

The doe peeked out the window for the fifth time since the pool boy arrived. Charlene Weber didn't care that she was indulging in the oldest suburban cliché. The handsome young canine in her backyard was far too appealing to her tastes for her to simply pass up. He'd started as just their pool boy, but she wanted him to linger a while longer in her backyard, and her sight, so she began paying him extra to do more chores around the house.

Charlene had the Great Dane tending to the pool, to her flower beds, and then to the lawn. So far, he'd already taken care of the lawn, and was now pulling weeds out from her extensive garden. He always did the pool last, which frustrated her. While her husband was away on campus, she had this moment all to herself, and many a day did she spend watching from the window as her handsome young Dane worked to earn his keep.

She bit her lip, because every time she saw him the more she wanted him. If her husband could have his little whores on campus, then why couldn't she find herself someone to play with, too? She knew she was being cheated on, and that her husband was a lecherous man. She knew that when she first met him, but he was hung, handsome, and intelligent. Another stereotype, she was. Falling for those bad boys. She knew that all she was to him was a trophy wife that he seemed less interested in by the day. Women did not grow young, and she was now nearing 36.

But this Dane of hers was a fresh faced 18 year old. Lean in body, tall, a wiry kind of strength she longed to discover for herself. Whenever he'd clean the pool, he'd get soaked, and his shirt would cling to his toned chest, his shorts would hug a little tighter to his body to reveal that he had something wonderful hidden there for her to yearn for.

How many young sluts had her husband been with this week, she wondered? She had no idea, but the evidence of his affairs kept mounting up. It made her feel washed up, like he wasn't interested in his 'little doe' anymore. They hardly had even had sex now with HIM claiming he was the tired one! She missed it so much.

She missed the brutish way he'd manhandle her, the way he'd take from her whatever he wanted. It pained her to even think it, but she even missed how he talked down to her in bed. At least back then he'd wanted her, but now she had to daydream just to remember what it felt like to have her husband's cock back inside her. It's incredible girth, his enormous knot. He'd always leave her a broken mess of a woman, and that's why she'd tolerated his behavior and affairs at first. She was getting something in return for putting up with his bullshit!

Now all she got was his money, but she wanted intimacy, even if it came from a brute like him, pretending to be a decent man that merely taught mathematics when the reality was far far different. He was in it for the young 20 somethings.

Lean men weren't normally her type, but this one was different. She had several years on him; his voice was youthful but masculine. Handsome in a boyish way, and he looked good in a tight tee, which is what he was wearing now. With the bulge he had in his pants she felt her loins burn

up for him. She needed this young stud in her life, she needed to cheat on her worthless husband to get herself some of the action she longed for!

But would the young man do it? He seemed like such a sweetheart, a far cry from the type of bad boy she normally found herself drawn towards, especially in her youth.

She left the living room and entered the kitchen where she could pour herself a glass of wine, and as she did the calendar on the wall grabbed her attention. The seasonal theme of the calendar had a beach party image on display for March. The central focus was a young woman in a bikini, sunbathing beneath an umbrella, and then she forged herself a most interesting idea.

After topping off her glass with as much Moscato as it could hold, she left it on the counter to hurry upstairs to the bedroom. When she made it, she peeked out the window that overlooked the backyard and was reassured by the young man still kneeling in her garden pulling weeds, so she knew she had time to spare. Her heart was actually racing now that she'd chosen to be so impulsive. So what if she was in her mid-thirties? She knew damn well how to seduce a man; she'd done it many times before!

Charlene took good care of herself, a most impeccable deer, and she'd been blessed with assets that left men hungering for her. She stripped off her blouse and capris and then dropped her underwear to the floor to find a bathing suit to wear. She was a modest woman when her husband wasn't in control of her wardrobe, so her hand instinctively went for a yellow one piece. It wasn't the bikini like in the calendar, but she didn't need her tits hanging out to seduce an 18 year old!

She stepped into the one piece and pulled it up her well-defined legs, each limb widening until the garment reached her hips. She had to wiggle the fabric taut around her sides to fit her ass into the suit. Her butt was possibly her finest asset with her breasts a close second. Her body was formed into that blessed perfect measurements that men cared so much more.

Her arms fed through the holes of the suit and she pulled it over her head. This suit left most of her back exposed to the air, but kept her front fully covered. This didn't stop her ample bust from straining the fabric. She had a nice pillow for a young man to rest his head on, didn't she? She looked at herself in her full-length mirror, admired her bare legs and did a smooth pivot to check out her bust and ass in one smooth motion, her short tail flicking proudly behind her. She looked good!

Once dressed, she slipped her feet into some flip flops and grabbed herself a book to 'read'. She'd have herself a glass of wine and a nice book, and then watch her pool boy up close from one of the deck chairs. Oh, that would be so nice, wouldn't it? She could tease him as much as she wanted and could watch his reaction with glee from behind her favorite pair of sunglasses. Maybe if she planted enough bait the young man would bite. She hoped he bit hard.

Back downstairs now, glass in her hand, she made her way outside to the pool. She was smiling as she noticed the boy turning to gawk at her briefly before returning to his work. He'd not expected to see her out by the pool, no doubt!

She seated herself into one of the pool chairs, her glass of wine now resting on the end table next to her. Her garden was to her left side, so she opened her book to a random page, and watched the Dane work the garden. He mostly ignored her, focusing on his work.

Charlene couldn't believe how bold she was feeling today as she let her free hand drift down her stomach towards her crotch. The boy wasn't looking, so she stroked herself through her bathing suit. She kept it very gentle, nice, and easy, as she watched him in his tight shirt and shorts. He had strength in that lean body, she knew.

She pulled her hand away from herself when he stood up to toss the weeds into the bucket to be dumped into the waste bin. When he came back to finish the garden, she wondered how she might seduce him. What were her options?

Oh, she doubted he'd be the type to pounce on her unannounced. She'd need to poke and prod him.

When he finished with the garden, he approached her.

"Mrs Weber? Do you still want me to clean the pool?"

"Of course, dear. Don't mind me." She told him with a smile.

He began to clean the pool, skimming out the debris with the net at first before checking on the chlorine levels. As he went about his tasks, she worried that he'd be too much of a good boy to prey upon her. She licked a fingertip and turned to the next page in the book she wasn't reading. Through the dark lenses of her shades, she watched the Dane move around the pool, sometimes able to check out his ass, other times the broadness of his chest.

She spread her knees wide, bending them to press the soles of her feet together while shifting in her chair to get herself more comfortable. No one could resist looking at her like this! When his back was turned, she quickly reached down and tugged at the sides of her bathing suit, making sure the fabric was nice and taut across her mound. She needed him to see her lips through the thin veil of fabric.

When he next saw her, she stifled the urge to smile, for he noticed her spread legs and she knew where his young eyes had wandered. He'd seen, and he wanted to look at her so badly. It was in his body language, the desire to gaze hungrily at her. She felt so attractive in that moment and felt so powerful! How long would he last? Was his purity so strong that he could resist her with ease? She doubted he could hold out against her if she dialed up the charm.

She waited until he was finished with the pool. He would be done for the day, and now was her last chance to stop him, to lay bare her intentions if she had any hope of discovering what his hands would do to her if he had his way!

"Dear, are you finished with the pool?"

"Yes, ma'am. I've mowed the yard for you and finished the gardens, too. Is there anything else you'd like me to do?"

She closed her legs and twisted herself in her seat to hang her legs off the side.

"I certainly could think of a few things, but would you like something to drink before I get you busy again?" She smiled at him and stood. Charlene pulled her book up to her chest and held it firmly against her bathing suit to mash it against her breasts. His eyes were wandering dangerously over her body, trying as hard as he could to control his teenage hormones, and he was losing!

"Um, yeah, thank you, ma'am."

"Come inside, I'll get you something."

She lifted her glass of wine and carried it inside with the young man in tow. She wondered if he was staring at her ass as it swayed back and forth for him? Oh, she hoped he was. Let her hypnotic rear put him into a trance!

When she reached the kitchen, she refilled her glass with Moscato, the wine feeling warm in her belly now that she'd polished off her first cup. With that done she filled her young stud up a glass of ice water and carefully handed it to him. He was over a foot taller than her! Her own strength of will was enough to keep her from biting at her lip while he took the glass and drank from it.

This was enough of a distraction for her. As he patiently drank his water, she stepped around him in the kitchen and stopped when she was behind him. This was it, she thought! This was her chance!

Her hands trembled lightly as she lifted them, quickly reaching his sides before slipping them around his torso. He stopped his drinking at once.

"M-ma'am?" He hesitated; he was filled with a nervous energy she could tell! She clung to him, holding him tightly in a hug from behind with her hands slipping under his shirt to find his taut abs. He was so finely chiseled there! Oh, how did this darling look with his shirt off, she wondered! She could squeal!

"Would you like to have sex with me?" She whispered, pressing her cheek to his back.

"I- I-, uh."

"You don't have to, baby, but I'd like you to. You're so handsome."

He trembled harder against her, nervous explosive energy as he locked his legs still with the glass of water gently shaking in his hand, the ice quietly rattling in the glass. Was she being too mean to him? Perhaps, but she'd already committed to this much, so she was going to pry this boy's pants open if she had to.

"Y-you're married!"

"He cheats on me."

He froze, still nervous, still trembling, but a new kind of quiet had fallen over him. He was at war with himself, his instincts, his hormones no doubt screaming at him to take her, but he was a good boy, a modest boy, she'd picked a good man this time unlike the prick she'd married. Could she break inside this good heart of his, could she pry lose a dark part of him? Plant a seed of sin in this young man's heart that left him willing to ravage a married woman until the ecstasy brought her to tears?

"I- Ma'am,"

"Call me Charlene when we're alone."

"Sh-Sh Charlene. I'm a vuh, a-"

She surprised herself with how hard she squeezed him tight. Was she to be his first! Her loins were roaring to life with an unexpected ferocity! She was going to rob this boy of his innocence!

"Fuck me."

"Ma'am."

"Fuck me!"

She let go of him, he tried to step away, but she walked around him, grabbing his arms, turning him towards her. His eyes were wide and wild, like in a panic, and hers no doubt looked the same. He had all this nervous energy fighting to break out, but she had her lust roaring up from between her legs to ooze out from her tongue as she spoke.

"Let me be the woman that makes you a man." Her voice sang, she pressed.

Her hands found his chest and he backed up until his butt hit the kitchen island.

"Please." She begged.

She looked down at his crotch, there was a bulge pitching a tent in his shorts.

"Please, baby." She pleaded.

His large nervous hands trembled as they rose to touch her shoulders.

"Please."

He tried to speak, but his mouth was dry.

"Let me."

He nodded, and she grabbed him by the shirt and drew him towards her as she stepped backwards. She let go, then turned her back to him. Her hands fell to her rump, her fingers tracing the sides of her bathing suit to snap them against her rump.

"Let's go to the guest room." She told him and began to walk. His footsteps were following along behind her. When they reached the guest room door, he bumped into her as she opened the door, his bulge pressing against her ass.

She pushed the door open and turned around to face him, grabbing him, drawing him inside. Their guest bedroom was seldom used and was sparsely decorated, but the bed was a comfortable Queen size that was more than enough room for the two of them to share.

With her taking the initiative, she shut the door behind them, then grabbed at the boy's shirt to haul him towards the bed. She was hungry, famished, desperate! The young man was still tight with pent up energy as she robbed him of his shirt, tossing it aside before going for his shorts.

For a moment he stopped her, his hands taking her by the wrists, but glared at him and he withered with ears falling flat. A snap, a zip, and she was on her knees burying her face into the pool boy's crotch. She'd never cheated before! The thrill was sending her over the moon as she inhaled his earthy young scent with his cock rapidly slipping free of his sheath.

Her tongue lapped at his nuts, fat and heavy orbs that she couldn't wait to feel slapping against her ass, and his red rocket was already swelling so much that he might just prove to be her husband's better! She was so delighted!

"Ah- Are you sure?" He asked, but what a stupid question that was!

She answered him by yanking his shorts and underwear down to his ankles and putting the end of his cock in her mouth. She swallowed him down to his still swelling knot, delighting in just how easily he overstuffed her mouth with so much more of him to spare. He was too big, and she loved it!

It had been SO long since she'd gotten an earnest fucking! Her husband hardly paid any attention to her anymore, and she needed this SO badly! This young Dane stud tasted so wonderful across her tongue, his eager prick spitting pre against the roof of her mouth as his knees threatened

to buckle from the pleasure as she bobbed her head on his cock and massaged his swollen balls.

She popped off his dick, his enormous size sending tendrils of fear and excitement all throughout her body. He WAS bigger than her husband!

Charlene stood up, kissing her way up his stomach until she could reach no higher, then began to strip herself bare of her bathing suit with the young man trembling with confused excitement in front of her. When she was done, she took him by the shoulders, staring up at his bewildered eyes.

"Fuck me."

He hesitated, so she tugged at him gently.

"You don't find me attractive?"

"N-No! You're hot!"

She pulled at him again, harder this time, and she allowed herself to fall backwards to the bed. He didn't fall with her, her hands losing their grip on him. Charlene was left nude and defenseless on the bed with her would-be young lover standing confused at the foot of the bed. She spread her legs out for him, as far as they would go and started rubbing her pussy so he could see just how soaking wet she was. Her cunt was positively sopping!

Finally, with great hesitation, the Dane began to lean towards her. Her heart was trying to beat its way out of her chest as his hands touched the bed to her either side, him crawling slowly closer to her with his throbbing cock dripping and twitching all over her stomach.

She took him by the neck and hauled him down, the boy collapsing onto her as she put her lips to his. He didn't know how to kiss, but she did, and she taught him. He struggled at first, but she locked her legs around his middle and clawed at his back with her hands as she gobbled up his first ever kiss. She puts her hand between them and finds his cock, that hot rocket throbbing angrily in her hand she wriggled under him to work her way up the bed so his drippy tip could find her entrance.

He gasped with surprise when the warmth of her tunnel consumed the end of his cock, and his entire body shivered with pleasure. His hands naturally fell to her hips, and he climbed further up the bed, dragging his cock with him straight up and into her cunt. Charlene squealed and shuddered under the boy as she finally got what she wanted, that enormous cock spearing right up to her cervix with his knots squeezing at her folds. He twitched inside her, and she felt the splash of precum pelt her inner walls.

With him hilted up to the knot inside her, she felt his reservations and fear melt away as his instincts took him over, his hips gearing up to fuck her with a pace that started slow, almost sloppy, but quickly evolved into a steady rhythm. He was rough with her, and she loved it!

His inexperience left him pummeling her cunt with thrusts that would have made other women shout and shove him off them, but this is what Charlene wanted!

"Baby, yes!" She shouted, clawing at his back and throwing her legs apart, offering her cunt to him in full submission as his chest fell atop her with her face caught in the crook of his neck. He was without speech, only grunts and harsh panting left his muzzle as he took his first ever conquest! She loved his noises, loved his cock!

As he fucked her, she flexed her cunt, her muscles weakened from disuse, but they still remembered how to milk a dick, and this baby boy needed his balls drained so badly! They'd felt so full and heavy to her, she needed to find out just how full he could make her feel!

"Fuck me!" She didn't care anymore for appearances, for propriety, nothing! If her husband was fine with being a cheating bastard, then she could be fine with being this young Dane's little whore! Let him fuck her like a harlot every week while he husband was off sticking his prick in some young slut that didn't know what she was doing!

"M-Mrs Weber!" She grunted, his knot colliding with her pussy harder and harder until the headboard was slapping the wall. The whole room seemed to shake in her vision as the young man put the bed through its paces, rocking the entire frame with the force of his blows against her sodden and hungry cunt.

He could call her whatever he wanted, Charlene, Mrs. Weber, where, slut, bitch, it didn't matter! Let him make this little doe his bitch if that's what he wanted, because that's what she needed! He was here at her doorstep every week! Let him rape her little cheating pussy with every visit! She howled out her climax as soon as it dawned on her that she'd ecstasy every week! Her first climax left her reeling, shuddering harder beneath the lean young stud as he laid claim to her body, his inexperience shedding little by little with each and every stroke of his hips.

The feel of a fat knot prying her petals open delighted her, and she squirmed and wriggled under him to make sure her pussy was primed and ready for him to sink it inside her. With the way he was fucking her, he wasn't even thinking about condoms! He didn't need one, but this boy was being reckless, and she hoped he stayed that way! Let him violate her like this!

She screamed as another climax slapped her across the face, leaving her winded as his next thrust pushed the air out of her lungs. He'd lunged deep, digging his cock in her as far as it could reach with his knot stretching the walls of her cunt open as far as they could go. His knot was bigger than even her husband's, the huge Dane living up to his breed's reputation! When it felt to her like he was about to slip back out, avoiding that blessed tie, she jerked her hand down to him, finding his swollen orb, soaked through with her own juices, and cupped her fingers behind his bulb no differently than she would have a glass of Mascato.



With a firm tug she felt her cunt splaying out again around his cock as his hips started grinding against her. He grunted, then started growling as he felt her cunt swallow his enormous knob. She shouted when it popped inside her with a slurp, her juices lubing her tunnel up so perfectly for him. With her belly full of every inch of his young dick she could feel his tip pushing at the backside of her navel, and she shuddered again.

She was already cumming again, a near constant release, as his body froze stiff over hers, his muscled locked in place as his cock started to violently jump inside her. That heavy pair of balls pressed against her ass were rising up and twitching eagerly as the cum pumped its way into her in hot waves. Rope after rope of young, thick seed exploded into her, breaching her cervix to gurgle down into her womb where it soaked through to her ovaries. Even with her on the pill she felt the lightheaded thrill of conception tickling her senses, as fanciful as it might have been.

She howled for him and clawed at his body while her legs curled around behind him to lock him tight against her as he experienced his first orgasm while in a woman's body. There was no girl his age that could handle everything he was capable of giving, and as she rode out both of their orgasms, she vowed to make sure he was ruined for any other girl. He'd have to keep coming back to her if he ever wanted to experience the lovemaking a fit young body like his deserved to receive!

He came so much inside her it really did feel like he'd gone and replaced her husband as the stud in her life. Her stomach felt swollen to the touch as his seed filled every nook and cranny in her body until the excess of it was squirting out from around his cock each time his balls rocked against her. The poor boy felt exhausted in her grasp as he panted heavily atop her, his back rising and falling quickly in time with his breathing.

"Miss," He panted, "Mrs Weber."

"You did so good, baby." She coed in reply, rolling her hips against him, feeling herself stir that fat cock in her pussy.

She wasn't done though, no, she wanted so much more from him now. No man of hers would last only a single round, and she was determined to teach her new young stud some manners.

"Roll us over, baby." She encouraged him, and he lazily rolled over, his body limp for the moment on the bed as she took to straddling him. His body might have been slack, but his cock was still stiff inside her cunt, churning the cum in her womb like he was trying to make butter.

With both hands on his stomach, she pulled herself up, feeling the tug of his knot against the lips of her pussy as the young Dane groaned beneath her. Her arms began to shake with exertion as she labored against the great swell of his knot until at last, she popped his knot free, releasing a deluge of cum that instantly drained out of her to coat his balls and soak into the bedding.

It was her turn to be energetic now, as she rode his shaft, bumping her pussy against his knot with each fall of her hips. Her eagerness, her need, kept his cock erect and slowly roused the teenager back into a fervent mood. His hands grabbed at her thighs, and she coed for him some more, asking him if he was enjoying his first time.

"Y-yes, ma'am!" He was breathless as she lifted herself onto the balls of her feet and planted her hands on his chest. She rode him as hard as she could until her legs ached from a brand of lovemaking she'd not enjoyed in more than a year!

She needed him to fuck her again, to give it to her again, to fill the empty hole her husband had left inside her!

Charlene yanked herself off his prick, his cock slinging its juices over his belly and balls as it twitched in midair. Without a moment of hesitation, she crawled off him and dropped her chest to the mattress with her ass high in the air.

"Baby! Again." She commanded with the sultriest gaze she could cast a man. He scrambled upright and crawled behind her on his knees. His huge body dwarfed her own as his strong hands found her ass. He was so sophomoric in his efforts, but he tried to please her, to rub her ass and back. He was admiring her and not for play. The young stud was captivated by the woman who had just robbed him of his virginity.

"You can do it, baby."

"You're so hot!" He gasped in reply just before she felt him sink his dick back inside her. She let out a long and loud moan of pleasure, a signal, a song, just for him.

"Do whatever you want to me, baby. I'm yours now." She teased, looking back over her shoulder to watch his eager expression, captivated by her body, an intense smile on his face as this beautiful woman let him have his way with her. How lucky must he have felt? This was a dream come true for him!

"Anything?" He asked.

"Fuck me, baby. Make me your bitch and you can have me every. Single. Week."

She felt his hands grope tightly at her ass before spreading her cheeks wide, giving himself the best view of her backside as he could. Charlene could only wonder what he thought of himself right now, looking down at his massive prick stretching her pussy open like no other man, not even her husband, had managed to do. Was it luck that he felt, or did he have an ego about himself?

Charlene didn't care what it was, so long as she had him to herself, so that she could once again enjoy the pleasure of a lover that wanted her body, laying violent claim to it! She needed a man to claim her again, to own her with every inch of his cock until she was pistol whipped into

submission. He drew his cock back out of her cunt, and she felt it leave her body.

It reappeared as a pressure against her asshole, and she flinched.

"Baby boy." She whispered, her heart suddenly racing with renewed vigor. It'd been so long since she'd been taken there!

"Anything?" He asked her again, and she felt his words hit her ears almost like a dare. Should she? Could she?

"Fuck me." She growled, and the big dog pulled her hips back and she yelped as he speared past her pucker. She shuddered and clawed at the bed as the Dane crammed himself inside her asshole, robbing her of a virginity she thought she'd long since lost. Her instinct was to clench, but she knew better than that! She forced herself to relax, alarm bells of warning ringing in her head that he was too big, that it was an exit only, but her mouth curled into a smile despite all of her logic trying to convince her to be more reasonable.

She was going to be his bitch by the time he was done, and she was living for it!

It felt like a fist was at her asshole when his knot finally reached her pucker. He felt huge! Enormous! So what if he was an inexperienced sophomore, no, a bedroom freshman! He hauled his hips back and she felt the suction of his dick drawing back right before he crammed himself back in. His cum and her pussy spit smeared across his cock was frothing up in her ass, lubing her up and keeping her velvet interior slick as he pistoned and pumped into her backside, ruining her tightness, destroying her gorgeous toned ass.

Charlene was getting her asshole broken in by a virgin, and she'd never felt so alive as she began to howl for him! The blending of pleasure and pain overloaded her senses as he worked her open with each of his fat fucking inches robbing her of the dignity she once had as a married woman. She was a cheating whore offering herself up to a young stud living in his prime, and he was grunting and growling over her like a craven beast!

Hunched over her back his hands crawled at her ass, then at her hips, then her on waist. His hands kept moving upwards until the force of his thrusts knocked her flat. His body draped onto hers with his knees spreading out, his cock digging deeper into her with the enormous swell of his knob battering her backside until she was left bleating into the mattress.

"Fuck! Mrs Weber!" he shouted, and she smiled, tears running down her face as he fucked her further and further into madness. Charlene couldn't feel her feet anymore, she felt numb from the ass down as the sensation of his cock in her overwhelmed her.

His hands rose to her shoulders, and he shoved her down tighter, her face pressed tight into the growing puddle of drool she was leaving on the bed

as he hammered her as hard as he could. She was limp for him, at his mercy, as he overpowered her until she reached her breaking point. She came, her cunt splattering the boy's balls with her cum as he violently lunged himself against her, his knot forcing her ass to yawn wide before plugging it full with the immense girth of his tool.

She made the strangest noise, like an orgasmic laugh that signaled her loss of consciousness as the young man blew his second load into the cheating whore that she now was. His cock continued to throb long after she'd passed out with the Dane hugging her tight to his chest as he eagerly rocked his hips into her, insistent and energetic, intent on draining every drop he had into the woman that had helped make him a man.

When she came to, he was cuddling her, cock still firmly buried in her rear. They'd not moved an inch from where their lovemaking had taken them.

She saw the clock on the bedside table but didn't feel any fear in how much time had passed. Her neighbors weren't nosy, nor would her husband be back home from university any time soon, especially if he had one of his sluts to 'tutor'. The boy was breathing softly on top of her, but he wasn't asleep.

"Mrs Weber?"

"Charlene, baby." She reminded him.

"Charlene. Are you ok?"

"Pull out, baby. I want to look my man in the face."

She felt him rise off her, his weight leaving her body didn't come as a welcome thing, but something sad. Having a man use her until he was but a lump of meat lying across her body was something she always enjoyed. With his body gone from hers she felt him press his hands to her ass as he gently pulled himself free of her. It happened with a wet pop, and the slurp that followed as he left her sent shivers down her spine. She didn't need to see what she looked like down there to know that he'd left his mark on her.

Her husband wouldn't notice since he never made a move to touch her anymore.

As he moved off of her, she peeled herself off the cum stained mattress, her body feeling weak with exhaustion. He dropped onto his side next to her, and she crawled over him, looking him in the eyes. He had youthful blue peepers that still carried the innocence of a young man who'd not known the touch of a woman. She'd change that with time, she'd teach him how to look at her like a hungry dog that wanted her for what was between her legs, for what hung proudly on her chest.

She'd teach him how to objectify her in all the ways she liked. When she pressed her lips to his she remembered he'd need kissing lessons, but

that was a skill that would come to him in time. Right now, all she needed from him was his desire, and he had so much of that in his lean body full of its wiry strength and willingness to bed her. Their kiss ended, and he had this dreamy look on his face, she'd left him smitten, wrapped around her finger, but that wouldn't do.

A real man owned her, so she moved her own body down to teach him who belonged to who. Charlene was a submissive woman in bed, she wanted to be sullied by a man's cock inside and out, shamelessly enslaved to his prick until she forgot her rhyme and reason. He hesitated, almost in shock, as she put his cock in her mouth. He was still hard, coated in his slimy cum. For the first time she could taste his seed. The unique flavor of a man's cum had disgusted her when she was his age, but then she got a taste for what real men did to their women.

The love for it had been promptly fucked into her, and now she had no problem cleaning off his proud endowment. It's massive size flavored exquisitely with his seed, the interesting and savory flavor of man's virility blended with the subtle taste of iron from having only just recently broken in her asshole. When she'd finished cleaning his cock, she sat herself upright on her knees and addressed him.

"I can belong to you now, baby, if you want me." She said, caressing her chest gently and giving him a look with her best bedroom eyes. His cock was still stiff as a board.

"I want you." He whispered, as if in shock.

"Then take me."

His hesitation only lasted for the briefest of moments before he lunged at her, forcing himself on her, taking her all over again with an eagerness only a young man could provide.

And she loved every second of it.