

The Daring Naughty Sleepover 6 (ff, Mff, exhibitionist, voyeur, young)

Summary – Cindy and Stacy start their new job cleaning for Mr. Wilson.

Previous Chapter Summary – The two young girls continue their naughty sleepover. Teasing boys and putting on a nighttime show for their neighbor, Mr. Wilson.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone any sexual activity among persons under 18 in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't be a dick with other people's lives!

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“Ding Dong!”

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“Who the fuck is ringing the doorbell this early?” Cindy asked, putting down her toast. She was sitting at the kitchen counter with her friend Stacy. The two sexy teenagers were wearing only their panties, knowing they still had some time alone before their first daring, naughty, sleepover came to an end.

“Could it be your mom and dad already?” Stacy asked. She tried to cover her cone shaped breasts with her arms and hand, but one large protruding nipple escaped.

“No, definitely not. They wouldn't ring the bell, silly.” Cindy dismissed the thought, thinking of all the new skimpy clothes, shoes, lingerie, and sex toys laying on the floor of her bedroom. She stood up quickly, making her large, soft, breasts jiggle slightly. She covered her tits as best she could and walked to the living room to peek out of the window. Stacy followed her, hunched over low, trying to remain unseen.

“It's Mr. Wilson!” Cindy said, peering through the curtains. “OMG!”

“What the fuck is he doing here?” asked Stacy.

“Probably wants to look at our tits again,” Cindy said, straighten up with relief. “Just a second!” she yelled loudly. “Stacy,” she hissed, “Let's go put on some clothes, quick!”

Stacy stood still, unmoved. “It's Mr. Wilson, Cindy,” Stacy said. “He's seen your big, fat, tits more times than your mommy and daddy.”

“Oh yeah, you’re right!” Cindy said. Then she added, “He’s seen a lot more than just my big, fat, titties.” She cupped her large, firm, breasts, remembering Stacy fucking her with the strap-on last night while he spied on them.

Cindy’s next door neighbor, Mr. Wilson, was a kind, older man who had lost his wife years ago. They had recently agreed to a business proposition where they would clean his house and get paid extravagantly for it - if they let him look at their tight young bodies while dressed in their sexy new clothes. All the new stuff in Cindy’s room was purchased on his credit card, and last night they had put on a very special show for him with the promise of even more money.

It was only yesterday morning, about this same time, when he had his first view of the two, sexy teenage girls. They were naked and thought they were invisible behind the large picture window facing the street. Then, he caught them walking outside dressed like cheap sluts and whores and ended up driving them to the mall - with the promise of new clothes - while the two young teenagers flashed him their tits and naked pussies.

The girls liked his lecherous attention; it made them feel sexy and desirable, and it gave them a thrill and a sense of feminine power knowing they could give men and boys hard-ons whenever they wanted to (and, they wanted to).

Cindy and Stacy walked to the door and opened it wide; uninhibited, and proudly showing off their young bodies. Mr. Wilson looked at the gorgeous teenagers a moment before quickly stepping inside and closing the door behind him.

Stacy toyed with her nipples while smiling at him. They had already earned a couple hundred dollars each from him, plus all stuff from the mall, and she wanted to keep him happy. Chuck smiled back at her, looked at her gorgeous tits, then Cindy’s. He cleared his throat.

“Your mom and dad wanted me to check up on you guys. They’ve been trying to reach you all morning, Cindy.”

“I didn’t hear my phone ringing. Oh no! Where’s my phone, Stacy?” Cindy asked, panicked. While she went to look for it, Stacy dialed her number using her own phone. Cindy heard it buzzing from the couch cushions. “Oh, there it is!” she said, relieved. “I remember now. I tossed it after the phone call with Kevin!”

“Who’s Kevin?” Mr. Wilson asked. He was curious. He didn’t think they were allowed to have boyfriends.

“Just a boy at school,” Cindy said, avoiding the topic.

“We pranked called him last night, Mr. Wilson,” Stacy said, playing with her big, fat nipples again until they were hard. “We got him to jack-off over the phone... again...,” she said coyly.

“Stacy!” Cindy said.

“What? It’s Mr. Wilson! He’s cool,” Stacy said. “Right, Mr. Wilson?”

“Call me Chuck, or Uncle Chuck,” he reminded them. “Yeah, I’m cool.”

“Wanna know what else we did?” Stacy asked.

“Stacy...,” warned Cindy.

“We gave the pizza delivery guy a boner!” Stacy exclaimed. “And the Chinese food guy!”

“On purpose?” Chuck asked.

“Of course,” Stacy said.

“It’s fun giving guys boners!” Cindy added, now toying with her nipples too.

“You girls are something else,” Mr. Wilson chuckled. “You’ve given me a lot of them.” These two teenagers were going to be a lot of fun, he thought.

“Oh, I spoke to your mother, Cindy. She said it was OK with her if you clean my house for me. I lied and told her I paying you guys \$20 a week, each. She thought it was too much, but I insisted, especially with doing my laundry.”

“Thanks Chuck!” Cindy gave Mr. Wilson a kiss on the cheek. Stacy did the same. Mr. Wilson gave them both an affectionate hug, feeling their firm, youthful, nakedness pressed against him. He sighed when they pulled away. Both girls looked down at his crotch and stared. He was sporting a very noticeable bulge. They grinned at each other.

Cindy hadn’t noticed before how good looking Chuck was, now eyeing him up close, up and down. His stomach was flat, he had firm muscles, a nice dick, and the little bit of grey at his temples made him look very handsome and distinguished.

“Oh, speaking of boners, thanks for the show last night,” he said, looking each girl with his eyes sparkling. Cindy blushed. Stacy beamed.

Stacy wanted to get him harder. “Do we get a tip, Uncle Chuck?” Stacy asked, flicking her nipples and then rubbing her crotch. “A bit, fat, tip...?”

Mr. Wilson considered that he would love to give them both a big, fat, dick, as he stared at Stacy. She was ready for some hard dick, he thought, and hoped he’d give it to her soon. She was so daring, sexual, and loved to tease. Then, he composed himself. He reached into his back pocket. “Of course you do! Here!” He flashed them a thick wad of bills. “Thanks for the great show!” He said, as he peeled off \$500 in crisp \$100 bills. “You two were fantastic!”

“Wow!” Stacy said.

“Holy fuck, Uncle Chuck!” Cindy exclaimed.

“What else can we do for you, Uncle Chuck?” Stacy smiled coyly.

Cindy knew there were a whole lot of things Uncle Chuck might want them to do.

“Well, how about cleaning my house, for starters, like we talked about? Your folks won’t be home until late this afternoon, so come over around lunchtime. Bring any of the new things you want to hide from your parents and you can stash them at my place.”

“Can we earn another tip?” Stacy asked, wetting her finger and tracing around her nipples and then blowing on them until they were even harder. Her nipples were huge and taut, sitting on top of her small cone shaped breasts like big, sweet, cherries.

“Absolutely,” Chuck said. “Like I told you before, I have plenty of money, but no pretty girls to look at and share it with.”

Stacy walked over to Cindy and began bouncing Cindy’s fat breasts up and down.

“Stacy!” Cindy hissed, trying to push her away. Stacy giggled and pinched Cindy’s nipples. Cindy sighed, put down her arms and let Stacy show off for Uncle Chuck. Her titties flopped, bounced, and jiggled. Chuck smiled. Cindy winked at him and blew him a kiss.

The girls knew they were having an effect on him. Two sexy, young, girls dressed only in their panties? They looked down at his crotch and discovered his cock was fully hard in his pants now. It was big and fat, snaking down his left leg.

“Ok, see you at noon!” he said, reluctant to leave. “Oh, and call your parents – both of you. Stacy, if you need a ride home or anything, let me know.” He left and closed the door behind him.

“Did you see the size of his dick?” Cindy asked her friend. “It was like, this big!” she held out her hands, estimating his size.

“It’s even bigger up close!” Stacy squealed. “Boner number thirteen! Or is it fourteen?”

“I forget,” Cindy said, “There has been so many boners lately!”

“That’s a good thing, right?” Stacy said.

“Right!”

They giggled.

After finishing their breakfast they called their parents, hung out a while, and then packed their stuff. They took another long shower together, dried their hair, and put on some fresh make-up. It was almost time to visit Mr. Wilson.

”What should we wear?” Stacy asked.

“Well, if we are really going to clean, something sensible. If we are just going over there to give Uncle Chuck another hard-on, we should wear something sexy.” She thought about it some more. “Just put on some sexy underwear for now,” Cindy decided. “We can change when we get there.”

“That should give him another boner,” Stacy said, imagining her and Cindy changing in front of Mr. Wilson. She was already getting wet.

The girls walked next door carrying their bags and rang the doorbell. Mr. Wilson quickly answered and invited the girls inside his home. Cindy and Stacy smiled at him, feeling a little embarrassed about what they were going to do. Mr. Wilson made them feel very comfortable and safe, showed them around his house and then led them to his spare bedroom overlooking Cindy’s bedroom window.

“Wow, what a view!” Stacy said, peering out the window and looking down onto Cindy’s bedroom. Her bed was perfectly framed below the window. She had no doubt Mr. Wilson saw every detail of their lovemaking session last night. She inspected the window pane for splattered drops of cum before turning back smiling.

“I certainly enjoyed the view last night,” Mr. Wilson said.

“I know you did,” Stacy said giggling. “You missed a spot!” She pointed to a sperm-splatter.

“Ahem,” Mr. Wilson cleared his throat uncomfortably and said, “Girls, this is your room for whenever you want to use it. And of course, to store your things.” He opened his arms and pointed out the closet, the dresser, and of course, the bed. He knew the girls would also need some privacy for their sexual trysts, away from the prying eyes and ears of their parents. “Here is a house-key for each of you.” He handed them the keys to his home. “You can use it anytime, just tell your parents you are finishing my laundry or something.”

“Uncle Chuck,” Cindy said, putting down her bags and accepting the key, “How much cleaning are we going to do for you?”

“Well, you’re getting paid to clean, do the laundry, and do..., uh..., other things, right?”

“Right.” Cindy and Stacy agreed.

“So, for starters, how about you vacuum the carpets, dust the furniture and wash and dry my dirty clothes?” Chuck said.

“Sounds fair,” replied Cindy.

“Great! The vacuum and cleaning supplies are in the hall closet. I already put the laundry in the laundry room. If you need anything, just let me know. Oh, and there are a couple of new outfits in the closet for you.”

“How’d you know our size?” Stacy asked.

Chuck pulled the mall receipts out of his pocket for the things they had purchased on his credit card and shook one out. It was over a foot long, unfolded. “Your sizes are right here,” he said with a grin.

“Oh!” Stacy replied, a little embarrassed for how much they had spent. Chuck, of course, had counted on their guilty reaction, hoping to see more of their tender, teenage, flesh.

“I’ll be downstairs watching TV,” he said. “Oh, my den is off-limits. It’s the room in the back just off the kitchen. I want you girls to stay out of it. Am I clear?” he said sternly.

“Yes, Uncle Chuck,” the girls replied. Chuck smiled sweetly at them and left them alone in the spare bedroom.

Cindy looked around and opened the empty dresser drawers. She began putting their new underwear and vibrators away. Stacy opened the closet. “OMG!” she squealed.

“What,” Cindy replied, turning around. Her mouth fell open. Hanging in the closet were two skimpy maid’s outfits.

“He wants us to wear those?” Cindy asked.

“You asked for them, slut, remember?” Stacy said.

“I was just kidding around!” Cindy exclaimed.

“Well, I’m wearing it. It’s sexy,” Stacy said. “It will feel like just like Halloween!” she added, already deciding to wear it the next ‘Tricks-or-Treats.’

Cindy and Stacy helped each other into the cute, skimpy outfits; all in black and white with a very short skirt, low neckline, a cute bonnet, fishnet stocking and black Mary Jane heels.

“Hmmm, I’m skipping the panties,” Cindy said, fingering the flimsy see-through material, deciding to give Chuck a thrill. She felt very indebted to him already. So what if he stares at her naked pussy?

“I’m wearing mine, for now,” Stacy said. Cindy had no doubt her more daring friend would be taking them off before long.

The two hung-up the rest of their clothes in the closet. As Cindy was bending over to grab a pair of shoes from one of the bags, she said, “How do I look?” and wiggled her ass.

“Cindy! I can see your pussy clear as day!” Stacy said.

“Perfect!” said Cindy, smiling.

Dressed in their new outfits, the two young girls descended the stairs and called out to Mr. Wilson.

“We’re ready, Chuck!” Stacy said as they walked into the living room.

Chuck gave a long, shrill wolf-whistle. “You girls look great!”

Cindy and Stacy did a little twirl and showed off their sexy outfits.

“Hey, girls, mind if I get a picture?” he asked, picking up a strategically placed camera.

“Well, I don’t....” Cindy started to say before Stacy interrupted her.

“Sure!” Stacy exclaimed, posing for Mr. Wilson. “Can I have a copy for my scrap-book?” Stacy put her hand on her hip to show off her curves. “Come on, Cindy, I want a picture of the two of us together!”

“Who’s going to see these pictures, Uncle Chuck?” Cindy asked.

“Just me,” Mr. Wilson replied. “To look at when I’m lonely.”

“You mean when you’re horny!” Stacy said, knowing Mr. Wilson would probably be jacking-off to her pictures right after they left. It turned her on. “Are you going to stroke your dick while you look at them Chuck?”

Chuck turned red with embarrassment.

“And only you are going to see them, nobody else?” Cindy asked again.

“Just me, and, well..., if you don’t mind..., maybe a few of my close friends,” Chuck added.

“Ooooh!” Stacy said. “Think of it Cindy! A bunch of guys getting horny and jacking-off looking at us!” She felt her pussy twitch and get wet.

“Sure, it’s really hot, but...” Cindy said. She was worried about the pictures being posted and her family and friends seeing them.

“They will pay you for the pictures, of course,” Mr. Wilson added. “And, it will all be very, very private and discreet. Your parents would never find out.”

“How much will they pay us?” Stacy asked. Mr. Wilson had already given her more money than she had ever seen in her life. Visions of a new convertible popped into her teenage brain.

“Yeah, how much, Chuck?” Cindy said, her resistance weakening. She knew kind, old, Mr. Wilson would never harm them.

“Well, for a regular fashion photo shoot, where the two of you are fully clothed, not naked or anything? Probably a fifty to a hundred dollars.”

“Each?” Cindy asked.

“No, for the whole session,” Mr. Wilson said.

“That’s all?” Stacy whined.

“Now, if you were naked and doing sexy things? Probably a couple hundred each..., maybe more, depending on the shoot.” Mr. Wilson said.

“How much more?” Stacy asked. She loved showing off her body and making guys horny; getting paid for it would just be a bonus!

“It depends,” Mr. Wilson began, “Two pretty young girls like yourselves, doing the same things you did last night? If you could find the right buyers? At the least, \$500 to \$1000 each. More if you had sex with some guys. And, people pay a lot more for videos.”

“How do you know so much, Uncle Chuck?” Cindy asked, wondering about her neighbor’s past.

“I used to work in Hollywood a long time ago. I started out doing photography and then camera work, then I ended up doing some porn shoots, just for the extra money. Even little directing. Nothing too spectacular. But I got to know some people around the world who are into that kind of stuff..., California, New York, Germany, the Netherlands, Dubai...,” Chuck said. “If you want, I could take a few pictures and show them around to my contacts. Then you would have an idea of what your pictures are worth before deciding. It is all up to you.”

“Let’s do it Cindy! Think of the money!” Stacy squealed.

“Mmmm,” Cindy thought. “It would be cool to takes some sexy pictures. And the money sounds good. I guess it would be OK, Uncle Chuck!”

“Great!” Mr. Wilson said. He quickly directed the girls to pose for him before they could change their minds. He set his camera to take videos, knowing he could always print off a frame or two for the girls. Chuck couldn’t believe how photogenic they were. They smiled, acted sexy, and even flashed their tits, panties, and pussies. When he asked them to share a kiss, he almost had to separate the two of them.



“OK, I have enough for now. I’ll take some more shots while you are cleaning.” Mr. Wilson said, not even trying to hide his growing erection.

Cindy and Stacy started cleaning Mr. Wilson’s home. Cindy started a load of laundry while Stacy began dusting. She smiled at Mr. Wilson as he followed her around with his camera filming her. She made sure to bend over often, to dust imaginary items near the floor. She also reached up high and stood on her toes, turning to see Mr. Wilson putting the camera up her skirt.

Cindy returned in time to catch Stacy peeling off her panties with Mr. Wilson right behind her pointing the camera right at her pussy.

“That didn’t take you long, whore,” Cindy said.

“How can I be expected to work in soaking wet panties?” Stacy teased. She tossed the panties to Mr. Wilson. He sniffed their sweet, musky scent before putting them in his pocket.

“Sorry, I don’t have any panties to give you, see?” Cindy said. She bent over showing off her perfect pussy and ass. She wiggled her butt for the camera. Stacy got next to her and bent over as well, giggling.

Mr. Wilson filmed both of their gorgeous pussies; together, and then zooming to one and then the other. He could see the wetness oozing out of their nearly hairless twats. They were really getting off on this. He was already scheming how to turn all the videos he had taken into a full length porn films.

He finally decided to sit down and enjoy the sexy show, leaving his camera on and within easy reach for some extra filler scenes.

Cindy and Stacy made sure to clean extra carefully around where he sat. Stacy made a show of vacuuming back and forth, bending over and ‘accidentally’ letting her tits fall out of her top. Her fat nipples hardened. Mr. Wilson’s cock became uncomfortably hard in his pants.

“Hey, girls? Do you mind if I...? You know...,” he pointed to his groin. “I’m feeling really cramped up down there.”

“Another boner, Cindy,” Stacy whispered. “Should we let him? You know what?” She make a stroking motion with her hand.

Cindy was curious to see Mr. Wilson’s hard cock up-close. They had watched him jacking-off at his window yesterday but she wanted a better view.

“Of course you can, Uncle Chuck!” Cindy smiled. “We don’t mind.”

“Yeah, do what you have to do!” Stacy said. “Just don’t forget our big, fat tips!” She pointed her tits directly at him.

Cindy and Stacy pretended to ignore Mr. Wilson. They went about their chores as he fumbled with his zipper and then pulled out his cock. They could see him stroking it slowly as he watched them clean. Both girls made sure to flash a lot of flesh as they worked.

“OMG,” Stacy whispered to Cindy after working her way close to her friend. “I can’t believe he’s jerking his cock right there in front of us.”

“It’s so fucking hot,” Cindy replied. She put her arms around Stacy and the two shared a kiss, running their hands over each other’s breasts and asses.

“I’m getting a closer look,” Stacy said, breaking their embrace. She noticed Mr. Wilson was taking their pictures again. She casually made her way closer to Mr. Wilson with Cindy not far behind her. She dusted the table at the far end of the couch, eyeing his cock nonchalantly. Feeling brave, Stacy strutted right past him and dusted the table next to him, bending over low and letting her perky little tits sway slightly. She pretended not to notice. Mr. Wilson filmed her firm breasts and fat, puffy, nipples up close. His cock surged with blood. He pulled his shorts and underwear down to his ankles, spreading his legs to get more comfortable.

Cindy came over and dusted the same table Stacy has previously cleaned and slowly made her way near Mr. Wilson too. She couldn’t believe how big his cock was! It was bigger than the dildo they had used last night! Seeing Stacy’s breasts exposed, she too bent over to dust the table next to him. When he pointed his camera at her, Cindy gave her black and white trimmed maid’s blouse a quick tug. Her large, round, breasts popped out.

“Oops!” she said, but left them hanging out, swaying back and forth, like Stacy had done.

Both girls were now openly staring at Mr. Wilson jacking off, one on either side of him.

“Oh, look at that dirty thing!” Stacy exclaimed with a sly smile. “I better clean it!” To Cindy’s surprise, Stacy began to dust Mr. Wilson’s cock with her feather duster, watching Mr. Wilson’s hand sliding up and down his rock-hard cock.

Not to be left out, Cindy chimed, “Oh, yes, it’s very, very dirty.” She began to tickle Mr. Wilson’s cock with her feather duster as well.

“Hmmm, those look dirty too!” Cindy exclaimed and began to dust Mr. Wilson’s big, hairy balls as they were tugged up and down with each stroke.

“Ohhhh, girls!” Mr. Wilson panted. He watched Cindy and Stacy intently watching him stroke his cock. They stared at his thick shaft. They watched mesmerized as his hand slide up and down his hard man-flesh. They noticed the loose skin being pulled up and over his dark-red, flared glans. His oozing pre-cum made his cock-head slick and shiny.

Mr. Wilson groaned. Two sets of perfect teenage breasts were so close to him, but so far out of reach. He watched the two teasing girls lick their lips with lust and he imagined those same lips wrapped around his cock. His balls tingled. His cock pulsed. He was going to cum.

With his intense orgasm approaching, Mr. Wilson decided not to warn the girls. He wanted to see their surprised expression. Cindy bent closer, her breasts swaying before him. The tingling in his crotch intensified, and spread from somewhere behind his balls to engulf his whole groin area. The cum surged up from his balls. His prostate clenched and he came, forcefully ejecting his sperm. It shot through his piss-slit, sending a thick wad of cum up into the air.

Stacy flinched when the glob of goo landed on the back of her hand.

Mr. Wilson subtly pointed his cock towards the innocent, slutty girls, aiming for Cindy's heavy breasts. The sperm shot from his cock, arced up and over and splattered on her tits. Both girls stepped back. Mr. Wilson jerked his cock, sending more cum up into the air, landing on the couch and his thighs. He spurting again and again. Having the two girls so close and watching him made it even more exciting. Cindy and Stacy stared at his erupting cock, watching his cum fly, mesmerized. All too soon his orgasm weakened and the last few spurts shot up only a few inches and fell down to land on his balls. The rest of his potent cream gushed in thick flows from his cock and oozed down his shaft, coating his hand.

"Wow!" Cindy exclaimed.

"Shit!" Stacy said. "That was so cool Uncle Chuck!"

"Uh, thanks, I guess," Mr. Wilson stammered. Now that he had cum, he was feeling a little embarrassed. "I'm sorry I..." He was about to apologize for sperming on them, but needn't have worried.

"Do all guys shoot that much?" Stacy asked, looking at the cum puddles in Mr. Wilson's pubic hair, balls, and watching it drip onto his couch.

"And so hard?" Cindy asked, looking at her cum-splattered tits. "It really came out!"

"I'm an above average, so I've been told," Mr. Wilson humbly acknowledged. "I'll just go get cleaned-up now."

"No, you stay right here!" Stacy said. "You hired us as your maids, it's our job to do the cleaning!"

"But, Stacy!" Cindy started to protest, but her friend quickly pulled her away and into the kitchen.

"Wasn't that cool?" Stacy squealed. "Look, I got cum on my hand!"

“It was really, really cool,” Cindy agreed. “Look at my tits! He came all over them!” She showed Stacy her cum-splattered breasts.

Stacy lifted her hand to smell the thick wad of cum resting on the back of her hand. She sniffed it. Then, she sniffed it again. She put a finger in it and felt its consistency. Then, she licked her finger. She decided she didn’t taste enough to make a decision about it, and suddenly licked it up, leaving nothing but a wet spot on the back of her hand.

“Stacy!” Cindy exclaimed, watching her friend roll the man-cream around in her mouth, tasting it quizzically. Then, Cindy watched her swallow.

“It’s really weird tasting,” Stacy said thoughtfully. “But it’s not too bad. Try it.” Then she added, “Why do you think I pulled you in here anyway?”

Cindy looked down at the sperm on her breasts since Stacy didn’t leave any on her hand for her to try.

“Oh, go on, slut,” Stacy encouraged. “You know you want to taste it! You said so yourself!”

Cindy lifted a heavy boob to her lips. She licked a wet spot on her breasts, and then latched her lips around a cum covered nipple. She sucked her nipple hard and then declared, “Hmm, I could learn to like it.”

“You may have just earned a promotion!” Stacy exclaimed. “You can be a cum-slut now, instead of a plain old slut.” Cindy stuck out her tongue at Stacy. Her friend continued, “Let’s get you cleaned-up, then we can go clean-up Uncle Chuckie.” Stacy smiled at her friend and then began lapping at Cindy’s sperm-splattered tits.

“Oh, you cum-whore!” Cindy said.

Stacy cleaned Cindy with her tongue and fingers, feeding Cindy and letting her suck her fingers. Then, they shared a cum flavored kiss. They were getting themselves extremely horny.

Stacy quickly got two warm, soapy, washcloths ready. While she wiped Cindy’s breasts, Cindy asked, “Why do you want to clean his slimy old cock for anyway?”

“Don’t you want to touch it?” Stacy asked. “I do.”

“Oh, you are so sneaky! Yeah, I do too,” Cindy quietly admitted.

“Well, now’s our chance,” Stacy said.

They adjusted their outfits and returned to the living room. Mr. Wilson was waiting for them, his wet cum growing cold on his cock and dripping onto his balls. Stacy knelt before him and Cindy quickly followed. Stacy took a deep, nervous breath and met Cindy’s eye; she was having second thoughts. Stacy looked at Mr. Wilson’s semi-soft, wet, penis. Being so close, she could smell his

cum and she remembered the strange taste of it still in her mouth. Her mind shouted 'No!' but her hungry little pussy whispered to her; 'Yes, yes, yes...'

Stacy had to do it. She wasn't going to let the opportunity to touch a cock pass by. Stacy reached out a tentative hand to wipe Mr. Wilson's limp cock with the rag. She pressed it against his cock.

"Oh, it's warm." Mr. Wilson said. "That feels nice."

Encouraged, Stacy smiled and dabbed at the mess he has made, then realizing she needed to be more aggressive to clean him properly, she wiped the rag across groin and around his cock.

Cindy watched for only a moment before reaching to wipe his balls. No way was Stacy going to out-slut her or she'd never hear the end of it. Besides, she thought his big, hairy nut-sack was fascinating. Cindy noticed some sperm on the couch and quickly wiped it up too. Then, she gently massaged his balls again before dabbing the wet cloth onto Mr. Wilson's cock. She suddenly had an idea on how to out-slut Stacy.

"Uncle Chuck," Cindy began. "I need to move your penis so I can clean your balls properly. I know we said 'no touching' but..."

"Oh, that only applied to you guys," he replied. "You can touch me all you want, Cindy. You too Stacy."

Cindy grinned and picked up Mr. Wilson's cock by the head. She then held it gently while she washed underneath it. She changed her grip to grasp his shaft, amazed at the softness of it, when it was so hard just minutes ago.

"Here, I'll hold it for you while you clean him, Cindy," Stacy said, reaching her hand to grip Mr. Wilson's cock.

"That's OK, I got it," Cindy replied, not letting Stacy get her hands on her cock. Since she took the initiative, she felt like it belonged to her, at least for a little while.

"But I want to help!" Stacy whined.

"Fine!" Cindy answered. "In a minute, but just for a little while!" She wrapped her hand around his shaft and wiped him clean.

"Come on, it's my turn now!" Stacy whined. Cindy reluctantly let go. Stacy grabbed it quickly, in case Cindy changed her mind.

"This is so cool!" Stacy said, running her fingers up and down Mr. Wilson's cock. "I love it!" Stacy was reminded of Kevin jacking off his cock over the phone, and began to stroke Mr. Wilson like she assumed Kevin did.

Mr. Wilson's felt his tired cock returning to life. How could it not, watching two innocent teenagers play with his cock? While their attention was diverted, he surreptitiously picked up his camera, wanting to get some good close-up action.

"There, all clean," Cindy said, giving Mr. Wilson's cock a final swipe.

Stacy continued to stroke him.

"Stacy, I said he's clean now," Cindy repeated.

Stacy stared at Mr. Wilson's cock, her eyes widening.

"Stacy!"

Stacy kept stroking him. "He's getting hard again," she whispered. She felt the heavy flesh growing larger in her hands.

"No way! Already?" Cindy exclaimed. She thought guys needed a rest between orgasms, and since Mr. Wilson was so old, she assumed it would take him a long time. "Hey, we made another boner! Let me feel it too!"

Stacy reluctantly let go of Mr. Wilson's swelling penis. Cindy wrapped her hand around it and began stroking it. She too felt it growing in her hand. "It's so warm! I can feel it getting bigger!"

"That's what happens inside the guy's pants when we make them horny," Stacy whispered in awe.

Mr. Wilson's cock filled with blood, his arousal rising. Stacy reached in. Soon, both hands fit on his large cock comfortably, with room to spare. He was hard.

"It's so big!"

"And so hard! Well, hard but kinda soft at the same time"

"Look at the veins!"

"Look at his pee-hole."

"Wow, this is so cool!"

"Does it feel good, Chuck?" Cindy whispered. "Are we doing it right?"

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Wilson grunted.

"I'm going in, Cindy, don't try to stop me!" Stacy said.

Stacy opened her mouth and went down on Mr. Wilson's cock!

“You whore! I was going to do that first!” Cindy whined. She had been thinking of how to out-slut her friend, and knowing how badly they wanted to suck cock together, she was just about to take Mr. Wilson’s cock into her mouth. “What’s it taste like, Stacy?” she asked.

Stacy paused her gentle sucking and licking. “Tastes like soap,” she said, before wrapping her lips around his flared cock-head and sucking it. She moaned and licked his glans, tasting the spent cum oozing from his slit. She moaned again.

“My turn now, whore,” Cindy said, jealous of Stacy’s enjoyment. Stacy moved over and Cindy took Mr. Wilson’s large cock into her mouth. She felt the spongy head and licked all around it.

“Does it feel good, Uncle Chuck?” Stacy asked.

“Oh, yeah,” Mr. Wilson replied. “Just watch out for your teeth, go as deep as you can and pay special attention to the head.”

“OK.”

“And, it’s real nice when you play with my balls too.”

“Oh, I like balls!” Cindy said. “They are so cool!”

The girls were soon lost in lust. They sucked and licked, tickled and slurped. Their pussies were wet. They shared a passionate kiss, tasting more pre-cum, and took turns sucking Mr. Wilson’s cock and fondling his balls.

“Do guys like a girl sucking on their balls too?” Cindy asked.

“Oh, yeah,” Mr. Wilson replied. He spread his legs and scooted to the edge of the couch. His large, heavy ball sack hung low. Cindy lapped at it, then took a nut into her mouth, sucking gently.

“Balls taste like soap, too!” she giggled, before sucking on his other hairy nut.

“You’re going to make me cum if you too keep that up,” Mr. Wilson warned.

“Another wet spot,” Cindy said.

“Good thing we got the rags already,” Stacy said.

“Who needs rags?” said Cindy. She nudged Stacy out of the way and looked up at Mr. Wilson. “I want you to cum in my mouth, Uncle Chuck,” She opened her mouth and wiggled her tongue. That will show Stacy who’s the biggest slut, she thought.

“You fucking slut!” Stacy said, wishing she’d thought if it first.

Cindy smiled at her friend and then gripped Mr. Wilson's throbbing cock. She began bobbing her head up and down on it, sucking it and encircling his glans with her tongue. Feeling Mr. Wilson clench his thighs and raise up off the couch a bit, she started bobbing and sucking faster. She pushed as much cock as she could into the back of her throat until she began to gag. Then, she did it again, and then again even deeper. Cindy felt the cock spreading her throat muscles. She took a breath, relaxed and pushed it deeper, until the thick cock-head pushed past her tonsils and into her throat.

Stacy watched her friend sucking Mr. Wilson's cock with both envy and admiration. She was amazed Cindy could fit almost the whole thing down her throat! She watched Cindy bobbing her blonde head up and down, faster and faster. Not wanting to be left out, Stacy fondled Mr. Wilson's balls.

"Oh, shit! Uhhhh. Here it comes!" Mr. Wilson warned. "Oh," he grunted, then "Aaaaaahhhhhh!"

Cindy's eyes grew wide as the first warm spurt of thick cum filled her mouth. Before she could decide whether to spit or swallow, another heavy spurt filled her mouth as more of Mr. Wilson's potent sperm erupted from his cock.

"Mmmmmfffff!" Cindy struggled to gulp it down, but there was so much of it! Some leaked out of both corners of her mouth. It was either that or she risked having it come out of her nose!

"Hey, save some for me!" Stacy cried. She nudged Cindy away, who was only happy to give up the erupting penis so she could deal with the warm thick mouthful threatening to make her choke.

As Cindy pulled her lips from Mr. Wilson's turgid member, another glob of cum flew from his cock-head and splattered on her face. Stacy quickly took Cindy's place between his legs and bravely opened her mouth; she was about to clamp her lips around the spewing flesh when another squirt pumped out of Mr. Wilson's ball sack. It splashed across Stacy's lips and cheek. She fell upon the shaft before any more of the gooey baby-batter could escape.

Stacy too was taken by surprise as the rich, warm, cum spurted into her mouth. Another forceful squirt threatened to make her gag, so she too pulled away. Seeing the girls only staring at his sex organ instead of pleasuring it, Mr. Wilson grabbed his dick with one hand and his camera with the other. He stood up to save the remnants of his orgasm and jacked his cock above the girl's faces.

Cindy and Stacy automatically opened their mouths, looking like professional porn stars and accepted his cummy offering. His sperm gushed out in heavy rivulets, plopping onto Cindy and Stacy's surprised faces. Thick cum landed on their cheeks, lips, and waiting tongues. The girls leaned their heads together, delighted with the sperm shower they were receiving. The last



eruptions gushed from Mr. Wilson's cock a few more times, dripping and dribbling onto Cindy and Stacy's smiling faces. He squeezed and shook out the last drops into their waiting tongues, with each girl then licking and sucking his cock appreciatively.

The girls looked at each other's heavily splattered and speckled faces, first with a smile and then with sudden passion. They embraced each other and kissed furiously, their smoldering arousals igniting. Their sopping wet pussies were swollen and engorged with their urgent sexual desires.

They stood up holding hands. Their faces were flushed with passion and tinged with a little embarrassment.

"Uh...", Stacy stammered. "We'll be back in a little while, Mr. Wilson."

"Yeah," Cindy said. "We're going to..., uh..., change our clothes."

"Yeah!" Stacy said, tugging Cindy's hand impatiently. The two ran to the stairs giggling uncontrollably.

Mr. Wilson watched them leave and then heard the bedroom door slam. All of them knew what Cindy and Stacy were going to do in the privacy of his spare bedroom. He washed up and then went into his den to check the video feed from the multiple cameras hidden in the bedroom – he had spent most of yesterday afternoon setting up the high-definition cameras throughout the house, with special care taken in the bedroom and living room. With today's footage and the film he already had of the two teenage girls, he might soon have enough for a full-length movie.

He went to his audio/video room and sat at his console. He put on his headphones and then powered on all four of his video monitors. He switched on the multiple video feeds and sat back to watch the show. It was a good thing he had taken a Viagra before the girl's visit, as he felt he had at least one more orgasm yet inside of him.

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"OMG!" Stacy said. "That was so fucking hot!"

"I know! I can't believe we sucked his cock!" Cindy said. "You know what that means - we're 'cock-suckers' now!"

"I'm glad we did it together, cock-sucker," Stacy said. She gave Cindy a hug and the two embraced a moment, then pulled away.

Cindy lifted up her skirt and slid a finger up and down her slit. "My pussy is soaking wet!" She held out her glistening finger to show Stacy.

"Mine too!" Stacy said. "I can't believe you let him cum in your mouth!"

"That's what boys want, right?" Cindy said. "We might as well get used to it."

They hurriedly pulled off their clothes, dropping them where they stood, and climbed onto the bed. They giggled at the cum still dripping on each other's faces, then embraced, kissed, and took turns licking it off.

"I sort of like the taste of cum, don't you?" Stacy asked. "I mean, that's not weird or anything is it?"

"It's not bad at all! And it's kinda hot, having a guy cum in your month! And, they like it when you swallow, right? Yeah, and I like the taste too," Cindy said. "But it's not as sweet as your pussy!"

Cindy ticked Stacy's thighs, just below her cunt. Stacy squealed and tickled Cindy who fell on her back, her naked legs pumping in the air with glee. Stacy jumped on top of her, but their tickle fight was very brief; their searching fingers soon began to caress soft breasts, firm asses and wet pussies. They kissed passionately, their tongues darting in and out in a sexual frenzy before they quickly assumed their favorite position, with Cindy on her back and Stacy lying on top of her. Stacy began to probe Cindy's pussy with her tongue and fingers while Cindy did the same to her smaller friend.

"Oh, yes!" Cindy moaned. "God, I need this!"

"Mmmm-mmmph!" Stacy said, her mouth clamped on Cindy's cunt.

They soon began lick and suck at each other with more intensity. They had gotten so turned on, teasing Mr. Wilson, having their pictures taken, and then playing with his hard cock. Their long moans and muffled, wet, noises were the only sounds in the room. They soon they felt the fire flaming in their hungry teenage snatches and they began to finger-fuck each other faster. The old bed began to squeak rhythmically.

"Oh, you eat my pussy so good!" Cindy cried out.

"Nnnngh!" Stacy groaned. "Oh, fuck, his cock was so hard! I'd suck it again in a minute!"

"Me too!" Cindy moaned. "Anytime! And, I want to get fucked! I wish I had a big, hard, cock fucking me right now!"

"Yes! Oh yes!" Stacy cried. "Nnnnaahh! Oh fuck, I'm cumming already!"

"I'm almost there!" Cindy said. Stacy latched onto Cindy clit and sucked it before flicking her tongue back and forth on her hard, little nub. "Oh, I'm cumming too!" Cindy said. She began to fuck her friend harder and attacked Stacy's clit as well.

"Ahhhhh!"

"Ohhh, shiiiiitt!!

“Nnnnnaaaaa!”

“Oh! Oh! Oh!”

The girls plunged their fingers furiously into each other’s cunts. They sucked and lapped at each other’s clitorises. Their pussies gushed with sweet, clear, teenage, secretions.

“I’m cummm-mmm-mmm-ing!” Cindy moaned as her pussy exploded, sending juices into Stacy’s sucking mouth. Her body heaved and she pushed her cunt hard onto Stacy’s face.

“Ah, ah, ah, faster, faster! Yes, yes, like that!” Stacy’s muffled voice cried, as Cindy fucked her faster and slurped her clit. Another wave of bliss, and then another, and then even more made her small body convulse repeatedly. “Soooo goood!” she cried. “Nnnnnhhhh!”

Cindy squealed as her orgasm shook her. She tasted sperm and pussy on her lip as she bit it to keep from screaming. Then, knowing no one but Mr. Wilson could hear her, she screamed anyway. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” she yelled. “Ah-eeeeiiiiiii!” she cried as she came again and again.

Cindy and Stacy coaxed all they could from their mutual orgasms, being so familiar with each other’s young bodies. Stacy took a wet finger and probed Cindy’s ass, giving her friend yet another mini orgasmic thrill. Exhausted, she finally climbed off Cindy and they laid on the bed panting, cuddling, and sighing softly.

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“Hey, Mr. Wilson, I mean Chuck,” Cindy said from the stairway. “Were going home now.” They entered the room where Mr. Wilson was waiting for them.

“Thanks for doing such a good job, uh, cleaning and stuff,” he said, smiling. “You two are fan-fucking-tastic!”

“It was a lot of fun,” Stacy giggled. “Thanks for letting us play with your cock! I hope we can do it a lot more!”

“Me too,” Mr. Wilson said.

“Me three,” Cindy said softly.

“And, here’s a bonus. I really liked your ‘special’ cleaning services. You really went all out. I’m proud of you, and you deserve it.” He handed Cindy and Stacy three, crisp 100 dollar bills. Each.

“Thanks Uncle!” Cindy and Stacy said. They jumped on him and kissed him with gratitude. Mr. Wilson could smell the sweet scent of teenage pussy on their faces.

“What do we do with all this money, Stace?” Cindy asked.

“I don’t know, Cin!” Stacy answered. “Our moms and dads are sure to find it!”

“Don’t you have a bank account?” Mr. Wilson asked.

“No.”

“We never needed one.”

“How about I pick you guys up from school tomorrow and we’ll go to my bank and sign you up?”

“That would be great!” Cindy exclaimed.

“Yeah,” Stacy agreed. “But, I wish we could take some of our stuff home too.”

“Yeah,” Cindy sighed sadly.

“Why can’t you?” Mr. Wilson asked sharply.

“Our parents are always walking into our rooms and going through our stuff.” Cindy whined.

“Yeah,” Stacy said. “Probably looking for drugs or something.”

“And, I think my dad is trying to catch me naked or jilling off. He’s always popping into my room at night or after my shower. I’d never be able to use one of our new toys with him around.” Cindy wished she could play with her vibrator tonight. Another lonely date with Manny-Fingers under her blankets was in store for her once again.

“Really?” Mr. Wilson exclaimed. “A girl’s bedroom is sacred. It’s her private retreat! Your parents have to learn to give you some privacy.” And, he thought, give me more chances to watch Cindy’s tight little body through her bedroom window.

“But...,” Cindy started to say.

“No. Listen. I can help you. Here’s what you do,” Uncle Chuck began.

The girls listened intently.

Then they smiled.

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