

S*A*T*U*R*D*A*Y

A short story by: The Night Hawk

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It started out to be the perfect Saturday. The sun was breaking through the morning clouds with a promise of driving the predicted rain away, and I had just waved goodbye to my wife, Linda, as she rode off on the "Shopper's Special."

It's a service the local travel agency put together for the women of our town who want to take day trips to the big malls in the US. I knew that Linda would enjoy herself, and I planned to do the same.

Living in a small town in Ontario has its drawbacks. There are about 4,000 people living here on a good day. We actually change the population sign when somebody has a baby!

Most of us work in a town forty miles away. It's not much bigger than our little town, but it boasts an industrial base of high tech electronic plants and precision tool shops that keep over 6,000 people employed. Since that town only has a population of 11,000, most of the workers commute in. It's not even big enough to have a Wal-Mart. But it's a small price to pay for the luxury of living on the lake in new houses that we could never afford in the cities.

We have our coffee shops, a good grocery store, a damn fine English Pub, and a couple of decent restaurants, but for shopping... the kind that women like to do, you need to travel. That's why the travel agency started these day trips to Port Huron, Michigan. It's a two-hour ride if there aren't any tie-ups at the Bluewater Bridge, and the smart retailers built big malls just ten minutes inside the US border. Yeah, the exchange rate sucks, but those of us who live here make a good living. The once-a-month trip was a treat for Linda. She's a teacher at the elementary school here in town and rarely gets out of town. Sometimes we make the trip on our own and have dinner and catch a live show or a concert, but those times are rare. After working all week, I kind of like staying at home. The fishing is great, we've got our own little boat, and along with 150 channels on the satellite, I don't want for much.

So at eight a.m., I kissed Linda goodbye and watched as the bus pulled out. I now had 14 hours to call my own.

I planned on cutting the grass, putting in the garden for a bit, grabbing a nap, and then heading over to the Pub to watch the big game on their giant screen TV.

Things didn't quite work out as I planned, though.

Shortly after I got home, it started to spit. Now I didn't mind that I didn't have to cut the grass, usually I have one of the local kids do it for me anyway, but the game (an

English soccer match of course) wasn't going to start for another six hours.

I flicked through all the stations on the tube for a while, but all I found were Saturday morning cartoons. You'd think that with 150 channels, I could find something to watch, but I wasn't in the mood for a Biography or Discovery channel rerun, and all the movies on the specialty channels were repeats of stuff I had watched in the weeks before. I was starting to get restless.

I checked the computer to see if there were any new jokes from my online pals, but I guess they had better things to do on a Saturday morning. I didn't feel like surfing, so I shut the machine off and started to prow through the house.

Finally I decided to go through some boxes I had in storage in the basement and dig out some of the skin mags I used to collect before Linda and I had gotten married. I hadn't seen any of those pictures in over six years, and I felt it was time to revisit some of my favorite fantasies and maybe do some window-shopping. It had been a long time since I had gazed at the beauties between those sheets!

Half an hour later, I was back in the kitchen with an arm full of high-class glossy mags. I made myself a mug of cappuccino, the perfect drink for a wet Saturday morning and moved to the enclosed sunroom we had built onto the kitchen. Linda liked to call it our breakfast nook with a view; to me it was just a screened in patio deck that needed storm windows half of the year. But, to be honest, from early spring to late fall, it was a really comfortable place to relax. I had a perfect view of the lake, watched the rain pick up in intensity, and parked myself in a big old wicker chair with the thick cushions. You know the ones I mean. Built more like a big cup than a chair. You can sink into one of those real easy.

Memories came rushing back fast as I opened the first magazine. My cock throbbed with increasing lust as I turned each page. In my younger days I had bought magazines that were devoted to baring big busts. That was my one downfall. I was addicted to big tits! Really truly addicted. I loved them! Linda was the perfect wife for me in a lot of ways, but even though she has a decent set of lungs on her, 38C, she just can't compare to the D and double D beauties in my fantasies. Her best friend Cathy can, but Cathy is such a fucking prude, she was only a Kleenex Climax in my daydreams.

I don't know why Cathy disliked me, but she avoided coming over whenever I was home. She taught at the same school Linda did, and the two of them did nearly everything together. But she rarely came if she knew I was going to be home. It's not like I had ever tried putting any moves on her or anything, and I never stared, at least not consciously. I always figured it was just because she thought she was superior to a hands-on working stiff like me - her with her university education and all. Screw the fact I had put in three years of college and another four as an apprentice before I had started climbing the ladder at the plant where I was now the foreman of the skilled trades department.

Anyway, hers was a pair that I knew I would never get my hands on. It pissed me off, though, that she thought she was something special. The girls in the magazines had the same stuff I lusted after and they didn't mind showing their goodies!

I was really starting to get turned on now, skimming the pages of buxom babes. I spread the mags out on the coffee table beside me and undid my jeans to let my prick spring free from its uncomfortable position. Within minutes, I was turning pages with one hand while the other was gently stroking my shaft. The rain was really pouring down now, with flashes of lightning filling the skies. It felt so great stroking my cock while I dreamt of molesting the tits in the pictures that I almost didn't hear the doorbell.

"Now who in the hell could that be?" I thought. I was so pissed off that I didn't bother putting the magazines away, figuring it was just some religious nut wanting to convert me. We have a lot of them down here, and they think that just because it's raining you'll feel obliged to let them in. I was going to have news for this joker though. I tucked my cock back into my jeans and headed to the door.

Was I ever surprised to see Cathy standing there. She was soaking wet, and I could see her bra through the wet white fabric of her blouse. I let her in and told her that Linda had gone shopping for the day. "Damn," she said, and asked if she could dry off and wait for the rain to stop since she had started out walking before the rain had started. The houses are a bit far apart in this neighborhood. Great if you're into walking for exercise, even better for privacy, so I could see how she, as a fitness buff, might have been walking towards town when it had started to rain.

I told her I would be glad to give her a ride home after her clothes were dry if she wanted me to throw them in the dryer. For a change she was quite civil with me. Damn near friendly, and she gladly accepted my offer. We had been talking while we made our way back to the kitchen, and I ducked down the hall, grabbed one of Linda's big fluffy housecoats and some clean towels. I had forgotten all about the magazines spread out all over the sunroom. Cathy had spotted them of course, and gave me a funny sideways glance as I handed her the robe and towels. I stammered out something, trying to think of an excuse, but the words just wouldn't come. Even though I was embarrassed getting caught with all of these pictures of big-busted women, my cock kept twitching because Cathy could put a lot of these girls to shame. I was having difficulty concentrating on Cathy's eyes when I spoke to her because her wet blouse clung to her like a second skin, and her boobs were rising with every breath she took. The cold rain had turned her nipples into small missiles, and they were threatening to poke right through her lacy bra. And, God, how they jiggled as she tried to dry her hair!

I told Cathy that I didn't want to be responsible for her catching a cold and suggested she use the guest room with its attached bathroom to take a hot shower while I fixed her a coffee. She seemed a bit hesitant at first but finally saw that what I said made sense. A few minutes later I had all of the magazines safely put away and the kettle boiling.

Cathy called to me from the guest room and asked if I would take her wet clothes out and put them in the laundry room until she could put them in the dryer because she didn't want them dripping all over the floor. She handed me her clothes from behind the door, being ever so modest.

What she didn't realize - at least I don't think she did - was that I could see all of her charms courtesy of the big antique dressing mirror that stood in the corner of the room!

Five foot three of pure woman! Natural blonde, too, I might add. I would guess her weight at about 140 pounds but I couldn't be sure; her jugs alone must have weighed a good ten pounds each.

Her wet hair clung in little ringlets to the back of her milk white neck, and from what I could see, her delicious ass cheeks had dimples.

I took her clothes, she closed the door, and a minute later I could hear the water running. My cock was aching now, throbbing with excitement for the beautiful body I had just seen. I really didn't get too good a look at her big tits since she had been facing the door when she handed me her clothes. I went downstairs to the basement laundry room and started to spread her wet things out when I realized that she had handed me all of her clothes!

I quickly draped her blouse and slacks and her socks on this folding rack Linda likes to use to prevent wrinkles. It was then that I did something I had never done before in my life. I lovingly fingered her lacy bra with one hand while I held the crotch of her panties under my nose with the other.

I could smell her cunt juices in the dampness of her silky drawers, and my cock threatened to explode. I realized that this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, so I quickly undid my jeans and wrapped her panties around my throbbing prick. As I raised her bra to my nose I noticed the tag inside. 40-DD! That was nearly enough to make me cum right there! Just another couple of swift strokes and I would blow my load!

"Wally, you fucking pervert!" Cathy yelled.

I turned automatically towards the door, still pulling on my shaft. Cathy was standing there, wrapped in a big towel. I couldn't prevent what was happening to me now. My cock twitched and great gobs of thick white cream burst forth and splattered against her legs.

Burst after burst flew out of me creating a puddle at her feet. Cathy, all embarrassed, raced up the stairs. I started after her, but then a crash of thunder shook the house, and all the lights went out.

I slowly made my way out of the laundry room and up the stairs. It was nearly as

dark as midnight except there was no moon. The storm clouds were so thick all daylight was gone, and I had to make my way by the intermittent flashes of lightning; that's how I found Cathy sitting in the dark at the kitchen table. I was glad that the lights were off, so she couldn't see how embarrassed I was. I didn't say anything because nothing could explain my actions.

Finally Cathy asked if the kettle had been hot enough to make coffee. I remembered we kept a candle on top of the fridge for these kinds of emergencies, and after fumbling with the matches, managed to light it. In silence, I made Cathy her coffee. I put it down in front of her and said that I was sorry for being such a jerk. She just shook her head, though, and then started to laugh.

"You should have seen your face Wally," she said, and then she started to laugh harder. I started to laugh too, thinking of how silly it must have looked to Cathy, seeing a thirty-year-old man jacking off into her panties. I was glad she wasn't mad at me anymore. After a bit, Cathy got serious and asked me why I had done it. I told her how long I had been fantasizing about her body, and knowing that I would never get the chance to touch it, I just couldn't let this opportunity slip away.

"Tell me Wally," she said, "Is it my body you desire, or are you just hung up on big boobs?" I told her truthfully that I really admired her figure but that big boobs were my passion.

"Thank you for being honest Wally," she said. "Nearly every guy I've ever met has lied to me about that. I know I've got big tits," she hefted them through the towel. "I'm 26. You know why I'm still single?"

I shook my head.

"I get asked out on dates enough, but they don't waste any time asking if they can tittie fuck me. Hell... It's not that I would mind, I mean my nipples are really sensitive and I love for a guy to suckle on my boobs, but they never see me for more than a pair of tits. I'm not stupid!" she was getting agitated. "I have thoughts and opinions and I'd like to be seen for more than just a good time."

"Is that why you avoid coming around when I'm home?" I asked her.

She hung her head. "Yeah, I'm sorry about that Wally, but with Linda I can talk about things and ideas. I guess I just figured if you were here, all you would think about would be the same as the other guys."

"Hell, Cathy," I said. "I know you're smart. You didn't get to be a teacher because of your bust, but I won't deny that I've thought about slipping my dick between those two mounds of joy myself!"

She laughed at that. "Well at least you realize there's more to me than my tits."

And I don't mind the thoughts. Hell, I wouldn't even mind letting you do it, as long as I get something out of it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my cock and brain instantly paying full attention.

"The few guys I've gone that far with, they think that I get all the pleasure I need out of that the way they do, and they don't bother taking care of my needs or desires," she said.

"And what are those?" I asked her.

Even with just the candle for light I thought I could see her blush.

"I love to have my pussy licked. Not just kissed a couple of times but really truly licked and sucked until I come. So far, no guy has ever bothered to spend more than a few minutes down there."

"That's their loss," I said, and I meant it. "There's nothing like making a woman come with just your tongue," I added, "and maybe a well placed finger at the right moment!"

She thought about that for a minute then said she'd consider letting me tit fuck her!

Damn! I sure was wrong about Cathy being a prude!

Then she told me that, if I could make her cum with my tongue, then she would let me fuck her tits!

Without another word, I dropped to my knees in front of her and slowly pulled the towel away.

Cathy had other ideas, however, and cleared the table off and sat on it. She told me that, if I was going to eat, that it should be at the table and not on the floor. I took my cue from Cathy and pulled up a chair so that I was sitting directly in front of her snatch. She put her feet on my shoulders and spread her legs wide. I could feel the heat coming off her now-wet pussy, and I was determined to give her the best climax of her life.

I started out very slowly, gently blowing air on her soft, blonde pubic hair. Then I nibbled at the insides of her thighs until she was grabbing my head and pulling it towards her dripping gash. Her juices were flowing freely now as I slid my tongue up from the crack of her ass to the top of her clit. I made long slow strokes with my tongue, parting the silky fleece and jabbing at her swollen nubbin. I let my hands roam across her flat belly until I found her big delectable boobs. With my tongue doing aerobics in her snatch, I traced circles around her hard nips with my fingers. Her breath started to come in gasps, now, as I continued to drive my tongue into her steamy gash. I pulled on her

erect nipples as she thrashed about. Just as she was getting close to cumming, I took three fingers and drove them deep into her hot box. She started to hump my hand with wild abandon, now, so I took my other hand, lubricated a finger in her juicy gash, and just when I thought she was ready to explode, I buried it up to the hilt in her back door!

I thought for sure the whole town would hear her scream of ecstasy!

Her hands pulled at my hair, as wave after wave of intense pleasure overcame her. My face felt like someone had turned a hose on it! Her nectar was spraying all over me, and I was having trouble licking it all up! Her ass bucked up off the table forcing my face even deeper into her wet cunt! Finally, with soft animal cries whimpering in her throat, she calmed down.

It took Cathy another ten minutes before she had relaxed enough to speak.

"Damn, that was good" she said. "After we take care of you, we'll have to do it again!" Saying that, she swung off the table and sat down in the chair. She damn near tore my jeans off in her hurry to get to my cock. She gave it a quick kiss, then pulled it forward so that it was nestled between her flesh valley. I started to slide my cock back and forth between those big boobs, but she said that she wanted to do all the work. She hefted a gigantic mam in each hand and started to jack my shaft with her huge globes, playing with her nipples as she did. I just leaned back against the table and let her take control. I was in heaven!

Soft, firm tit flesh had me encased, and I was fast approaching climax. My balls tightened, and my cock head was turning fiery red, when Cathy leaned forward and slipped her hot mouth over my cock head. That did it for me! Gobs of hot cum erupted from my shaft and raced into her mouth. She swallowed every drop too! Finally, as my orgasm started to subside, she took a hard nipple and pushed it against my prick slit, sliding her little missile back and forth in my love lotion. Then the lights came back on.

Needless to say, I never made it to the Pub. Cathy and I spent most of the day fucking and sucking, until it was nearly time for me to pick up Linda. Just as I was dropping Cathy off she turned to me and said, "Are you going to tell Linda what happened?"

I said, "No, are you?"

Then she surprised me and said: "It all depends, Wally. Are you going to invite me over for a repeat performance next time Linda goes shopping?"

I promised I would.

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