

Cleavage Cont.

by David Russo

"My tits, " she instructed "aren't for public consumption".

Everything was actually muffled and my ears began to bleed because of how progressively louder the thumping was in the center of my chest. Stacy decided to emphasize her point of disliking the objectification of her mammarys by shoving them in my face and shouting at me. Effective.

"Then why are you wearing that shirt?"

"*What* shirt, Dennis?"

I didn't want to believe she was that oblivious, because as much attention as I tried to **press** on the issue that she wore a very revealing shirt, it seemed she was pressing more on the matter that I was some sort of sleaze ball. So I did the most obvious thing one could do when there are a pair of 36DD breasts staring into your soul.

I grabbed them, squeezed them, made a little honking sound and giggled. Stacy was appalled.

"I'm calling your mother!"

We could conclude here and I could tell you that was the conclusion of yet another super-fine babysitter. But we wont.

Because it's not.

