

Sissy Victoria, the gardener â?| and the tree surgeons

Description



A low, mechanical hum drifted from the far end of the property. My husbandâ??s latest projectâ??a row of ancient oaks heâ??d deemed needed neatening up. Three tree surgeons were there, their bright orange shirts visible the buzz of their chainsaws a distant vibration.

I smiled,

â??Theyâ??ve been working all day. They must be so tired.â?•

The gardeners eyes widened. He understood the shared conspiracy we were about to embark on .

“Victoria!”

“It’s just a thank you,” I said , my body pressing against his again. “For all their hard work!”. Don’t you think they deserve a little refreshment?”

He swallowed. His own desire was clearly rekindling.

“Come,” I said.

The grass was cool under my bare feet. The gardener now my willing accomplice followed along .

We approached through a screen of hydrangeas. The three men were gathered stripped down, muscles glistening with sweat and grime. One older, one blond, the other a brunette built like a bull.

I stepped out from the hydrangeas.

They all turned and looked at me.

The elegant lady of the estate, in a sheer silk robe, with the gardener at her side. My lips were still visibly wet.

“Gentlemen,” I said, “You’ve been working so diligently. I thought you might need a break.”

The older man, spoke “Miss, we’re fine. Just finishing up.”

“I insist,” I said, and let the robe fall open completely. It parted, revealing the full, deliberate swell of my breasts, the flat of my stomach, and below, the unmistakable outline of my own arousal, pressed against the silk.

I walked forward, directly toward the blonde I didn’t speak. I just reached for the waistband of his filthy work pants. He didn’t stop me.

My fingers found his buckle, then his zipper. The metal was warm from his body. I pulled it down. He wore simple cotton underwear, I pulled them down too.

His cock sprang out, already half-hard from the sheer erotic, ecstatic audacity of the moment.

I dropped to my knees taking him into my mouth in one smooth, deep motion.

He gasped. And looked around They all were watching. I was the centre of a silent, rapt circle.

I worked him with my mouth, the same deliberate, rhythm I’d used just 10 minutes ago. Slow sucks, tongue circling the head, then deeper draws. I moaned around him, the vibration making his hips jerk. I toyed with the velvet tip of his cock with my tongue , joyfully teasing it till it dropped precum into my hungry mouth

I pulled off and then turns to the brunette. “Don’t you feel left out?”

He didn't hesitate. He stepped forward, pushing his own pants down . His cock was thick, heavy, already fully erect. I opened my mouth and he fed it to me, his hand guiding my head with a confident roughness that thrilled me.

I took him, deep into my mouth. His big thick cock filled my mouth stretching my mouth so it ached so delightfully and then I switched back to the blond, then took the brunette again. Back and forth. One cock, then the next. Beautiful soft velvety tips, delicious thick hard veiny shafts.

My mouth became a slick, busy conduit for their desire Saliva and precum slicked my chin, my neck. The sounds were wet sucks, groans moans. A soundscape of desire that made me feel alive.

The older man, watched, his hands moving to his belt.

I released the brunette's cock and looked at him.

He undid his pants. His cock was older, thicker and with a delightful curve.

I took him into my mouth with a deep, welcoming sigh. He was different. A slower, more deliberate . Saltier.

I lost myself in the rhythm. One cock after another. My mouth was never empty. The blonde one's quick, shallow thrusts. The brunettes primal drive. The older man's steady, grinding rhythm. My own cock throbbed untouched, a sweet, ignored ache. But my focus was theirs. The taste of each man's sweat, salt, lust. The feel of their hands on my head, my shoulders, sometimes grasping my breasts through the silk.

The gardener moved closer. He watched, his own hand now stroking himself through his open pants.. I looked up at him. His eyes were blazing. He stepped forward, his cock in his hand, ready again. His velvet tip ready to thrust deep into my mouth , to tantalise my tongue , to tease the back of my throat, to make me feel like a woman .





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1. Uncategorized

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