

Taylor



Chapter One

I was nervous. As counter intuitive as it seemed at first glance, I was convinced my plan was the best route. I'd always valued honesty, and I believed she did too. She might be offended and run the other way, but I didn't think she would tell anyone or go to the authorities. Even if she did, it would be my word against hers.

No, worst case scenario, I'd lose a good nanny. My kids would miss her, but I'd find someone to take her place, assuming I wasn't blackballed from the app I'd found her on. At that point, I'd just have to start dating a single mom who wanted to stay home with the kids all day while I worked.

It was all risky, but I felt like I was trapped in a corner. I was starting to lose sleep over this girl, and it was spilling into my days. I'd been on more first dates over the past month than I'd been on in the three years since my wife had passed.

I checked my appearance in the mirror before heading downstairs. Still in my work clothes, I looked professional but comfortable without my jacket and tie.

"You're not an asshole," I told my reflection. He looked doubtful.

Downstairs I found Taylor sitting on the couch with the TV off. Tan skin, auburn hair falling over beautiful brown eyes, a cute button nose and full, pouty lips. Her black sweater and comfortable sweatpants did nothing to hide the curves I'd memorized.

She was watching a makeup tutorial on her phone, a new hobby of hers since she started seeing her boyfriend. As her skills improved it hadn't been helping my cause.

"Hey, Mister P," she said as she looked up with a nervous smile. "You wanted to talk about something?"

I poured myself a glass of bourbon on ice. I'd debated offering her a drink, but I didn't want to risk coming across as a predator.

"I do. I wanted to thank you for all the work you've done over the past year. You've helped turn this house into a home. Since my wife passed, the kids really love having you around as a positive female influence."

She nodded. "It's been my pleasure. You know I love both of them."

She used the word love. Not 'fond of' or 'enjoy spending time with'. Damn it.

"And it's mutual," I said as I sat down on the loveseat facing her. "But... there's a problem I didn't foresee when I first hired you."

"What's that?"

I took a big sip of my drink. This was it. I could still back off from this whole thing.

I sighed. "I'm embarrassed to even say it."

She was silent, only watching me with her big eyes.

"I'm incredibly attracted to you."

Taylor snorted, chuckling nervously before growing serious again. "What?"

"When I first hired you, you were this cute, but - no offense - kind of mousy high school kid. Since then, I've watched you grow into this beautiful, confident, incredible woman. And despite my best efforts, I've developed quite the crush on you."

My words hung heavy in the air around us before she took a breath.

"But, Mister Peterson... I'm half your age."

"I know," I said. "And that's part of it. I'm not trying to make you uncomfortable, or blame you in any way because it isn't your fault, that lies entirely on me. I only wanted to be honest with you, since you're nineteen now. I want to treat you like an adult."

Her eyes misted up. "So you're firing me? This really sucks."

"It's been hard to be around you," I said. "Half the reason I keep hiring you for these bonus hours at night is to go on these first dates with women so I can try to get over you. But it never works, I come home, and there you are. Looking gorgeous, giggling with your adorable laugh, treating my kids like family."

She looked down at the coffee table. "You miss your wife."

"Of course," I said. "And I shouldn't be projecting my loss and wishing of being a family on you, it isn't fair. I've been trying my best not to, but I can't help it. When I see you playing with the kids, it tugs at a part of me that wishes you didn't have to ever leave."

"Wow," she said. "I didn't expect this. So what are you going to do?"

"Hire some old lady that looks like Mrs. Doubtfire."

She giggled again. "Damn it. You're really firing me."

"Unless you see a way around it?"

"I could wear baggier clothes. I assume part of the problem is how I've... developed?"

"Watching you turn into a woman is part of it, I'm sure."

"And I could stop wearing makeup. I only started using it to practice."

"Taylor, you're one of those girls who doesn't need any makeup to look amazing. And I'm not trying to punish you for looking great, or for growing into yourself, or for doing your job well. It's not fair, and I apologize. However, I'm still conflicted. I'm super attracted to you, to the point where it's become a problem with my sleep, with my focus at work, even when I get home. It's become incredibly difficult knowing I can't ever be with you."

"And you're sure it's not going to go away?"

"It started last year, and it's gotten worse every day since."

She rested her chin on her hand, another adorable pose I was fond of. "This sucks. I really like your kids. And I like working for you."

"I know," I said. "You're a great girl. And I really like you. I only regret liking you perhaps too much."

"So that's it?"

"Well, I have one last ditch effort of a crazy idea, but I don't know how good of an idea it is, and you might not like it."

"What is it?"

I finished my drink. "We could say 'what the hell' and see if it's only sexual tension."

"What? How would that work?"

"Well, a lot of times with these kinds of things, the issue is someone, me in this case, knowing they can never have the other person, and that builds the obsession."

"What do you mean, 'have me'?"

"Well... hear me out. This is my problem, not yours. So for that, I'd like to make you an offer."

"Okaaay?"

I reached into my back pocket and pulled out an envelope, opened it and spread the contents on the coffee table to display a stack of fifty twenty-dollar bills. Could have made it easier with ten one-hundred dollar bills, but I figured this would be more tempting.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars to give me a topless blowjob."

She stared at the money with her mouth slightly open.

I continued. "I won't be offended if you say no, but this was the best I could come up with."

"I have a boyfriend," she said.

"And this doesn't have anything to do with him. It's a professional request, one which you have every right to decline, but I wanted to reward you if you decide to."

"So if I... you won't fire me?"

"You aren't being fired either way, Taylor. Firing implies you aren't doing a good job, which is the opposite. You're doing great. The problem resides with me, and this offer is for you to help me with my problem."

"So I get the money either way?"

Damn it. Since she asked, I could only assume she didn't plan on taking me up on my request.

"No," I said. "I would still leave you with a bonus for all your great work..." I pulled off five of the bills, putting a hundred aside that looked small compared to the stack next to it, "but not the full amount."

"Oh. I really could use that. My check engine light just came on."

Did she know I already planned to give it to her either way to make sure we parted on better terms? Smart girl.

I didn't say anything, instead letting her stare at the pile of cash. It was funny, if it was an offer of digital money, a one with three zeros, I doubt she would have considered it. But cold cash has a seductive power to it.

"I've never done that before."

"Really?" I asked, before realizing I may have just insulted the girl. "Because I know you've had guys chasing you."

"I wanted it to be the right guy," she said.

Her words hit me like a gut punch. I'd known I was being a real asshole going in, but this new revelation made me feel revolted.

"I'm sorry," I said.

I reached for my cash with the intention of handing it to her before sending her on her way.

"No, I'll do it."

I stopped. "Really?"

"I love working here, and it works perfectly with my new schedule with classes. And I wouldn't even consider it, except... I feel comfortable around you."

"I'm glad."

"You'll never tell anyone, will you?"

"Not a soul."

"And... topless?"

"That's part of it," I said. "Maybe I'll be less obsessed with you once I know you can't be as perfect and flawless as my overactive imagination thinks you are."

She gave a small smile. "Now?"

"Let me help you get comfortable," I said as I stood and grabbed my glass. "What can I get you to drink? Do you like wine? A cocktail? Something to ease your nerves and make this whole thing less awkward?"

"No, I'm fine."

"I'll get you something," I said as I walked over to the kitchen and grabbed her favorite from the fridge, a can of Dr Pepper. My feelings of self loathing were gone. In their place was giddy anticipation. I didn't know how far things would actually go, but the fact she'd agreed to my offer had me grinning despite myself.

After filling two small glasses with ice I returned to my whiskey cabinet to give her a medium pour and myself a bigger one before returning to hand her the can with the glass of bourbon.

"I'm driving after this," she said.

"One glass won't be a problem."

"I've never..."

"Drink the whiskey, then chase it down with the soda."

She stared at it.

"You don't have to," I said. "It's more to relax than anything. But if you want to, I'll drink mine with you."

She reached forward for the glass.

"And the can," I suggested.

She held up one in each hand. I reached forward with my glass to bring it up against hers, clinking the crystal.

"By the way, happy birthday!" I said before I took a big sip of the whiskey.

Taylor did the same, taking the full amount in the back of her throat and coughing.

"Now the Dr Pepper," I said.

She obeyed, chasing the bourbon down and recovering her composure in the process.

"Wow," she said when she finished.

"Well done," I said with a smile.

"Do we have to do this here?"

"No, let's go to my office," I said. I held out my hand to help her up, and felt how light the small girl was when she rose to her feet easily.

"Bring the soda," I instructed.

My office was adjoining the living room we had been sitting in, but it had the advantage of a locking door.

I sat on the brown leather couch, motioning for her to join me.

"This is weird," she said with a nervous smile as she sat down.



"And yet I think it's incredibly sexy you even agreed to consider this," I said. "Another sign you've turned into a woman right before my eyes."

"The thing I don't understand is, why wait for my nineteenth birthday?"

"I don't have an answer."

"Because I'm not so naive that I didn't notice the way you look at me."

"You're a smart girl," I said. "But I highly doubt I'm the only one who has been noticing you."

"No, but at least you're respectful about it."

"I'm glad. You deserve to be treated well."

"Even when I'm acting like a prostitute by accepting money to give my boss a blowjob?"

"Prostitutes deserve respect too," I said with a grin. "And they prefer to be called escorts."

She giggled. It was ridiculously cute. "So I'm your escort for the night?"

"Don't sell yourself short, Taylor. You're my fantasy, the girl of my dreams."

"What if I don't live up to them?"

"That's the goal," I said. "I want to humanize you, to bring you back down to reality, so I can look at you as only my hot nanny who gave me that blowjob that one time."

"Instead of what?"

"Perfection."

She looked down and blushed. "So, if I do a bad job, it'll actually help my cause?"

"Perhaps," I said with a grin to let her know I was joking. "And if your body isn't as great as I've imagined, that could help as well. Any chance you have a big scar or ugly birthmark? Giant, hairy mole? Were you ever a burn victim?"

Her laugh was musical. "I'm afraid not."

"Too bad," I said. "Now, are you ready to take off that shirt and bra?"

She bit her lip. "I'm embarrassed."

"I could help."

"No, I've got it. It has to be topless?"

"That's half of it," I said. "But only when you're ready."

She took a breath. "I think the whiskey is starting to hit me."

"Excellent, it's doing its job."

"So... you're a tit guy."

I said nothing.

"I've been nannying for you for over a year, and all of a sudden you say you can't handle yourself around me. And it just so happens to be right after I gained two cup sizes?"

"I'm not denying it."

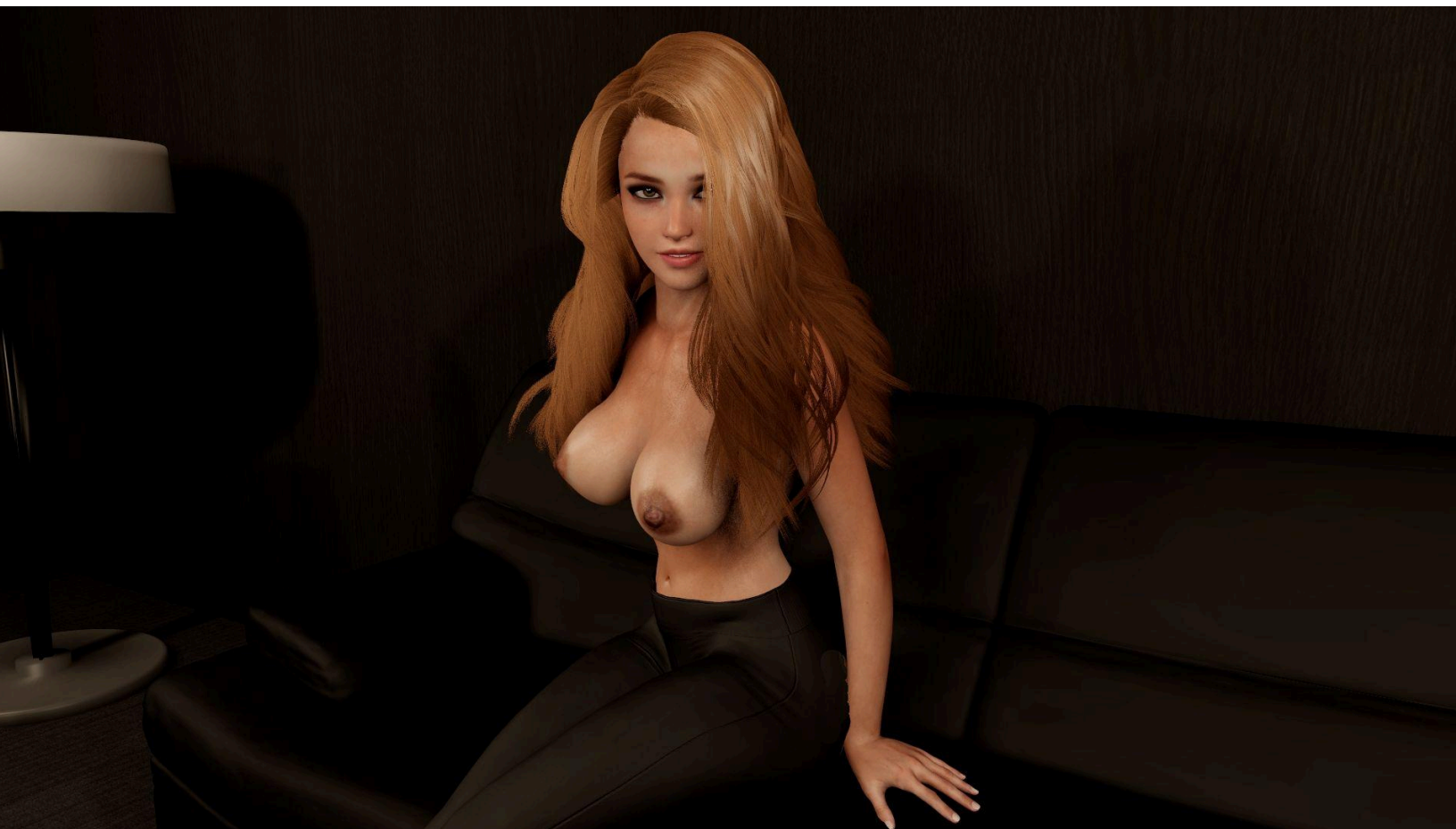
The girl sat up off the couch and pulled up the bottom of her shirt.

"Slowly," I said. "Seduce me."

She obeyed, tossing her top aside and reaching back to unclip her bra, which she held there for a moment before covering herself with her forearm.

"Beautiful," I said. "I'm ready when you are."

She held there for a moment before dropping her arm and thrusting her chest forward, displaying her sizable chest in all its glory.



"Holy fuck," I said. "I really didn't expect you to look better than I'd imagined."

"Sorry," she said with a shy grin.

"What is your bra size?" I could guess, but I wanted to hear it.

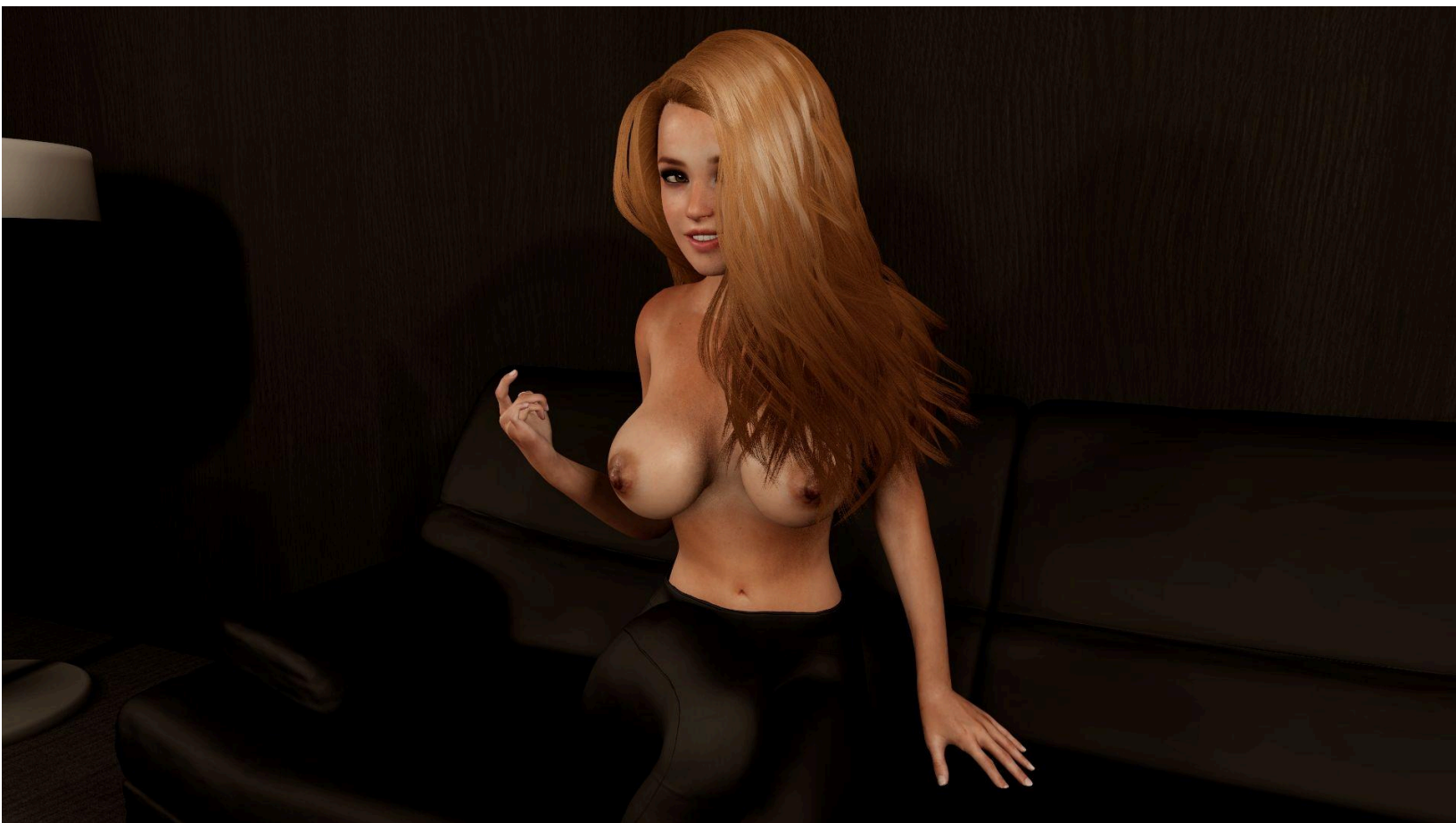
"I was a thirty-two B cup for a long time, but now I'm wearing a C."

"And it was looking far too small on you."

She grinned. "Yeah."

"You look amazing, girl. My sexy little nanny."

"Is that going to be a problem?"



"Not at the moment. Here, come sit on my lap."

She didn't move. "I can't kiss you."

"Probably for the best," I admitted. "Your boyfriend is a lucky guy."

It was okay for her to suck me off, but she still didn't want to kiss me? It was young naive girl logic, but it kind of made sense in its own weird way.

"Should I just get on my knees?"

"I'd rather you sit here first," I said. "But I won't kiss your lips."

"And my shorts stay on?"

"Of course."

She threw her leg around mine, sitting comfortably in my lap. "Why do I trust you?"

"It's something to be aware of when you've been drinking," I said.

"I agreed before that."

"I think you trusted me because I've been honest with you, Tay. I've told you all of my motivations and desires, and I outlined exactly what I needed from you."

"That makes sense," she said.

"Now, I want us to get comfortable around each other so I can explore your body," I said as I kissed her neck gently.

Her body tensed up, so I moved slowly, kissing down her collarbone and heading to her breasts.

I cupped her left and kissed her right, finding her nipple with my tongue and licking it gently. She shifted in my lap, and I felt her body relax as I began sucking, spending a moment before switching.

Finally, not wanting to take too much time and risk making her uncomfortable, I backed away.

"You taste delicious," I said with a grin.

She said nothing, breathing heavily and looking at me through half closed eyes. If I didn't know any better, I'd say she wanted to kiss me.

"Now, when you're ready, I'd like you to get down on your knees."

She took another moment to compose herself, her chest still heaving and causing quite the sight. I resumed giving her tits my full attention as she tried to compose herself, doing nothing to help her cause.

"Okay, stop," she finally said before climbing off me and dropping to the ground.

I loosened my belt and unzipped my pants, dropping them to the floor.

My boxers still contained me, and although my outline was visible, I waited for her to make the last reveal.

She took a moment, looking up at me with her big brown eyes before using her fingers to pull down the strap. My dick swung free, bouncing out and smacking her in the cheek.

"Whoa!" she said. "You're hard! And you're... big."

"That's something I can blame you for."

She smiled. It was always sexy, but never more than now with my cock right next to her lips. Her eyes were drawn to it, viewing it like a threat she didn't know what to do about.

I reached forward, grabbing her arm and pulling it up to place her hand on me. I guided her, showing how tight to squeeze and how fast to move her grip up and down my shaft.

"You can change the tempo every five or ten seconds," I said. "Guys like variation."

She nodded, now looking at my dick with fascination as she held it in her hands.

"There are several methods you can use to give a great blowjob, but we're going to stick to the basics. Right now, you're simply jerking me off. It feels good, but it's something I could do myself, which makes it not as special. What's something every sexual act needs?"

She shook her head.

"Lubrication. Now, I want you to lick it. Pretend it's a popsicle."

She leaned forward tentatively, sticking out her tongue and tracing it along the length of my shaft.

"That's great," I said. "I can feel all of it, but I'm far more sensitive at the head. Now, I want you to lick it."

She obeyed, making me sigh loudly. "Good girl. Now take me in your mouth and circle your tongue around it, like you're trying to keep an ice cream cone from dripping."

Once again she obeyed, showing she had some decent skills for a beginner. Before we could continue, she pulled back with a pop, a look of surprise on her face.

"Did you finish?" she asked.

I was confused. "No, why do you ask?"

"You were talking about keeping it from dripping when I felt some come out. It was... salty."

"That's precum," I said. "I don't do it often, only when I'm really turned on."

"Oh," she said.

"Before I finish, I'll warn you."

"Thank you," she said before popping her mouth back on me. She spent another minute using her tongue.

"Now, bring your hand back into the mix," I said.

She obeyed, using the hand and mouth combo very effectively. I moaned, whispering her name and letting her know how good it all felt.

Taylor was a quick learner, using everything I'd taught her by switching up her tempo and bringing me close to the edge.

I enjoyed the moment, thinking how a thousand dollars was a small price to pay to watch this girl of my desires slob my knob for the first time.

She switched it up again, trying something I hadn't taught her. I watched her cheeks shrink into her mouth as she sucked in, making sucking my dick literal. I was about to correct her, to tell her it didn't work that way when I was proven wrong. It felt amazing.

How had I never had a girlfriend use this move so well? This girl had talent.

"Oh, fuck, Tay! You have me right on the edge."

She looked up and smiled at me, mostly with her eyes.

"Where do you want it? On your face? Your tits?"

She pulled back off with another pop, still using her hand to jerk me slowly. "No. I'm going to see my boyfriend after this, and I don't want to ruin my makeup or take a shower."

"Okay, I'll cum in your mouth, but you have to swallow."

"Can't I just spit it out?"

"Spitting is the worst," I said. "You're probably not going to like the taste at first, and getting up to go to the sink will take much longer. Swallowing is faster and easier."

She made a face. "Yeah, I really don't think I'll like it."

"It won't be too bad. And I'm going to enjoy the shit out of it."

She gave a brave smile. "Okay. Anything else I should try?"

"You're doing wonderful, babe."

With another pop she took me back in her mouth, swirling her tongue around my glans while she sped up her hand.

"Mmm, fuck yes," I said with a groan as she reached toward the finish line. "Oh, could you do that sucking thing again? It felt- ohhh!"

I felt it building, slowly boiling up as I watched the little cutie work my pole like an expert. Time slowed as I tried to remember every little detail of the experience, as I knew I'd be returning to this exact moment many times in my mind.

"That's it!" I said. "I'm about to-"

I'd jerked off that morning in anticipation, but it had felt nothing like this. This was ten times better, the main event I'd been waiting for. I felt myself throbbing, filling her warm, wet mouth with cum as I blasted repeatedly.

She gagged for a second, some of it hitting the back of her throat and causing her to cough. But she took it in stride, swallowing repeatedly to keep up with the flow. If I hadn't relieved myself earlier I had no doubt it would have overwhelmed her, which was not something I wanted for her first experience.

Finally, I stopped, and she pulled off.

"Eww!" she said with a playful glare.

I held up her can of Dr Pepper which she took and drank gratefully.

"Much better," she said.

"See? Not the worst. Plus, it's an acquired taste. Some people grow to love it."

"Pretty sure that's just something guys tell girls."

"Maybe," I said as I held out both hands to help her up. She accepted, and I sat her next to me. "Thank you. You were amazing."

I put my arm around her waist, and she lay her head on my shoulder. "So, you'll keep me as your nanny?"

"My sweet, sexy ass nanny."

She chuckled. "But this was a one time thing, right?"

"If you want it to be."

"So what happens the next time you feel like you can't be around me anymore?"

"I'll deal with it. Knowing I got to have one night with you will get me through the long cold night."

She seemed to accept that. "Can I put my clothes back on now?"

"Of course. But first, a moment to say goodbye to my new friends," I said as I cupped her chest and bounced it playfully, causing her to giggle.

"You really like them, huh?"

"Taylor, they're incredible."

When I finished, I turned and kissed her cheek. "By the way, you've got skills. The next guy you decide to honor with your touch will be very lucky."

"Thanks," she said awkwardly. "I know my boyfriend would love it, but I don't know."

"Do it when you're ready, not when he is."

"Yeah. It's just so... uncivilized."

"You're an amazing girl, Taylor. And now I know you're also an amazing woman."

I stood up, grabbed her shirt off the floor and tossed it to her. "See you out there."

A few minutes later she came out of the bathroom, having fixed her hair and double checked that she looked presentable.

I handed her the envelope on the way out and leaned down to give her a hug and kiss her cheek.

"You still like me?" she asked.

"Even more than my kids do," I said.

She chuckled. "You're a dirty old man. I can't believe my first blowjob was with a guy twice my age."

"Shh," I said. "You aren't supposed to tell anyone, remember?"

She sighed. "I can't believe tonight happened."

"Do you regret it?"

"I don't know yet. You?"

"Not a chance. See you Monday."

And with that, I sent my sexy little teenage nanny off to see her boyfriend with her stomach full of my cum.

Chapter Two

On Monday I greeted Taylor with a hug, but otherwise acted like everything was normal. I felt tension throughout the day, as if she expected me to act differently around her. Instead, I gave her space and let her play with the kids while I worked in my office.

When she left, I gave her another hug, this time with another kiss on the cheek.

The next day was the same, although she seemed more comfortable. The only time anything was mentioned was when she knocked on my office door before dinner.

"Come in," I said.

She opened the door and stepped inside, closing it behind her.

"Is everything alright?" I asked.

"I just wanted to ask," she gestured at her outfit, a simple black tank top with jean shorts, "is this alright?"

"Of course," I said.

"It's not too... sexy?"

I chuckled. "There's nothing you could wear that would hide your sexiness. Be comfortable, wear whatever you like, and I'll try my best not to stare at you like an old perv."

She laughed. "Well, good!"

"Anything else?"

"Nope! The kids are getting sleepy, I'll start putting them down. Did you want to read them bedtime stories tonight?"

"They have me working overtime this week. Do you think?"

"It's no problem, they like my voices I do better anyway."

"Is that so?"

"You know they love me."

Not as much as I do, I said with only my eyes.

"I appreciate you," I said instead.

"And I can stay later if you ever need, especially if you're working late."

"Thanks, but today should be my catch up day, so the rest of the week should be normal. But you know you're always welcome here, even if it's just for a quiet place to do your homework after the kids go to sleep."

"I appreciate it," she said. She paused. "So... we're good?"

"I'd like to think so."

"Good," she said before heading back to the door. "I think so too."

Taylor's schedule was to pick up the kids after school and daycare, take them to my house and watch them for five hours, five days a week.

On Friday she took her car in to get serviced, but the affordable mechanic I recommended was always busy, so he kept the car over the weekend.

She took an Uber over to my house, and since I was working remotely I was there to meet her at the front door. I wasn't ready for how nice she looked with a full face of makeup and an outfit I could only describe as far sluttier than her usual attire.

"You look nice," was all I said.

She used my car to pick them up and I offered to drive her home after.

Friday was movie night, and the kids were always excited to pick out a movie and chow down pizza while watching it.

"Will you stay and watch The Lion King with us?" Jackson, my five year old, asked Taylor.

"Pleaaaaase!" Kayla, his three year old sister, begged in her cute little youngest child way.

"I don't know..." Taylor said as they dragged her, one gripping each hand.

"If you're free, I'll pay you for the extra hour," I said.

She thought about it. "Well, it is one of my favorite nights. And I had other plans, but not anymore."

"Yayyyy!" Jackson said. "You can sit by me!"

"That's fine, I want to sit by Daddy!" said his sister.

Kayla was asleep before Mufasa's death, which was probably for the best. Shortly after Timone and Pumba appeared on screen Jackson had passed out with his head against Taylor's shoulder.

"Aww," she said. "They're so freaking cute."

"Didn't even last an hour," I said with a grin. "Will you help me take them to their rooms?"

"Want a drink?" I asked when we returned downstairs. "You don't have to drive tonight."

"Eww. No more whiskey."

"How about I make you a cranberry vodka, and you see if you like it?"

"Sounds like a much better idea."

She followed me into the kitchen, and I used cran-raspberry juice to make sure she liked it. She watched me make the drink, curious what went into it and surprised it was only two ingredients plus ice.

"Tell me what you think," I said after handing it to her.

She took a little sip, then a bigger one. "That's really good!"

"Good. Careful with those, you want to keep them small or they'll sneak up on you. Same thing with any fruit cocktail, the sugar hides the booze well."

"Thanks, dad," she said with a playful grin.

"So what were your plans tonight?"

"I was going to hang out with my boyfriend. I thought tonight might be the time I show off my new 'skills'. But instead, he wanted to go to a party."

"He didn't invite you?"

"He did, but it wasn't really my scene. A bunch of drunk kids, plus it was kind of far away and I don't have any way of getting there."

"So instead you thought you'd have a drink with the dad you work for?"

"This wasn't my plan."

"Fair enough. But we can still try to make the most of it."

"Yeah? What should we do?"

"We could finish the movie, if you were serious about it being one of your favorites."

"Hell yes I was!"

By the time "Can You Feel The Love Tonight" played, Taylor was cuddled up with me. My arm around her waist, her head on my shoulder.

"So you're okay with this?" she asked when the song finished.

"More than okay. You?"

"I'm not being a very good girlfriend."

"You aren't the one who ditched him for a party."

"Yeah, I dropped so many hints, too."

"Guys are terrible at picking up on hints. Especially when we're young."

"Yeah? You old guys are better at it?"

"We'd like to think so."

The two of us went back to watching the movie in silence for several minutes.

"This is the perfect movie," she said.

"It's a classic."

"You don't think it's perfect?"

"Nothing is perfect."

"Even me?"

"Of course not. You're just a girl."

Another moment passed before I continued. "I'll find an imperfection one of these days."

She squeezed my knee. The action was innocent enough, but it still sent a shiver up my thigh.

"Can I ruin the movie for you?" I asked.

"There's no way."

"Good. So you know how Scar is a bad leader?"

"Of course."

"It's completely circumstantial."

"What?"

"He gives the hyenas a chance in the sun. They aren't worse, only different. He even unites the lions and hyenas together. Everything a good leader would do."

"What are you talking about? The whole land goes to shit. Everything dries out, so the animals-

"You're saying he controls the rain?"

"No, but there's also fires, and it burns-

"So he is the lightning god?"

"No-"

"The fact the land goes to shit is circumstantial. When Simba beats Scar, it happens to rain again. It's like blaming a president for the economy when really all their job description is to take the blame."

"Then they're doing a good job of it."

"Yep."

"Didn't ruin the movie. There's still a good moral about family values."

"Or a cautionary tale about wealth. If they simply let the hyenas exist within their ecosystem instead of forcing them out into the badlands, they can coexist without having to worry about being overthrown again. Otherwise the circle of life is only repeated."

"Wouldn't the hyenas still try to attack the lions again?"

"Not in nature. They know their place," I said.

"The only part of the movie you're ruining is making me see this through the eyes of an adult."

"That ruins a lot of movies."

"Damn you. For that, you should make me another drink!"

"Fair enough," I said as I got up.

"Mmm," she said when I returned. "I like this one better."

"That's the alcohol," I said as I took a sip of my old fashioned.

"What next?" she asked a few minutes later when the movie ended.

"If you brought your bathing suit, I'd suggest we use the hot tub."

"No such luck."

"Maybe next time. Do you like stand up comedy?"

"Yes."

"How about we make a snack and watch something?"

"Okay!"

I helped her up, and she followed me into the kitchen where she hopped up to sit on the counter.

"Popcorn?" I asked.

"Nah."

"Cheese and crackers?"

"Warmer."

"Leftover pizza and ice cream?"

"That's it! Although I don't need the pizza."

"I have chocolate dipped ice cream bars and raspberry popsicles."

She smirked. "Oh, yeah? Is that all you have?"



"Afraid so."

"Raspberry."

I grabbed one of each and handed one to her. She took it and pushed it into her mouth, slowly and sensually, never breaking eye contact.

"So, is this one of those moments I should be picking up on any hints?"

She pulled the popsicle out of her mouth with a pop. "Mister P, whatever do you mean?"

"Ah, so you're only being unintentionally sexy?"

"According to you, that's what I'm always doing."

"Oh, I don't know. Lately I feel like it's intended a lot more than it used to be."

"You're imagining it," she said as she held the red popsicle up to her lips and licked it delicately, taking the time to swirl her tongue around the tip.

"My fault," I said.

"Hey, would vodka go well with this popsicle?"

"Only if you mixed it, like if you put it in your drink and used it as a delicious ice cube. Or mix it all up in a blender and drink it as a smoothie, or put it back in the freezer to make a spiked popsicle later."

"So many possibilities. What about just taking it with a shot?"

"I wouldn't recommend it," I said.

"Why not?" she asked as she grabbed her drink and took a sip.

"Because vodka makes the worst shot, as it's unflavored and basically tastes like straight alcohol. Literally anything else is better."

"I don't know, I wasn't a big fan of that whiskey."

"If you wanted a shot, I'd suggest rum. Or tequila."

"Ohhh, I've heard tequila is dangerous."

"Was that another hint?"

"Whatever could I be hinting at, good sir?"

"That you wanted me to grab a bottle so you could try it."

"Oh, no. I'm good."

"Good. Because I was going to say, we wouldn't want to introduce anything dangerous to the mix."

"Definitely not," she said as she continued to lick her frozen treat. "But I would take a shot of vodka."

"Yeah? Despite my warnings? Alright, I'm not your dad."

I reached up in my cabinet for a shot glass.

"You can't make me drink alone."

"If you want me to join you, I won't be able to drive for at least another hour."

"That's okay."

"And I'm sorry, Taylor, but that's an hour past the time I asked you to stay."

She laughed. "You think I'm only here because you're paying me?"

"It might be the main reason. But I think you also like the bribes," I said as I grabbed another shot glass and filled them both.

"You should give yourself more credit."

"Cheers," I said as we both held our glasses together.

"What are we drinking to?"

"Making the most out of a pizza and movie night."

"Cheers!"

We both downed our shots. She coughed, I grimaced.

"You're right!" she said.

"Chase it with your drink."

She obeyed. "That's better."

I took her drink and sipped out of it myself.

"Yeah. This is why I sip or mix instead of taking shots."

"You are wise."

"Bring your popsicle, or put it in your drink. It's time for some comedy!"

We settled on Jim Jefferies. Taylor sat right next to me, and somehow my hand found its way to her thigh, which she did nothing to stop.

My other hand held my ice cream bar, which I offered to her and she nibbled on between my bites.

We both laughed at several of the jokes, and when the ice cream was finished I put my arm around her shoulders and pulled her into me.

"My drink is finished," she said after a few minutes.

"That's okay," I said.

"But it was good."

"I'll make you another one next week for pizza and movie night, but for now I don't want to drop you off at your parent's house all wasted."

"I'm not wasted."

"I know, and I'd like to keep it that way. Three drinks are a lot for someone who doesn't drink. The only reason you're still functioning is because you had a big dinner."

"It's late enough, they've already gone to sleep. Please?"

"Negative, speed drinker."

"Aww, why not?"

"Because one more drink and there's a chance I will take advantage of you."

"You're saying there isn't a chance right now?"

"Right now you're tipsy, but you're in full control of your actions. Another drink could put you into drunk territory, which is when taking advantage becomes possible."

"Oh, you're saying 'taking advantage' in a bad way, like where it's something I might regret."

"Exactly."

"I got you. So in a backwards way, you're saying you wouldn't let the events of last week happen again if I had another drink, because you're a gentleman."

"Correct."

"So is this your way of hinting, Mister?"

"What would I be hinting at, Missy?"

"That you want me to suck your dick again."

"Wowww," I said. "There it is!"

She giggled. "What? That's what happened, wasn't it?"

"I believe I was pretty transparent with my feelings on the matter."

"So? Is that something you'd want to do again?"

"Nah," I said.

"What?"

"I wanted to get you out of my system, and it worked. I'm over you, at least in that way. Now I can hang out with you like this, chilling on the couch as two friends, sharing a drink and dessert. No sexual frustration in sight."

She leaned forward to try to read my face better.

"So... you're saying that if I offered, you'd turn me down?"

"I don't know. Only one way to find out."

She snorted. "Yeah, I'm not doing that."

"Then I guess we'll never know."

She leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "hey, Mister Peterson..."

"Call me Matt," I said.

"...how much would you give me to suck your cock right here on this couch?"

"Oh, it's a money thing?"

"Well, if you don't pay me anything, it's just me cheating on my boyfriend, isn't it?"

"Well, you caught me off guard, but I guess if we're putting everything on the table..." I reached into my pocket and pulled out a stack of ten twenty dollar bills, placing it on the coffee table in front of us. "Two hundred."

She snickered. "Oh, you weren't ready for this, huh?"

"Nope. Just happened to have that laying around."

She looked at the money for a moment. "Is it weird that it turns me on?"

"Not necessarily."

"Knowing there's a cash value for how much you want me... and my mouth... and it's sitting right there."

"I told you how much I desire you, but you're right, it's nice to be reminded."

She turned back to face me. "So if... are..."

I waited for her to finish.

"Does this make me a slut?"

"I'm not going to think less of you," I said. "Plus, you've already done it. Twice is no worse than once."

"That's what I was thinking. Plus, it makes good practice."

"Yeah, you should be paying me, now that you mention it."

"Same rules as before. No kissing."

"And bra off."

"No, I don't want the kids walking down here and seeing me naked."

"I agree, that's why I said bra, not top."

"Oh. Sorry, I'm a little tipsy."

"But still capable of making your own decisions?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Good," I said. "It sounds like we have a deal."

"Hold on. I feel like I'm the one selling you on this. It's what you want, isn't it? I did it last week thinking it was for the job, and for the kids. But my job isn't on the line, is it?"

"It doesn't hurt. But if you want to roleplay..."

"No, that's weird."

"Taylor, I need you to suck this cock like your job depends on it."

"Ohhh. So this is why people roleplay."

She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, pulling it out of her light pink top, making her far more accessible.

I copied her as I reached down to unzip, and once again my hard cock bounced free.

"Does it always do that? How long have you been hard?"

"Right around when you whispered in my ear."

"Oh, like..." she leaned forward again, "I don't want to do it, Mister P, but if you're forcing me, I guess I have no choice."

"And this time had better be a big improvement! No half assed sucking this time, I want to feel like you're enjoying it!"

"Yes sir," she said as she leaned forward and took me in her mouth while kneeling on the couch beside me.

"Ohhh shit," I said as she attacked me with fervor. This girl felt like she'd been craving this all week. Her dumbass boyfriend was missing out.

"Mmm," I said. "Fuck girl, how is this even better than last time? Did you watch a video tutorial online?"

"One or two dozen," she said.

"You're a fast learner," I said.

I was quiet for a bit to enjoy the moment, listening to the TV and the wet sounds coming from my lap. She wasn't trying to deep throat me or anything too fancy, but her enthusiasm was going a long way. This girl was enjoying herself.

"I'm going to keep this role-playing going, but stop me the moment you're no longer enjoying it, okay?"

"Mmm hmm," she said, and I felt her throat muscles vibrating on me. Maybe she did know what deep throating was.

"That's my good little slut," I said. "It's only been a week, but you couldn't wait any longer for your next fix, could you?"

She pulled back off. "No, Mister Peterson! I'm only doing this because I have to!"

"Then you know what's good for you," I said. "You're my little BJ girl now, you got that? My plaything. The moment you step into this house, your throat is mine."

I reached forward and grabbed her hair, pulling down her head softly so she'd know I was still playing.

"That's right, gag on my hard cock, Taylor! Feel how hard it is for you!"

She went harder than my instructions, taking me in her throat and choking instantly. She pulled back up, her eyes watering, a tear rolling down to mess her makeup.

"I'm your slut?" she asked when she stopped coughing.

"My little nymphomaniac. I'm going to turn you bad, I'm going to corrupt you until all you think about everyday is the next time you'll get this cock."

She moaned. "I'm your little BJ girl?"

"You're going to be there whenever I want to use you for my pleasure."

"And I'm your plaything?"

I reached up her shirt to grip her nipples and twist them playfully. "Your tits are mine. From now on, you aren't allowed to wear a bra in this house, because I need easy access where I can grab them and play with them whenever and wherever I want."

Her eyes closed, and her face contorted in pleasure as I twisted her nipples between my fingers.

"You like that, my little nympho?"

"Yes."

"Good, but you can still suck my dick while I'm doing it."

"Oh!" she said as she dropped again, this time taking me on her throat without gagging, bobbing her head up and down like a pro.

"Holy fuck!" I said. There was no way I was going to last. "I want you to get down on the floor, because I'm going to cum all over your pretty face."

To my surprise, she did so without complaining.



"I'm going to ruin all that nice makeup you did," I said.

"Mmm," she hummed on my cock as she bobbed up and down.

"Fuuuuck!" I said. "I'm about to cum, baby girl, but you don't have to do anything you don't want to-"

She backed off, taking my cock in her hand and beating it, aiming right at herself.

"Do it," she said. "Make a mess out of my face!"

"Jeeeeeesh!" I groaned, unable to speak any words as I let loose, spraying load after load all over my sexy nanny's pretty face.

She didn't expect the amount, because it also got in her hair, all over her top, and dripped down onto her shorts.

"Holy shit!" she said with her eyes closed as gobs of clear liquid streaked down her cheek. "How do I look?"

"Amazing."

"Like your slut?"

"No," I said. "A slut sleeps around. As far as I know, you've only given one guy a blowjob in your entire life."

"That's true."

"But you do look like my little nympho."

"Your plaything?"

"Or, if you look at the money on the table, you could also call yourself my little whore."

"Can you get me a towel?"

"Better idea, follow me to the bathroom."

I grabbed her hand and helped her up, leading her to the bathroom where we stopped in front of the mirror.

"Look at yourself," I said.

She used her fingers to wipe her eyes and squinted at herself.

"What a mess," she said.

"You earned it."

"Now, a towel?"

"Hold on. Let's appreciate this moment."

I pulled her top up and over her head. It was so stained in cum it didn't really matter, but she looked even more fragile and innocent wearing only her shorts with cum dripping down her body.

"I want your permission to take a picture," I said.

"No."

"I'll hide it in the secure folder in my phone, and I swear I'll never show another soul. In fact, I'll be next to you in the photo, and I have more to lose than you."

"No."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars."

She paused. "Two hundred."

"Fine."

I pulled out my phone and took several pictures, some with her smiling, others with her frowning and looking angry or annoyed. I made her pose on the ground, looking up as if the event had just happened.



When I could tell she was losing interest I pulled my wad of cash from my pocket and fanned it out over her, making it rain twenties. Some of them stuck to her, and I took pictures of her smiling with both the results of the act and her payment for it sticking to her half naked body.

Finally, I gave her a towel.

"That was two hundred per picture, right?" she asked as she wiped her face clean.

"You wish."

She didn't want to take a shower until she got home, so when she climbed into my passenger seat it didn't matter that she was wearing one of my old t-shirts over her cum stained clothes because her hair still had clumps of it stuck together.

"How do I look?"

"Sexy as fuck," I said, surprised I meant it.

"I mean, would my parents notice?"

"Not if you say the kids had a water balloon fight."

"Ohhh, that explains the t-shirt. You're smart."

"I have my moments."

She sat back as I pulled out of the driveway and headed in the direction of her house.

"Hey," she said. "Tonight was fun."

"I thought so!"

"Does it have to end?"

"I can't leave the kids alone in the house too long," I said.

"Oh! Right. Sorry."

"But out of curiosity, what did you have in mind?"

"Since you already made a mess out of me, I kind of wanted to suck your dick again."

"Damn, woman."

"What?"

"I like our new dynamic."

"Yeah? I bet you do."

She glanced at my phone which was displaying the map to get to her house. "Nine minutes."

"Yeah?"

"Do you think I could finish you off in that time?"

"Maybe."

"Hold on, do you think you could even get it up again?"

"You insult me."

"I just mean... that was so much cum. I don't see how you could possibly have any left."

"Good save."

"How much would you pay me?"

I looked over at her. "Is this role playing, or is it real?"

"Have we really been roleplaying when we've been using our real names?"

I chuckled. "Good point. But there were two things we were roleplaying tonight, one was you doing it because you wanted to get paid, and one was because you liked it."

"Can't it be both?"

"I suppose."

"So, how much? Another two hundred?"

"Tell you what. If you can finish me off by the time we get to your house, I'll give you a hundred."

"Only a hundred?"

"That's all I have on me."

"Wait. So when you offered me two hundred before, you also had the money you paid for pictures in your pocket, plus another hundred?"

"Yup."

"And you could have offered me five hundred?"

"Why bother when I know you're little my nympho?"

She gasped dramatically.

"Time is running out," I said. "We're less than six minutes away now, and I keep hitting green lights."

"Damn it!" she said as she reached over to find me already unzipped and out. "You're halfway hard."

"Yeah, thought I'd make it a little easier on you."

"What set you off this time?"

"Do you want to talk, or do you want to make a hundred dollars?"

"Damn it."

She leaned forward and took me in her mouth to suck for all she was worth.

We stopped at a red light with no one around, so I grabbed her hair and used her, bouncing her head in my lap at the pace I wanted.

She was going deep, and I could feel the back of her throat as the car filled with gack gack gack sounds.

The light turned green and I backed off, letting her control the tempo. She slowed down at first, but soon sped back up even faster and deeper, swallowing me with her throat.

I'd planned to stop a block or two away from her house, but now I didn't think I had to. The only thing keeping me going was the fact I'd already unloaded all over her less than an hour before.

I passed other cars oblivious to the time we were having, wishing them luck on their way to wherever they were headed. I was careful to drive normally, not speeding or driving too slow, yet I still caught myself veering into other lanes on more than one occasion.

Finally, less than a minute away from her house, I unloaded deep into Taylor's throat. She coughed again, but swallowed it like a pro.

"Damn it," she said as she sat up and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "I still coughed."

"Didn't bother me any. You were still incredible."

"There was less this time. So if I blow you more often, I don't have to swallow as much?"

"Genius," I said.

"This is it up here with the white car in the driveway."

I pulled up behind it, out of sight from the front door.

"Thanks for a fun night," she said as she reached for the door handle.

"Hold on." I pulled her in for a hug, kissing her cheek. "You're amazing. Thank you for being in my life."

She held onto me for longer than usual, and then I felt her inhale sharply and her shoulders quiver. She was crying.

I didn't know exactly why, so I only held her as she cried on my shoulder.

After a minute she stopped. "I'm sorry. I know you need to get back to your kids."

"No, it's fine. Will you tell me what's wrong?"

"It's nothing."

"Is it me?"

"No! The opposite. It's my boyfriend, I really like him, but everything is so difficult with him, but it's so easy with you."

"Oh."

"Anyway, I should go inside. I'll see you Monday?"

"Can't wait. And I hope you enjoy your weekend."

"I'll try, but I have a feeling the best part of it already happened. Goodnight!"

"Night."

On the drive home I felt confused. Had she been more drunk than I'd realized? Did I remember her actually eating dinner, or was she only snacking on the same two slices?

She went from one of the world's best vacuum cleaners to crying on my shoulder in two minutes flat. Was she as stable as I'd always thought, or was she one of those people who was good at hiding their depression and mental issues?

But the thing that threw me off the most was the part of the car ride where she acted like everything we'd said when we were role-playing was actually true. Sure, a lot of it was based on truth, but we'd also been exaggerating things significantly. Hadn't we?

She was right, using our real names during roleplay was a mistake. It made it far too confusing. Still, it was enlightening to see how far things had gone and how much she seemed to enjoy it.

Chapter Three

The weekend was long. I was anticipating what would happen on Monday when I saw Taylor, whether we would act like nothing happened or if we would live up to the things we said.

I supposed I should be the one to lead, but I was still unclear on what parts of the night she considered real versus fake, and what part she would even remember if she had actually been drunk.

Finally, I texted her on Sunday.

"Hey, just checking in to see how your weekend turned out," I wrote.

"Do you have Snapchat?" she answered.

"Yeah, but I thought no one used it anymore?" I sent her along with my username.

I got a new snap. "Yeah, but messages disappear on here, so it's safer."

"True. So, good weekend?"

"It was okay. I saw my boyfriend yesterday."

"Did it go well?"

"We communicated, at least. I told him I didn't appreciate him going to a party without me, but I didn't tell him why I was upset that he ditched our plans, so now he thinks I'm just jealous."

"Cool, I just wanted to make sure you were doing alright."

"Hey, Matt?" She used my name for the first time. "Do you get jealous?"

"Don't tell me the details, and I won't have anything to be jealous of."

"I suppose. Does that go both ways? If you go on a date with some broad, you probably don't need to fill me in with the details."

Normal enough conversation so far, but I wanted to see what happened when I said something flirty.

"Yeah, I'd much rather fill you in with other things," I said.

"That's more like it!"

And there it was. Our flirting had reached the daylight.

Monday came around, and Taylor got her car back. I was working from home again, so when she walked in the door with my kids I greeted them all with hugs.

"Alright, now go upstairs and put away your things," I said.

They ran to the staircase, leaving me alone with Taylor in the kitchen. I wasted no time by grabbing her by the arms and lifting her to sit on the counter top.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

I didn't answer, instead pushing my hands up her shirt to find no bra, allowing me to grope her, which I did.

"This isn't appropriate!"

Her words caught me off guard. Had things changed? I looked at her face, trying to pick up on her tone. Taylor's face was 80% angry, but there was 20% with a hint of amusement. I decided to assume she was teasing.

I leaned forward and bit her neck, not enough to leave a mark, but enough to give her goosebumps.

"Mister Peterson!" she objected. "I am your kid's nanny!"

"You're more than that," I growled. "Whether you like it or not."

"They are going to be back down in a minute, do you really want them to see you doing this to me?"

I pulled up her top, exposing her breasts and biting her nipples.

"Oww! Sir! You can't do this!"

"And you can't stop me," I said, my voice gruffer than I intended.

She moaned, giving away her game. "Please! You're taking advantage of me!"

"Not yet I'm not. Now, get on your knees."

"What? The kids will be down any second!"

"And you'll be out of sight behind the counter."

She looked at me with confusion as she tried to decide whether I was serious. I made up her mind for her by pulling her off the counter and dropping her unceremoniously on the ground.

"You can't treat me like this," she said with an adorable pout.

"Of course I can, because you're my little cumslut."

She couldn't help it and broke character with a big smile. However, she tried to recover. "We can't do this. It's dangerous."

"You want danger?" I asked as I reached to my cabinet and grabbed a small bottle of tequila. "Take a swig of this."

She took it from me, once again looking confused as to whether I was serious. When I didn't answer, she pulled off the cork, took the bottle back and drank a shot worth. In the time I took the bottle back from her and put it up, she had already unzipped my pants and pulled my cock out.

"How are you always hard around me?" she asked.

"I haven't gotten off since you blew me on the way home to your parent's house, so right there you have sixty hours worth of build up to deal with."

"Is it going to be a lot?"

"More than you've ever experienced."

She gulped. "You really want me to start right now, even though we probably won't be able to finish?"

"Begin."

She jumped on it, using both of her hands and her mouth on a speed run to the finish. Her actions were merciless as she blew me like her life depended on it. A full minute went by before the inevitable happened.

Little footsteps coming down the stairs, laughter as they raced down.

"Daddy!" Kayla shouted on the way down. "Where's Tay Tay?"

"She's playing hide and seek," I said. "Whoever finds her wins!"

"Oh!" she said, continuing to walk in my direction.

"She's not in here!" I said, glad to know their nanny was out of sight behind the counter. "Maybe you should check the backyard first?"

"Okay!"

"What's the prize?" Jackson asked.

"You'll find out."

"Better be something we both like," he said as he headed for the sliding door, followed by his sister.

"That'll keep them going for less than thirty seconds," I said. "Better hurry up."

Taylor took a second to pull off. "We should move to the office."

"I believe in you."

Taylor redoubled her efforts, licking and using her hands like a pro. I was proud of her for doing so well under pressure. I was almost there when the sound of the sliding door reappeared.

"She's not out there!" Jackson said.

"I'm not supposed to tell you this..." I dropped my voice. "But I saw her run upstairs when you went out there."

"Hey! Get down here!" Kayla yelled as she ran upstairs with her brother running past her.

After they disappeared, I turned down to my nanny and whispered, "almost there, baby girl."

She moaned, loving the praise as she sucked me with all her effort.

"Get ready, it's going to be several swallows."

She grabbed my ass and used it to pull herself forward, taking me down her throat. The action brought me right past the edge. My back arched involuntarily as I blasted into her throat with load after load as I held her head against me.

Once again she coughed, and I was true to my word as she had to swallow multiple times to keep up. She was still on her knees when we heard the sound of steps at the top of the stairs, so she hopped up and stood next to me.

I reached over and used my thumb to scoop the strand of cum on her lip into her mouth, which she licked off and swallowed once more before the kids appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

"Tay Tay!" Kayla said.

"Hey guys, where did you go?" Taylor said. "I've been looking for you!"

"We were looking for you!" Jackson said.

"I was right here all along."

"You were not! We would have seen you!"

"What's our surprise?" Kayla asked.

"It's supposed to be a prize, not a surprise," Jackson corrected.

"That's what I said!"

"You both found me, so you both get an ice cream."

The kids looked at each other. "Yayyyy!"

I returned to my office to continue working, and an hour later Taylor snuck in without knocking.

"Excuse me, but what was that out there?" she asked.

"The new way you're going to greet me when you get here."

"I can't believe you think you can take advantage of me like that," she said with her best serious face.

"Yeah? What are you going to do about it?"

"Call the cops. I have a sample of your DNA, and I'm going to take you down."

"I thought you were the one who liked going down."

"You still have a chance to get away with it, if you know what's good for you."

"Return the favor?" I asked as I pulled her over to sit in my lap. "I'd love to go down on you."

She was thrown off for a moment. "No. I'm talking about paying me off."

"I'm already paying you."

"The job description didn't include blowing loads into my throat."

"Alright, I'll give you a bonus for each blowjob."

"Show me."

I reached into my pocket and pulled out a single bill.

"Twenty dollars?" she asked, annoyed.

“And worth every penny.”

“Hell no. I know you have more-” she reached into my pocket, finding it empty. “You think I’m only worth twenty dollars?”

I leaned forward to whisper in her ear. “I think you like the money, but you enjoy sucking my dick even more.”

“You won’t get away with this,” she said.

“I already did. If you want to negotiate for something, you need to do it before performing a service, not after.”

“Good try, but I hold the cards,” she said as she pulled her phone out of her pocket. “What’s the number for 911?”

I snapped her phone out of her hand and tossed it over to my couch, holding down her thigh so she couldn’t chase it.

“Call the cops, and I’ll bury your body in my backyard.”

“You would never.”

“Don’t underestimate what I’d do for my kids.”

“Kill their nanny?”

“I’ll tell them the truth when they’re older.”

“Alright fine, from now on, I’m not going to blow you for anything less than two hundred.”

“Sorry, but it’s time you learned how inflation works.”

“Inflation would mean you pay even more!”

“No, it diminishes your spending power. What earned you two hundred last week is only worth twenty today.”

“That’s not how it works!”

“It does in this house. Every time has earned you less. You’d better lock in your rate now before it drops any lower.”

“I’ll go on strike.”

“Before you leave tonight, you’re going to blow me again, and you’re going to enjoy it. Then you’ll earn yourself another bonus.”

“Don’t count on it!”

Three hours later we were upstairs in my bathroom with the door locked. Taylor was on her knees, sucking me off as I stood above her, watching her in the mirror as she prepared to swallow my load for the fifth time.

Right when I was close to the edge and she felt me throbbing, she pulled back and stopped.

"Alright, time to negotiate," she said. "One hundred."

"Negotiate all you want," I said as I grabbed my dick and began jerking it, still aimed right at her face.

"Hey! What are you doing!"

"Sending you home after another water balloon fight."

"No! I look cute in this outfit!"

"Then maybe you should pay me not to."

"No! You're the worst!"

"I'm getting close."

"Okay! Fifty!"

"Fifteen."

"Forty!"

"Ten."

She glared at me, but I continued.

"Nine, eight, seven..."

Her eyes widened when she realized our negotiation was turning into a countdown and took me back in her mouth, using her tongue and hands to finish me off.

"Ohhh fuck!" I groaned as I shot into the back of her throat. Once again she coughed and sputtered, but recovered easily.

"Good girl," I said as I rubbed her head. "You win. We can lock in your rate at twenty."

She pulled off and moved to sit up on the bathroom counter. "Twice a day, five times... that's two hundred a week."

I stepped forward and kissed her neck.

She tried to ignore me. "That's eight hundred a month extra... not bad."

"Plus extra bonuses for when we try new things."

"Ooo, like what? Were you serious about going down on me?"

"I'd love to," I said as I pulled her low cut top down and kissed in a straight line to her nipple.

"What's that worth?"

"I'm not picky. Whatever you want to give me."

"Give you? I'm not the employer."

"That's right, I'm a good boss. I give you breaks and bonuses based on performances," I said as I kissed down her stomach, heading south.

"I don't consent!" she said as she pulled me up.

"Let me know when you do."

I was now face to face with her, only inches apart. She said nothing, breathing heavily as our eyes locked.

"I feel weird about it," she said at last. "Unless it's part of the job."

"Do I need to be more demanding?"

She grinned. "No."

"I'm not going to pay you to kiss me," I said. "That's only going to happen when you're ready."

She smiled. "Good. Now, what else would you want from me?"

"Besides tasting your pussy?"

"Not allowed."

I began fondling her tits. "There are other fun activities we could try. I'd love to fuck these, for example."

"Ohhh."

"I'm not big on anal, but if you wanted to try it..."

"No thanks."

"That leaves us with..." I looked down at her shorts.

"Yeah, that's definitely not on the table." She took a breath before locking eyes with me. "But just out of curiosity, how much would you pay for the privilege?"

"Don't get me wrong," I said. "I would absolutely love to take your pussy. But it's not happening until you're ready to kiss me."

"What would you pay?"

"I'm sorry, sweet girl, but that would be approaching prostitution."

"As if paying me for blowjobs isn't?"

I grinned. "A thousand."

"Fuck off! This is my virginity we're talking about."

"It's also theoretical. You aren't ready."

"Plus, I could make that in just one month of blowjobs."

"When you're ready, you won't care how much," I said as I kissed up her neck.

"Is that so?"

"Damn right," I whispered in her ear. "Your first time is something I would never buy from you. I would only want it if you were giving it to me freely."

She pulled back, out of breath. Her face was bright red, and her forehead was glistening.

"Alright, hold up. Back to the titty fuck idea. How much?"

"My dear, sweet girl."

"What?"

"I don't know how to put this, but..."

"What!"

"I'm not trying to be mean, but I don't think you have what it takes."

"What are you talking about?"

"Your tits look incredible. But my dick is above average, and that means it would only work with large tits."

"You're joking, right? I barely fit in this bra!" She took off her skimpy teal halter top and tossed it on the ground. "Oh, right. I'm not wearing one."

"We could try, if you wanted..."

"Okay. So would you give me a thousand bucks for a boob job?"

"I don't think that would cover it, even in Mexico."

"What! Oh. Boob job, ha ha."

I grabbed her left breast and squeezed. "Would you do it if I paid for it?"

"Wait. Seriously? You'd really want me to be bigger?"

"I do love busty women."

"So if I went to a doctor tomorrow to get checked out and it cost, say, five grand, you'd pay for it?"

I held her gaze. "I'd generally prefer real ones, but you have enough here to start, so they'd still look pretty natural and amazing. Sure, I'd consider it."

"You really are a tit guy, huh? The bigger the better?"

My eyes dropped back down as I continued fondling her rack. "Guilty."

"Wow, I can't believe you would want me to change my appearance for you!" she said with an accusing glare before biting her lip. "But how much would you pay me if I did?"

"On top of the procedure?"

"Yes."

"A thousand."

"A grand for each one and I'll do it."

I looked back up. "Seriously? You'd be my busty little nympho?"

"Not so little, it would seem. How big are we talking? F cups?"

"That's only two cup sizes."

"No, it's three."

"You said you already outgrew your bra, so I'd guess you're already at least a D cup."

"Yeah, but think how big they'd look on me."

"H cups."

"Seriously? You'd want me that huge?"

"The most common complaint after breast augmentation is the patient wishing they'd gone bigger."

"Alright, three and a half sizes. So if I become a G cup girl, you pay me two grand in addition to the cost of the procedure."

"Four sizes. But only if we get you measured to find out what your actual bra size is."

She looked down at her chest and used both hands to squeeze them, as if noticing her tits for the first time.

"I'm pretty big already," she said. "You really think I'd look good if I was that huge?"

"You're already sexy as fuck. This is only if you want to do it, and want to earn some spending money in the process."

She looked up at me with a sly smile. "So what's the next step?"

"We get you measured."

"Okay, you're on! When are we doing this?"

"I don't have a busy schedule tomorrow. What are you doing around noon?"

"Going to get measured, I guess?"

"Excellent. Meet me here and we'll go together."

Chapter Four

The next day I drove with one hand on the steering wheel and one on Taylor's thigh. She wore a tiny pink tank top which hugged every curve, displaying several inches of tanned cleavage in the process.

"No bra?" I asked.

"Doesn't fit. Aren't you taking me to buy a new one?"

"Touche. You didn't skip class to be here, did you?"

"It was a light day. All I'm missing out on is homework."

"You can do some tonight while you watch the kids."

"Yeah, I probably will, once they get to sleep. Unless I'm busy doing some other kind of job."

"Oh yeah, does your employer ride you pretty hard?"

"He wishes."

"In that top, yeah, I really can't argue."

"So, we're talking about me going up by three cup sizes, right?"

"Is that what you remember?"

"So if I'm a full D, which I doubt, that will take me up to a G cup."

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves."

We walked into a Victoria's Secret store, me for the first time in years. I couldn't help feeling like I was stepping into some forbidden female zone, a spy in a foreign land.

Taylor asked to be measured, and we waited a few minutes for an employee to help us.

"Ohhh, panties sale," she said as she picked up a pair.

"Not allowed in my house," I said.

"You say that as if the thin fabric is the only thing keeping us from committing unspeakable deeds."

"I'm a 'less is more' kind of guy."

"Not when it comes to these," she said as she squeezed her elbows together to increase her cleavage.

"You make a great point. Fine, grab them."

"You're going to buy them for me?"

"You're here unpaid. The least I can do is let you pick out a few things."

"What's the limit?"

"I want you to have a nice bra that fits you."

"Not that it matters, since you'll never see it."

"Good point. So if you want to keep shopping after this, I'll buy you clothes you'll wear around my house. Thin, revealing kinds of things. Like a bikini you can keep at the house for when we jump in the hot tub."

"Ooo. What about your kids, having to see me nipping out all the time, since I already can't wear a bra?"

"I believe children understand what a nipple is. They'll be fine."

"Taylor?" one of the clerks, a cute little Asian girl interrupted us.

"Yes?"

"Are you ready for your fitting?"

"Sure."

The two began walking, and I awkwardly followed.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but fittings are for the women only," the clerk said.

"Even if I'm her dad?" I asked.

"Yep."

"Even if he identifies as female?" Taylor asked.

"Yep."

"Have fun," I said.

I spent the next ten minutes standing awkwardly and not really talking to anyone for fear they'd think I was creeping. Finally, Taylor returned with a smile on her face.

"Well?" I asked.

"D cup."

"Really? Thought you'd be bigger."

"I know you did, you perv."

"So did you pick something out?"

The girl who helped her returned holding a bra and began ringing us up. "Found it. Last one in stock, so I hope you like black."

"Sure," Taylor said.

"Hey, thanks for helping us out," I said as I handed her my credit card. "How did the measuring go, in case I'm wanting to pick out something for her birthday?"

"It's a good thing you came in," the girl said. "She was wearing a thirty-four C cup, but she had the straps loosened all the way and was still too big for it. I measured her at a smaller band size but bigger cup size, as she's actually a thirty-two double D, which is the largest cup size we carry."

"Even online?"

"For most styles, yes."

"What happens if she grows any bigger?"

"There's another store in this mall, Angelica's, that carries larger sizes in cute styles. Much better than the big ugly bras they sell in department stores."

"Good to know," I said. "Thanks again!"

Taylor took the bag and we took one more lap of the store. "So?"

"Want to try that again?"

"Double D cup!" Taylor said with her eyes open wide. "What the hell is that!"

"An E cup at other stores," I said. "But I can't believe you lied to me."

"What? I said D cup, I just didn't say how many."

"Would you feel good about yourself if you tricked me out of two thousand dollars?"

She giggled. "Probably."

"This has been an eye opening experience."

"I'm just trying to work with you here. You really wanted me to get H cups? You're insane."

"You're the one who was talking about wasting good money on Fs."

"It would be your money though."

"I've created a monster," I said as I put my arm around her waist and led her out of the store. Just for fun my hand lowered to her ass, but she slapped it away.

I looked back in the store and saw the girl who helped us watching us with raised eyebrows.

"Should we head back to your place?" she asked.

"Not until we pick you out a few things."

"Slutty things?"

"Exclusively. How about here?"

"It's cheap."

"Cheap implies less value. But I still wear shirts from here that are five years old."

"But you didn't give me a spending limit. So we should go somewhere fancier."

"They have a swimsuit sale."

"But..."

I pulled her hand. "Come on!"



We browsed the store and Taylor picked out an arm full of clothing.

"Alright, this store is better than I remember," she said. "Seriously though, what are you willing to spend on me? Since everything here is pretty cheap-

"Inexpensive."

"-that means I should basically be able to get all of this, right?"

"You get a blowjob worth."

She rolled her eyes. "Let me guess, twenty dollars?"

"That's an average one. But I think you could do better."

"You think last night was average? Man, you don't seem to appreciate my best work."

"Oh, I'm not complaining about your effort. But we could work on your style."

"What do you mean? Like French style?"

"The nice thing about bigger stores like this is they don't really give a fuck. People steal from them all the time, so it's built into the profit margins. A shirt costs three dollars to make, sell it for twenty. Even if someone steals three shirts for every one you sell, you're making a profit."

"Are you trying to recruit me to steal for you, sir?"

"I'm trying to point out that the dressing rooms are unguarded."

"What? You are not trying to-"

"Are you an exhibitionist, Taylor? Do you enjoy doing naughty things in public?"

"How should I know?" she whispered. "This is the furthest I've gone with anyone!"

"Let's cross that barrier," I said as I grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the dressing rooms.



Sure enough, no one was there to stop us, and we entered one unchallenged.

"We're going to get caught!" Taylor whispered.

"So?" I asked at a louder volume. "You said you wouldn't shop here anyway."

"What do we do?"

"You know exactly what to do."

"Seriously?"

"Come on, my little double D nympho nanny."

She sighed. "You really think I'll blow you here in this dressing room?"

"You wouldn't have followed me in here if you weren't."

"You followed me."

"Pretty sure I'm the one who chose it."



"Whatever."

"Alright, now strip for me!"

"You've already seen me naked several times."

"You think that takes away the magic?"



She sighed before she pulled off her top.

"Slowly," I said. "Seduce me."

Taylor obeyed by disrobing slowly. She didn't need music, her movements were smooth regardless. Soon she stood in front of me wearing only her panties.

I grinned at her before unzipping, pulling out my hard dick and holding it up to point at her. She stared at it with a hunger in her eyes that made me even more stiff. Soon she was on her knees, her tongue wrapped around my cock, swirling in pleasure inducing circles.

Time was a consideration, and I realized she was going full throttle. Typically she teased and delayed, but this time she only went for it, using all the moves she'd learned in quick succession.

She wasn't letting up, only treating my dick like it was a sacred artifact that could bring rain to her parched fields. I had planned to last longer than two minutes, but she seemed determined not to let me.

Her tongue worked its magic, bringing me right to the edge when she pulled off her mouth and switched to her hand.

"I feel so naughty," she said with a grin as she beat me off, my dick still wet with her saliva.

I knew I should have warned her But she looked so happy, so innocent. I couldn't bring myself to do it.

My first shot hit her right above her nose. It landed down the middle, causing her to close her eyes which was lucky for her because the next one covered her right eye. Next was her cheek as I made a mess of her pretty face.

She whimpered, her face shocked by the sudden shower she was receiving. I splattered her a few more times before finishing with it dripping down her chin onto her cleavage.

"Wow," she said. "You are so buying me everything I'm trying out today."

I took a moment to recover. "Only if you stand next to me just like that at the checkout."

"Hell no," she said as she grabbed one of the shirts and wiped her face with it before tossing it on the ground.

"Hey, don't leave that there for a poor high school kid making minimum wage to find."

"What am I supposed to do with it?*

"Pick it up so I can buy it for you and every time you wear it you can remember the time you used it as a cum rag after giving me a dressing room BJ."

She sighed. "So you are buying this pile of clothes?"

"Only what fits, and you have to wear it around my house."

"This swimsuit better fit so I can use it in the hot tub."

"That's the spirit!"

"Not bad for eight articles of clothing," Taylor said ten minutes later as we walked back to my car. "All for around the price of a pair of jeans at the store I wanted to go to."

"Stick with me, kid. No need to spend two week's paycheck on a few clothes just for an overpriced brand name."

"But I'll need all new tops soon. I'll want to show off the twins when they arrive."

"Yeah? You won't get tired of all the staring and guys hitting on you?"

She smirked. "You really haven't noticed that scenario already playing out for the past hour?"

"It'll get worse."

"I'll think about it."

We got back to my place and I made her try on the thin shirt I'd picked up for her on the way out. I sat down on the couch and watched her change in front of me.

"Way too small," she said.

"But it's stretchy, so the real question is, is it comfortable?"

She pouted. "Yeah. And there's probably room to grow, if you're still into that."

"Of course."

Her eyes lit up. "So we're on? If I go up to a G cup, you'll give me—"

"That's only two cup sizes."

She sighed. "You really want me to go all the way up to an H cup?"

"You'll recall I said four cup sizes, which would be an I cup. Otherwise, what's the point?"

She bounced on her toes as she thought it over, causing a motion under her braless top. I couldn't help but stare and admire them more after learning their true size. Finally, she stopped.

"A thousand dollars per bra size. I don't think I'd be comfortable going up by four, people would think I got them done. I'm willing to go up to H. I get that big, you pay me three grand total. Are you in?"

My eyes never left her chest as I took a moment to ponder her words. "I'll need to price out the cost of everything and make sure it's a good value, but yes."

She stood in front of me and extended out her hand. I ignored it and grabbed her chest instead.

"Plus, I get unlimited titty fucks as soon as they're big enough," I added.

She nodded. We shook on it.

Taylor jumped up and down, her titties bouncing all over the place. "I'm so glad I met you, Mister P!"

"Yeah? I'd better enjoy these beauties now while I still can," I said as I grabbed her and pulled her into my lap. She let me pull off the tight shirt and I took her right nipple in my mouth.

"I thought you wanted them bigger?"

I slapped her ass. "I want to enjoy them at every stage."

"Then good news, because I should mention something."

My only response was to switch to her other breast as she continued.

"Mmm. The women in my family all have a growth spurt around the time they're nineteen. Mine already started, but the thing is... I don't think I'm done."

I pulled off for a second. "Interesting."

"My mom grew from C's to G's, and my older sister went from looking like I did to walking around with H cups."

"Mmm hmm?"

"Plus, I used to be on the track team alongside soccer, so I had zero body fat but all I've done this summer was sit around watching the kids."

"So you discovered where the meat on your bones ends up and you aren't too unhappy with it."

"If I'm going to gain weight, at least it's going to the right places."

"Any girl's dream.*

"But not my boyfriend. He likes petite women."

"You still qualify."

"Do I? Double D's count as petite now?"

"You still have a tight little body."

"With a lot of bouncing going on."

"Still, it's your body to do as you like with."

"Says the guy trying to get me to perform surgery on myself to fit his tastes."

"I don't want you to do anything you don't want to, please remember that. I like your squishy parts, but all of this is entirely up to you," I said before continuing to play.

"Ohhh... the only difference is, both my sister and mom weighed more starting out."

I pulled back. "My beautiful girl, you're a treasure."

"So I'm going to start eating a little more and see how long it takes to catch up to them. You'll owe me three grand, and all I have to do is speed things up a bit. And guess what the best part is?"

"Tell me."

She started giggling. "The only 'procedure' you'll have to pay for is food."

"Genius!"

"Wait, you really aren't upset that I tricked you?"

"Tricked me?"

"Yeah! You thought you agreed to pay for me to make my boobs bigger, but all you're doing is paying me for something that will happen anyway."

"I guess you win this one!" I said. "So, will you be staying for dinner tonight, instead of going home to eat late?"

"Looks like it."

"Works for me. The kids will be happy for you to join while they eat their dino nuggets."

"I bet."

"That reminds me, I have another duty for you."

She sighed. "What is it?"

"I'm going to need you to start cooking dinner on the nights you work."

"But the fanciest thing I know how to make is a grilled cheese sandwich."

"Great place to start."

That evening I began instructing the girl. I added pepperoni, tomato bisque to dip, potato chips on the side, and we sat down to have ourselves a meal.

She made three sandwiches and we split the third. Not used to eating much for dinner, she was full before her last bite, but I made her finish it anyway.

Twenty minutes later I handed her an ice cream, which she did not look excited about.

"If you're really going to add some curves, you need to train your stomach," I said.

She sighed as she took it. "You know, I'm going to be too full to be your little BJ girl tonight."

"That's okay, we'll make due."

Her eyes narrowed. "How?"

"Okay, it's been over an hour to digest. Are you ready?" I asked as I sat on my couch.

"Seriously, the moment your oversized penis comes near my throat, it's tomato soup all over your carpet."

"Different plan," I said as I reached for a bottle of massage oil. "Now, sit down on the floor in front of me."

"Ohhh! You spoil me."

"And take off your top."

She obeyed, taking off her top casually as she turned away from me, braless as usual, and lowered herself in front of me, ready for her massage.

"Wrong way," I said. "Turn around."

"Huh?" Taylor stood halfway up and spun around. "Wait! When did you take your pants off?"



I squeezed the oil, squirting some right between her tits.

"You're giving me a tit massage?"

"Absolutely."

She stared up at me, slightly confused, and noticed my dick hardening and aiming at her face.

"I'm confused," she said.

"I get unlimited titty fucks as soon as they're big enough, remember?"

"You said they're too small."

"Yeah, but we need to test that theory, don't we? Now, lift up on your knees and drag your chest against my lap."

She obeyed, taking me between her cleavage.

"You're getting harder," she said.

"Now, bounce up and down on me."

She obeyed, sliding my cock between her tits in a comfortable fashion.



"How does that feel?" she asked.

"Shagadelic," I said in my worst English accent. "Smashing, baby!"

"You know that movie came out a few years before I was born, right?"

I frowned. "Well, I do now."

"This is working for you?" she asked.

"I'm loving it."

"You said it wouldn't!"

"Guess I was wrong."

She sighed, but still continued bouncing. "This is a lot of work!"

"And here I thought you'd be happy to give your throat the night off."

"I'm just feeling fat and happy."

"Well I'm not far from finishing."

"Oh yeah?"

"Once you're a little bigger, you can just use your boobs instead of moving your entire torso. Then we could do this twice a day."

"Really? You like it that much? I'm going to earn lots of bonus money."

"How's that? I get as many as I want."

"Yeah, for twenty dollars each."

"I feel like you aren't understanding the word 'unlimited'."

"Seriously? This deal sucks. For twenty bucks each, I would only need to give a hundred and fifty titty fucks to make three grand. Could have made that in a few months."

"Look at you with the quick math."

"Man, you really snuck that one in there, huh? Unlimited is bullshit."

"Do me a favor? Start talking dirty."

"Really? You're ready to cum on my tits already?"

"Damn right I am."

"All over these big, juicy, oiled up, growing, nineteen year old titties?"

"That's it."

"You're going to give them even more moisturizer?"

"Hell yes I am."

"Good, I might as well get something out of this deal!"

"Tell me you want it."

"I need it. You got me craving you, sir. Now, are you going to give it to me?"

"Yes!"

"What are you waiting for?"

"Fuck!" I said with a grunt as I began shooting my load across her chest. She kept moving as I finished and caught a significant amount in her cleavage.

"Not big enough to give a titty fuck, huh?" she asked when I finished.

"Looks like you won this time," I said with an evil grin.

Chapter Five

The next evening we made burgers for the four of us. I grilled, she cut and prepared the toppings. I made hers a double and once again she struggled to get it down.

I didn't expect her to have much issue with it, but I had to remind myself she was a petite little thing.

"Do I have to finish it?" she asked as she set the last few bites of the burger down.

"Of course not," I said.

"Hey! How come she doesn't have to finish her dinner?" Jackson asked.

"Because she's not my kid."

Taylor smiled at me.

"Are you mad I didn't finish?" she asked on the couch after we put the kids to bed.

"Why would I be? This is your thing, remember? I'm just here to offer help if you need it."

"Good, because I'm stuffed."

"You shouldn't ever feel uncomfortable. All you're doing is eating enough to make your stomach capacity bigger. In a few years, you'll wish you had your old metabolism back. Until then, you might as well take advantage."

"You really think I'm too skinny?"

"Not at all. I think you look great."

"But you would prefer I was thicker."

"I meant it in the complimentary sense. You would look amazing with another twenty pounds on you, but I can still fully appreciate you now. You have an incredible body."

"Thanks. And... good. I think I might call off my plan."

"Already?"

"Can I just get a boob job instead?"

"If your family genetics kick in, it would probably be something you'd regret. How about we wait? We could always revisit the topic later."

"You're just saying that because you know I'm big enough to give you titty fucks."

"What can I say? I'm a pretty satisfied guy right now."

"This isn't the reaction I was looking for."

I laughed. "Oh yeah?"

"I wanted you to argue with me, so when I revealed I was joking, you would be relieved. Instead, you really are a nice guy."

"Sorry to disappoint."

"Anyway, the reason I stopped eating was because I wanted to blow you, and I couldn't get too full to do that."

"Oh! Okay then. Time to head upstairs?"

"I want to blow you right here."

"But-"

"I'll keep a lookout in case anyone comes downstairs."

I sighed. "Fine."

"Yay!"

She knelt down in front of me and unzipped my pants.



"Not hard for once?"

"Honestly, I had no idea where this conversation was headed."

Tuesday went similarly. BJ when she first arrived, another a few hours later when we could sneak away for a moment.

I continued to grope, kiss and lick her body, everything I could to tease her and make her crave my touch.

She trusted me, no longer pushing away my kisses or slapping away my hands. Our lips never touched, and I never crossed the lines she set, even if it seemed they often moved.

The week breezed by with us settling into a routine I loved. Wednesday she fit in three blowies, but only one on Thursday. That was probably my fault, however, as I was extra aggressive with it.

I had high hopes for Friday. It was the end of the week, and I wanted to suggest she stay the night with the excuse of watching the kids.

In anticipation on Thursday night, I brought her back to my locked bathroom once again where I kissed her neck.

"Stop! You're giving me shivers!"

I moved up and nibbled on her earlobe. Her breath grew shallower as my hands wandered, scratching my nails lightly over her back and dropping down to grab her ass.

I pulled her up, spun around and held her against the wall where I kissed along her jawline, moving closer to her lips, but passing by as I nibbled her neck.

"Fuuuuck!" she said.

I pulled her back and carried her into the next room, tossing her on my bed. She looked up at me, a fire in her eyes.

My hands pulled her legs up and over my shoulder as I faced her from the foot of the bed. I kissed up her calves, then her thighs, heading north.

I ripped off her top, exposing her torso, where my kisses continued up to her belly button and back down to the edge of her shorts.

My fingers unbuttoned her shorts, pulling them down despite her grunting in protest. I left on her panties, a cute black pair. They were thin, and as my tongue slid over them she sat up.

"You can't!"

I held down and licked along the outline of her pussy, my hot breath through the fabric showing her what she was missing.

She tasted amazing, her juices having soaked through several times throughout the day. I lapped up her sex, showing her how good she could feel even though the soft fabric.

"Oh godddd!" she huffed, making me assume she was close to reaching orgasm after all the build up and teasing throughout the day.

I moved to her inner thigh, kissing and teasing, knowing she wanted me to return. Finally I did, but only for a moment with my tongue before standing up and walking away.

She said nothing, but her body betrayed her with its shaking.

"You aren't ready," I said as I unlocked my bedroom door and walked out to the hallway.

"Are you serious!!" Taylor called after me.

Friday did not go as I'd hoped.

Taylor arrived at my door looking good. Low cut emerald green top with white jeans, hair curled, makeup perfect.

She came by before picking up the kids, so I got up from the couch and ran to give her a hug.

"Looks like you're ready for tonight!" I said with a grin.

"I am, but I didn't expect you to be excited about it."

"Why wouldn't I? This is going to be a pizza and movie night to remember," I said as I bit her neck.

She pulled back and looked at me awkwardly. "Oh, I can't stay."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going out with my boyfriend."

I flinched. "Oh."

"Yeah... and I'm sorry, but... I don't want to do anything that ruins my makeup, since I'm leaving right from here."

"Okay," I said as I sat back down on the couch with my laptop.

"Are you mad?"

I looked up. "No, I hope you have a good time."

"It seems like you're mad."

"I'm only surprised. I had tonight built up in my head, but that was my fault, not yours. Just me getting ahead of myself."

She sat on the coffee table. "What were you thinking we'd do?"

I set my laptop aside. "Well... I thought we might turn things up a level."

"Ohhh. In what way?"

"Call me a romantic, but I thought we'd reached the point where I was going to go down on you."

She bit her lip. "But... that would be me cheating."

"Oh, I'd pay you."

"I thought you said you wouldn't?"

"In popsicles."

She rolled her eyes. "You really think I would have gone for that?"

"With a little teasing."

She chuckled. "Then maybe it's better we don't do anything today."

"If you say so."

Taylor moved to the couch next to me. "Hey, can I ask for your advice with my boyfriend?"

"General advice, yes. Sexual advice, no."

"It was about handjobs."

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Because ignorance is bliss. I don't want to know what you get up to tonight, I only want to know when I'll see you again."

"I thought you said you weren't the jealous type."

"I'm not," I said. "And this is why. Jealousy is imagining your girl with someone else. So I avoid doing that."

"I'm your girl?"

"You're my little BJ girl."

"Aww."

"So my only interest in hearing about your boyfriend is whether he's treating you right."

She gave me a hug. I rubbed her back, making it one of the least sexual hugs we'd shared in the last week.

"You're sweet," she said.

"That, and I also wouldn't mind hearing when you're going to break up with him."

"Hey!"

I was fine for the evening, but the moment she left I was a mess. I tried to distract myself with the movie, but after the kids both fell asleep I felt more alone than I had in a long time.

Taylor had been there the past five evenings, and now that she was gone, I hated knowing I wouldn't see her over the weekend. But mostly I hated knowing where she was. She looked so good in that outfit, and I wanted it to be for me.

To make myself feel better, I pulled up some of the pictures I'd taken, especially the ones of her covered in cum. They made it feel like she was mine.

But I knew that wasn't the case. I was twice her age, almost two decades older. She really could be my daughter.

What did I like about her anyway, besides the close proximity? She'd been shaking her ass, flirting as she grew into herself. Of course I noticed her, she was the only girl in my life outside of work.

Still, I was disappointed. I thought I'd made such good progress over the past week, I wanted to think she would skip her boyfriend to spend the night with me. Instead, I was home alone jerking off to photos of her on my phone.

I didn't realize it at first, but I was waiting to hear from her. A call to pick her up and rescue her from whatever situation she was trapped in, a drunk call, even a simple text with an emoji kissing face. But nothing came, and I wasn't going to be the one to bother her.

Nothing from her on Saturday either. Finally on Sunday I broke down and called her.

"Yes, Mister?"

"I know this is last minute, but are you free this evening? I'm going on a date and need someone to watch the kids."

"Oh," she paused. "I guess so? I'm just doing homework tonight, so I might as well get paid for it."

"Wear something classy to impress my date," I said. "Maybe that dress I bought you."

"Using me to get laid, huh?"

"Something like that."

I met her at my front door when she walked up.

"What's up?" she asked.

"Hey, thanks for coming," I said as I held out my hand and shook hers awkwardly. "I know it was late notice, but I appreciate you making me and the kids a priority."



"Of course."

"Can I introduce you to Sandra?"

"Um... okay?"

I walked her to the living room where a pleasant looking short but curvy Filipino woman was seated with my kids.

Taylor's face dropped when she saw how well the kids were getting along with Sandra. Still, when they saw Taylor, they both jumped up and shouted her name as they hugged her.

"This is Taylor," I said.

"I've heard a lot about you already," Sandra said with a friendly smile.

"And this is Sandra."

"Nice to meet you," Taylor said.

"We won't be gone too long, just out for dinner," I said. "You kids be good, okay?"

"Okay Daddy!"

"We'll be back around bedtime, but I'll read you a book if you're still awake."

"Okay!"

The kids let go of Taylor and jumped back on the couch.

"Ready?" I asked her.

Taylor looked at me, confused. "What?"

"Let's get going," I said as I held her hand and started walking to the door.

She followed me silently until we entered the garage. "What?"

"What's the issue?" I said. "You're here for a last minute date."

"With you? I mean, she was babysitting the kids?"

"Of course. To give us a few hours to ourselves."

"But I..." she hugged me. I held her, dwelling on how much better it felt than the casual handshake before.

"How does Italian sound?"

"So, I surprised you?" I asked once we ordered drinks.

"I really thought you were parading her around me, trying to make me jealous."

"Would it have worked?"

"Probably, yeah!"

"It's easier when it's out of sight, out of mind."

"I guess. It's like, I've seen you go on dates with a few different women now, but none of them ever seemed like they were a good fit."

"They weren't."

"Well, there was the cute brunette with the glasses. What was wrong with her?"

"She thought I was too distracted by the babysitter."

"She did not!"

"So, how was your weekend? Did I interrupt any important plans?"

"Just homework. I figured I could finish it, which was the only reason I agreed to come."

"Are you disappointed?"

"Hell no. It's not due until Thursday. I just haven't been getting nearly as much done lately at your house for some reason."

"I can't imagine."

"So, you're paying me to go to dinner with you?"

"Do you like being my escort?"

She looked away and blushed. "Yes. Although if I was, I would probably need more makeup."

"You look great."

"You said classy, so I figured I might as well overdress to outshine whatever bitch you were taking out. But I didn't want to look slutty."

"Mission accomplished. And for the record, I'd say that dress could pass you for an escort."

"High praise! Now, do I have to blow you in the bathroom?"

"I was thinking under the table."

"There's no tablecloth."

"Yeah, that could make things awkward. And here I thought Italian meant we'd get one."

"You have to go French, apparently."

"Next time," I said.

"Oh, there's going to be a next time?"

"Of course. I need to put some meat on your bones."

"Careful what you wish for. My new bra is already feeling a bit snug."

"My dear, that's exactly what I was wishing for."

"You want me to catch the freshman fifteen?"

"I'd love it. I've seen what your body converts extra carbs into and I'm all about it."

"You get off on me changing my appearance for you?"

"I'm only treating my valued nanny by taking her out for a well earned meal."

"Sure you are. The free bread has nothing to do with it?"

"Also, don't sleep in this olive oil and balsamic vinegar."

"You're not supposed to fill up on bread!"

"We must have had very different mothers."

"You grew up poor?"

"Food stamps and coupons."

"So how come you're rich now?"

"Who says that?"

"Poor people don't pay a thousand dollars for a blowjob."

"Some poor people make all sorts of dumb purchases."

"So do rich people."

"That must make me middle class."

"Yeah? Is that what covers a new BMW these days?"

"I bought it three years old and forty percent off the price of a new one."

"And yet you've paid me almost two grand for blowjobs."

"Worth every penny."

She grinned. I was surprised how proud she looked.

"You know what?" she said. "All the stuff we do at your place, I never feel quite as scandalous as I do right now."

"Yeah? You like taking things public?"

"I'm not saying I like it. Any of my boyfriend's friends, or even my friends, could see me out here on a date with you."

"I'm just taking my kid's favorite nanny out for dinner to say thank you for her hard work."

"Yeah... it sounds innocent enough when you say it. But I still feel dirty."

"In a good way?"

She grinned at me. "Kind of."

Our dinner arrived, and we enjoyed the meal with small talk.

"So why did you set this up tonight?" she asked between bites.

"I wanted to see you."

"You'll see me tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is chicken nuggets and bedtimes. I wanted a few hours with just the two of us. Are you mad?"

"Not at all. I just hate how you're more romantic in one night than my boyfriend has been in six months."

"What did you guys do on Friday night?"

"I thought you didn't want to hear about him?"

"Only the sexual parts."

"Oh. Yeah, that didn't happen."

"No?"

"I dressed up for him, asked him to take me out. Told him to surprise me. Guess where we went."

"Applebee's?"

"That would have been better. No, we went to his friend's house. He said it was supposed to be a party, but only his other friends showed up and they played video games together. I was the only girl, dressed up and having to deal with his friends staring at me between rounds of Call Of Duty."

I chuckled. "Sorry. You looked good, too."

"I know. I felt like it was wasted."

"Sounds like everyone enjoyed it."

"Har har."

"You know what you should do?"

"Dump him?"

"You said it, not me. No, I was going to say tell him what you're expecting of him. He can't pick up hints, remember? You need to spell it out, one letter at a time."

"I don't know how 'take me out somewhere nice' could be any more clear."

"Did you actually say the 'somewhere nice' part?"

"Probably not. I didn't want to pressure him to spend a lot of money, I just wanted his attention. I want him to look at me the way he did when he was chasing me. The way you are right now."

"Understandable."

"Is that how relationships always work? You have all this excitement and butterflies early on, but then you get bored of each other?"

"I dated my wife for seven years, and there wasn't a day I didn't look at her like she was the love of my life."

"Wow. So she knew?"

"She knew, and she returned it. It was the first time I felt that connection."

"And the last?"

"Not exactly." I smiled at her, causing her to blush. "Should we get a dessert menu?"

"I don't know. Another bite and I don't think I'd be up for any activities on, say, the drive home."

"That's not what we're here for tonight, Taylor."

"Really? I thought it was."

"It's Sunday. Enjoy the day off. Save up your energy for tomorrow."

"Three days of buildup, huh?"

"Not exactly. I may have had fun reminiscing over a few photos."

"Worth the two hundred?"

"Many times over."

She sighed. "You're too good to me, sir."

"I'm just enjoying our time together. If I remember right, they have a great cheesecake here."

"Now I'm worried you really are trying to fatten me up."

Sure enough, I declined her on the way home. I brought her inside and sent home the babysitter.

"Want to come up?" I asked at the bottom of my staircase.

"I thought we were taking the night off?"

"Your jaw is. However, I would love the chance to show you what my tongue can do."

"Really?"

"This one is free so I can get you addicted."

"I told you, I can't do that kind of thing unless I'm paid."

"Oh, you'll get your popsicle."

"I'd get one anyway."

"Wrong. Those are only for good nannies who let me give them orgasms."

"What if Sandra ate one?"

"She wouldn't dare. She knows the rules."

Taylor looked at the ground. "I should get home."

"You're still on the clock until nine. Fifteen minutes, that's all I ask."

"It's not that..."

"Please don't tell me you've never had a guy go down on you."

"No, I have. My old boyfriend of a couple years ago tried."

"No orgasm?"

"No."

"If you aren't screaming my name you can leave, and I won't be offended."

"It's just... awkward."

"You blew me on these very stairs four days ago. Come on, you can't always be the giver. Sometimes you need to receive. Let me give you this gift."

She was silent.

I grabbed her hand. "That means yes! Let's go!"

We were quiet before we locked my bedroom door.

"Can you turn off the lights?" she asked.

"No problem."

I flipped the switch, filling the room with darkness.

"Whoa! Don't you have an alarm clock or anything?"

"Even a little light can interrupt your sleep," I said as I picked her up.

"Waaa!" she screamed as I tossed her onto my bed.

"Shh, we don't want the kids running in here."

"Good thing I didn't land on the ground!"

I jumped on the bed next to her. "It's a big bed. Now, I'm still going to follow your ground rules, even in the dark, even though I want to kiss your lips more than anything."

"Thank you."

"And part of your rules were that I didn't take off your underwear. So I'm going to beg you to do that for me."

"I'm scared."

"Take your time," I said as I kissed her neck and reached down the top of her dress to play with her nipple. "Whenever you're ready."

"I thought you said I could leave in fifteen minutes."

"That was for the sake of your recovery."

"Cocky, aren't you?"

"Yes, but this time we're talking about my tongue. Try and keep up," I said as I nibbled on her earlobe.

"Fine!" she said as she dropped her panties. "But don't be offended when - ohh!"

I had already dropped down and began kissing her inner thigh, teasing her in much the same way as I had a few nights previously.

This time, however, I had a time limit and the go ahead, so every move was accelerated. Still, I wanted to make sure I didn't skip any of the foreplay. I loved to tease, and knowing this was going to be this girl's first real experience meant I was determined to show her a great time.

My hands never stopped, constantly gliding up and down her body, pulling her to me as my mouth made circular movements, growing ever closer to her glistening shaved pussy before pulling back and heading into a seemingly different direction.

This repeated four times until I felt her raise her hips in anticipation. That was the sign, so I headed back in, making it feel like just as much of a tease as before, until suddenly-

"OH!" she shouted, her hips bouncing wildly. I gripped her ass cheeks and kept her aligned with my mouth as I licked and sucked up the nectar under the dress of my little nineteen year old.

"That feels so weird!" she yelled in a whisper.

I said nothing, only continuing my ritual. I was still warming her up.

She began panting, her breaths shallow and desperate as my tongue licked and prodded, still working her lips and around her entrance before nearing her clitoris.

Her hips left the bed, whether by her control or mine. My right hand wandered, back up to her breasts where I squeezed and played.

Finally, she was ready. My tongue found it, her delicate, sensitive spot hidden between her folds. Her body instantly reacted, pushing up on me in an attempt for relief.

My left hand let go of her hip and moved in place for my finger to gently enter her to double team her with mouth and finger.

"Oh! You can't-" she protested, "-ohhhh!"

I hoped my kids were already asleep, because she was starting to make a lot of noise despite herself.

"Matt!" she said, turning my name into a moan. "I'm almost- OHHHHH!"

Her legs tightened around me, thighs covering my ears as she shuddered. Her orgasm lasted long enough where I was starting to lose my oxygen before I could pull my head back up.

I couldn't believe how quickly it ended, I doubt five minutes had passed since her underwear came off.

"Holy fuck," she whispered between breaths. "That was... everything. If you feel one tenth of that after I blow you, you're a lucky man."

I pulled out my phone, and sure enough, we still had time.

"You have six minutes to recover before nine, Darling."

I regretted the pet name the moment I said it. It was what I'd called my wife, and it felt wrong to say in the bed we'd shared together.

"Good work, Captain," she said, making up a pet name of her own. "By the way, you'd better go to the store to buy more popsicles, because we're definitely doing that again."

"I like when I'm not the only one at the party having any fun."

"Such a good host," she mumbled.

"Don't fall asleep," I said. "You still need to get home."

"You don't want me to stay the night?"

"I'd love that, but your mom wouldn't."

"What's she going to do about it? I'm an adult. Now come up here and cuddle with me!"

I got up. "Cover your eyes, I'm going to turn on the light so you don't pass out."

"Ahhh!" she whined, even with her eyes closed. I lay next to her and put my arm around her.

"You smell like pussy."

"Yeah? Kiss me and I'll let you taste it."

"Eww!"

"Fine, I guess I'll have to get my kisses elsewhere."

She raised an eyebrow at me, and I crawled back down to my previous position.

"No!" she cried. "I'm still too sensitive! I- ohhh. Well, alright."

She left ten minutes later. I insisted she take a popsicle, even though she said she wasn't hungry.

Chapter Six

Monday was fun. Tuesday was fun. The whole week was fun. Taylor had a way of keeping things fresh, like making sure she blew me in every room in the house. I made the kid's rooms the exception, but she started staying over later and later each night, especially when that meant ending up in my bed.

I sent her home every night with a smile on her face and a belly full of cum, sometimes with a little crustiness on her skin and in her hair.

I had no idea how far things would go, but I made sure to make the most of it. At some point I made the rule that what she owed me for going down on her was worth a blowjob, so typically at least one was canceled out.

There were a few days when she ended up owing me, turning into the little addict herself. She never wanted to go home, and although I suggested she tell her parents she was staying the night to watch the kids, she never actually took me up on it.

"So... I need to ask you something," Taylor said as she sat in my lap after blowing me in my office on Wednesday evening.

"Ask away."

"Is there anything else I could do to earn some extra money?"

I raised my eyebrows as she continued.

"The thing is, I want to move out to an apartment I'll share with my friend Ashlyn, but they require a downpayment. My parents said they'd help cosign, but I still need over a grand."

"And how much have you saved?" I asked.

"Almost enough, but it would wipe me out, and I don't want to move out completely broke."

"Smart."

"Yeah, everyone keeps telling me that."

"I meant smart to ask me after giving me the third BJ of the day."

"Ha! Not really though, if I wanted to take advantage, I would have done it when you were still horny, not after the post nut clarity."

"Hmm. Maybe. So what did you have in mind?"

"I don't know. Any firsts?"

"You mean like a thousand dollars to take your virginity? Done."

"I still have a boyfriend."

"The money is mostly for you to break up with him."

"No! That's getting two for one. Plus, only a thousand dollars? Girls online are selling theirs for ten grand right up to a million."

"Those guys are getting ripped off."

"They don't seem to think so."

"Sounds like you have a price in mind for yourself."

"No! It's not happening."

"Everyone has a price."

"Nope. I don't care what you say-"

"A thousand dollars and a new PlayStation."

"What? No!"

"Ten thousand and I'll take you to Venice to do the deed."

"More flattering, but no-"

"Twenty."

She paused. "Wait, really?"

"No."

"Damn it!"

"If you aren't talking about sex, you obviously have something in mind, so tell me."

She looked nervous. "I... I don't know."

"Anal?"

"No. You said you weren't into that."

"I prefer the real thing, but if you were into it..."

"Pass."

"Some girls love it."

"Yeah, girls who are paid to, like strippers and porn stars."

"You'd be surprised."

She sighed. "So there's nothing else, huh? I thought maybe there were other acts I didn't know about that you could teach me."

"I'll try anything you'd like," I said. "And I'll keep paying you for everything we do-"

"Except the titty fucks."

"But those are getting easier, aren't they?" I asked as I reached up her shirt and gave them a squeeze.

"Well, yeah," she said. "You were right, it's easier when they're bigger."

"And you're almost an F cup now."

"You think so?" she asked as she thrust her chest forward. "It's only been a few weeks."

"I do. You've really filled out."

"I know my ass has. I can't fit in my favorite jeans anymore."

"Well, instead of moving in with Ashlyn, would you like to move in here?"

She raised her eyebrows, considering it for the first time. "In your room? There's no way I'd stay loyal then."

"Is that what you'd call our current behavior?" I asked as I twisted her nipple playfully.

"Ow! Hey!" she said as she swatted my hand away. "We're not having sex, and we're not kissing."

"And you think you'd be unable to resist me if you were staying in my guestroom?"

"Maybe. But you need the guest room. Where would your family stay when they visit?"

"A hotel. Or you could come stay in my room for the night."

"If I moved in here, I might as well stay with my parents."

"Ouch!"

"You know what I mean. The point of getting my own place is to have friends over."

"Hot tub parties? We could make them a weekly tradition."

"And my boyfriend."

"I see your point. But, I have a solution."

"Let me guess, I should break up with him?"

"Smart girl."

She sighed. "You're the worst."

"Maybe. But I haven't stopped thinking about this hot tub party."

"You want me to invite my friends?"

"I mostly just want an excuse to see you wear that bikini I bought you."

"Oh, that kind of party."

"The best kind. How about we do it Friday night?"

"Probably have plans."

"What about tomorrow before the kids go to sleep?"

"Yeah? I could invite Ashlyn."

"Sounds like a party!"

The next day Taylor walked into my office earlier than usual.

"Are you busy?" she asked.

"Why, what's up?"

"If we act like we usually do around Ashlyn, she's going to know something is going on between us. So I thought I'd come over a little early so we could get things out of our systems."

"Smart," I said.

"You can even keep working, don't mind me," she said as she climbed down under my desk.

"Yeah, I don't think I could look away if you paid me," I said as she crawled between my legs and unzipped my pants. "I enjoy watching this too much."

"Suit yourself," she said with a giggle.

A few hours later the doorbell rang. Taylor was busy with the kids, so I got up to answer it.

"Hi. Mister P?"

"That's me," I said as I shook her hand formally. "Nice to meet you, Ashlyn. Welcome to my home."

She was cute. Fair skin contrasting with black hair. Big brown eyes making her appear younger. This girl was the same age as Taylor?

When we walked inside, Taylor was kneeling on the ground playing cars with the kids. Ashlyn sat awkwardly on the couch furthest away. Once again I appreciated how good Taylor was with them.

"Hey, Lyn! Are you ready for a fun evening? Matt can pour us some wine."

"What do you think of Ashlyn?" Taylor asked me an hour later in the kitchen.

"I like her. She seems like a nice girl."

"She's cute, right?"

"You aren't trying to set me up with your friend, are you?"

She put her arm around my waist. "Hell no. I like her too much for that."

"Good. Where is she, by the way?"

"In the bathroom changing into her swimsuit. I'm already wearing mine under my clothes."

"I'm aware."

"Yeah? Because I wasn't nipping out like usual?"

"That's part of it."

"What's the other part?"

"Hey, let's keep the rest of the evening professional, okay?"

She pouted. "Obviously. I don't exactly want my best friend to know I'm doing sexual favors for my boss."

I flashed her my most charming smile. "Good. Not that I'm not proud of you, obviously. But most people would look down on our... situation."

"I'm aware. By the way, what was the other reason you knew I was wearing my bikini?"

"I can see the outline under your top."

"Yeah? Well, I think you're really going to like this one."

"Is it the one I picked out for you?"

"Yep."

"That's my girl," I said as I leaned over and kissed her neck.

"Hey! None of that!"

We heard Ashlyn descending the stairs, so Taylor stepped away from me.

"Want some water for the hot tub to stay hydrated?" I asked.

"How about some more wine?"

"Not if you ladies are driving home tonight."

"Okay Dad!"

Ashlyn walked in with a smirk. "He's a pretty cool boss, Taylor."

"Yeah, he's okay. Shall we?"

The hot tub was relaxing. Taylor sat across from me, giving Ashlyn the extra space between us. The girls kept talking about people and topics I didn't know, but I managed to steer the conversation back to areas we could all participate in.

"So who is the troublemaker?" Ashlyn asked as we talked about the kids.

"Kayla for sure," Taylor said.



"Really?" I asked, surprised. "But she's my little angel."

"Are you kidding? Jackson obeys everything we say. He follows the rules, and if Kayla steps out of line he tells us before she's finished."

"True," I said with a chuckle. "Plus, Kayla is stubborn."

"Ha! That's one way to put it."

"How old are they?" Ashlyn asked.

"Jackson is six, Kayla is four," Taylor said. "They're both seriously the cutest. Speaking of, I should go check on them."

"They're fine," I said.

"Hey, you're paying me right now, right? The least I can do is check in on them on occasion."

Taylor stood up and got out. I tried to avoid watching her movements, but it felt impossible not to.

I took a drink out of my whiskey, and there was a moment of silence before Ashlyn spoke up.

“So, how long has this been going on?”

I sat up. “Say what now?”

“I asked how long you’ve been in love with your nanny.”

I chuckled. “She’s great.”

I meant to continue, to tell Ashlyn I was too old for her friend, that I appreciated her but had no bad intentions toward her. Instead, I said nothing. I was worried the words would sound emptier than the silence.

“So you don’t deny it?”

“I can’t say I’m fully immune to her charms.”

“Is that what dirty old men call boobs these days?”

I laughed. “You’re trouble, aren’t you?”

“Not as much as you’d be in if you ever hurt her.”

I raised my hands. “I have no intention of that. I just enjoy her company, and as her friend, you know how great of a girl she is.”

“Yeah, I do. Honestly, I’m amazed she’s still dating that douchebag she calls a boyfriend.”

“I’ve never met him,” I admitted, “but from what I know, yeah, she could do better.”

“Well, girls our age are dumb, right? Sometimes we have to learn our lessons the hard way, even if everyone warns us.”

“That’s part of growing up, yep.”

Ashlyn sat up on the edge of the tub and dangled her legs in. “I may be teasing you, but I’m serious about being protective over her. If you tried to take advantage of her, I’d bury you.”

I chuckled again, trying not to sound intimidated. “I’m glad she has you for a friend.”

The sliding door opened and Taylor rejoined us.

“They’re both asleep,” she said as she held up the video monitor. “Look how freaking cute they are!”

“Aww!” Ashlyn said as she took the device, allowing Taylor to climb into the tub.

In her hands were also three popsicles and she handed us each one.

"Wow, you are such a mom now," Ashlyn said. "Can I also get a juice box?"

"Sure, they're with the cookies in my purse! Hey, do you want the monitor, Matt?"

"I've seen them before."

"But they're so cuuute!"

"You guys are basically married," Ashlyn said.

Taylor began climbing back into the tub. "I know, right? Well I've worked for him for almost two years, so we basically read each other's minds at this point."

"Uh... Taylor?" I interrupted.

I wasn't sure if it was the wine or being distracted while talking, but Taylor had climbed in with her arm around me and slid comfortably right into my lap.

The girl looked from me to her friend. "Oh, shit! Sorry, this isn't my seat..."

She played it off well, acting like it had been an intentional joke as she floated back over to her side. I almost thought she got away with it, until...

"I FUCKING KNEW IT!"

"Knew what?" Taylor asked, trying to put on an innocent face.

"You two are hooking up!"

"What? Pssh. No!"

"Wow. And here I just told Matt I would hurt him if he ever took advantage of you."

"He's not! More like I'd be the one taking advantage of him."

"You just admitted it!"

Taylor looked over at me. I only shook my head.

"Nah ah," she said. "I was just messing with you, and you totally fell for it."

Ashlyn covered her face with her hand. "Girl..."

On Friday I asked Taylor several times if I'd get her for the weekend, but each time she brushed me off with comments like, "we'll see."

So when the weekend came, I was disappointed when she told me she was going to spend it going to the fair with her boyfriend. I had arranged my parents to watch the kids Saturday night, hoping to get the house to myself with Taylor. Now it felt like a waste.

On Saturday I tried to distract myself with my kids. But playing with them reminded me of Taylor, as did everything in my house now. She'd blown me in almost every room. What else was I supposed to think about?

Getting head twice daily hadn't only spoiled me, it also jump started my libido. After several years off, it felt like I was eighteen again, still ready to go after two rounds and backed up after two days of no relief.

I held off on messaging her. If she wanted to hear from me, she would reach out.

She didn't.

To distract myself, I decided to reopen the dating apps. I wasn't so lonely or desperate now, so I wasted time flirting with a few of the girls I matched with.

By the end of Saturday night I was out at a local dive bar, meeting up with Amanda. She was looking a few years older than her profile picture, but so was I.

Amanda was a busty brunette a year older than me at thirty nine. She had pretty eyes, but there was a sadness behind them.

I tried not to compare her to Taylor, but I kept doing it anyway. Amanda was more mature and knowledgeable in the world, but she all also seemed to feel like the best of her life was behind her.

All of her stories were from her glory days, which were all at least a decade ago. She was focused on her past, which contrasted with Taylor who was always talking about her future.

I tried not to let age be the defining difference. I had almost the same amount of years as this woman, who was I to hold it against her? But try as I might, I couldn't help miss Taylor's upbeat attitude.

After several drinks I got the impression she was looking to hook up, but I knew I wasn't ready. So I told her I wasn't the kind of guy who offers to take someone home after a first date, but that I had enjoyed our conversation and would like to give her a goodnight kiss, if she was open to it.

She kissed me right there on our barstools, and I knew right away it wasn't going to work between us. I've always believed you can tell a lot about a person by the way they kiss, mainly how compatible you would be in the bedroom.

Still, I considered taking her back with me anyway. They say any woman can be Scarlett Johansson with the flick of the light switch, so all I would need to get the girl of my dreams was to use my imagination.

But I could also do that alone when I got home without playing with the emotions of this nice woman and all the extra baggage that came along with it.

So I kissed her goodnight, told her it was a pleasure, and walked her outside to make sure she was safe until her Uber arrived. At this point she made it clear she would be happy to come home with me, which I graciously declined by using my kids as an excuse. They kept proving themselves more useful.

On the way home I felt even more alone. The whole experience confirmed what I already knew. It wasn't just Taylor's youth, her body or her smile. I loved everything about her, from her laugh to her voice to the way her face lit up around my kids and how much they loved her.

Being around Taylor all the time was magical, as was the fact I could reach out to grab her whenever I wanted. But not being able to kiss her was torture, and knowing I couldn't show her how great sex could be was equally painful.

I wanted to show her what it felt like, but I also wanted to show her exactly how I felt about her. Using my tongue was a hint of that, but it still wasn't the real thing. And I knew without a doubt I'd fallen for a girl half my age who was currently with her boyfriend.

It stung, because I also knew the main reason Taylor spent time with me was because I was paying her.

Monday came along, and with it, everything was fine again. Taylor came into my office and blew me while I worked. She choked with the buildup from the past three days, as I'd saved it all up for her.

She went to pick up my kids and later we made dinner together. She gave me another blowjob before she went home, even having time for cuddles.

Tuesday was similar, and Wednesday even better. We were close, I could feel it. This wasn't just me, and it wasn't only our specific situation. Sure, she was friendly with everyone. But she really liked me.

Didn't she?

For a while I had been able to think of what we had as temporary, as purchased. As a quick respite from the boredom of my lack of sex life. But lately I kept feeling like there could be more there, that perhaps she wanted it too. I tried to ignore it, but it only grew as if meant to torture me.

Going out on a date with someone else was supposed to make me feel less reliant on Taylor, more independent and in control of my life. But it only made me realize how much I craved her. How much I needed her in my life.

Currently, I felt like I was only renting her. She was mine for the evening, five days a week. Watching her with my kids made me want her even more. They adored her, and I could tell by the way she looked at them it was mutual.

Then she would look up, catch my eye, bite her lip and give me a wink. I was smitten. I couldn't think of anything I wouldn't do to make her mine.

I was also afraid of messing up our fragile ecosystem. Any adjustments could fuck the whole thing up. So I appreciated the time I had, but I still wanted so much more. I wanted all of her.

I saw a piece of this on Thursday. I had planned on asking her to come stay the night on Saturday "babysitting". But before I could I messed things up.

We were out in the hot tub where I finally got to see her other swimsuit. The kids were asleep so we weren't being too loud, but I still whistled when she stepped outside in her bikini.

I had already seen it, but here it was even more obvious. Taylor had gained about ten pounds, and it looked amazing on her. She still had the firm stomach, but her swimsuit was stretched more than when I'd bought it for her.

I couldn't keep my hands off her from the moment she stepped into the tub. I was kissing her neck, teasing her with my fingertips brushing across her body, when I kissed up her jawline to her cheeks, then down, next to her lips.

She didn't move away, and I couldn't help it. I kissed her, right on the mouth, for the very first time.

"Hey!" Taylor said as she pushed me away. "Don't you respect me?"

"Of course I do," I said. "I was just trying to turn you on."

No I wasn't. Why did I say that? It didn't make things any better.

"You can't kiss me! You know I have a boyfriend."

Who only ever sees you with a belly full of my cum, I didn't say.

"I know," I said instead. "I wasn't trying to disrespect that. I just... it's really hard not to kiss you."

She sat up and put her head in her hands. "I know. And it's good that I've never had sex before or I'd probably be a whole lot more tempted by it."

"I didn't mean to ruin the mood," I said. "I just wanted to know what your lips taste like."

"Okay. Can you promise me you won't do it again?"

"Hell no."

"You can't respect my boyfriend?"

"The reason I haven't kissed you before now is because I respect you, Taylor. But I don't have much respect for a guy who doesn't appreciate you."

"What are you talking about? You don't know anything about my relationship."

"Okay, fair. But if I was your boyfriend, I would want to spend every waking minute with you."

"Well, he does. I'm just always working."

Not much I could say to that. I was definitely not going to ask her to stay for the weekend.

"In fact," she continued, "he invited me up to a lake house with his family this weekend."

Again, I had nothing to say, except, "glad he stepped up. Now, can I finish giving his girlfriend an orgasm with my fingers?"

She glared at me. "Fine."

Friday was hard. I did my best to put on a happy face, but this weekend felt different. I couldn't help feeling like I was losing her, that our fun together was reaching a close.

I also tried not to think about it, but Saturday was my wife's birthday, and it only made her passing feel more fresh. I'd only recently reached the point where I had even considered being with another woman.

The last time I could remember having a real smile on my face besides the past few weeks was before we found out she was sick. Now, I still had a smile, but it was forced. Maybe I was doomed to brief moments of happiness, only existing to remind me how shitty life really was.

When Saturday arrived it hit hard. Playing with the kids was a decent distraction, but once again they made me think of Taylor and her absence. I took them to the children's museum where they had fun, but I wished I had my companion.

I got a fourth text from Amanda, but I still didn't respond. Once I got the kids to sleep I poured myself a scotch and watched one of my shows, trying to pay attention.

There was a feeling of foreboding hanging over me. I tried to shake it, but I couldn't help the sense I was losing her.

I ended up writing Taylor a letter. It outlined all that I hadn't put into words, everything I felt about her. It was a farewell letter, telling her she was going to be great at whatever she wanted to do, and how she deserved to be happy.

I fell asleep in my recliner, not wanting to face the loneliness of my big empty bed.

Sunday was better. I focused on the kids playing in the backyard. Life was so simple for them. They'd lost their mother, but they were survivors.

Maybe they sensed my mood, because at some point Jackson asked about his mom. I pulled out the photo album of our wedding, showing them all the happy faces of our friends and family.

They asked questions about her, and I told them a few stories, old ones they'd heard before along with a few new ones. We were going to be just fine, the three of us. We had each other.

That night I skipped the whiskey and picked up a book I'd started a few weeks before and found myself far more engaged than I had been watching TV.

My phone buzzed, and I tried my best not to look at it too eagerly. For all I knew, it was Taylor calling in to cancel for the next day.

To my surprise, there was Taylor, standing on my porch in the preview image of my doorbell app. Instead of talking through the speaker I got up and opened the front door.

"Hey," I said.

"Oh! Kind of forgot you had the camera out here."

"Would you like to come in?"

"I don't know if I should. I just came here to tell you something."

I waited awkwardly in the doorway for her to continue, but she didn't.

"How was your weekend?" I asked as I closed the door to join her on the porch.

"It was... eventful. Yours?"

"Good, I took the kids to the museum. Yesterday I set up the water spraying toy and they ran around the backyard in their swimsuits."

"Sounds like I missed out."

"I would have invited you, but I heard you had plans."

"Yeah..." she paused. "He asked me to marry him."

"Oh, shit," I said. "I guess he does appreciate you after all."

She was silent. I couldn't help myself, so I gave her a hug. She held me tight.

"I'm guessing this changes things," I said.

"Yeah."

"Well, congratulations."

She sniffled. "Thanks."

"I'll be okay," I said. "You can still nanny for me, of course. But you don't have to do any of the extra duties if you don't want to."

"You mean like cooking dinner?"

"Nope. Still need to do that."

She chuckled. "He joined the army."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. His dad was in it, so was his grandpa. They talked him into it."

I listened, even though I didn't really want to hear the details. It felt good to hug her.

"So he signed up and said he wants to marry me. Said it gets him extra benefits and bonuses and shit."

"Makes sense, I guess."

"Said he'll start in boot camp, then he'll be assigned to a base where I can live with him through basic training."

She broke the hug. "But all I kept thinking was you saying he didn't appreciate me."

I said nothing, waiting for her to continue.

"I turned down my first choice in universities to stay here with him," she said. "My mom thought I was crazy, but I wanted to make our relationship work, so I stayed local."

"Yeah?"

"Now he wants me to drop out of college to follow him to some stupid army base so he can be gone for months at a time? And for what, the Army? Not even the Air Force or the Navy, the fucking Army?"

She stepped back out of my embrace and faced me.



“You were right, sir. He didn’t appreciate me at all.”

My heart started beating faster. “So what did you want to tell me?”

She bit her lip. “This.”

Her arms wrapped around my neck and she pulled me down to face her. Her lips were sweet, her tongue delicious. This girl knew how to kiss.

Chapter Seven

"Thanks for waiting for me," she said after a minute.

"You're welcome."

"I still want to be your kid's nanny. And I still want to fool around with you. But also..." she paused. "If you want more, I might want that too."

"That's great," I said. "Because I just got offered a promotion to move to Japan, but I want to keep the kids here, so if you want to get married, we can see each other every year or two. It would be great for tax purposes."

She punched my arm. "Ass."

I picked her up and held her against my front door, kissing her deeply.

"Come inside," I said.

"I'm supposed to get home."

"I don't care."

"Okay."

I held her hand and dragged her inside, up the stairs and into my bedroom where I picked her up and tossed her on the bed.

My shirt was halfway over my head when the blankets moved and a small, confused face appeared.

"Daddy?" my daughter asked.

"Hey, angel," I said as I lowered my shirt. "Did you have a nightmare?"

"Yes. Why is Taylor here?"

I couldn't think of an answer.

"Because I missed you guys," Taylor said.

"Oh. We missed you too! Especially Daddy, he was sad."

Taylor looked at me, and I shrugged.

"From the mouth of babes," I said.

She grinned.

"Alright, Honey, do you think I could take you back to your room now?" I said to my daughter.

"No, I'm still scared. Can't I stay in here tonight?"

"Of course you can," Taylor said. "I need to get home anyway."

"Okay."

"I'll walk you out," I said.

"Goodnight, Taylor! See you tomorrow!"

"Goodnight, Kayla. Sweet dreams."

"Okay."

We exited the room, and by the time I turned off the light I could hear from Kayla's breathing she had already fallen back asleep.

"So cute," Taylor whispered once I'd closed the door behind us.

"I can't argue with you there," I said. "So... I have an idea."

"I like your ideas."

"Tomorrow night, I'll see if I can get Sandra to come babysit again. I'll get us a nice hotel room and we can spend the whole evening locked away, no kids in sight."

"Sounds wonderful," Taylor said with a grin. "But I have a better one."

"Oh?"

She looked over my shoulder. "We could lock the door and make use of the couch in your office again."

"I like your idea better."

After locking said door behind us I sat on the couch.

“Hey... do I look any bigger than I did the first time you saw me topless?” Taylor asked as she tossed her sweater to the floor.



I grinned. “You do.”

“Oh yeah? Does it help if I were to hold them up, like this?”



"It doesn't hurt."

Taylor jumped in my lap and kissed me.

"Do you have a condom?" she whispered.

My eyebrows raised. "Only in my bedroom."

She sighed. "Well... could you be careful?"

"Of course, if that's what you want."

She kissed me. "I want you to take me."

I flipped her on her back. "There's nothing I would like more."

Our clothing flew off and quickly scattered across the floor. My hands worked their magic, doing everything they knew would turn her on. Soon my lips joined them, this time kissing her mouth more often than not.

I couldn't stop kissing her as if I was making up for all the times I'd wanted to over the past year. Meanwhile, my fingers teased her mercilessly.

Once I brought her close to the edge, shaking and gasping beneath me, I asked, "Are you ready?"

"Past ready. I've been wanting this for weeks."

"I know the feeling," I said as I moved into position.



"Now take what my dumbass ex-boyfriend missed out on."

I obeyed, pressing into her gently. "You're mine."

She gasped as I entered. "I'm yours."

I kissed her. She responded hungrily, biting my lip gently as I pushed halfway into her.

"How does it feel?" I asked.

"Like heaven."

I grinned. "Good. Because I was going to say the same."

For some reason I thought about how twenty minutes ago I was sitting alone reading a book trying not to think about this beauty. Now she was locked with me as I plunged inside her without protection, kissing each other like it was the last night before being deployed.

I thrust forward, giving her all but the last couple of inches.

"Fuuuuck," she whispered.

She pulled me back in for a kiss as she wrapped her legs around me, pulling me deeper.

"You feel so fucking good," I whispered.

I fucked her there on my couch, trying my best to keep my mouth shut. It was harder than it should have been, as I must have been getting too comfortable talking shit to this poor girl when she would get down on her knees for me.

This was different, this was new. I was trying to make her feel better after her breakup, but I was also celebrating the fact she was now single. This beautiful girl was giving herself to me, and I wanted to appreciate every moment of it.



“Oh,” she said. “I forgot to negotiate what I get out of this.”

“Yeah, too late now.”

“What would you have paid me?”

“Anything you could have asked for,” I said, breathing heavily.

“Silly me.”

It turned out I didn’t have to talk shit, as she was perfectly capable of it herself.

“Are you ready to bring things up a notch?” I asked.

“Do anything you want to me.”

I sped up, my thrusts moving even deeper inside her.

“Fuck!” she yelled.



"Don't worry, Sweetheart," I said. "I'm determined to make sure you enjoy your decision to come over here tonight."

Taylor moaned. "Oh yeah?"

Several minutes passed before I felt myself growing close.

"Let's change it up," I said. "I want to show you what it's like to be on top."

Her skin stuck to the leather couch as I pulled her up and flipped her on top of me.

"You're going to control the pace," I said. "As fast or slow as you like, this is your show."

"You just want to play with my tits."

I gripped them with both hands. "You don't know me."

Taylor bit her lip as she began riding me. "I think I do, actually. And you know me better than anyone."

"And I love everything about you."

"Oh?" she said with a surprised look on her face. "You love me?"

"Of course I do," I said with a grin. "But don't worry, I'm not about to propose to you, because receiving two offers in the same weekend might make you think too highly of yourself."

She giggled. "It's after midnight, so it's officially Monday."

"Well then," I said as I paused to look her in the eyes. "Does the proposal you pictured since you were a girl involve you riding your future fiancé with his cock buried deep inside you?"

"If it was during our first time together and he couldn't stop himself from asking, I think I would understand."

"I'm not about to risk scaring you off or ruining the moment," I said. "I'm only going to tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"Taylor, I want you to be mine."

"Then make me yours."

"You mean..."

"Whatever you want."

"I want to take control."

"Then do it."

My hands dropped from her tits to her waist where I took advantage of her hourglass figure to control the pace by lifting her up and slamming her back down again.

"Oh!"

Faster. Deeper.

"Ohhh, fuck," she hissed as she put her hand on my chest to slow me down. "Hey, I don't just want to be yours."

"What do you want?"

"I also want you to be mine."

I grinned before sitting up to kiss her. "My dear, I was yours months ago."

"Then show me."

I sped up the pace, causing her eyes to roll back.

It still wasn't enough, so I held her stiff as I used my own hips to fuck her from below, jackhammering into her at full speed, trying my best to bring her to orgasm before I reached mine.

"Fuck!" I yelled, reaching the point of no return.

I grunted, a deep, guttural sound as I exploded inside of her, filling the young girl with my seed.

"You're mine!" I growled as I unleashed.

"And you're mine!" she said between deep breaths.

She was close, and I wanted to bring her with me, so I continued thrusting, trying to beat the clock before I'd lose my stiffness. To be safe, I reached down and found her clit with my thumb, managing to push her over the edge.

"Yes!" she shouted, far louder than she should have. "Holy fuck!"

At last her body collapsed onto mine and I felt her shake, both on top of me and around me. When her orgasm ended I kissed her again before rolling her to her side to lay next to me on the sticky leather.

"Sorry," she said. "I think I may have been loud at the end there."

"You're incredible," I said.

"I really like you, boss."

"You're not so bad yourself."

"Remember when you suggested we hook up to get it out of our systems?"

"Yeah."

"Did it work?"

I chuckled. "That line is used by every kind of addict, and it never works."

"Yeah? Are you addicted to me?"

"If I wasn't then, I definitely am now."

"Good. Because I think I really like sex, and I want to do it again."

"Now?"

"Later."

"You aren't too sore?"

"I may or may not have started using some toys at home."

"Oh yeah? We might have to play with them sometime."

"One day. For now, all I want is your cock."

"So you'd say your experience was satisfactory?"

"Extremely," she said before looking down between her thighs as if realizing something.

"Although I'm a bit surprised you finished inside of me."

"Didn't you tell me to?"

"Did I?"

"You were begging me to make you mine."

"Is that what that means?"

"I thought so?" I laughed. "Hell, I don't know."

"Does it feel better?"

"It feels incredible."

"Yeah, I liked it too. But next time... well, I'm not on birth control."

"Maybe we should fix that."

"Should we?"

I raised my eyebrows. "Unless you have a problem with it."

She grinned. "It's not that. It just seemed like you really liked it."

"Maybe you do know me a little."

"Oh yeah? You aren't trying to knock me up?"

I tried to laugh casually, but I knew it sounded nervous. "That's a conversation for another day. Tonight we were just living in the moment."

"Speaking of, I should head home now."

"Or stay the night and we'll go a few more rounds."

"What about Kayla?"

"I'll carry her to bed."

"Hmm... could you carry me too?"

"Normally I'd try it in order to prove my masculinity or some bullshit, but right now, my legs are jello."

"Can you at least help me up?"

Back in my room I picked up a sleeping Kayla and carried her back to her bed without waking her. I couldn't help but smile when I returned to my bed to find Taylor laying there on her side, naked.



I gave her a wolf whistle. "Looking good, girl."

"Oh yeah? You like the extra fifteen pounds I've put on for you?"

"Have you really? I was guessing it was ten."

"Ten was a few weeks ago. You're forgetting my ass," she said as she gave herself a spank that sent her ass cheeks rippling.

"I could never do that," I said as I grabbed her ass and squeezed it. "So, are you ready for round two?"



"The question is whether you're ready, old man."

"Oh, you're asking for this, aren't you?" I said as I spanked her significantly harder.

"Ow! What? You're double my age, aren't you? And it's been less than ten minutes since you came inside me. If you could get hard now you'd basically be superhuman."

I laughed. "You might be right. But you're forgetting my secret weapon."

"What's that?"

I dropped my pants. "Your tongue."

Taylor grinned. "Oh yeah? You think I could get you back up and running?"

"I know you could."

"So it's worth twenty bucks to you?"

"To get me ready to have sex with you again? Bargain of a lifetime."

"Well then..." Taylor said as she leaned forward to take me in her mouth. She licked me for a moment before pulling back. "You taste like sex."

"Do you like it?"

She raised her eyebrows, her expression thoughtful. "Actually, I think I do."

"Excellent."

To both of our credit, Taylor had me ready to go again in a couple of minutes. I climbed on top of her and soon realized I wasn't done kissing her. I'd been holding off on it for so long, it felt incredible to finally be able to show her how I felt about her. It was almost as great as the sex.

We rolled in the sheets, each position a new one for the sexy girl underneath me. And on top, and in front of me.

This time we went slow and passionate, more love making than fucking. She was able to stay relatively quiet with low moans and gasps. Once again, it didn't take too long for me to reach my release.

I forced myself to pull out and began shooting all over the girl. Her stomach got the most, but I also marked her tits and face.

"Really?" she said as she spat out some. "In my mouth?"

"I thought you liked it."

"When I'm in the mood, but it turned from slow and intimate to 'bam, I'm your cumslut!' real quick."

I lay next to her, and we grinned at each like idiots for a moment.

"So, you didn't want to cum inside again?" she asked.

"Like you said, you're not on birth control. Finishing inside you a second time probably wouldn't increase the odds much at all, but the reason I pulled out was so I wouldn't start making it a habit. At least until you were on birth control."

"Very responsible."

"Thanks, I guess, although I did just finish inside you unprotected less than an hour ago."

"So... I'm pregnant?"

I laughed. "Highly unlikely. Even if it's a fertile time of the month it's less than a twenty percent chance."

"Twenty?"

"Again, only when you're ovulating, which is about three days of the month. So there's only a ten percent chance of that, and ten percent of twenty is only two percent."

"That doesn't sound quite right."

"My wife and I were trying for over six months before we had our kids."

"So, I shouldn't get a Plan B pill?"

"Totally up to you. If you want to, I'll pay for it."

"Okay. So what would you do if..."

"You were pregnant?"

"Yeah."

"Fuck you silly."

"Hey!"

"So... are you telling me you preferred the creampie?"

"Maybe."

"Yeah, me too."

The next morning I woke up to a little face staring at me.

"Wake up, Daddy," Jackson said. "Why are you still sleeping?"

"Daddy is tired," I said.

"Why is Taylor here?"

"She was tired, so she stayed the night."

"Oh. Okay!"

Taylor rolled over, conscious of the sheet covering her. "Hey, Jackson. How's it going?"

"Good. Are you going to stay the night again?"

"I think so, yeah."

"You should come live with us. You could stay in my room!"

She chuckled. "That's very nice of you, but where would you sleep?"

"On the top bunk."

She looked at me, and I smiled. "That sounds nice."

"Hey Jackson, why don't you go downstairs and grab yourself a snack? I'll be down to make you a proper breakfast in a few minutes," I said.

"Okay!"

Once he left the room I jumped up to lock the door behind him. I also opened the blinds, both to make sure we didn't fall back asleep and to better see the beauty in my bed.

"Shit!" Taylor said, staring at her phone. "My mom is pissed I didn't come home."

"Well, she's already mad, so we'd better make the most of it, right?"

"You think you could distract me?"

I jumped on top of her, still in shock I finally had the woman of my dreams naked in my bed, asking for me to fuck her. And fuck her I would. If last night was about going gentle, today would be testing her limits. I wanted to see how far I could take things.

"I'd like to think so."

Entering her was smooth, even though she was still incredibly tight she was already wet.

"Ohhh Mister Peterson!"

Well, fuck. The harsh light of day was already making me second guess myself. Did she feel at all the same way about me, or was I only her boss, her employer, her sugar daddy?

"What?" she said. I must have let my thoughts show.

"Nothing," I said with a forced grin.

Now was not the time to entertain my insecurities. Now I would only enjoy her.

I wanted to savor the moment, but it couldn't last forever. And we would be doing it again, and again. After all, today she would be here with me. Maybe she wouldn't even leave before her shift started.

There was no reason to get ahead of myself. This was still new, and we were still getting to know each other. All I could do was show her a good time and how much her life was improved with me in it than her dumbass ex-boyfriend.

"You are fucking gorgeous," I said as I kissed her neck.

"Really? I just woke up and I look like hot garbage."

"Emphasis on the hot."

"You just like how my boobs look bigger today."

I glanced down. "Now that you mention it, they kind of do."

"You know, I'm not too far off from the goal."

"Is that so?" I asked as I watched them bounce with my thrusts.

"Yesterday I could barely fit in that bra you bought me, and today they feel even fuller, so I bet I will be overflowing the cups. And if I can't fit in a double D bra anymore, that means..."

"Are you trying to make this round the fastest one yet with your dirty talk?"

"Maybe."

"Well, it's working, because I'm not going to last much longer," I said. "Are you close?"

"Close, but not that close. Can you do what you did the first time?"

"What, finish inside you?"

Taylor giggled. "Oh yeah. Probably shouldn't do that, huh?"

"Not if we're going to be responsible adults and play things safe."

"Why, you want to play dangerously?"

"When it comes to life altering consequences, I find it best to let my head make the choices."

"Which head, though? The one with your brain in it, or the one that's inside me?"

I chuckled. "Normally, my brain. But around you, my dick seems to win a lot of arguments."

"Are you saying you think I'm sexy?"

"More than you know."

"Oh yeah? So there's more I should be asking from you?"

"Back to this, huh?"

"I'm just curious. Now that we've actually had sex, and you've taken my virginity, is there anything left you would still want?"

"I still want you."

"You'd better. But what about creampie's? Would you pay to cum inside me?"

"Umm..."

"Ha! I just felt you twitch! You like that idea, huh?"

"Maybe."

"Well, I liked it when you finished inside too. The only thing is... it's a terrible idea."

"The worst."

"God, you feel fucking huge right now! I didn't know you could get this big. Are you about to bust?"



"I'm close."

"So... how much would you pay to do it?"

"Right now? I'd give you a dozen kisses."

"I like that," she said before kissing me again, which continued until I pulled away.

"There was something else," I said.

"Something you'd want to do to me?"

"No, the reason you climaxed last night. You were on top."

"Oh! Is that a good position for it?"

"You can control the pace, which means you can bring yourself off easier. Should we try it?"

"Yes please!"

I rolled off and helped pull her up.

"Mmm," she said as she sunk herself onto me. "A girl could get used to this."

"Sounds like a threat."

"Big time. You'd better watch out."

"It's cool, I know self defense," I said as I spanked her.

"Ow! Hey!"

"That's just a warning. If you ever step out of order, there's more where that came from."

"Sounds like a threat," Taylor said. "By the way, you're still super hard."

"Have you seen yourself?"

"You like?"

"I love," I said as I leaned up to take her nipple in my mouth.

"Ohh! That's helping," she said as she bounced her hips on mine. "That's going to get me there!"

"Me too! Fuck, I'm close."

"Nooo! Just a little longer. I need it."

"I'm doing my best, babe, but you're too fucking hot. If you don't slow down for a bit..."

She switched to a slow grind. "Like this?"

"Ohhh fuck," I groaned.

"You are so fucking hard," she said with a smile. "You're right on the edge, aren't you?"

I nodded.

"So one wrong move, and you could absolutely fill me."

I nodded.

Taylor's smile turned evil. "And you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

A moment passed. Then I nodded again.

"So, how much is it worth to you?"

I groaned. "Are you really trying to negotiate with me when I'm at my most vulnerable?"

Her eyes never left mine. "It appears so."

"This is not a conversation we should be having in the heat of the moment."

"And yet, here we are. Maybe I'm still a little bitter about how you negotiated free tittysucks from me."

"Fuckkkk," I whispered. "You have me right on the edge."

"I know."

"How are you so good at this?"

"I've given you countless blowjobs, remember? I know you pretty well, sir."

"So you're just teasing me?"

"Mmm hmm."

"What is it you want?"

"I want to make you an offer."

"Oh, no."

"Here are the terms. You can cum inside me right now. We could see if it gives me another orgasm and turns me into an addict, your own personal cumslut begging you for more. How much would that be worth to you?"

"Oh, I'd say about twenty dollars."

"Fuck off! Give me a real offer."

"I told you, I'm not going to pay you for sex, because I respect you more than that."

"I'm not talking about sex, I'm talking about creampie. How much would you pay me for one? This time, right now."

"Fuck, you're really turning the screws, aren't you?" I asked.

"You don't want to?"

"You know I do. More than anything. But the fact remains... it's dangerous."

"Yeah."

"But not really, since we already did it last night, so today is basically the same either way."

"Mmm hmm."

"Actually, I just remembered something. You were on top, but I was the one in control."

"Oh yeah!"

"Want to try that again?"

"Mmm hmm."

I gripped her hips for support to control the pace, speeding up now that I was back in control.

"Hey, you did that to stop me from teasing you, didn't you?"

"You really want me to cum inside you?" I asked.

"Maybe."

"Then why not just ask me?"

"Because this is more fun. Don't you want to?"

"Absolutely."

"Alright, I'll pay you a hundred dollars to finish inside you."

"A thousand."

"Take it or leave it."

"Fine, a hundred."

"And the next time I want to finish inside you?"

"You pay me another hundred."

"And you'll tell me if you ever want to stop?"

"Of course."

"Pleasure doing business with you," I said as we shared a smile like two kids getting away with something we knew we shouldn't.

Sure enough, the intensity of the moment raised several levels, and I became aware of every bounce, every thrust, knowing how all of this would end.

"I'm almost..." I took a breath. "Beg me for it."

"Oh, please will you finish for me, sir? Inside, if you would be so kind!"

"That's my girl," I said as I sped up.

"Oh! Just like that! Exactly like that!"

I kept pounding, giving her long, deep strokes and pushing myself closer in the process.

Something held me back. I had a sudden realization this was not a moment to rush but to savor. How often did a nineteen year old girl beg me to finish inside her? To slow myself down I pictured what my friends would think if they found out if I was fucking my nanny, what my colleagues would say, what my family would do.

I pictured hosting poker night at my house and answering the door with Taylor by my side, six months pregnant, and the amount of shit I'd get for being such a cliché. But instead of it slowing me down, the image had the opposite result. It felt wrong, but in this moment, it also turned me on to no end.

"Fuuuuuck!" I tried to whisper.

"Yes! Cum inside me!" Taylor yelled, bringing me back to the moment.

I came, hard and fast, picturing this beautiful girl who was bouncing on top of me knocked up, all her curves multiplying as she went through the different stages.

Her body tightened as she felt me pumping her full.

"Ahhh!" she moaned quietly. "How does that feel so good?"

Her weight shifted as her legs gave out on her. My hands gripped her hips and kept bouncing her. I pumped harder, faster, doing all I could to make her orgasm as good as mine, forcing myself to continue despite my body barely responding to my commands.

"Yessss!" she cried, her eyes shut in ecstasy as her orgasm hit.

I tried to continue but my arms gave out and she collapsed on top of me, her body twitching as she rode it out.

Her breathing was ragged as I rolled her onto her side, leaving an arm around her and groping her sweaty breast as it shook from her breathing.

“Holy shitballs,” she said as she opened her eyes and looked at me. “We just... at the same time?”

“Not bad,” I said with a grin.

“Why does it feel so good for you to cum inside me? The moment I felt it I started to orgasm.”

“I’m sure there are a few reasons, and they all go back to basic human biology.”

“Really? Somehow I thought it was because of all the money.”

I chuckled, trying to sound genuine. “That too.”

“Okay! I need to get going! I need to shower and change.”

“You might want to shower here,” I said. “You look pretty freshly fucked.”

“It’s okay, no one will be at my house this time of day, but I need a change of clothes.”

“You’ll be here at the usual time?”

She kissed me. “Yep!”

“Want something for breakfast?”

“Maybe a frozen waffle?”

“You got it.”

I got dressed and headed downstairs where I made waffles for the kids and Taylor. When she appeared the kids got excited to see her even though it hadn’t been long.

“Tay Tay!” Kayla shouted.

“Are you going to take us to school?” Jackson asked.

Taylor looked at me.

“If you can drop them off on your way it would help me out,” I said.

“Sure. Are you ready?”

“Okay! Let me grab my backpack!” Jackson said as he got up to put it on.

“I’ll see you later,” Taylor said as she leaned forward, almost kissing me before remembering who was watching us and giving me a quick hug instead.

“Did you have fun spending the night?” Kayla asked.

Taylor looked at me. “I did, yeah.”

“You should do it again! We could have a sleepover!”

“That sounds good,” Taylor said with a smile.

Jackson returned, and my hot nanny left to take my kids to school, filled with a fresh load dripping down the inside of her pants.

To be continued