

Jim and Heather #2

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Please read Jim and Heather #1 before reading this! Things take another steamy turn, and Jim "Loses his bet", trust me there are no real losers in this chapter!

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Jim and Heather #2

(Note to readers, Please start reading at Jim and Heather #1, this series will make much more sense! Thank You)

"Ok," Heather said, "So if any of the horses on my list win, you have to give me head."

Jim grinned, "And if any of the horses on my list win, I want to watch you masturbate."

Heather's eyes got wide, "Oooo... actually I like that one better! I want to watch you masturbate too if I win."

"Really?!" Jim was surprised.

She laughed at him, "Hey, not all us girls are rampant sex-starved fiends... I've always wondered what it looks like when a guy masturbates. I'd rather get that one first, it's a good one."

Of course Jim always hoped to win, but this time he especially did so. Somehow masturbating in front of Heather seemed more embarrassing than erotic...

They were both screaming "GO GO GO GO!!!!!!!" As two of their horses jockeyed for first... Heather screamed triumph as Windfoot crossed the line ahead of the Red Baron and Jim groaned.

With gleaming eyes she turned to him, clicking off the TV with the remote, "Ok, so where do you want to do this?"

Flushing, he mumbled, "Well usually I do it in the shower."

"Ok let's go!" excited at her win, she grabbed his hand and practically dragged him up the stairs.

In the shower, with the water spraying him, Jim tried to get in the mood, "Heather, I don't know if I can, this is just too weird having you watch me."

She was sitting on the toilet watching him intently, fully clothed. It wasn't exactly the situation that wet dreams are made of.

Sighing, she got up, "Ok, I see your point... you don't have a lot for stimulation here." Pausing, she bit her lip, "Well, you didn't win, but I guess it won't hurt cuz you will eventually anyway." And she started to strip.

Jim stared, surprised at her casualness about it. His dick started to twitch as she undid her bra and her breasts sprang free, perky with almost no drooping; his hands could remember the feel of them and his dick started to do a little more than twitch. As her pants slid down her thighs she looked up and noticed that he was standing at attention.

Smiling she said, "Well this is certainly seeming to help." He could answer because as soon as she said that, she turned her back to him and started wriggling her ass at him as she slowly slid her pants all the

way to the floor. She was wearing silky underwear that barely stretched over her firm cheeks, and his hand involuntarily went to his dick, slickly pumping it so to relieve the ache that it was giving him.

Turning, Heather started to watch him, but now he felt almost no awkwardness at all as her breasts swung slightly. Smiling sexily at him, she started to slid her underwear off and he could actually feel his dick pulsing in his hand. She watched as he slid up and down the shaft, his thumb rubbing against the head every time he got there, squeezing it roughly as he started to pick up speed a little. His dick was slick and wet with the water from the shower, and she found herself remembering what it was like to suck on it. Licking her lips a little at him, the gesture wasn't lost on his sex-wired mind.

Jim groaned, using one hand to cup his balls as she had during their last bet, his hand never slowing its movement across his dick. Heather was completely shaved on her mound and he thought he was going to pass out when he saw her pink pussy lips peeking out at him, hairless and gorgeous. Sitting back down on the toilet, she leaned back and spread her legs a little so that he could see her clit peeking out, the long wet pink slit, and even a glimpse of her crinkled asshole.

"Is this better?" she asked, pouting her lips at him.

"Yes..." he hissed, stroking his dick even harder.

Wiggling her hips a little at him as she watched him jerk off to her naked body, she found herself wanting to touch herself in response. It was really kinda hot to watch him masturbate, and even hotter to know that he was doing it to the visual of her naked body; but since watching her masturbate was something he was using for a bet, it wasn't something she was going to give him for free. So instead she just concentrated on watching him jerk off, her eyes glowing and her breathing slightly accelerated.

For his part, Jim could see the way her pussy glistened with juices and her hard nipples let him know that she was turned on by all of this. For him, that just made everything even better and he could feel the familiar tingle in his balls. Watching her eyes glow as she watched him, he gritted his teeth and quivered.

"Do you want to come closer and watch?" he asked, hoping that the answer would be yes.

For a moment, Heather hesitated and then she came over and got on her knees so that she was at eye level with his pumping hand. Looking up at him with wide innocent eyes, she said, "Spray it on me..."

Turning with a groan, he obeyed almost instantly at the visual that made in his head. spurts of frothy cum sprayed her across her face and then her tits, five streaks of white in her hair and on her body while his hand squeezed and he tried not to lose balance in the shower. Looking down at his handiwork, he thought again how beautiful she looked, and not just because she was naked and his cum was sliding down her body.

Heather smiled up at him, "Are you done with the shower? Cuz I think I need to get in."

He tried to argue that he should be able to stay in with her - or at least stay and watch - but she kicked him out of the bathroom completely. She needed to get herself off.

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