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Trouble Maker

Jack Allen

a collection of highly erotic stories

Jehovah's Key Witness

Courtney opened the patio door and stepped out onto the deck. Already, it was a steamy eighty five degrees, a great day to work on her tan. School was over and she finished the last of her finals only a couple of days ago. There was no time to waste to get a good tan before she started college in the fall.

She was wearing her green bikini, the one she bought at the end of school last year. The bottoms still fit perfectly around her hips, but the top was way too small. Her boobs were busting out of it. The last time she wore it was for spring break, just a couple of months ago, when she turned eighteen. It was only a little snug then. Could her boobs grow that much in only a couple of months?

She had her big, fluffy beach towel, her iPod, a big bottle of water, suntan lotion, and her sunglasses. She laid the towel over the reclining Adirondack chair and sat down on it. Today she would be starting off with a higher sunscreen, and going down as the summer went by. It was important to get a rich, even tan. When school started in the fall, she would spend a lot of time studying, but there would also be a lot of time for fucking those cute college guys, and she needed to look good for them.

She heard the neighbor's patio door open. From behind her sunglasses, she saw Mr. Morley walk out onto his raised stone patio and look around. She turned away so he wouldn't see her smiling. How long had he been inside his house, waiting for her to come out in her bikini? How long would he stand there, pretending

not to notice her, before he got the hose and pretended to water the flowers?

She laid back on the Adirondack chair with the earphones in her ears and put the iPod on shuffle. With the suntan lotion, she started at her feet and worked up her legs. Next door, Mr. Morley got out the hose and started spraying the flowers between their yards.

Courtney smiled. Poor Mr. Morley. Poor, horny Mr. Morley. How many years had he been watching her sunbathe on that deck? Since her boobs started to grow, at least. It didn't take a genius to see how badly he wanted to fuck her. She could see it in his eyes, especially when he was trying so hard to look like he wasn't looking at her.

She spread her legs, squirted some lotion on her fingers, and rubbed it on the insides of her thighs. No doubt that was going to get him turned on. It was working well enough on her.

She rubbed more lotion on her belly. Her hand moved in circles, spreading outward from her bellybutton. Her fingers grazed the top edge of her bikini bottom. She pushed her fingers down into the front, until she touched her mound and her warm, wet pussy lips. Could Mr. Morley see that?

She loved to drive him crazy. No doubt when he went back into the house he was going to jerk off. But did he ever give it to Mrs. Morley whenever she got him all worked up? Mrs. Morley was such a nice woman, and so petite. It was hard to imagine her laying under Mr. Morley while he was pounding away at her. Was there any chance that she knew her husband got all worked up spying on the neighbor's eighteen year old daughter in her bikini?

Courtney sat up. It was time to give Mr. Morley a special thrill, to step things up a little. She reached around to her back, untied the straps of her bikini top, and pulled it off. What the hell. She was eighteen now. If the sight of her big, bare boobs didn't drive Mr. Morley crazy, nothing would.

She sat back again, held the suntan lotion bottle upside down, and let the thick, white lotion dribble on her chest. It was just

like when Billy Cromartie blew his load on her chest when she blew him in the back seat of Tina's car after that concert.

Courtney started rubbing the lotion on her boobs and sighed. What she needed was a good pounding herself. The last week and a half had been nothing but final exams and studying for final exams. That was as long as she had gone without getting boned since she lost her cherry, at least.

From behind her sunglasses, she looked at Mr. Morley again. He had been watering the same patch of flowers for about ten minutes. They were drenched, and he looked like he was dying. He was doing a bad job of hiding the tent in the front of his shorts. Courtney smiled again. Poor Mr. Morley. She could easily make him the neighborhood's most wanted sex offender.

* * * *

Marquez took a pack of cigarettes out of the pocket of his shirt and lit one. Jared stood not far from him, outside the 7-11, in the shade from the hot sun, and sneered. Why did he always get paired up with the troublemakers?

Jared popped a couple of M&Ms into his mouth and took a long drink from his bottle of water. Marquez had loosened his tie, opened the top button of his shirt, and rolled up his sleeves. If the Elders at the Kingdom Hall saw him like that, they would kick him out. At least, they should.

Jared wiped his forehead and tugged at the collar of his own shirt, where it was buttoned up to his neck and his tie was pulled up snug. It was terribly hot out there, even in the shade. He was trying hard not to sweat, not like Marquez. It would be a whole lot more comfortable if he could loosen his tie and open the top button of his shirt as well.

"Dude. Check that out," Marquez said, and took a drink of his Slurpee.

"Check out what?"

"That," Marquez said, and pointed across the street with the burning cigarette between his two fingers.

Across the street was an ice cream shop and a drug store. Outside the ice cream shop, a couple of girls got out of a car and went in. They were both wearing shorts and tank-top shirts.

“Man, what I wouldn’t give for the chance to get with them, just once,” Marquez said.

“Get with them?”

“Yeah. You know. Fuck them.”

Jared rolled his eyes and shook his head.

“Marquez, try to remember what we’re doing today. We’re here to spread God’s word about abstinence,” he said.

“I thought God’s word was to go forth and multiply,” Marquez said.

“Those are the words of God the way they teach them. Those are not the words of God the way we teach.”

“Aw, to hell with that abstinence shit. Come on. Look at that chick’s ass. You can’t tell me you don’t wanna get your hands on that ass and stick your dick into her.”

“Ok. Now you’re just getting disgusting,” Jared said.

He turned away from the girls on the other side of the street. The images that Marquez’s words were putting in his head were getting him aroused.

Marquez, though, rubbed the front of his black slacks with the palm of his hand.

“Damn. It gets me hard just looking at them,” he said.

“All right, Marquez. You need to stop staring at those girls, and you need to stop smoking cigarettes. It’s not God’s way,” Jared said, still facing away from the girls on the other side of the street.

Marquez, though, snorted.

“Who cares? No one’s gonna see us. God’s not gonna get pissed if I have a smoke once in a while.”

Jared sighed. “Maybe not. But Fryer’s gonna have a fit if he catches you smoking again.”

“Ahh, to hell with Fryer and all of his rules,” Marquez said, with a disgusted wave of his hand.

“Come on, Marquez. Put that cigarette out. We have a lot

of houses to get to,” Jared said.

* * * *

Courtney stood up. It was time to go in the house. She bent over to pick up her stuff and made sure to give Mr. Morley a good look at her ass. She wrapped the towel around her waist, but left her bare breasts uncovered. She watched him out of the corner of her eye, and grinned. It was tempting to show him a little more. However, she was warm all over and had a horny buzz going between her legs. Now she was the one who needed to go in and get herself off.

Inside the house, the cool air-conditioning felt good on her skin and made her nipples hard. She opened the refrigerator. The bright, white light made the lotion on her skin glisten. She took out the big jug of lemonade and touched it to the valley between her breasts, and sighed. The cold felt good on her skin.

The doorbell rang. She looked past the refrigerator door toward the living room. Who could that be?

She reached for the bikini top, but paused. The last time, it was that really cute delivery guy. What if it was him, making another delivery? She left the bikini top off.

It was not the delivery guy, though, on the front porch when she opened the front door. It was a couple of guys in white shirts and black ties. A couple of cute guys. The one with the dark hair was grinning, and his face suddenly became sober, like he was stunned.

The taller one, with the blonde hair, had been smiling also, but his mouth fell open and his eyes dropped to her bare chest. Courtney smiled. Hadn't they ever seen a girl naked?

“Hi guys,” she said.

The one with the dark hair looked tense, like he was going to have a heart attack. The tall blonde one, though, had a big grin on his face.

“Good afternoon, Miss. My name is Jared. My friend's name is Marquez. How are you today?” he said.

“I’m great,” Courtney said.

She leaned against the frame of the door and pushed her chest out a bit, so her breasts were a little more accentuated.

“Can we ask you a question?” Jared said.

“Sure. Anything you want.”

He hesitated, as if for a moment he was going to reconsider the question he wanted to ask.

“Um ... Have you been saved by Jesus?”

Courtney frowned and turned her eyes up.

“I don’t know. Why don’t you come in and find out?” she said.

“You bet,” Jared said.

She stood aside to let them in. The excitement in his eyes was plain. He started to go into the house, but his friend, Marquez, grabbed his arm.

“Where are you going?” he said.

His voice was a low hiss. Jared’s desperate eyes looked at Courtney, then at his friend.

“Are you kidding? She asked us to come in,” he said.

“We can’t go in there.”

Jared took his hand off of his arm.

“Why not?”

Marquez shrugged. His eyes were stunned and confused.

“I don’t know. God and, you know ... stuff. We just can’t.”

“Come on, Marquez. We’re just gonna talk,” Jared said.

“I have lemonade,” Courtney said.

They came in and sat down, Marquez on the sofa, facing the tv, and Jared on the arm chair, beside the entertainment center.

“Can I get you guys some lemonade? You both look really thirsty,” Courtney said.

“That would be great,” Jared said.

He still had that grin on his face, like he wanted to sell her something. Marquez, though, just nodded. His lips were pinched shut.

Courtney went into the kitchen and came back with two glasses of lemonade. She handed one to Marquez. When he saw

that she noticed how he was staring at her bare boobs, he quickly looked away. Jared, though, was staring right at her boobs.

“Thanks,” he said, and reached for the glass.

Courtney stuck her finger in the glass and stirred it, and put her finger in her mouth.

“I hope that’s cold enough for you,” she said.

Jared swallowed hard when he took the glass from her hand.

“So ... What do you guys want to talk about?” she said, with her hands on her hips.

“Ab-Abstinence,” Marquez said, and sputtered when he spoke.

“Yes. Yes. Abstinence. You know, the Bible says we should remain pure,” Jared said.

Courtney frowned. “I’m afraid it’s a little too late for that.”

“It’s never too late for abstinence,” Marquez said.

Courtney turned to look at him. He was sweating, and his wide eyes wouldn’t look at her. He was like a frightened puppy dog. It was almost enough to break her heart.

“I understand what you’re saying. But honestly. With this body? I couldn’t turn down an offer to fuck if I wanted,” she said.

The color drained from Marquez’s face. Jared, though, chuckled.

“You’re absolutely right about that. Still, we came here on a purpose, and we hope we can convince you to change your mind,” Jared said.

Courtney studied his face. He looked sincere, and she would have believed him, if it weren’t for the bulge that stretched the front of his plain, black slacks.

“So ... How’s the lemonade?” she said.

“It’s good,” Marquez said.

“Best I ever had,” Jared said, and took a big drink.

“See anything else you like?” Courtney said, and touched the tip of her index finger to her lower lip.

Jared nodded. His eyes swept down the length of her body and all the way back up.

“I can think of a couple of things,” he said.

Courtney smiled. She liked him. He was cute, and he knew what he wanted. Marquez, the shy one, he was cute, too, in a mysterious way.

She let the tip of her finger trickle slowly down her chest, between her boobs. Jared’s eyes followed her hand. The thought occurred to her to just tease them a little longer. Wasn’t that what she was supposed to do?

But then, she was already half-undressed. It would be a shame to let them get away when she was so horny and God was so kind to deliver a pair of cute studs right to her door. She didn’t go to church, but there was one thing she knew. It wasn’t a good idea to pass up a gift from God.

She turned around and sat on Jared’s lap. He gasped, like he was in shock. The hard lump of his cock pressed into her soft ass. She wiggled her hips to grind herself on it, and smiled when she got a groan from him.

“Maybe you guys would like something to eat,” she said.

She let her fingers slide over her slick belly right down into the front of her bikini bottom. Her fingers touched her warm, wet pussy, and she shivered. This was crazy. Never had she come on to a guy like that, so soon after meeting him. So what was different about these two guys?

“I don’t know about you, dude, but suddenly I’m starving,” Jared said, and licked his lips.

Courtney glanced over at Marquez. He was on the sofa by the door with a terrified look in his eyes, like he wanted to curl up into a ball.

She turned and put her mouth over Jared’s. His back stiffened as hard as the erection she was sitting on. She pushed her tongue into his mouth, and finally he started to go slack. She was relieved when his arm wrapped around her waist and his hand slipped into the front of her bikini bottom, under her hand. His middle finger rubbed the hard button of her slit, and she flinched. For a church boy, he seemed to know what he was doing.

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