

Milton Vale – Chapter 4

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This is technically the fifth installment in an ongoing story (intro + Ch. 1-3). 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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Mildred leaned back against the passenger door of her Suburban, my wife Audrey nuzzling at her neck as I videotaped from behind a pillar a few yards away.

“I think I’m a bit tipsy,” Mildred murmured as she ran her hand up the sleeve of Audrey’s jacket, “I feel like maybe you might try to kiss me or take advantage of me somehow.” Audrey pulled back and looked Mildred directly in the eye, then leaned in and planted a wet, tonguey kiss on the older woman’s open mouth. Mildred clutched the back of Audrey’s head and pulled her in closer, their full breasts mashing against each other, their jaws working as their tongues fenced. I adjusted my hardening cock in my slacks as Audrey slipped her left hand under Mildred’s blouse to massage her right nipple, and her left leg between Mildred’s thighs to grind against her pelvis.

Mildred’s white blouse was unbuttoned, exposing her black lace bra, and she was dry-humping my wife’s leg, when the stairwell door at the other end of the parkade opened. I turned to watch two figures silhouetted against the fluorescent lights of the stairwell stumble into the garage and start unsteadily toward us. I turned back at the sound of the Suburban door closing, hiding Audrey and Mildred from view.

I quietly edged deeper into the shadows of the garage as the Suburban pulled away and the drunken pair arrived at my father’s Hummer. My step-mother Candace and brother-in-law Derek lurched past me, entwined awkwardly in each other’s arms. They reached the Hummer and moved into the vacant spot left by the Suburban, Candace dropping to her knees and unzipping Derek’s fly.

I slipped around another pillar and re-framed my shot as Derek’s thick cock disappeared into Candace’s mouth. She hiked up her skirt and slid a hand into her deep red panties as her auburn haired head bobbed back and forth in his crotch. Derek dropped his pants around his knees and pulled her other hand to his nicely tanned butt. Candace slipped a finger into his asshole without further urging.

After a few minutes of Candace’s attention, Derek pulled her to her feet and she unlocked the Hummer door. She bent into the driver side interior as Derek eased down her panties and slid himself into her. He quickly increased the pace as she returned to fingering her clit. He pulled his dripping member out of her cooze and spit in his hand, then rubbed it between her pale cheeks, reminding me of my earlier bout with Ashley. I tugged out my cock and started to stroke as I filmed.

Candace was clearly the source of Ashley’s beautiful pale skin and lithe but rounded figure. Her legs were lightly tanned but creamy white in an inverted triangle

over her lush, round ass where her bikini covered on her Caribbean holidays. Her breasts had remained round and perky into her forties and her green eyes were lovely, but usually slightly clouded with rum and Diet Coke.

Ashley's husband was now nudging his mother-in-law's sphincter with the tip of his cock. She reached back and spread her cheeks as he eased into her up to his curly black pubic hair. I wasn't that shocked by the ease with which Candace accommodated his seven inches, based on what I'd seen when I still lived in my father's house. Knowing what I did of Ashley's marriage, I also wasn't surprised when Derek pulled out of Candace's asshole after about ten seconds. I was intrigued however, when Candace turned and took his cock back in her mouth which was immediately flooded with semen, then moved up and kissed him hard, returning his load back to him. My spunk splashed against the pillar as I watched Derek swallow his own cum from the lips of his mother-in-law.

There was some half-hearted cuddling as they re-dressed then went their separate ways, Candace pulling away in the Hummer and Derek returning to the stairwell, no doubt in search of Ashley. I stopped recording and carefully flipped the LCD screen on the camera closed, then slunk off to the Audi and headed for the guest house, hoping that Audrey and Mildred hadn't gotten too far ahead of me.

Bobby leaned back against the wall at the head of the single cot in his rooming-house bedroom taking a drag of his cigarette. Sheriff Dugan had dropped him off a block away with a warning that he'd be keeping a close eye on Bobby's activities. Bobby made a few more notations on his pad of paper, then got up and moved to the camera with the high-powered night-vision lens which was aimed out the window.

He'd taken this room because it afforded him a perfect view of his subject's apartment. Julio Torrez was a would-be union leader trying to organize the largely immigrant workforce at Milton Vale's steel mill. Like most of the industry in town, Avalon Steel Works was owned by Herb Miller, the man who had hired him to find some dirt on Torrez, or failing that, to manufacture some dirt. Miller's profits would be hurt if he had to pay his workers higher wages and benefits, which is what the upstart Torrez was demanding. Bobby was sure that Miller would find a way to suppress this latest in a long line of troublemakers, the way he'd found a method of silencing Bobby's Aunt Bridget when she had become a liability.

Bobby was also sure that Miller had no idea that Bobby suspected his role in what had happened to his Aunt. He hoped that Dugan had kept his secret safe, but now that Dugan was sheriff, he might be on Miller's leash just as his predecessor had been. Bobby took another drag of his cigarette and shook his head. It didn't matter. He'd come back to this shithole town with a purpose and he would follow it through no matter what. He'd learned a lot in his years away, and he knew he had the skills to complete his mission if he remained steadfast.

He leaned forward to look into the camera's viewfinder, the window that he sought centred in the glowing green nimbus of the night-vision lens. Torrez's daughter sat on her bed, dimly illuminated by her desk-lamp. She was about eighteen, with long black hair, luminous brown skin and long, athletic legs. Her breasts were small but nicely rounded and usually accentuated in her tight t-shirts by a push-up bra. Tonight, they were

bare with the dark nipples standing at attention, a light sheen of sweat glistening in the yellow light of the lamp. Her right hand was between her thighs, gently rocking back and forth.

Bobby had watched this ritual every night for two weeks. He knew that she had come into her room and brushed out her long hair, then sat on the bed with her lap-top chatting with friends. After an hour or so she had pulled off her shirt and bra then peeled off her panties. Now she was slowly fingering herself, pulling gently at her nipples and stroking her breasts with her left hand.

Even though Bobby had just been fucked hard by Dugan, he felt his cock rising again at the sight of this teen goddess fondling herself in what she imagined to be the privacy of her bedroom, eight stories above the dirty street. Bobby squeezed some lube out of the tube that he kept near the camera and slid it over his dick, slowly working it in time with the unsuspecting girl across the road. As he squeezed his warm meat in his fist, the image of young Maria Torrez, who was now on her knees and shoving a third finger into her moist little cunt, reminded him of that summer twelve years earlier.

Bobby had known since he was in his early teens that he wanted to fuck girls and boys. He'd lost his virginity to his cousin Amber's best friend Lisa when he was fourteen. She had walked in on him changing in the bathroom, his cock already semi-erect from spying on the two girls tanning on the small apartment balcony. First, she made him stroke it for her and she said she'd never seen one so big. Bobby was very self-conscious at that stage about the size of his cock which was always three or four inches bigger than the next biggest in the boy's locker room. Lisa sat Bobby on the edge of the tub and sucked him for a few minutes, then, sensing his excitement and knowing she didn't have much time, she stood and turned around, then lowered herself onto him. Her moist twat slid noisily over his throbbing cock head and then he was deep inside her as she bounced eagerly on his lap.

Lisa was the opposite of his cousin Amber in looks. Where his cousin was blonde with large breasts and ass, Lisa was a mousy brunette with small, upturned breasts with puffy nipples and narrow hips. She had long legs and a thin frame where Amber was somewhat chubby if not exactly fat. Bobby had spent a great deal of time fantasizing about both girls while jacking off and now he was getting his chance.

Lisa's moans grew louder as she bucked harder and faster on Bobby's rigid cock. He gripped her around the waist and pushed into her deeply as he shot his first load of cum into a girl. About five seconds later Lisa came, and two seconds after that, Amber walked in.

Bobby thought he was in huge trouble, but Lisa just shrugged as she uncoupled from Bobby's member and Amber smirked knowingly. "I couldn't help it," Lisa said, "just look at that thing!" Amber smiled, leering at Bobby's still pulsing crotch and said, "Oh, I know. He's going to find lots of trouble with that big, hard cock of his."

The same year he had his first job in construction as an errand runner on the site of the first outlet mall in Milton Vale. His immediate supervisor was a young man named Dean who was saving up for college. Bobby and Dean became good friends despite the difference in age because Bobby was a hard worker and seemed mature for his age. As the job progressed, they would hang out after school in Dean's room, playing video games and smoking pot. One afternoon after several games of Mortal Kombat they began

to wrestle on Dean's bed. After several minutes of struggling, Dean had Bobby in a head scissors, the crotch of his shorts pressed tight against Bobby's face. Bobby could feel Dean's cock begin to harden against his cheek and he found his own cock rising in response.

Bobby had continued to fuck Lisa from time to time and had often wondered what it would be like to have a penis deep in his mouth. Lisa had always seemed so pleased with herself when he emptied his nuts into her mouth. Dean adjusted his position a bit and Bobby found himself opening his mouth and closing his lips on the contours of his friend's meat. Dean moaned and rubbed harder, then stood up and pulled his shorts down to his knees, revealing his erect member, then sat back on the edge of the bed. Bobby crawled between Deans legs and gripped Dean's cock, then put it slowly between his lips, trying to mimic Lisa's technique.

Dean leaned back and moaned again as Bobby began giving his first blow-job, slurping the hot shaft between his lips and fondling Dean's heavy, hairy balls. Dean pulled out of Bobby's mouth after a couple of minutes and pulled him up onto the bed, and after they'd each shucked their remaining clothes they arranged their naked bodies end to end so that their faces were each at the other's crotch.

Dean inhaled deeply and took Bobby into his mouth as Bobby returned the favour. This was obviously not the first time Dean had sucked cock and Bobby found himself nearing his orgasm quickly, so he redoubled his own efforts. Soon they were both groaning with pleasure, Dean bucking his hips against Bobby's nose then unleashing a huge spray of jism into Bobby's mouth. Bobby savoured the sharp, salty taste and swallowed, then blasted his own load into Dean's open mouth.

Over the next few months Dean and Lisa seperately lavished huge amounts of attention onto Bobby's "beautiful cock" as Dean put it. At the beginning of that summer, the last phase of the mall project was starting, and Bobby applied for a job as a labourer which was the same job Dean had. Bobby thought that something was strange when Dean insisted on accompanying him to the interview with the foreman in charge of hiring.

The foreman was a large, burly man in his late forties, red faced with a round belly and thickly muscled arms and legs from his years in the trades. He wore a blue denim shirt with the sleeves rolled up and Bobby could feel his assessing eyes as the foreman pushed his chair back from the desk to stand and shake Bobby's hand. The small office trailer seemd very hot as Bobby nervously sat down.

"Dean tells me you're a good kid Bobby, so I'd like to give you the job. But the problem is, the owner's kid also wants a job and there's not enough for everyone." Bobby felt his heart sink, knowing that the owner's kid would inevitably have priority. The foreman could see Bobby's dejected expression and looked at Dean then back to Bobby, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "On the other hand, if you could prove that you really wanted the job, maybe I could find a spot for you afterall."

Jumping at this offer, Bobby replied "Anything you want! I'll do anything!" It was then that Bobby saw a shrewd look appear on the foreman's face as he stood up behind his desk.

"Like I said, Dean has told me all about you ... maybe you'll like it" His hand moved to the crotch of his workpants and Bobby could see the foreman's dick straining the fabric. Dean was suddenly standing behind Bobby and he gave him a little shove towards the desk. Understanding dawned on Bobby and he moved forward cautiously.

There probably was no “owner’s kid” competing for the job, but he would do what he had to just in case. And now that he was kneeling in front of the foreman with his hands opening his pants, he felt like there was a good chance he would enjoy it. The foreman’s cock was bigger than Dean’s but not quite as long as Bobby’s, probably around seven or eight inches, but it was thick and veiny and drooling pre-cum as Bobby sucked it between his lips.

The foreman exhaled as Bobby slid his tongue around his cock and over his balls which were hairy and smelled of sweat. Soon, Bobby had found a rhythm and the foreman was pumping his cock into his mouth slowly but deeply. After about ten minutes, the foreman was getting pretty worked up. He pulled his cock out of Bobby’s mouth and stepped back. He got Bobby to sit on the desk and then sat in his chair, rolling between Bobby’s thighs and plunging Bobby’s steel-hard rod down his throat. The foreman easily deep throated Bobby’s entire length, something neither Lisa nor Dean had yet managed.

Bobby leaned back to enjoy the feeling of this big man slurping at his meat and noticed that Dean was now standing beside him with his cock in his hand. Bobby motioned him closer and Dean eagerly slipped into Bobby’s mouth. Bobby didn’t think it could get much better than this when he felt the foreman’s tongue slither up his asshole. It was all he could do to not come immediately, but he moaned loadly onto Dean’s cock and his mouth was immediately filled with the other boy’s warm load.

He looked down to see the foreman smiling up at him then felt his legs being pulled so that his butt hung over the edge of the desk. This was followed closely by the return of the foreman’s tongue accompanied by a large rough finger. He was glad that Dean had spent the last few weeks adding a bit of ass fingering to his cock sucking so Bobby wasn’t completely unused to the sensation. Now that he thought about it, it had been right after Dean had mentioned this job that he’d started putting his fingers up Bobby’s ass. Maybe Dean had already been setting him up for this.

All thoughts of how this situation had come about left Bobby’s head as the foreman stood up and nudged his thick cock head between Bobby’s cheeks. The older man’s shirt was now open, exposing his hairy belly which hung low against Bobby’s turgid cock.

“Do you think you can take this kid?” asked the foreman without waiting or an answer. The burning pain in Bobby’s rectum was intense as the foreman pushed into his asshole, slowly but inexorably burying himself. Bobby whimpered and gritted his teeth at the sensation, but tried to remain focused on keeping his ass from clenching. The foreman bottomed out with a huff, his face pressed against Bobby’s neck. He remained motionless for a minute, just murmuring softly “so fucking tight, so tight..”

The pain slowly eased and Bobby felt his dick getting hard again, so he gently pushed back against the foreman and opened his legs wider. Taking this as his signal, the foreman began rocking back and forth, pulling a bit farther out with each stroke, coming back in a bit harder each time until Bobby began to move his hips in sync. The foreman gripped Bobby’s hips and Bobby clenched his legs around the older man’s girth as he groaned from deep in his belly and began to spew into Bobby’s asshole. He pulled out and the last four gobs landed across Bobby’s cock and stomach. The foreman sat back, sweating and winded, leaving Bobby laying on the desk with a raging erection. Dean was immediately between his legs, gripping both his own and Bobby’s cock in a firm hand

and grinding them together until they were each also spraying cum all over their stomachs and the desk.

“I guess you’ve got the job,” panted the foreman, “call me Bill.”

The summer continued in this manner with Bill calling Bobby or Dean into his office at least twice a week for job assessment and fucking their asses while they bent over his desk. They also continued to get together on the side in Dean’s bedroom, their fun now expanded to new realms of anal pleasure. By the time Bobby turned fifteen that August he was getting laid more often than any one person had a right to, by Dean, Bill and Lisa.

At the end of the summer the construction on the mall was finished and the entire crew was laid off, including Bill. Bobby’s Aunt Bridget got a new job at the Sheriff’s Department and they moved to a new apartment building on the other side of town. This meant a new school and made it much harder to visit Dean and Lisa. By the end of that winter however, he’d met Jason Miller and by the early summer they were taking turns in each other’s asshole. Jason was also fucking Laura Giscombe on the side, while Bobby had set his sights on Jason’s step-sister Ashley.

Bobby had started to go by the Miller’s estate when he knew that Jason was out with Laura and sneak into the yard to spy on Ashley. There was a tree that had branches large enough to support his weight next to the tall stone wall and it afforded a view of the bedroom wing of the huge house. In the past, he’d managed to glimpse Ashley going about her night-time rituals and had sprayed several loads of jism onto the tree trunk at the sight of her naked ass or perky breasts.

This particular night her bedroom window remained dark for more than an hour, and Bobby began to think that he’d missed the show when a light appeared on the main floor in the servants’ quarters. Bobby knew that the Miller’s employed a woman to cook for them as well as the cook’s two teen-aged children as a maid and a gardener. From what he knew of the mansion’s layout, he guessed that it was the daughter’s bedroom. Silently he dropped to the ground and crept nearer to the house to investigate.

The drapes were partially closed but the window was open against the night’s humidity and Bobby could hear movement in the room beyond.

“Put your hand in your panties and rub your pussy,” Bobby recognized the easy command in Herb Miller’s voice. “Don’t pull them down, just rub it … that’s right get it nice and wet,” he continued. Bobby slowly raised his head above the window sill and peeked between the drapes. He was greeted to the sight of seventeen-year-old Monica Moreno sitting on the edge of her bed with her hand in her white panties and her legs open in the direction of Herb Miller who sat in a chair a few feet away.

The Miller family maid had her black hair pulled up in a tight bun that was now trailing loose wisps of hair down her long brown neck. Her white night shirt was unbuttoned to her navel and Bobby could see the creamy round breasts shifting back and forth, her hard nipples straining against the cotton fabric. Herb still wore his starched white shirt and silk tie, but the pin-striped suit jacket was slung carelessly over the back of the chair and his hard cock thrust up out of his lap. Herb took a sip of scotch from his tumbler and absently stroked the pre-cum off the tip of his prick, rubbing it over the head with his thumb.

Bobby was already fisting his own cock when he heard Herb’s next order. “Turn around and pull your panties down to your knees, slowly. That’s right, your pussy is so

wet. Bend over and pull your cheeks apart, let me see your little bunghole ...mmm ... that's right." Bobby risked another peek and was just in time to watch Herb pushing his fat cock into Monica's asshole. He felt his spunk washing over his fist, but never took his eyes off the pair in front of him.

His cock stayed hard as he watched Herb ream his young employee with increasing speed and roughness. Monica's bun was now in a frazzle and Herb's fist was tightly locked in the remains. Her shirt was completely open and her firm brown tits swung in time with Herb's urgent thrusts. She was moaning in Spanish and fingering herself furiously as Herb locked a hand around her neck and jammed his cock deeply in her asshole.

Another movement caught Bobby's eye as he realized he was close to cumming again. At the door of the bedroom Ashley Miller was looking on the carnal scene in front of her with her hand in her panties and her mouth open slackly. Her half-lidded eyes met Bobby's over her step-father's slumping form, then she darted from sight. Bobby bit his lip to keep from groaning and sprayed a second load all over the azaleas outside Monica's bedroom.

Maria Torrez collapsed on her bed, her right hand, now slick with her nectar, easing out of her pussy and gently caressing her heaving stomach and breasts as she caught her breath. Bobby's lap was wet with his own cum as he sat back in his chair and lit a cigarette, thinking about how that summer twelve years earlier had set his life on its present course and how he couldn't move on until his mission was complete.