

Catching Katie

Contributed by Administrator
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When we agreed to take in Katie for a few weeks before she started college, I cleaned out my work shed. We sometimes used it as a guesthouse, but, in between stays, it was my personal workspace and temple of solitude. It had electricity, running water and heat. It was small but comfy. I took out my tools, I brought my laptop into the house, I removed two half completed novels, three porn magazines and my personal papers. I left the spy cam hooked up.

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I'd installed the cam and a silent alarm a few months ago when there was a wave of neighborhood break-ins. I had remembered to disable the alarm but hadn't unhooked the cam. It was concealed in the ceiling, it was easy to forget. I didn't forget.

Every woman on my wife's side of the family is attractive. Katie, her sister's oldest daughter, was on the verge of beautiful. Her ash blonde hair framed a face highlighted by crystal blue eyes and a healthy smile. Her cute little nose had picked up a light band of freckles from the summer sun but, otherwise, her skin was flawless. She'd been one of the top high school gymnasts in her home state. Her cute round butt and tight, flexible body fueled several of my fantasies. I'd never actually touch her that way. Even though she was now eighteen, she was still my niece. But, I did leave the camera hooked up.

Katie arrived pretty late. The poor kid looked beat. We put her stuff in shed, got some food into her and wished her a good night. My wife usually went to bed early but had stayed up late to get Katie settled in. I was hoping for a little nookie, but the wife was too tired. It wasn't the first time I wandered downstairs a little frustrated, quite a bit horny and not very sleepy.

After making myself a drink, I settled in front of the tube but after channel surfing for a bit, nothing really caught my interest. I wandered back out to the kitchen and made myself another drink. That's when I noticed that the shed light was still on.

With a nervous tingle of anticipation, I turned on the cam monitor and entered my password. The room came in clear but I didn't see Katie. When she came into view, I realized that she had just come out of the shower. She had one towel wrapped around her body and another one wrapped around her hair. The moment she dropped the body towel and plunked down on the bed, my eyes almost popped out of my head. Her tight little body was spread across the bed. Her cute little boobies pointing toward the ceiling, her firm tummy moving with her breath, a light patch of hair surrounding her prominent pussy mound. She stayed spread eagle for a few moments. The beautiful sight of her young, shapely, very naked body was making my cock hard.

With eyes closed she began to rub one of her small but lovely breasts with her left hand. A few moments of this caused her legs to begin squirming on the bed. She moved her left hand on to the other breast as her right began stroking her muscular inner thighs. I couldn't believe my fantasy was coming true the first night. I unzipped my pants. My stiff dick felt good in my hand.

Her right hand began slowly stroking her pussy and my right hand began gently stroking right along with her. She planted her feet on the bed and raised her knees as her fingers petted her light furred pussy with firmer strokes. Her hand cupped her mound, she was grinding up against her palm, her hips rising and falling with the motion. Lifting her butt off the bed, she arched her back and pressed her cunt into the exploring hand, all the while rubbing first one breast and then the other. I began to wish I had installed a microphone. Her mouth was open and all I could do was imagine her moans of lust. Matching her stroke for stroke, I struggled to keep my own labored breath quiet. Then, much to my surprise, she just stopped.

As I watched her lie there with one hand on her right breast and the other between her legs, I figured maybe she'd had a quiet little orgasm or perhaps she was just too tired to come. When she grabbed a pillow I thought she was planning to go to sleep. She rolled over. I was looking down on her rippling back and cute, round butt. I continued to slowly stroke my cock, knowing I was going to have to shoot this load before going to bed. Suddenly I realized that her butt was rocking. She was still masturbating.

Her ass muscles clenched and unclenched while the hand between her legs worked it's sensual magic. The towel had fallen off her head and she was pressing her face into the pillow. She raised her ass further into the air and I could see that both her hands were now between her legs. Her right hand appeared to be stroking her clit as she was plunging two

fingers of her left in and out of her sweet young box. I pulled a handkerchief from my back pocket and got a firm grip on my now throbbing dick. Her hand motions were becoming faster, her ass was thrusting up and down, she was racing toward orgasm and I had every intention of coming along for the ride.

Only her forehead was on the pillow as she was looking down at her frenzied fingers. Her back was writhing like a snake, her pussy sucking and releasing the pumping fingers while her other hand played a steadily increasing beat around her clit. I could feel my come churning in my balls and knew there was no holding back. Just as her body stiffened with ecstasy, I shot an incredible load, desperately trying to be quiet as my whole body shook with the force of the cum. My heart was pounding like a jackhammer. I was fighting to catch my breath as I watched her roll over to shut off the light.

Turning off the monitor, I began to grin. The handkerchief was going to have to be thrown out. It was ruined. I began thinking it might be a good idea to keep a box of Kleenex in this room for the next few weeks.