

Five Days  
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## Friday

Maggie stood under her showerhead, thinking over the events of the last few days as she let the water cascade down her body. When she woke up this morning, she was excited to the point of giddiness that Jack would come over again. She could hardly wait to see him again. Now, as the warm water pelted her skin, she couldn't help but feel somewhat conflicted.

On one hand, the last week with Jack was simply amazing. The 18-year-old had been such a wonderful help around her home, doing all sorts of chores that her husband hadn't gotten to. On top of that, he was such a sexy stud of a man. She couldn't so much as glance in his direction without feeling a rush of arousal. And the way he kissed her? It was beyond magic.

On the other hand, Maggie worried that she had let things with Jack go too far. She was a married woman. Was it really right for her to go out on a date with him last night? Was it appropriate for her to get naked in front of him and then suck him off like some kind of slut? She was not only old enough to be his mother, but she was also married. Last night she loved every second of it, but right now it felt like it was all too over-the-top.

Maggie stepped out of her shower and toweled herself dry, still fighting the nagging feeling that she'd taken things beyond where she should have. As she walked toward her closet, her concern continued growing. By the time she laid eyes on her dresser, a knot was forming in her stomach. Maggie could barely believe that just yesterday, she'd stood there in the same exact spot and intentionally decided to wear the sluttiest dress she owned so she could show off for the neighbor kid. What was she thinking?

As much as she enjoyed Jack's attention, this had to stop. She couldn't keep leading this poor boy on. Maggie resolved to make today different. She had to make sure Jack understood that they couldn't keep fooling around. They had to stop, and she needed to stop having Jack over at her house so she wouldn't be tempted to act so foolishly again.

Maggie opened her drawers, rummaging around to find a conservative bra and pair of panties. Once she'd slipped those on, she grabbed a pair of jeans, a t-shirt, and, for good measure, a sweater. She had to set things right, and wearing an outfit that wouldn't draw undue attention was the best place to start.

Dressed for the day, Maggie headed to the kitchen to make a cup of coffee before Jack arrived. On her way there, she noticed that the lights had gone out on Jack's relaxation device. That made sense, she thought. She certainly didn't feel relaxed this morning, and she shouldn't have.

At 8:00 a.m. on the dot, an energetic knock came from Maggie's front door. She walked up to

the door and swung it open to find Jack standing there, smiling brightly. Maggie frowned, anticipating the difficult conversation that was about to take place.

“Hi, Mrs. Harris,” Jack began, his smile fading a bit when he noticed Maggie’s expression. His eyes dropped to her outfit briefly before returning to meet hers once again. “Um, is everything okay?”

“Come on in, Jack,” Maggie began in a melancholy tone, “we need to have a talk.”

A look of concern grew on Jack’s face as he followed the woman into her home. Maggie led him to the dining room and motioned for him to take a seat at the table. As he pulled out a chair, Jack noticed his device resting lifelessly on the shelf.

“Oh no,” he breathed. “The lights are out.”

“Yeah, I noticed that earlier,” Maggie replied, “but that’s not what we need to talk about. Please, Jack, have a seat.”

Looking from Maggie to the device and back, Jack held up a hand. “Hang on,” he said, pointing to the device. “I really need to fix that first. Just give me two seconds. I’ll be right back.”

Before Maggie could stop him, Jack turned and ran out the front door toward his house. Maggie furrowed her brow. “Why is he so worried about his little device?” she asked herself. Less than a minute later, Jack dashed back in the door, carrying a short power cord.

“I meant to bring this by a couple days ago, but I forgot,” Jack said, picking up the device and inserting one end of the cord into a port on its backside. Plugging the other end into the wall, he placed the device back on the shelf and turned toward the table, finally sitting down in the chair across from Maggie, who was giving him a confused look.

“What was that all about?” she asked.

“Sorry, Mrs. Harris,” Jack replied. “It’s just that you looked upset, and I thought it might be helpful if I powered up the relaxation device before we talked. Now, what were you saying?”

“I see. That was very thoughtful, Jack,” Maggie replied, “but now we need to have a serious talk about last night.”

“Oh, okay, Mrs. Harris,” he replied. “Did I do something wrong? I thought the night went great. Didn’t you like our date?”

Maggie took a breath, preparing herself for what she needed to say. As she did, the device on the shelf behind Jack came back to life, faintly humming out its little melody. Light after light gradually came back on, until all ten of them were shining brightly. For an instant, Maggie found

herself distracted by the catchy tune. Determined to let nothing stop her, however, she steeled her resolve and pressed on.

“No, Jack, it wasn’t you,” Maggie began, trying to ignore the melody slowly seeping its way into her mind. “It was me. Over the last several days, I’ve said and done some things that I shouldn’t have. I think I might have sent the wrong message. I led us to do some things that we just can’t do. Things a married woman shouldn’t be doing with the neighbor boy. We need to stop, Jack, and I think it would probably be best if I didn’t have you over to help with chores anymore, either.”

*Spend more time with Jack.*

“Really?” the eighteen-year-old asked. “Are you sure, Mrs. Harris? I mean, I thought you liked spending time with me.”

“I do, Jack. I really do. You’re such a wonderful kid,” she began. “It’s just...”

*Spend more time with Jack.*

Maggie took a moment to look him over. He really was a good-looking young man. So strong and sexy. So nice to have around. He was getting so much done around her house, too.

“Just what, Mrs. Harris?” Jack asked. “Are you saying I can’t keep coming over to help you?”

“Oh, right, sorry,” Maggie stammered, realizing that she’d zoned out. She knew what she wanted to say, but it was just difficult to tell Jack he couldn’t come over. She really enjoyed having him over, and now that he’s right here, she feels like she should spend more time with Jack. Maybe it wouldn’t hurt, so long as she kept herself in check. Yes, if she didn’t let things go too far, it would be just fine to spend more time with Jack. Taking a deep breath, Maggie continued.

“The thing is, Jack, I do like having you over. I guess I don’t mind if you keep coming to help with chores, but there are other things that I have to change.”

“Okay,” Jack replied, “life what?”

*Show some skin for Jack.*

“To start with, the way I’ve been dressing around you this week is inappropriate for a married woman like me. I can’t...”

*Show some skin for Jack.*

“What about the way you dressed?” Jack asked after she fell silent once more. “I really liked the

outfits you've worn for me, especially that dress yesterday. You looked really sexy."

"Jack, you shouldn't call me that," Maggie responded.

"But it's true," Jack insisted. "You looked so sexy yesterday."

*Show some skin for Jack.*

Maggie blushed. Jack liked how she looked. She fought back smiling at his compliment. *Be strong*, she thought to herself. *You need to just say it. You need to tell him no more.*

"Jack, no. I can't. I need to change what..."

*Show some skin for Jack.*

Maggie glanced down at her outfit. Was this really what she wanted? She felt so stuffy wearing this in front of Jack. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to show a little more skin for Jack. After all, she wasn't a nun. She had a dynamite figure, and if she wanted to show off, that was her decision. She shouldn't have to dress a certain way just because of how Jack might look at her.

Looking back up at Jack, Maggie realized she'd trailed off again.

"I'm sorry, Jack. I guess I'm having trouble concentrating. Where was I?"

"You said you needed to change," Jack replied with a sanguine grin. "Were you trying to say that you need to change outfits?"

*Show some skin for Jack.*

"Oh, um, right. That must have been it. Let me go fix that. Hang on a second; I'll be right back."

Maggie practically raced across the house to her bedroom. Arriving back in her closet, she stopped and looked in the mirror. A scowl spread across her face. What was she thinking? Her outfit was just so... frumpy. She was an attractive woman, one who should show some skin for Jack.

Maggie nearly ripped off her sweater, followed by her t-shirt, jeans, and underwear. As she did, the little melody from Jack's device danced around inside her head, growing louder and louder. Finally standing naked, she looked in the mirror once more, smiling.

*Show some skin for Jack.*

She really did have a sexy body. It deserved to be shown off. At least for Jack. Part of her still felt like she shouldn't have gone as far as she had yesterday. Perhaps going braless was the

reason she ended up letting Jack rub his hands all over her tits. She could still show some skin for Jack while wearing a bra, so she decided to compromise. Digging through her drawers, she found a super sexy bra and a matching set of panties. These were much better than what she'd put on this morning.

Moving on to select her outfit, Maggie considered her options. She wanted to show some skin for Jack, but at the same time, she didn't want to send the wrong signal. Maybe one of her sleeveless t-shirts would fit the bill.

*Be flirty with Jack.*

Of course, it wouldn't hurt to be a little bit flirty with Jack. Perhaps what she needed was something a little flirtier and more revealing.

*Be flirty with Jack.*

Or a lot more revealing. An idea popped into Maggie's mind. Digging through her tops, she found what she was looking for—a sexy little sheer halter top that she'd bought for a steamy anniversary night a couple years ago. Her husband loved her in it, and she was sure it would be just the thing to get a little flirty with Jack. The only problem was that it wasn't really meant to be worn with a bra.

*Be flirty with Jack.*

Maggie smiled. Maybe that wasn't really a problem. Reaching behind her back, she unclasped her bra and shook it off. Grabbing the halter top, she slipped it on and admired herself in the mirror. It was absolutely perfect. It showed plenty of skin, and it was super flirty, leaving her nipples clearly visible. Jack was sure to love it.

Digging a nice skirt out of her collection, Maggie pulled it on and took one final look in the mirror. She was showing a ton of skin, and her outfit was super flirty. Perfect. This felt so much better for talking to Jack. She knew she still had to put her foot down and tell him that they could never go as far as they had last night. Still, the poor boy deserved a little flirting and a bit of skin, considering all the hard work he'd done for her this week.

*Make contact with Jack.*

He might even deserve a generous hug, Maggie decided. Just because she wasn't going to go down on him anymore didn't mean she couldn't touch him. Or even let him touch her. Just a little.

*Make contact with Jack.*

Just then, there came a knock at Maggie's bedroom door. From the other side, Jack called out,

asking if everything was alright. Maggie smiled at the boy's concern. He really was a wonderful kid. Caring, hardworking, and sexy. Strutting over to the door, Maggie swung it open and smiled at Jack.

"Hey there, stud," she began, "nothing to worry about; I was just getting comfortable."

Jack looked Maggie up and down. "You look great," he said with a grin. "I especially like these."

Reaching out, Jack cupped Maggie's tits over her halter top and began massaging them. Maggie found her eyes closing as she let out a little sigh. Jack's hands felt so unbelievably wonderful on her tits. She knew she didn't want to give this up. At the same time, she knew she still had to talk some things over with the boy. She opened her eyes and looked at him, placing her hands on his arms.

"Hang on, Jack," she whimpered. "We still need to talk."

"Are you sure?" Jack asked with a grin, using his thumbs to flick the older woman's erect nipples. "Don't you like it when I do this?"

Maggie groaned. "Oh, God," she said, closing her eyes for a moment as his hands kept fondling her breasts. "I like it so much. But first, we... Hmmm. First, we need to talk."

*Be kissy with Jack.*

Jack continued toying with Maggie's tits. "Okay, Mrs. Harris. Tell me what we need to talk about, and we can stop and talk."

*Be kissy with Jack.*

"You see, Jack," she began, trying to focus, "it's just that..."

*Be kissy with Jack.*

"It's just..." she stuttered again.

*Be kissy with Jack.*

"It's just that you haven't even kissed me yet."

Without another word, Maggie wrapped her arms around the boy, pulling him tight against her. In an instant, their lips met in a blindingly passionate kiss. Almost immediately, Maggie's lips parted, and their tongues met in a deep, lustful dance. The woman groaned into the boy's mouth, enjoying the sensations as they made out with his arms wrapped around her.

Maggie and Jack's bodies began moving deeper into the woman's bedroom as their kissing and groping continued to escalate. By the time they reached her bed, Maggie had completely forgotten about trying to talk with Jack about boundaries. All the woman really wanted was more of the sexy young man, and she didn't even try to stop him when Jack guided them onto the bed. Moments later, Jack's shirt was on the floor along with Maggie's top, while the two moaned and groaned into each other's mouths.

*Masturbate for Jack.*

As good as the kissing and touching had been, Maggie started to realize that she wanted more. Ever since she saw Jack's cock the night before, she hadn't been able to get it out of her mind. It was so massive, and it felt incredible in her hands. Part of Maggie tried to remind herself that she wasn't going to go that far again, and that she was going to put a stop to this. Another part of her wanted him so badly that she just didn't care if this was going too far.

*Masturbate for Jack.*

Very quickly, Maggie made up her mind. Breaking their kiss, the woman pushed Jack down onto the bed, straddling him. She closed her eyes and let out a soft moan at the feeling of his hard cock through his shorts as it pushed against her increasingly wet panties. Almost involuntarily, Maggie began grinding against the boy. Jack let out a groan as nothing but a few layers of clothing separated his cock from direct contact with his neighbor's wetness.

"Oh, god," Jack groaned, reaching up to grab the married woman's tits. "I thought you said we weren't going to do this anymore."

"No, this is good," Maggie panted in response. "Oh, fuck, it's so good. We just can't, mhh, we just can't do more than this."

"So we can't go out on dates?" Jack asked as Maggie continued grinding herself against his cock.

*Go on dates with Jack.*

"N, no," Maggie stuttered as she felt herself drawing closer to an orgasm. "That's going, oh, god, going too far."

"But you want to go on dates with me, don't you, Mrs. Harris?"

*Go on dates with Jack.*

"I... I do," she moaned, drawing closer and closer to coming as she slid her panty-clad pussy up and down Jack's shaft.

*Go on dates with Jack.*

“Then let’s go on dates together,” Jack said, giving Maggie's tits a firm squeeze. “You could be my girlfriend, Mrs. Harris. Come on, say that you’ll be my girlfriend.”

“Oh fuck!” Maggie exclaimed, her orgasm slamming into her at Jack’s suggestion. “Fuck, yes, Jack! I’ll be your girlfriend!”

As she felt the most intense orgasm of her life, Maggie shuddered and groaned, collapsing on top of the boy. Jack took advantage of the opportunity, planting kiss after kiss on the woman’s neck and chin as she moaned on top of him. As she started to come down from the white-hot orgasm, Maggie’s lips met Jack’s, and the two began making out in earnest.

As their kissing continued, Maggie found her fingers slipping under Jack’s waistband, pulling his shorts down. Jack quickly moved to assist her, and in a moment, the boy was completely naked. Maggie wrapped her hand around his hard member, stroking it as he moaned into her mouth.

*Give some head to Jack.*

Maggie loved stroking Jack’s cock. She knew Jack loved it too. Still, she thought, it would be so much hotter if it was her lips wrapped around his cock instead of her hand. As the melody from Jack’s relaxation device swirled in her head, Maggie found the idea of crawling between Jack’s legs and sucking him off to be hotter and hotter.

*Give some head to Jack.*

Maggie broke away from her kiss with Jack. She leaned in and kissed him on the neck, looking him in the eyes briefly. Slowly, she planted a trail of kisses down his neck, onto his shoulder, and then down to his chest. Her kisses kept going as she descended lower and lower on his body, until she was planting kisses right at the base of Jack’s cock.

Holding his shaft in one hand, Maggie began trailing kisses up his cock. She kissed her way higher and higher on his member, right until she reached his cockhead. Pressing her lips against him, she slowly pushed down, engulfing the tip of his cock in her hot, wet mouth. Her tongue swirled around it, and Jack let out a satisfied sigh.

Maggie continued playing with his tip for a moment, then slowly began taking more and more of the boy's cock into her mouth. She made the experience as sensual as she could, sucking and licking as inch after inch of his hardness disappeared into her mouth. Jack ran his fingers through her hair and moaned in satisfaction.

Once she bottomed out, Maggie drew her lips up on his cock, then plunged them back down. In no time at all, she found herself bobbing up and down on Jack, keeping rhythm with the ever-present song from the relaxation device that was playing over and over in her mind.



“Oh fuck, Mrs. Harris,” Jack groaned, “that feels so good. Damn, you’re a good girlfriend.”

Fueled by his words, Maggie pumped up and down on the boy harder and faster, really getting into the experience. She could feel her own arousal building once more as she continued giving pleasure to her neighbor. As soon as Jack came, she knew she’d have to get herself off yet again. Just as those thoughts were passing through her mind, a new lyric to the tune materialized in her head.

*Get fucked hard by Jack.*

Maggie groaned on Jack’s cock as the words danced in her head. Fucking Jack would be so hot. With a cock as big and sexy as his, Maggie was certain she would cum all over it if they fucked. But as hot as it would be, that was the one line Maggie knew she just couldn’t cross. Since she was married, she could have fun with Jack, but sex was for her husband only.

*Get fucked hard by Jack.*

Of course, she had just agreed to be Jack’s girlfriend. That made Jack her boyfriend. The mere thought of Jack being her boyfriend made the woman groan as she pressed her face down on his cock. Yes, Jack was her boyfriend, and it’s common for girls to allow their boyfriends to fuck them. When she was still dating her husband, they fucked all the time. It just made sense that if Jack was her boyfriend, he could fuck her.

*Get fucked hard by Jack.*

Maggie knew what she wanted. What she needed. The woman slipped off Jack’s cock with a wet pop, giving him a hungry look. In an instant, she changed positions, straddling Jack once more. Grabbing her panties, she pulled them to one side and began grinding her pussy up against Jack’s cock.

“I’m so horny, Jack,” she purred, rubbing her pussy against his hardness. “I think I need you inside of me. Do you want that? Do you want to fuck your girlfriend?”

Jack smiled, grabbing Maggie by the hips. Maggie rubbed her pussy against his cock a couple more times, then pushed herself up so she could line him up at her entrance. Slowly, the woman lowered herself onto his cock, watching as inch after inch disappeared into her velvety folds until she had taken all of him inside her.

“Yes,” Maggie groaned, feeling fuller than ever before in her life. “Fuck, yes.”

Maggie pushed back, rising up on the boy’s cock until he was just barely inside her. Maggie groaned again as she lowered herself back down onto him, loving every sensation. Once she reached bottom, Maggie repeated the process, picking up speed as she began bouncing on

Jack's cock again and again. Jack grunted and began thrusting up against Maggie, only increasing her pleasure.

Before long, the two were fucking wildly against each other. Jack groaned as his hips slapped against Maggie's. Maggie moaned and wailed as she rode him as hard as she could. At one point, the couple flipped, and Jack found himself on top of Maggie, thrusting into her passionately as she cried out in pleasure.

"Oh fuck!" She wailed as the boy slammed into her. "Yes, Jack! Fuck me hard! Oh, god! Yes! Oh fuck! I'm coming!"

Maggie screamed out as the orgasm racked her body, while Jack pounded her over and over. For a moment, the woman almost felt as if she had lost consciousness from how hard she was coming. Jack panted and groaned, and it was obvious that he was getting close, too. A moment later, the boy buried himself to the hilt and moaned, and Maggie felt his cock twitching as it shot loads of hot cum deep inside her.

As they both started to come down from their orgasms, Jack wrapped his arms tight around Maggie and pressed his lips against hers in a deep, passionate kiss. Maggie found tears welling up in her eyes as she returned the kiss, moaning into Jack's mouth. Everything about this moment has been so perfect. So incredible. Her new boyfriend was an amazing lover. She had never come on her husband's cock like that, and this was only the first time they'd been together. The first of many, she hoped.

Cuddling together with Jack in the aftermath of their intense fucking, Maggie felt more content than ever before in her life. On Monday, she thought she had found someone to help her with a few chores and some much-needed housework. Today, she knew what she actually found was so much better. Enraptured by the moment, Maggie closed her eyes, listening to that beautiful tune that just kept playing in her mind. As she did, one final lyric materialized.

*Fall in love with Jack.*