

The young snake lifted his back, stretching it until he heard it pop. He'd only just turned 18 last week and was now enjoying his first summer break as a legal adult. He looked back down at the flower bed in front of him and dug his hands back into the soil to pull another pesky weed. He'd been working as the Cheng's gardener for the last year, helping to tend to their gardens in the front and back yard, mowing their lawn, and using a power washer to keep everything clean.

Cecil didn't really mind the hard work, since Mr. Cheng paid him really good! Once he'd saved up enough, he'd buy himself a new game console, since he was the last of his friend group that didn't have the new Nintendo yet and he was getting left out on all the online play. Just a little bit more and he could join them!

Being an albino ball python like him made sure that he stood out. Kneeling in the Cheng's yard meant he looked like a giant lanky statue in a sea of green fescue grass. The heat wave hitting San Fernando was awful, and he'd shown up wearing an oversized muscle tee and a pair of his gym shorts. He felt weird wearing gym shorts, since he never actually wore them to the gym at school. He didn't like getting picked on any more than he already did so he tried to minimize anything that would bring attention to himself.

A normal day for him was having all his school bullies ask where Beanie was (from an old cartoon he'd never seen), what color the clouds were (he was almost 8' tall), being called four eyes (he wore glasses), listening to them mimic his hisp (speech impediment), and being asked how much bling his icy grill was made of (he had braces). His parents had cursed him with so many things to pick on him for, that he wondered if good karma would ever find the time to shine on him.

Anything really, just a small bit of good luck! He had to admit he was a little lucky since he had an easy part time job with a 'boss' that paid him a lot more than most kids probably would ever make for doing basic yard work. If the new Nintendo didn't cost 700 dollars to play in Ultra 4K Quantum Definition, then he'd already own one by now.

But every week he dropped by the Cheng's netted him an extra 100 bucks!

He pulled another ugly weed from the bed and tossed it into the plastic bucket. Weeds were growing like crazy in their yard, and after he got done with this flower bed, he could use the sprayer to hose the mulch down with weed killer and maybe that'd stop stuff from growing back. After another fifteen minutes of pulling weeds, he was done, and stood up before wiping sweat off his forehead before noticing he had dirt all over his wrist, which meant he now had dirt on his face. Sweaty dirt. Mud.

He sighed.

The tall, and skinny, snake popped his back again and picked the bucket up and carried it over to the compost box the Chengs had built right next to their patio. As he walked over to the box, he noticed Mrs. Cheng standing just inside the glass sliding doors that led into their living room, and he tried to ignore her.

Mrs. Cheng was... She was something!

He wanted to say he was lucky because of all the easy money he was making, but a guilty conscience reminded him that he was not as much of a 'goody two shoes' like his school bullies would mock him for being. Mr. Cheng's wife was very attractive, and if she was ever home when

he was doing yard work she would study him from a distance, and sometimes step outside to see if his job was up to their standards.

Mr. Cheng was very nice, and never complained about the work he did, but sometimes Mrs. Cheng would point out something he missed, and have him do more work while she watched. 'You missed a spot' sort of stuff. She wasn't mean about it... But it was kind of oppressive to feel an adult watch you work while they studied your every move.

The only good thing about her coming out to critique the work he did was that, well, she walked outside where he could see her! She was so curvy! And she was a reptile like him! Mr. Cheng had married a Komodo dragon lady, skin like milk chocolate and hair a dark brunette color. She was so pretty, and... He had to make sure he never stared at her, not ever! He'd been given enough shit for when he got caught watching the girls practice basketball in the gym, and he didn't want to go through that embarrassment again.

Especially if it meant offending the Cheng's enough to fire him! So, he had to behave, and ignore the beautiful woman with tits bigger than his head. She was so busty, and not even like a supermodel! Models weren't this stacked; this was PORN STAR stacked!

And he was pretty sure she rarely ever wore a bra, since half the time when he'd see Mrs. Cheng, her tits were left hanging naturally in her shirt with a hint of nipple poking through the fabric. No, he had to stop thinking about her! He opened the compost box by lifting the wooden lid and leaning it against the side of the house, then tipped the bucket of weeds inside.

He glanced over at the back patio and saw that he was out of Mrs. Cheng's view. He checked his shirt first, straightened himself up, then adjusted his gym shorts. It was so hot that he risked wearing them. Only time he wore shorts like these was when he was at home hanging out, since they were too small for him.

Oh, they were the right size for his waist, but gym shorts always had the short legs, and with Cecil having a package like his, the shorts weren't very modest. The lump he sports in every outfit he owned got him picked on. Seriously! Now that he was a man, he could honestly say that it was the dumbest thing in the world for a MAN to be picked on for having a big dick! Wasn't that supposed to be a GOOD THING?

They'd call him Tripod at school, or sometimes Legs. Ok, Legs was more because he was tall and some of his shorter classmates literally only came up to his waist, but the Tripod nickname was what made him burn up the hottest with embarrassment because he struggled to hide what he had. The bullies weren't allowed to pick on him within earshot of any of the teachers, but they still found a way.

His dad told him they were just jealous, and he wanted to believe they were. Still sucked though.

Cecil had way too much going against him, but at least he had a small group of friends that were cool, and he'd get that new console soon and get to play with them. Summer had only just started so he had plenty of time to buy the console and enjoy the rest of their break with his friends. Just... two more weeks? He should have enough if Mr. Cheng pays him another 200, oh wait! No!

He'd get 100 this time, then 100 next week! Cecil lifted his hand and counted the money in his head until he nodded. Yeah, between what he had already and what he'd get today and then next week he should have enough!

Feeling much better now that he had that figured out, he tapped the bottom of the bucket and made sure everything was deposited into the compost, then he shut the wooden lid and flipped the bucket upside down before leaving it on the grass next to the box where it belonged.

Now that he'd finished weeding the gardens, he had to mow the front and back yards, which wasn't hard. He'd brought his cellphone and earbuds so he could listen to music while he used the push mower. The snake stepped back into view of the patio doors and noticed Mrs. Cheng had moved away from the backdoor and was walking around in her kitchen. Their house had one of those giant open living rooms that was also their kitchen and dining room.

She noticed him, and he tried to look away. She was wearing her white short sleeved shirt today, and she ALWAYS had her nipples poking out whenever she wore that shirt. He hoped it was her favorite because it sure was his. He walked past the patio doors and around to the front of the house. Soon as he knew he was out of view with the house to his right side and the picket fence to his left he adjusted his gym shorts again.

Last thing he needed was trouble, and it was so hot today the sweat was making everything stick to his skin, including his shorts. He might as well have been wearing swim trunks in the pool with how his shorts kept trying to suck to his body like they were soaked with chlorine water. He pulled at his shorts and shook a leg until he was satisfied.

At least Mr. Cheng wasn't home, so if he embarrassed himself it'd only be in front of one half of the household and not both.

Once in front of the house he walked into their garage and found their push mower. He'd been taught how to check if it had gas in it, which it did, then all he had to do was wheel it out front and use the pull cord to start it up.

It took him twelve tries before the mower finally revved alive, then he popped his earbuds in and started pushing away. The front yard was the smaller half of their property, and it took about ten minutes for him to do. As he made his loops around the big rectangle of grass, he'd see Mrs. Cheng watching him from one of the windows at the front of their house.

He'd notice her as he made his pass, then start feeling self-conscious and started looking around him to make sure he hadn't left a skinny strip of uncut grass in his wake. He found one, and had to catch it on his next loop, which left the neat rings of mowed grass looking a little less neat since he had broken the rhythm to push back over grass he'd already cut. It didn't look as professional if he missed a spot and had to go back to fix it.

Then he'd make another loop, see her watching from behind the glass with a can of beer in her hand, sipping slowly. He'd check the yard again just in case, and sometimes he'd check himself to make sure he wasn't embarrassing himself.

When he finished the front yard, he pulled the little lever on the handle that made the mower blades lift up, then he quickly pushed it over the driveway and onto the other side of the front yard so he could mow the narrow strip of grass between the house and fence line. He always did that in a few quick loops before moving to the backyard to finish.

He was sweating up a heavy storm by the time he was halfway finished with the back yard. The heat was trying to roast him, and sweat was dripping off his body. Pushing the heavy mower wasn't easy, and he was so hot he just wanted to get the job done! He didn't even bother checking his shirt or shorts anymore, just letting every bit of fabric cling wetly to his body as he shoved the mower forward until every last blade of grass was slain.

When he was done, he put his head on a swivel and checked the yard to make sure he hadn't missed a spot, saw Mrs. Cheng at the back door and he double checked the yard one more time before turning the mower off. He was glad to be done, and now everything else he had left to do was easy mode.

After he pushed the mower back inside the garage, he checked the gas level and filled it back up to the top using the small can of gasoline Mr. Cheng kept next to where the push mower was parked. Then Cecil pulled the leaf blower off the wall and plugged it into a wall socket just outside the garage door so he could blow all the cut grass off the front porch and driveway.

As he reached the end of the driveway, seeing that he'd gotten the front yard clear, he spun back around and saw Mrs. Cheng in the window again. He quickly walked back to the garage to unplug the blower, then carried it to the backyard to plug in again so he could clean off the patio.

When he first arrived Mrs. Cheng told him he didn't need to use the power washer on the driveway this time, but the patio needed it. Cecil probably didn't need to use the leaf blower on the patio if he was just going to hose it down with water right after, but he didn't really care at this point. This part was easy and it let him rest a bit from using the push mower.

He finished that and tried to quickly escape the patio again without staring too much at Mrs. Cheng. She really liked watching him work, but he was surprised she'd not actually come outside to point anything out, but he guessed that was a good thing! It must have meant she thought he was doing a good job!

He put the leaf blower away and found the power washer. They owned a nice one, and all he had to do was push it like he did the push mower around to the back yard so he could hook the water hose up to it and turn the knob to full blast. The push mower needed gas, too, but it had plenty in its small tank, so he just needed to crank it up and start washing.

Cecil was done cleaning the patio in about five minutes, since the wooden floor was the easiest thing to clean, and the Cheng's never let anything else get dirty. The only part of the patio that was ever actually dirty was the area underneath their grill, which sometimes had soot or pieces of charcoal scattered over the wood.

He turned the washer off, unhooked the hose, then started shoving it back to the garage where it belonged. After that he'd just need to... come face to face with Mrs. Cheng so he could get paid! He parked the power washer in its designated spot, then tried to wipe his face clean of the mud he was sure was left there from when he'd been gardening.

Then he looked down at the rest of himself and made an ugly face. His shirt and shorts were just glued to him now, and he had bits of grass stuck to his skin that made him look like the top of one of those white Christmas tree Little Debbie cakes. Awful!

He couldn't go knock on the door looking like this! He tried to wring his shirt out of water, then did the same with his small shorts, but they were just soaked through completely with water and sweat. He was gonna get so busted with his shorts sticking to him like they'd shrunk a full two sizes.

Cecil carefully pulled the fabric off his chunk and shook the front of his shorts forward and back until there was enough fresh air to let his short rest a little bit normal on his crotch. He couldn't waste time forever in the garage trying to dry off though. This is why he should have started bringing a towel with him when he rode here on his bicycle!

The snake gave up and hoped Mrs. Cheng wouldn't... notice anything. She was always really nice to him even when she was making him go back over parts of the yard or touching up a garden he'd already finished. Still inside the garage he walked around her car and towards the door that led into their laundry room. He knocked.

A few moments later she opened the door with a smile, needing to look way, way up to look into his face since he was so much taller than her. Then she scanned down his lengthy damp body, stopping at his crotch level, before smirking and looking back up to his face.

"You're a mess." She told him.

"Um, yeah. I'm, uh, done Missses Cheng. I finisshed everything for today." He nervously replied, his hisp acting up, while holding his hands together in front of himself for modesty, praying she wouldn't notice anything worse than the grass clippings.

"Good! Wipe your feet off and come inside."

"A-are you ssure? I'm nasty." He replied, worried that it was obvious that he was nervous. She already had her back turned to him and was walking away into their kitchen expecting him to follow.

"Yes, just wipe your feet off." She replied as she vanished from view. The sight of her walking away was just as nice as the view of her arriving. She was wearing a pair of blue jeans today, and they hugged her butt so tight they might as well have been a size too small!

Cecil looked down at his dirty shoes and decided to take them off, using a foot to step on one to push it off a foot before doing the same to the other. Once he was down to only wet feet he entered their home, ducking his head low so he didn't whack himself on the doorframe, only to discover that their AC had been cranked up, making it very chilly inside their home. By the time he was standing in her kitchen Mrs. Cheng was at the kitchen island rocking her hips from side to side as she thumbed through her wallet on the countertop.

She smiled down at the... thick stack of green bills she had. They had so much money, not that he needed to see cash to know it. He could just look around their home and tell that Mr. Cheng made a lot. He worked at a bank, and he was pretty sure his wife worked at the airport.

He watched as she separated several bills from the rest before flipping through them quickly to count them a second time. When she turned to face him, he wore his best, most polite smile and tried his absolute hardest to keep his eyes high, on her face, and nowhere near the razor sharp nipples that were trying to slice through the front of her shirt.

He was so, so self-conscious right now as he knew even HIS nipples were probably trying to cut glass from how chilly he was in a wet shirt with their air conditioner pumping cold air into the Cheng's kitchen.

"When I called yesterday asking if you could come by early, Mr. Adams, your mother said it was your birthday last week!" She told him, then folded the bills in half before extending the small wad of bills to him. He nodded, then realized he'd have to actually take the money from her, so he removed one hand from his crotch and took the money.

"Y-yeah. I'm 18 now and thank you!" He replied, nearly stammering. Her smile broadened as he told her his age.

"Go ahead, count it. I told my husband and he thought you deserved it. I hope you enjoy that game console thing you were wanting." She replied, her voice sounding so rich and smooth it was like music to his ears, the money in his hand still feeling warm from her touch. He looked at the bills, saw they were all twenties, and reluctantly lifted his other hand so he could hold the money in both.

"300!" He gasped, his eyes going wide behind his glasses before he looked back up at Mrs. Cheng with the biggest dopiest smile he could make.

"You're welcome. Your mother told me you were saving up for something and so we decided to give you a little extra. Happy Birthday, Cecil." She told him warmly. He was still stuck in a state of bewildered surprise, not in a million years expecting that they'd pay him triple! He even hid his birthday from them on purpose because he didn't want them thinking he was trying to fish money out of them!

Guess he owed his mother a really big thank you today when he got home.

Mrs. Cheng had stepped away for the moment, picking up a can of beer before tipping it back down her throat and swallowing it with a gulp.

"Now, that's what my husband thought to give you for your birthday, but I had the time to think of a few things myself. I'll let you pick which one you want." She told him as she stepped on the pedal at the bottom of the garbage can. She tossed the can inside before letting off her foot so the lid could slap shut.

Cecil was still staring in awe at the money in his hands, realizing that not only could he buy the console this weekend, but also some games to go with it! This was such an awesome gift!

"Uh huh." He replied almost in a daze before she stepped in front of him again, his eyes drifting up from the money before quickly stopping at her tits, her prominent nipples, her brown skin just barely visible through the nearly sheer white fabric of her shirt. He snapped to reality, his cheeks turning pink when he jerked his eyes up to her face, wide like saucers.

"Um, yess ma'am. Ma'am. Thank you." He stammered.

She narrowed her eyes at him before chuckling, a cute warm noise.

"I've had my eyes on you all day, Cecil." She told him hotly, like her breath had turned to fire. "Now that you're a man I can finally thank you for all the hard work you've done for us."

Mrs. Cheng took a step forward, the short woman's chest was right at his crotch level, and he panicked before her cleavage could press against his groin. When he took a step back, she took a step forward to follow, and his tail whacked the cabinets behind him, leaving him trapped between the kitchen counter and the lizard in front of him.

"M-M-Missess Cheng?!" He stuttered, and she leaned against him, her huge breasts coming to rest against his abdomen, his crotch, her warm body radiating its heat into his own.

"My name is Miranda." She replied, staring up into his eyes with mischievous eyes while her hands reached out to grab the edge of the countertop to his either side. He was stuck, trapped, with his hands tightly clutching the was of money to his chest as he quietly shivered from both the cold and the nerve-racking confusion he was feeling at that moment.

"M-Ma?" He stammered, suddenly acquiring a new speech impediment as he struggled to shape wind into words.

"Mir-An-Dah." She enunciated for him slowly, really putting her luscious lips to work in shaping each and every syllable of her name for him.

"M-Miranda." He repeated, his eyes darting from her face and down to her chest, to her face, her chest, her face.

"Pick. One." She told him, and lifted her hand, curling her thumb, ring, and pinky finger into her palm before touching her middle and index fingers to her lips. She drug her fingertips down across her lips, tugging at her bottom lip before letting them fall across her chin. He watched on as Mrs. Cheng then pointed her two fingers down at the ample cleavage squished against him.

His cold wet clothing stuck to his body, but he could feel his dick waking up, and there wasn't anything in the world that could stop that bulge from becoming obvious to anyone who could see better than Ray Charles.

What was she trying to tell him? He was in such a state of confusion he could only hang his mouth open and fumble at words.

"Um, uh, M-m. Ma'am?" He managed at last.

She sighed, but never lost her smile. She pulled her hands off the countertop and reached for the top of his shorts and slipped her fingers under the damp fabric.

"W-wait! Missess Cheng!" He found his voice, his body going rigid as she began to tug down at the front of his shorts, her heavy and warm breasts soaking their heat into his slender lanky body.

"Yes, baby?" She said with a devilish grin.

"Y-you're married!" He stammered, and she narrowed her eyes at first, then yanked his short down several inches, his swelling cock popping free and slapping the front of her shirt just beneath the huge swell of her bust.

“Promise not to tell, and I’ll let you have both my mouth and my tits for your birthday present.” She said with a big toothy smile before she dropped to her knees in front of him.

Soon as he saw her drop, he finally wised up, realizing in full EXACTLY what was happening! Oh, God! The very second it dawned on him that a married woman was about to CHEAT with HIM, and it was HER his cock throbbed hard, blood rushing like lighting through his body and snapping him to a full erection. It all happened so fast that Mrs. Miranda had only just touched her knees to the kitchen tile when his erection slapped her in the face.

“Ow!” She blinked her eyes shut in reflex when his cock hit her, then she opened her eyes and blinked again, then blinked again as she watched his rigid length hang heavily in the air in front of her face, his full length too heavy with blood to ever stand up at attention no matter how rigid he might have been.

“Oh. OH.” She replied with a big smile, her tongue slipping out from between her lips to lick across her upper lip. When she looked back up at him, he was frozen stiff with shock, like a block of ice, like he’d been shot with a freeze ray. He, he, he had his cock out in someone else’s house! He, he, he had his cock out in Mrs. Cheng’s face!

“Oh my God! I-I-I’m s-s-Sorry!” He started stammering, losing his memory for the moment, and forgetting that it was the married woman in front of him that had instigated this moment from the start. She reached up and grabbed his cock, wrapping his delicate fingers around his warm girth before giving him a tentative first squeeze.

“I knew you were huge in those little shorts, but I didn’t know you were packing this!” She told him, licking her lips again before pressing her cheek to his cock and rubbing herself against his length until her tongue emerged from her mouth to touch tip to skin. His eyes were so wide open that if he leaned forward his eyeballs would have rolled out.

A woman was licking his dick! She was licking his cock!

He felt another powerful surge of blood, it was so intense he almost felt lightheaded as his knees went weak while his cock twitched powerfully against the warmth of her cheek. The giant vein resting on the top of his cock was bulged out with blood as his body fought tooth and nail to reach maximum erection, and his heart was pounding out of his chest.

“We s-s-shouldn’t be doing thiss-s!” He stuttered, but she replied by yanking his shorts down even more, the wet fabric bunching up around his skinny knees and locking them together. If he dared take a single step he’d topple over like a giant.

“Look at me, baby.” She said as she wrapped both hands around his cock, hugging his huge length into the crook of her neck.

He looked, and suddenly shivered again, but not from the cold. The feel of her hands around his cock was too much, the warmth of her face and neck against his neck too incredible. He felt his dick twitch in a way all too familiar. When Cecil felt the little twitch deep behind his balls, he let out a pathetic little squeak as precum erupted from his cock like a rope of silly string. It hit the side of the kitchen island behind her before splattering to the floor.



"You... came? Oh, baby, that's too cute." She let out the most wonderful, womanly, laughter he'd ever heard as his face flushed bright pink, the pinkest he'd ever felt in front of a girl in his life!

He tried to correct her, desperate to defend himself that he wasn't premature! That was the worst thing a man could be guilty of in bed!

"N-no." Was the best defense he could manage.

"I had hoped to get more out of you, baby." She told him warmly with a smile before nuzzling her face against his cock again, rubbing herself against him almost like she'd been born a cat not a lizard.

"N-no, I mean, I didn't!" He forced himself to say it.

Mrs. Miranda pursed her lips while she eyed his face, then sighed and turned her head around and looked behind her, saw something clear was dripping down the cabinet door, then saw the clear puddle on the floor. When she turned back her eyebrows were lifted high, but she was smiling even more broadly than before.

"Well, I'm sorry I doubted you, baby." She said so sweetly, so apologetically, that he could have forgiven her of anything, absolutely anything. Her voice was so warm that when she asked him if he could make, and keep, the biggest promise in his life he had no choice but to do the right thing.

"Yes, ma'am." He told her.

"Don't ever tell anyone what we're about to do today, and you'll get a lot more than my mouth and tits for your birthday. Can you do that?" She replied, the words leaving her mouth like hot embers that fell across his dick, warming him up and sending chills up his spine as the meaning behind her words sunk deep enough in his ears for him to figure out the implications.

His mouth hung open, the snake looking dopey as could be.

"Baby?" She asked him, almost cutely, her hands squeezing his cock gently.

His eyes snapped up at the kitchen and darted around the room, the empty house, then back down at her.

"But Mr. Cheng?" He asked, his guilty conscience yelling at him that this was wrong!

"Isn't home, and I've had to stare at your bulge for over a year to finally make it to your birthday!" She replied, loudly, almost like it was an order, and he zipped his lips like his mother had just scolded him.

"Are you a virgin, baby?"

He nodded quickly. Of course, he was a virgin! Who would want to do anything with the giant dingus with four eyes and braces! Even when girls paid attention to his crotch it was because they wanted to tease him!

"Promise to keep a secret, baby?" She whispered before licking her tongue across the side of his cock.

His heart was pounding so hard, he was still frozen stiff, she was licking his cock! There she was, just right there in front of him, and she was licking him, and grabbing him, and her tits were there! His eyes were bouncing around her body from her hands to her face, to her tits, back to her face. She was watching him. He thought about Mr. Cheng, the very nice man who offered to pay him to do his yard work for him, then looked back at his wife's massive tits, then thought about how guilty he'd feel for losing his virginity to his wife, then he watched her reach under his cock to find his balls.

He groaned when she held one of his big nuts in her palm, giving it the gentlest little squeeze. His cock jumped again, the little twitch behind his nuts firing off a second rope of silly string behind her.

Cecil gulped, swallowing a mouthful of spit, then rapidly jerked his head up and down.

"Uh huh." He told her; the guilt he'd feel would become future-Cecil's problem.

"Good boy." She told him, and immediately stood up.

When she took a step backwards, he was confused, he thought she was going to give him a blowjob! Then she yanked on his dick and pulled him away from the kitchen counter, he nearly fell, his gym shorts were caught around his knees.

"Take those off, baby." She told him, and he bent over quickly and pushed them down his legs and hopped on one foot to try and free himself of their oppressive hold. When he was done she grabbed his cock again and tugged him along, his gangly body following along clumsily behind her hypnotic grace as she led him from the kitchen and to a bedroom.

She was taking him to a bedroom! A real woman's bedroom!

The room she pulled him into was on the first floor and had nothing in it that made him think it was their master bedroom. There was a dumb jar of potpourri on an empty dresser, and a closet door wide open and empty of anything resembling clothing. Oh, it was a guest room.

Then she took him by the arm and yanked him into a bathroom and spun him around to face a shower.

"You're filthy. Turn the shower on." He heard her tell him from behind as her hands pressed him forward towards the cloudy glass doors.

She was going to make him take a shower first! What!

Cecil slid the door open, his body alive like a wildfire, and yet he couldn't believe she was going to make him wash all the grass off first! He ducked his skinny body under the shower door's frame and stood back up inside the shower stall. The ceiling was low, and he found he couldn't stand up straight.

There was a loud metallic snap, and he turned, looking out from over the shower door and into the bathroom to see Mrs. Miranda was topless and taking off her jeans. OH MY GOD, she was

wants to fuck in the shower! There was another intense twitch behind his balls and a third rope pelted the shower floor, his whole body then started to shiver with raw excitement as the woman of his dreams stepped into the shower to join him, her beauty almost blinding, her luscious curves, her incredible tits, she was gorgeous!

“Good boy.”

She called him a good boy!

She reached around him, her hand turning the knob and the water kicked on, pelting him in the back. Then she reached up and touched his chest, running her hands over his shirt before finding the bottom and lifting it up his body.

“You’re so skinny.” She whispered over the noise of the falling water. He helped her pull his shirt over his head, then she yanked it from his grip and tossed it out onto the bathroom floor before shutting the door. She leaned in and planted a kiss over his belly button, then kissed him lower, and lower still.

She knelt in front of him, catching the running water in her hands as she ran them up his long legs. The beautiful woman, a married woman, was gently washing his legs clean while his cock hung heavily in front of her face. She pushed her head against his dick, letting her nose sniff out the source of his cum until she had her snout pressed up underneath his cock. Her nose touched his balls and she started kissing them.

Cecil’s knees felt weak, his legs wobbling so bad he had to put his hands out. One found the shower wall and the other grabbed the top of the shower stall.

A real woman was making out with his balls! He wasn’t dreaming it this time, he was actually going to have sex with Mrs. Cheng! He didn’t have to jerk off to it this time! He was actually going to do it!

“I-I can, uh, I-“ He started stuttering again.

“You can.” She told him, her voice muffled slightly by the running water and the enormous cock draped over her face.

He reached down and grabbed her by the upper arms and pulled. This surprised her, but she stood up for him, and once she was upright, he pushed her against the wall and let his cock slap between her tits.

“I want to fuck your tits!”

She grabbed the sides of her breasts and pressed them together, and their warmth was hotter than the water falling across his back! He leaned into her, groaning as Mrs. Miranda started jerking her tits up and down his cock, their bare flesh rubbing against each other as the water soaked them head to toe, the wet slapping of his balls hitting the bottom of her tits filling the bathroom like a chorus of applause.

He started thrusting like an amateur, his body going wild as he pressed his chest to the shower wall, cheek coming to rest on the cool marble surface while the soft warm body beneath him used her tits to massage and stroke his rigid length. Thirty seconds later he grunted, a pathetic

noise as his knees buckled. A sharp twitch behind his balls signaled that another sticky clear rope was bubbling up from his nuts, and then Mrs. Miranda caught it right beneath her chin.

"Messy, messy!" She told him, then slid down to her knees and started licking his cock again, one hand grabbing his dick to stroke him while the other cradled one of his nuts in her palm. She licked and kissed her way down his dick until she was nuzzling into his balls, breathing hotly into them while Cecil panted and moaned against the wall.

She started pumping him faster, kneading his nuts, licking, and kissing them like she was worshiping them like a pair of sacred orbs. The pair jerked in her hand, another rope of slick precum rocketing out from his tip. Most of it hit the wall and dripped down to her feet.

"Sit!" She told him, her hand leaving his nuts and patting him on the knees.

He reluctantly stepped back, water pouring down his skinny body as he looked down at the sexy woman kneeling in front of him, then dropped to his knees before falling backwards onto his butt. Soon as his ass hit the tile, she was crawling over him, her mouth making a beeline to the end of his cock and engulfing it in her mouth.

Her tongue swirled across his tip before slipping under his foreskin. With one hand she grabbed him behind the head of his dick and pulled down, peeling his skin back until the whole head of his cock pulled free. She popped her mouth off him, her spit drooling messily over him like she was doing it on purpose, making sure he was good and wet.

"You're so hot!" He told her, spitting the words out, his courage finally finding him now that the woman of his dreams was naked and making moves on his virgin cock.

"Am I?" She asked him, grinning, before letting go of his cock so it fell across his stomach. She dipped her head down and pressed her cheek to his balls. Her ass was now up in the air, her tail wagging back and forth as she pushed his legs apart with her hands.

"Yes!" He almost shouted, his glasses fogging up so much he had to wipe the lenses with his hand to clear his view.

"Tell me more." She told him, her voice like fire as she pressed her nose right against the base of his dick before sticking her tongue out. When she started to slowly crawl forward, she made sure her tongue never left his flesh, licking him all the way up the underside of his shaft.

"Your tits! They're huge! I like your nipples; I like that I can s-see them through your s-shirts!" He stammered as she got closer and closer to the end of his cock, his tits draping against his thighs and rubbing across his balls.

His nuts twitched again, knocking a grunt from him as his dick spit a rope of pre over his chest just in time for Mrs Miranda to reach the end, her tongue leaving his dick to lick up the watery jizz from his chest.

When she found one of his nipples with a kiss he hugged her, pulling her forward until she collapsed over her.

"I want you to fuck me!" She told him, putting her hands on his chest, and shoving him flat to the floor of the shower. As she crawled over him, straddling his body, their tails intertwined behind

them. When she grabbed his face, he froze stiff, the older woman drawing her body up over his until her nose booped against his own.

“Make me a slut, Cecil. Fuck my married pussy!” He told him, her grip on his face tightening up as she pressed their lips together. When her tongue slipped into his mouth, he didn’t know what to do, his first ever kiss was with a married woman!

She was kissing him so hard he couldn’t breathe, but he wanted to fuck her! He wanted to fuck her married pussy! Dicks belong in pussies! His hands fumbled around behind her, groping their way down to her ass until he wizened up enough to reach between them, finding his cock and pushing it down. His tip dragged along her soft belly until it popped free behind her.

He pulled his dick back, his wet length slapping at her pussy, her heat lighting a fire in him that burned so hot he started desperately trying to get the end of his dick to find her entrance, but he couldn’t see what he was doing. Without breaking their kiss, she reached down between them and grabbed his cock from his hand and crammed him right against the lips of her pussy.

She grunted into his mouth when she sat down, his cock spearing up into her with the first few inches sinking inside. His eyes shot wide open as a mature woman robbed him of his virginity, her velvet tightness clamping down around him.

“Fuck, baby!” She barked, breaking their kiss as her eyes shut, Cecil watching her almost grimace as she rocked her ass back. More of himself sank deeper into her tunnel until her eyes fluttered open, the lizard biting her lower lip while her eyes started going cross.

Cecil was panting hard and fast, his eyes darting down to the sight of his cock disappearing inside his first pussy, his girthy white meat splitting her petals apart until they were stretched taut, then he’d look back at her face. Mrs. Miranda was drooling down her chin, a smile growing on her face as her eyes rolled back.

“M-ma’am!” He groaned, his back arching as his balls twitched hard and he deposited a dose of slick and sticky lube into her cunt.

She spat out a long and loud moan before dropping her head down, her hair a soaking wet mess, the woman now watching herself squat over this young man’s enormous cock. She quickly adjusted her hands, placing them on her knees before looking back up at him, a big seductive smile on her flushed pink face.

He looked at her face, then at her body, then to his cock struggling to sink itself any deeper into her. He was halfway inside her! She was squatting over him, his cock standing upright like a barstool. They always teased him at school, calling him ‘Tripod’, but now this beautiful slutty woman was sitting on him like an actual tripod!

“It’s Mir-An-Dah, baby.” She panted lustily before blowing him a kiss.

“M-Miranda.” He repeated. She smiled, sliding her tongue across her lips before lifting her hips.

She dropped them with a loud grunt, and Cecil grunted with her. He grabbed her legs, holding onto her tight while she started bouncing energetically on his cock, each downward thrust sinking his dick deeper and deeper into her until he felt the head of his cock tap against her

limit. She was grunting, moaning, shouting like a whore in a porno, her beautiful voice echoing off the shower walls.

Soon as she could go no deeper, she licked her lips again, a long rope of drool dripping down from her chin to land on him. She tossed her head back, flicking her hair out from in front of her face, sending water scattering as it continued to cascade down from the showerhead, droplets falling like rain across the two of them.

She grabbed his wrists and yanked them off her legs and drew them up to her tits. He instantly started squeezing them hard, indulging himself in the fantasies of everything he'd want to do with a pair of fat, heavy hangers like this. They were incredible!

"Good boy!" She told him and continued to bounce and ride until her shouting grew so loud it was more than the falling water could hide.

With each rise and fall of her hips she was squelching up and down across his cock. Her tight grip was driving him wide, his balls twitching and flexing, pumping a steady stream of precum into her.

"M-Mrs Miranda!" He groaned, arching his back, the cum boiling in his balls threatening to spill at any moment.

She yanked herself off his cock, dropping herself onto him and pressing her lips back to his. Her kiss was aggressive with her hands reaching up to his face, knocking aside his glasses until she had to push them off him and onto the shower floor. His vision went blurry all except for her, the beautiful chocolate face of his first woman staring right into his eyes at point blank range.

"Roll me over!" She demanded, and he reached his arms around her to obey, hugging her tight and twisting himself on the floor until they were on their sides, then he rolled himself on top of her, water pouring off of him with the older woman clinging still to his face, pulling him back in for a kiss.

"Fuck me!" She told him, breaking their kiss, pressing her nose to his. He still had her in a hug, his cock flopping between her legs. He reached a hand back, slipping between their wet bodies to grab himself. This time he didn't need help to find her entrance, her sodden hole was primed and ready to take him when he pressed the head against her slit.

He let out a pitiful groan as he sank back inside her, while she purred, her lips brushing against his as her eyes once again fluttered as she felt the full girth of him sink into her cheating socket.

"Fuck me!" She shouted, almost like a grunt, her voice deep and husky while her hips rocked up and down, slurping her cunt over his shaft like he was a piston in an engine.

He grabbed her thick ass, squeezed, and started pumping his hips. He drove himself into her, rockily, sloppily, like an amateur, but with his enormous cock he didn't need skill to make the slutty lizard under him moan like she'd been well paid. She wrapped her arms around his neck and clung to him, her legs wrapping around his back, her voice a loud chorus of shouting and grunting as he plunged his spear into her wetly.

Cecil didn't know how long he could last, she was so tight, and the snake had only ever jerked off. His inexperience was showing, his balls were drawing up tighter and tighter against his body as he steadily pounded himself into her with everything his skinny noodle body could give.

The closer he got to popping the louder he got, his grunts of pleasure growing shriller as his own eyes began to flutter, the woman's sultry voice begging him to cum in her, when she wasn't shouting, of course.

"Give it to me!" She shouted, putting a hand behind his head, and clinging to him tighter.

"Fuck that dick into me!" She said, clamping her cunt down around him as tight as she could, his eyes rolling back as his balls yanked up hard, drawn so tight against his backside the skin of his sac drew up into wrinkles across his heavy nuts.

"Pack me full like a U-Haul, baby! Do it!" She shouted again, almost as if she knew he was about to burst, his field of blurry vision suddenly became crystal clear, but all he could see was stars as his balls both started throbbing hard against his ass, his cock snapping taut inside her cunt as cum funneled through his dick.

When he exploded inside her she gasped, loud, throwing her head back as his pent up cum slammed into her cunt like he'd dragged the power washer into the shower with them. Her fingers dug into his back, and while he was seeing stars, overcome with the mind-blowing ecstasy of his first real orgasm, the horny lizard below him started thrashing.

Cum filled her quickly to the brim, started squirting out of her in waves as his balls continued to dump more and more of it into her, her hand slapping the shower door and leaving a long handprint across its foggy surface, her howling echoing into the bedroom.

He kept thrusting, each punch of his hips sinking another rope of snake cum into her lizard pussy and pushing her forward just a little more until their heads were pressed against the wall beneath the showerhead.

When Cecil finally finished, he sagged limply across her, his cock still stiff inside her, those velvet walls rhythmically milking him dry as he panted and gasped atop her. The married woman, however, was purring, stroking up and down his back, her head rolled to the side while she recovered.

They continued to lay there together until the water began to run cold, which quickly killed the mood and prompted Mrs. Miranda to get him to pick himself up and grab the knob to shut the water off. He blinked through the water, his vision too blurry to see clearly, but after a few hand slaps on the wall he found it and turned the knob.

The water stopped falling, and then he looked back down, his vision still foggy without his glasses. He reached down to find them, but after a few failed slaps he couldn't locate them.

"You did such a good job, baby." She cooed up at him, picking herself up off the floor to sit in his lap, wrapping her arms around him and holding him tight, their hips still locked together.

"T-thanks." He replied, the post nut clarity was hitting him now...

He'd... he'd fucked Mrs. Cheng! She'd cheated on her husband! Her arms squeezed tight around him, and her head drifted into the crook of his neck where she started planting little kisses on his neck and collarbone.

"When were your parents expecting you to get home?" She whispered into his neck.

"Um." He wasn't sure, since his dad wasn't home, and his mom was doing whatever she was doing... She'd ask why he was home late, but...

"Not, really?" He told her. She chuckled into his neck before unwrapping herself from him and letting herself fall back to catch herself on her arms. As soon as her hands hit the shower floor, they both heard a crunch, and Miranda gasped. She picked her hand up, turning to look behind herself.

"Oh, no." He heard her say, but he was too blind to see what she'd done, but by the noise of it he feared she'd found his glasses.

"I'm so sorry, baby!" She suddenly said, and twisted herself out from under him, his lengthy cock slipping free of her with a wet slurp. She started picking something up off the floor piece by piece while he felt the full weight of karmic justice settling onto his shoulders. He'd lost his virginity by screwing a married woman in her husband's house...

"My glasses?" He asked, knowing the answer.

"I broke them, I'm so sorry!" She pleaded, holding the pieces in her hand while turning back to him and planting one big kiss after another on his cheek.

"It's ok!" He told her, but she was already standing, cum pouring down her thighs.

"No, it is not, we'll pay to have them replaced! Just... tell your mother... uh..." She trailed off, trying to think of something that would work as an excuse. She stepped out of the shower, using her hips to force the shower door to slide open the rest of the way as cum continued to dribble across the bathroom tile. Cecil followed her out, and Mrs. Miranda put the pieces of his glasses on the bathroom counter before turning back to him and kissing him again.

"Can you ride your bike without your glasses?" She asked him.

"I'm blind." He told her.

"Fuck." She replied, then knelt in front of him and started wiping and licking his dick clean.

"I-I, uh, can call my parents."

"No! I'll drive you home," She told him between slurps of her tongue. "We just need to get washed up first. I'll figure out a lie on the way there."

"Oh..."

She finished polishing his softening cock, the reality of losing his glasses and helping a woman cheat on her husband was making it tough to keep himself erect. When she stood back up, she



reached all the way back up to grab him by the neck and bent him over so she could kiss him again.

When her tongue slipped into his mouth, he could feel himself melt, and his tongue slithered out and through her waiting lips. When she broke the kiss, she told him to get dressed while she finished cleaning herself up. He did as he was told and left the bedroom and waited in the kitchen until she emerged, dry and back in the same outfit she'd been wearing earlier.

Mrs. Cheng made sure he didn't forget his money, then called his mother to explain that she was going to need to drive him home since Cecil had broken his glasses. He could hear her lying through her teeth over the phone, explaining that she was the one who stepped on them after they'd fallen off his face, and made a very big deal about how awful she felt about it and that she'd take care of paying for the replacement.

He felt bad about lying to his mother, but by the time Mrs. Miranda was done with the call and had hung up she was back in the kitchen standing in front of him.

"You remember what I told her?" She asked and grabbed his hand and pressed it to one of her breasts. His heart started to race again, and he nodded.

"Good boy, baby." She smiled up at him, then lifted a hand and gestured for him to bend over for her, which he did. She kissed him on the cheek this time.

"I, um, I only did the yard stuff today. Mrs. Cheng. Nothing else." He awkwardly told her, trying to tell her he'd keep their secret, but not wanting to actually admit that he was keeping it a secret. She continued to smile up at him.

"Good boy." She replied and lowered a hand to the bulge in his gym shorts. "I'll let you know the next time my husband is gone, and you can wear these little shorts of yours for me again."

"Y-yes, ma'am!" He replied, nodding quickly, and trying his best not to let himself get hard again as Mrs. Miranda retreated to fetch her car keys to drive him home.

It took him two days whole days to finally accept the reality that not only was he no longer a virgin, but that he'd lost it to a married woman. When it finally clicked in his head that all of that had happened, that it was real, and that he'd be visiting the Cheng's house again next week to tend to their yard, his heart began to beat faster just thinking about it.

His parents noticed that their son had suddenly gotten a lot more excited to pull weeds, but they just assumed it was because of the money.