

## Watcher

A few years ago I moved to Texas and started living with my Aunt Trudge. My Aunt had a caretaker as she was elderly and disabled. Her caretaker, Monica was absolutely gorgeous. She made me feel good, and gave me the impression, maybe falsely, that she fancied me. A lot of flirting went on, and she'd often take me into fetish clothing shops or adult bookshops on our walks out together when my Aunt was resting. Some people could have seen she was leading me on, but I was too flattered and enamored to realize. Being a guy with strong emotions and a highly sensual nature, I realized I was falling for her, but I felt I could do nothing about it, as she was so closely involved with caring for my Aunt. After weeks had past, she suddenly stopped flirting with me, for no reason I ever discovered, and became much cooler. It was too late for me, because by this time I was very attached to her, and every meeting we had would put shudders of desire through me. This situation began to hurt me, because she'd still be flirtatious with other men. Mechanics, workmen, people in Monica's social circle, etc., etc. Anyone, it seemed, except me. Guys would home in on her, chatting her up and sniffing around her everywhere we went. She would just let them, and ignore me when they hung around her. Don't know what I'd done to deserve these mind games. She'd even begun to watch my reaction as she flirted with other men. Then she'd ask subtle things afterward. I could tell she did it to see what effect it had had on me. It was turning me on in a way, I can't deny. One of my most hot memories of her was when my Aunt needed a new computer. Monica got a man named Radar to come over, a PC tech, who worked with her company's computers, and was supposed to be good at getting one and set it up for her. Monica, my Aunt and I were playing scrabble in the lounge when Radar first turned up at the house. He immediately started flirting with Monica, giving her loads of suggestive banter and innuendo, which she giggled at, wrinkling her nose like a schoolgirl. I tried to stop it unsettling me and making me wish I was Radar, getting Monica's attention in that way, but I couldn't help feeling jealous, which I hid as best I could. Maybe Monica guessed at my discomfort and enjoyed that, I didn't know. It was the first time I saw her bare feet, too, strangely enough, when Radar turned up. I have a deep fetish for women's feet. She slipped off her socks after she'd let Radar in, and as she padded around the carpets, getting things for him and showing him into the study, I saw they were gorgeous. My heart was lost to her totally, the moment I saw her shapely feet, with her toe rings and ankle band. The cutest little feet I've ever seen. I didn't know whether Monica knew much about my secret fetishes, but I knew she'd at least once looked at my web surfing history. I visited mainly housewife sex sites, wife story sites and foot fetish sites. I do not know if she meant to be teasing me, but she was playing up to Radar too, and flirting back to him, and letting us see her pattering up the loft ladder in bare feet, and loudly giggling at his suggestive, dirty remarks to her, in front of me and my Aunt. When I brought Radar and Monica some coffee in the study, Radar sat working at the computer, showing her things on it. She was kneeling down by him, resting her arms up on the desk. Of course, Radar had a good eyeful of her firm tits in that position; he could see down her top and it was driving me mad. She pretended to be all businesslike and normal, but I knew what they were doing. I saw the worry on my Aunt face too. After a while, it was time for me and my Aunt to go out for the afternoon. Monica had arranged beforehand to stay with Radar and lock up the house when it was her clocking off time. My Aunt and I wouldn't be back until the evening; and it so irked me to leave her alone with Radar, who obviously would love to have his wicked way with her. I had to go, however, my Aunt expected it. However, when we got to the cinema, I couldn't relax, wondering what was going on back home. By chance, my Aunt assped into a friend of hers, and I was able to make a feeble excuse to leave them to chat, and go for a drink on my own, and see my Aunt back home later. I didn't go the pub, at all. I raced away and jumped in a cab, and told him to take me straight back home. I had to know, even if I could just peep. The curtains were all shut when I got home, and the house was dark, but the study light was on. I sneaked around the back, carefully put my key in the back kitchen door, and snuck into the kitchen. They were obviously still in the little study; and creeping round the door into the hall, I saw the study door was slightly open, and light was streaming through, into the dark hallway. Voices were heard. Monica's voice was squeaking and sighing, and Radar's voice grunting. Oh, no! They weren't, were they? I had to see. My heart in my mouth, I crept up to the door, and peeped in, doing my best not to be seen or heard. There was the sight I'd been dreading! Radar stood, facing the window, standing over that big, old photocopier, with his pants down, and his hairy ass pumping back and forth. Monica's tight jeans and panties were draped on the chair at the desk; she'd taken them off. Even worse, Monica's bare legs were clamped around Radar's waist, and her hands came round his back, stroking and clawing at his starched white shirt. Yes, Radar was fucking Monica! "Hoohh, Hoooh, Ohhhh!" she cried, and giggled as well, as he humped her. He'd sat Monica on the photocopier and was fucking her! I shrank back, in utter shock, into the darkness, away to the kitchen, my hand around my suddenly erect cock; hating Radar like anything, but I couldn't stop myself being unbearably aroused by the fact that beautiful, sexy, beloved Monica was being a little tart; betraying me, and degrading herself by letting beardy, pervy old Radar between her legs! Right there in my aunts house, where I lived! "So That was the deal, was it?" I thought. She wouldn't fuck me, but she would a fucking beardy old perv like Radar?? It wasn't fair. Even though my Aunt had said she wouldn't care if I did have a fling with her, Monica still wouldn't treat me like she treated other men? It was sick, and I felt so hurt and angry, but it was so seedy and horny nevertheless, that I just had to try and accept it by enjoying my submissive position. I soon poured out my hot sperm into a tissue, while hearing Radar shagging Monica, and the noises they made echoing all round the bungalow! "Hourgh, Ugh, Ourgh!" Oh, why? Why did she do this when I wanted her so badly? I hid in the bedroom, peeping out through the gap in the door, and waiting till they went, but they didn't go yet; there was more. It was only half past three, and Monica wasn't really due to go until five. They started laughing again, and I heard them talking. Monica said, "I'll show you that CD, just hang on, Radar." I saw Monica come out, with her top rolled up, and the rest of her naked; and I felt a rush of intense desire, seeing her gorgeous body. Her round, ripe little boobs with perfect nipples, and her dark triangle of pubes, and her horny little bubble ass, like a peach, as she went in the lounge and got something from her bag, and then went back to Radar in the study. Soon, Radar began saying, "What a top woman you are, Monica! Those pics are getting me hard again!" I had to sneak out again, and have a look. What was going on? Well, peeping in from the dark hall again, I now saw Radar was sat down at the computer

again, with a great big erection. Oh fuck, his dick must have been 9 inches long, which was even bigger than my own which I was always proud of. Monica was crouching next to him, clicking the mouse and showing him a load of pics from a CD of hers. She was reaching with her free hand to caress his knob now and again, as she showed him the pics. "Oh, God!" I thought when I glimpsed the pics on the screen. The first ones I glimpsed showed Monica dressed as a schoolgirl, at some biker rally or party she'd been to, and the revelers were all in fancy dress, messing about and doing silly things; but Monica was having her bare ass caned! Yes, an old rocker dressed as a schoolmaster had her bent over, knickers down, and whacking his cane across her bare bottom! I was shocked and stunned, but oddly excited. It was just so strange and dirty for me to see, I couldn't help feeling highly aroused. In other pics, some bull dyke of a woman, among other people too, were licking at Monica's bared tits, or fondling her bottom. The guys were stripping her off, showing her tits to the camera, and in one pic, two guys were even pulling her butt cheeks apart, and one guy had a feather tickling her asshole! Radar said, "So, do you take it up there then, Monica?" She giggled, and said, "Well, I have sometimes; not really though." Radar said, "Well, how about if I let your boss have the computer for half price, if you give up your sexy little bottom for the rude desires of this dirty old man?" He slapped her ass, making Monica yelp and say, "No, I couldn't!" But Radar wrestled her down, over his knee, and began smacking her ass, to make her agree! She was laughing and yelping, as he held her down and really smacked her quivering ass hard, pausing to open it and look at her asshole before carrying on the spanking. Monica's sexy bare feet waved and flexed in the air, as her bare little ass got smacked! "Ooohhh! Owwww!" she went! I saw her ass and asshole, when he opened her ass. Her creased, broad, dark starfish, which I'd always wanted to see, along with her half shaven, sweet pussy mound. They were on view, but not for me. The pair of bastards! He was going, "You will, you will! You will give me your ass, Monica, won't you?" SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! "Won't you, Monica?" Eventually, she gave in. "Yes, I'll do it!" she went, "You know I will! I just wanted to be spanked first! Hee hee hee!" Suddenly, Monica got up again, and positioned herself at the computer, with Radar sitting behind her. She put some lube or something on to his cock, letting her fingers reach back and tease his shaft as they applied the coating of whatever it was. Then, she bent forward, her arms reaching right back. She grabbed her buttocks, and spread them wide, wide open. Then she slowly settled herself with her asshole touching the end of Radar's Dick! "Aaaah, yes, at last!" Radar exclaimed, "Up your ass, Monica, come on!" She began wiggling her ass, down onto his Dick; and she giggled, "Hee hee hee!", as his big purple knob buttonholed itself just inside her twitching brown asshole! "Oh, no, Oh, no.." I thought, feeling sick but grabbing my crotch again in jealous excitement, as Radar sat there grinning and introducing his big dick up the ass of the woman I adored! My heart was almost breaking to see this, but my cock throbbed hard despite it! She soon had his shaft almost completely up her ass, and they began a slow, lewd movement, Radar sitting in the chair and Monica crouching over him, slowly moving herself up and down. Her asshole was being dragged slowly up his shaft when she began the upstrokes. She carried on showing him the pics of the kinky things she'd done with others at wild parties etc. How horrible it was for me, to see sweet kind, caring Monica, laughing as she took Radar's big horrible Dick right up her ass! She giggled and encouraged Radar, as he enjoyed her ass and lusted at the dirty pics of her. His Dick throbbed there like a nasty monster, and Monica paid homage to his massive cock with her sweet little ass. Whenever a particularly rude pic came onscreen, Radar's cock would twitch, and the veins would show prominently for a second, before Monica crouched again, engulfing his manhood in her gorgeous, sacred asshole! He was going "Aaaah, yeah! I knew I'd get you and your ass one day, Monica!" and his hands roved over her body, often squeezing and pulling her tits, or spreading her ass to watch his own Dick invading her ass, so eagerly! The pics were shocking. Some showed Monica indulging in BDSM with people, tied to bondage frames and whipped, and having nipple clamps and electric wands used on her and everything. Another set showed her being gangbanged, really romped hard around a room by a group of guys, and spanked all over. The photos at the end of this set, showing her smiling face in the centre of a circle of cocks, are still clear in my memory today. Still more showed her in lesbian spanking games with a gang of women, using canes, whips, belts and paddles, and all kinds of sex toys on each other. I had to back away for a minute, to compose myself and try and stay quiet. When I looked again, I was just in time, to see Radar orgasm! He growled, "Now then little dirty Monica, I'm just about to fill up your bottom!" Monica went "Oohhh!" in glee, and looked at him over her shoulder, bucking her ass slightly up and down, and encouraged him, sticking her little witchy chin out and flashing her sexy eyes, saying "Urgh, go on then, do it up my ass! And he did. Radar growled again, and his shaft pulsated, embedded right up Monica's ass. Monica's sexy toes curled in pleasure on the study carpet! Big dirty Radar was shooting out all his lust deep up her chocolate starfish, and Monica actually encouraged this dirty old man to do it to her! She smiled back at him, squeezing her ass tight on his Dick, and she lustily said "Ooohhh, Monica rides again and Monica's addicted!" She slowly gyrated her ass around, milking out all his hot load into her ass, and his cock pulsed and throbbed, spurting it all up Monica's ass! At that, I just had to go, and slipped out into the dark garden outside again. There I frantically whacked myself off in both misery and sexual ecstasy! Soon, the bathroom light went on, and I heard them in the shower, with Monica still giggling as Radar did whatever other dirty things he did to her! I went the local pub, and calmed myself with a stiff drink or five. I only returned when they'd gone, after six o'clock. Of course I couldn't tell my Aunt what I'd seen, and she'd never believe me anyway. All was strangely normal again afterwards. Monica always pretended nothing had happened, and played the sweet, respectable caretaker ever after. At least, until the next time I saw her being naughty!

## About the Author

&nbsp;Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally .They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number

of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! &nbsp;The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

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