

Quickie #38

Pool Boy

“Hey! Young man! Wait up!”

Eric stopped pedaling and hit the breaks on his handlebars. His beach cruiser came to a screeching stop on the sidewalk. He looked over his shoulder to the voice calling out to him. It was the mystery woman he'd seen several times on his way to and from work. A voluptuous beauty who'd caught his eye when she was out walking her dog or catching some rays in a beach chair on the lawn. He'd thought about chatting her up, but never could work up the nerve to stop and say hello.

As the woman approached, he was struck by how big she was. At least his 5'10 height and maybe a bit taller. The gorgeous woman looked to be in her late twenties or early thirties, so she was seven to ten years his senior. Her long hair was dyed a dark shade of turquoise. Her body was thick, yet fit and curvy with wide hips and humongous breasts that strained within her white tank top.

Her ripped blue jeans almost hid her secret, but Eric had seen her wearing sweatpants and other revealing clothing that made the bulge in her crotch more noticeable. A quick glance down her body showed the tough denim couldn't fully conceal the monstrous length of meat she was packing. The big-boned beauty was one of those Futa chicks who were becoming more common with each passing year.

In truth, that was half the reason he'd never introduced himself. Maybe it was silly, but it was hard for a guy his age not to be intimidated by a woman who clearly had a bigger dick than him. On the other hand, the rest of her womanly assets were *on point*, and he couldn't deny they'd drawn his attention repeatedly. As she closed the distance on him, her smile grew and Eric felt oddly at ease. He flipped down the kickstand and sat up on the seat of his bike.

“Hi there. You work at the mall, right? At *Super Star*?”

“Yeah” he confirmed with a nod. “I'm usually in the footwear department.”

“I thought I saw you there! I'm guessing you also go to school, in town?”

“Yup. Winston U. I'm a sophomore.”

“Awesome. What's your major?”

“Haven't finalized it yet, but I think I want to go for Sports Medicine.”

“That explains the sporting goods job. You look in pretty good shape, too! Do you bike a lot?”

“Thanks” he replied as a mild blush entered his cheeks. “Yeah, I do. This is just my cruiser that I use to get to and from work. I have a tricked out mountain bike at home, for rougher terrain. I'm Eric, by the way” he declared with a single, short wave.

“Nice to meet ya. I'm Angela” she said with a wink. The buxom woman placed her hands on her hips. “So, this may seem like a shot in the dark, but I was wondering if you wouldn't like a second job?”

“What kind of job?”

“Nothing major. I'm renting this house for the summer. I need someone to clean the pool, but the professional pool cleaners around here cost a fortune. It needs to be done once a week and I'll pay you double whatever your rate is at Super Star.”

Eric's eyes lit up. “That sounds great! Though, I've never cleaned pools before...”

Angela waved off his concern. “It's easy. You skim the surface with a net, check the PH level and add chemicals if needed. There's a couple other tools for deep cleaning, but they're simple to use. I'll show you.”

The young man nodded. “Alright. I'm in! I could certainly use the extra money. Thanks, Angela.”

“Don't mention it. Are you free tomorrow afternoon?”

“Yeah. Thursday is one of my days off, so I could do this every Thursday if you want. Just tell me what time to be here.”

“Perfect! Why don't you swing by at 1 o'clock and we'll get down and dirty!”

Eric was about to agree and offer her a second, parting thanks, but her verbiage prompted a double take. His mouth hung open stupidly. Was she just being corny, or was this long-haired hottie angling for something more?

“With the pool cleaning, I mean...” She said while backing away and mimicking the motion of a pool net with her hands. She offered him a cheeky grin and a wave. “See ya tomorrow.”

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Eric walked up the stairs to the back deck, his first round of pool cleaning finished. He wiped his shoes on the mat before proceeding inside. The blare of classic rock grew louder as he moved further into the dwelling. Angela had told him she'd be exercising while he was working outside and to come find her when he was done.

He passed through a dining room that had been re-purposed into a lounge with a full size pool table. Eric continued through the living room until he came to the main hallway and followed the electric guitar riffs of *AC/DC* to an open door, leading to the basement.

“Hello? Mrs. Mason? I think I'm done!”

“Hang on! I'll be right up!” she shouted over the music.

Eric paced around the vacation home, inspecting his surroundings. A few minutes later, the music died and Angela ambled to the top of the stairs, panting lightly. She was flush with exertion and slightly sweaty. It looked like she'd been doing yoga and/or toning with free weights.

She wore gray, skin-tight bike shorts and a matching sports bra with the classic, white Nike swoosh at its center. The singular iconic logo drew his gaze even more prominently to her already eye-popping assets. The tight lycra stretching around her strong thighs only made her thick third endowment stick out even more. Eric did his best not to stare, but it was becoming increasingly difficult the longer he was in her presence.

“Finished already, hmmm?”

“Yeah, I think so. You be the judge, though!”

“No worries” she waved him off. “I trust you. It's **Miss** Mason, by the way. I'm not married.”

“Oh... I'm sorry.”

“Don't be. You look thirsty. You want something to drink?”

“Actually, that sounds really good right about now.”

“I thought so. I need one too after my workout. C'mon.”

She nodded toward the kitchen before strutting off. Eric followed her, watching her sizable ass cheeks flex in tight spandex. Her midriff was bare and glistening with a light sheen of perspiration. It seemed she'd gotten an even better workout than he had, fishing debris out of her pool for the last hour.

They entered the kitchen and Angela made a bee-line for the fridge.

“I got water, iced tea and lemonade. What would you like?”

“Iced tea sounds amazing.”

“You got it.” As she poured them both a tall glass of the classic, sweet summer brew, Angela looked to the clock above her sink. “Looks like you were out there for an hour and fifteen minutes?”

“Yup. Don't worry about paying me for the second hour.”

“Hold on” she replied while putting the pitcher away. “Workers should be paid for the full time they're on the clock.” She closed the refrigerator, picked up the glasses of dark-orange liquid and handed one to him. “Why don't you hang around and keep me company for a bit? I'll gladly pay for the full second hour.”

Eric's eyebrows lifted as he took the glass. “Sure!”

Angela took a sip and nodded toward the hallway. “Let's relax and cool off.”

They walked into the living room where Angela took a seat on the sofa and Eric lowered himself into

an arm chair across from it. They said nothing at first, enjoying their drinks and staring at each other for a time. Angela smiled. Eric smiled back and raised his glass before breaking the silence.

“Good iced tea!”

“It's store bought.”

“Still good” he said with a nervous chuckle.

A second brief, uncomfortable silence fell upon them before Angela spoke up. “Do you have a girlfriend, Eric?”

“I... Umm, well, not at the moment.”

“You had one recently?”

“I was dating someone for a while, when I was a freshman, but it didn't work out long term.”

“I see. Did you break up with her, or her with you?”

“It was a mutual decision. Why do you ask?”

“Just curious. Although, to be honest, I wouldn't have cared if you'd told me you were seeing somebody. If anything, that would give me a little thrill.”

“Thrill? What do you mean?” he asked before downing the rest of his drink.

Angela finished hers as well. She set the glass on the end table beside her. “Come now. Don't be coy. You must've suspected I had other reasons for inviting you here. I could've found someone to clean my pool on any number of gig work apps.”

The young man shrugged. “I did wonder about that, but I didn't want to be presumptuous.”

Angela cocked her head. “Eric, did you think I didn't notice? The many times you gawked at me while passing by?”

“What?!?”

“Don't deny it! You liked what you saw.” The cocky woman uncrossed her legs, revealing the pipe-like appendage straining within her shorts. It was even more conspicuous when she was sitting than when she stood.

“I... I didn't mean to stare! I'm sorry!” he replied, holding his hands up in apology.

“Don't be. I'm glad you did. It made it so easy to reel you in. Don't be scared, now that you got what you wanted and I'm sitting right in front of you.”

“Scared? I'm not scared!” he insisted.

Angela laughed and stood from her seat. She put her hands on her hips and looked down at him. “Prove it! Strip down, right now, if you're not scared. If you're not embarrassed to see how you measure up to my big cock!”

Eric's brow furrowed. He thought about it for the briefest of moments before accepting her dare. The taunted pool boy pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it aside. His hands flew to his belt and started unbuckling the length of leather around the waist of his jeans.

“Mmmmm, now that's more like it” Angela purred as she crossed her arms below her bust and began pulling off her top. She yanked the clingy sports bra upward, stripping it past her shoulders and over her face. She guided it down her long, thick, turquoise locks before dropping it on the sofa behind her.

With her G-cup mammaries freed, Eric paused in his disrobing to drink in her heavenly form. She had absolutely perfect breasts. They were ample, round, fun-bags that jutted from her chest and hung with considerable heft. Her large, pink areolas stood out wonderfully from Angela's milky white flesh. Her nipples were glossy, round nubs, begging to be teased and sucked.

The adventurous amazon chuckled as she took in Eric's frozen, dumbstruck form. She gave him an even more fulsome view of her tits as she bent forward, grasped the hem of her bike shorts and tugged them down.

Eric snapped out of his lustful haze and resumed his task. They both undressed below the waist, pulling their outer and under layers down around their ankles. They untied their shoes and pulled themselves free of their sneakers before tossing them aside and kicking the rest of their clothes away. When they rose back to their full height, they were both nude aside from a stylish bracelet on Eric's left wrist and the silky choker adorning Angela's neckline.

The fit, medium build pool boy's flaccid cock hung a thoroughly average four inches from his neatly shaved pubis. Angela's much thicker phallus dangled a mind-boggling seven to eight inches from her crotch in its unaroused state. She had a fat set of fleshy plums to match, putting Eric's typical testes to shame. Her smooth, curvy form was a feast for the eyes with well toned arms and buxom thighs.

Eric's eyes opened to their widest as his mouth hung open in disbelief. Angela rested her hands on her sides, displaying her awesome endowments triumphantly.

“Oh my god...”

“I thought you weren't embarrassed?” she posited while stalking closer.

“I'm not!”

She paused in the center of the room. “Then why are your cheeks the color of a matador's cape?”

“I... It's just... You look amazing.”

A pleased murmur slipped from her lips as Angela resumed her advance. “Awww, that's so sweet.” She stopped inches from Eric and raised a single finger to the top of his bare chest. She traced his form down to his navel. “You're not the only one who likes what they see. You have a lovely body, Eric.”

“Th-Thank you, ma'am.”

He could hardly believe this was happening, but she'd said just the right thing to get under his skin and now they were both naked. Angela was so close, he could practically feel her body heat. Eric's nervous system buzzed with excitement. His heart fluttered and his mouth flowed freely with saliva.

“Let me have a full look at you...”

She circled him, slowly, and nudged him toward the center of the room as she studied her pool boy up and down. Angela closed in on him with slow, deliberate steps until her warmth enveloped him from behind. Her fulsome breasts pressed into his back and her thick flesh hose met the crack of his ass. Her hands took gentle hold of his sides and slid around his torso, gliding over his chest.

“There we go... Feels nice, doesn't it?” She spoke into his ear.

“Oh, god yes!” he said with closed eyes.

“Quite natural, I'd say. How many girls have you been with, Eric?”

“Two. Just two!”

“And they were normal girls, I'm guessing? Not like me?”

“Yes...”

As she blew hot breath against his ear, her left hand played with Eric's nipple. Her right hand slid down and felt his growing erection below. She grasped gently at his cock and balls, stroking him warmly as her hot curves asserted themselves more forcefully into his back and ass.

“When you were with them, did you do anything but the ole *'in and out'*? Did either of them suck you off?”

“No.”

“Nothing kinky? No toys or fingers up the bum? Ass licking?”

“Nothing like that.”

“So, there's a lot you haven't experienced. It sounds like you need a teacher, Eric. A professor of perversions. Someone to show you just how good it can be. I could be that teacher, if you're willing to learn.” Her tongue lapped across his ear with hot, wet passion. It was followed by a gentle bite on his fleshy lobe. “I'll claim all your other firsts, if you let me” she whispered.

Eric's heart pounded in his chest like a jackhammer. His body squirmed in her grasp, loving every sensual touch. He inhaled a long, deep breath before answering.

“I'm your student, Ms. Mason! Please, instruct me.”

She cupped his scrotum and squeezed gently. “**Very** good answer, Eric. You're in summer school, now.

When you're in my home, you're my little slut and you'll do what I say. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Not ma'am. **Mommy.**"

"Mommy? I thought you were my teacher?"

"For you, I'm both."

She twisted his nipple and gave his sack a second, firmer squeeze. Eric shuddered and gasped in her tightening grasp.

"What did Mommy just say? Do what you're told, so I can teach you all the things you need to learn."

"Yes, Ms- I mean, Mommy!"

"Good boy. Now turn around."

She released him and her rapidly hardening fuck-stick slid free of his supple cheeks. Eric turned to meet her. He immediately missed the feeling of her heavenly body against his, but her absence was mercifully short. Angela thrust herself upon him and they entered a full, deep kiss. Her heavy breasts mashed into his chest and their stiffening cocks slid against each other below.

They both smelled lightly of sweat, due to his yard work and her workout, but neither of them cared. Hints of Eric's body spray and Angela's perfume remained along with the heavy musk generated by their burgeoning boners. The scents merged into an intoxicating cloud as they kissed and groped one another.

Angela reached around and seized his ass while Eric's hands settled on her broad hips. They kissed for long minutes, tongues sliding back and forth as they moaned into each other's mouths and their cocks grew ever harder. Soon, her fat club of flesh slid between his scrotum and leg as his employer-turned-lover grew more excited.

She broke the kiss and gazed at him with amorous eyes. "Suck on my tits! **Right now!** Left one first!"

Eric followed her edict gladly. He took a step back and bent down to align his mouth with her plump, weighty mounds. The enthusiastic student sucked her erect nipple into his mouth and slid his lips over her puffy areola. He slurped on her breast with vigor, lapping at her flesh and sliding his tongue around her most sensitive bit. Angela stroked her cock with growing need. She looked to the ceiling and groaned with pleasure as her cum cannon inflated to its longest and thickest dimensions.

By the time he'd given both of her milkies a long, loving tongue bath, Angela was on cloud nine. She released her massive erection, pulled his face from her right knocker and pointed, breathlessly, to the pool table in the adjacent room.

"**On the table!** Sit on the edge."

While Eric hurried to his new position, Angela found her pile of clothes and fetched her silky white

underwear. She strode into the game room and held her panties up for him to see. Without another word, she turned them upside down, stretched the waist out and pulled them over his head. She made sure the crotch side settled right over the young man's nose.

Eric was immersed in the sight and feel of white satin all over his face. The pungent smell of her cock and cum-sack filled his nostrils. The waistband of her panties dug into his face, ending just where his upper lip began. He couldn't see her clearly, but he could make out the silhouette of Angela's form through the thin fabric.

“Now lie back and keep your hands over your head. Mommy's going to make you feel very good, but you're not allowed to come until I say so. Understand?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

Eric leaned back and spread out, knocking several of the pool balls up the length of the table as he raised his arms over his head. Angela pushed his legs apart with gentle pressure before her figure bent down and disappeared from his view.

More than anything, Angela wanted to lift his legs up, bury her mouth in his crack and tongue his ass while she stroked him to a powerful climax, but that would necessitate showering first. Eric's first anal experience would have to wait. Instead, she seized his shaft tenderly and began jerking him in long, lewd strokes. Her lips slid over his balls and her skillful mouth went to work. She basted them with her tongue before sucking his right nut into her mouth and sending him to paradise.

Angela licked, sucked and lapped away at his scrotum while masturbating him overhand with a torturously slow rhythm. It wasn't long before Eric was moaning and writhing on the pool table. His hands opened and closed over his head, grasping at nothing as pre-cum leaked from his rigid pole.

The Futa temptress couldn't resist some self pleasure. She reached below and stroked herself with equal enthusiasm. For every bead of gooey pre that wept from Eric's skyward pointed penis, a thick strand of snow white sludge slipped from Angela's giant glans to the hardwood floor.

“**Holy shit!** I... I can't hold it much longer!”

“Don't come!” she scolded before sucking his convulsing scrotum into her mouth. Angela's right hand went into overdrive, sliding up and down his cock. Her motions were fast and slick, producing moist thwacking sounds as she moaned around his churning sack. Her eyes were full of mischief, knowing full well he was careening off the cliff of ecstasy with no hope of pulling back.

“Ahhhhh! **OHHHH FUCK!!!!!!**”

Ropes of sticky white jizzum shot into the air and rained down on Eric's chest. He grunted as Angela milked him mercilessly, his balls seizing in her warm, wet mouth. Her skilled ministrations continued until his emissions slowed to a dribbling trickle.

Angela stood, hefted her cock and gazed down at her filth-smearred slut boy. With Eric in a daze of slowly fading bliss, she could focus on her own pleasure. She fisted her mighty weapon, holding it over her drained student as the fearsome length of fuckmeat squelched with sticky pre.

Eric's shrinking penis painted a stark contrast with Angela's bloated, ten inch monster. Her fat, round cum factories dangled below, roiling with untold amounts of girl cream waiting to be jettisoned. They were much too big for Eric to ever suck into his mouth, but she would teach him to pleasure her fleshy cantaloupes nonetheless. In time, he would worship her weighty balls and every other aspect of her divine Futa form.

Eager to cover him in a second, thicker layer of semen, Angela stroked herself to a rapid ascent. Her nipples were still diamond hard and wet with his saliva, tingling as she jerked herself into a frenzy. The vixen's breathing grew ragged and her eyes closed as her hand flew up and down her rock hard cum pipe. Her moans came louder and more frequent as her body tensed and she barreled through the point of no return.

“OHHHH GOD! **HERE IT COMES!!!**”

Fat ropes of gelatinous nut fired wildly from her tip. Angela lost all control, fisting her cock nonstop as thick strands of semen flew, decorating both their bodies. Her orgasm thundered on for some forty seconds as her balls slowly drained. Her pulsing cock spewed prodigious amounts of white custard over her breasts and across Eric's recovering form. It was a demonstration of raw sexual potency that put his own to shame.

When her emissions tapered off, Angela dropped her slick phallus and climbed aboard the pool table. She crawled up the length of Eric's cum-drenched body and dropped her heavy curves on his lighter frame. She pulled her panties from his face and they entered a fresh kiss, swapping spit and semen between passionate tongues. Their hot bodies writhed together, squishing with sticky seed as the summer breeze rolled in from the deck.

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After a shower and another refreshing drink, it was time for Eric to leave. Angela had half a mind to ambush him on the way out of the bathroom and initiate round two, but that wouldn't have been wise. As eager as his responses had been, it was best not to push too far in the first tryst. Eric was young and he needed affectionate guidance. She could become more stern and demanding later, if his inclinations leaned in the that direction. So far, the outlook for kinkier things seemed promising.

She led him to the front door and opened it. Angela smoothed her hands down the flowing, white top she'd changed into and put her hands in the pockets of her jeans.

“Hey, thanks a lot for the cleaning. You did a great job! I'll cash app you the money in a bit.”

“Oh, it was my pleasure. Thank **you** for everything after that. I had an amazing time.”

“That's sweet of you to say. Sorry if I came on too strong or got a little bossy in the middle of things. I get that way when I'm horny.”

Eric smiled. “No need to apologize. I really enjoyed that, actually. It kinda took me by surprise, but I learned something about myself today.”

Angela smiled back. She'd been right from the jump. He was a natural bottom. Her submissive detector never failed.

“I'm glad to hear that. In that case, I guess I'll take it up a notch, next time.”

“Yes please, *Mommy*” he replied earnestly. “So, every Thursday from now on?”

“Of course. But, you know... We don't have to wait for Thursdays. If you have free time and want to visit more often.”

Eric's cheeks burned with fresh, red embarrassment. “Ummm, sure! Let me check my work schedule and I'll text you what days I'm available.”

“Days or nights!” Angela added. She leaned forward and planted a parting kiss on his lips.

“Will do. I'll be in touch, Mommy dearest.”

“See you soon, my handsome boy.”

She watched the young man stride down the driveway with a spring in his step. He mounted his bike, pushed off and disappeared down the street.

Eric was going to be a fun summer project. Over the next couple months, she would train him into a skilled cock sucker and eager bend-over-boyfriend. It would be delightful, pleasuring him and teaching him how to satisfy the considerable sexual needs of a wanton Futa top. She would find his triggers, unlock his fetishes and use them to mold another cute, clueless male into the cock-craving himbo slut he was meant to be.