

The Babysitter

I was looking forward to fooling around with my wife, Pam, after I dropped off our babysitter. My wife and I had just had a wonderful evening out by ourselves, the kids were asleep, and we were both still awake. (If you have kids, you know that having these three things happen is as rare and exciting as watching all the bells line up on your slot machine!) And by the look in Pam's eyes when she told me to "hurry back," I knew that she had the same thing on her mind that I did. I was in such a good mood that I gave our babysitter, Tory, a big tip as I walked her out to the car. Of course, I usually tip her well anyway: a good babysitter is hard to find. She gets along great with the kids, she has a pleasant, bubbly personality, and she always does extra things like doing the dishes after she puts the kids to bed. Pam likes to tease me that I like having Tory over for "other reasons."

Well, I have to admit that I'm human: it's hard not to notice her lithe figure and perky breasts, especially given how she dresses. Sometimes I'm a little surprised that her parents let her out of the house dressed so provocatively, but I guess all the kids nowadays figure they have to look like Britney Spears. Besides, her parents probably realize that, since she's eighteen, and will be going away to college next fall, she'll be able to wear whatever she wants soon enough! Tonight she was wearing a miniskirt, one of those tight T-shirts that shows just a little of a girl's tummy, and white tennis shoes (with no socks). I glanced at her ass as she aimed it toward me as she slipped into the seat beside me and chuckled inwardly, "Whew, I'm glad I'll get to have sex with my wife later!"

I was driving, thinking about what I wanted to do with Pam in a few minutes, when Tory interrupted my reveries. "Do you want me to babysit again tomorrow, Mr. Harrison?"

"Tomorrow? We hadn't thought about that. I'm surprised you're free on a Friday and Saturday night in a row."

"Oh, yeah," Tory said, sounding a little disappointed. "I never seem to have a date."

I thought to myself, Why is it so many beautiful girls have low self-esteem! Maybe I can say something to make her feel better about herself.

"Well, dear, I think a smart, attractive young lady like you could go out with lots of nice guys. Why are you having trouble meeting boys?"

"I don't have any trouble meeting them," she explained. "And plenty of them ask me out. It just that ... well, they're all so immature. Boys my age just don't know how to treat a woman." I smiled slightly at this slip of a girl dismissing "boys" and calling herself a "woman," but I said, "I understand what you mean. I was clueless about girls, er, women at that age too."

Tory turned toward me and her smile brightened. I could see her face in the light of the full moon. The moonlight made her seem even prettier than usual, but also a little unreal. "Oh no, I can't believe that. I bet you always knew just what to say and do."

"It's very flattering that you think that," I answered. (Was I blushing now?) The car was quiet now except for the purring of the engine. It felt somehow like the mood had changed, but not in an unpleasant way. As we came to one of the last turns before her house, Tory said, "Why don't you take a right turn here, Mr. Harrison. I know a shortcut."

"A shortcut? Are you sure?" This seemed to be exactly the wrong turn to make.

"Yeah, this'll be better," Tory insisted. "Trust me." So I followed her directions through a few more turns. It quickly seemed to me that we had left the suburbs where Tory's house was and entered the nearby forests. All of a sudden I felt like I was in an adult version of Grimm's Fairy Tales, and I wondered whether I was playing the part of the wolf, or of the little boy who is lured into the witch's lair with the promise of goodies. "Okay, this is the last turn," Tory promised, smiling. And now we were in a glade separated from the road by a row of trees. I must have been hypnotized by Tory and by the moon overhead, because it didn't even occur to me to disobey when she told me to park the car. Right after I pulled the emergency break, and before I could say anything, Tory had found the lever that controls the angle of her seat back, and was leaning backwards. For a moment she just looked up out the window, as if I wasn't even there. I looked at her fresh, ripe body in the moonlight. I thought about all the traditions that say the moon brings out "lunacy" in people. Then Tory turned to me and said significantly, "I like being out here. Don't you think it's beautiful ... out here?" Finally, the oxygen started to seep back into the rational part of my brain. "Tory," I said, "it would look really bad if anyone saw us -- or even just found out that we had been here together. I mean, you have no idea how much trouble I could get in, even if nothing -- I mean, even though nothing is happening."

"I've been thinking about this for a long time," she responded. Her tone was remarkably even. I was so surprised by how calm and calculating she seemed. Maybe I was too quick to dismiss her as a "girl." She went on, "I know it's important that no one ever know."

And I know that you're married, and I'd never do anything to interfere with that." Then she said, "I mean, I think Mrs. Harrison is just great!" I smiled because she sounded girlish again when she said that. She must have realized how it sounded too, because she looked down and smiled a little sheepishly. But her voice got authority again as she looked back up and continued, "So, I know what the rules are. I respect that you have a certain position to maintain. But," and now her voice became a sexy whisper, "I also know what you want." She slipped down in her seat a little more, making her miniskirt slide up, showing even more of her long slender legs. "And I want it too. And if you don't take what you want, you'll regret it for the rest of your life." Her right hand was now running along the collar of her shirt, tugging it slightly to reveal a little more cleavage. "If you miss this opportunity, you'll always wonder what it would have been like. Remember, Mr. Harrison, we don't regret the things we do; we regret the things we don't do." Now the tips of her fingers were moving inside the top of her shirt, caressing her soft, milky-white breasts. Her voice had enchanted me, and at that point I couldn't have stopped even if it cost me everything I have.

I quickly adjusted my own seat back so that it was at the same angle as hers, then I slid over on top of her. I was gentle at first, holding her shoulders as I kissed her lips softly. They were as sweet as I dreamed. She kissed back, and her kissing became insistent, drawing my tongue out to meet hers. Oh, god, her tongue seemed delicate and small as its tip flicked against mine. My left hand moved to her breast. She quietly moaned and her hips started to squirm as soon as I made contact. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her nipples were already hard. Her hips were now bucking up to meet mine. But just then, I pulled away and got back in my seat.

Tory looked at me with eyes surprised but still drunk with lust. "Did, I do something ...? She stammered."

"No, that's not it," I explained. "It's just that I just realized that we don't have time for this. My wife will be expecting me back in just a few minutes. And I want our first time together to be nice."

"Oh!" Tory laughed, and started to pull me back toward her (surprisingly forcefully, I might add). I found myself on top of her again, as she explained, "Don't worry about that! I do want us to do it together slowly some time. Let's exchange pager numbers later and we can work out the details of how to meet at a hotel some time -- oh, let's make sure to get one with porno on the TV! But I didn't think tonight was going to be slow and gentle! In fact," she said, with a naughty look on her face, "that's one of the things I don't like about younger guys. They don't know the difference between being rough because you're incompetent and being rough because you know how to take a woman passionately." I was starting to wonder which of us was really the innocent here, but Tory looked up at me with her shining, young eyes and almost groaned in her girlish voice, "So show me what you've always wanted to do to me." That was it. Maybe it was Tory's Lolita-like combination of a woman's sexuality in a teenager's body, or maybe the moon had just worked its insanity into me -- but I took her. I took her hard. I snatched her T-shirt off over her head, revealing her perky tits. I started at them for just a second before I dove into them: squeezing, kissing, sucking and pinching her nipples. By this point, I didn't care whether she even liked what I was doing, but she did! She moaned and grunted and writhed underneath me, and the heavier I was on her, and the rougher I treated her, the more it seemed to excite her. Our tongues wrestled like snakes, explored each other's mouths, danced along the edges of each other's lips. Now the bucking of her hips was getting more and more insistent. She really needed to be fucked, so she reached down to pull her miniskirt up. Even though she was doing what I wanted, I held myself up and slapped her hands away roughly, just for the sake of doing it. She moaned and lifted her hands over her head. I pulled her miniskirt up myself, revealing a slick, aroused and almost bare pussy. I stuck two fingers in and got a good load of her pussy-cum on my fingers, and then I sucked them because I needed to know her taste. I quickly whipped my cock out. Tory surprised me by roughly pushing me back. I thought she was fighting back, which turned me on. But instead she lunged for her little purse, ripped it open, and pulled out a condom. Smart girl, I thought. She expertly opened the package and wrapped my cock. I was simultaneously aroused, impressed, and disgusted that she was so experienced. "Slut," I heard myself grunting. "Teenage slut." My dirty talk made Tory practically pant with lust, and she started to frantically beat off my cock, giving me a hand job through the condom. "Is this what you do with your teenage boyfriends? Do you beat them off in cars?"

"Mmmmm, yes, oh god yes," she gasped. My hands were all over her as she jerked me off. I pinched her erect nipples, rubbed her hard clit, and fingered her wet pussy hole.

"You fuck all your dad's friends, don't you? You suck off all the men your dad knows."

Tory obviously liked that thought: "Oooooooooohhhhhhhh, shit," she moaned. She was on the edge of cumming now. I shoved her back roughly onto the seat, slapping her hand away from cock. I felt bigger, harder, and more virile than I had ever felt in my life. This nubile little girl was mine to take. All the teenage boys would just have to watch and play with themselves in frustration while I did her, because she belonged to me. I shoved my cock into her. Her pussy was nicely tight, but she obviously wasn't a virgin. I knew neither one of us would last long. "Talk dirty to me!" I ordered.

"What do I say?" she panted.

"Tell me you want my cock! Tell me you want me to fuck you! Tell me you're my little teenage slut!" "Oh yes! Give me your cock! I want you to fuck me! I'm your slut, your teenage slut!" "Again!" "Fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME! I'm your girl-slut! Fuck me!"

I couldn't believe the things that were coming out of my mouth now: "I'm going to wait till your parents aren't home, and then I'm going to fuck you in your daddies' bed."

That's what sent her over the edge into a screaming orgasm. And as I felt her pussy tighten on my cock, I felt my shaft pump cum like a relentless machine. I was amazed at how long both of us kept cumming. When we were finally spent, we held each other for just a moment, then she gave me a big hug and said, "Thank you, Mr. Harrison! You'd better drive me home now!" We bumped into each other and giggled as she helped me wipe the condensation from the inside of the windows so I could see to drive. As I pulled into her family's driveway, Tory straightened her clothes, checked her hair and face quickly in the vanity mirror and said "Thanks for the babysitting job, Mr. Harrison!" and jumped out of the car. When she was half way to the door, I stuck my head out of the window and said, "I'll ask my wife about getting a babysitter for tomorrow." Tory skipped back to my window, pulled a piece of paper and pen out of her purse, and wrote quickly on it. "Sure," she said casually. "Here's my pager number, in case you want to get a hold of me." Then, discreetly winking, she turned back toward the house.

I think I'll take a quick shower before I make love to Pam tonight, I thought. And I think Pam won't be getting much sleep.

About the Author

 Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally .They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

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