Chapter 20

The large box truck was pulled into the new driveway when I arrived at the address Aunt Amelia texted me.  It was a new construction. The landscaping was obviously just finished as the grass was just starting to grow in the soil.  There was a row of similar houses on the street in various stages of completion.  This must be a show home for this new development.  All the houses were huge.

Aunt Amelia was probably the subcontracted realtor for this development.  There were at least a dozen homes on the road and she would make 5% on the sale of each.  She did employ 5 people in her company.  Two were the movers that had moved the furniture into houses to prep them for a showing. I walked by the truck it was empty.  I guessed this would be just like every other time I helped Aunt Amelia. We were going to make it look like it was a functional dwelling, moving furniture around and making up the bedrooms.

Since it was a new house it smelled like fresh paint when you walked in.  I called for Aunt Amelia and expected to see her two movers inside somewhere.  Amelia yelled down from upstairs.   I went upstairs and found her unpacking bed linens.

“Caleb! Thanks for helping. Mark and Mark got everything inside this morning.  The first open house is Sunday so we don’t have to get everything done today.  Do you want to work on the kitchen?” Amelia was smiling.  She was wearing yoga pants, a dark blue sports bra, and white tennis shoes.  Her beat-up college sweatshirt was thrown over a chair.  It was her favorite workout sweatshirt and was fraying from overuse. Her muscled waist was clearly visible showing off her washboard abs.

I wondered why she didn’t ask for Rob to help.  There was going to be plenty of work to do to stage this house if Mark and Mark, her two movers, had left.  “Yeah sure.  I can set the kitchen up.”  I left Amelia in the bedroom and she watched me leave.

I spent the next hour unpacking and setting up the kitchen. Amelia hadn’t come downstairs.  The doorbell rang and I answered it.  A delivery guy was here from Vincent’s.  I went to get my wallet but the driver said it was already paid.  Amelia came downstairs.  She usually got us a meal when we helped and I brought the food to the table.  She had a bottle of water and her salad with feta and banana peppers.  She got me a large steak and cheese and a bottle of water.

“Hope that’s good for you,” she said as she opened her salad and spread olive oil on it. She always ate ridiculously healthy.  “So your mom says you start hockey practice tomorrow?”

“Yeah, dad got me new pads and I am looking forward to playing on the team,” I said as I started making quick work of the sub.

“I look forward to coming to your games. Have you been working out? You look bigger every time I see you!” She reached over and squeezed my bicep.

“Yeah, I have finally been making some use of the gym in the basement.” Trying to impress her I stood up and lifted my shirt to show my own muscled abs.  She reached over and felt them.  Her soft hand caressed my abs, outlining the curves of the muscles.  It was a sensual touch and I put my own hand on her abs below her sports bra.

Amelia was jacked for being over 40.  Her nipples were slowly hardening under the bra.  My enhanced smell could smell her excitement at my touch. Abruptly she stopped the mutual body admiration.  Indecision on her face she retreated to the bathroom.

A few minutes later she emerged.  “The kitchen looks good. Can you work on the bathrooms on the first floor next?”  She retreated upstairs.  I thought we were going to have a moment.  I was tempted to use my voice or charm eyes but I wasn’t going to make Aunt Amelia do something she didn’t want to.

I finished the bathroom and headed upstairs for my next project.  Amelia was sitting on the floor. The bed in the master was slightly askew.  She had been trying to move the bed.  She should have asked for help. She noticed me, “Oh Caleb. I was moving the bed to the other wall and didn’t realize it was caught on the carpet.  I think I pulled my hip flexor a bit when I slipped. Just need a minute then I will slowly stretch it out.”

“I will wait till you are sure you are ok. I can make the bed while you recover,” I said.  I made the bed while Amelia moved to the center of the large master bedroom and slowly stretched.

I had just finished making the bed when Amelia asked, “Can you help me stretch?  I just need you to use your body weight.” Amelia was prone on her back and brought one knee up and then across her body.  “Just put your hand on my knee and thigh and lean into me.”

I did as she asked and leaned into her, my body hovering over her as I pressed her thigh across her body.  She breathed heavily as I increased the amount of weight.  “Yes, I can feel the strain.  Let the leg up and repeat the action a few times.  Then we should probably do the other leg too.”

I released her knee and then reapplied pressure.  Each time I pressed down she exhaled and moaned.  I thought it was due to the pain from stretching but I could start to smell her arousal with my senses.  “Maybe I should use my chest to press your leg? More weight.”  She nodded and I shifted so I was over her.  We were eye to eye as I pressed into her, our faces moving closer and my groin touching hers.  When our faces were about 6 inches away I released the pressure raising myself up and then came back down.  Each time getting closer to her face.  My stiff member in my jeans was also pressing into her folds through her yoga pants.  Her heart rate had increased and I felt she might crack any second.

“Let’s change positions,” she said breathing hard after I had pressed into her a half dozen times. I released her and she brought one leg up to be in line with her lower leg, doing a scissor.  “This will help stretch my hamstring, glutes, and lower back. Keep the leg straight and press like before.” I did as asked.  Soon our bodies were facing each other with just her leg between us.  My knees straddled her other leg and as I pressed her leg down the outline of my cock in my jeans pressed nicely into the pussy folds in her yoga pants.

Amelia was panting in pain from the stretch and pleasure from my jeans rubbing against her groin.  Her hips squirmed side to side against my hardness.  After a few minutes, her face was flushed and she said, “other leg please.”  As we switched legs I could see her yoga pants were wet and my jeans had just a touch of her moisture on them.  I pressed down on the other leg and she resumed pleasuring herself.  Our faces were about a foot apart and I wanted to go in for a kiss but held back.

I knew she wanted this.  I wanted this.  But I thought it was best to let her voice it.  I tried to encourage her, “You have the sexiest body I know.  You are so hot!” My words spurred her to raise her head and I brought my lips to hers.  It was a slow kiss with our tongues slowly joining the fun.  Amelia's body was pressed to the floor by mine and her breathing was difficult but we continued.

Suddenly she said, “We need to stop.  This isn’t right.  We shouldn’t.”  Even though this is what she had hoped would happen today she was having second thoughts.

“Amelia I’m not a virgin and I have wanted this ever since the first time I understand what sex was.  Please.” Not calling her Aunt Amelia probably helped as we resumed kissing.  I released her leg and it hooked my torso and she was able to freely grind her pelvis into my jeans.  I hooked her sports bra and pushed it over her head revealing her C-cup breasts.  I attacked the right breast with my mouth and I was licking, sucking, and softly biting the nipple while I moved my vortex into place.

I moved to her other breast and continued as she reached between her legs with one hand and used the other to pull my head harder into her chest affirming I was doing a good job.  She was moaning in ecstasy from my administration.  I created the smallest dose of saliva I could and dribbled a few drops on one nipple as I circled it with my tongue and then immediately did the same to the other.

It had the intended effect as she shuddered under me in an orgasm.  I quickly moved down her body and pulled down her yoga pants and panties to expose her moist cunt in the throws of bliss.  I attacked the pussy with my tongue, releasing the remaining saliva and causing Amelia to reach a second and then third orgasm in succession. Her hands gripped my hair and pulled my head encouraging my efforts.  While this was happening I used one hand to unbutton and unzip my jeans and started to work them off.

Amelia was still reeling from pleasure as I moved her from the floor to the bed and then continued to use my tongue, reaching into her pussy and then teasing her clit with each lick.  Her orgasmic bliss was waning from my licks so I moved up her body kissing her abs and then breasts and then neck and then lips.  I checked her core and it was still doing its job of creating life essence for me.  It looked strong…maybe a more mature and fit core could handle aether faster?  So maybe Amelia could give me more. It was best to thank her by maximizing her pleasure.

As I was kissing Amelia I kicked off my underwear and freed the monster.  I lined up Amelia’s entrance and pressed into her. She inhaled sharply while I filled her.  Even with my girth, I slid into her well-lubricated tunnel.  I thought she was in pain but a blissful pleasure was on her face as I continued into her depths.  “Yes, oh my god yes!” She rasped.  Then her pussy clamped down on my cock like a vice and she erupted in another strong orgasm.  Her now tightened pussy made the head of my penis enjoy the slow retreat and return.  I stroked her channel slowly.

Our lips locked and her quiet moans and muffled screams were silenced by my tongue invading her mouth.  I was thinking of making more saliva but remembered I needed to save my aether and I didn’t need to arouse Amelia too much.  I pumped her into the bed for a long time with low deep penetrations.  Her pussy seemed to try to grab my cock every once in a while, not in orgasm but like a game.  I didn’t know a woman could do that, use her pussy like a muscle.

Although her core could still do more for me I felt her body was reaching its limit, getting fatigued.  We had been at for over an hour and her constant level of arousal had depleted her reserves. She must have come at least six times from the fluid around our hips. I knew my sperm was not fertile but since Amelia didn’t realize this I decided to come on her torso. I waited till she had another tiring orgasm before pulling out. My 12-inch moist cock lay on her and spurted a line that hit her chin, drawing a thick white line from her neck to my tip. My dick twitched twice more, adding two parallel lines that were sliding on her muscled and sweaty abs.

I fell on top of her and kissed her face. I used the slick seed I had deposited to move our bodies against one another. I was slightly embarrassed by the volume of my ejaculate so I didn’t want her to see how prolific it was. She kept moaning in pleasure and I checked on her core. It looked slightly larger but definitely could have given more.

Our lips parted and she started crying. Oh shit, what had I done wrong? “I can’t believe I fucked you!” She burbled out. She was having a guilty conscience.

“Amelia I wanted this more than you did. Trust me. I was the one who took advantage of you!” I used my voice to soothe her and it worked. She calmed very quickly. I moved behind her and wrapped her in my arms. I scooted our naked bodies together, my semi-hard cock pressed between her muscled butt cheeks. We lay there for about 20 minutes when her phone beeped with a text message.

Amelia reached out and read it. “Oh shit! Your mother is asking when will you be home for dinner!” My phone was downstairs so I must have missed the text. She rolled to face me. “We can't tell your mother. We should never do this again. Yes, this was a one-time thing!” She slid off the bed covered in still-drying body fluids. She went to the shower and it started running.

I thought for a second and then followed her. When she saw me enter the shower with her she looked puzzled. “We both need to clean off,” I said. Her amazing body was getting me aroused again. “You really do have an amazing body.” I grabbed the luffa and a new bar of soap and started to wash her. Even though I was more than ready to go another round with Amelia I just washed her before washing myself. Amelia was gone before I dressed, probably still wrestling with what happened.

I thought maybe I should use my charm ability on her. With my seductive gaze, I could make her accept this but it didn’t seem right. If she wanted to do this again then it would be her decision. My voice only soothed and calmed my target. It couldn’t charm them.

I dressed and looked at the bed sheets. They were a mess and the room smelled like sex. I went and got my phone and told my mother I was finishing up and would be home soon. I then gathered the sheets and blankets we had defiled and threw them in the washing machine. Of course, the detergent jug was empty as it was just there for show. I washed everything with a double cycle and on high heat. I opened the windows in the bedroom. I locked the house and the moving truck before driving home.

My parents were dressed and heading out to eat. “Since you were late we decided to go out to eat. My card is on the counter if you want to order something for delivery,” dad said as they left. That was it…they seemed completely oblivious to what had happened which was great. I didn’t really need food but took a half gallon of OJ to my room. I sat at my computer drinking. I was curious…how much life essence did Amelia help me get? I checked my mind space…28! Wow! And if her body could have kept going it would have been more. I really hoped she called on me again. I turned my attention to my online coursework.