

Jez & Jodie

Part One



Credits and License

Codes: Mf, oral, hand

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Preface

This story is an additional tale of the “Growing Pains” universe; one of around 40 short flash stories designed to introduce characters and provide back story where required. Not all of the characters will be familiar instantly, but it will all tie in at the end!

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website.

This story relates to a scene with the troubled Jodie Roberts and her boyfriend's father, Tom Walters. Her affair with Jez's father would initially excite her and Jez but over the coming eighteen months would eventually come to poison her relationship to Jez. This takes place in January 1999.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and will upload to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org and my website. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards,

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Jodie and Jez

Jodie pulled her drunken boyfriend up to his house and gently opened the front door with his keys. It was hard, Jez was a little bigger than she was, but Jodie did play a lot of football and with her strength could just about manage him. The sixteen year-old closed the front door softly, not wanting to disturb Jez's father but as the catch locked, her boyfriend stumbled and they fell through the lounge door with a crash.

Her heart stopped for a moment; not wanting to wake Tom, but she jumped when he sat up from the couch and swore. Jodie gasped when she looked up: her boyfriend's father was naked on the sofa, his dick in his hand and hardcore pornography playing on the television. "Shit!" Jodie averted her eyes and pulled her drunken boyfriend towards the stairs, muttering an apology to Tom.

Jez stumbled into his room and collapsed on the bed. Jodie's mind was spinning with the scene she had just witnessed downstairs and glared at her drunken partner. She growled at him and yanked down his trousers and boxers, pausing for a minute to admire his bare cock and almost hairless body. Jodie sighed and pulled the covers over his unclothed body, before turning off the light and closing the door quietly; he was too drunk to be "fun."

Jodie came back down the stairs and smiled at Tom tidying the room. He had turned off the video, clearly he was no longer feeling horny and had wrapped himself in his fleecy dressing gown from the side, covering his dignity. He averted his eyes the moment he saw her and apologised; he was embarrassed. She gave a titter, while no man likes to be caught watching pornography, could there be a worse person to see you than your son's girlfriend?

"It's fine," she whispered quietly. She had been wearing a blue designer dress, originally given to her by a friend that Jez always loved to see her in. It was figure-hugging, short, and showed plenty of cleavage, and she straightened it. "I know men have needs. Especially single men."

Tom grunted and Jodie licked her lips. "Yeah, sorry. You said you would be out all night."

"We were. Mum has gone away for the week but Jez drank too much. I wore this for him specially. I know he likes to see me in it," she cooed and Tom nodded. "We saw some friends when we were bowling."

"You look lovely, my dear."

Jodie sidled up to him. "I hope you didn't stop for me," she told him and turned the television back on. "Because I don't mind, and I was expecting to see something tonight. What with me in this dress."

Jodie sat on the couch and Tom's eyes widened as she pressed Play on the VCR remote. Instantly, a girl with big tits came onto the screen and was squealing in fake delight as she was being rammed from behind by her hunky co-star.

"Oh my God," Tom muttered and Jodie looked at him.

"This is so fake. Where's that one that Jez and I watched the other day?" She asked and Tom spluttered.

“Jez shouldn't be anywhere near my stuff,” he moaned breathlessly and Jodie walked over to the cabinet, usually locked, on the side of the room.

“These looks are easy to unpick,” she told him and picked a video up and then replaced the playing video with it. She pressed FORWARD on the video player and watched as it scrolled past the credits and came to start playing on a Roman villa and a half-naked girl walked in, on barefoot.

Jodie pulled her dress up and wiggled her hips as she sidled back to the couch. Tom was breathing heavily, the scene unfolding was erotic, but it was wrong and the presence of the little minx from next door meant he was unable to do anything. He was too nervous.

Jodie sensed this and leaned in to whisper, pressing her body up against his. “It's OK. You don't think I have flashed you by accident these last couple of weeks. Jez has dared me to. He got drunk last week and told me his biggest fantasy was to have a threesome with his best friend or his Dad. He wants to share me and I think I want to do porn and he will have to see me so it's fine.” Tom gulped and Jodie slid her bare hand through the gap in the dressing gown and felt his partially engorged cock. “You seem to be too nervous,” she told him and Tom spluttered.

“Well, it's ... it's that ... well you are here. I can't while you are here, love.”

Jodie giggled and slid her hand up and down his cock, spreading the pre-cum over the tip and down his shaft. “Yes you can,” she whispered and with her left hand guided Tom to feel underneath her dress. He sighed as he felt her bare pussy and then groaned as Jodie squeezed his manhood. He threw his head back and she twisted her hand around the tip as her hand glided up and down his shaft.

“That's ... that's ... oh my God,” he tensed, and Jodie leaned in to suck the tip of his cock and then theatrically tasted his juices.

“Oh Jodie, you shouldn't,” he cried and the teenage girl just returned to his, now erect cock and began to bob gently on his hard-on. He grunted and tried to move away, his conscience getting the better of him and Jodie looked up and smiled.

“Watch your film, and let me do this. I've fucked older men before, and given loads of head. And Jez never complains. He wants me to.” He grunted and she raised her eyebrows. “When was the last time a sixteen year old mouth was sucking this monster?”

“About 30 years ago,” he admitted breathlessly and the woman on the screen began to orgasm loudly.

Jodie pushed her face into his pubic hair and began to bob up and down on his shaft. She put her left hand under his testicles and began caressing them, while her right hand pumped the base of his large cock.

He groaned and breathed out noisily. It had been a very long time since someone had given him a blow-job, over ten years, and Jodie was very good. She ran her tongue over his tip and he rubbed the back of her black hair. Her fingers darted over his testicles and she gave them a gentle squeeze. He bucked his hips and began to rhythmically push his cock deeper into Jodie's mouth.

Tom cried out and clenched his buttocks; he felt it coming, the sensation that his loins needed to release, and squeezed his muscles. He grunted and groaned. “Jodie,” he

squealed as she sucked harder and then released.

A surge of intense satisfaction swept through his body as several waves of semen rose up his shaft and splattered the inside of Jodie's mouth. She stayed with Tom's bucking hips running her tongue over his sensitive cock and then looked up at him.

"Feel better now?" Jodie asked, the cum washing around over her tongue and Tom nodded, still not quite sure what had just happened. Jodie pushed out his cum of her mouth and then sucked it back in and swallowed it. "Good, 'cos do you remember what a girl looks like down there?"

Tom nodded and Jodie guided his hand to her moist slit. "Just use your fingers," she whispered and watched as Tom parted her labia and slid his rough fingers up and down her well lubricated runway. He grunted and his fingers found her button and she squealed. "Gently."

Jodie was clearly expecting to be looked after by Jez that night but the drunkenness of her boyfriend had stopped her, so she was enjoying the fingers of her boyfriend's father instead. There was a taboo – not only the age difference but who the middle-aged man was, and Jodie squealed as he located her button.

But it was too much too soon, and she told him to slow down. He slid his hand along her crack and jabbed two fingers into her hole. Jodie cried out loudly, Tom wasn't being as gentle as she was expecting but she didn't object to a bit of rough treatment and Tom knew where her teenage buttons were.

She leant back and allowed him easier access to her pussy and he began to slide two fingers into her with his thumb pivoting over her clit. She squealed and groaned and began to impale herself on his fingers, sliding her hips back and forwards on the couch.

She massaged her tits through the material and began muttering. She grunted nasally and with desperate conviction, throwing her body into the touches of the older gentleman. She felt it rising inside her, and closed her eyes, breathing furiously.

Jez would do this when she asked him and she loved him when he did it; Jodie just loved being touched and molested there. It was wonderful and so incredible. She felt her muscles tighten and she threw herself back on the couch, bouncing as she hit the back of the chair.

Jodie shrieked and cried as Tom's fingers drove her to orgasm, and she felt her legs tremble and then quiver mercilessly.

"That was brilliant," she enthused as her body soaked up the last of the satisfying waves. "Thank you. I needed that." Tom bit his lip and she straightened herself up. "I might be asking for that again," she promised and got up from the couch.

"I am not sure whether that is a good idea," Tom whimpered and Jodie leaned into him.

"Jez has always played well with other people," Jodie whispered. "He is very good at sharing. And I think you need it. All three of us do."

Tom grunted and watched the seductive girl walk towards the stairs towards Jez's bedroom. She would have some tale to tell him when he woke up.