

1. Special Needs

Jean Hayes-- 40-year-old wife of business owner, Rodger. He's in his early 60s and has totally lost interest in sex for the past year and a half.

Troy Martin-- 17-year-old son of Jason and Mica Troy. Jason is Rodger's business partner. Troy is a low to moderately functioning autistic. He has one younger brother, Carl, who's 16.

"It's only for an afternoon and overnight," Rodger said.

"That's one afternoon and night too much," I said into my phone.

"Jean, you know I wouldn't ask if it wasn't absolutely necessary. Jason and I are stuck here in Philadelphia and won't be back to Connecticut until about noon tomorrow."

"Can't Jason's mother take BOTH boys for a night?"

"Jean, she's old and tired and needs this less than you do. One teenager is all she can handle."

"Why did Mica's mother have to pick this week to get sick and go to the hospital a hundred miles away?" I didn't want an answer as much as I wanted a way out.

"Good question. But that doesn't change the answer: you have to take care of Troy for less than twenty-four hours so Mica can be with her mother."

"Rodger, I've only met your new partner's wife once. They've never even invited us over, even though they live just thirty miles away. And, I've never seen their kids. Won't this be kind of odd, I mean, him having to be with a complete stranger?"

"Maybe you're right. Forget the whole thing," Rodger said.

"Really!" I gasped with relief.

"NO, not really. Listen. Jason and I are here trying to put this deal together and busting our asses day and night to get it done. The least you can do is pitch in a little bit. Mica will be there with Troy in less than an hour."

"I'm dreading this," I said. I wanted Rodger to know this was a big deal he was asking.

"Try to make the best of it. You always talked about wanting to have a child. We just weren't lucky enough, no matter how much we tried. This will be a good experience. Use some of those maternal instincts with Troy."

I didn't know if I HAD any maternal instincts. Not having a baby was the biggest disappointment of my life. Nothing could ever change that now that Rodger was so old. Marrying a successful older man eighteen years ago seemed glamorous and exciting. Now

"But Troy--"

"Gotta go," Rodger snapped, "meeting's starting. See you tomorrow. Relax ... and have fun."

"Rodger. Rodger!" But, he had already hung up.

"Mica, come in!" I tried to sound welcoming, but don't think I succeeded. Mica didn't seem to care because she turned to her car parked in the driveway and yelled: "I told you to come in and meet Mrs. Hayes. Now move!"

The figure in the car didn't move. But Mica did, and hauled a small suitcase across the hallway and plunked it in front of the stairs.

"Everything he needs is in here, including some swimming trunks for that big beautiful pool Rodger is always telling Jason about. He likes the water. Just keep an eye on him. You know how boys are"

I really didn't know how boys were. Not the slightest clue. I put my hand on Mica's arm, and said, "I'm sorry about your mother, but before you go, could you tell me just a little about Troy?"

She took in a deep breath and let it all out. "Troy? Not many people ask about

him. Makes them uncomfortable."

"Well, if you'd rather not ..." I started.

"No. I don't get the chance to tell anyone what a blessing I think Troy is. Lots of people may pity Jason and me, but I think having Troy has made us appreciate life more. made us better parents."

She crossed her arms, then continued: "Troy can get along pretty well. He never has spoken, and he stares like he doesn't know what's going on, but I'd like to think there's a real person with a real personality going on in there. He's on his own program of doing thing and can function with eating and dressing and sleeping. Things he's done a million times before. Sometimes he'll get stuck in the middle of a routine, and you have to just start him on the right direction. He sees an action sometimes, and will not stop until he's mimicked it. He loves hugs, too; there's no denying that. "

"So he keeps to himself and pretty much is on automatic?"

"Very much so, in fact, too much so," she said. "He follows basic directions very well, and he loves his phone and looks at its screen a lot. I think the bright light and colors of the home screen give him some sort of anchor, some stability."

I nodded, a little relieved at what she had said. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad for the day Troy was here.

"Troy's such a good boy. I wish there were some way to show him, some way to add something to his life that would make him happy, let him know just a few of the pleasures we all take for granted."

"I just want you to know how much I admire you for the strength you have in dealing with Troy every single day," I said.

"Thanks. Now, from dutiful mother, I have to drive a hundred miles and be a dutiful daughter."

I followed her out the front door. She turned to the boy who had seated himself on one of our porch chairs and said, "You behave yourself for Mrs. Hayes. Your father will pick you up tomorrow."

He didn't look up from his phone.

"We'll be fine," I reassured her. I hope I sounded more confident than I felt. I walked with Mica to her car.

She got in, started it, and before backing out of the driveway, said, "He's a good boy. Just be patient and firm with him." She waved to him, but he kept looking at his phone.

I watched Mica's car disappear, and wished I was leaving too instead of having the responsibility that sat on my porch. I took a deep breath and knew it was time to introduce myself and get to know Troy.

He looked so young and helpless sitting there. Sandy-colored hair and dark-blue eyes. He was wearing black running shorts and a gray t-shirt. He looked remarkably fit and toned, but I had heard that some like him don't know their own strength.

He never bothered to look at me until I kneeled next to him and began to speak. I spoke loudly and slowly, enunciating each word so he could understand better.

"Troy," I said. "Troy, my name is Mrs. Hayes. You are going to stay here in this house tonight."

He quickly looked at me and wrinkled up his face like I had surprised him.

"Troy ... Troy, we're going in the house now."

His face became a complete blank and he didn't move. I pointed to the front door, but he stayed there. I finally gently took him by the wrists and guided him to his feet. He was a good six inches shorter than my 5'10" and probably twenty pounds lighter than my 140 pounds.

What he did next, I never would have guessed. He slowly stepped close to me and hugged me. He rested his head against my chest and made little patting motions against my back with the flats of his hands. I let him stay like that for a few moments before I disentangled myself. I took this as a good sign.

"Troy, let me show you around the house." I looked him square in those unknowing eyes, hoping something of what I was saying would take hold with a

little meaning. "This is where you'll be staying until your father comes tomorrow."

I walked him around, showing the rooms. When we came to the bathroom, he grabbed at his crotch and made little side-to-side motions.

"Do you have to use the bathroom, Troy?" He kept making the motions. I asked several more times with no different response.

Finally, I lifted the toilet seat and positioned him facing it. He just stood there, hand on crotch. His movements became more frantic though.

Mica had said he gets stuck sometimes. This, naturally, had to be one of those times. The only way I could think to unstick him was to pull his shorts down.

I gently took his hand away, and tugged at the tight elastic waistband of his shorts. They had a mesh inner, and he wasn't wearing underwear. I pulled them past his buttocks, and halfway down his thighs. I kept waiting for his routine programming to kick in.

Instead, a randomly-aimed yellow stream shot toward the floor. Without thinking or hesitating, I reached around Troy, took hold of his penis and aimed it toward the center of the toilet. It continued in a forceful arc for another fifteen seconds.

All that time, I had Troy's uncircumcised penis in the palm of my upturned hand, my thumb guiding it downward. When it stopped, I took some tissue and wiped him clean. Troy reached forward and flushed the toilet.

"THAT, you remember how to do," I laughed, as I pulled his shorts up.

This teenager hadn't been in the house for five minutes, and already I had touched his cock. Not the beginning I would have guessed.

I continued the tour while we were in the bathroom. "This is the shower, Troy. You let me know if you want to use it, and I'll help you. Do you understand?" His eyes told me nothing.

I dragged his suitcase into the spare bedroom, put it on the bed, and zipped it open. In it, all neatly packed were enough clothes for several days. Mica had prepared well. I considered putting everything into the bureau, but thought that would make it harder for Troy to find things. So, I left it open and put it against

the wall aside of his bed.

"This is your bed, Troy," I said and sat down on it. Troy responded by coming over and pushing on the mattress several times. Then, he sat beside me. He bounced lightly. I bounced too, and laughed. Troy let out his breath and lay back down, his feet still on the floor. He stared at the ceiling for a long time.

I lay back, turned on my side, and propped myself up on an elbow. I looked at this beautiful boy and felt sad that he would never know a normal life, never grow up and have a girlfriend. Never get married. Never have kids of his own.

"What are you thinking, Troy?" I asked into those unblinking blue eyes. They didn't answer.

I got up, pulled him into a sitting position, and asked: "How about a swim? And then we'll have lunch."

I went to his bag, pulled out his swimming trunks, and laid them on the bed. I took his hands and pointed them towards the ceiling, then lifted his t-shirt off him. I was surprised to see what a nice physique he had--muscle chest and shoulders and defined abs. Evenly tanned too.

I wondered if he knew how to take his sneakers off, and thought it would be easier to just do it for him.

Swimming trunks held in front of him, I said, "Put these on while I put on mine." I pointed in the direction of my bedroom next door.

My door stayed open so I could listen in case Troy got into trouble. I shucked off all my clothes and pulled my orange bikini off the hanger in my closet.

As I passed the full-length mirror sitting in the corner, I paused to assess my 40-year-old frame. Hardly any gray hairs amidst the brown. Strong tan lines flashed from so many afternoons by the pool. Running, yoga, and training at the gym three times a week kept me firm and strong and flexible. Even my 38C boobs hadn't shown more than a little relaxing downward with their weight and age. My thick, dark pubic bush was trimmed only to the edge of the bikini bottoms--I liked the natural look.

"Not bad, old gir--" The rest of that breath came out in a scream. Behind me, in the mirror, stood Troy, clutching his phone.

My first instinct was to duck for cover and get something over my nakedness. But, as I looked at Troy, a greater concern was for his immediate safety. His trunks were around his ankles and he was shuffling forward, on the verge of tripping and hurting himself. How would I explain that?

Besides, it wasn't like I was naked in front of someone who would even register or remember it. So, instead, I rushed over to him and knelt down to pull up his trunks.

As I started to pull them up, a slight and slow movement caught my eye. Troy's penis was just at eye level, and it twitched, and then creeping past the foreskin emerged the tip of his penis. I was shocked to inaction, and I froze there.

More of it emerged, shedding the surrounding covering. The whole head of it was out now, shiny with a deep purple ring surrounding its mushroom shape. More and more until there was no longer a hint of the foreskin other than the attaching ridge on the underside.

There before me, throbbing, and fully erect, was the biggest penis I had ever seen. Not only bigger than I had ever seen, but bigger than I had ever imagined.

It wasn't just that it was long, but it was sooo thick.

I looked up at Troy's face, but he was staring either straight ahead or at his phone, oblivious to what was happening down here.

"It's so beautiful," I whispered out loud before realizing what I had done. I looked up again, but there was no reaction to my words. I knew I should continue with the simple task of pulling up those trunks, but the startling sight just inches from my face kept me kneeling there, motionless.

Rodger hadn't been fully hard in more years than I could remember. And, his wasn't half as big as this boy's magnificent cock.

Although I knew it was terribly wrong, I wanted to touch it. Just once to touch it and test its hardness against my grip. Something in my mind argued desperately against that.

"But, it's not like I haven't already touched it before?" I counterargued, querying myself.

My right hand went up, like it didn't even belong to me, and my fingertips lightly brushed along the top of the shaft. It was hot.

My fingers traced all the way forward, following the contour of head's curvature and brushing over the dark hole at the end. Those fingers tried to encircle it, but their length proved laughably inadequate.

I squeezed, and it felt like steel encased in velvet. My squeeze forced a clear drop of liquid to the tip.

"Troy, you're so huge. I've got to know how big!"

I got up, grabbed my robe and threw it on. "Stay right there," I said, and then looking again at that monster cock, added, "just like that!"

I ran down the stairs to the kitchen and opened the leftmost drawer beneath the counter. "Ahh!" I said as I pulled my old cloth tape measure out that I used for sewing. Up the stairs as fast as I could, and there was Troy--right where I left him.

But, with one major difference: his penis had retreated back into its protective covering. "Oh, no!" I said with disappointment and a tinge of anger. Then it occurred to me that this was a sign that I had let things get out of control. I waited for a minute in front of him, just in case Mr. Penis decided to make a return appearance, but it didn't happen.

The thought crossed my mind to try and coax it back to life (I had loads of experience doing that with Rodger when he couldn't perform), but my better judgement took hold and I put the tape measure in my robe pocket, pulled his trunks back up, and guided Troy back to his bedroom. I sat him on the bed.

"Troy, wait here for me while I put my bathing suit on. Then, we'll have a swim."

A minute later I took Troy by the hand and we both, suitably dressed in swimming attire, used the cement steps at the shallow end of the pool to enter the water.

I didn't know how much help Troy needed in the water, so I took it slow. I faced him and had his hands in mine as we walked to about chest deep. The water felt cool and refreshing compared to the blazing sun.

I said, "Isn't this nice, Troy?" He responded by taking a step toward me and hugging me tight. I waited for him to let go, but when he didn't, reached behind me to disengage his arms. This forced my breasts hard against his face, which he had planted against my chest at the beginning of the hug.

I got him loose and swam to the deep end. He stood there for a second and then did a sort of a squat and went under the water. To my relief, he came back up almost immediately. Then he did it again and stayed under longer. A third time, and longer still.

This was starting to scare me, so I swam back and pulled him out of the pool. We had a table with a sun umbrella spouting from its center surrounded by four chairs. I anchored him in the one where I had persuaded him to leave his phone.

"Stay here while I make some lunch."

I ran to the kitchen and threw together some sandwiches while constantly watching Troy through the window. He ate without any coaxing, persuading, or major disasters. I considered that a victory.

I thought we could work on our tans a while under this beautiful blue and cloudless sky. I quickly applied sunscreen. Troy watched. I was going to settle him onto one of the chaises before lying back myself, then thought that it wouldn't look good if I let this helpless kid get a miserable sunburn and be blistering when his father picked him up.

I put a glob of sunscreen in the palm of my hand and started with his arms. Once those were covered, I did his muscular back, sliding my hand over the hard contours. Then his chest. It felt so different from Rodger's flabby body--so masculine and vital. Finally his legs. Calves. Thighs. Inner thighs.

I thought about how this must look: a young boy getting his whole body rubbed by a practically-naked older woman. Then it struck me:

"Naked!" I said way too loudly.

I stood up and looked into Troy's eyes. "That's what it was, wasn't it? I was naked when you got your erection. Then, when I had my robe on, I had no effect!"

Something about my deduction thrilled me. Not that my body could excite a male, but that it could excite THIS male. That somehow he had some basic response working that broke through the haze of his disability.

Sunbathing was over—before it even started. "Come on," I said and pulled him by the hand all the way to his bedroom. I roughly pulled his swimming trunks down and had him step out of them. He was naked and immobile, staring at me only if I crossed his line of sight.

"Be right back," I told him.

When I returned to his room, wearing my robe, he hadn't moved. I looked at his penis. It was hanging there shrouded by that foreskin.

I stood directly in front of him, about three feet away. "Hi, Troy!" I said with my friendliest voice. With that, I untied my sash, opened my robe, and shrugged it to the floor.

I was completely naked.

I watched his face. Nothing. But, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed movement. Just like before, Troy's penis slowly grew--and grew, and grew--until it was again at its raging and throbbing peak.

"Oh ... my ... God!" I whispered. It seemed even bigger than before. And, now I knew I was definitely the cause.

I knelt down in front of him, armed with the tape measure from my robe's pocket.

"Troy, I'm just going to see how big this is." I looked up, but the only eye contact he was making was with his phone.

He, unlike me who was quite hirsute, had sparse pubic hair. I lightly pressed the end of the tape at the base of his instrument and pulled it taught.

"Nine and a quarter inches?" I couldn't believe it. I took the measurement again. Same result. I then circled the shaft with the soft and flexible tape.

"I mean--REALLY!" I said to no one in particular. "Seven and a half inches? I don't have to be a geometry student to know that means your penis is over two

inches thick. That's thicker than my wrist."

Experiment over. I should have stood up now that my curiosity had been satisfied. But, that was the ONLY thing that had been satisfied. I knelt there for maybe thirty seconds, staring at the business end of the biggest penis I had ever seen. It didn't have that drop of precum like last time.

Some perverse part of me wanted to see if he would lubricate for me. After years of Rodger's lack of desire and attention, I wanted to know if I could still excite a male, even if that male didn't even know it was me.

I reached up with my right hand and lightly gripped the base of Troy's shaft. I pulled toward me, and then slowly back away. On the second pull forward, a stream of clear, viscous liquid issued as an elongating drop that kept stretching toward the floor.

I was hypnotized. So much so that I didn't react quickly enough when Troy took a step forward. The wet tip of his cock brushed over my lips.

I turned my head. "Troy, no!" He thrust slowly, painting my cheek this time. "Troy, no!" I said again, looking up at him. But he eased forward pressing the oozing hole against my lips.

There was an overpowering aroma of maleness that I almost had forgotten. I should have jumped away, jumped up, and ended this.

Instead, I parted my lips and slid my tongue forward, coating it with Troy's juices. I pulled my tongue back into my mouth, tasting his animal vitality. I was drunk, drunk with the sensuality of the moment.

I tugged twice more with my hand, opened my mouth, started to lean forward--

"JEAN?" my sister's voice called from downstairs.

I had forgotten she was going to visit today.

I jumped to my feet and called, "Be down in a second."

To my relief, she said, "I'm going to get something to eat in the kitchen."

That's when Troy decided to hug me ... yet again. But, this time we were both

naked.

How would I ever explain this: "You see, I wanted to verify that Troy's penis was big, so I took the measurement and then licked it too. Then, naked—we hugged!"

The force of Troy's forward momentum made me stagger a bit, parting my legs. As he hugged me close, putting his head on my chest, as usual, the topside of his rigid cock nestled against my furry crotch. While I struggled to get away, it kept sawing back and forth, parting any intertwining folds of my pubic hair until the shaft was in direct contact with my vagina.

"Troy, let go!" I whispered so my sister wouldn't hear.

While I was thinking about how close his penis was, Troy had his eye on something else. He lowered his head and sucked in my right nipple.

My head shot back, and I gasped a long, "Ahhhh!" as an electric current sped along every nerve in my body. His rough tongue circled around and around and then he sucked again.

"Unnghhh!" came from me as I finally broke loose, panting and weak. "Get dressed," I said hoarsely as I picked up my robe.

I looked at that still-hard cock. The topside of his shaft was shiny and slick, wet with the dripping overflow of my vagina.

This boy had me lubricating for him.

"You mean you have to keep him occupied until tomorrow. YOU?" Janet said.

My sister didn't have any faith in me when dealing with the subject of kids.

"It'll go by quick," I said. That was as much a wish as a statement.

"Does he just sit there with that phone all day without moving?"

I thought about all the moving he had recently done, but said, "Pretty much."

"I think Rodger's got some nerve asking you to babysit. And, for THAT kind of kid." She tilted her head in Troy's direction just in case I didn't know who she meant. "You should have had kids of your own. You always wanted them, but Rodger couldn't deliver the goods. What was it: small penis or non-existent sperm count?"

My sister didn't like Rodger. Never did. Thought he robbed the cradle and then left me wishing for my own family for almost twenty years. She was right of course, but I wouldn't admit it to her in a million years. Another thing she was right about was the tiny penis. After just seeing Troy's, it was even more evident. And, while we're grading my sister's guesses, I have to give her an A+ on the sperm count. Rodger could barely manage a few dribbling drops. How does a girl get pregnant with that kind of contribution?

"And, you're always complaining about him not being able to satisfy you. When was the last time he gave you and orgasm? Never. That's probably when."

"Let's not start about Rodger again. You know it upsets you," I said. "He's a great provider and is putting together a great deal with Troy's father in Philadelphia right now that will set us for life." She was batting 1000 today. I couldn't remember the last time I had an orgasm. I tried not to think about it usually. But, today's activities made any Zen-like calm impossible. I bet my panties were soaked from the priming my pussy had gotten earlier.

Janet didn't seem to be listening. She never listened about anything that went against her own opinions. She was 10 years older, 30 pounds heavier, and 4 inches shorter than me. She was also cynical and suspicious of anything and anyone.

She walked over to where Troy sat and looked at him.

"Does he do anything but look at that damned phone?" she asked, again, as if I would come up with a better answer.

I could have said: He sucks tits, gets massive erections and rubs them against your pussy, and drools sticky, tasty strings of precum--but went with--"I guess it gives him comfort and stability." That seemed wiser.

"Gives me the willies," she said. "Doesn't he make you feel strange?"

If by "strange" she meant hornier than I'd ever been, the answer would have

been "Yes." I kept silent, though.

"If he was a normal kid, he could help you with all the stuff Rodger can't or won't do around here, like cleaning that garage he's been threatening to complete since I've known him."

We sat by the pool and talked for a few hours. I stationed Troy on a chaise out of the sun. I don't know if he dozed or was just that immobile all the time.

Janet, drained of opinions and complaints, left with one last shot: "On second thought, that's the kind of kid I wish I had instead of the two brats that I raised." She pointed to Troy. "He's no trouble at all."

I made dinner for us both. Troy had a good appetite and ate everything on his plate. He even went to the bathroom successfully alone. I guess second time is the charm.

I did the dishes and we quietly and uneventfully watched TV until it was time for bed.

I looked for Troy's pajamas, but saw only more running shorts and t-shirts. I figured he could sleep in what he had on and he could change into fresh clothes in the morning.

I pulled back the spread, blanket and sheet and motioned for him to get in and lie down. He did. It really was too warm to cover up, so he settled in on top. I turned out the nightstand light and he got up and turned it back on. Then he placed his phone, standing up in the empty water tumbler on the stand. He settled back.

He wanted the light on. So be it. Letting go of his phone was a good sign for me. It meant he was in for the night. Some habit of his that I wasn't going to question.

I needed a nice, long, hot shower. Today, for as little as had gotten done, had been exhausting.

The water felt good, better than I remembered for a long time. I washed the chlorine out of my shoulder-length hair, and any traces of the activities of the

day off my skin. I wished I could also wash some of the guilt I was feeling about my actions, but shrugged. What had come over me today? Was it the sight of a hard penis, or was it the thought that this boy was nonjudgmental because of his condition?

That's when I heard the sliding glass door of the shower open and shut behind me.

I turned and yelled, "Troy!" He was standing just a foot away, naked, but for a washcloth in his hand.

"Troy, we can't both be in here. I'm done, so you can have the shower all to yourself." I started to get out, but Troy meekly offered the washcloth to me and, after I took it, turned his back.

He wanted me to wash him. Maybe this is what the ritual was at home? I soaped up the washcloth and scrubbed his back and arms. Then, I turned him around and did his face and chest. I traded positions and got him under the shower-head. It took only a minute to shampoo that short hair.

I soaped the cloth again and tried to hand it to him, but he wouldn't take it. I didn't want to wash his lower half, but I guessed I had to.

I roughly washed his butt, then his legs. Finally, I resoaped, as if all those suds would provide a good barrier between me and the penis (which, by the way, was not erect--maybe shower water negates the hardon response).

He turned around and around under the spray, and I let him enjoy that (if he was capable of having any pleasure) until he was all rinsed off; we both got out of the shower.

I took a huge, fluffy bath towel and gave it to him. I took another, turned my back to him and dried myself off. If I had hoped he would do the same, it was in vain. He was still standing there, dripping wet, and he had dropped the towel.

If it is to be, it's up to me was a saying a teacher of mine used to quote. This was one of those times. As I approached him, I noticed his phone was sitting next to where I had left mine on the sink. At least he knew enough not to take it into the shower.

I would get this over quickly: dry him off, put him to bed one more time, and by

the time we woke up, this would be almost over.

I took the towel from the floor and got behind him, roughly wiping his back and butt. I knelt and wiped his legs off. I turned him around, towards me and couldn't help but notice he was half-hard, and getting harder.

"Oh nooo!" I said. "This can't be happening again."

I wiped his chest quickly. There, that was over. Troy's crotch would have to stay wet, because I didn't want to risk touching it again.

Troy took the towel from me and started mimicking my drying motions, using ME as the subject.

"Troy, no. I'm already dry." But that didn't stop him. He got close and reached around me, drying my back as he pulled me in. Then he bent down a little and was drying my butt in short strokes.

That's when he was close enough to do it again--he sucked at my nipple.

"No, Troy! Stop that right now!" He held me firmly, but not tightly. I could have broken away; I should have broken away. But I didn't. I allowed him to suck and swirl his tongue. My mind was also swirling, and I was losing my resolve, forgetting I was supposed to be the adult here. After a few moments, I guided him to the other nipple. He eagerly complied.

I would let him get his fill for a minute and then I would run for my bedroom. My eyes were closed and I let out a little "Mmmmm" sound. Troy pulled me to him and I felt, wedged between us, a massive pole stretching from my pussy to above my navel. My body, on its own, gave little up and down movements, dragging over the tender underside of Troy's manhood.

"Troy, this is going too far. Too far." I didn't know any more if I was talking to him or to myself.

I broke away from that embrace and stepped back. He looked so innocent. So sweet. And there was this massive sexual instrument that I had brought to life, that the sight of me was sustaining. Suddenly, I felt a nagging responsibility for the obvious state he was in.

"Troy, I don't know what to do. We shouldn't be like this—naked together. That's

what's making that ... that problem," I said while pointing in the vague zip code of his crotch. "This is a bad idea. A very bad idea I'm going to regret."

The towel had dropped to the floor and was in front of him. I made a decision, and knelt on it. Troy's cock was now at eye level. I reached forward and wrapped my fist around its hot hardness, giving it a few short jerks towards and away from me. This started the precum again.

I leaned in and darted my tongue to draw up some of this boy's nectar. It was slightly bitter, and mostly salty. Next I swirled my tongue around the head of it. This prompted a generous release of liquid from Troy. I slurped it all up.

Finally, I opened my mouth and sucked in the massive purplish head of his penis. My lips stretched almost to their limit. I let go of the shaft and reached around, placing both hands on his butt, and pulled him in. The thick shaft was invading my mouth and hit the back of my throat. I looked up and saw Troy had somehow retrieved his phone. So be it. Maybe that was his security blanket.

I sucked hard and pulled my mouth all the way off, and then let him invade me again. Soon his hips had a steady rhythm of their own.

I thought to myself: This won't take long.

That's when my phone rang.

The ringtone startled both of us.

Troy staggered backwards, and I scrambled up to retrieve my phone. I backed against the wall to brace my shaking legs.

"Hello," I said, my voice gurgly with sticky boy stuff clogging my throat.

"How's the daycare center?" Rodger said with a laugh.

I had forgotten that Rodger promised to call. He really knew how to time it. I didn't know whether to be angry or to be thankful. I had just been on the verge of giving Troy a blowjob and letting him cum in my mouth, something I rarely did for Rodger in our eighteen years of marriage. I had been caught up in that moment of passion and it was a mistake I probably would have forever

regretted.

I had to look on Rodger's call as a blessing in disguise. It saved me from doing the unthinkable--performing a sexual act with an innocent boy.

I looked at Troy. He seemed none the worse for wear--no disappointment on his face as he looked at his phone and stooped to pick up the towel I had been kneeling on. He slowly walked over and lay it in front of me, at my feet.

"How is the deal going there?" I asked.

"I'm happy to say it couldn't have turned out better." There was actually some excitement in Rodger's usually monotonous voice.

Troy knelt down in front of me, mimicking my movements of a few minutes ago.

"That's really wonderful," I said. Maybe my voice sounded monotonous for a change.

"You can do better than that," he said. "Remember what this deal means for us. Let's hear a little enthusiasm."

It was at that moment that Troy reached behind me, like I had done to him, grabbed my buttocks, and pulled his mouth tight on my crotch.

"AYYYYY!" I screamed.

"That's better," Rodger said.

Troy's long tongue was working up and down my slit. I was trying to fight him off with my free hand, but he was too strong. Troy was performing cunnilingus on me, something that Rodger had no "taste" for.

"Ahh! Ahhh! AHHH!" I said with increasing volume.

"That's my girl," Rodger sang. "It makes me happy to know you appreciate what's being done for you."

"Ohhh! Ohhh! I do. What's being done," I said senselessly.

That's when Troy found my clitoris and started to suck in earnest. My hips began

to make little bucking motions into his face.

"NOOOOO!" I gasped.

"What?" Rodger asked.

"Nooo, nooo way I'm not appreciating what's being done!"

"Great," he said. "I hope you're going to be a good girl until I come home." He giggled at what he thought was funny.

"SOOOO GOOD!" I shouted.

"That really means a lot to me, Jean. For you to acknowledge all my hard work."

"Almost ... almost ... there," I whispered. My free hand went to the back of Troy's head and pulled it tighter to my overheated pussy. My hips made little vibrations forward, feeding my clit to him.

Troy's tongue repeatedly played with my little engorged nub as he sucked.

"Cumming soon," I said with a building hoarseness.

"Right. See you tomorrow, Jean." And with that Rodger hung up, and hung up just in time.

"NNNNNNAAAAAAAAAAAA!" I screamed so it echoed through the bathroom, perhaps through out the house. "YEEESSSS! YEEESSSS! YEEESSSS!"

Then ... it was over and my legs could no longer hold me up. I slid towards the floor, sat there for a moment, and then slumped to my side.

The euphoria of my orgasm soon evaporated. It was replaced with a guilt that ate at me from a dozen different angles. It would have been bad enough if I had made Troy cum, but I had let myself get in a position to allow him to perform a sexual act on ME! Not only perform the act, but perform it to completion.

This was unforgivable. I had been led, little-by-little, into the depravity that had just occurred. I had never considered myself a bad person, but tonight I felt it. The lightning of my passion had been grounded by my orgasm, leaving me with a mental clarity of shame.

Troy's hand touched my shoulder.

"GET AWAY FROM ME," I screamed. "GO TO BED! GO TO BED AND STAY THERE!"

He stared alternately at his phone, then at me.

I got up grabbed my robe and hid my nakedness, now embarrassed by it. I took Troy by the hand and led him to his bedroom. A side glance showed me that his erection had not slipped one iota, and was still at full salute.

I pushed him onto the bed and he lay down on his back. His guided missile threatened to launch towards the ceiling.

"Go to sleep, Troy," I said with a voice shaken by anger (at myself), shame, and sexual exhaustion. I walked down the hall to my bedroom.

Back and forth I paced, arguing with myself. Going over how I had let a young boy perform cunnilingus on me until I orgasmed. Not just LET him, but URGED him by forcing his mouth harder and harder onto my mound with my hand and my hips.

"How would he even know how to do that?" I asked myself. Then I remembered that I had been performing, sucking in just the same was moments before. Even down to the towel on the floor. He was just repeating what he had seen. Mica had said he mimicked actions. And, he already showed he had the primitive urge to suck, an urge even any baby knows. When he had found the protrusion of my clitoris--he sucked. By instinct, he sucked.

"And then, YOU get mad at HIM. You scream at him for YOUR mistake," I said out loud to myself.

After another few minutes, I decided to go apologize to Troy, even if he didn't understand it. It would, I hoped, make me feel better at least.

I opened my bedroom door and walked into his room. He hadn't moved. Nothing had changed, including his erection. It still pulsed there with the rhythm of his heart.

"Oh my God. What have I done to this boy? Troy, I'm so sorry."

What would happen if his erection didn't go down all night. This could be serious.

I sat on the side of his bed, looked at the nightstand and saw his phone sitting in the tumbler, in its night position. This told me Troy was at least trying to go to sleep. But his eyes staring at the same ceiling his penis pointed to, told me he wasn't likely to succeed.

I had an idea. I took his hand and guided it to his penis. I wrapped his fingers around it and tugged it up and down a few times. If he masturbated, if he ejaculated, then it would all be over.

As soon as I took my hand away, his hand went back to its resting position by his side.

"Troy, it was so wrong. Wrong for you to give me an orgasm. You don't understand that I have needs, needs that have not been fulfilled for so long. Having you here has awakened something in me I thought was long dead. The sight of you, the sight of THAT," I said as I pointed to nine-and-a-quarter-inch elephant in the room, "has made me want ... things ... I forced out of my mind long ago. What you did for me is something that should be shared between—"

My own words suddenly hit me--was I feeling guilty because he had given ME an orgasm, but I didn't give HIM one? That I didn't SHARE the experience?

I looked at his penis to make sure it hadn't magically become flaccid, then made my decision: I would make Troy cum once and for all and be done with this.

"Troy, honey," I said, "I'm going to fix this. I leaned towards his face and kissed him on the cheek, then lightly on the lips. Then, I circled his hard cock with my fingers. It throbbed, and shocking me, my pussy throbbed in response. You'd think that just after having an orgasm, I would have been immune to this boy's sexual allure. But, instead, the minute my hand touched Troy, my vagina ached with emptiness. The word "emptiness" echoed as my loins started to beat with a need to be filled.

I pumped steadily, and his juices began to flow. "That's it, let it happen, baby."

I remembered the taste, and my breathing was getting heavy. "After all," I said out loud, "I've already had my mouth on him." That was my giving myself permission to lower my mouth onto his cock. I licked it top to bottom and cupped his heavy balls, weighing them.

"Ohhh! Filled with sperm, Troy. I'm going to swallow your sperm, Troy. Will you like that?"

More of his fluids filled my mouth. I lifted my head and smiled at him. "So big. So huge. It's stretching my lips. This could never fit into my pussy, you nasty boy."

That thought had slipped out of my mouth before I even realized what I had said. Then--I couldn't stop thinking about it: Troy's huge dick trying to force itself into my tight, narrow vagina--inch by inch squeezing itself against the constriction of my female passage.

"Ohhhh my God. I want it. I want it so bad." I gave a tug and then down. "I want to feel this, Troy. I want to feel it so bad. Not with my hand, not with my mouth. I want You Troy; I want you inside me. I wish you could understand."

I barely even felt Rodger when we fucked. What would it feel like to fuck a monster like Troy had. It would be frightening ... and glorious. I knew that.

I stopped. Stopped and felt the burning between my legs. I needed something. And I knew what that something was. But ... I couldn't. It would be so wrong. I was consumed by guilt because I had gotten an orgasm orally. How badly would I feel if ...?

I got up and paced the room, talking to myself. Arguing with myself. The rational part of me was saying "No, No, NOOO!" but the sexually-starved part of me was looking at Troy, looking at what he was offering. That part of me was saying "Do it! Do it now! Don't let this opportunity slip away forever!"

"Troy, it would be ... I'm a 40-year-old woman ... and you're"

I sat on the bed again, gazing at Troy's hardness. I reached into my robe and between my legs. I was soaked. My body was ready. My body was telling me. I made my decision.

I returned to my bedroom, opened the bottom bureau drawer and pulled out a

small box. It said "Durex XXL" on it. At Rodger's 63rd birthday, his male friends had given him a box of the biggest condoms they could find as a gag gift. I opened the box and took one back to Troy's room.

I ripped open the package and rolled the pale-blue condom onto his penis. It barely fit.

"I shouldn't do this, baby, but I need it so bad. You're so beautiful. I'm going to make us both feel so good."

My hand went to the sash at my waist, it hesitated, and then with a sigh of resignation, untied it and dropped my robe to the floor. And then, both of us completely naked now, I got onto the bed and straddled Troy.

I rubbed his cock against my throbbing clit and held it there. "Aaahhh!" I sighed. Then I traced back and forth along my soaked vagina and fit the head of his penis at my opening.

About thirty seconds of trying told me there was no way penetration was going to happen at this angle, not with something of this length and girth.

I never liked being on top anyway. Doggie style was the position that even Rodger could excite me with.

"Troy, I need you behind me," I told him as I pulled him to a sitting position. "Like this," I said, pointing to how I was upright on my knees. To my surprise, he mimicked me perfectly. Now all I had to do was maneuver him to face the headboard. He did it.

I got in front of Troy on my hands and knees. I could hear him rustling with something as he shifted his weight. I put my chest on the bed and pushed my ass in the air, then scooted backwards until I felt the tip of his prick pressing against my hole. I leaned backwards and my opening stretched. "Uhh!" I grunted.

I backed up more and more of Troy fed into me. "Oww. Go easy, go easy," I pleaded more to myself than to Troy.

Then, some primitive instinct must have taken over in Troy. Seeing a horny woman's pussy and asshole must have awakened something, because I felt his strong hands grip my hips and he pulled me back while easing into me.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!" I cried in shock at how big it felt in my underused vagina. He pulled back and thrust again, sending more inches home. "TOO BIG! ENOUGH! TROY! ENOUGH!"

But, Troy hadn't had enough. He pulled back one more time, and this time forced every single bit of his cock inside me. I was numb--in shock at the massive invasion that was exploding my insides.

Troy waited, fully embedded in me and then pulled back and eased forward in a steady rhythm that he would continue for ten minutes. The first few were torture, the last eight were ecstasy.

Once I got used to it, I started to meet each of his thrusts with my ass.

"Ohhh, Troy," I gasped, "never ... never soooo deep! I can't believe it! I can't believe it!"

Then I just moaned and grunted for an timeless period. Then, something started to build between my legs: an indescribable pressure that had a beginning and an end—and I could feel that end was approaching quickly,

"FUCK ME! FUCK ME, TROY!" I screamed.

I got up on my hands and my heavy breasts swung beneath me. This must have prompted some other impulse in the boy, because he leaned forward, reached beneath me, and cupped and squeezed my breasts.

This was my trigger. My mind exploded: "Troy ... you're making me ... making me-- I'M CUUMMING! I'M CUUMMING! AAAHHH!"

Troy stiffened, let out all the air in his lungs in one long "HAAAAA!" and while at his greatest depth, stayed there and pumped wordlessly. I knew that Troy was cumming long and hard.

We both collapsed onto the bed and stayed motionless for a long, long time. I turned on my side and looked idly at the floor. There, on the carpet was something colored pale blue. It was a condom, an empty condom.

I reached between my legs and felt I was soaked. I smelled my fingers.

Troy had just filled my fertile womb with his potent seed.

The late-morning sunlight created shadows on my bedroom floor. The shadows of the windowpanes crossed three light-blue condoms. These were full.

I picked them up and looked at the contents, amazed at how much each one contained. The boy seemed to be a sperm factory.

"Goodbye," I said as I flushed them down the toilet. I didn't want Rodger to ask, "Oh, Jean--how come there are used condoms on our bedroom floor?"

I had fucked Troy three more times during the night. I brought him to my bedroom to take advantage of the bigger bed.

We fucked in all three positions. He seemed to like me riding him on top because he could suck my tits all during it. After he opened me up with our first lovemaking from behind, all the rest were easy--and pleasurable. I don't know how many times he made me cum, but I was hoarse today from all the screaming I had done.

I had fitted him with the condoms each time and made sure they stayed on, unlike that first time. I didn't want to compound the problem that mistake could have caused.

"Thirteen days," I whispered to myself. That's how long it had been since my period. "Great. Perfect," I sighed in resignation. If what was in those condoms was any indication, then how much sperm had Troy pumped into me on that first fuck? And ... so deep. So fucking deep. It must have shot past my cervix and straight into my womb.

"Oh well, I'll worry about that later."

Troy sat naked on my bed. He needed to get dressed because Rodger called and said he'd be home with Troy's father in fifteen minutes. That gave me time for one thing I never got to.

I knelt in front of Troy, and took his flaccid penis in my hand. "We have some unfinished business," I said before I dipped my face into his crotch.

We had just showered. I didn't want Jason to smell pussy on his innocent, young son. Troy smelled like lavender soap instead.

I sucked in his entire cock, and it began to grow, and grow, and grow until I could only fit a portion of it in my painfully stretched mouth. There was room for both of my hands on the shaft, and I started with a slow jerking motion.

As he continued to harden, I increased the pace until my hands were a blur. Finally, his hips jerked forward and my mouth was flooded by spurt after spurt of hot streams of semen and sperm.

I swallowed as fast as I could and felt some of it dripping through my nose as I almost gagged, or maybe more truthfully--drowned.

Then it was over. Troy had cum in my mouth and I swallowed the entire load.

I led him to his room and put fresh clothes on him. Looking at him, I wondered if he knew what he had done, wondered if anything had registered at all.

"Troy, you've given me so much pleasure. Thank you."

Then, I heard the door open and, "Jean! I'm home. And Jason's here."

I went downstairs, and Rodger hugged me and gave me a light kiss on the lips. I wondered if he could smell what I had just been doing.

"I hope the boy didn't give you any trouble," Jason said. "He can be a handful."

"I bet he can," I said, thinking of the handful, and pussyful that Troy sported.

"Where is he," Jason asked. "We need to get home."

"He's upstairs. Want me to--"

"CARL!" Jason called. "Get your butt down here!"

"Carl?" I whispered. I turned to Rodger. "You had told me it was Troy."

"Did I?" Rodger said. "Must have been a slip of the tongue with all that was going on with the deal."

"And Troy?" I sent a shocked inquiring glance to Jason.

"Yeah, Troy's fine. He's with his grandmother. It was easier for her to take care of him since he doesn't ... let's say need much attention because of his condition. It was Carl we were worried about because he's a rascal and always getting into something. I hope he wasn't too much bother."

Jason looked at me but I couldn't speak. I shook my head "No" but stood there with my mouth open as it all hit me:

Carl had posed as his special needs brother. I had been duped into having sex with a perfectly normal teenaged boy--a boy twenty-four years younger than me. That boy had made me cum, multiple times.

And, I stood here, next to the boy's father and my husband of eighteen years--full of gobs of Carl's sticky, thick cum.

Suddenly a voice that I had never heard before came down the stairs: "Mrs. Hayes, could you help me for a minute?"

Without saying a word, I walked on shaky legs up the stairs.

"Not too long," Jason said. "We still have to pick up Troy."

Troy ... I mean, Carl, was standing near the window, looking out.

I said just one quivering, shocked word: "Why?"

He turned and looked at me. For the first time, there was intelligence and understanding in those striking eyes. There was an agility and mobility in his movements that had been missing before.

"Why? For a joke. At first. When you started talking to me like I was Troy, I thought I'd go along for a laugh. But, after you helped me go to the bathroom, I started getting other ideas. I started looking at that great body of yours and thought maybe I could get a look at you naked if you believed I was poor, helpless Troy."

"You took advantage of me," I said, anger making me clench my teeth and fists.

"And who did YOU take advantage of? Not someone who could defend himself."

You took advantage of somebody you thought was so handicapped they couldn't talk to say 'No' if they wanted to."

He was right. I should only be mad at myself. I sat on the bed, the same bed where he had fucked me just hours before.

He sat next to me and said, "I act like Troy all the time, imitating him. I've been doing it for as long as I can remember. I do it for a joke."

"Well, it was no joke. We're in trouble here. What we did was wrong."

"It's wrong NOW because I know about it. When you thought it was Troy, it was all right?"

"We have to make this right," I said. "I have to tell your father." I tried to stand up, but Carl tugged my arm and I weakly sat back down on the bed.

"You're not telling anybody. And I'm not telling anybody. This is just between you and me, and that's how it's going to stay. Got it?"

"Are you threatening me? No one would believe you." My mind was trying to make sense of this, trying to find a way out if he made this public.

Carl held up his phone and pressed a "play" icon. The video showed me on my knees facing the camera. Carl was behind me pulling my hips toward him each time he plunged forward. From the tiny phone speaker came my tortured voice: "FUCK ME! PLEASE! HARDER!" Carl's phone, sitting in the glass next to the bed had been in the perfect position to capture all the action.

Next, Carl flipped through some still pictures he had obviously been taking the whole time. One had me sucking his cock, and another had me sticking my tongue out to taste the fluid on the tip. He even had one taken from the floor that showed his face buried in my pubic hair and my face contorted and my mouth wide open in a scream. It was obvious that I was cumming.

"You wouldn't ... show these to anyone?"

"Nope. These are just for me."

"What if I took your phone and broke it," I said in anger.

"Can you break the Cloud too?" he countered.

"Is that the internet thing?" When he nodded I knew it was useless.

"You know what the hardest part of this whole thing was?" he asked. "The hardest part for me?"

I shrugged because, at this point, I was too numb to care.

"The hardest part was keeping myself from telling you how beautiful you are. What a good person you are. How you deserve better than your husband is giving you for attention. You deserve to be appreciated more."

I looked at Carl and could see he was serious. For all we had shared, he was thinking of my feelings, my wellbeing. I wouldn't have guessed. But, if he had been looking out for me--

"Why didn't you stop when that first condom fell off. Don't you know you could have gotten me pregnant?"

"It didn't FALL off. I TOOK it off. I want to get you pregnant! I want you to have my baby. I want YOU to have the baby you always wanted. Don't you see? He's never going to be able to give you that!" Carl pointed down the stairs, where Rodger waited. "When I heard what your sister was saying, I knew I wanted to knock you up. And I hope I did! I hope you're pregnant right now!"

His words sparked something, some kind of knowing, a message my body was sending me. Vague. Subtle. But there and not leaving me.

"Let's get going," Jason's voice called.

Carl stood and I stood. He leaned over and kissed me on the lips. "I've been wanting to do that," he said. Then, he picked up his bag and headed down the stairs. I followed.

"Finally," Jason said. "I really hope he wasn't a lot of bother."

"Dad! I wasn't any bother, was I?"

I shook my head.

"I even helped," Carl said. "I gave Mrs. Hayes breakfast this morning!"

"Is that right?" Jason asked.

I nodded, knowing Carl was talking about the huge load of sperm he had just shot down my throat.

"He never helps at home. Not one bit. I'm proud of you, son, for showing some manners here."

"Speaking of helping," Carl said, "Mrs. Hayes asked me to come back the week you two have to go to Philadelphia again and help clean the garage. Isn't that right, Mrs. Hayes?" Carl looked at me with a knowing anticipation.

Before I could say anything, Rodger blurted out, "That's a great idea! And, if there's anything else I've been neglecting around here, have him take care of that too!"

"Don't go easy on the boy, either," Jason said. "Ride him hard!"

Carl looked at me, and I looked at him

After thinking it all over for a second or two, I said, "I sure will!" Carl smiled.

When they drove out of the yard, Rodger put his arm around me and whispered, "You gonna welcome your man home with a little luv'in'?" That's what he called his thirty seconds in the missionary position. The deal going through must have made him frisky.

"Can't wait," I said. After the past night, I wouldn't ever feel it.

As we climbed to stairs I rubbed my stomach, and thought to myself, "This is perfect. Rodger will definitely believe it's his."