

House Sitting Surprise

Faye Valentine

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Jack stripped out of his clothes and tiptoed through the house so as not to wake his ex-wife up when he got to the bedroom – a hard feat to accomplish while more than a little tipsy from too many beer and whiskey chasers. Slowly opening the bedroom door, he crept inside, holding his breath as he walked across the plush carpeted floor towards the bed. Throwing back the covers, he saw his ex-wife lying there naked and he was hard almost at once. Climbing up onto the bed between her partially spread legs, he raised her hips and thrust into her.

Abbie's dream of soaring through the air like a bird took a sudden change in direction and she found herself in a bedroom lit by candles on a large, rose petal covered bed tangled in the arms of her lover as he worked his manhood in and out of her in slow, pleasure-filled thrusts that grew more rapid by the second. It was a full two minutes before she realized she was awake, face-down on the bed while someone was taking her from behind. Her first thought was to get away from the man assaulting her and she jerked forwards, but the strong hands gripping her hips pulled her back – the cock slamming into her so deep it hit against her cervix.

"Mmmm, that's it babe," Jack moaned "I like it when you struggle. God, you feel so fucking tight tonight!"

"Let me go you son of a bitch!" Abbie screamed, panicking as she tried desperately to break the hold the man had on her hips. Flailing around, she managed to kick her foot back into his side and her left hand caught him across the neck, but he kept on pounding his cock into her.

"That's it! Fight me babe! Tell me how much you hate my cock now! Uuhhnnnn!" he grunted as he shot his load deep in Abbie's clenching pussy. After a few more thrusts, he pulled out and collapsed onto the bed deep asleep.

Abbie bolted out of the bed and turned the lights on with the flick of a trembling finger. Lying on the bed was a naked man she had seen only twice before – the last time about three years ago just before he and his wife Lisa got a divorce due to his abundant drinking problem. Her first thought was to call the police and report the rape, but somehow she felt sorry for the man. He had genuinely thought he was fucking his ex-wife and, had she not gone out of town at the last minute probably would have. She played his words over and over in her head and wondered if this was a common occurrence for the two ex-lovers.

Semen dripping down her thighs, Abbie went to the bathroom and took a long, hot shower before returning to the bedroom and climbing into bed with the man that had essentially raped her only half an hour earlier. It felt odd lying next to him, and she knew she should be furious, but deep down she knew he would never have done it had the lights been on, or she had worn something to bed. Not that she was blaming herself for what happened, only that she managed to rationalize his actions and deemed him harmless.

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Jack woke to the smell of fresh brewed coffee and bacon cooking. Rolling out of bed, his head aching, he shuffled down the hall butt naked to the bathroom and took care of business before going down to greet his ex-wife. "OH MY GOD, Abbie! What are you doing here?" he gasped, covering his crotch with his hands.

"Hey Jack," Abbie smiled. "I'm house sitting for Lisa for a few days while she's out of town."

"Oh? When did you get here?"

"Yesterday afternoon. Hungry? I've got fresh coffee and bacon."

“Y-Yesterday afternoon? You weren’t...I didn’t...OH MY FUCKING GOD! Please tell me I didn’t...”

“Come into the bedroom and fuck me in the mistaken impression that I was your ex-wife? Yeah, you sort of did.”

“Oh, dear lord! I’m so sorry, Abbie. Please don’t call the cops on me! I thought you were Lisa. Ever since we got divorced I’ve been coming over two or three times a week to drunk fuck her in the middle of the night. She loves that sort of shit, but only when we’re having sex. Any other time she hates my drinking.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to call the cops. I know you would never have raped me if you knew it was me in bed and not your ex, right?”

“HELL NO! That’s not the kind of guy I am. I used to turn the light on at first, but Lisa put an end to that. She said it ruined the scene. I am so, so sorry for what I did to you. I think I should go now.”

“Nonsense. Sit down and have some breakfast and a hot cup of coffee. I forgive you for what you did. The one I’m pissed at right now is Lisa for not warning me something like this could happen, or for at least telling you she was going out of town and not to come over. You know, after thinking about it while trying to fall asleep next to you I had to admit that that long, fat cock of yours felt pretty damn good. I’ve never taken one quite that large before.”

“Um, thanks, I think. Man is this fucking awkward. How can you be so calm and collected when I raped you last night?”

“Like I said, and you confirmed, you would never have done it had you known it was me in bed and not Lisa. As far as I’m concerned you had no intent of raping me so it’s forgiven. And to be perfectly honest, you can come back every night and fuck me if you want,” she grinned and winked.

“REALLY!?”

“Really. It’s been five months since I’ve had sex and you have a cock worth trying again. So, you said something last night that got me wondering. You mentioned how tight I felt. Does that mean Lisa isn’t so tight anymore?”