

Sherry Sluts Around

(FM, FF, M anal strapon, voy, exhib, sm, blood, rimming, fist, hirs, implied inc)

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The twins were off visiting friends at the beach before they came home to pack for camp. Her husband was at the office. It was perfect. Sherry opened the door and greeted the delivery man with a smile and a Bloody Mary. The guy's name was Marty, and he'd been delivering their online purchases for nearly a year. He was still in college, he'd told Sherry once, and his company paid really well. "If you can deal with the hours," he'd said, rolling his eyes, "and with all your co-workers wanting to-you know-get head all the time." Marty was tall, handsome, athletic, and gay. His salvation from getting fired or beaten-or worse-was the fact that he didn't mind blowing the rednecks he worked with. It wasn't a question of victims' rights or discrimination; Marty was a laid back dude, and he had found a solution that worked out well for him and for his repressed, hard-up co-workers.

Actually, Sherry didn't know much about co-workers. She had never worked a day in her life. A child of privilege, she'd gotten married straight out of college to Brian, who now kept her living in happy comfort, raising their kids and fucking his brains out. She hadn't a single clue about working her way through school, about being a hot-assed 21 year-old delivery driver with biceps, peroxide-streaked hair, and a tattoo of a giant skull on his back.

"I want you to come in here for a minute, Marty," she told him, giving him the drink, then taking the package and his hand at the same time. She simply began to back up, and he was obliged to follow her in. He was too polite to break her grip. He didn't even sip the Bloody Mary.

"Mrs. West, I'm sorry, but I've got to keep my schedule. I get my pay docked...."

Sherry led him to her kitchen, then dropped his hand and pointed at the table. On it laid a small pile of twenty dollar bills. It surpassed his pay for the entire week. She watched his expression change, from worry to shock to confusion. He set the drink down next to the bills.

Sherry decided it was time to go for it.

"Fuck your schedule, Marty. Look at me." He slowly raised his eyes to hers. She'd planned this out down to the last little detail, and it was going perfectly. She wore simple jogging shorts and a tank top, with no bra or panties. Her nipples had been nicely erect naturally, due to her extreme horniness, and she could feel moisture seeping from her cunt and beginning to trickle slightly down her thighs. She was certain she could smell it, and she guessed that her delivery man could, too. He surveyed her devilish expression, her carefully mussed hair, minimal makeup, her slightly sweaty neck and chest, her luscious breasts in the thin white tank top; he even took the time to stare all the way down her legs to her bare feet, and her \$115 pedicure.

"N-nice toes, Mrs. West. Is... is that Nailtiques?"

Sherry snorted and grinned, and Marty earnestly looked up again. "Fuck if I know. But you like them, huh?"

Marty nodded dumbly. Sometimes, all men were exactly the same.

Sherry, just as she had planned it, reached into the drawer next to her and pulled out a large black dildo, shaped exactly like a fat 10" cock. It even had a base that consisted of two huge heavy latex balls, with their own small ridge on their backside, which was perfect for creating a nice bit of pressure and friction when a female body pressed up against it.

Marty simply stared with his mouth open, moving his eyes back and forth between the delicious-looking dong and the wild woman holding it.

Then Sherry held out her other hand, which still held the package he'd just delivered. Marty took the parcel immediately.

"Open it, baby," Sherry hoarsely urged. "I ordered it just for you."

Indeed, she had shopped online for many nights before she'd found just the right one. It had been shipped at just the right moment to coincide with the beginning of her independent time, which would start that next day, and now Marty was about to have an hour he'd never forget. He slowly ripped away brown paper and tape, then popped open the end of a plain white cardboard box. In short order, he pulled forth an invoice, which he handed to her, and then a black, soft, beautiful leather harness, which he held up between them. He was stunned and silent.

It had cost her a lot of money, but her husband didn't care. The manufacturers constructed it to fit her measurements precisely, from the sweep of her waist to the flare of her hips to the exact length it took to tuck a soft strap snugly down in-between her legs, tight against her pussy, tight inside the crack of her ass. It was made so that, if she wanted, she could attach a vibrator or dildo to point upwards-and inwards-so that she could impale both her own cunt and her own ass. And, of course, there was a ring and strap contraption in the front that served as an adjustable hole through which a large rubber cock could be inserted and held securely in place.

Sherry set the dildo on the counter so that it pointed straight up to the ceiling. She took a step back.

"Now, Marty, I want you to get this ready, OK? And I'll get you ready."

She approached the dumbfounded young man, sank to her knees, and unzipped his plain brown pants. They fell to his ankles. Sherry gasped and smiled up at Marty, who still simply stood there and watched her. He wore white Jocko's, and there was a small stain at the head of the bulge that he somehow kept stuffed inside the micro fiber. As she reached up and traced the outline of his cock with her elegantly manicured finger, she noticed it stiffened and strained to one side. Marty, in response, groaned. His legs trembled.

"Come on, Marty, let me have some fun with you," Sherry crooned. She crooked her fingers inside his waistband and pulled the underwear to the floor. His long white penis sprang straight out to greet her. She grasped it at the base and delicately licked all the pre-cum from the tip. Marty groaned louder, and had to reach out for the counter to steady himself.

"Put that cock of mine in that strap, baby, come on," Sherry urged, stroking him and watching his expression. "If you do that for me, I'm going to fuck you with it. And I promise you'll love it. Just like you're going to love this." And she opened her mouth and swallowed half of his cock, pushing her face toward his pubes until her throat relaxed and his entire length could fit inside her mouth. Slowly, expertly, she raised and lowered her mouth on his cock, letting her throat get used to the penetration and discomfort, until she was rapidly deep-throating him. She herself was in a frenzy, because she loved giving head. One of her hands was gently cupping her delivery man's nuts, but the other was up inside one leg of her running shorts, feverishly rubbing her soaked and slippery clitoris.

Soon there were huge ropes of saliva that dripped and hung from the edges of her mouth. They attached to her tank top then ran down her front, soaking her chest in her own mouth juices. Slobber sounds were loud and nasty in that kitchen, and soon Marty's helpless moans were evident, too.

Fumbling eagerly, the young delivery guy got the rubber cock into the harness and adjusted the ring and strap to hold it. Tentatively, he reached out a shaking hand and held it against Sherry's thrusting head, his fingers twining in her soft brown locks. He held the harness and cock down to his side so that it was in her line of sight, and he slowly began to thrust back, more and more, as her mouth and throat claimed him.

Finally, Sherry stood up and wiped her mouth and face, grinning. Her top was soaked, so she took it off, along with her shorts. Standing before him naked, her tits still shining and slick from her own drool, she held out her hand for the harness, then pointed to the living room just beyond the kitchen. Marty handed her the harness in a daze. He couldn't look at her directly, but he did stare at the cock in her hand.

"Baby, strip off your clothes, your socks, your shoes, and get your fine ass on that carpet in there. On your knees." Marty pulled off his shirt and other things and staggered toward the living room. Sherry followed, asking, "You need some lube, honey? K-Y or anything?"

Marty was on his knees now, and Sherry stood behind him admiring the view. His balls hung far below his taint. He looked like a dog on the prowl, with his nuts fat and low and his cock so swollen and protruding. It dripped obscenely on the carpet. His thighs were beautifully taut and muscular, and his ass-cheeks sang the praises of what must be a lot of stair-climbing and heavy lifting he had to do as a part of his job. His butt was muscular, tight, and nicely cracked around the hole. She could see his anus plainly. A nice wrinkled slit, a little gray around the outside, but a little pink toward the sweet spot in the middle.

He cleared his throat, and his asshole clenched to half its size. Sherry's pussy twitched deliciously. "Um, I-I like, well, you know... Vaseline. It, um, heats up, sorta, you know... It gets hotter inside when it's Vaseline, like with a little friction, but, you know... but really I don't uh-well, whatever..."

Sherry chuckled softly, then said, "OK, hold on," and padded quickly back to the kitchen and pulled the drawer open again. She'd gotten it all: K-Y Jelly, K-Y Liquid, Astroglide, Wet, Frixion, Ponds hand cream, Crisco, and Vaseline. Popping the top and leaving it on the counter, she carried the large container back to the living room.

"OK, now, big guy," Sherry smoothly intoned. "You just relax and let me do what I know how to do...."

On her knees behind him, Sherry reached out and grasped his hanging, turgid cock. She began to slowly milk him. Down and slightly back, pinching harder at the end, up and down, over and over. As she found a rhythm that both of them liked, she opened her mouth, leaned in, and began to tongue his asshole. Marty moaned and gently pushed his ass back at her face, clearly trying to relax his hole and let her tongue deeper inside.

He tasted sweaty but sweet, and he was hairless, so Sherry quickly decided she wanted to give him a full-service rimming, just like she enjoyed with her husband. Rotating her face around and around, she swirled her tongue in and back out in varying degrees of pressure and depth. Sometimes she concentrated on tracing the outline of every little wrinkle and crack in his delicious southern rose. Sometimes she went in like a charging bull and stabbed as straight and as deep as she could. For nearly ten minutes she ate his ass like that, milking his cock with alternating hands, until he came in great spurts all over her Caracus berber.

Stepping quickly into the harness, she adjusted the fit with just two tugs on a leather strap. It was heavenly. The leather between her ass-cheeks rode high and tight, but not cutting at all. It just pressed and spread her crack nicely, while the bottom of it yanked up against her

cunt with a sweet and tight seam that slid hard against her clit with every move. The cock inside its ring hung down at just the right angle. She looked down at it and gave it a few exploratory strokes. With a thrill, she realized that the balls and their dorsal ridge-all of which was pinned behind the ring-would indeed press perfectly against the top of her vulva, effectively priming her clitoral region with force and pressure until she came.

Marty, gasping, his back humped as he struggled for breath, was still thrusting and rotating his ass, as if Sherry's face was still plastered down there munching on him. His asshole was a loose, wet slop of drool. He had her saliva running down the backs and insides of his thighs, and his balls were soaked. Groaning, he muttered into the carpet, "Oh, God, Mrs. West. Oh please, please, fuck me now. I want to come again."

Sherry slathered her black cock with Vaseline, then scooped up a large glob on her fingers and pressed it against the ring of Marty's ass. Soon his sphincter, inside and out, was coated in a thick mess of petroleum jelly. Sherry crouched over his ass and pointed the dildo directly at his hole.

"Get ready, Marty. I'm in the mood to ride...." And she slid the first two inches inside his ass.

"Mmmmm, yeah. That's nice, Mrs. West." Marty pushed his ass back, as he had before, obviously trying to present her with a relaxed and ready hole. "More? Please, ma'am?"

Touched by his good manners, Sherry decided against her original plan of rough impalement. Instead, she gave him one inch at a time, slowly and considerately, until all ten were buried fully inside his hot rectum.

"That's the whole thing, baby," She cooed. "Like it?"

"Fuck, fuck, fuck...." was all Marty could reply.

"Sounds like a plan," Sherry breathed, and she began to pump his ass.

"Oh-yeah-fuck-yeah-" Marty groaned, rocking against her with each thrust. His back was a slab of beaded sweat and rippling muscle. The skull tattoo grinned at her rapaciously, undulating like a flag as his back hunched and strained.

With every bump and strain of friction, the ridge under the dildo's balls pressed hard just above her clitoral hood. The effect was like pumping a primer bulb, like a blood pressure cuff about to burst. Soon, after only a few minutes of humping away, Sherry was right on the edge of one of her strongest orgasms ever.

"Yeah, oh fuck, your ass is sweet!" Sherry shouted down at her lover.

She came in gigantic throbs of heat that shot out of her cunt and blasted through every ounce of her body, bounced around, then raged right back down again, into her crotch. Her vision tunneled for a moment as a great spasm rattled her entire body. Tensing, unable to fuck Marty's ass for a moment, her fingernails stabbed deeply into his

meaty hips.

"Ow-oh! Oh, God!" Marty cried, and through the length of the dildo, up against her cunt, even trembling along the strap that spread her ass so nicely, Sherry could feel each strong contraction and release of the young man's prostate. As he spurted his jism for the second time that hour, she enjoyed the remarkable surprise of being able to nearly feel his pleasure along with him.

Slowly pulling out, Sherry watched in amazement as Marty's asshole remained wide open, dripping fluids. The Vaseline had turned to a liquid as viscous as water, running freely out over his balls and thighs. There was a little blood, too, and it turned the mix slightly pink. Sherry leaned back on her haunches, unstrapping the harness, watching the odd material pool on her exquisite carpet. Wouldn't the maid have fun with that tomorrow!

Smiling gently at him, Sherry helped Marty to his feet and held his elbow to direct him to her master bathroom. She drew a bath in her giant garden tub as he stood in the shower, scrubbing roughly under a cold blast. Sherry couldn't help but continue to admire his gorgeous muscles and tall frame as he twisted and turned behind the smoked glass of the shower door. As she tipped in some gardenia oil and bubbles, she sighed and said, "Well, honey, I guess we're both lucky you're gay. Because I could get really used to having a husband like you!" Even though she was joking, she spoke from a real admiration in her heart. Marty was like a younger, more beautiful version of her husband. He was the kind of man her husband was at that age, except that Brian was very solidly on the heterosexual side of the fence. Of course, both men liked a dildo in the ass, so her nostalgia and longing had an even deeper resonance.

As she slid into the fragrant water, Marty emerged, toweling off, from the shower. Sheepishly, he nodded at her and walked to the door of the large bathroom. Sherry was smiling enormously, elated at the extreme pleasure her dalliance had brought, but she was also proud of herself for executing such a perfect plan; there was proof, once again, that she was a first class rich-bitch whore.

Marty paused at the door and turned to smile at her. He nodded, but then dropped his eyes and humbly said, "Thanks a lot. I was scared to death, but it was great."

Sherry laughed and asked him, "Why were you scared?"

But he didn't answer. He'd already gone through the bedroom and out into the rest of the house. In just a few moments, she dimly heard the tires squealing on his delivery truck, then the engine revving as he sped up the street and out of her posh gated community. Sherry just smiled to herself and slumped a little heavier into her sweet warm bath, spreading her legs and masturbating, slowly and steadily, until she came again.

When she made it back into the kitchen a few hours later, she noticed the money was gone. So was the Bloody Mary, with only a large ring of

water pooled on the counter to remind her that it had been there at all. A note, scrawled on the back of her invoice, lay nearby:

"Mrs. West, thanks again. I'll get your glass back to you later. - Marty."

Sherry wondered if she had a new regular fuck in her life, a thought that did not bother her at all.

* * *

Sherry's husband was finally gone for the week. Brian was in South Carolina with his buddies playing golf. The twins, as well, were finally at camp for the rest of the summer. They'd taken their big family trip last month, and now they were each spending a little independent time. It was a tradition, once the kids got to their teens, and Sherry thought that it did them all a lot of good.

For three years, Sherry had been fucking anyone she could find during her independent time. It wasn't even something she'd struggled with the first time, and the thrill of that realization was a bigger buzz for her than the actual act itself ever was. She knew she was a slut. A whore. She knew she was a filthy bitch who couldn't control herself, and she loved it. That was her independent self, and she embraced it with her whole heart. Now at thirty-seven years old, she was convinced she was the sexiest she'd ever been. It was her time to get what she wanted.

Her only rule was that she had to keep it local. She fucked in her house, or else she fucked in her neighbor's house, in the grocery store parking lot, in the alley behind the movie theater - all places familiar to her, close to her home, helping feel secure enough to let it all loose.

This time around, Sherry had set her sights on the new neighbors next door. The previous occupants - the O'Neils - had been very receptive to her independent adventures, even though they were both nearing sixty. Unfortunately, after a job transfer, the O'Neils packed themselves across the country. They sent her emails about their new neighbors, whom they were already fucking. Sherry, silly as it seemed, almost felt overburdened with a self-imposed pressure to seduce somebody-anybody-in that house next door!

As it turned out, the Pearsons were at least a decade younger than the previous occupants, and they had college-aged kids who'd both come home for the summer. Being local school teachers, though, meant that the Pearson parents weren't quite done yet with their school obligations, while their children lazed around home and enjoyed the first few weeks of sunny, relaxing nothing. That meant there were at least two young, beautiful people over there who were about to be very happy they moved in next to Sherry West. And if their parents were really as horny as they seemed... well, maybe Sherry could end up fucking all four of them. It was a goal, anyway.

They'd lived there for only six months, but Sherry knew everything

about them already. As their parting gift to Sherry for all the fun, the O'Neils had wired their house with surveillance equipment after the buyers had it inspected. There were nine tiny cameras, six of them in the ceilings, disguised as just another little bump in the popcorn pattern up there. The other three were simply behind bathroom mirrors. The transmitters all fed into one master signal box, and it was actually hard-wired under the ground between the two houses, right into the West's bedroom. Sherry's kids could be anywhere in the house, her husband in his office working, and she and Brian could curl up on their bed and watch all the Pearson TV Network they wanted.

It often only interested Brian if someone was naked, about to be naked, or right in the middle of intercourse. Otherwise, he'd bore quickly and would usually end up at the computer cabinet across the room from their bed, stroking his cock and occasionally pointed out to his wife an exceptionally hot picture or video he'd find.

But for Sherry the video feed was completely fascinating. Even if it was just somebody brushing teeth, sweeping the kitchen, falling asleep in the easy chair... she couldn't get enough of it. The whole thing reminded her of when, as a child, she kept an aquarium in her room. Night after night she'd lie in bed and watch the fish drift about, nip at one another, dart in and out of the little holes in the slimy castle that sat crooked on the pink and blue gravel. She could tell, after a while, which one liked the top of the tank the most, which one liked the back, which ones were miserable, which ones were really, really stupid. Some pooped more often than others. Some ran into the tank walls a lot, while others never did. They all had names, they all had mates - or else they were too young or too old - so some of course were children or grandparents. The castle was the school. The narrow lane between fake plants in the back was their neighborhood. The open water out front was where they worked, had recess, block parties, proms, and picnics.

Thus the O'Neils had given Sherry the perfect gift - and people, of course, were a whole lot more interesting to watch than fish!

When the kids were at college, Jack and Beth Pearson fucked an average of two or three times a week. When the kids were home, they fucked every night. The first several weeks of summer, every evening she was able to watch, Sherry had been treated to a show. Jack's cock was thick and heavy-looking, and Beth appeared to worship it like nothing else in her life. She sucked and slurped and swallowed him with an enthusiasm that Sherry couldn't help but admire. As for Jack, he was into spanking her broad ass, fucking her hefty tits, and spitting in her face. Beth was his tool, and she clearly didn't mind.

But the intensity, when their kids were around, went through the roof. They'd fuck dangerously near where the kids might find them, if some quirk of fate allowed, clearly turned on by the thought of getting caught. They'd do it on the kitchen table while the kids were in the living room watching Survivor. They'd do it on the floor in the open doorway of their bedroom while their daughter took a bath across the

hall. They'd do it sitting in their son's computer chair while he was downstairs playing poker on Monday nights with his old high school buddies. It was pretty clear to Sherry that Jack and Beth had some perfectly wicked perversions; and that couldn't have made their neighbor more happy.

Because, of course, Sherry had some fantasies, too; and she intended to act on them.

The Pearson's son, Jeff, was tall and well-built, like his father. Nevertheless, he appeared to be extremely shy and immature, and definitely a desperate virgin at the age of twenty-five. On the camera in his room, Sherry watched him masturbate three or four times a day; when he didn't do that he was on his computer or sleeping. If he came out at all, it was to play poker or eat or use the bathroom; sometimes he'd do a chore for his mom. He had to be either miserable or a devoted horny hermit.

The ceiling camera could barely capture at a decent enough angle to see the screen, but often Jeff's computer display was nothing but code and other programming gobbledy-goop. Sometimes the boy spent endless hours writing and testing this program he was making. Still, though, it fascinated Sherry. She liked his quirks, how he scratched under his chin about every five minutes, how he ate his boogers without a hint of revulsion or shame, how he always wore boxers so his cock could rise up ready for his hand at a moment's notice. He would surf tech sites. He would play different games, too, and occasionally he'd send emails, post messages, or chat. But what interested her the most was that he didn't look at porn pictures at all. He read stories off porn story sites, but he stayed away from browsing for pictures and videos entirely. Was he religious? The rest of the family definitely wasn't. Had he already seen enough? No way! He still read the erotica and whacked off all the time. It simply mystified her. And then she realized what it was.

He read incest stories. She finally began to notice the titles better on his screen one day after Jeff fortuitously shifted his monitor angle a little. Incest stories! And then Sherry realized that it was only when Jeff's sister, Cindy, was in the house that he ever got down to business on his thick pecker. It hit Sherry like cum in the eye: Jeff liked to listen to his sister in the next room or in the bathroom just down the hall or when she was talking on the phone in the kitchen. He read those stories and sat in his room with the door closed and jacked off to her sound and presence. Sherry couldn't believe her luck! Jeff Pearson wanted to fuck his sister.

And who could blame him? She was older - twenty eight - and she had that granola-sexy nature girl thing. She dressed like a bum, but her skin was pure and soft as any fantasy girl's. Sherry liked her round ass, especially, and her nice heavy tits. It was a pleasure to watch that girl change clothes, for sure!

Cindy seemed oblivious to anything else sexual that was happening in her house, except for her own needs. She took care of herself several

times a day; and that usually involved objects she'd find just lying around. Sherry witnessed Cindy self-fucking with a hairbrush handle, the TV remote control, her cell phone, a Sharpie marker. Sherry could only imagine what the girl's possessions must smell like after being around her for a while. There was only one bonafide sex toy, a fat little butt plug, but the girl didn't play with that nearly enough for Sherry's satisfaction. But fingers were often in her ass instead, and Cindy liked to sniff and lick them, so that was certainly a worthy consolation.

Mainly it appeared that Cindy had come home from graduate school to just crash. She spent day after day watching TV or laying out by the pool or reading a book in her bedroom. She never once turned on her laptop or talked on the phone. She completely ignored her family, beyond basic courtesies and small talk. She barely even showered or bathed, maybe once a week at the most. But Cindy did smoke a ton of pot. That probably had a lot to do with why she was so fully committed to simply sitting around and masturbating. She'd brought a bulging pair of gallon baggies back from college in one of her duffel bags, and her parents didn't care one bit. Sherry had watched her smoke with her mother many times in the evenings, neither one really talking at all, barely even acknowledging the other was there. They'd pass the joint between them, watch Jeopardy and Wheel, then Cindy'd go on up to her room and put panties from the hamper up her cunt, while her mom would drag her dad away from the family computer and swallow his cock straight down to the root. There were a few nights, though, when the Pearson parents just stayed in their room, ignoring their children every bit as much as they themselves got ignored. They'd lie naked on their bed, smoking, masturbating, sometimes fucking, watching TV, smoking some more. Clearly Cindy's attachment to marijuana wasn't an accident. This family had no problem with a little self-absorbed pleasure-seeking.

Jeff didn't smoke pot too much, but he did occasionally ask his sister for a few joints. Most of those he'd pass around during poker. The only times Sherry had seen him smoke alone was when Cindy would lie out next to the pool, right below his window. He would get agitated, constantly glancing over at the window, yet never getting up and attempting to peek down. It was clear the effort not to ogle his naked sister below was killing him. It never took long for the pot to come out, though, and after a little bit Jeff was almost his old, sedentary self again, staring at the computer screen, typing a little... staring, typing. Every now and then he'd pull out his cock and stroke it until he came. Then he'd wait a few minutes and do it again. That cycle of staring, typing, smoking, and stroking would be repeated until Cindy went back inside.

Sherry couldn't be happier with the potential she witnessed on that video feed. Obviously, both Jeff and Cindy were very horny. They self-fucked all the time. And at least Jeff had an obvious sexual fixation on his family. Sherry could see incredible potential with those two kids. As for the parents, she would give it her best shot, but perhaps their devotion to one another would prove too strong for the siren next

door. Nevertheless, all of them - fucking all four Pearsons - that was her grail.

So the day her kids flew off to camp and her husband left for South Carolina, Sherry went into action. She drove to the mall and bought new pumps, a transparent neon thong and matching bikini top, and a dime bag of some good-looking weed from the kid who worked at the Häagen-Dazs near her neighborhood. She often fucked him when she needed a score because he was cute and had a long dick, and then he'd give her a break in his price; so she called ahead to the shop, made sure he would go on break, then she picked him up and drove him three blocks down the road to the McDonald's parking lot.

Sherry had struggled to yank out her back seats that morning. An old futon mattress now sprawled over the bumpy tracks on the floor that normally held the mini van's bench seats tight. She'd even thrown in a couple pillows from the guest bedroom, just in case. Now the frozen yogurt boy, whose name was Jason, leaned back against the pillows and unzipped his pants. He had the growing confidence of any man who gets repeat pussy, so his grin was unabashed. Sherry didn't mind that at all. He was a handsome young stud, and it made her feel so powerful to know he wanted to fuck her that much. Jason might end up strung out in an old government project some day, tracks littering his wasted arms, his dreams frozen in a thick haze of abuse; he might end up the best and brightest of something grand, the type of man who has the History Channel making his documentary before he's even dead. Who knew?

For Sherry, it didn't matter either way. He had the dick and drugs that she wanted just then, and his smile made her wet. It was enough, and to hell with the rest. She got on top of him in a rough sixty-nine. His tongue, sneaking around the panties he tried to pull aside, lapped hard and fast on her clit, as she humped his face. His cock, deep in her mouth, tasted like he'd fucked a girl already that day. And his pubes reeked of it. Nevertheless, Sherry didn't mind hair nor odor, so she simply inhaled, appreciated, and continued to swallow and suck on Jason's dick. Maybe he had a girlfriend now? Hmmm, thought Sherry. And maybe she'd like to fuck us both? She decided to file that thought away, just in case things got really slow later in the week.

Soon Sherry was on her back, her thighs pulled up to her chest as Jason slid his long cock deep into her cunt. The rude slurp and squish they made as he moved back forth just made Sherry feel so much more dirty. Her ankles rested on his shoulders, and her fingernails dug into his forearms. The more he plunged into her, the longer he took to fuck her, the deeper she drove her nails. Soon, she was changing her grip on his arms every few seconds. From forearms to biceps to triceps, she dug in her nails. She clawed at him from the tender skin on the insides of his elbows to the sweating mess of his hairy armpits. Deeper and harder her fingernails pierced him, corresponding to how deep and hard he fucked her.

Jason loved increasing pain as he neared his orgasm, and Sherry

hadn't forgotten it. As his jaw hung slack, his thrusts got more forceful, deliberate, and deep. He was close. She knew what to do.

First, she dropped her ankles down into the crook of his arms, so that she could have more access to his upper body. Then Sherry reached up to his neck and chest and began to rake her long, beautifully manicured nails sharply down into his skin. He tensed all over and began to moan. There was already blood running in tiny rivulets down his arms, and now she'd stabbed a couple significant crescent wounds into his collarbone area. Her own orgasm thundered suddenly through her as soon as her brain was able to register the sight of his blood, along with the knowledge that she was the cause of it. His reason for pain, as well as pleasure. She felt so strong in that moment!

As Jason gasped and groaned his way through a long ejaculation, Sherry herself flopped and trembled as her own orgasm slowly began to subside. Some of his blood had trickled down onto her, and she wiped it up on her fingers and smeared it across his chest until it was gone.

"Goddamn that hurt," Jason muttered, rolling off her and trying to catch his breath. He caught her eyes and smiled sheepishly. "Thanks," he said.

After they finished getting dressed, he sold her the bag for just five bucks. "Least I can do, lady," he grinned. Then they burned one together that he'd already pulled from his pocket, and she was set. Neither of them cared much that she got him back to work forty minutes after he'd left.

The blood stains on his shirt, though, Sherry imagined he'd probably have to eventually explain that to somebody.

* * *

It was nearly noon on that first day by the time she got back home. Rushing in to check on the surveillance feed, she could see that Jeff was up in his room, typing on the computer. The blinds were pulled open on the window next to him, which meant that his sister must be getting ready to sun herself by the pool. His room overlooked where she always laid, and he always liked to see whatever he could.

Sure enough, Cindy was heading out of her room with a towel, a Smirnoff Ice, and a magazine. It was her habit to sunbathe nude, so Sherry had to play it just right that day if she was going to make any kind of progress at all. Some nudists aren't really nudists at all - just opportunistic thrill-seekers or serious tanning enthusiasts. Sherry's only hope, really, was that Cindy was simply too horny or too drunk to be embarrassed or spooked.

The older woman took a quick, cold shower, douching herself clean from the evidence of Mr. Häagen-Dazs. Then she put on minimal makeup and lightly blew her hair dry. Naked before the mirror, she

couldn't help but slowly run one long, well-manicured finger through her slit. She was juicing up again. She shaved her muff clean daily, so that was already taken care of. It felt so sensitive! Just feeling the naked skin on her pudenda with her fingers was enough to weaken her knees. Her body knew it was supposed to have hair down there, and since it was daily taken away, her entire cunt was always so alive to her touch. Even the stir of the air conditioned breeze made her skin twitch and yearn. God, was she ready!

Being the well-kept suburban wife of a rich, hard-working man, Sherry had the time to keep her body looking gorgeous. Her hair, now back in a simply pony tail, was long and dark brown. She had a tall frame and slender bones; yet her breasts and hips and ass were nicely curved and full, merely the lucky result of good genes and being thirty-seven. Ten years before she hadn't nearly so much curve and bounce! But her stomach, thighs, and everything else was in perfect tone to match her contours. She was trim, soft-skinned, and striking.

A perfect temptress for the reclusive little narcissist laid out by the pool next door. It was time to give Cindy access to some of the fantasies that Sherry hoped the girl had. And, whether or not anything came of it today, at least she thought she could get enough access to Cindy's world to get her closer to Jeff and - her ultimate goal - to Jack and Beth.

* * *

"Hello over there!" Sherry called through the fence. She walked around to the gate, opened it, and stepped into the Pearson's back yard. The pool's cool deck began a few yards away, and the unscreened area seemed to shine with its own light in the intense summer sun. Piercing flashes of blue and white bounced up from the delicious-looking water. Sherry held her towel over one arm, carrying her bag full of goodies and a large glass of strong strawberry daiquiri. Her approach to the pool was quick and confident, and she chose not to speak as she did it. Let Cindy assume this was a normal thing that her neighbor was doing. And, really, it was. The O'Neils had let her use their pool any time she wanted. It felt very familiar, doing what she was doing. What she was about to do.

Cindy reclined on a chaise lounge next to the pool's edge, her hands thrown up above her head, dark sunglasses hiding her thoughts for the moment. Her nude body was covered in lotion, so that she softly glowed as her skin reflected the day. Up close, she was even hotter than Sherry had anticipated. Her breasts were full and heavy, with large areolae and fat nipples. Her waist, while not pinched, swooped in with a lovely curve, while her hips were full and firm. She was not fat, not thin, but voluptuously just right. Sherry's soaked cunt began to slowly seep down her leg, and she found it suddenly hard to stand there in front of the young woman. It had to be obvious how wet she

was down there!

"Well, come on over, I guess..." drawled Cindy in a drowsy way. She didn't move a muscle, not even to reflexively cover herself. Her armpits were thick with dark hair, as was her crotch. Her legs were unshaven as well, and the hair on her calves was every bit as thick and dark as any man's. There was even a fine line of hair curling down from her navel to her pubes, as well as a wispy halo hair surrounding each nipple. Sherry, not usually aroused by hair, nevertheless felt a sudden strong urge to bury her face in it.

"Hope it's OK, honey," Sherry breezed, pulling over another lounge and settling in. "Your mom and dad have repeatedly invited me over to sun any time I wanted, but I hadn't gotten around to it so far. Today, though, I've got some time! If, you know, you don't mind...." True, all true, the girl's parents had made the offer quite a bit. Whether out of common courtesy or something more, however, Sherry had no idea.

Cindy moved her head a little, glancing up toward the house. Sherry knew without following her gaze that the girl was looking at her brother's bedroom window. Was Jeff hearing all of this by now? He had to be aware what was going on down below him! Was his dick already out?

Sherry's pussy throbbed. She was dying to do something - anything - about it. But she remained still, waiting for the girl to answer, certain the dampness in the crotch of her bikini was every bit as obvious as the hair all over the college girl's body.

"Yeah, Mrs. West, I don't care. Sure. Whatever." Cindy yawned and stretched, her body tensing beautifully, every sinew highlighted lusciously by the gleaming lotion on her skin. Her splayed toes, even with dark purple paint peeling off the nails, looked absolutely delectable. Sherry stared and didn't hide her appreciation. Cindy noticed, of course, and smiled. "Hope you don't care if I'm, you know, bare-assed and all.... Looks like you don't, though...."

Sherry shrugged and laughed lightly, holding out her enormous daiquiri. Cindy, already finished with her Smirnoff, took the drink with a nod of appreciation, sitting up to hold it in both hands. Her heavy breasts swung down and knocked together like soft round bags of sand, with just the smallest jiggle before they settled.

"Hey, honey, anyone as gorgeous as you shouldn't worry about showing off, you know?" Sherry confided, digging out her own tanning oil as she snuck peeks at the girl sipping on her rum-overloaded concoction. She also pulled out a nice fat joint and her lighter. "And I hope you don't mind if I smoke.... It just makes laying out so much more relaxing for me."

The two women stared at each other for a beat, but then Cindy shrugged again and Sherry bent to light it. "Just make sure you share that monster, yo?" Cindy finally muttered, then chuckled a little to herself. Sherry smiled and handed it over for the first good toke. And so the seduction was underway.

After a few minutes passing the grass back and forth, Sherry asked Cindy for help with her oil. Cindy got up and straddled the lounge behind the older woman, steadily rubbing the slick coconut-scented stuff everywhere. When she got to Sherry's bikini top, where it crossed her back, the older woman didn't hesitate; she reached back and untied her top, took it off, and tossed it aside. "Why should I bother, right?" Sherry laughed. Cindy remained silent behind her, but Sherry imagined she probably shrugged. Sherry soon stood up so Cindy could do her backside and legs. Pulling down her bikini bottoms and flinging them aside with one foot, Sherry made sure to crook one knee out to the side a little as Cindy rubbed in the oil, showing her a good view of her ass and her crinkled little hole and her dripping shaved snatch from behind.

Cindy, without hesitation, rubbed her hand right up the crack of Sherry's ass. Changing her angle, she then rubbed her hand down between the older woman's legs, splitting her pussy open and covering her fingers with juice. Sherry couldn't stifle her moan. Her legs wobbled, and Cindy withdrew her hand. Sherry stammered, "Thanks, sweetie," and stepped back to let the younger woman stand up and return to her own lounge. Sherry was shocked at her body's nearly overwhelming response. She should have moaned and humped Cindy's hand just then, but the intensity of the contact caught her off guard, overwhelmed her. She had almost orgasmed in that instant, and that probably would have ruined the whole thing. So she just stood there awkwardly as Cindy, strangely, did not move. She remained in Sherry's lounge chair, straddling the back half of the middle, idly playing with her pubic hair with one hand while the other shaded her face. She looked up at the older woman for a very long, breathless moment.

"Mrs. West, come on." Cindy finally said, in a slightly impatient, matter-of-fact kind of voice.

Sherry, to buy time, took a long hit on the joint and stared out across the pool. Finally, she answered, "Yeah, what's the matter?"

Cindy appeared to slowly roll her eyes behind her shades, then turned up her mouth at the corner in a wry little smile. "Come on, Mrs. West," she said, more tenderly this time, and this time she held out her hand.

Sherry, trying to interpret the gesture, gave the girl her joint. Cindy took her own long hit, then carefully stubbed it out and set it aside. Then she held out her hand again. Sherry grabbed it gently and let the girl pull herself up. Cindy got to her feet and stood achingly close to the older woman. Both nude, of course, Cindy was nearly half a foot shorter, so Sherry's breasts were just about level with Cindy's mouth; she could feel Cindy's nipples brushing against her ribs. Cindy took Sherry's other hand and held it, too, and she smiled up at Sherry with that same wry look.

"You might as well do what you came here for," she whispered. "I'm not going to mind, you know."

Sherry, stunned, felt like her head was going to fall off. Between the

pot, her horniness, and her shock, she was on perhaps her strangest trip ever. She managed to feign innocence, but just barely, and Cindy didn't buy it.

"Wh-what do mean?" Sherry muttered, but Cindy was already up on her tip-toes, her hands going around Sherry's neck, twining in her hair. Their lips met with a hot, soft parting. As her tongue entered Cindy's mouth, a fire seemed to erupt throughout Sherry's entire body. She pressed herself completely, utterly against the younger woman, whose thigh slid up between her own, bumping hard against her aching crotch.

After a few minutes, Cindy broke off the kiss and smile up at Sherry again. Sherry was completely flummoxed now. The last thing she had expected was for her conquest to actually seduce her. It wasn't possible that Cindy was this aggressive! How lucky could she get?

Cindy seemed to read her mind. "I'm lesbian, you know," she told Sherry. She nuzzled Sherry's sweaty neck and kissed her collarbones from tip to tip. In a small, drifting sort of voice she muttered, "I never really wanted men very much - well, except for maybe one guy..." Sherry watched closely to see if she might mean Jeff, but the girl wasn't giving any hints, not even making the slightest twitch toward his window. "...so relax, just let me get us started, OK? I've had a lot of practice at this... it's sorta been what I've majored in for like ten years. Pussy and pot. Heh."

The girl trailed her tongue down Sherry's left breast, then sucked just the nipple into her mouth, softly, then with more and more pressure. Sherry's pussy felt like it was about to melt and flow like lava right down her legs.

Cindy stopped sucking long enough to add, "Women like you..." [suck] "Older ladies..." [suck suck] "Like my professors..." [suck] "Like my landlady..." [suck suck suck] "Women who know how to fuck..." [suck] "...the right way..." [suck suck] "That's who I want." She stopped and tossed away her sunglasses, then reached up and took Sherry's off, too. They stared at each other for a long time. Sherry was floating, incredulous, elated.

Cindy was serious now. "I've been wondering all summer if I'd ever get a chance to fuck you. I wasn't sure what you were like, you know." Her hands were now on Sherry's breasts, rubbing circles with her palms over her nipples, squeezing and pulling from time to time. So nice.

"Then I saw the delivery guy parked there for like an hour, and I figured you out." Sherry, despite it all, was surprised and slightly hurt that Cindy had pegged her. But then she decided that she felt too good to care, and now she was the one who shrugged.

"Honey, if you only knew...."

Cindy broke contact and lay back on the lounge, hitching up her legs and holding them open. Sherry took a moment to appreciate the view. Dark, thick hair curled all over Cindy's pubic area, over her groin,

down her inner thighs. Her labia were completely hidden by hair, except for one line right down the middle where it was clear that fluid was leaking. Sherry felt an overwhelming urge to bury her face in that hairy slop and not come up for days. It had been a long time since she'd eaten a pussy with so much hair! Even the ripe, rich odor of Cindy's furry cunt was stronger and more enticing. What a feast this would be....

"Eat me now, please," Cindy hoarsely pleaded, "then fuck me with the bottle, OK?" She tilted her head in the direction of the empty Smirnoff Ice, and Sherry understood. She got down on her knees and inhaled deeply the incomparable fragrance of a sweaty, horny, hairy crotch.

"Mmmmm...." She couldn't help but linger, sniffing and looking. Cindy's perineum and anus were hairy, too, and completely slimed with her juice. Sherry decided that was where she'd start, so with her long tongue extended, she began to lick on the girl's asshole, slurping up into her hidden vagina, cleaning and tasting and swirling.

"Oh, nice, nice, that's it...." Cindy moaned encouragement from above, still holding her own legs up politely out of the way. Making her tongue stiff, Sherry parted the thick bush concealing the girl's lips. One of her own hands was busily fingering her own pussy, while the other came up to help pull the girl's labia apart. Soon Sherry was slathering the smooth pink flesh of Cindy's pussy with her open, feeding mouth. The girl tasted like she hadn't bathed in a week. The pungent, acrid flavor hit Sherry's senses with the force of a baseball bat against her skull. She instinctively dug her face in deeper, licking and sucking with a frenzied zeal. This was a better treat than anything she'd imagined! God, how nice it is to taste a dirty pussy....

Cindy began hunching against Sherry's mouth more and more, trying to move her clitoris down into constant contact with any surface that could make it throb better. Her clit, Sherry noticed, was enormous, fat like her nipples. It was naturally distended from its hood due to its sheer mass. That helped explain the girl's nearly-constant horny behavior. If I had a clit that was constantly rubbing against stuff, Sherry thought, I'd be horny all the time, too. It was at least as big and as long as a grape now, and a whole lot more delicious. Sherry finally put her entire mouth over it, sealing her lips all the way around its edges, and began sucking hard, flicking her tongue in rough thumps against it.

"Ungh... ungh... Oh-fuck-FUCK!" Cindy snorted, trying not to get too loud; but her body was bucking against Sherry's mouth, and she lost her grip on one of her legs. Thrown off balance a little, her heel came down between Sherry's shoulder blades, a moment of pain that, inexplicably, made Sherry begin to come. Both women moaned and shuddered as their pleasure swept them up and carried them through a tunnel of sweetly blinding waves of joy.

"B-bottle-now... fuck me-" Cindy croaked, regaining the grip on her leg. Sherry broke off her cunnilingus and took up the clear glass bottle.

"Clean it on your towel, then stick the fat end in, OK?"

Sherry quickly wiped it off, then positioned it, bottom first, at the entrance to Cindy's sweet tunnel. The younger woman sighed, obviously trying to relax herself down there. "Go ahead, but just be slow at first, right?"

"Got it," Sherry replied, eying her target like a surgeon, taking one hand and spreading the girl's labia, while the other pushed the bottle steadily, accurately inside the hole. With a gentle wiggling motion, combined with constant slow pressure, the bottle finally stretched Cindy's cunt far enough, and it slid tightly in.

"Mmmmm... that's it... God, that's nice...." Cindy groaned. Her clit was bulbously tipped down toward the top of the bottle as it went in. It rubbed against it slightly, and Sherry was sure that felt wonderful. With a thumb she began to lightly strum Cindy's clit. The girl instantly began to buck and strain.

"FUCK!" Cindy growled, biting her lip. "Oh, fuck it, yeah-that's it-fuck it!"

Sherry increased the speed of her thumb and began to pump the bottle in and out. She achieved a nice rhythm that seemed to effect her lover with wrecking ball precision. The girl was out of her mind happy.

"Unnnnghhhhhhhh..." was the only sounds Cindy could make for nearly a minute as she let Sherry use her so thoroughly. Around the edges of the bottle, white foamy discharge began to slop out and splatter all over Cindy's inner thighs and Sherry's hands. The girl wasn't ejaculating, but her cunt was clearly coming hard, literally overflowing with her deepest sexual essence. Sherry paused her pumping and stroking to lick as much of it up as she could. Cindy, realizing this, began to orgasm even harder.

"Yeah... oh fuck yeah-eat my cum, you fucking bitch...."

Sherry soon began pumping and strumming her even harder, and it wasn't long before Cindy wasn't trying to contain her noise at all. Sherry was positive Jeff was at his window above them hearing and seeing it all. In fact, looking up at Cindy's face, Sherry realized that she and Jeff could be watching each other the whole time. She wondered, if she turned quickly to look, would she see Jeff gazing down at his sister? Would she be gazing right back up at him, welcoming his eyes, giving him a show? Perhaps there was more going on than even Sherry's sick mind had realized.

As Sherry calmed her bottle-fucking and withdrew her hands, Cindy undulated, releasing her legs. She stretched again. She was so gorgeous! Sherry couldn't help herself: "Cindy, baby, you are so beautiful. I just love how hairy and how curvy you are...."

Cindy, remarkably, blushed. She sat up and took Sherry's sloppy, cunt-dripping face between her hands and kissed her deeply. "Thanks," she eventually said. "But I think you win the beauty contest, you know."

Sherry, regaining a modicum of control over her mojo, had the presence of mind to reply perfectly, "Well, then would you care to give me my reward?"

Switching places, Sherry lay back and offered up her breasts to the younger woman's hungry mouth. For a long time, all that either woman could hear was the gentle lapping of the pool against its tile walls and the rude slurps of Cindy's mouth as it roamed back and forth over Sherry's aching tits.

Then Cindy's hand was on her bare and slippery cunt. One finger began to slide in and out of her clutching vagina. Soon a second and third finger were in there, pushing in and out and twisting at the bottom of each thrust. At first, Sherry was longing for her clit to be stroked, for Cindy's mouth to move down and start slobbering away. But then, as the fourth finger made its way inside, Sherry's desire shifted. This feels so good, she thought. I'm so spread and filled.... Cindy continued to nibble and suck on Sherry's nipples as her thumb bent under her palm and slowly, inexorably, pushed up farther and farther inside Sherry's stretched and sore opening. She began to breathe deeply, trying to relax herself. It had been a long time, after all, since anyone had done this to her. But she remembered how incredible it felt, and she wanted it-badly.

"Mmmm... that's it, that's nice..." Sherry encouraged. Cindy's hand finally, wonderfully, slipped completely inside, past the tight gap at the top, into the hot confined sleeve of Sherry's hungry vagina. It was so full! She couldn't believe how many colors burst behind her eyelids as she squeezed them tightly shut and tried to rock her hips on the arm that now impaled her. Reaching down one hand to feel, she perceived that Cindy had pushed in just past her wrist. Slowly, tenderly, the younger woman began to rotate her hand. Sherry started coming, hard. Then she felt Cindy's mouth lick and suck on her clit, and her orgasm exploded through her in momentous new bursts.

Throughout her body, a series of sweet burning spasms wracked her. She involuntarily dropped her feet down to the edges of the chaise lounge and raised her ass a foot in the air, fucking herself against Cindy's hand and mouth even harder. She held that tensed position, her cry frozen in breathless pleasure, for nearly a minute.

Then, scrabbling up and away, Sherry caused Cindy to withdraw her hand and mouth. She lay sprawled, gasping, for several minutes, while Cindy simply sat at her feet and smiled, waiting.

Finally, Sherry managed to utter, "Oh God, thank you."

Without another word, the two women weakly poured themselves into the pool, soaking, cuddling, and kissing for a long time in that cool water. Sherry briefly reviewed the state of her plans, evaluating how well her independent time was going so far. Without a doubt, it was going to be possible to get her chance with Cindy's brother Jeff, and probably with their parents, too. But then Cindy's tongue began circling her ear, and Sherry just relaxed and let the moment take her.

And perhaps, she thought, even a slut like her could learn something new – since it looked like Cindy was going to be more than willing to share the raunchier points of her own nasty education!

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