

The Simons family mansion is, in a word, *huge*. No, perhaps *massive* would be better. *Wealthy? Opulent?* With a click of your secateurs, you idly consider the best description for the property you help maintain. As the new private gardener for the Simons family, it's your job to maintain their extravagant garden. Some people would see the job as a huge sink of time and effort, but for the last two months, it's been a *privilege*.

All around you, you can hear the familiar hum of nature. Birds are chirping, insects are buzzing and the wind is rushing through the leaves of the huge garden around you. This is exactly where you belong in life. Some people worry about what they want to do with their lives, but not you. You're a gardener, and you have been long before you were earning money as one. Even as a child, you took a keen interest in nature, especially plants.

And nature has been kind to you in turn. Gardening is a physically demanding job, and pots and bags of fertilizer don't lift themselves. You'd hate to toot your own horn, but you've cultivated a pretty impressive body. Each and every muscle inside you is strong, and no matter what size shirt you buy, they always seem to feel tight.

While for some reason people seem rather drawn to you, especially women, you've never been much of a social butterfly. You never did well in school either, even though you had a lot of friends, even among the teachers. Honestly, sometimes you wonder if you might be a little... well, *dumb*. But you're probably just overthinking things. In any case, gardening doesn't demand much other than passion and effort, both of which you can give in spades. Literally!

So, it was only natural that you'd become a gardener when you grew up. As soon as you turned eighteen, you were hired by a pretty large gardening corporation as one of their gardeners. And as it turned out, passion tended to translate into effort, and effort tended to translate into skill. After only working for a gardening company for a few years, you'd been approached by the Simons family and offered a job as their mansion's private gardener. You'd hate to say you were *poached*, but the amount you were offered was substantially higher than your old job. And for someone who grew up poor, it was hard to resist the allure of a higher paycheck for an easier job. And then there was the allure of being in charge of a vast garden of plants. They wouldn't be *yours*, but still, it was hard to resist. So, you didn't.

The garden in the Simons family's manor... The family seems to think of it as a normal house, but you can't think of such a large home as anything other than a mansion. Anyway, the garden is *massive*. Set between the house and the distant street, the vast garden covers almost an acre of lush land, cut in half by a wide driveway that leads up to the mansion itself. As daunting as that might sound, your job is made much easier by the fact that the mansion was built only about ten years ago, and enjoys a host of lavish modern conveniences, such as an automated system that waters the plants for you. The rest of the mansion's ground is a vast plain of perfectly maintained grass and even a small forest of trees. Those are maintained by a private landscaping company though, so you can focus on making the garden a work of art.

The garden has clearly been installed for the mansion's residents to stroll around in at their leisure, though in reality, you've come to learn that only Mrs. Simons actually properly lives here. Her husband is far too busy with his job as a CEO of a global corporation to spend much time at home.

You know this because, over the last two months, Mrs. Simons has made herself quite well-acquainted with you. She was the one who spoke to you on the phone, to give you the job offer. She had been the one to show you around the garden on your first day, and ever since then, she'd made a point of speaking to you each day you'd been scheduled to come in. Truthfully, you suspect that the wife of the Simons family might be a little lonely. And, now that you thought about it, it was probably about the usual time for the older woman to come out and greet you today.

Though, it would be uncharitable to describe Mrs. Simons as simply an 'older woman'. She's *beautiful*. Not simply pretty or sexy, but downright gorgeous. She looks to be in her late thirties or early forties, yes, it was true. From your perspective, as a fresh twenty-two year old man, she might be old, but simply calling her an *older woman* would be so incorrect, it almost felt like an insult. Pale skin, full lips and just a light scattering of freckles along her cheeks. Mrs. Simons must be a model or a celebrity or *something*, there's just no way a woman who lives in a house like this and looks like *that* could be a normal woman. Not for the first time, you think that *Mister* Simons must be quite an exceptional man to have married someone as gorgeous as his wife.

"Alex!" Mrs. Simon's melodic voice snaps you out of your reverie. "Are you working out here today?" You can hear the older woman walking nearby.

You gulp nervously and step back from the rose bushes, lowering your secateurs. "Yes, Mrs. Simons." You call out, and hear the older woman turn toward you. "Working on the roses today, Ma'am."

The lady of the house is tall, even taller than you, and that's saying something. You're rather well built for a young man your age, but Mrs. Simons still manages to eke out an inch or two of height. And not only that. She's... Well... not to be crude, but she's quite voluptuous. You're really not a crude person by nature, but gosh it's hard not to stare sometimes. No matter what she wears, the older woman's incredible body would still show off her magnificent curves. And today is no exception. As she comes into view, you can see her outfit... Oh, *wow*...

She's wearing what looks like a silken dressing gown, with artificial white fur lining the top, and the neckline plunges down just far enough to give a hint of a black bra underneath. The robe is loose and leaves the area around her neck quite visible, and see two black bra straps over her tanned shoulders. The soft shape of the robe leaves a lot to the imagination, but the way it curves around her chest gives your mind a lot to work with. The whole thing seems to shimmer like silk, and you're sure it's worth more than what you're going to make in this entire week. As incredible as her outfit is, you remind yourself that you're in *her* home, and such a stunning outfit must be normal for her.

“Oh, lovely!” Mrs. Simons steps into view and gives you a bright smile. Even for something as basic as talking to her gardener, the older woman has taken care to do her hair, a sleek black ponytail reaching down to her shoulders. She’s even done her makeup! Mrs. Simons must be quite a kind person to go to such effort for a normal gardener like yourself. “I’m so happy whenever you come, Alex. You’re so talented! Just look how beautiful those roses look!”

Mrs. Simons is usually quick to praise, you’ve discovered. “Oh, I, er... I’ve only just started, Ma’am.” You wave your secateurs vaguely at the rose bush in front of you.

“R-right! So it’s going to look *even better* than it does right now? Alex, you just can’t stop impressing me, can you?” Mrs. Simons sighs happily as she looks you up and down. “Honestly, I can’t thank you enough for all your lovely work. You’ve only been coming by for a few months, and I’ve never seen the garden so beautiful!”

“O-oh, just doing my job, Ma’am!” You feel your cheeks warm at her praise. “Besides, it’s your garden. I’m just helping you maintain it...”

The older woman reaches out and places a soft hand on your shoulder. “Oh, don’t be so *modest*, Alex!” Her touch is... firm yet soothing. You feel your muscles shiver slightly as her skin connects with yours. “You’re a wonderfully talented young man! You’re handsome, so a little bit of pride would be wonderful...” You feel her squeeze your shoulder again. “Oh my, you *have* been working hard. I’ve never felt such lovely muscles before...”

You know a refined woman like Mrs. Simons surely doesn’t mean anything rude by it, but her touch is shamefully giving you indecent thoughts about how wonderful her touch would be in *other* parts of your body. “A-actually, this garden is probably the best I’ve ever seen!” Not just in sheer size and wealth, but the plants that grow here are just *magnificent*. “I don’t know what your previous gardeners were like, but I’ve never seen plants so vibrant and full of life!” Even the roses in front of you are magnificent, a stunning hue of red and bigger than any rose flower you’ve ever seen before. They could win world-class competitions, you’re certain.

“Oh...” Mrs. Simons turns to look at the roses, a cheeky smile dancing across her sharp cheeks. “I think that might be due to me...” You turn and give her a curious look, and the older woman smiles at you, a strange amusement in her green eyes. “I use... well, let’s just say it’s a *secret* fertilizer, shall we?”

You blink for a moment. “What’s the fertilizer?” You ask without thinking.

“It’s a secret, silly!” The older woman playfully slaps you in the shoulder. “Didn’t I just say that?”

Oh, that’s right! “Oh yeah, It wouldn’t be a secret if you told me, would it?” You chuckle, feeling a little embarrassed. Mrs. Simons laughs along with you, and then gives you an enigmatic look. “I-is something wrong?” You ask after a moment.

“No, nothing wrong.” Mrs. Simons smiles at you. It almost looks like a smirk, but you’re sure that the older woman would never do something so crude. She looks you up and down for a moment, her green eyes lingering on your chest for some reason. “Just thinking about how wonderful it is that God never gives with both hands.”

You have no idea what that means, so you just laugh nervously. It’s your usual response in the event in which you have no idea what someone smarter than you is talking about. Which is pretty common, really. A moment later, Mrs. Simons laughs along with you.

You like Mrs. Simons. She’s an elegant woman, kind and friendly. Not to mention, one of the most attractive women you’re ever likely to meet, if not *the* most. Mrs. Simons doesn’t have the simple sexuality of girls your age, who like to throw their bodies into the sexual melee with cheap abandon. She’s refined and calm, her face a tranquil pool of beauty.

Quickly, you shake away your idle thoughts, glad that Mrs. Simons isn’t a mind reader. She seems to like you, and surely your rude thoughts would make her think less of you.

Mrs. Simons looks you up and down again, licking her lips slowly. You wonder if she’s thirsty, perhaps. “Yes... I’m sure you’re *quite* talented at tending to bushes, especially considering those lovely strong hands of yours.” You look down at your hands, and blush. It’s not the first time a woman’s complimented you on them. The older woman sighs theatrically. “Yes, there’s quite a few bushes around here in need of tending by talented hands, Alex. Don’t you think?”

Well, the garden *is* massive. “Yes, the hedgerows are in need of trimming.” You say, gesturing over to the beautiful green rows in the distance. “Once I’m done here, I’m going to get started there...”

The older woman raises an eyebrow at you, looking oddly amused about something you must have missed. “Well, of course!” She seems to think for a moment, and then her beautiful face lights up as if she’s had an idea. “Can I take a look at the roses, Alex? I’d like to get a closer look at them...”

Obediently, you stand aside, gesturing for her to feel free. It’s *her* home, after all. She can do whatever she wants, and you have no idea why she’d even feel the need to ask your permission. “Um... the smell from the fertilizer is quite strong...” You do feel the need to warn her of that. You’re used to such smells in a garden, but whatever it is, the fertilizer is *quite* potent.

“Oh, I’m very much used to the scent of my own fertilizer, Alex.” Mrs. Simons seems to find that quite amusing for some reason as she steps forward. “Actually, I rather enjoy it in my nostrils.” Indeed, you can see the older woman’s exquisite nose flare gently as she inhales. Then, Mrs. Simons leans down into the rose bush, inspecting one of the vibrant red flowers with great interest. “I do so love these roses. I think I’ll call this latest crop... Damiens.”

Mrs. Simons has leant over quite far to look at the roses. You can't resist the pull to look down at her hips as she bends. Her silk robe is loose, but now that she's leaning over, you can quite clearly see that her behind is just as, if not *more*, voluptuous as her chest. Goodness, she might have the roundest and biggest bottom that you've ever seen on a woman. And quite firm too, judging by the painfully alluring way that her robe seems to drape over her behind. You can actually see the outline of her underwear against her lower body and even the bra straps...

No! You shouldn't be looking at the older woman in such a lewd way! Mrs. Simons was surely unaware of how revealing her stance was, and you're ashamed of yourself for even thinking of such a thing. In fact, the only reason she was even doing so in the first place was probably because she trusted you enough not to even think about it in the first place! Thoroughly ashamed of yourself, you look back at the older woman, trying to clear your mind of such thoughts. "W-why the name 'Damien's'?" You ask, hating the tremor in your voice.

Mrs. Simons looks back at you, an enigmatic amusement in her green eyes. "Damien was the gardener before you, the one who cultivated these roses. He was a very handsome boy indeed, though you put even *his* looks to shame, Alex." Gosh, her compliments seem to come out like an assassin's blade each time, unexpectedly and sharply cutting at your calmness, and leaving a trail of red blood in your cheeks. "I like to think that he and all the other gardeners I've enjoyed over the years are still here in spirit, nourishing the plants... inside the *soil*..." The older woman chuckles to herself softly.

What a lovely sentiment. You like to think you leave a piece of yourself in every garden you tend to. "I'm sure he's a wonderful guy, Damien." You say, wondering what he was like. Probably someone you could have been good friends with, you like to think. "I hope I get to meet him someday."

"Oh, you've already met him, Alex. In a fashion." Mrs. Simons shifts her feet, and you blush as her ass tilts to the left in front of you. "And I'm certain you'll get to meet him directly soon enough. I'm sure the two of you will... *mix together* quite wonderfully." That's a pleasant thought. You'd have plenty to talk about with another gardener. "Goodness, how lovely these... *Damien*s are!" Mrs. Simons coos, rubbing her thumb against the red bulb of one of the roses. "They're just so big and juicy, don't you think?" Her stunning behind almost seems to dance as she leans in, and you have to look away before you start having indecent thoughts about the older woman. "Don't you just want to reach out and feel them in your hands?"

"Yeah, I do love the feel of roses..." You say awkwardly, not sure if it's ruder to look at or look away from the older woman's ass. On one hand, it's shameful to stare when she's surely unaware of the display she's making. On the other hand, looking away felt like you were treating it as a lewd sight, which you're *sure* isn't what Mrs. Simons is trying to do. Not a woman as friendly and elegant as she is!

Finally, to your eternal relief, Mrs. Simons finally leans back. Her pale cheeks are flushed, and she looks remarkably satisfied. The roses must have given her a great amount of enjoyment, from the looks of it. As she pulls back, the older woman wraps her long fingers around the rose she was admiring, and with surprising ease, she plucks the red flower out of the bush. “Oh, I quite enjoyed that, Alex. Thank you.” She raises the rose to her nose and takes a gentle whiff of the flower.

“W-well, no problem...” You’re not sure what she thinks you did for her, considering you’ve barely even begun to trim that particular rose bush. “Please watch out for thorns, Mrs. Simons.” You say, noticing the sharp barbs on the stem of the flower on her hand.

Mrs. Simons looks down at the stem and chuckles, playfully running her thumb along the sharp thorns. “Oh, don’t make the mistake of confusing elegance for delicacy, Alex.” To your surprise, the older woman presses her thumb into one of the barbs and you see her shiver in pain. “Ooh... A little bit of hurt can be a good thing, you know? I like a bit of roughness.”

Really? You’d always thought of rich women as being delicate as a matter of course. The idea that Mrs. Simons, the great beauty, might enjoy the rougher things in life had never crossed your mind. But it *was* quite fascinating. “No offense, but it’s surprising to hear that.” You say with a little laughter. “You’re a bit of a tomboy?”

“Well, I’m no athlete, of course. I don’t have a... strapping body, unlike some people...” Her eyes rake you up and down for a moment, seeming to drink in the sight. “But I enjoy a good run, and my body needs quite a bit of maintenance. Besides, if you’re engaging in... *strenuous physical activity* with people, which I *often* do, you need to stay active.” She snorts in amusement, and you see the rose petals beneath her nose flutter for a moment. “Especially when my... *activity* partners are often younger than me.”

So, she played sports? You’re worried that you might be overstepping the line by asking such a personal question, but... “What kind of sports do you play?”

Mrs. Simons’s eyes widen, and then she begins to chuckle softly. “Well... do you know polo?” The rich-people sport where people rode on a horse and hit a ball? You’ve heard of it, but never seen it in person. You nod at the older woman, and her smile widens even further. “My... *sport* is a lot like that. There’s a lot of riding, and I’m often holding something in both hands... There’s balls involved, usually two, but sometimes four or six, or even up to ten!” She seemed to be enjoying this, you’re glad to see. It must be fun to be so passionate about sports. “It can get rather sweaty too. It can even get *quite* messy at the end, but getting messy is the best part.”

What a fascinating sport. You can’t imagine what she’s referring to, but it’s probably some rich-people sport you’ve never heard of. “Do you usually play with other women?” You ask, more than a little curious.

Mrs. Simons raises an eyebrow at you for some reason. “What a funny question! Yes, every now and then, I suppose. When I’m in the right mood. But I much prefer men in that regard. Oh, I must have played with *hundreds* of men over the years.” The older woman stares down at the rose in her hands and sighs happily. “I *absolutely* cannot get enough of it, Alex. It’s so much fun every time.” Then, she looks up at you, and you can see quite a lot of humor in her eyes. “I’d love to show you...”

Well, it *sounded* intriguing as heck, but you’re not exactly wealthy. “Oh, I’m sure I would, but I don’t have much money to try out a new sport...” You say, giving her a smile and scratching the back of your head awkwardly.

“Oh, I’m more than certain you’ve played some form of it before, Alex.” The older woman looks you up and down, licking her lips. Perhaps she needs a glass of water. “I can’t imagine the young women you’ve met *not* playing something like it with you. I know my daughters indulge in it almost as much as I do...” She chuckles to herself for a moment, and then smiles at you again. “And the best part of it is the meal afterward.”

Oh? Food never fails to get your interest. Especially rich-people food. Mrs. Simons must play whatever this sport was at a country-club or something. “What kind of food do you eat after-”

“*Meat.*” Mrs. Simons has a strange look in her eyes as she answers before you can even finish the question. “After all that fun, it’s *beyond* a pleasure to swallow down the most marbled fat and the most delicious muscle you could ever imagine. Beautiful skin to taste on my tongue. Pounds and pounds of meat, sliding down my throat...” The memory of the food *must* be amazing, considering that the older woman is practically salivating as she looks at you. “A meal that takes *decades* of blood, sweat and tears to refine. And then I swallow it down, all that time and effort, in *one single meal.*”

Gosh. It must be one hell of a meal. You can almost feel your tummy rumbling from Mrs. Simon’s description, even though you’re still full from breakfast. “Wow, that sounds incredible.” The older woman nods eagerly. “I don’t think I could afford a meal like that on a gardener’s wages.”

Mrs. Simons smiles, and you see a lot of immaculately white teeth. “Oh... I’d say a gardener’s wages is about how much I usually pay for the best meat.” Something about her smile is strangely savage. But then, she shakes her head. “Of course, you can’t just *grab* such a meal, Alex, you need to craft the *perfect* moment to enjoy it in. I’m a... *patient* woman, you see. With as much life experience as I have, one learns to enjoy the journey as much as the destination.” She chuckles softly to herself. “Or perhaps the *hunt* as much as the... *end*, in certain cases...”

“Y-yes, you have a lot more life experience than me, so I’ll take your word for it!” You say, the stupid words leaving your tongue before you can stop them. You reflexively cover your mouth, blushing deeply in shame. “I mean...! I don’t mean you’re *old*, I mean...” Shutting your mouth right now seems like a good idea. “S-sorry, that didn’t come out right at all...”

But to your surprise, Mrs. Simons doesn't seem even remotely offended by your careless words. "Oh, *Alex*, were you scared I'd be angry about being reminded of my age?" The older woman winks at you, running the rose in her hands down the length of her silk robe. "I'm forty-one, *Alex*. I'm a forty-one year old woman, and I'm damn proud of it. I'm looking forward to my forty-second birthday, as a matter of fact." She chuckles softly. "Women... age like wine, *Alex*. We're wonderfully rough and playful in our youth, but when we become *older*, we become refined... polished... *powerful*."

Something about her tone of voice makes your heart shiver. Mrs. Simons has no anger or rage in her tone. Instead, there's a sense of rightful confidence and elegance. No, she isn't simply confident... She's speaking with absolute conviction.

And then, Mrs. Simons chuckles again. "Oh, speaking of... I think I'll go inside and have a glass of wine. I'm certainly in the mood for one. And I think little Damien here needs some refreshment too." She sniffs the rose in her hands again and winks playfully at you. "Don't work too hard!"

"I'll do my best not to!" You respond jokingly, and then give her a polite nod. "But I really will do my best, Mrs. Simons!"

"Well... make sure you take regular breaks! A young man like you shouldn't tire yourself out too much, *Alex*. You never know what you might need energy for!" She gives you one last look up and down, and you see her eyes smoldering. "...Thanks for the conversation, *Alex*. I enjoyed it *immensely*."

Perhaps you were right about her feeling lonely. Having someone to talk to was important, after all, even if it was just her gardener. But you're hardly complaining about getting to talk to her! "N-no problem!" You should be thanking her, really. "You're so easy to talk to, I should be thanking *you*!"

"Well, you're *immensely* welcome. I'll be looking forward to our next one." Mrs. Simons licks her lips as she walks away from you, and gives you a friendly wave goodbye. "See you soon, *Alex*!" As she's about to disappear from sight, the older woman pushes and gives you a warm smile. "By the way, it'll only be you and me here all day, so don't worry about dress codes. If it gets too sweaty, feel free to take off your shirt..."

Before you can answer, Mrs. Simons chuckles and vanishes from sight, and you hear her walking back to the mansion. After a moment, you place your hand on your chest, feeling your heart beating at a mile a minute. The older woman has that effect on you, it would seem.

Then, you sigh and get back to work, hoping to stave off all those indecent thoughts...

A few hours later, you finally finish trimming the rose bushes. They look utterly beautiful now, an artwork of green with splashes of vibrant red. You've never seen roses so beautifully blood red. You're not entirely satisfied that your skills have done them the justice they deserve, but you know from experience that you could never find yourself satisfied. But a gardener's work was never done, so you have to accept a general proximity to perfection and move on.

The sun is beating down on you as you retrieve the hedge trimmer from your truck, and carry it over to the sides of the driveway, where the long hedges form an impressive display of green along either side. You love the look of a nicely trimmed hedge, especially one that leads up to a stunning mansion like this. Your hedge trimmer was expensive to buy, but it makes this job so much easier. You take a deep breath and tug at the collar of your tight shirt, realizing how sticky you are from sweat. Before you begin, you reach down and pick up your water bottle. It's a cheap plastic thing you bought in a supermarket, and the water inside is more than lukewarm at this point. Still, it's better than nothing.

You put down your drink and pick up the automatic trimmer in both hands. The device is heavy, but not nearly as heavy as the weights you're used to in the gym. Turning it on with the familiar mechanical buzz, you turn back to your task. Clipping the hedgerows into a cubic shape is a long, but surprisingly pleasant piece of work. For the Simons mansion, the first thing any visitors will notice are the hopefully immaculately manicured hedges on either side of the long driveway. As you sweep the automatic trimmer over the hedge, any errant branches are clipped away, leaving a seemingly flat and uniform wall of green. There... perfect.

"Alex!" You hear a voice on the edge of your hearing, over the buzz of the device in your hands. You turn and are more than a little surprised to see Mrs. Simons standing a short distance away from you, holding a parasol to protect herself from the sun. The older woman smiles and waves for you to stop. Obediently, you thumb off the hedge trimmer and let the sound of the engine die away. When relative silence returns, Mrs. Simons moves toward you. "Alex! Are you *still* working out here?" The older woman tilts her parasol and looks up at the sun with a grimace, and then just as quickly shields herself again. "It's *far* too hot to be working right now, surely?" She's still wearing the same outfit as before, the silk robe with a furred collar.

Oh, you're used to working in situations like these. Gardening is rarely an indoor job, after all. "It's okay. I'm used to working in heat like this, Ma'am!" Granted, it *is* almost the middle of summer, but you've withstood worse heat for the sake of your job. "A little bit of sun is good for you."

"And a *lot* of sun isn't." Mrs. Simons is already beginning to sweat, you can see. The older woman dabs her cheek with the collar of her silk robe. Thin as it was, you can imagine how painfully hot such an outfit must be in this heat. "I've been watching you for a while, and you need to take a break. A long one, too. And you need a drink."

A break? But you only just started on the hedges. You smile and gesture to your water bottle on the ground with the trimmer's blade. "I already have a drink, but thank you for thinking of"

"What, that little thing?" Mrs. Simons rolls her eyes. "I bet the water in that thing's practically boiling in this heat. No, you need some nice ice water." She turns slightly and gestures for you to follow her. "Come! I'm not having someone on my payroll risking their health right in front of me. You need to get out of the sun. Please come inside the house with me, Alex."

"O-oh, thank you!" You nod gratefully at the older woman, thinking how generous she is. Usually, you're only allowed in a client's house when you need something important. You'd love to accept her offer, but you couldn't possibly impose on Mrs. Simons's lovely home like that. It would just be rude. "B-but I should be done shortly, so I probably won't need to"

Mrs. Simons folds her arm under her breasts, which has the side-effect of making the shape of her chest much more visible through the thin silk of her robe. "I *insist* you come inside the house at once, Alex! It's *far* too hot to be working under the boiling sun right now!" The older woman looks down at her breasts, and seems to realize that her chest is now much more visible. But you must have been mistaken, as she then presses her arm even harder into her stomach, making her breasts even more visible. The older woman must not realize how erotic she's accidentally being. She's clearly rather *oblivious*, and you wonder if you should let her know or not. Perhaps not. After a moment, Mrs. Simons points at the parasol in her hand. "What if you get some kind of skin cancer? Did you think about that? These UV rays aren't a joking matter, Alex. You might be young and strong, but you need to look after your health!"

That's... a good point actually. You can feel the bite in the sun's rays, now that she mentions it. "I, er..." You're terribly nervous about the idea of going inside such an expensive mansion, but you can't think of a response to that. Finally, you concede. "W-well, if you're okay with me coming inside..."

A wide smile splits Mrs. Simons' beautiful face. "Oh, Alex. You wouldn't believe how okay with that I would be."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Simons pushes open the front door to the mansion. The door is a massive barrier of red wood, but at her touch, it seems to swing open as if it were made of air. The older woman moves to the side and gestures for you to enter. "Make yourself at home, Alex." As you hesitantly step into her home, feeling a wave of cooler air, you feel her hand push your shoulder gently. A moment later, she closes and locks the door behind you.

The Simons family manor is... well, *big* would be underwhelming. You've never been in a house so large that it had a staircase, but now you're standing in one that has *two* massive spiral staircases leading to the upper floor. The entrance... gosh, the *foyer* of the manor is a shockingly large two-story room, and you can feel the sensation of space all around you. Somehow the walls feel distant, and it's dizzying to think of how *expensive* all this space must

be. Vibrant art and ornaments line the walls, almost making the manor look like a museum. You don't want to even *imagine* how much that Chinese-looking vase is worth...

Mrs. Simons doesn't seem to notice, or even care, how stunning her home is. As you stare, gobsmacked, she lightly pats you on the shoulder and closes her parasol, depositing it into a small silver stand near the door. "Come, the entertaining room is this way." She brusquely moves past you, and you have no choice but to follow.

As you enter the next room, it strikes you that the older woman said *entertaining* room, not *entertainment* room. Indeed, instead of a home cinema, the room she leads you into is wide and spacious, with a comfy looking white couch in the middle. The idea that she has an entire room just to entertain guests is something you have a hard time wrapping your head around. "Now, about that drink..." As Mrs. Simons leads the way, she turns and walks over to what looks like an entire bar built into the corner of the room. Pulling out a small glass from the fridge, she places it into the compartment in the door and you hear it crushing ice. Goodness, what a luxury!

To your surprise, this room is surprisingly warm. You'd noticed that the mansion was cooler than the sweltering heat outside, but now that you're getting used to the temperature, you can still feel that it's far less cool than you'd been expecting.

"What are you standing around for?" Mrs. Simons asks with a chuckle, as she brings you over the glass of water. Ice cubes bob on the surface of the expensive-looking glass, and you can already see condensation forming on the outside. Your mouth is already watering as you gingerly take it from her offered hand. "Come, sit down on the couch, Alex. I *did* say to make yourself at home."

You blush slightly, sensing the moistness in your clothes. "W-well, I'm sorry, but I'm still a little sweaty." That couch looks expensive, *quite* expensive. "I'd hate to make your lovely home dirty..."

The older woman waves a hand dismissively. "It's *my* home, Alex. I'll be the judge of whether or not you'll ruin it. Now, *sit!*" Well, you can't really argue with that, can you?

With the cold glass of water in your hand, you sit down on one end of the long couch, perching nervously so that only your butt is touching the rich leather. As Mrs. Simons returns to the fridge and pulls out a wine glass, you tentatively take a sip of the ice water. Oh *gosh*, it's heavenly. You don't know if it's some rich-person technique, but this is the best water you've ever drunk. The water tastes so clear and pure, almost freezing on your tongue. You savor the taste, knowing it might be the only time in your working-class life that you might get to enjoy such a drink.

Carrying her wine glass with long-practiced ease, Mrs. Simons places a half-empty bottle of red wine on the glass coffee table in front of the couch, and then turns to give you an amused look. "You look so nervous, Alex!" She giggles softly, and you blush in embarrassment. "I told you, it's

just me and you here all day. And I don't care if you make yourself comfortable. Relax, take a load off." She winks at you playfully. "Heck, kick off your shoes and put your feet up if you want. Drink a few beers. Maybe even take your shirt off. When I say 'make yourself at home', I *mean* it."

"O-okay!" You try to smile politely at the older woman and push yourself back on the couch, so that you're resting comfortably. "I'll, um... try to relax." It's very kind of her to say so, but you could never imagine doing something so crass as putting your feet up in someone else's home, let alone a house like *this*. You almost feel like you're in the wrong universe altogether.

Mrs. Simons eyes you with a glint of amusement. "Good. Good." She smiles at you and then turns back to her wine. Uncorking the bottle with ease, she begins to pour herself a large glass of wine. "How is the water? Refreshing?"

"Delicious!" You say eagerly, and then gulp down another sip of the ice cold liquid. "I've never had water so... um, pure!" Is that embarrassing to say? That you usually drink tap water? Maybe? You don't know. Holy hell, you're super nervous. "Um..." On the topic of temperature, you can see that the entertaining room has an air conditioner, so you're curious... "Why... well, can I ask why...?" The older woman raises an eyebrow at you. Oh, heck, how can you ask this without sounding like you're making a demand? "Um... the air con... I'm surprised you haven't been using it!" You try, awkwardly.

Mrs. Simons looks up at the air conditioner and sighs theatrically. "Oh... it's *far* too expensive to run the air conditioning all the time. So I usually just... deal with the heat in other ways." You nod slowly. Makes sense, air-conditioning isn't cheap. "Oh, I'm almost out!" The older woman looks down at the nearly empty bottle of wine in her hand. "Whatever, we've got those dozen bottles of Penfolds 2014 in the wine cellar, I think. I'll get one of the cleaners to bring them up when they come by tomorrow." She puts down the bottle and picks up her wine glass, swilling it elegantly. Wow, the beautiful glass in her hand seems to complete her perfectly. The older woman heaves a theatrical sigh. "Goodness, it *is* hot today, isn't it? I'm glad I got you out of that nasty heat!"

"T-thank you." Yes, today is quite bad. The south and west walls of the entertaining room are composed of tall glass windows, affording an excellent view over the garden. Mrs. Simons must have had an excellent view of your working all morning, you realize. Instantly, you feel a little bit more respect for the older woman. She could have just ignored you and stayed in here by herself, but out of the goodness of her heart, she decided to take pity on her gardener and bring you inside with her. She must be a truly empathetic soul. "Yes, it looks quite bad out there now." You can see a heat haze through the windows, as well as the almost blinding refraction of light off the white cobblestones in the garden.

Mrs. Simons seems a little distracted, however. "Yes, *quite* hot indeed." She frowns, gently tugging at the furred collar of her silk robe. "I usually deal with it by, well... wearing *less*, let's

say.” She rubs her chin for a moment and gives you a long look, as if she’s trying to think. “Alex, you wouldn’t mind terribly if I took my robe off, would you?”

“Your... robe?” You blink for a moment, trying to process what she just asked. Her robe? The silk one she’s wearing? What did she mean, *take it off*? You know what those words mean, but surely she can’t mean...?

“It’s what I usually do when I’m alone, you see!” The older woman adds quickly. “And I don’t think there’s anything wrong with it, surely?” She laughs to herself, and you’d almost think it sounded a little forced if you didn’t know better. “Well, I don’t think of myself as a prude, and I trust you, Alex. So, I think I *will* take it off, and we’ll just treat it as normal, okay?”

Oh! She must have put on some other clothes between then and now. She’d clearly been wearing only underwear under her robe when she’d spoken to you earlier, but... Yes, that made more sense! “O-of course!” You smile and nod at her, mentally smacking your forehead for being dumb as always. Mrs. Simons smiles back at you, a mix of relief and excitement on her face. “It’s your home, after all! Don’t worry about me! Do whatever makes you comfortable!”

“Sure!” Mrs. Simons gulps and licks her lips. “I mean, yes, what a lovely thing to say, Alex. Yes, I *will* make myself comfortable.” She reaches for the silken ties at her waist and gently plucks them open with her long delicate fingers. The robe slackens and she opens her robe to reveal...

Oh... She’s *not* wearing more clothes than before.

Oh.

Oh, *heck*.

“It’s wonderful how open-minded young men like you are, really.” Mrs. Simons slowly, luxuriously slips off her silk robe. Underneath... Oh gosh, underneath... She’s wearing possibly the most erotic set of lingerie you’ve ever seen on a woman. “You know, you’d think I’d feel embarrassed taking off my clothes in front of you, Alex, but there’s just something about you that makes me feel so *comfortable*, you know?” As the silk robe seems to slide down her body like liquid, your eyes follow its progress as the two massive mountains emerge.

Her breasts... Heck, *heft* is the word that comes to mind when your eyes are drawn to them. Each of Mrs. Simons’ breasts are almost the size of her head. You’ve quite literally never seen a chest in this size before. The black bra around them is a formidable bulwark of lace, expensive fabric and wire, and the straps that run up to her shoulders are taut. They must be strong to carry so much weight. A beauty mark decorates the inner curve of the older woman’s right breast, as if she needed any more eroticism.

“Really... there’s nothing wrong with showing this much skin these days.” Mrs. Simons chuckles to herself as she slowly removes her robe. “I’m sure a strapping young man like you has seen

girls in underwear or a bikini before. And that's a good thing. Honestly, this feels like the most natural state for me..."

Oh gosh, there's still *more*. As the older woman shrugs off her robe, you're stunned to see one of the... no, *the* best abdomens you've ever seen on a woman. Her waist curves in on itself in an almost hourglass figure, before sloping down into the curviest pair of hips you've ever seen. And her belly... Gosh, how is it so flat? So *taut*? You can almost see the slightest curve of her abs, even.

"You know what? *Thank you*, Alex." Mrs. Simons gently folds the silk robe and hangs it over her left arm. "Thank you for being so open-minded. Thank you for allowing me to get so comfortable. I really do owe you for that."

A pair of black panties is the entire rest of her outfit, tight around her groin. The sides of her underwear loop up around her hips and seem to be embroidered with gold. And then, as she turns to place the robe on the arm of the couch, you see her behind... Gosh, you're really not a crude person, and you have a great deal of respect for Mrs. Simons. But you can surely be forgiven for looking right now, right? Right? You know her ass was stunning before, but... Gosh. It's like an upside down love-heart, thin waist curving down into a perfect round pair of cheeks, black fabric snugly supporting her butt. Somehow, you get the dizzying sense that her underwear might cost more than your entire next paycheck.

"Oh... *Much* better!" Mrs. Simons turns back to you with a sigh of relief, running her fingers through her black hair. Well, *most* of her. A few parts of the older woman take an extra second or so to stop moving. "I feel so much better now without that stuffy robe. Ah..." She places her hands on her hips and smiles warmly at you. "Something on your mind, Alex? Feel free to speak, I'm happy to listen..."

You take a deep breath and recentre yourself. The older woman might be in *stunning* shape, sure, but the only reason she's like this in front of you right now is because she trusts you enough to remain comfortable. You're only human, and you can't help being aroused, but you have to calm down and treat Mrs. Simons normally. "Mrs. Simons..." You begin, giving her a cheerful smile.

"What? Oh, you can stop calling me 'Mrs. Simons', Alex. My name is *Sarah*." The older woman giggles softly as she picks her wine glass. "Please, I can't have a friend calling me such a formal name. You'd think I was your superior or something!"

Well... She *is* your superior, really. "I, um... Is it really okay?" Somehow, you find the concept of just calling her 'Sarah' even more intimate than, well... seeing her in her underwear. Then, the rest of her words catch up with your brain. "We're friends?" You say dumbly, and then realize you might have just said something rude. "I mean, my old company had rules about fraternization..."

“Of course we are!” Mrs. Simons... *Sarah* seems not to notice the surprise at the idea of you two being friends. “And you’re not in some stuffy corporation now, Alex. You’re allowed to... *fraternize* all you want with me. The only one who *could* tell you what to do is me, and I say that you’re totally free to do whatever you want around here.” With a sigh of relief, Sarah sits down on the couch and winks at you. “You want to come inside and use my home gym anytime you want? Feel free! You want to enjoy some nice beers? My fridge is your fridge! You don’t feel like gardening one day? Just come inside and laze about all you want!”

It’s a very nice thing for her to say, really. The older woman really is the most friendly and generous woman you’ve ever met. You mentally promise to never take advantage of her wonderful kindness. And, anyway, that last one was clearly a joke, so you chuckle in amusement. Sarah grins and laughs along with you. “I, um... Thank you, S... Sarah.” You manage to say her name without blushing, and the older woman *beams* at you. “I really think this might be the best job ever.” Working with such a wonderful garden with such a wonderful boss? Honestly, you could just die today and still be happy.

“I’m glad you think so, Alex.” Reaching behind her side of the couch, Sarah presses a button and you hear a beep. A moment later, her end of the couch begins to lean back, the bottom tilting up until the older woman is reclining luxuriously. She turns to her side to face you, one leg gently bent over the other, and her breasts sagging just enough to show off their size and softness. Gosh, in that pose with a wine glass in hand, she could almost be a Greek goddess in a painting, you think to yourself. “And thank you for admiring my body so much!”

Oh *heck!* You’d thought you’d been surreptitious with your glances, but it’s clear from the smile on Sarah’s face that she’s fully aware of how much you’ve been staring. “S-sorry!” You stammer, blushing deeply. “I didn’t mean to... Well, I hope I haven’t...”

“Sorry?!” Sarah bursts out laughing, covering the top of her wine to prevent a spill as she laughs to herself. Then she covers her mouth and sighs in amusement. “Sorry for what, Alex? A woman is in her underwear in front of a healthy, red-blooded young man. Alex, I’d be worried about you if you *weren’t* taking a good look!” With another chuckle, Sarah playfully *twangs* her right bra strap. “I am calm and comfortable, Alex. My body is simply a part of the world right now. Admiring eyes do not offend.” She winks at you and then raises an eyebrow. “Honestly, why don’t you tell me what you’re thinking?”

Well, you’d known she was open-minded, but still... “I, um... Well, I couldn’t possibly...” Sarah rolls her eyes with a chuckle, and you realize that the only person making this awkward right now is you. Clearly, Sarah’s open-minded enough to talk about her body without any pointless shame, so why are *you* treating it like a taboo? “Well... let’s just say that I think your husband is a very lucky man!”

For the first time today, Sarah’s face turns slightly annoyed. “No, let’s *not* just say that, Alex.” She frowns at you, and you blush again. “Come on, tell me what you’re thinking. I *want* to hear it, don’t hold back for fear of *offending* me, Alex!”

Oh gosh... You lick your lips nervously and take a deep breath. This might be the hardest thing you've ever said, including telling your parents that you want to be a gardener for a living. "... your breasts are..." You trail off, feeling your cheeks burning.

"My breasts?" Sarah grins and leans forward. She places one arm under her boobs and jiggles them slightly, and laughs as you look away. "What about them, Alex?" She asks, almost innocently. "You're curious how big they are? If they're bolted on? Come on, my body's not a secret!" She sighs in amusement. "E-cups and they're natural, by the way."

"No, I was going to ask..." You take a deep breath and try to banish your embarrassment for Sarah's sake. "Um... you look amazing. How do you maintain such a great body?"

"Well... I spend a lot of time on all-fours. Really helps keep my tummy flat and sexy." The older woman chuckles to herself, as if she's said something funny. Whatever it was, you assume that you were probably too slow to notice it, so you just smile and nod like usual. "You get a real workout whenever there's something stimulating your insides, you know?"

Oh, maybe she has one of those belly devices that zaps your muscles to stimulate them. You'd always heard that they were just a waste of money, but perhaps the more expensive versions really worked. That's probably what she means, yeah. "Well, whatever you do, it's really working!" You smile at her warmly and sip your cold water. Gosh, it's still freezing cold, even in the warm room. Fridges with ice-makers were just amazing.

Sarah's eyes soften and she pats her stomach. "I really appreciate that, Alex. Especially coming from a man who *clearly* knows how to keep in shape." Well... guilty as charged, you suppose. The gym's practically your second home, and you know first-hand how hard it would be to maintain such a sculpted body, though obviously your muscles and Sarah's curves are a little different to maintain. "As a mother of three daughters, I'm exceedingly happy to hear that all my *dieting* has paid off!"

"Wow!" You respond, stunned. "*Three* daughters?" Sarah's quite voluptuous, and her body's curves are substantial. But her body is far from what you would have expected from a *mother of three*. Her stomach in particular is quite impressively toned. She's not quite sporting a six-pack, like you are, but it's still an impressive sight. "I never would have guessed! A-and I'm not just saying that, I really mean that I never would have guessed!"

"Oh, Alex." Sarah waves a hand at you with a light chuckle. "You're so kind, I'd almost think you were flirting with me!" You weren't, actually. You were just telling the truth. "But you *are* right, I *do* look amazing, don't I?" The older woman gently squeezes one of her breasts, looking rather smug. "I take a great deal of pride in how I look, so thank you for the compliment. It means a lot, coming from someone as young and handsome as you..."

“What’s your secret?” You ask, curious. Some women half her age would *kill* to look as good as Sarah does right now as a forty-ish mother of three. “I’m not saying you’re *old*, but... how do you manage to keep your looks so well?”

Sarah chuckles softly. “Oh, a lot of things, Alex. I... keep active with my, ahem, activity partners. I have *fantastic* genes.” Then, the older woman gives you a side-eye. “Well, the biggest factor is probably my *diet*.” When you tilt your head and give her a questioning look, Sarah licks her lips. “I like to have a *juicy* piece of meat on my tongue as much as possible. And in more ways than one...”

Impressive. You never would have considered eating a lot of meat was the secret to a woman reclaiming her body after pregnancy. You wonder if she means steak, or perhaps chicken or something similar. Or perhaps that rich-person meal she was describing earlier. “Your husband is a lucky man!” You say with a smile, looking around Sarah’s lovely home admiringly.

“Oh, in some ways.” The older woman chuckles to herself, seemingly amused by your compliment. “He’s certainly a *wealthy* man, but I think I’m luckier than he is.”

“Why’s that?” You take another sip of the cold drink that Sarah gave you. Even the soda tastes expensive, bubbling exquisitely on your tongue. Perhaps it’s an upmarket brand.

“Oh... he works such *long* hours.” Sarah sighs theatrically. “Richard is a very wealthy man, but his job is so busy... He works so hard to give me such an expensive home and money to spend that he barely gets to enjoy any of it himself. Not to mention the money that goes to support our daughters.” The older woman bites her lip, and you’d almost think that she was enjoying her words, if you didn’t already know how kind and selfless she was. “But he’s doing the right thing.”

That’s a terrible shame. Sarah must be rather lonely, living in such a big mansion by herself. No wonder she was making such an effort to talk to you. “That must be difficult, Sarah.” You say, as warmly as you can.

The older woman runs a finger along the rim of her wine glass, and you might mistake her sad smile for a smirk if you didn’t know better. “Oh, it’s so difficult, Alex. It’s all I can do to spend money to make myself feel better.” She leans forward slightly, giving you a sultry look and a smoldering smile. “But... you’re doing a wonderful job of keeping me company, Alex. I’m so glad I hired you.”

You return her smile, but you’re a little confused. “Oh, I thought your husband hired me.” You say, hoping you’re not being rude.

Sarah snorts softly, as if you’ve just made a joke. “Oh, no. I did, right after your old company sent over your information and... ahem, picture at my request.” She waves her hand dismissively. “Richard’s terrible with money. So after I married him, I... that is, we arranged for all of his income to go to me instead, and he gets a little allowance to spend on himself. The

rest... the *lion's share* is mine to spend... on handsome, friendly gardeners. Among other things. A *lot* of other things." She chuckles softly as she stares into her wine glass. "Even this home..." She gestures to the mansion around us. "...and the other houses we own are in my name, not his. He knows that I know best. And he's right."

You blink in surprise. The idea that Sarah was the matriarch of the household hadn't crossed your mind. You'd thought... Well, in hindsight, it was a rather *rude* thought, but you'd thought that Sarah was something of a trophy wife. "W-well, having that much trust in a marriage must be wonderful."

"Well, more *power* than trust..." The older woman smiles in amusement, though you're not quite sure what the joke is. Then, she shakes her head. "But, please... enough about my husband. It feels so rude for me to talk about him when you're here and he isn't." Sarah shuffles slightly closer to you on the couch. "Please, tell me more about yourself, Alex!"

Glass of water halfway to your lips, you pause and then blush slightly. "Oh... I'm sure I'm not nearly as interesting as you're hoping..." You've always been bad with this kind of stuff.

"Oh, I *assure* you, Alex, I'm very much interested in even what you might think is boring about yourself." Sarah looks you up and down, almost in the same way someone might stare at a dish at an expensive restaurant. "Where are you from? What's your family like? How did you get your body to look like you belong on Mount Olympus?"

Well, she *is* probably feeling a little lonely, you remind yourself. You can let her indulge in you a little bit. "Well... my family's originally from Greece, actually."

"No, really?" Sarah raises an eyebrow. "Well, if your ancestors were anything like those sculptures I've seen, I can tell where you got such lovely muscles..."

You laugh softly along with her. "Well, my dad's family is from Greece. My mother's family is from Japan. And I've got three brothers and a sister..."

"Ooh, I *thought* I sensed some Japanese." Sarah gestures vaguely toward you. "I didn't want to say anything until I was sure, but wow! Greek and Japanese! What an interesting... Well, let's say *flavor!*" She takes a sip of her wine and chuckles softly. "Oh yes, a sweet little Japanese girl with a hunky Greek husband. I'm not surprised you've got a lot of siblings. She must be a lucky girl!"

Well, your parents have always seemed quite happy in their marriage, though you couldn't speak for... well, *that* side of things. "Actually, I think you and her are almost the same age-

"So, tell me how you got into gardening!" Sarah interrupts you quickly. Wow, she must have been really curious about that, huh? "I've known you long enough to see that it's not just a job

for you. How'd a hunky young guy like you get into plants? No offense, but I would expect to see a young man like you... I don't know, *modeling* or acting or being an escort or something...

Actually, you'd been offered jobs in all three of those fields before, more than once. Well, in the case of the latter, it was more like an offer of cash in exchange for taking a drunk girl back to her bed. That had happened at least three times. And once with a drunk guy, too. You're not proud of it, but the money had bought you some cool gardening tools, so... "W-well, I always loved gardening as a kid, and it just felt natural to do it as a job when I got older." You shake away those old memories and laugh softly. "I mean, I would have ended up doing it as a hobby anyway, you know?"

Sarah reaches down and tugs at her panties, seemingly absent-mindedly adjusting them as she smiles at you. "I take it you're a nature-lover, then?"

"Oh, yes!" You love nature. Being out in the open, and under the trees? You couldn't fathom why anyone wouldn't love such a thing. "There's... just such a wonderful world out there, outside everyone's home. From the tallest redwood to the smallest shrub, life is just... all across the entire planet! I've always thought that it's really sad that you can only see a little bit of it in an entire lifetime." But at least you can create your own little slice of nature with the right tools and drive. "I love being in nature. Hiking, camping, everything like that!"

"Oh, I *do* like hiking!" Sarah seems to like how passionate you just became. "It's so much fun, but it's a lot of effort to walk around like that. I just get so sweaty, and I end up taking off my top if I'm alone..."

Ha, that certainly was true! "Yeah, I do the same thing!" You agree cheerfully. "If I get too sweaty, I have to take my shirt off too. Once, I was so hot, I had to go fully naked for a little while." You really weren't supposed to do that on a hike, but no-one had been around, so...

"R-really?" The older woman licks her lips, and you can see that she must be feeling warm, since her cheeks are reddening. "Just... just fully naked in public? Wow, that must have been... really hot. Ahem."

"Oh, it was quite sunny, yeah. But it was more the humidity, since I was mostly under the trees most of the time." That had been one of your favorite hikes in your entire life. "Yeah, I went hiking for a three-day trip. I just got so sweaty that I *had* to take off my clothes and let them dry. Normally, it wouldn't be an issue, but I forgot that I couldn't wash until I got to the end of the hike!"

"O-oh..." Sarah gulps, a hungry look in her eyes. "God, that must have been quite a scent rolling off you... I mean, going without a shower for that long... What a shame no-one was there with you." The older woman blinks for a moment, and then clears her throat. "Ahem... Um, excuse me, I need some cold water." She sits up and puts her wine glass on the coffee table.

Yes, she had seemed quite warm, judging by how heavy her breathing had become. “Are you okay?” You ask, as Sarah stands up from the couch and quickly walks over to the fridge.

“Fine, just fine!” The older woman pours herself some ice with a shaking hand. “Just thinking about how hot you must have been on that hike, and I got a little... overwhelmed. Almost made a mess...” She takes a long sip of ice water, and then sighs in relief. “Ooh... that’s better. It’s important to keep your cool, and not prematurely lose control...”

You’re not quite sure what she means, but you’re just happy she’s feeling better. As the older woman makes her way back over to you, her hips swaying hypnotically, she looks at your chest for a long moment. “Is something wrong?” You ask, raising your eyebrow curiously.

Sarah quickly takes a long sip of her ice water. “No, just... admiring.” She winks at you playfully.

Well, you’d admired her, so it was surely only fair that you didn’t mind her doing the same. “Does your husband use the gym much?” You ask curiously.

“I doubt it. Honestly, I can’t get over how *nice* your chest is, Alex.” Sarah takes another sip of her water as she looks down at you. “Ha... you know, I heard a myth about guys who use the gym?”

“Oh? What’s that?” You ask as she puts down her ice water and sits back down on her end of the couch. There were plenty of myths about the gym, some of them even presented as truth.

“Oh, I heard that guys who use the gym a lot have longer penises.” Sarah picks up her wine glass and returns to her luxurious recline. “Something about the workout expanding their bodies.”

Well... that topic was unexpected. And a little awkward for you to think about. But Sarah had said it so casually... it must be fine to talk about, in that case. “Oh, I don’t think that’s true. I mean, I’ve noticed a little increase, but I think that’s just due to me growing up more than anything gym related.”

“Huh.” The older woman’s face is strangely calm all of a sudden. “How interesting. May I ask how *much* of an increase?”

“Oh...” Well, she’d already told you her cup size, so it was probably fine for you to mention the size of your... ahem. “When I was eighteen, I think about... seven. But now it’s just under nine, I think.”

Sarah very slowly raises one of her eyebrows. “Huh. *Nine*. Well, that’s really interesting. And that’s in inches, or...?” You nod, and she clicks her tongue, taking a deep breath. For a moment, you think she’s about to say something, but the older woman instead reaches over and grabs her water, taking a long draught of the freezing liquid. Then, she places it back down on the

coffee table and turns to you with an elegant smile. "Wow, Alex, you really do seem like the perfect man!"

Well, you do have a nice body. You've always been aware of that and never thought otherwise. But it's still a little embarrassing to be praised for it. "Haha... well, I think I'm a bit lacking in the IQ department, unfortunately..." You've always been aware of that, too.

Sarah gives you an amused smile. "No... I don't think you need to worry about *that*, Alex. I think you're about as smart a man like you *should* be."

Oh, that was a nice thing for her to say. You smile back at her in response to her compliment.

There's a long moment of silence between the two of you. Not an awkward one, a comfortable silence as the older woman luxuriously sips her wine. Outside, the sun seems to have begun its afternoon descent, and you can feel that it's a little cooler now. Still hot, but cooler than before.

"Oh!" Sarah suddenly seems to remember something. "It's almost time for that movie I wanted to watch!" The older woman reaches over to the coffee table and picks up a television remote. With a beep, a large screen begins to slide down, almost totally covering the wall behind it. Gosh, having such a screen every day must be wonderful.

But that's your cue to exit, surely. Quickly, you finish your glass of water. "Well... thank you for this... S-Sarah." You say, as you begin to rise from the couch. "But I'd better get back to trimming those hedges, or I'll still be here after sunset-

"What?" Sarah blinks for a moment and then sits up. "Oh! No, you don't have to go! It's still way too hot outside!"

Perhaps, but you've imposed long enough. "Well, you're about to watch your movie, and I wouldn't want to bother you while..." You begin, placing the glass gently down on the coffee table.

"Nonsense, I'd love for you to join me! Movies are always better with company, Alex!" You hesitate for a moment, and Sarah pounces. Standing up, she gently pushes you back down onto the couch. "It's barely the afternoon and the garden's not going anywhere. Why not stay and relax with me? It's a movie I've never seen before, but based on what I've heard, I think you and I will really enjoy it!"

Oh geez... you can't really say no to that, can you? "W-well, okay." You say nervously. "But don't go to any trouble on my account..."

"I won't, I promise!" Sarah winks at you. "Now, let me get you another glass of water." You reach over to pick up the glass to gratefully hand it to her, but the older woman quickly pushes your

hand away from it. “No, no, don’t lift a finger! It’s much easier if I do it this way!” She awkwardly steps in between you and the coffee table.

“Are you sure?” This way doesn’t seem easier to you. In fact, it seems much more difficult, as Sarah bends over in front of you. “I can just...” Oh *gosh*.

The older woman’s butt is now directly in front of your face. The taut, perfect roundness fills your vision, gently jiggling as Sarah seems to have a surprisingly difficult time picking up the glass. As she spreads her legs, your gaze is naturally, inexorably, drawn to the spot between her legs. And wow... Those panties are tight. You can see *everything* outlined against the fabric, every curve and fold of her... of her... w-womanhood. Yes, you *did* just mentally stutter. Who wouldn’t, when *that* was barely inches from their face?

Finally, after what feels like a small eternity, Sarah manages to pick up the glass. She straightens back up, steps out from between you and the coffee table, and then turns to smile at you. “See? Easy as a cream pie!”

“I think it would have been faster if I had just grabbed it...” You say with a grin, as the older woman walks back over the bar.

“Well, I didn’t mind doing it, Alex. You’ve more than earned a little... *service* with all the things you’ve been doing for me today. Trimming my roses, keeping me company... I can barely pay you back!”

“Well, you *do* pay me already.” You remind her with a grin.

Sarah giggles softly. “Well, true. But even still! I think you deserve a raise, Alex. How does a twenty-five percent raise sound to you?”

You laugh for a moment, and then blink. “W-wait, are you serious?”

“Okay, fifty percent! But only because you drive a hard bargain.” The older woman opens a cupboard and pulls out a round device. You blink in surprise again, stunned into silence. “Anyway, let’s get ready to watch that movie!”

“That’s...” You’re having trouble processing what just happened. “Wait, um...” Fifty percent increase of... Was that double or, like, half again? Gosh, you’ve never been good at math. “Um, wait, what are you doing?” You ask, as you hear Sarah turn on the device in front of her.

“Making popcorn, silly!” Sarah chuckles, as if the question is absurd. “We have to have popcorn before we watch a movie. It’s, ah... a rule in this house! And we need snacks, and cushions...” She picks up a small remote and presses a button. All around you, shades begin to descend, blocking out the bright afternoon sun until the entertainment room is a pleasant theater-like

darkness fills the room. “Oh, and a nice blanket! I think I have my favorite one in here somewhere...”

Blanket? In this heat? “Um... don't you think it's a little hot for a blanket?” You ask, feeling a little embarrassed. Sarah can do whatever she wants in her own home, but the idea of putting a blanket over yourself right now is a bit worrying heat-wise.

Sarah thinks about this for a moment. “Yes, a fair point, Alex.” With the same remote, she turns to the air conditioner and presses a button. You hear a loud beep from the appliance, and cold air begins to blow from it. Almost immediately, you feel the temperature in the room begin to drop like a rock. “Ah... there! How's that? Does that make you more comfortable, Alex?”

“Oh... well, yes, but...” You feel a little ashamed at how far the older woman is going to accommodate you. “Didn't you say you were saving money by not using the air-con?”

“I... *did* say that, didn't I?” The older woman begins to pour the popcorn into a large bowl. “Well... uh, that's only during the mornings. You know, like, uh, on-peak and off-peak prices?” It almost sounds like she's making it up on the spot, but you know Sarah wouldn't do something like that. “Does that make sense?”

Sure, it does. You don't know much about how air-conditioning works, but that sounds right, probably. Besides, the older woman would know better than you. You nod slowly at Sarah, and she smiles.

“Great! Now, grab some comfy cushions and slide those muscles down to my end of the couch! It's time to watch a movie!” Sarah looks rather excited as she places the bowl of popcorn down on her end of the coffee table, along with a second bowl filled with expensive-looking snacks.

“Y-your end?” You're not quite sure what she means. “You want me to sit right next to you?”

“Hard to get the blanket over both of us otherwise, Alex!” Sarah leans down and opens a small cupboard, her heavy breasts hanging ponderously as she bends, swinging hypnotically. A moment later, she pulls out an incredibly fluffy gray blanket. A few minutes ago, such a blanket would have made you sweat to even *think* about putting it on. But now, the air is shockingly cold.

Gosh, you're happy that she's so comfortable around you, but is that really okay? “A-are you sure you want to do that?” You ask, feeling like a fool. As the older woman turns to give you a curious look, you blush deeply. “I just... I don't have a *problem* with it, but if someone from your family were to come in and see us... I just don't want you to get in trouble if someone misunderstands what you and I are...” Gosh, even saying it out loud is embarrassing. You know Sarah mustn't have thought about how it would look, the half-naked wife of the house and the gardener under a blanket together...

“No, I don’t think any of them would *misunderstand* what’s going on.” Sarah chuckles at the thought. “No, I think Richard and my daughters wouldn’t get the *wrong idea* if they saw us like this, Alex.” Then, she plops back down on the couch and smiles at you. “But... none of them will be home tonight in any case, so you don’t have to worry about that at all, I promise. My daughters live by themselves nowadays, and I’ve made sure that... I mean, my husband won’t be home tonight. So, just relax and don’t worry about it!”

At this point, you’d started to get used to Sarah being in her underwear. But that had been at a relatively long distance at the other end of the couch. As you tentatively scoot closer to her, the older woman lifts up the blanket with a smile, and you can see her underwear quite clearly. Gosh, it must be cold, since you can even see a pair of small shapes poking out on each breast. “Alex... I’m *cold*. How much longer are you going to make me hold this up? I need those delicious muscles of yours to warm me up...”

Yes, you are being silly, aren’t you? You know that Sarah’s a lonely woman, and you’re just keeping her company right now, right? You take the blanket from her hand and slip under the cover. To your relief, the blanket is large enough that there’s enough space for the two of you to not quite touch underneath. “There, is that okay with you?”

“Almost...” Sarah frowns for a moment, and then leans over across you to grab her wine glass. As she leans back, the older woman seems to accidentally scoot over to you, until your shoulders are touching. A moment later, you feel her legs pressing against yours. Sarah takes a long sip from her wine glass. ‘Ahh... much better! You’re comfy, right?’ She gives you a warm smile.

Her body is rubbing against yours in a way that makes you exceedingly glad that the blanket covers your lower body. “Y-yeah, great!”

Sarah grins happily, and you could mistake her happiness for smugness if you didn’t know better. “Lovely!” She picks up the television remote and hands it to you, to your surprise. “Now, the movie’s called “Le deuxième amour d’une reine”, so if you look it up on the list you can probably find it pretty easily...”

Navigating over a thousand channels isn’t easy, and neither is searching for a movie in French. But finally, you manage to find it. “Um...” You blink as a small message pops up on the screen. “It says you need to pay... t-twenty-five dollars to watch this movie...” Gosh that’s a lot of money! The Netflix account your entire family shares costs barely half of that!

Sarah waves her hand dismissively. “Oh, it’s already got all the card info in it, don’t worry about that.” Again, she awkwardly reaches across you to pick up the bowl of popcorn. “Well, go on! Bring on the movie!”

Spending money is hard enough, but spending someone else’s money is almost taboo. “H-here...” You offer the remote back to her.

But the older woman just shrugs cheerfully. “Oh, the man of the house is in charge of the remote, Alex!” She winks at you, and you feel your cheeks turn red. “Go on, press that lovely button. I know you want to.”

Blushing, you hesitate, and then press the ‘accept’ button. There’s a moment of loading, and a small message pops up to confirm that twenty-five dollars has been deducted from the Simons family... Well actually, it’s just the Sarah Simons account, now that you look at it. Feeling strangely dirty, you place the remote on the coffee table and lay back on the couch, feeling the older woman lean against you slightly as the movie begins.

It is perhaps rather unsurprising that you’d never heard of *Le deuxième amour d'une reine* before this. To be quite honest, you’re not much of a movie watcher, especially foreign movies. Your idea of a good movie is one with fast cars or superheroes making funny quips. If a plot is too complicated, you tend to feel a bit lost. Not only is *Le d...* whatever the name of the movie is, not only is it complicated, but it’s also in French with English subtitles.

From what you can gather, the movie seems to be set in the Revolutionary era of France, which was when all the head-chopping happened, you think. The main characters seem to be an older noblewoman in her early forties and a young man who seems to be some kind of stablehand. There’s also some scenes with him arguing with some other French men in a big room. After a little while, you feel Sarah tap you on the shoulder. “The young man is a Revolutionary.” She explains to you softly. “But he feels conflicted because the noblewoman is his friend.” Oh, that makes a lot more sense. “If you’re having trouble following the movie, just ask me, Alex.” Oh, how kind of her.

Well, things seem a little clearer now. But it still takes you until the scene in which the young man sneaks into the noblewoman’s bedroom one night and kisses her to realize that this is a romance movie. “W-wait, isn’t she married?” You ask in shock, as the young man passionately pushes the nobleman down onto the bed.

“Of course! That’s what makes it so exciting!” Sarah seems to be enjoying the movie quite a lot, and she sits up slightly, seemingly pressing her breasts into your arm by accident. You can feel the lace brushing against your skin, and the firm softness of her tit squishing into your tricep. “It’s very taboo... She’s of noble blood and he’s just a peasant... God, if I were her, I’d be doing the exact same thing.” The older woman snorts derisively. “Besides, her husband’s an asshole, remember?”

Has her husband been in the movie? Oh, there were some scenes of an old guy yelling at the noblewoman. “Why’s he an... a bad guy again?” You ask, as the scene becomes more and more erotic. The young man takes off his pants and climbs on top of the noblewoman...

“Her husband can’t have kids, but he blames her for it.” Sarah shakes her head with a chuckle. “By the way, I’m going to put some snacks under the blanket so we don’t have to lean over, so just feel free to reach between my legs and feel around if you’re hungry.”

“Sure...” The movie is becoming a little too distracting to pay attention to whatever the older women just said. The camera is decent enough not to show their genitals, but it’s clear that the young man and the noblewoman are now having sex, complete with the two characters moaning and groaning with a surprising amount of realism. “Wow, it’s quite... they’re very realistic!” You admit with a blush.

Sarah swirls her wine glass and licks her lips. “Yes, apparently there was a rumor about this movie... the lead actor and actress got so hot and heavy during their scenes that after filming, they would go back to her trailer and... well, *continue*.”

The movie then seems to turn into about twenty or thirty minutes of just scenes of the two main characters meeting up and having sex in increasingly risky places. “Gosh, this is... quite graphic.” The scene just goes on and on!

“Oh yes, it’s quite French.” Sarah chuckles and takes a sip of her wine. “I love movies like these. They’re not held back by prudishness, and they just show *everything*.” She eats a mouthful of popcorn with a crunch. Then, a playful glint appears in her eyes. “Alex... I’m feeling a little *itchy*. Would you mind terribly if I scratched myself?”

“No, go ahead.” What a strange question. Did she think you’d tell her not to, or something? “Do you want me to hold the popcorn?”

“Yes, please.” The older woman hands you the bowl with an enigmatic smile and then pulls the blanket up around her shoulders. As you continue to watch the movie, you feel her begin to scratch herself, rubbing whatever itch she seems to have in her lower body. You can feel the couch shuddering slightly as she starts slowly, and then begins to speed up. “Is... Is this fine with you, Alex?” She asks, and you can hear her breathing become heavier.

Well, it’s hard not to notice, but you don’t want to make her feel uncomfortable. “Yes, it’s totally fine.” You give her a warm smile.

Finally, the endless sex scenes seem to come to an end as the Revolution begins. The noblewoman and her husband are arrested and thrown into jail along with their fellow nobility. The noblewoman herself is about to be shot, but the young man arrives and saves her. Unsurprisingly, the two then have sex in the jail cell next to her husband’s. Sarah seems to have a real itch, since her rubbing seems to only increase as you watch the two characters having sex.

Then, all of a sudden, the young man is gearing up for war. “Huh?” You blink in surprise. “Why’s he got a rifle?”

“Oh, they’re f-fighting the Revolutionary wars, I t-think.” Sarah’s trying to sound normal, but you can tell she’s having real trouble with that itch of hers. “Look, I think that’s meant to be Napoleon there.”

Wait, Napoleon was French? You didn’t know that. Really, you don’t remember much history at all. “So how long is this part going to... Oh, never mind.” The movie just cut to the end of the war, apparently. As you watch, the young man, now with a light stubble to indicate that he’s a year or two older than before, knocks on the door of the noblewoman’s home. A moment later, the noblewoman and her husband come out to see him. The young man demands the noblewoman’s hand in marriage, much to the surprise and anger of her current husband.

“Oh, come one... Say yes...” Sarah moans softly as she continues to scratch her itch. “Say it... Say it...” On the screen, the noblewoman hesitates for a moment, and then tearfully accepts. “Yes!” The older woman lets out a cry of joy and holds up her fist. Then, she blushes and grins at you. “Goodness... I got a little excited there. Sorry about that, Alex.”

“It’s fine!” Honestly, it’s actually cute how happy Sarah became just now. “You’re really cute when you’re excited, Sarah.” You smile happily at her.

“J-Jesus...” The older woman’s beautiful face seems to soften, and she sighs as she begins to scratch herself again, even faster this time. “God, you know how to make a woman’s heart beat, Alex.”

“Are you okay?” It feels like Sarah’s been scratching herself for almost half an hour now. “Can I help you with that?” You nod at the motion she’s making around her lower body. The blanket covers whatever she’s rubbing, but you think she might be rubbing her inner thighs.

Sarah licks her lips, a hopelessly happy look in her eyes. “Oh... You already are, Alex.” Then, she clears her throat. “Yes, could you put your arm around my shoulders? I think that would finish me off...”

Really? Perhaps she’s still feeling a little chilly. You nod, and reach out. Slipping an arm around the back of the older woman’s head, you place your hand on her right shoulder. “How’s this?” You ask, hoping it warms Sarah up.

The blush on the older woman’s face seems to indicate that she’s feeling warmer. “Y-yes! Oh my *god*, you’re so strong, Alex!” She grabs the edge of the blanket and pulls it over her head. Then, you hear her breath deeply, as if she’s inhaling something. “O-oh... Oh! Oh *God!*” Suddenly, you feel her entire body begin to shiver violently. You can feel her thigh twitching against yours.

Worried, you squeeze her shoulders and lean in to whisper. “Sarah... are you okay?!”

A few seconds later, her shivers seem to subside. “O-oh...” Sarah sighs, pushing back the blanket and sitting up, a look of absolute bliss on her face. “Oh... I’m okay now, Alex. I reached

the end thanks to you.” She winks and then sighs happily, stretching her legs. “Oh, are they having a duel?”

On the screen, the young man and the husband are facing off against each other. There’s a tense moment, and you can feel both you and Sarah hold their breath. And then, all of a sudden, the noblewoman grabs her husband and swallows him whole! You almost jump in surprise, and you hear Sarah let out a cheer of joy at the sight.

“Yeah, get rid of him!” Sarah chuckles to herself. “What a stupid husband, he should have kept his trap shut and let his wife be with a *real* man!” You watch in shock as the noblewoman slurps down her husband.

“W-well, I do think that they should have just gotten divorced if they weren’t in love.” You frown, feeling a little unhappy at the nobleman’s death. Still, as the noblewoman and her young lover finally embrace, you can’t help but feel satisfied at their love being fulfilled.

Sarah giggles softly. “Oh, I don’t think there would be a need for *divorce* if the husband just realized his rightful place. There’s a certain satisfaction in providing for your wife and her... *your* children, I’m led to believe.”

At last, the film ends with the young man and the noblewoman getting married. Somehow, it seems like the young man has somehow inherited the nobleman’s money and titles? You’re not sure how that works, but whatever. As the two seal their marriage with a kiss, the camera zooms in on the noblewoman’s belly, showing off a slight curve. “Oh, she’s pregnant?” You ask in surprise.

“Is she?” Sarah seems a little skeptical. “No, that’s probably just fat from her husband. At her age, the director wouldn’t have...” But even as she speaks, it cuts to the two laying in bed together, the noblewoman’s belly swollen enough to make it beyond doubt that she’s pregnant. “Oh, I guess... she really *is* pregnant.”

Fin appears on the noblewoman’s belly and the movie fades to black. As the credits begin to roll, you sigh in relief. That was a long and complicated movie, and while you enjoyed it, it had been quite an ordeal to get through.

Sarah, on the other hand, seems more than just happy, she seems downright in love. “I honestly think that was one of the *best* movies I’ve ever watched!” She declares, turning to you with an excited look. “What did you think, Alex?”

“I... I liked it! It was really romantic and happy at the end, so that’s good.” As long as everyone’s happy at the end of a movie, you usually are too.

Picking at the bottom of the nearly empty bowl of popcorn in your hands, the older woman nods eagerly. “I really loved the part where the rich husband was an arrogant fool and his wife put him

in his place! I'd love to see Richard's reaction to that..." She chuckles to herself. "And then how they lived happily ever after? That was wonderful to see. Hollywood wouldn't give an age gap romance like that the time of day, so it was wonderful to see on screen."

You didn't know that, actually. "This kind of romance movie wouldn't be made in Hollywood?" You ask, surprised.

"No, never!" Sarah snorts in irritation. "And it's silly! There's nothing immoral about an older woman taking a young lover. As long as they're happy together, I think it's the most natural thing in the world." She grins at you. "You know, I actually have a close friend who recently got married to a man half her age. And they couldn't be happier together. I tell you, Alex, a refined older woman and a vibrant young man are the *perfect* match."

You'd never really considered the idea, but if two people wanted to get together and be happy, who were you to say it was wrong? You nod slowly and Sarah smiles at you. "I hope so, since she was pregnant at the end..."

The older woman blinks, and a strange look comes across her face. "Yeah... that was really interesting, wasn't it? I mean, I'd always thought that having kids was a young woman's thing, but..." She seems to think to herself for a moment, biting her lip. "I mean, in her forties? That's pretty amazing. And it's not like it's too late to have kids, is it?"

"I mean, sure..." You consider the idea for a moment. "But wouldn't the age gap...?"

"No, the age gap is the best part!" Sarah grins at you. "They'd balance each other out so well! In age, in energy... You'd have a young energetic father and an older, calmer m... er, woman. They'd make such an excellent pair!" She thinks to herself again for a long moment, a happy grin spreading across her face. "Holy hell, how have I never thought of that?!"

Thought of what? You place the now-empty popcorn bowl down on the coffee table and give Sarah a curious look. "Thought of what?" You ask, curious.

"Having a fourth child!" Sarah rubs her chin thoughtfully, pushing back the blanket. Her breasts jiggle magnificently as she absently vibrates her foot. "I mean, I had my daughters years ago, and now they're adults. I never really thought about having another child, but I'm still at least half a decade off losing the option, you know?"

Apparently, the movie has given the older woman quite a lot of food for thought. You gently push the blanket off your body and stand up, stretching your arms. Outside, you can still sense that the heat and sun of the afternoon are still just as present as before. It's only mid-afternoon now, after all. "Well, being a parent is pretty difficult. Are you sure you'd want to do that again?" You ask Sarah, and then marvel at how close the two of you have become for you to feel so comfortable asking her something so personal.

“Are you kidding? I *loved* being a... er, raising my daughters. Getting pregnant, being pregnant, teaching them how to be proper women like me... Sure, it wasn't *all* pleasure, but it was wonderful!” Sarah pushes the blanket off and stands up as well, and you blush as her entire body seems to jiggle as she stretches. “I mean, I'd be older than most... *parents*, but I'd have so much experience... and I'm still in my prime!” You can certainly agree with that last part. Sarah might be in her early forties, but one look at her incredible body tells you that she's strong and healthy as an ox. “Yes! I've decided! I'm having another child!” The older woman declares with a huge smile.

“Well... I think that sounds like Mr. Simons is going to be a very lucky man indeed!” You chuckle to yourself at the thought. “Honestly, I can't help being a little jealous myself!” Sarah's husband sounds like an interesting guy, to tell the truth. You're looking forward to meeting him one day.

“Jealous? Of Richard?” Sarah seems to find the idea oddly amusing. “Oh, I don't think you'll have any reason to be jealous of him, Alex.” She picks up the remote and turns off the television. “Oh... I forgot to ask earlier... Does your family have any, uh, genetic diseases or problems that you know of?” She asks rather casually, as she adjusts her bra.

You'll need to start trimming those hedgerows now if you want to be done by sunset. “Oh, er... No, not that I know of.” You think about it for a moment. “Um... A few people on my mother's side of the family were abnormally intelligent, I think. But I'm not sure I inherited any of that. Is that the kind of thing you mean?”

Sarah just raises an eyebrow at you. “S-sort of... I think maybe it skips a generation? But having that in your genes would be...” She bites her lip. “God, you and I could make such amazing children, Alex!”

Ha! What a funny idea that was. “Anyway...” You sigh softly. “I had a wonderful time, Sarah, but should be getting back to the garden.” Still, you do feel a little guilty about leaving her at this point. “Is... there anything else I can do for you before I go?”

The older woman frowns and opens her mouth, but then an idea seems to come to her. “Actually... there is!” She gestured toward the doorway. “The... the bedsprings in my bed have been making a funny noise lately. Do you... think you could do me a favor and help me with them?”

“Sure!” You're happy to help out. She's been so kind and friendly to you, after all.

You follow Sarah out of the entertainment room and up the stairs to the upper floor of the mansion. The older woman pushes up the door to her bedroom, and you marvel at how large the room is. A huge window lights up the bedroom, and the air is delightfully cool. Soft white carpet and expensive wooden furniture adorn the large bedroom, and the bed in the center is more than twice the size of yours back home.

Now that you're here, you realize that going into a married woman's bedroom with her in her underwear is a little embarrassing. "U-um, what would you like me to do?"

"Um..." Sarah seems a little lost herself. "Well, why don't you climb into my bed, and we'll figure things out from there?"

"Oh, I don't... Maybe that's not the best idea." You would, but you still feel sweaty and dirty from gardening. When the older woman gives you a confused look, you hurry to explain. "N-no, I *would*, but I'd hate to get such a lovely bed dirty..."

"Oh..." Sarah sighs. And then her face lights up. "Oh! Oh, that's no problem!" She gestures toward a small doorway near the bed. "Go ahead and use my shower!" She looks around excitedly. "It'll give me time to prepare a few things too!"

No, that's not what you... Oh, but Sarah's already turning away. Arguing now would just be embarrassing. Besides, she seems excited and it's not like taking a shower is a chore. So, you shrug and walk into the bathroom, closing the door.

The bathroom is wide and almost blindingly white inside. Whoever the Simons family... or rather, whoever Sarah hired as a cleaner really earns their paycheck. Every inch of the room is spotless, from the wide glass shower to the shimmering sink to the huge spa bath.

Feeling rather embarrassed to be stripping in someone else's home, you take off your sweaty clothes and turn on the shower. Inside, you can see a vast array of hair products, glimmering shampoos and devices you can't even identify. Then again, this *is* Sarah's shower, and you're not shocked that maintaining such beauty requires so much equipment. Though, the result is certainly worth the effort. You mentally argue with yourself about whether or not you should use some of her expensive looking shampoo and eventually decide to use just a little bit.

One quick shower later, you step out of the beautiful glass cubicle and brush down your body of excess water before looking around for a towel. As you do, the door opens just a crack. "I'm not peeking!" You still flinch as you hear Sarah's voice behind the door. A pale yet elegant hand slips through the gap and waves at you. "Here, a towel and something to wear!" A moment later, she places a towel and what looks like a silk robe on the sink next to your work clothes.

"O-oh, I can just wear the same clothes as before..." You begin, but as you speak, Sarah grabs your work clothes and snatches them away.

"Oh, don't worry about them! I'll put them in the wash!" That's... very generous of her, but what on earth will you wear now? Just the silk robe?

As the door closes with a click, you towel yourself down and then pick up the silk robe. It's clearly a man's cut... and probably a matching pair with the silk robe Sarah had been wearing.

“Is... is it really alright for me to wear this?” You call out hesitantly. “Isn’t this Mr. Simons’ robe?” You can’t imagine he’d be happy to hear that someone he’s never met was wearing his...

“Oh, he’s never worn it!” You can hear Sarah moving around in the bedroom, clearly moving things around. “Actually, you’d be getting some use out of it, so thank you!”

Now that she’s already thanked you for doing it, you can hardly refuse, can you? The silk feels uncomfortably pleasant on your bare flesh as you slip it on. The fabric feels like liquid flowing over your muscles. The white fur on the collar brushes against your neck, making your cervical muscles twitch in soft pleasure. It fits you surprisingly well... apart from the unsettlingly large bulge your cock and balls make in the front. As you lightly tie the strings of the robe, you awkwardly try to adjust your new outfit to make your genitals a little less... mountainous, but to no avail.

Well... you know what? Sarah’s comfortable with her body. Why aren’t you? It’s not like the two of you haven’t been indulging in a pleasant amount of friendly physical intimacy since you’ve met. And Sarah’s always been admiring your body. You take a deep breath and decide not to worry about it. Your body is your body. If your dick is visible through your robe, well... Sarah almost certainly won’t mind. And if she does, you can always fix it then!

Confidence is key to defeating any awkwardness. So, you push open the bathroom door and step out into the... now rather dimly lit bedroom.

The curtains have been drawn over the bedroom windows, leaving the entire room in a pleasant half light. Soft music is playing through the stereo on Sarah’s nightstand, a familiar track that you find oddly familiar. Sarah herself is on the other side of the room, lighting some candles. She’s still in her underwear, to your surprise. You would have expected her to take the opportunity to use her nearby wardrobe. But, if she was more comfortable like that, then what did it matter? “Um... what are you doing?” You ask, curious.

Sarah jumps and turns back to look at you, a big smile on her face. “Oh, you’re done!” She’s holding a long candle lighter. “I’m lighting some lovely rose candles. Don’t they smell good?” They do, honestly. The pleasant scent of roses fills the room with a soft aroma, and the music really sets a relaxing mood. On the bedside table, you can see the rose Sarah plucked earlier today, properly trimmed and in a glass of water. The sight of a plant immediately makes you feel more relaxed.

“Oh... why candles?” You ask, feeling a little lost. “N-not that I’m complaining, of course!” You tug on the furred collar of the silk robe nervously.

“Why not?” The older woman shrugs cheerfully. “Consider it a ‘thank you’ for helping me with my, uh, bed problems. I’ve been meaning to use them for ages, so I thought I might as well enjoy them with someone I like.” She puts down the lighter and chuckles to herself. “They’re a

special aphro... Whoa.” Her gaze falls to your groin, where the outline of your genitals is still quite visible even in the dim light.

You pick at the silk robe nervously, feeling the older woman’s eyes on the shape of your cock and balls. “S-sorry. This robe doesn’t cover much, and I didn’t have anything to wear underneath...”

“F-fuck...” Sarah actually swears out loud, to your surprise. “You weren’t lying about the nine inches, were you?” She actually seems a little lost for words.

Of course you weren’t lying, why would you lie? If anything, you would have said it was smaller. You’ve always been a little embarrassed about how big your penis is. Finding comfortable pants has always been a hassle, not to mention how difficult it can make having sex. And your balls aren’t much better. Still, perhaps not the best time to be thinking about sex right now. If your cock gets any bigger, it will be extremely visible. “W-what’s this music?” You try to change the topic. “It sounds really familiar.”

“It... It’s from the movie we just watched! I just bought the whole soundtrack so we could listen to it together!” Sarah takes a deep breath to calm herself for some reason, and looks up at the ceiling. “Don’t you recognise this one? It was when the two characters first made love in her bed.”

Oh! Now you recognize it! “Um...” You listen to the pleasant music for a moment, and you can feel your body heating up. Odd, you’re trying to think calming thoughts, so why are you feeling oddly aroused. Inhaling another wave of the rose candles, you feel yourself blush. “Um... What should I do now?” You’re supposed to be helping her with her bed springs, right?

“Oh, right! The bed springs!” Sarah shakes her head, as if she’s trying to gather her thoughts. “Uh... Hold on! Let me...” The older woman steps forward and climbs onto the bed. Swinging her legs around, she lays down in the middle and grabs a few pillows. Placing the pillows against her stomach and thighs, Sarah reclines luxuriously. She smiles at you, and then blinks. “Oh! One more thing...” She turns and picks up the rose. Grinning at you, Sarah places the stem of the rose between her teeth and pats the pillows, gesturing for you to lay down with her. If you didn’t know better, you might even think she was striking an erotic pose.

“So, what’s the problem with the bed springs?” You ask. This feels like a rather odd way to test bed springs, but Sarah probably knows what she’s doing, you suppose. After a moment’s hesitation, you sit down on the bed. Sarah pats the pillow against her thighs eagerly, and you tentatively lay your head against it. “Oh, wow...” You can feel yourself almost sinking into the mattress. Sarah’s bed is somehow both wonderfully soft and wonderfully firm. Gosh, you could sleep on this so easily...

“Comfy, right?” Sarah gently removes the rose in her mouth and chuckles to herself. “I’ve always said, rich or poor, no-one should be afraid of spending money on a comfy bed.” You open your

mouth to ask your question again, but the older woman seems not to notice. “Yes, after a long day of lugging *these* around...” Sarah leans forward, and a vast pair of shapes covers your view. “...My back always needs a bit of comfort.”

Oh heck... Sarah’s boobs are huge, you knew that. It had always been an obvious fact, even long before she’d taken off her robe. But hanging above you now, they seem impossibly huge. “Y-yeah, I can imagine...” You blush at the proximity of the older woman’s chest from your face.

“Oh, can you?” You hear the older woman chuckle, since you can’t actually see her face now. “Don’t get me wrong, I *love* my girls. It’s taken decades for them to get this big and sexy. But they’re a real chore to heft around.” She sighs theatrically. “And even so, I can feel a part of me just... wanting to make them even *bigger!* How crazy is that?”

As she sighs, Sarah lowers the rose, brushing it lightly against your cheek. “Y-you must have really good genes...” You stammer, as the flower gently rubs against your face.

“Oh, these aren’t genetic!” The older woman pokes her breast with one finger, and you’re almost mesmerized by the ripple that it seems to make. “These are... hard work and diet. So much meat has gone into making them like this. So much muscle and fitness...”

Is that how breasts work? You must admit you’re not an expert on biology... or any science, really. “Well... they’re really amazing.” You blush a little, but you and Sarah are close enough for you to say it without embarrassment now, surely. “Honestly, your body is the best I’ve ever seen, Sarah.”

“Oh, thank you, Alex!” The older woman smiles widely at you, looking genuinely happy to hear that. Then, she licks her lips. “And let me tell *you*, my hunky gardener, that you have by far the most *delicious* body I’ve ever seen.”

Yes, you’d been able to tell how much she admired your body. It was nice that she felt comfortable admiring you without embarrassment. “T-thank you... Not to toot my own horn, but I’ve worked on my body for a long time... And it’s not the *best* body in the world, but I’m pretty happy with my efforts.” Over a decade in the gym, surely you’ve done enough to feel a *little* pride?

“Handsome... humble... confidant...” Sarah’s eyes seem to be almost smoldering as she leans back, staring at you. You feel the rose tickling your ear softly and shiver. “My daughters would be all over you, you know.” You raise an eyebrow and she chuckles. “Oh yes, they’d drag you into the bedroom and... well, you wouldn’t survive the night, I’ll put it that way.” She laughs at the thought. “But... I wouldn’t let them, of course. You’re *mine*.”

“I am?” You turn and smile up at Sarah. Or rather, you stare up at her tits, but close enough. “You’re already feeling territorial?” Gosh, female friendships were so complicated.

“Oh, I certainly am, Alex! I’m not gonna let any other woman have you now, I promise!” Then, she lets out a laugh of amusement. “Honestly, I think if you asked me to, I’d divorce Richard and marry you, right here and now!”

Gosh, that’s a hell of an idea! You, *marrying* Sarah? The thought of you becoming such an amazing woman’s husband is laughable. “Oh, I don’t think I’m the kinda guy you’d want to spend your life with!”

“Oh, I think you are!” Sarah slaps you on the arm playfully. “Honestly, Alex, pick me up with those hunky arm muscles of yours and carry me out to my car! We can sign the divorce papers and the marriage papers in one trip to my lawyer and be on a plane to the Bahamas before midnight! And then we’d spend a whole month just having *mindblowing* amounts of sex!” She lets out a loud cackle of laughter. “I’ve often spoken with Richard about how *easy* it would be to divorce him and find a younger man! Hell, with my lawyers, I’d probably get *alimony*! Keeps him nice and behaved!”

That’s a pretty funny joke. You laugh along with her, and feel the older woman gently stroke your neck with the rose petals. “Well, I’d be a lucky man, wouldn’t I?” You let out a snort of amusement. “Though, I think your daughters might find it odd to have a new daddy their age.”

Sarah smirks at the thought. “Oh... My daughters know the kind of person I am. They know *what* I am. Because they’re the same as me in almost every way.” She shakes her head with a grin. “No, the only thing they’d be feeling is happy for me... and a hell of a lot of jealousy.”

“Well... you’d need to find a new gardener.” You say with an amused sigh, as the laughter subsides.

“True... I guess I won’t marry you, then.” Sarah pouts playfully and then grins at you. “Of course, I’m only joking, Alex.” Well, obviously! “No, marriage is just a piece of paper, really. When you’re really in love with someone, you’d want something *far* more intimate...” She leans back and reaches for something.

“Like what?” You ask, tilting your head to see what Sarah’s doing. She places the rose back into its vase and leans down. A moment later, you hear a popping sound, like a fridge has been opened.

To your surprise, you see that the bedside table actually has a fridge built into it. A moment later, Sarah pulls out a small wine bottle, along with two wine glasses. The wine bottle looks alarmingly expensive... “Oh, you know. Literally becoming one with them. Make them a permanent part of yourself.” The older woman says casually, as she sets down the two wine glasses and begins to uncork the bottle. “Making it so that they’re part of your life for literally every moment.”

You sit up, a little confused as Sarah pours two glasses of wine. It takes you until the older woman picks up one and offers it to you to realize she's poured a glass for you. "Oh... N-no, I couldn't..." Gosh, the wine looks so expensive. "I'm still on the clock..." Hard to imagine at this point, but you're supposed to be power-washing the garden cobblestones right now.

"Oh, *please!*" Sarah pleads cutely. "This wine... Well, I bought it a few weeks ago and it's nearly past its used-by date! You'd be doing me a big favor by helping me drink it."

"Well... if you say so." Having the wine go off without drinking it would be a waste. Wait, did wine go off? Maybe. Probably. Sarah was probably right. Nervously, you take the glass from her waiting hand.

Sarah picks up her own glass and holds it out. You blink, and then realize what she's waiting for. Leaning forward, you clink your glass against hers, making a pleasant *clink*. Then, the two of you lean back and take a sip of the wine. It tastes... lovely. Sarah savors hers for a long moment and then grins. "Mmm... what do you think, Alex?"

It tastes like citrus as you swallow. "Oh... I'm not a big wine guy, but it's really good!" Your eyes water slightly as you feel the rush of alcohol. "O-oh, it's quite strong!"

"Only one glass, okay?" Sarah winks at you. "You can drink more later, but I'd like you to keep your wits about you for now, okay?" Then, she grimaces and sighs theatrically again, rolling her shoulders. "Goodness! All that laughter has really made me *sore!*"

"Your back?" You take another sip of the wine. Gosh, it's really good! "Do you want to lie down?"

"No, my chest!" To your surprise, Sarah grabs her left breast and squeezes it with a frown. "Honestly..." Then, a curious look appears in her eyes and she grins. You'd think it was a smirk if you didn't know better. "Alex...?" She asks, giving you a pleading look. "Would you... do me a big favor?"

You don't even need to think about it. "Of course!" You answer, placing your glass down on the bedside table. "What can I do?"

"Well... You have such strong muscles and big sexy hands..." The older woman sighs, as if she's in some sort of pain. "If you could just... reach into my bra and massage my breasts, I'm sure I'd feel a *lot* better!"

"Your breasts?" You're not sure if it's okay for you to touch them like that. "Well, *sure*... but are you sure that's not... um, crossing a line?"

"What? A massage between friends?" Sarah rolls her eyes, as if the question is just silly. "Don't worry, Alex. I get breasts massages from men all the time! It's just something male friends do for their female friends, right? It's completely normal." The older woman chuckles and turns around

so that her back is facing you. “Now, crack those sexy knuckles of yours and shove your hands right into my bra. Don’t stop until you can feel my nipples!”

Gosh, was that true? You don’t actually have any female *friends* to compare this to. All the girls in your life who you’ve made friends with have either ended up begging for you to date them or gotten mad at you for dating another girl. But you have no reason to doubt Sarah, after all. Even if it wasn’t *typical* for a man to massage his female friend’s breasts, it was clearly fine with her. And besides, judging by the moans she was making and the blush on her cheeks, Sarah was dearly in need of relief.

So, you take a deep breath and loudly crack your knuckles. Then, you shuffle forward until you’re right behind the older woman. Taking a moment to steel yourself, you reach forward and gently slide your fingers into the sides of her bra...

You’re no stranger to a woman’s breasts. You’ve had plenty of girls throwing themselves at you over the course of your life, and more than a few have managed to wrangle you into bed. So, yes, you’ve felt up a woman’s breasts before.

But this is different. Even as you begin to squeeze, you feel the immense softness and firmness that can only come from... Well, Sarah hadn’t been lying about them being natural, you can say that much. It takes you only moments to find her nipples, since they’re already hard and erect. Your hands are quite large, even for man, but seizing control of these breasts is a difficult undertaking at best.

“Oh, Alex!” Sarah moans excitedly. “Oh, you’re... Oh!” You feel her shiver slightly. “Ngh... I... Oh, *fuck*...” It sounds like she’s trying to say something, but keeps getting interrupted.

“Are you okay?” You ask, feeling a little concerned. You had been trying to be gentle, but you’re naturally rather strong, so... “A-am I hurting you?” You start to pull your hands away...

Suddenly, you feel the older woman grab your hands. “No!” Sarah blurts out loudly. “No, don’t... I mean...” Sarah clears her throat and chuckles nervously. “No, you’re not hurting me, Alex.” She squeezes your hands, and you feel a little reassured. “Quite the opposite.”

“It feels good?” You give the huge orbs in each hand a squeeze and feel your fingers sink slightly into the firm softness. You feel Sarah shudder in response.

“God, yes...” The older woman moans, half in pleasure and half in relief. “You’ve *no idea* how good it feels, Alex. You’re so strong...” She’s breathing heavier now, and her cheeks are flushed. “Alex... My tits are really big, you know?”

Yes, you know. Gosh, you’re quite aware. You can feel the weight of each breast in your hands. Honestly, no wonder some women got back problems. “They’re huge...” You say, huskier than you intended. “B-biggest I’ve ever touched.” No point worrying about your words now.

“Ooh...” Sarah seems to enjoy you whispering in her ear. “They’re... they’re mostly *fat*, Alex...” You can feel the older woman pressing her ass into your groin. It’s probably more a reflex than intentional, but it’s... ahem, *stimulating* you. “Ah... Please *don’t* be gentle, Alex. They need a strong man to really *crush* them.”

Ah, you get what she means. She needs you to really go hard if you want to make her feel better. “O-okay...” You’re still a little worried about hurting her, though. “L-like this?” Gripping her breasts in each hand, you squeeze harder, feeling her breasts distort in shape very slightly.

“Oh, yes!” Sarah moans out loud this time, apparently no longer able to hold back her voice. You can feel her body shuddering as you pump her breasts with your grip. “Y-yes, that’s it! Oh *God*, it’s been so long since I’ve had a man who’s been able to squeeze that hard... I’ve missed this feeling so much...” You continue squeezing her chest for a few seconds, and then feel her hands gently stroking yours through the fabric of her bra. “Alex... how much stronger can you go? I want you to go as strong as you can, okay?”

Oh dear. You can feel your cock beginning to harden. Not exactly shocking considering that you’re massaging a woman’s breasts while she rubs her ass on your cock in a darkened bedroom, but it’s still a little awkward for you. “I... I’ll go as hard as I can, Sarah...” You half-moan, and you hear the older woman squeal softly in excitement. Then, you accidentally say; “Oh... I think I’m getting an erection...” Oh, *heck*. You shouldn’t have said that out loud!

“Really?!” Sarah sounds rather excited to hear that. “Ha! You held out so long, Alex! But I *finally* beat you down!”

You blush in deep shame. “Sorry...” You whimper softly, as you continue to squeeze her breasts. “I’ve been trying to hold back, but I can’t anymore...”

“Then, *don’t!*” The older woman laughs out loud. “Get as hard as you want, Alex! Get hard for me!” You can feel her ass pressing even harder into your groin, and your erection pokes her butt in return. “Oh, *fuck*, I can feel it! It’s fucking *huge!* Are you sure that thing’s not fully erect?!”

No, you’re still only at half-mast. “It’s still... I’m not fully hard...” Not for long, though. Her ass is too good for you to stay anything other than fully erect for long.

“Oh, *fuck!* You’re making me so hungry, Alex!” You think she’s joking for a moment, but then you hear her stomach rumbling. “What a fat piece of meat you’ve got between your legs... Oh!” She trails off as you squeeze her tits once more. “Yes! Harder! *Harder!*”

Well, gosh... You suppose there’s only one thing for it, then. Mustering all the strength that over a decade of gardening work has given you, you try to crush her tits with your hands as hard as you can. Her breasts are powerful beasts, you’ve learned now, and they can certainly take a bit of punishment. In fact, it appears that punishment is exactly what Sarah needs.

“Holy shit, yes!” As you squeeze with all your strength, Sarah’s thighs clamp together and her hands move away from yours. A moment later, you feel her hands rubbing awkwardly against your waist, as if she’s trying desperately to touch you. “That’s so... Oh, wait, am I gonna fucking...” Suddenly, her whole body begins to shudder. “F-fuck! *Fuck!* **FUCK!**”

You can feel her vibrating violently in your grip. Is she okay? You feel a little worried, so you reflexively pull the older woman into your chest, holding her tightly. As you do, Sarah eagerly reciprocates, pressing herself into your muscles as she shivers. A little bit of saliva is running down her chin as her shivers slowly begin to subside a few seconds later. “A-are you okay?” You ask, alarmed.

“H-holy fuck, Alex...” Sarah’s body feels very warm as she rubs her head against your chest. “I’ve never... I’ve never done that just from someone touching me...” As she breathes heavily, the older woman sighs in contentment. “You just made me *cum*, Alex!”

“I did?!” You blurt out in surprise. “But I didn’t even touch your...” You trail off, realizing what you were about to say.

“Fuck no, a man like you doesn’t need to touch my pussy to make me cum... *apparently.*” Sarah chuckles softly in amusement. “Alex, would you be so kind as to unhook my bra? I’m rather sweaty now, so I’ll take it off.”

As she pulls away, Sarah grabs the back of her hair, pulling it to the side so you can get a better look at her bra hook. You’re a little hesitant, but you’re far beyond worrying about seeing her topless now, surely? “O-okay...” You reach down and unhook her bra.

“Geez, you did that *fast!*” Sarah raises an eyebrow at you. “You have a lot of experience unhooking bras, do you?” You blush, nodding at her. “Or is it that I have a lot of experience having my bra unhooked?” Sarah winks at you. “Perhaps a bit of both?”

Perhaps. As Sarah shrugs off her bra, she turns around. Waiting until she’s facing you, the older woman tosses away her upper underwear and grins at you. Your eyes fall to her areola, huge dark discs that surround her puffy nipples. Grabbing her breasts, she holds them up, as if she wants you to inspect them. “What do you think, Alex?” She asks.

Ah. Apparently she *did* want you to inspect them. “They’re...” You blush as the older woman leans forward, rubbing her nipples on your chest. The cool silk must feel good against her chest, judging by the way she sighs. “Gosh, they’re red!”

Sarah rolls her eyes. “Of course they are! You just squished the hell out of them!” Both her breasts are flushed red, and you can almost see your handprints in them. “Damn, it almost makes me want to *not...*” She chuckles and looks up at you, licking her lips. “But no. The mark you make on the *inside* is going to be even better...”

Before you can ask what she means, the older woman leans forward and... kisses you on the lips!

You feel her lips against yours. Hot, wet, soft... much like the older woman herself. Your eyes widen in surprise, and you might have pulled away in shock, but Sarah quickly wraps her arms around your neck, saving you from that embarrassment. She eagerly presses her lips into yours, clearly enjoying your taste for a long moment. Then, she breaks away, giggling softly.

“Wha...” You say, still rather stunned. “You just...!”

“I sure did!” Sarah seems amused at your shock. “I kissed you! And I’m gonna do it again!” She bursts out laughing as you blush. “Oh, Alex! You’re so cute! And *tasty!*” The older woman licks her lips. “Mmm... yum! I wonder if the rest of you tastes that good?”

“But you...” You cover your lips, like a blushing schoolgirl. “I didn’t think you’d...”

Sarah raises an eyebrow at you, rolling her eyes. “Alex! You just made me *cum!* Is a kiss really so much more intimate than *that* to you?”

Well, she *did* have a point. But somehow, it still felt even more taboo. “It’s just...” You gulp nervously, feeling a shameful blush on your cheeks. “You’re married, and we’re just friends...”

Sarah waves dismissively as she leans back. “Oh... Married or not, who cares if we kiss? Richard knows how I am with my friends. He knows not to complain... anymore. Not after I explained a few things to him.” Sarah giggles to herself. “Oh, don’t worry about it, Alex! We’re good friends, right? Why stress about it when we’re in private?”

But if she’s married, wouldn’t that make kissing *you*... No, Sarah wouldn’t cheat on her husband. You know she’d never do something so cruel. No, this must be just a normal fun time with a friend. It had nothing to do with cheating.

“Let’s not worry about *labels*, Alex!” Sarah just seems amused at your worries. “You’re you, and I’m me right now. We don’t need to worry about what we are, since one of us might be dead tomorrow!”

Yes, Sarah’s right, you know. Life is short. Who knew what tomorrow would be like? You want to make your friend feel good. It’s really not complicated. “O-okay.” You nod and smile at Sarah. “I won’t worry about it.”

“Good!” Sarah smiles back at you, seeming a little relieved. “Now, how long has it been since you’ve ejaculated, Alex?”

“Huh?” You blink for a moment, as the older woman begins to lean down. “What do you...?” Then, you feel her hands pulling open your robe. “W-wait, if you do that...!”

But it’s already too late. Now free from the feeble restraints of the robe, your cock springs out, almost slapping Sarah in the face. At a stunning nine full inches, your erection stands tall, powerful veins pulsing along your length.

Sarah gasps in shock as she stares at your cock, and you’re embarrassed to feel your dick actually twitch in arousal as she gazes at it. “J-Jesus, Alex... I know you *said* nine inches, but... Fuck, seeing is believing, isn’t it?” Then, she takes a deep breath and looks up at you, her face stern. “Yes, it’s as I feared. You’ve gone far too long without ejaculating! Just look at how red and full your testicles are!”

Are they? Honestly, you can’t really see your balls, but you can feel their familiar weight. “R-really? It’s only been two days!”

“Two days?!” Sarah gasps theatrically. “For a young virile man like you? I’m surprised you haven’t *exploded* yet! You should be emptying them at *least* once a day, Alex.”

Gosh, really? You had no idea. You’d always tried to live a healthy life as possible, and you’ve never worried about masturbating when you needed to. But if Sarah said so, then it was probably true... “I’ll empty them as soon as I can, when I get home today...”

“No, that’s too long! I just *can’t* stand by and watch my friend suffering such *agony*, Alex.” Sarah sighs deeply. “Don’t worry, I’ve been helping men empty their balls for... God, almost three decades now. Just let me take care of it for you, okay?”

Oh... that’s remarkably generous of her. There’s not many women who’d be willing to help their friend ejaculate, you suspect. You know Sarah has a kind-heart, but here she was, proving it once more. “W-well, if you’re sure...” You blush deeply. “I’d be thankful if you could...”

“Lovely!” Sarah grins happily at you. “I’m going to touch your cock now, Alex.” She holds up a hand for a moment, actually looking rather nervous. Then, she takes a deep breath and reaches out to grab your cock.

Ah! You let out an involuntary moan as she takes hold of your erection. Her touch is soft and warm around your penis. As her fingers seem to glide down your length, you feel an *explosion* of pleasure. “Uh... Ugh, Sarah!” You moan pathetically.

“Oh shit...” Sarah grins widely at you. “Am I making you moan, Alex? Don’t hold back that beautiful voice, you hear me? I want to *hear* how good I make you feel!”

Oh gosh... You don't think you could disobey, even if you wanted to! As Sarah slowly strokes your dick, you can't help but moan softly. "Ugh... Ngh! Sarah..." As she begins to stroke faster, your moans are forced to become louder and louder.

"Have you named your penis, Alex?" Sarah asks with a chuckle, licking her lips. You blush and shake your head. "No? Then, let me be the first to volunteer 'the Jawbreaker' as a name." She swallows deeply, wiping her lips with the back of her other hand. She seems to be almost salivating now. "Because, Jesus, I know my way around a dick or two, but *holy hell* this piece of meat is an absolute *monster*!"

Sliding her hands between her legs, Sarah rubs her pussy, and you can tell that she's already slick with arousal. Well, you're hard yourself, so it's hardly something you could complain about, not that you'd want to. As Sarah leans forward, she kisses the head of your penis, letting her lips ghost along the sensitive tip. "S-Sarah!" You groan, shivering in pleasure.

"Are you about to cum, Alex?" The older woman looks up at you lovingly.

"N-no..." Gosh, it feels good, but you're nowhere near ejaculating. "S-sorry, it's really hard to make me cum, I think..."

"Damn!" Sarah curses, trying to fight back a grin. "I guess I'll have to resort to drastic measures..." You're about to ask what she means, until the older woman sits up in bed and slides down her panties. Sarah is now almost completely naked in front of you, her bush thick but well-maintained. "Lay down on the bed, Alex. I'll have to use my *other* mouth to relieve you."

Gosh, she was willing to go *that* far?! You're shocked, but you obediently lay down on the bed. As you do, Sarah climbs off the bed and opens the drawer on her bedside table, pulling out a bottle of lubricant. As wet as she is, you know she'll need all the help she can get with your penis. "T-thank you, Sarah." You say, immensely grateful to the older woman.

"Don't mention it, Alex." She chuckles to herself. "Think of it as me paying you back, just a little bit!" Rubbing her lubed up hands together, Sarah turns back to you. "Okay, let's do this!"

Hold on, isn't she missing something? "Wait, don't you need a..." You blush deeply, trailing off. Sarah raises an eyebrow at you. "A... A c-condom..."

"Of course not!" Sarah raises an eyebrow at you. "Why on *earth* would we let such useful sperm go to waste inside a piece of cheap latex?" She asks, chuckling. Kicking off her panties, the older woman now stands completely naked. Her thick pink slit between her legs is already slick with arousal. "Admiring my landing strip?" She winks at you, as you realize you've been staring.

"It's... it's very..." You trail off as Sarah climbs back onto the bed, swinging her legs over yours until she's straddling you. Your erection and her vagina are barely inches away from each other, and you swear you can feel the heat coming off the older woman. "No, wait... what if you get

pregnant?" It's very kind of her to help you with your erection, but you'd hate for her to make a mistake and...

"Didn't we *just* have a conversation about me wanting to have another child?" Sarah just shakes her head. A moment later, you feel her fingers gently stroking your erection. You shiver as pleasure dances across your penis. "We're killing two birds with one stone here, Alex! I'm helping you and you're helping me!"

But... "What about your husband?" You ask, feeling a little lost. "Won't he feel upset if *I* get you pregnant and not him?" You know Sarah would never do something as terrible as *cheating*, but surely Mr. Simons wouldn't be happy if his gardener knocked up his wife.

"Oh..." Sarah rolls her eyes, looking vaguely amused. "Well... if you're really worried about that..." The older woman leans back on your lap and frowns. "I hate to tell you a family secret, Alex, but... Richard can't have kids. I knew that before we got married." If you didn't know better, you'd swear that there was a hint of a smile on Sarah's face now. "But lucky for him, I found plenty of *generous* boys who were willing to step in. And now I... *we* have three daughters!" She smiles widely at you. "And now, with your help, we'll have *four*!"

Ah. That was sad to hear. She hadn't said so, but you presume she means that Mr. Simons is infertile. Right? What else could she mean? But it *is* a little heartwarming to hear that Sarah and her husband were so open-minded about their children. "Well..." You hesitate for a moment. "If your husband is okay with it..." You're not entirely sure how comfortable you are with impregnating a married woman...

"I'll make sure of *that*, don't worry, Alex." Sarah gently runs her fingers up and down your chest, licking her lips hungrily. "He'll be delighted to pay for... Well, for me to have your child, Alex. Just like he was for my... *our* daughters back then.

Oh, what the heck? So what if this felt weird? Sarah's a good person, and you want to make her happy. She's already done so much for you out of the kindness of her heart. Despite the fact that you're merely her gardener, the older woman has treated you like a friend. And you want to pay her back, at least a little bit. Besides, it's not like you're doing anything with your sperm, right?

"Well... okay!" You try to smile up at Sarah reassuringly. "Let's... let's make a baby, Sarah!"

The older woman's smile widens, until she's the happiest you've ever seen her. "Alex...!" She stares down at you lovingly, stroking your twitching penis. "Ah... You've made me such a happy woman by saying that! I wasn't even this happy on my *wedding day*... I can't believe how much of a *perfect* man you are!" She licks her lips hungrily. "I don't think I'll be able to let you go, even if I *wanted* to now. I'm going to make you mine forever once we're done making a baby."

“S-sure...” You have no idea what Sarah means by that. Perhaps she’s referring to your employment? Make you an offer to stay on as the mansion’s gardener permanently? Well, whatever it is, it isn’t... something you need to worry about... Oh gosh, her fingers are so soft and so *firm* around your penis...

“Oh, Christ, I’ve never taken a cock this big before, Alex!” Sarah moans as she wiggles her hips on top of you. Her hand still stroking your erection, the older woman takes a moment to properly position herself, sitting on your thighs, facing toward you. “Jesus, is this *all* precum?” She gasps as she rubs the head of your penis. “Holy *fuck*, you are gonna get me so pregnant!” The older woman lets out a squeal of delight at the thought

The older woman sits up on your lap and spreads her legs. Pointing your penis directly upwards with one hand, Sarah positions her vagina above the head of your cock. With the other hand, she spreads her pussy gently, already dripping with anticipation. She wasn’t wrong when she’d described her vagina as being *hungry*.

And then, she slowly descends, and the mouth of her vagina swallows the head of your penis.

Sarah is not a virgin. You never expected as such, for obvious reasons, but it’s still rather stunning how *eager* her vagina is to accept you inside. As you both let out a moan in unison, you feel a wonderful hot wetness around your penis, slowly descending. But even for someone her age, Sarah is far from loose or soft. Quite the opposite!

Oh gosh, how is a woman who’d given birth to three daughters *this* tight?! Sarah’s pussy clamps down on you like an industrial vice, squeezing your cock so much that it feels like it’s actually sucking your penis inside. Heck, this might be the single most pleasurable thing you’ve ever felt before in your *entire life*. You’re not a virgin, but no woman you’ve ever been with compares to how *good* this older woman feels.

“F-fuck!” Sarah doesn’t seem to be having such an easy time either. “Oh, fuck! I can’t... It’s too fucking big!” Even as she speaks, the older woman pushes herself further down, swallowing more and more of your penis. “I gotta be near the... Oh, shit... A-another inch?! Another?! How fucking big...” You feel Sarah’s powerful grip around your shoulders, shuddering as waves of pleasure strike her. You can feel her aroused breath in your ear, struggling to breathe properly as your penis fills her. “Shit... More... I need more... I need it *all*...”

Finally, with a few more cute hip wiggles, the older woman finally accepts the last inch of your penis inside of her. You feel her heavy butt cheeks gently come to rest against your testicles. You can feel her inner muscles clamping down on your cock, and through that intimate connection, you can even distantly feel her heart beating in unison with your own.

As she adjusts to your size, Sarah leans forward and kisses you again. This time, you’re... well, not *ready* for it, but you don’t flinch in shock. Instead, you accept her kiss, hesitantly pressing

your lips into hers. For a long moment, the two of you enjoy the kiss, you perhaps a little more guiltily than Sarah.

As Sarah breaks the kiss, she stares at you lovingly. "Alex..." She moans softly. "This was so worth the wait..." But before you can ask what she means, the older woman places her hands on your waist and moves up and down, pumping your erection.

"Ugh, Sarah!" You let out a moan as you feel her vagina gliding along your cock's length. Oh gosh... you know it can be hard for some women to make you cum, but you know for certain that Sarah won't have that problem. It will take some work, but already you can feel a deep desire to paint her inside white. "S-Sarah, that feels so good!"

"Doesn't it?" Her face is flushed, but the older woman almost seems rather smug. "Good! Feel the combined experience of three *decades* of sexual experience, Alex! There's no woman in the entire world better than me at sex!"

You know she's bragging, but... Heck, with how good this feels, you could almost believe her! You're hardly a virgin yourself, but... Gosh, it's hard to remember *ever* being fucked by a woman as hard as this! Your cock is in a vice of hot, warm pleasure, and you can *feel* how eager she is for your sperm. Her vagina *does* feel hungry, and your cock is filling it completely.

For about ten full minutes, the two of you fall into a haze of pleasure. All conscious thought seems to fade away, save for the sound of sex, the scent of rose candles and the savage pursuit of orgasm. Finally, you feel that pursuit drawing to a close, as the older woman slams down on you, harder and faster each time...

"Sarah!" You can feel your cock twitching, as the vast wave of pleasure begins to dawn on the tip of your penis. You can feel it coming, slow but unstoppable. "Sarah, I'm going to cum!"

"Then *cum!*" Sarah shouts gleefully in response, grinding on your cock even harder. "Don't hold back, Alex! Just cum! My womb is ready! She's *hungry* for your seed!"

It's too much. As Sarah slams down on your penis over and over again, you feel the pleasure break, like a tsunami over a beach. Burning, white-hot orgasm thunders from the tip of your penis, spreading to every corner of your body. Your mind goes blank as it reaches your brain, and all you can feel is your cock and balls, working with animal instinct as they violently begin to spray your load.

On top of you, you feel Sarah shudder in unison with you, as her own orgasm appears. You feel her vagina clamp down on your cock, just as your cum spurts into her. "Alex!" She practically screams, as she feels your hot load inside her.

Without conscious thought, you reach out and grab Sarah's hips, forcing her down onto your penis as deep as she can. Sarah does not resist, not that she'd be able to resist your strength in

this moment. All that's in your mind right now is the primal desire to empty those fucking nuts inside your breeding partner, to get her pregnant...

Finally, your orgasm begins to fade, and you realize what you're doing. You quickly let go of Sarah's hips and you can see you've actually left red marks in her skin where your fingers gripped her. As your balls let out one last spurt of cum, Sarah's own orgasm seems to wear off, and the older woman almost goes limp, an almost stupid smile on her face.

"Sarah, are you okay?" You ask, a little ashamed at having lost control. "I didn't hurt you, did...?"

"Oh, you did and I loved every second of it!" You can feel Sarah breathing heavily on top of you. "Oh my *god*... I have never... *never* been fucked that deeply before, Alex. Thank you." After a moment to compose herself, you feel a soft warmth as the older woman begins to gently kiss your chest muscles. "Oh... I'm in *heaven*. I think I'm fucking *in love* with your penis, Alex..." Her kissing slowly descends, lavishly slurping on each muscle as she slowly moves toward your softening penis.

As her tongue gently slides down your softening length, you feel a wave of relief and pleasure. "O-ooh... S-Sarah!" You moan, feeling her lips close around your soft penis. Her tongue greedily slurps down the last remnants of your cum.

With a wet pop, the older woman lets go of your cock and sits back, licks her lips with an utterly delighted smile on her face. "Fuck... I need it inside me... I need to be *part* of me..."

Now that you're down off the high of your orgasm, you can feel that your body is covered in sweat. "I..." You moan. "I need some water..." You move to sit up, but the older woman stops you.

"No...!" You feel Sarah push down on you. You're far stronger than her, but you still obediently stop moving. "No, let *me*, Alex." She leans down and kisses your chest again, moaning seductively. "Mhm... No, you stay here and rest those *delicious* muscles. A beautiful stallion like you should just sit back and let his lover do all the work..."

Sarah slides off the bed, stretching her arms with a satisfied squeak. Then, she wanders out of the bedroom, leaving you to rest. You take a few deep breaths, feeling your cock throbbing from the powerful workout you were just given. Amazingly, you can already feel your cock hardening again. Sarah was right about that whole 'needing to empty your balls once a day' thing, she must have been!

A few minutes later, the older woman wanders back into the bedroom, holding two glasses of water. She takes a long draught of one, and places it down on the nightstand next to the rose. She takes a long sniff of the rose and smiles. "Ah... Lovely." Then, she sits down on the bed. You sit up and gently take it from her, grateful that Sarah didn't try to feed it to you herself.

The ice water is just what you need. Almost instantly, you feel a cold rush through your chest, cooling your body down pleasantly. As you eagerly gulp down more of the ice water, Sarah plucks the rose up again and moves around to the other side of the bed. You feel her climb back onto the bed behind you, and turn to look at the older woman.

Sarah is making herself comfortable, back against the pillows. She smiles warmly up at you. "Oh... don't mind me, Alex. Finish your drink." She smells the rose in her hands again, sighing happily. "And mine, if you like."

You hate to be greedy, but you just can't resist. After finishing off your ice water, you grab the glass Sarah drank from and finish it off as well. Then, you take a few deep breaths, feeling your mind clear again. "Ah..." You say, feeling a little self-conscious all of a sudden. "W-what now?"

"Now?" You feel Sarah's hand caress your back. "Well... I saw that your dick isn't *quite* satisfied yet, right?"

To your embarrassment, she's right. Your cock is already standing to attention, almost as hard as it had been a few minutes ago. A little bit of cum is dribbling down your urethra, and you can feel a faint twitching inside your dick muscles.

"Climb on top of me, Alex..." Sarah's voice is husky. "Use me... I want you to use me any way you want."

Oh gosh... You hate to be crude, but you *really* want to take her up on that offer. Turning around, you run your eyes up and down her beautiful body. "Is... is it alright?" You ask nervously. "I... I might be a little rough..."

"Oh, Alex..." Sarah gently strokes the rose in her hands. "I think that might be the thing I want most in the entire fucking world..."

It's too much for you to resist. You lose control.

You drop the glass in your hand, and it's forgotten long before it bounces away on the carpet. In a second, you're on top of the older woman. Your cock is hard and ready, and you seize her hips, pulling her up your thighs.

"A-Alex!" Sarah yelps in surprise, and you see a hint of fear in her eyes. But it's drowned out immediately by excitement. "O-oh! Yes! I like this Alex! He's gonna... Ugh!"

Without waiting for her to finish, you press your cock against the entrance of her vagina. She's already soaking wet, and you taking control seems to be making her wetter by the second. You've no patience for foreplay now. You eagerly push the head of your cock inside of her, feeling that sweet tightness that you've longed for once more.

“Fuck! You *anima!*” Sarah tries to rub your chest gently, but as you drive deeper into her, the older woman falls limp. “F-fuck! I’m losing control! I’m losing control! You’re *too strong*, Alex...!”

But all you care about now is emptying your balls. Forcing yourself down to the hilt inside her, you feel your balls against her ass. Good, deep enough to get you off. You take a moment to center yourself...

“A-Alex! This is amazing! Don’t st- OH!” Sarah’s begging is cut off as you plunge into her, a brutal rhythm of cock into vagina. “Ngh! Ngh! S-shit, this is stronger than I... Oh, Jesus!”

You can feel her vagina pulsing around you. She loves it, you can *feel* it. You’re not *you* anymore, you’re just a hard cock, desperate to bust as quickly as you can.

“Oh, fuck! No, God, not this early! Not this- *CHRIST!*” Suddenly, you feel Sarah’s vagina clamp down on your cock, spasming violently around you as she orgasms. It doesn’t stop your pounding rhythm, however. The older woman can do nothing but allow your cock to hammer her while she shudders in intense pleasure.

Heavy as they are, Sarah’s tits bounce violently as you fuck her. Her hands are lost, wandering up and down your chest in some feeble attempt to pleasure you, but she’s far too busy being pounded to do anything with them. The rose lays between her tits, forgotten.

Without even thinking, you grab Sarah’s hands and press them down against the bed. The older woman reflexively struggles against you for a moment, but you’re far too strong for her to escape. “S-so *strong!* I can’t...!” Then, she willingly goes limp, an expression of immense joy on her face as she experiences her wish for herself to be used by you.

Her vagina slurps on your cock eagerly, both organs desperate to reach orgasm. You can feel the intense hunger inside Sarah’s womb, greedy for more sperm. You’ll oblige soon enough. But first...

“O-oh God, not again!” Sarah groans, sounding happier than you’ve ever heard her. “Fuck, so quickly? This so *humiliatinggg!*” You feel her pussy spasming again, as you fuck a second orgasm in as many minutes into her.

“Ugh...” Sarah moans loudly as you pound her. “Ugh! Alex! Fuck, I want to you to be inside me *forever!*” She whispers as she kisses your neck, making you shiver as her hot breath warms your ear. “Fuck... I want you to be inside me... Inside my pussy, inside my guts, inside my *blood...*”

That sounds so... beautiful. You feel your balls almost *aching*, ready to impregnate the older woman. After all she’s done for you, you want to fill her up. You want to watch her belly swell up, with your child inside her belly. You want to help her raise your children. And with a big spurt, you know she’ll become pregnant with your child...

Leaning down, you kiss Sarah on the lips. The older woman seems a little shocked by your boldness, but she eagerly kisses you back. As the two of you make out, you continue with your pounding, driving your penis into the deepest parts of Sarah Simons.

A small eternity later, you break off the kiss, coming up for air. How long was that? Minutes? Hours? You feel rather dizzy as you breathe deeply, feeling Sarah do the same underneath you. Even still, you haven't stopped the rhythm.

Below you, you feel Sarah's vagina tightening again. "God, no! I just *finished* the fourth one, I can't *already* be... NGH!" You feel the older woman's pussy pulsing as she experiences her... fifth orgasm? She'd had some while the two of you were kissing, but you hadn't really noticed. "Ugh, Alex! I love you! I love you! Please, make love to me *forever!*" She screams out loud.

"I will!" You say desperately, your mind almost blank. "I'll fuck you forever, Sarah! I want to be inside of you forever!"

"You will!" Sarah has tears of joy in her eyes. "I'll put you inside me forever, Alex!"

"Ugh..." You can feel the orgasm coming. Just a few more strokes... "S-Sarah! Have my baby!" You groan, as the wave begins to break. "Get pregnant! Have my baby!"

Before Sarah can answer, you kiss her again. Finally, with one mighty stroke, your cock *explodes* with pleasure, surging up the length of your erection. If the last orgasm you had was big, this one is *monstrous*. In truth, you can't remember a bigger orgasm than this one in your entire life. As it surges into your balls, they begin to pulse, eagerly emptying their contents into your urethra. As your load surges up your cock, you let out a primal groan.

Sarah lets out a powerful shudder as she feels the hot cum spilling into her vagina. She slips her hands out of your distracted grasp and wraps her arms around your neck, feebly trying to pull you into herself, as if she can do *anything* against your strength. "A-Alex... Fill me! Fill me *completely!*" She moans into your ear as you orgasm, making your pleasure even stronger. "I want you to fill my entire body... I want you to *be me!*"

Finally, you can feel that relief you've been desperately craving, as your balls eagerly spurt everything they can inside the older woman. Your mind is blank, and you continue to thrust, until the orgasm begins to die away, replaced by almost painful sensitivity. Your balls calm down, apparently satisfied that they've done their biological duty for now.

And then, you come to your senses.

"O-oh..." You stammer, as you realize what you've just done. "Oh gosh... I'm so sorry, Sarah!" How could you lose control like that?! "Are... Are you okay? I didn't hurt you, did I?" You pull back, climbing off the older woman.

Sarah just lays there, breathing heavily as cum oozes out of her vagina. Gently rubbing her pussy, the older woman looks utterly satisfied. "I... I could die now, and have no regrets, Alex. Thank you..."

"I just..." Gosh, this was so shameful. "I just lost control... All I could think about was getting you pregnant..."

"You are the perfect man, Alex..." Sarah groans, smiling up at you. "You... I need you. I need you to be with me forever..."

Oh *heck*. What have you done? You've knocked up a married woman. In their marital bed, no less! Exhausted, you roll over and lay your head against her... *their* pillows. Gosh, how can you ever look at yourself in the mirror again?

A few minutes later, you feel Sarah snuggle in beside you, pressing her massive breasts against your arm. You feel her puffy nipples brushing against your skin. "Ah... You're so cute, Alex." She chuckles softly, and kisses your shoulder. "Don't worry... You'll be sleeping here tonight."

You feel guilty about it, but... "T-thank you..." You moan, a little relieved that you won't have to worry about going home after this. "Sarah... was what we just did... okay?" You need to be reassured, *desperately*.

"It was love, Alex." Sarah leans over and smiles down at you. "Nothing done for love could be wrong."

She's right. She *has* to be right. You're more than a little relieved as her lips meet your own, as you can close your eyes and not think as the two of you kiss.

For the next... Gosh, you have no idea how long it is, but you spend at least a couple of hours kissing, whispering to each other and gently touching. It's soothing and wonderful, and just what your guilty mind needs to relax. Sarah... is unimaginably soft and warm, but physically and as a partner. Eventually, you even begin to drift off to sleep...

And then, suddenly, you hear a sound you desperately wanted *not* to hear.

Ding dong. The doorbell of the mansion rings in the distance. Instantly you tense, fearing the worst. You know you and Sarah haven't done anything *wrong*, as she explained to you earlier. But that and what things *looked* like were two different things.

Sarah feels you tense up, and grabs your hand. To your relief, she seems rather calm. "Oh, would you *relax*, Alex? Whatever you're scared of, it's not *that!*" With a sigh, the older woman rolls over and picks up her phone from the bedside table. "Let's see... Ah, it's just a delivery man. Must be the thing I ordered while you were in the shower. I'll buzz him past the gate..."

Oh... that's a relief. You'd hate for Mr. Simons to get the wrong idea about your friendship with his wife. "What did you order?" You ask, curious.

"You'll find out, won't you?" The older woman chuckles softly as she gets out of bed. "You stay here, stallion. I'll go and get the delivery..." She stretches for a moment and then walks over to the stairs, still completely naked. There's even still a few drops of cum running down her thighs.

"W-wait, aren't you going to get dressed?" You ask, wondering if she had somehow forgotten.

Sarah gives you an amused glance as she stops in the doorway. "Oh... right!" She rolls her eyes and reaches around behind the door. A moment later, she pulls out your work shirt that you'd been wearing before your shower. Pulling it on, the rich woman admires herself in the mirror for a moment. It's oversized and clearly belongs to someone else. Not to mention, it does nothing to cover her lower half. "Okay, perfect!" And with a grin, she wanders out of the room.

Well... that delivery man was going to get a good view. Lucky for him, Sarah was so liberal about her clothing.

You lay back in the bed, feeling your cock still twitching. The afternoon is almost over, you suspect, and you've gotten rather less *gardening* done than you'd hoped. But you'd spent most of the day making Sarah feel good. And making love to a beautiful woman was hardly a chore, now was it?

A few minutes later, you hear the front door of the mansion close and Sarah walks back up the stairs, holding a small box. She pushes the bedroom door closed and opens the box. You sit up in the bed as she rifles through her delivery, curious as to what she ordered.

What she ordered, as it turns out, is a small collection of specimen jars. "Now..." She pops open one of the jars and gives you a playful wink. "Would you do me a *huge* favor and fill these?" As you blink in surprise, the older woman pats her vagina. "My little girl here has drunk her fill, but I don't wanna risk rolling the dice. I'll need some sperm for next month and the month after that, just in case..."

Oh. Right. "Um... Sure! I can do that!" A thought comes to you, however. "Um... I don't think sperm lives that long... You'd need special equipment to freeze it..."

Sarah waves dismissively. "Oh, don't worry about *that*. I ordered a special freezer for your sperm too. So I can still use it when you're... ahem, *if* you're not able to donate." Then, she turns and gives you a curious look. "How do you know that, Alex? I wouldn't have thought you'd be sm... Er, knowledgeable to know about that."

Oh! That reminds you of something you should have mentioned earlier. "I, er... I actually donated sperm to a clinic a couple of years ago." You tell Sarah, who raises an eyebrow. Gosh, you'd forgotten about that! "Yeah, a friend of mine at the time told me that it was a good idea..."

"A female friend, I presume?" Sarah gives you an amused glance.

Wow! How'd she know? "Y-yeah! She told me about how many people need sperm, and that I'd even get paid for it. She even helped me fill out the forms." Yes, she had been so helpful, you recall now.

"Uh huh." Sarah lets out an amused chuckle. "And how long after that did she get pregnant?"

Gosh, how on earth...?! "A-about three months or so? How'd you know?" Really, it had been surprising to hear that your friend had suddenly gotten pregnant so quickly after that. Pregnancy must have been on her mind after helping you with the sperm donation stuff. Though, you had always been curious about who the father was. Whenever you'd asked her, she'd just told you to wait a few more years and see who her daughter resembled. You'd never really understood what she meant by that though.

"Three months, huh? Good to know." Sarah grins at you, apparently not interested in elaborating further. "Well... that's a big worry off my mind, to be honest. If you've got the stuff stored in a clinic, then that means I can use as much as I want! Still... while you're here and I have the specimen jars, I might as well..." She chuckles to herself. "Oh, what was the name of the place you donated to?"

Then, she turns and walks back over to the bed, carrying about a half dozen specimen jars. "Now... Easiest way is probably to sit down on the bed."

Obediently, you do as she says, sitting down on the bed. You can already feel your cock hardening once more, as the older woman climbs onto the bed. "What are you going to...?" You begin, but you trail off as Sarah gracefully slides in behind you, embracing your body from behind with her soft yet firm grip.

"Just... relax, Alex." Sarah sets down the specimen jars next to your left leg. Then, she shifts herself properly into position, hugging you from behind. You can feel her massive breasts pressing into the small of your back, a wonderful sensation of soft pressure. Gently, her arms slide around your waist. A moment later, Sarah carefully takes hold of your now fully erect penis. "Now... I'm going to make you feel good, Alex. Warn me before you cum, okay?"

"S-sure." You gulp nervously. "But what are you going to...?!"

Ah. The answer becomes clear a few seconds later.

Over the course of the next... Gosh, could it possibly be thirty minutes? Over the course of the next thirty minutes, Sarah demonstrates how skilled she is at working a penis to you. With a firm grip, a steady rhythm and a carefully placed thumb, the older woman manages to eke out an orgasm over and over again. You can do nothing but moan and thank her each time.

Each time you get close to orgasm, you warn Sarah, and the older woman deftly places a specimen jar to catch the cum that is soon spurting out of you. You watch, almost helplessly as your seed is expertly milked and harvested, filling one entire jar and then another...

Finally, at the halfway mark of the third specimen jar, your balls finally reach their limit. It's not that you can't cum anymore, it's that there's nothing left inside to cum out. Even as Sarah rubs her thumb on the head of your penis, causing it to violently spasm as another orgasm thunders through you, only the slightest droplet of cum appears, not even heavy enough to drip into the waiting specimen jar. Sarah just chuckles and wipes the head of your penis on the specimen jar.

"That's... that's all." Is all you can manage to say, through labored breathing. Your dick is softening, already sore and throbbing from enduring more orgasms in the last thirty minutes than you usually do in an entire week.

"Ah..." You can hear the older woman also breathing heavily, both from effort and from arousal. "I need more, Alex... I can't stop now... I don't *want* to stop..." You can feel her tongue sliding along your back muscles, making your skin shiver. "D-drink more, Alex!"

Obediently, and also out of dehydration, you reach over and pick up your wine glass. The strong alcohol of the wine probably isn't something you should drink to rehydrate, but oh well. As you slurp down more and more wine, you can feel yourself begin to become a little dizzy. "Oh..." You gulp nervously and quickly put the wine glass back down on the nightstand. "I feel a little..."

"Tired?" You hear Sarah chuckle behind you. "It's okay, Alex! You can sleep with me. Let's sleep together, okay?"

Sleep? In her bed? You're not sure how you feel about that... But you're drunk and exhausted, so you don't have much choice, do you? "S-sure..." You stammer, rubbing the bridge of your nose. "I'm just glad your bed is so comfy..."

"Oh, you think *that's* comfy?" You hear a strange tone in the older woman's voice now, but you're a bit too drunk to figure out what it is. "There's somewhere even *comfier* that you're going to sleep now, Alex."

Oh gosh, that sounded good. You could do with a comfy sleep right about now. "Where is it?" You ask, looking around dumbly.

"In my belly!" Sarah pats her stomach, winking playfully at you. "You can get into my belly, and my body will lull you into the deepest sleep you'll ever experience." She licks her lips, looking

truly... something. Ugh, the lights of the candle are making your eyes water. "And you and I can *finally* be together, forever..."

Oh, that *does* sound comfy! "Sure!" You smile at Sarah happily. She's such a good friend, letting you sleep in her belly! What kind of woman would offer such a thing to a mere gardener like yourself? "You... You're the *best!*" You say, as the older woman pushes you back on the bed, laying your head down on the pillows. "Sarah, I want to make you so happy..."

"Oh, you *will*, I promise." Sarah kisses your forehead with a happy smile. "Honestly, Alex, you already *have*." Shuffling back on the bed, the older woman reaches out and begins to massage your ankles. "Now... I need you to stay relaxed, okay?"

Relaxed... Yeah, you can do that. It's getting harder and harder to *not* relax, really. You lay your head down on the pillow and close your eyes.

A moment later, you feel something soft and wet touch your toes. It must be Sarah's lips. As you feel her touch, you twitch slightly, feeling a little ticklish. Then, you feel the soft wetness swallow your left foot. A few seconds later, the right foot is slurped up along with it.

Obediently, you stay calm and relaxed. Normally, you might feel a little alarmed at the prospect of being swallowed alive, but you trust Sarah. She would never do anything to hurt you, after all. So, even as you feel your ankles being swallowed, you sigh in contentment and lay your head against the soft pillow.

Sensing that she's not going to get any resistance, Sarah takes her time in working her way up your lips. You get the sense that she's tasting you, a suspicion that's confirmed when she finally reaches your groin. As she swallows your hips, you feel her tongue slurping eagerly at your penis. You can feel your cock harden slightly, though at this point it's almost impossible for it to become fully erect anymore.

As she begins to swallow your waist, you carefully slide your arms in as well. You'd hate to make it difficult for her to swallow you, right? Sarah seems to like that, considering how eagerly she slurps your hands into her mouth. You wonder how difficult it will be for her to let you out later, but you dismiss the thought quickly. Sarah knows what she's doing, you think, and she's probably already thought of that.

Sarah has a little bit of difficulty when she reaches your chest. Between your wide shoulders and powerful muscles, you're a little embarrassed by how much effort she needs to choke you down. Carefully, you try to wiggle, to make it easier for her to swallow. Thankfully, it seems to help the older woman, and she finally works her way up to your neck.

Now, with only your head outside her mouth, you can feel your legs curling up into her stomach. It's warm and soft in there, and it feels truly inviting. It's with a little bit of relief that you feel

Sarah reach up and stroke your hair gently. Then, she gently pushes your head inside of her mouth... and swallows.

With a mighty gulp, Sarah swallows you entirely, sending your head down her throat. It's wet and warm inside her, and pleasantly dim. The light is tinged with a soft red glow, and you feel her stomach pressing down on you as you're pushed into a fetal position. Gosh, this feels so soft and wonderful...

Outside, the older woman lets out a massive burp, ejecting the air she'd swallowed in the process of devouring you. Sarah leans back, rubbing her now-bulging belly, breathing hard from the effort. Even with your help, swallowing a man larger than she was is quite a feat. "Alex..." She moans, her fingers trailing along your outline against her skin. "That was... the best meal ever... I've never eaten someone so delicious before..."

You're glad to hear that. "Thank you, Sarah..." You say, your voice soft from a mix of tiredness and drunkenness. "I'm so happy in here..."

"Oh..." Sarah sighs, and she sounds truly happy. "Alex, I'm so happy you're inside me, finally. I won't ever let you out..." She rubs you gently. "Now... close those beautiful eyes, Alex. When we wake up tomorrow, we won't ever have to worry about being separate ever again..."

Hmm... You can't quite make out what she's saying, but it sounds reassuring. "Okay..." Your eyes are already beginning to flutter. "I'll see you tomorrow... Sarah..." And then, you close your eyes, and the pleasant warmth of her darkness surrounds you...

"Yes, you will..." Sarah feels you fall asleep inside her. "But it'll be through my eyes, when you're a part of me, Alex." Sighing in absolute contentment, the older woman feels her digestive system kick into gear. Her guts are just as eager as her to erase the line of separation between 'you' and 'Sarah'.

Sarah lays in bed for about twenty minutes, gently caressing your form. Slowly, her stomach gets louder and louder, as her belly washes digestive acids over your body. You're far too drunk to have noticed beforehand, and there's only a limited amount of air inside Sarah's belly. It's already rendered you unable to wake up, and soon enough, you'll peacefully run out of air inside the older woman.

But Sarah's not worried about that. For you, she knows, death is simply a step on the way to you becoming a part of her. "That's it, Alex..." She coos gently, massaging your broad back inside her. "You'll live forever inside me now. We'll be together forever. You can even meet Damien, like you wanted. He's inside me too. But you're special to me, I promise. I've forgotten how many men are *me* now, but I'll never forget *you*, my love." Even marriage would be less intimate than this, really.

And speaking of... Now satisfied that she won't wake you up, Sarah awkwardly reaches for the nightstand, for her phone. Picking it up, she drops it onto her chest and sighs deeply. Her belly is so full of you, even that much movement was exhausting. Then, she picks up her phone and dials a number. As it rings, a happy smile appears on her beautiful face. She's calling her husband, after all.

There is a click, as the person on the other end of the phone picks up.

"Oh hey, Richard..." Sarah speaks into the phone, in her most sultry voice. "Oh? Surprised to hear from me?" She giggles to herself. "My husband's so scared to hear my voice? Oh, come on, Richard. You've survived *this* long married to a predator, have a little backbone..."

There is a nervous response on the other end of the phone.

"Hmm... Just calling to check on you." Sarah clicks her tongue. "Working hard, hmm? Earning my money for me? That CEO paycheck has been wonderful, by the way. You're doing such a wonderful job keeping me and my daughters happy, just so you know." She examines her fingernails for a long moment, a smug smirk spreading across her face. "Oh... And I just wanted to let you know I just cheated on you... again. With the new gardener... again."

There is a long silence on the other end of the phone...

"Hmm? Staying silent? I'll take that as you quietly waiting for me to tell you more!" Sarah giggles to herself, clearly enjoying herself immensely. "His name is *Alex*. He's tall and buff, and wonderfully *dumb*. Exactly the type of man I *adore*, as you know." The older woman rubs your outline in her belly lovingly. "It took me *ages* to get him into bed with me. But the best meals need to be hunted, Richard. And trust me, he was worth that wait! He made me feel things I've never felt before..."

There is a long silence on the other end of the phone...

"Honestly, Alex is such a wonderful man that I was almost tempted to up and divorce you on the spot and marry *him* instead. No really, if he'd *asked* me to do it, I would have." Sarah sighs happily. "I only knew Alex for a couple of months, but I think I love him more right now than I've loved you our entire marriage. I just couldn't bear for him to be separate from me for a moment longer..."

There is a nervous question on the other end of the phone?

Sarah sighs with just a hint of sadness. "Yes, my young lover is melting into me as we speak, Richard. As tempting as marrying him was, I just couldn't stand to have him be *separate* from me for a second longer." As her stomach rumbles, washing another wave of acid over your body, the older woman shudders in pleasure. "Too bad you'll never get to experience such pleasure. I'm sure Alex is in heaven right now, in more ways than one..."

There is a resigned agreement on the other end of the phone...

The older woman chuckles at her husband's response. "Oh, you pathetic little man. I just fucked *another* man and that's the best you can do? No wonder my daughters don't respect you enough to call you their father. You might be the top dog at your little company, but you're just a cuck when it comes to your family." A cheerful smile spreads across her face. "Actually, calling you a *cuck* is too much, isn't it? That would mean you're *on board* for me cheating, rather than just accepting it like a spineless little money tree."

There is a resigned agreement on the other end of the phone...

"Ah... I really do love you, Richard." Sarah grins as a sound of shock comes through the phone. "Oh, not as a person, mind you. I meant as, like, a thing. An *object*. Like how I love my rose bushes outside, you know?" Sarah pats her stomach with a smirk. Then, she remembers. "Oh, right! I've decided to have another child. Alex is going to be the father, of course. Not you, though I'd expect you to know better than to assume that!"

There is a shocked question on the other end of the phone?!

"Yes, you idiot! How old do you think I am?!" Sarah frowns, as a hurried apology comes over the phone. "I've still got a few years left before... Well, you know. And the girls are off living high off your money, so the nest is rather empty right now. So, I'm going to have a few more children with this stallion of a man I've fallen in love with."

There is a shocked question on the other end of the phone?!

"Yes, *children*." Sarah snorts derisively. "Alex is a perfect specimen of a man, beautiful and *dumb*. But thankfully one of his suitors had the wise idea of making him go to a sperm clinic. So, once I get access to his sperm, I'll be popping out his kids until my body runs out of eggs. That's how much I love this man that's..." She shudders for a long moment, supreme pleasure dancing across her beautiful face. "Ugh... *becoming* me right now."

There is a resigned agreement on the other end of the phone...

"Mmm?" Sarah rolls her eyes. "I actually don't really care if you agree or not, Richard. I didn't call for your *permission*, did I now?" She rubs her belly with a chuckle. "Don't worry, you won't really be involved in their lives, just like last time. They're not *your* children, right? You just be a good little man and spend the rest of your life slaving away to provide for us. Until the day you die and I throw you the cheapest funeral I can and forget about you the next day. Because if you don't... I'll just replace you, won't I? No shortage of pathetic men who'd do *anything* for a woman like *me*, right?"

There is a long silence on the other end of the phone...

“Because I’m not forcing you, am I?” Sarah asks, almost innocently. “If you want a divorce, Richard, just say the word. I won’t eat you or anything, don’t worry about that. You’re not fit to be eaten by anyone. No, you can crawl away and be free any moment you want. I won’t even punish you in any way. You’ll still be a CEO and you can find another woman... Well, not as incredible as me, of course. But I’ll definitely find another man. But if that’s what you want, just say it!”

There is a long silence on the other end of the phone. And then, a resigned refusal.

“Aww... Because you love me, don’t you?” The concept seems to amuse Sarah. “Even after *all* the things I’ve done to you, you can’t stand the thought of *not* being married to me. You live for me, and you’d just wither away without me. Even though I. Don’t. Love. *You~!*” She chuckles in amusement. “But hey, at least you have the privilege of being my lover on paper, right? Isn’t that worth being my literal, actual fucking slave for life?”

There is a long silence on the other end of the phone. And then, a resigned agreement.

“Good.” Sarah smirks, enjoying her complete victory once again. “Now, I’m going to be very busy with the man I love tonight. Alex won’t fully be a part of me until morning at the very least. So, that means you’re not coming home tonight. I don’t want us to be disturbed while I’m absorbing the man I’m going to live happily ever after with. You’ll be allowed home once I’ve mustered up the gag reflex to allow you to pollute Alex and I’s beautiful love nest. Okay?” She asks, in the sweetest voice.

There is a resigned agreement on the other end of the phone...

“Lovely!” Sarah beams happily. “Okay, I think that’s... Oh yes, I’m also going to be putting Alex’s name on the deed to my mansion, just so you know. Not *you*, him. I know Alex will be *legally* dead by that point, but it’s important to me.” She rubs her belly lovingly, feeling your shape beginning to soften. “*Now*, that’s all! Get back to work, Richard! I’ll be making a sizable donation to a certain fertility clinic, after all. I’ll be relying on you to pay for it!” And with that, she hangs up the call, chuckling to herself.

A moment later, Sarah dials in a second number, humming happily to herself as she rubs her gurgling belly. As she strokes your softening body, she waits patiently for someone to pick up on the other end. “Ah... Hello, is this the Westvale Fertility Clinic? Hi! My name is Sarah Simons, and I’m calling your sperm clinic in regards to... Hmm?” She pauses for a moment, a wide grin spreading across her face. “Oh, yes! Yes, I am *his* wife, yes! I’m flattered you’ve heard of me, thank you!” She chuckles to herself as the person on the other end stammers in surprise. “Oh, I’m calling in regards to... well, I’ve heard your clinic is doing a lot of wonderful work, and I was interested in making a donation of money!” She listens to the reply on the other end and lets out another chuckle. “Well, thank you! But the amount I’d like to donate would be quite a bit larger than that!” She nods for a moment. “Yes, I’d love to meet with the director of your clinic! I have a

few things to... ah, *discuss* with her in regards to the conditions of my donation, so thank you! I'll have one of my people find a good time in my schedule and call you back, thank you!"

Hanging up, the older woman looks down at the shape of you in her belly. "There we go, Alex. No need for any complicated legal paperwork. I'll make sure all your sperm is used, don't you worry! Just like the rest of you, it *all* belongs to me now..." The only thing you would be worried about right now is how rapidly you're melting inside of her stomach, but you're a little too digested to worry about anything at all anymore. Still, you'd probably be grateful to hear that if you were alive. "Heh... maybe I'll let my daughters use some of it if they're lucky..."

Sarah puts down her phone and opens the drawer of her bedside table, pulling out an elegant sleep mask. The older woman slips it on with a smile and snuggles back into her pillows. With both hands, she sensually rubs her belly. "Ah... I can feel you and I becoming *one*, Alex..." She moans in absolute bliss. For Sarah, today has been one of the best days of her life. "Oh... I love you, Alex. I can't resist it anymore. I *love* you."

Inside Sarah, your body is feeling the full force of her love as you are completely soaked in stomach acids. Already, her powerful guts are warming up, ready and waiting to digest another delightfully heavy load of meat. Not a single part of your body, not your strong muscles or healthy bones, will be able to withstand the powerful assault that the older woman's guts are about to subject you with.

Luckily for you, you'll never have to feel such an agonizing end. As the air inside Sarah's belly fades away, your deep sleep becomes deeper and deeper. Her stomach walls press in, heat and acid roll over you and you blissfully slumber on, unable to even wake up if you wanted to. And then, finally...

The difference between life and death is so subtle. A moment earlier, you're asleep in a pool of reddish-darkness and warmth. And then a moment later, you draw your last ragged breath and slip away. It is, all in all, a rather peaceful and pleasant way to go. It's so peaceful, in fact, that Sarah does not even notice you die. But as she lovingly strokes the outline of your body inside her stomach, the older woman can sense that you've passed on.

"Oh, Alex..." Sarah sighs, a look of complete bliss on her beautiful face. "That's it... Melt into me... Become *me*, Alex..." The older woman moans contentedly and reaches for the bed's blanket. "Oh, Alex... let's sleep together tonight. And *every* night after that..." And then, she pulls the covers over the both of you.

You might have worried about the older woman being lonely. But why would she be? You're going to be with her forever now. Just as much as all the young men she's eaten over the years. Tomorrow, when she shits out your remains into a bag to be used as fertilizer, you'll be jiggling on her chest and ass.

And in a few week's time, when she delightedly discovers that she's pregnant with your baby, you'll be pumping through her bloodstream as her heart speeds up in excitement. You'll be with her for all of the next nine months, warming her body each night as her belly swells with your child. Each time her daughters pat her tummy, you'll ripple as part of the fat on her breasts. Each night, Sarah will remember you fondly as she lovingly rubs her belly, feeling your presence inside her.

When she gives birth to your child, there will be a single red rose beside her bed. She will call that rose, and her child, "Alex", after the one who gave them to her. It might serve as a consolation to know that the next eighteen years will be a time of immense happiness for Sarah, as she raises not just one, but three children born from your sperm.

The other half of you will serve as excellent fertilizer for the roses you so loved. You have not only become part of Sarah Simons, but you've also become part of a beautiful garden. And, in truth, for a passionate gardener like yourself, it's hard to imagine a better fate than that.