forth.

I quickly made my way out and headed down the walkway to the beach. That little fucker, getting a bj right there in the kitchen. Why couldn’t I be so lucky? When I looked down at the end of the walkway and saw Samantha smiling I thought maybe I was.

“How do you like Camila?” Samantha asked.

“She’s really something.”

“I didn’t meet her on the beach I found her online. She’s a prostitute, down here from Jersey, her real name’s Gina. I’m paying her three hundred bucks to keep Will occupied for the day.”

“What? Why?”

“So you and I could have a little fun.”

I smiled and shook my head. “You are one dirty mom, you know that.”

“I know,” Samantha said and dropped her cover-up.

She was wearing her sexy bikini again, and it made my cock start growing.

“Let’s go out in the water,” Samantha said, she held out a hand.

I took it and we waded into the surprisingly warm water.

“You think we’re far enough out so no one will see what we’re doing?”

“What are we doing?”

Samantha pulled me against her in the chest deep water and kissed me hard.

“Is that what we’re doing?”

“Yes,” Samantha said. “Over and over, it’s why I hired that prostitute to distract Will, he obviously can’t handle me and you together.”

“He said he’d blow the brains out of anybody he caught with his mom.”

“Glad your willing to take the risk. I guess I should take that as a compliment.”

I ran my hand down her back and squeezed her ass cheek. “You should.”

Samantha spun around and pushed her thong down to her knees. She bent over until her chin was almost in the water. “I always wanted to be fucked from behind in the ocean.”

I pulled my swim trunks down and let my hot dog rest between her buns. “That’s funny. I always wanted to fuck someone from behind in the ocean.”

Samantha reached between her legs grabbed my cock and slid it right between her lips. “Shut up and fuck me, Billy.”

I grabbed her hips and started pumping, slow and easy at first, savoring her warmth and tightness. Every few strokes I went faster. I built up to a

pretty good rhythm and water was splashing up into the air when I slammed against her ass.

“Good God Billy, your big cock feels so good in my pussy. I haven’t had a cock that good in ages.”

I leaned forward and grabbed Samantha’s big tits. I slipped my hands under the triangles of fabric and squeezed. Her nipples stiffened.

“Your pussy is so tight, Samantha. Better than I ever imagined, and I imagined it quite a bit.”

Samantha looked over her shoulder, she bit her lower lip, her eyes told me she was close. So was I.

“Oh Billy. Oh! Oh! Oh! I’m gonna cum. Keep pounding me. Yes! YES! YES! OOOHHHHHH!”

Samantha’s tight pussy squeezed my shaft like a milking machine. I couldn’t hold back. “Samantha! I’m cumming!”

I slammed my cock home. My balls clenched. My cock pulsed. Stream after stream of hot jizz filled Samantha’s pussy. I held her hips so she couldn’t move. My cock was too sensitive after that amazing orgasm.

“That was fucking good.”

“Fuck yeah,” I said. I was finally able to slide out.

Samantha pulled my trunks up for me, then she did her thong.

“Let’s go dry off on the beach.”

I followed my friend’s hot mom to the shore, admiring her wonderful body as all the little droplets of water slid off her. We sat in our chairs and

relaxed, soaking in the sun and enjoying the peace and quiet. I felt so good that I found myself drifting closer and closer to sleep.

* * *

I woke up to a warm sensation in my crotch. I jerked my eyes open and looked down, afraid I was having an accident, then I realized what was going on.

Samantha was between my legs with my swim trunks pulled down sucking my cock. I put my hands on her head to let her know she'd woken me up in the best way possible.

"Mmmm, mmmm, mmmm," Samantha moaned on my cock.

She was doing a good job, she had a great seal with her lips, and her tongue was twirling around my head, but she wasn't getting all the way down.

"Can you take it all, Samantha?"

She popped her lips off my cock and looked up at me and smiled. She stroked me. "I can certainly try."

"Good," I said. "I thought you might be too old."

Samantha slapped my thigh. It stung but I was still laughing at my joke. I heard Samantha suck in a breath through her nose, then she went down, lower, lower, and even lower until her chin bumped my balls. She had all nine inches down her throat and it felt incredible. The warmth, the wetness, and the constricting muscles in her throat made for one incredible blowjob.

Then she started bobbing her head up and down, faster and faster.

Glug! Glug! Glug! Glug!

I was hitting the back of her throat every time she went down.

I grabbed her shoulder. "Samantha."

"Mmmmm," she moaned and grabbed my hand but kept sucking.

"Samantha! I'm gonna cum!"

She did something I didn't expect. Samantha held my cock all the way down her throat and grabbed my balls.

"AAAHHHHHH!" I moaned and pulled her hair, still damp from our fuck in the surf.

I shot stream after stream of hot cum down Samantha's throat. She gulped it all down. I couldn't believe I could cum that much back to back, but Samantha really coaxed it out of me.

I leaned my head back and closed my eyes. I wanted to savor every detail. Samantha's warm, wet mouth, her rough tongue, the cool breeze, the yelling woman. Yelling woman?

"Hey Miss Samantha. I'm all done with your boy."

I looked up and saw Camila, or Gina, or whoever she was walking towards us. She really must be a prostitute because she didn't care at all that Samantha had my dick in her mouth.

"Miss Samantha," she said with a Jersey accent, her real accent. "You got my money?"

Samantha wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "Sure, right here in my beach bag. Samantha pulled out a pink wallet and gave the prostitute three crisp hundred dollar bills.

"Thank you, call me anytime," Gina said as she turned and walked down the beach shaking her ass from side to side.

"At least Will won't be such a bastard now," Samantha said.

"You think so?"

"Well, I hope so."

“I still think we should stay on the down-low, or at least try.”

“That’s probably a good idea, Billy. Why don’t you come up to my room tonight about midnight. Try not to wake Will when you sneak out.”

“I’ll be there,” I said.

“Don’t forget your big cock.”

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MILF Cheer Coach

I swear the seat of my desk in English class was made out of concrete. I fidgeted around as I listened to dumpy Mrs. Gallagher drone on and on about some passage in a book I forgot to read.

Besides the desk, the worst part about this classroom was the lack of windows. I thought the lack of sunlight made the room feel small and gave it a very musty smell, but that might've just been Mrs. Gallagher.

The only good thing about this class, two seats up and one row over sat Melissa Neman, the hottest girl in the entire college, and captain of the cheer squad.

Today was a game day, so Melissa was wearing her uniform, a sleeveless blue top that hugged her tight body, a big white H H printed on the front for Hampton Hills, and of course a matching skirt, a very tight skirt. That tight skirt was meant to stay down during stunts and tumbling, but that wasn't always the case, sometimes it hiked up around her waist after a flip and gave everyone a wonderful view of the tiny blue spankies she wore underneath.

Fuck. Now I was getting a boner.

I kept staring at her long tan legs, wondering about those spankies when the guy next to me leaned over and tapped my arm.

I turned to him, "what's up, Lenny?"

Lenny Handly wasn't exactly my friend, but he was a guy I talked to in class. At times he seemed okay, but most of the time he seemed like a numb-nuts.

"She's hot, isn't she," Lenny whispered.

"Huh?"

"Melissa Neman, the hottest blonde cheerleader in the entire school. Bet you'd love to see her naked, wouldn't you?"

"Hell yeah I would. Who wouldn't?"

"I know someone that really wants to see her naked?"

"What do you mean?"

Mrs. Gallagher turned from the board. "Shut the fuck back there turd munchers!" Then she turned back around.

Lenny had a big smile on his face, he leaned over and kept his voice down. "Evan Thurman said he'd pay a thousand bucks for nude pics of any cheerleaders."

"You wouldn't be shitting me, would you, Lenny?"

"Fuck no."

"Since when do you talk to Evan Thurman?"

Evan was the big man on campus, drove a brand new luxury SUV, was big into bodybuilding, and used enough hair gel to start a small fire. In other words, a massive douche.

"Well," Lenny shrugged. "I overheard him in the cafeteria, but I'm sure he's good for it. And I know how we can do it?"

Mrs. Gallagher turned around again. "For fuck's sake can you little bitches not be quiet!"

Old Mrs. Gallagher really had something up her ass today.

"How?"

“You know tryouts were just a few weeks ago and haven’t you heard about new members getting initiated?”

I had heard all about that, wild and crazy stories, mostly involving sex and insane dares.

“Yeah,” I said.

“She lives next door to me. I heard the initiations will start at her place. I’m going to follow them, and you could too.”

“Holy fuck that sounds awesome,” I said.

“Yeah,” Lenny agreed. “Way better than beating off to her bikini pics on social media.”

I raised my eyebrows at Lenny.

“Not that I do that every night, sometimes twice,” Lenny looked down at his desk.

I shook my head.

I looked back at Melissa’s long legs. I sure would love to see what was between those legs, and under that tight top.

“So...you in?” Lenny asked.

“I’m in,” I said and put my hand out to shake.

The bell rang signaling the end of class and Mrs. Gallagher let out a sigh of relief followed by a massive fart. “Thank God,” she said. “Now get the fuck out of here you disgusting little shits.”

* * *

I pulled up to Lenny’s house for the first time and I couldn’t have been more unimpressed. Thank God he was only renting this shithole. Boards were falling off the house all over the place, paint was chipped and flaking

off the walls, and the porch had a big ass hole in the middle of it. This place probably looked even worse in the sunlight.

I walked up and peered down in the hole and saw a pair of gleaming green eyes, then I heard a meow that obviously translated to, *fuck off faggot!*

I was about to knock when the door swung open and Lenny let me in.

“Dude, there’s a cat in that hole out there,” I pointed.

“I know,” Lenny said. “Sort of my version of the old tiger pit booby trap.”

“Wow,” I said as I walked in the den and saw Lenny’s video equipment. It was a helluva lot bigger than I expected. “Dude, this is going to be a lot to lug around.”

“It is,” Lenny admitted. “But it films in 4K, the highest resolution, we’ll be able to see every pube, and when Evan sees it, we might have some bargaining power.”

“Not a bad idea, Lenny,” I said.

“Is Melissa home?”

“Not yet,” Lenny sat down in an office chair, the only piece of furniture in his den and rolled over to a window where a telescope was set up. He lifted the blinds just enough for the big end of the telescope. “Not home yet, all dark over there.

I looked around Lenny’s bare house and tried to think of something to say, this was getting pretty damn awkward.

Lenny broke the awkward silence by asking something extremely awkward. “Just out of curiosity, how much semen do you think you ejaculate per orgasm in ounces?”

“Uh, what?”

“Nothing, never mind?” Lenny said.

Fucking weirdo.

Outside, I heard loud popping music and the screeching of tires.

“They’re home,” Lenny said.

“Sweet.”

Lenny rolled away from the telescope and hoisted his big video camera to his shoulder and rolled back to the window. “You can use the telescope.”

I went to the window and looked through just in time to see Melissa get out of a silver sedan. She was still in her uniform and still looking hotter than hell.

A new member of the team got out of the passenger seat and followed her in, a redhead with a perky set of tits and a tight little butt, she was a short girl (a.k.a. fun size). She wore tight blue shorts, a white tank top, and white sneakers.

“Let’s go,” Lenny said.

He was suited up like a professional cameraman, green and red lights glowed on each of his devices. I worried about his ability to remain hidden.

“Here,” Lenny said. “You’ve got the backup camera.”

“Backup?”

Lenny held out a cell phone. “Just point and shoot, just like your dick?”

I shook my head. “Lenny, you are one sick puppy.”

He headed out the door and I followed close behind. We crossed the street like it was no big deal. We didn’t want to draw attention to ourselves by creeping around. It was nice and dark and nobody would notice us unless they were really looking. Lenny’s operating lights didn’t even show up much.

“The front room is the biggest in the house, they might be in there. The lights are on. I’ll take this first window, you go around to the other side and get the view from that window.”

“Sounds good,” I said.

I went around to the backside of the house and peered in the window. I saw the redhead standing in the den.

Melissa’s house was in much better shape than Lenny’s, but it was still an old house and I could hear right through the windows when Melissa called out, “you ready, girl?”

The redhead nervously crossed her arms and shifted around on her feet.

“I can’t hear you,” Melissa said as she stepped into the room butt naked.

Holy fuck! She looked even hotter than I imagined. Her perfectly toned and tanned body was a true work of art that should be immortalized by all the greatest sculptors. She had the nicest little pink nipples, and by the way they were sticking out I could tell she was very excited. She had a neatly trimmed patch of hair between her legs and it was the same golden blonde as the top of her head. Melissa was turned to the side and the swell of her ass was just right, just perfect for grabbing and spanking.

I steadied my camera and pushed the record button.

“I have two choices for you,” Melissa said. She held up her hands. Her nakedness had distracted me and I didn’t even realize that she was holding two of the kinkiest sex toys I’d ever seen. In both hands she had enormous dildos. The one in her right looked like it belonged on a dragon, it was black and gray with all kinds of nubs and protrusions and a thick head that came to a point. In her other hand, the dildo looked like something off an alien, it was green and had all kinds of wild ridges on it and the tip looked

like the head of a huge cock, only instead of a slit at the end it had a smiling mouth on it with rows and rows of rubber teeth.

“What’ll it be?” Melissa said.

The redhead stepped forward, “I—I’ll take the dragon,” she said timidly, like she’d never put anything strange in her pussy before.

“Okay,” Melissa said. “You know what to do.”

The redhead stripped off her top and pushed down her shorts, she had a nice dusting of freckles on her shoulders and chest, her nips were light pink and puffy, she had a patch of red pubic hair between her legs.

“Got any lube?” the redhead asked.

“No, but you do,” Melissa said.

“Wha—” Before the redhead could even ask what she meant Melissa shoved the head of the dragon dildo into the girl’s mouth. Her lips stretched around it and her eyes watered as Melissa pushed it in and out.

Melissa yanked the big toy out of the girl’s mouth and inspected it. “How’s that for lube?”

The redhead was breathing hard, strands of spit trailed from her chin to her little tits. Her eyes watered and made her cheeks shine.

“Spread ‘em,” Melissa said as she pushed the girl’s legs apart.

The redhead started to whimper as Melissa dragged the big dragon dildo up and down her shimmering wet pussy lips.

“Ready?” Melissa asked.

The redhead quickly nodded.

Melissa jammed the dildo in, she had a wicked smile on her face, then she pulled it out and started jackhammering the redhead’s pussy.

“AH! AH! AH! AH! AAAHHHHHH!” the redhead screamed.

“FUCK THAT DRAGON COCK! FUCK IT HARD!” Melissa yelled, she was now rotating the big dildo and it was driving the redhead crazy.

The redhead writhed all over the floor. She kept pushing herself forwards, deeper onto the dildo. She was timid at first, but now she was fucking loving it and so was Melissa, she had a hand between her legs and was furiously rubbing her pussy then tasting it and tweaking her nipples before her hand disappeared between her legs again.

“Just what the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

Those were not the words I wanted to hear. They made my blood run cold. I’d been caught. I put the phone down and turned around. My eyes bulged out of my head when I saw a hot strawberry-blonde MILF standing in front of me. She was wearing a loose white shirt and tight jeans. Her hands were on her hips and her jaw was set.

“I—uh—”

“You were spying on the cheerleader’s initiation, weren’t you.” She snatched the camera out of my hand and looked at the video. “What were you going to do with this?”

It was time to come clean, no use trying to lie my way out. “I was going to sell it.”

“You nasty little bastard, do you know if this got into the wrong hands they’d shut down the cheerleading program for good, and I’d be out of a job.”

“You’re the cheer coach?”

“Yes, and former captain myself, and I look out for my girls. Under my tutelage, the initiation ceremony switched to rubber dildos, back in my day they were real!”

“Where the hell did you find a dragon cock?” I asked.

“Shut up,” she said. “You’re coming with me.”

I followed her away from the house and she led me to a white car parked on the street. I got in, afraid she was taking me to the police station, but we didn’t go in that direction. We went back towards Hampton Hills Community College and parked in the parking lot.

“We’re going to my office,” she said.

I followed her as she opened the front door and walked down the dark hall to another door by the gym. The door had a plaque that said, Sarah Franklin. She opened it and flipped on the lights, she had a messy desk and a black leather couch against the opposite wall. The small office smelled like vanilla.

“Sit,” Sarah pointed at the couch.”

I did as she said. She leaned against her desk and looked down at me. “So you were going to sell this tape to another student?”

“Yes.”

“And what was he going to do with it?”

“I dunno,” I said.

“Take a guess.”

“Fuck. I dunno. I’m sure he’d jack off to it.”

“And show it to every one of his friends,” she said. “And then everyone would have seen my girls naked and playing, killing their reputations as the sexy cheerleaders.”

“Or maybe improving their reputations,” I said.

“No way,” Sarah said. “It’s more powerful for every guy in school to imagine what they look like naked than to actually see them naked. Like right now, I’m sure your perverted ass is imaging what my tits and pussy and ass look like. Aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” I said, and it was the honest truth. I had had an incredibly hard boner ever since I first saw Melissa naked in her house. My balls were beginning to ache.

“Well,” Sarah said. “I’m going to give you a taste of your own medicine. Let’s see how you like being videoed.

“What?”

“That’s right,” Sarah said. “Stand up and strip.”

Oh shit. The hot MILF had me now.

She raised her phone to eye level and tapped on the screen, getting the camera app ready.

“Or,” Sarah said. “We could go to the cops.”

“No!” I yanked my shirt over my head and tossed it on the couch.

“Good,” Sarah smiled. “Pants too.”

I undid my jeans and kicked them off after I got my shoes off.

Sarah licked her lips. “My my, what have we got here?”

I had a huge boner tenting my boxer shorts.

“Show me that penis,” Sarah said.

I slid my boxers down and kicked them off. Being totally naked in front of a hot MILF like Sarah was a huge turn-on for me. My cock throbbed.

Sarah put her camera down on her desk, she propped it up so it would keep recording and she wouldn’t have to hold it.

“Let me see that thing,” Sarah stood in front of me looking down with hungry eyes. “That’s gotta be what? Ten inches?”

I nodded.

“I haven’t had one that big since...my very own initiation.”

Sarah dropped to her knees in front of me. She looked up at me with naughty green eyes, “if anybody finds out about this I’ll tell the whole

world you're a perverted Peeping Tom."

"And if anybody finds out about that I'll tell them the cheerleading coach is a grade A slut."

"So we've got each other either way," Sarah said.

"Works for me," I joked.

Sarah grabbed my cock. "Mmm, feels so good. So nice and thick. So powerful."

Her grip was very nice, very firm and when she moved her hand back and forth it sent fireworks shooting through my body.

"I don't even know if I can get half this in my mouth," Sarah said.

"You can try?"

She smiled, then opened wide and went down on my cock taking more than half of it. Just testing it out.

She popped off my cock and stroked my wet shaft with her hand. "Have you ever had a hot MILF suck your cock before?"

"Never," I said.

"Any girl that sees this big dick is gonna want to give it a try, not to mention ride it. I'm already wet just thinking about it."

"It's not exactly a dragon or an alien—"

"But it'll do," she took me in her mouth again and bobbed back and forth letting me thump the back of her throat with my swollen head.

GLUG! GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!

Sarah was getting almost all of it, she was so close, she just needed a little help. I put my hand on the back of her strawberry-blonde head and gave her a little extra push until her chin bumped against my balls.

She gagged and a big stream of spit and pre-cum slopped out of her lips. I let her head go and she popped off my cock and gathered up that long

strand of spit and cum in her mouth and sucked it down before going back to work.

“You are one nasty, MILF,” I said.

“I like to be dirty,” she said as she stroked me. “Why don’t you give me a little snack.”

“I can do that,” I said.

She went back to sucking, faster and harder, sliding her soft lips up and down my shaft, circling my head with her tongue. She was giving me one of the best blowjobs of my life. It didn’t take long before my balls clenched.

“OH FUCK! SARAH! I’M CUMMING!”

I held the sides of her head as my cock pulsed and I fired stream after stream of warm, salty cum straight down her throat. I came so much that Sarah couldn’t keep up and gooey white jizz dribbled out of the corners of her mouth.

Sarah milked me dry and swallowed every drop of my load that she could find.

I fell back onto the couch and wiped the sweat off my brow.

Sarah stood up and started stripping. She was naked in seconds and I couldn’t help but admire her body. She was in excellent shape and I bet she could still fit into a Hampton Hills cheerleader uniform if she wanted to. Her tits were firm and perky, her pink nipples hard, and her pussy was perfectly smooth, shaved or lasered clean of all hair. Her pink lips were already glistening.

“Sucking that big cock turned me the fuck on,” Sarah said with a hand between her legs, she rotated it around and around, stimulating her clit.

The more I looked at her naked body the more excited I got, and it wasn’t long before my cock was back to its full length, hard and ready.

“I always wanted a cheerleader on my cock,” I said.

“Is a former cheerleader turned coach all right?”

“Perfect,” I said.

Sarah turned around and lowered her pussy. I grabbed her ass and spread her cheeks so I could get a glimpse of her tight, pink asshole. She reached between her own legs and grabbed my cock, she put me right inside her pussy and dropped all the way down.

“OHHHHHH FFFFUUUCCCCCKKKK!” Sarah yelled.

I leaned forward and grabbed both her tits and tweaked the nipples. Sarah’s pussy was tight as fuck.

She bounced up and down, slow at first, then gaining speed every time she went up and down.

“OH! OH! OH! OH! OOOHHHHHH!” Sarah yelled.

I leaned back on the couch and watched her wonderful round ass bounce up and down. Her pink pussy lips stretched around my cock and gripped me like a vice.

“GOD! YOU ARE SO TIGHT!”

“OH YEAH!” Sarah moaned, the pitch of her voice kept getting higher as she rode my cock.

I knew I had another big load for her, and I knew it would be coming soon.

“I’M GETTING CLOSE, SARAH!”

“OH! GOOD! OH! OH! OH! JUST FILL MY PUSSY UP BABY! SHOOT ALL YOUR CUM IN MY PUSSY!”

I was glad to hear that, I had no intention of leaving Sarah’s tight cunt.

She dropped onto my lap with every inch of me inside her and rotated her hips. It was the most amazing thing I’d ever felt, then she bounced

again, so fast her ass was almost a blur. I gripped that wonderful round booty and yelled out. "I'M CUMMING!"

"OH! OH! OH! OH! OOOHHHHHH!"

Sarah's pussy clenched and quivered as I pumped stream after stream of hot semen into her tight hole. I kept unloading inside her and it felt so good.

Once I was finished, I grabbed her and leaned back so she wouldn't move. I needed a minute for my sensitive cock to go down, and she was still out of it from her hard orgasm.

"Fuck," Sarah said. "I haven't cum that hard in ages."

"Me too," I said.

Sarah turned her head and looked at me, "how about the next time you get horny you just come visit the cheer coach's office and I'll take care of it right away."

"That sounds incredible," I said. "And let's get rid of our vids, we don't want that hanging over us."

"I'll do that right now," Sarah eased off my cock and wobbled over to the desk where she deleted everything on both devices. Cum leaked down the inside of her leg.

"Sarah, did you bump into my friend back at Melissa's house?"

"That little twerp with the big ass camera?"

"Yeah."

Sarah slipped her shirt back on. "He looked like a major league pervert so I stabbed him in the neck with my car keys."

"Well fuck," I said.

Sarah tossed my clothes into my lap. "Lock the door on your way out and don't forget to come see me as soon as that big dick needs some attention."

“Yes, Ma’am,” I said as she walked out.
I guess I need to go let Lenny’s cat out.

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Camping MILF

I sat at the glass dinner table in my parent's kitchen. The same table I'd sat at for breakfast, lunch, and dinner for the entire twenty years of my life. The evening sun came in a big bay window and glared off the table so I moved a place mat over to block it. Mom was in the kitchen, banging together some pots and pans as she got dinner ready.

"You excited for the trip tomorrow?" Mom asked.

"Yes," I said.

The trip was the annual camping trip my family took up to Pine Mountain State Park. We'd been going ever since I could remember, and it was on one of those trips that I learned to ride a bike with no training wheels.

Mom, Dad, and I always took the trip with our neighbors, the Springers, who felt like part of our family.

"There's going to be a slight change," Mom said.

I leaned back in my chair and looked into the kitchen. "What?"

"It's no big deal, really. Mrs. Springer's sister will be joining us this year."

"She has a sister?" I asked. "Tabitha never mentioned an aunt." Tabitha Springer was one year younger than me and she was the little sister I never had.

“Yeah,” Mom said as she worked the can opener. “I think she’s a bit younger. She’s going through a tough divorce, and Mrs. Springer thought it would be good for her to get away from it all.”

“Great,” I said sarcastically.

“I’m not entirely thrilled about it either, but Mrs. Springer is just trying to help. You never know, she might be great.”

“Might,” I said.

Mom walked in with a plate of beans and hamburger steaks, a simple but good meal. I got up to grab the ketchup. I sat back down and cut into my steak, it was so tender and juicy. I got up again and grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge, I cracked it open and took a big gulp to wash my food down.

Mom was at the table eating. “But,” she said. “If the woman turns out to be a total kook, just keep it to yourself.”

“I will.” I scooped up a big spoonful of beans, they were a little sweet and a little spicy, just the way I liked them.

* * *

I helped load up our car early the next morning and we got out on the road before traffic hit. Dad drove, Mom rode shotgun, and I was in the backseat, sitting sideways playing on my phone as we ate up the miles to Pine Mountain.

I grew bored with the game on my phone and stared out the window. The surrounding forest grew thicker and thicker, and I knew we were close. I looked out the back window and a familiar blue SUV caught my attention.

“Hey, the Springers are behind us,” I said.

I saw Tabitha and her mom in the front seats. The aunt must've been in the back.

We kept driving and finally entered the park. We stopped at a small booth that was made to look like a short, fat pine tree and paid our camp fee to the ranger.

A minute later the road went from two lanes and paved to two lanes and gravel, then it changed to one lane of gravel, and beyond that was a rutted dirt road that required some slow and skillful driving by Dad.

We always camped at the same site, and it took nearly thirty minutes to get there, after entering the park. We didn't pass a single car, which I took as a good sign.

"Finally made it," Mom said.

I got out and stretched my legs. Then I took in a deep breath of the fresh mountain air, it actually smelled like pine on Pine Mountain, go figure.

Tabitha walked up to our car. "This place never changes."

"It's great isn't it," I said.

I gave Tabitha a hug, I hadn't seen her since I came home from college for Christmas break. She looked as cute as always with her shy smile and short brown hair. She wore a loose t-shirt, black running shorts, and neon green sneakers.

I was just about to ask her how her senior year of high school was going when a scream from the back of the Springer's car broke the calm and silence.

"Oh no," Tabitha said.

We both hurried to the back of the car.

"Aunt Jenn, are you all right?" Tabitha asked.

Aunt Jenn wasn't hurt, but she had gotten herself into quite a predicament. She was on her back trying to get up like a turtle flipped over on its shell, only she didn't have a shell, she had a huge backpack that was way too heavy.

I bit my lip to keep from laughing, and I heard Tabitha giggle before she bent down to check on her aunt, that gave me a second to really get a good look at the woman. Jenn Springer had wavy blonde hair that was down past her shoulders, she had a pretty face with delicate features and bright, green eyes. She wore a pink tank top that was tight and showed off a big pair of breasts. Her light blue shorts hugged her legs and I could only imagine the way they made her ass look.

"Jeff, help me get Aunt Jenn up," Tabitha said.

We each grabbed an arm and I counted off, "one...two...three."

We pulled Jenn up, but she was still a bit wobbly.

"Thank you," she said. "You must be Tabbie's friend, Jeff."

"I am," I said.

"Well it's nice to meet you. I'm her Aunt Jenn, you can just call me Jenn." She opened her arms wide for a hug. She leaned forward and got off balance again.

"Ah!" Jenn yelped as she smashed into me, knocking me to the ground.

I blinked and realized I was now on my back with all of Jenn's weight on me, and those big tits pushed up against me. The soft, spongy pressure of those tits made me disregard the ache in my back from hitting the ground. I'd never felt such a big pair. My cock responded by immediately stiffening.

"Sorry, sorry. I'm so sorry," Jenn said.

I breathed in her sweet perfume, it was like a field of flowers. "It's okay."

She rolled over, off of me, and onto her back. “Can you two help me up again?”

I couldn’t get up. I was still painfully hard and I was afraid Tabitha and Jenn would notice. I looked down at the ground and took some deep breaths.

“I got ya,” Tabitha said as she grabbed her aunt’s arms and pulled her up.

“Thanks, Tabbie,” Jenn said. “You okay, Jeff?”

“Yeah,” I said. “Yeah, just knocked the wind out of me.”

“I didn’t mean too,” Jenn said.

“I know, it’s okay.” I finally got my erection to go down a little and got to my feet. I brushed off my backside.

Jenn wasn’t anything like I expected. I couldn’t believe any man would divorce her, she was a perfect ten. She must be crazy or something, she did seem a bit ditzy, wearing that giant backpack, probably packed half her closet for the weekend trip.

I walked over to our car where Dad was still unloading stuff.

“Hey, Jeff, give me a hand with these tits—I mean tents. Shit.”

That brought a big smile to my face. “That was just a slip of the tongue, right Dad, Nothing to do with Jenn?”

“No, not at all,” Dad smiled. “I didn’t notice how tight her top was or anything like that.”

I couldn’t help but laugh as Dad stacked up tent bags in my arms.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s get everything set up then we can hike down to the lake.”

“Sounds good,” I said.

We made quick work of the tents with Tabitha's help and had them all set up in an hour.

Mrs. Springer had a fire crackling and popping and Mom piled up firewood.

Tabitha unloaded a big blue cooler from the Springer's car, she set it next to the campfire, opened it up, and pulled out a package of hot dogs.

I had worked up quite an appetite setting up camp. I could eat three fire-roasted hot dogs right now. I sat down on a stump around the fire.

Tabitha tossed a bag in my lap. "Appetizer," she said.

I looked at the bag, trail mix. I opened it up and grabbed a handful, it was sweet and salty and crunchy. I washed it down with a cold bottle of water.

"How long until those hot dogs are ready?" I asked.

"Half an hour," Tabitha said.

I didn't want to sit around, so I threw out a suggestion. "Who wants to go down to the lake?" I asked. I knew Dad had mentioned it earlier.

"We're staying here to do the cooking," Mom said, also speaking for Tabitha and Mrs. Springer.

"I think I'm going to try out my new camera lens," Dad said, he pointed it toward the treetops and snapped off a few pics.

"I'll go," Jenn popped up from her fireside seat, her breasts bounced nicely.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'd love to," Jenn said.

I looked around, everyone else had already started their tasks.

"Okay," I said. "It's not too far, no need to bring that backpack."

"I might've overpacked," Jenn said.

“Most people do on their first trip, no big deal.”

We started down the trail, it narrowed quickly. I took the lead and looked over my shoulder at Jenn. “The lake is so cool, kind of a secluded area, with big rocks on three sides. It’s one of my favorite places.”

“Sounds scenic.”

The trail got steeper and from time to time my foot would slip on some loose gravel. I’d catch myself and continue then the same thing would happen to Jenn and she’d let out a tiny gasp each time.

The trees thinned and we came to a large clearing. I saw the blue waters of the small lake, the sun shimmered off it.

“This is beautiful,” Jenn said. “Will you take a picture for me?”

“Sure.”

She handed me her phone. I focused on her. She smiled and posed, sticking her chest out. I snapped the pic, wishing I could send it to my phone to get me through some lonely nights.

“Here,” I handed her the phone.

She checked the picture and smiled. “Looks great.”

“Thanks.”

“I don’t know about you, but I wouldn’t mind a swim.”

“A swim?”

“Yeah, you can swim in this lake, right?”

“Yeah, yeah you can.”

“Whadda ya say, want to join me?” Jenn pulled her tank top off. She had on a black sports bra underneath.

My breath caught in my throat and my heart went into overdrive. I couldn’t look away from her breasts.