

Milton Vale – Introduction

This is the first installment in an ongoing story. The series will eventually have many characters which crossover or who have various levels of interconnectedness. The one constant feature is the setting, Milton Vale, a fictional town somewhere in North America. Above all, this is a fictional setting with fictional characters who sometimes engage in activities that are dangerous, foolish, illegal, irresponsible, mean, immoral, or otherwise. This does not constitute an endorsement on the part of the author. It is a work which is not based on any real persons or events. If you are not of legal age to read erotic fiction, please leave now and do not continue reading. For everyone else, I hope that you enjoy it and have fun.

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MMF, Voy

It seemed like I had a pretty dreary day ahead of me. Cement gray clouds hung over Milton Vale like an acoustic tile ceiling, and the humidity was climbing towards 80%. It was sticky, muggy and smelly, the mill that gave the town its name adding its rotten egg stench to the impending rain. I sat behind the steering wheel of the Honda Odyssey checking the battery on my phone and making some notes in my shots book. The parking lot outside the Starbuck's was about half full of minivans and station-wagons, not bad for mid-morning. This location had fairly steady traffic because it shared the lot with an upscale grocery store and a women-only fitness and yoga center.

Absently tapping my pen against the steering wheel, I scanned the aisle in front of me and that's when I saw my first subject of the day. She was reasonably tall, about 5'9", with brown hair pulled back into a pony tail and round glasses. She wore a windbreaker, unzipped, over a light blue tank top. Her luscious globe-like ass looked like it had been poured into her black yoga pants. I could see that her breasts were probably quite large, although they were snugly contained by her athletic bra. Quickly grabbing my leather file tote I jumped out of the car and briskly walked toward the coffee shop, surreptitiously ogling the jiggling assflesh in front of me.

You may have guessed that I am a bit of a voyeur. That doesn't begin to cover it, but it's as good a term as any for the time being. I stood in line behind her, minding my own business. There were two older women between us, in their sixties I'd guess, dressed smartly in silk blouses and light skirts, each with a sizable diamond on her left hand. One was quite petite, her silver hair cut short which made her profile look a bit severe with her sharp jaw and aquiline nose, but her hose covered legs were lithe and ended in nicely tapered ankles, her dainty feet slipped into brown leather sling-back sandals with a 2 inch spike heel. I briefly visualized her under me with those delicious legs thrown over my shoulders as I licked her feet and slammed into her pussy. I wondered if her bush was also silver and close-cropped. Her friend was sturdier in build with meticulously curled and sprayed blonde hair and very professional highlights; I'd say that she was due for a touch up at the roots within the week. Her cleavage was bronzed, the skin just above the cleft of her breasts was slightly wrinkled and there were a few dark brown spots circling over their voluptuous contours. I would be shocked if she wasn't wearing a EE brassiere to hold those beauties aloft.

I continued to eavesdrop on her description of her latest trip to the Caribbean but kept my real quarry within my peripheral vision. They each ordered non-fat lattes, the one with the silver hair lamenting that it was so hard to find good coffee outside of Europe. I inhaled deeply and silently as her friend backed into me as she moved toward the side counter. Lavender and a slightly tangy musk.

“Oops,” she blurted as she stepped on my foot.

“Pardon me, Ma’am, I should have been paying attention,” I replied. She smiled warmly, a little mischief in her blue eyes.

“Well, I’m paying attention now young man,” her eyes followed the line of my blazer down to my polished leather shoes and back up. Her friend took her elbow and steered her towards the side counter, also giving me the once over with a smirk. I conjured up a blush and she giggled. If I hadn’t already sighted the yoga woman I might have tried to follow up with these two silver foxes ,and they would have been the ones blushing at what I had in mind. But I couldn’t call attention to myself.

She was sitting on the plush armchair near the electric fireplace, an iced coffee on the small table beside her. She flipped through a real estate magazine and scribbled notes on a pad that she had taken from her hand bag. I took up a place facing her but three tables over and to her left, which gave me an excellent sightline but was at a discreet distance. I opened my phone and pretended to start texting, but actually turned on the camera function and framed my shot. You may think that it was brazen to start filming this woman in full public view, but what could be more natural than a man in a business suit tapping away at his cell phone? Once they see that I’m completely respectable they never give it a second thought.

She was in her early forties, and now that I was at leisure to inspect her more carefully I confirmed that her tits were each plush double handfuls. Her arms were thick and the tilt of her head revealed an adorable little double chin below full, pouty lips that were accentuated by a slight overbite. Once in a while she would look up and briefly scan the coffee shop as if she was looking for someone. I saw her jaw tighten almost imperceptibly, and she shifted in her seat.

Now her entire posture seemed to tense and she crossed and re-crossed her legs. If I hadn’t had the camera phone trained on her I might have missed the way her thighs rubbed together and her breathing deepened. I could now see the bump of her left nipple pushing against the fabric of her tank top. Casually, I reached for my coffee and looked over my shoulder to see if I could figure out what she was looking at.

There was a young man standing at the counter, maybe nineteen or twenty. He was tall, about six feet, with tousled dark hair and a day or two of stubble shadowing his face. His build was slim but muscular with wide shoulders and well developed arms which ended in large calloused hands. He wore a gray t-shirt and dark blue jeans with beat up sneakers and he carried a motorcycle helmet in his left hand as he made his way to the cream and sugar bar to mix his coffee. This was definitely the object of yoga woman’s gaze and she wasn’t the only one. The male cashier who had checked me out as I ordered cocked his head to one side as the young man walked away, eyes riveted to his jean-clad butt. I could see the two older ladies from the line-up nod to each other and say something behind their hands. I had to pretend to go back to my texting as he walked past me and took a seat across from the yoga woman, but as I did I got a nice shot of his

bulging jeans. The semi hard-on that I'd had since I began my surveillance now throbbed with new life.

He said a few words to her, but he was speaking lowly so I couldn't make out what he was saying. She seemed to ignore him and go back to her reading for a few minutes while he drank his coffee. My view screen revealed that both her nipples were poking through her top now and she was squeezing her thighs together incessantly. She put her magazine away and stood up, zipping her windbreaker over her breasts. Picking up her bag she stood, and I noticed a very slight crook of her finger as she walked past the man seated across from her. A signal to follow?

As soon as she made moves to leave I flipped my phone closed and stood up, exiting the coffee shop ahead of her and hopping into my van. It had started to rain unenthusiastically. Once inside I undid the fly of my slacks and adjusted my cock to a more comfortable position then glued my eyes to the yoga woman as she got into her forest green Suburban. She idled in her spot for about five minutes until the young man from the coffee shop exited and strolled to his Kawasaki Ninja. She backed out of her space and drove past him very slowly, then exited the lot. He grinned as he pulled on his helmet and started his bike easing into the flow of traffic in the same direction as the yoga woman. It only took me the space of a couple of heartbeats to make up my mind to follow them. I usually got some shots of camel toe or even the occasional up-skirt or nipple slip on these little excursions, but this was shaping up to be extremely promising. I aimed my van into the wake of these two strangers and followed at a distance.

It wasn't difficult to keep the big SUV in sight and within ten minutes I slowly drove past a large split-level ranch on a well manicured crescent with a large green Suburban and a black Japanese motorcycle in the driveway. There was a "for sale" sign on the front lawn and I watched the young man knock on the door as I pulled into a spot on the side of the street. The door opened and he entered.

Reaching into the back seat I grabbed the duffel bag that I kept there for some of my gear. I quickly shucked my blazer and button down shirt, thankful, not for the first time, that the windows of the Odyssey were well tinted privacy glass. I replaced my leather dress shoes with some soft-soled sneakers after I pulled on some loose fitting khakis. It had begun to rain in earnest now so I also donned a hooded sweatshirt. I checked the tape and the battery of my mini-dv camera and slid the strap over my shoulder.

I thought, hoped, that I was going to get some fabulous footage, but it was unlikely that I'd get it by knocking on the front door. I had spotted a service lane about a half block ahead of me so I made my way casually over, thinking that it might loop in behind the sale property. Luckily, the lane did run behind the house so I could double back and find the fence to the right yard. A quick look around and I hopped up onto the wooden fence and carefully swung myself over into a spacious backyard dotted with maples and piles of dirt where the landscaping was unfinished. I edged my way up to the patio, carefully staying out of view of the large glass doors. Leaning against the vinyl siding I slowly peeked around the corner and through the glass. Since the house was vacant, the window coverings were gone, leaving a clear vista of the sunken living room.

Low moans were now audible to me through the glass doors but I couldn't see them.

“Suck my pussy, baby, yeah … uuhh clitty …” I heard yoga woman groan. I tried the patio door, but of course it was locked. Scanning the back of the house I noticed a window on the second floor was slightly open, possibly to air out the house because of the humidity. There was an old wooden ladder leaning on its side against the back of the house, so after a quick glance around I raised it to the window and carefully scaled it to the second floor. It had been a while since I’d done any B and E’s but this was for a higher cause – I just had to see these two hotties fucking and record it on video.

The window was stuck open in the frame because of the humidity and I had to fight with it a bit to get it open enough for me to slip through. I landed lightly on the carpeted floor of a small bedroom and padded to the door. Checking both ways in the hallway, I slowly inched to the top of the stairs and peeked down. The sounds were definitely coming from down there, possibly the kitchen.

“Yeah bitch, you like that cock don’t you? Lick that tip mamma,” I heard his voice grunt. The slurping sounds were clearly audible, amplified by the lack of furniture in the house. “Fuck bitch, your mouth is so hot, take it, suck me!” The slurps were interrupted by a loud gagging sound, then resumed. “All the way to the base, you fucking slut! God you must’ve sucked a lot of hot cock in your time … that’s why I like you old broads …”

I was now on the first floor, just outside the kitchen. I risked a peek. He sat on the kitchen peninsula, his jeans down to his knees with his large hands on the back of the yoga woman’s head as she bobbed in his lap. Her tank top and bra were in a pile on the floor next to her yoga pants. Her thong was pulled to one side and she was rubbing herself vigorously as her jugs bounced and flopped wildly. I wanted to jump in, but instead I framed my shot and hit record, zooming in on her full lips as they slid up and down one of the nicest cocks I’ve ever seen. It was a bit longer than average, seven inches or so, with a big head, flaring at the back and tapering towards the tip with a thick shaft shot through with fat, pulsing veins.

He was fucking her mouth harder now, her pony tail gripped tightly in his right hand while he held her neck with his left. Drool ran down her chin and tears welled at the edges of her eyes as he pounded her face. I pulled back from the doorway just as he turned my way. I could hear her gagging again, then gasping for air.

“Bend over slut,” he commanded. She let out a hiss and I could hear the wetness of her pussy literally sloshing. “Fucking pussy is wet, but you’re soooo tight,” he gasped.

“I’ve had lots of practice little boy, I could yank that big sweet dick right off you with this hot cunt,” she replied between gritted teeth. I knelt on the floor and brought the camera around the doorframe, adjusting the LCD screen so I could see what was going on. Her arms were stretched out over the countertop, gripping the edge with her tits pancaked out to either side as she bucked her ass against him. His hands clutched her soft meaty hips as he rammed her faster and faster. They were both covered with sweat and her face was streaked with saliva and cock juices.

“Hot old slut … mamma,”

“Yeah baby, I’m a dirty slut, fuck me like a slut … fuck me with your sweet … aaaaahhh,” she reached down and furiously fingered her clit as he grabbed her other arm and twisted it behind her back. “Cummmmmmingggg....!!” she cried as she began to shake. He kept up a fast and steady pace as she fingered herself to climax, finally sagging against the peninsula. He pulled his still rigid cock out of her pussy, dripping with her

slickness, then rubbed it between her bubble ass cheeks and she cooed. He spread her cheeks, exposing her rosy hole, then dropped a large wad of spit onto it, rubbing it with his index finger.

“Is mommy a dirty fucking whore?” he asked quietly, sliding three fingers into her cunt and popping his thumb into her asshole.

“Mommy is filthy,” she whispered “fuck her there.”

“Where do you want me to fuck you?” he said, lacing the fingers of his other hand into her hair and jerking her head back sharply.

“Fuck my ass … put that juicy, fat cock in mommy’s asshole!”

He swatted her ass hard, leaving a rapidly reddening mark. She squealed. He smacked her again and again.

“Beg me for it,” he said.

“Please!! Oh fucking Christ I neeeeed your meat up my ass! Give it to me! I’m a fucking filthy whore who needs to be assfuckeaaahhhh!” she screamed as he shoved his entire length up her rectum. Now they were both grunting and bucking in a frenzy.

“Gonna cum!” he yelled, shoving home again.

“On my face baby! Put that cock in my mouth and blow it for me” she cried. He pulled out of her sphincter with a pop and she turned around catching the first spurt of an enormous load on her forehead and top of her hair, then three more on her cheeks and nose. She had just bottomed out with his cock down her throat, milking the last drops when the doorbell rang.

“GGGGCCKK sspptt … kaff … kaff … fuck no!” she cried. The guy grabbed his jeans off the floor and bolted right towards me, that luscious meat swing in his haste. Dumbfounded, I was just standing up as he blasted out of the kitchen, both of us tangling and hitting the floor.

“What the fuck??!!” he cried in confusion, struggling to get off of me. He pushed himself off of me and I scrambled to my feet as well. “Who the fuck are you?” he screamed. I started to explain and he ran past me to the stairs. Meanwhile the yoga woman was frantically trying to pull her clothes on and on the verge of weeping.

“The clients, no, no, no, not now,” the last I saw of her she was pulling her tank top on inside out over her huge braless tits. Her face and hair were caked with semen and she was running towards the front door shouting “UHH … just a second, I’ll be right with you!”

I followed the guy towards the stairs and then pulled him towards the living room and the patio door. “No wait!” I yelled, “through here.”

We rabbited through the backyard and over the fence in record time, hearing shouts of dismay as the clients discovered the less than professional appearance of their realtor. The rain had stopped, but it had left a muddy mess in the yard.

“My van is parked down the block, I can give you a ride,” I offered. He was pulling on his pants but realized he had missed getting his shoes.

“Fuck, no,” he said, “I’ve got to figure out how to get my bike out of the driveway and get home with no shoes on.”

“I have another pair of shoes in my van, you can wear these,” I offered. He quickly checked them and nodded. They were a bit tight but he squeezed into them. We split up at the mouth of the lane and he decided to roll his bike down the driveway and push it away before starting it. Even from half a block away we could hear screams and

sobs coming from the split-level ranch. We had a good look at each other for the first time both of us grinning at the thought of what we had gotten away with. He looked down and I noticed that I had a huge wet spot on the crotch of my khakis. We grinned wider.

“I don’t know who you are partner,” he said, “but that was fucking hot! Did you get the whole thing on tape?” I nodded. “Well, maybe I can watch it one day.” And with that he turned and trotted towards the driveway. I heard his bike start up as I pulled away and headed for home. It was only noon, but I needed a nap.