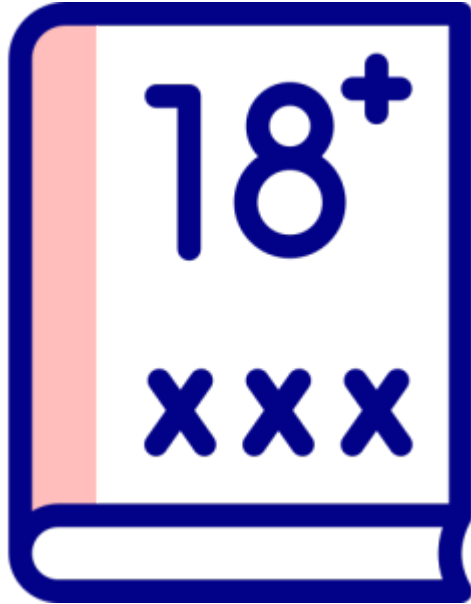


# Kristine and Mrs. Anderson

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | June 30, 2000



*Synopsis: A young slut wife, a little bit of shy and excited, is first dominated by a lesbian woman. All of her holes are completely used by her Dom, while her husband watching.*

## By Chrissy

*WARNING! The text in this file-story contains erotic material, including very graphic descriptions of bondage and sexual acts, especially between a young and older woman. And is expressly written for adults only.*

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*This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to persons living, dead or otherwise is purely coincidental, etc.*

*Constructive suggestions and comments are welcome Chrissy  
clorens@remspam.hotmail.com*

## Part 1 of 3

“Now Kristine, are you sure you-all is ready to get into this stuff now?” Jimmy asks in his slight southern drawl as we fly down Route 191 in his ancient pick-up truck.

“Yes Jimmy, we’ve been around and around with this, I’m totally ready.”

I smile at my new boyfriend in anticipation for what he has planned for me, it’s truly and utterly perverted! My parents hate Jimmy, they think he’s too old for me (he’s forty- six and I’m twenty-two), and disapprove at what they see as his wild lifestyle. I still live with my folks in our big house in northeastern Pennsylvania near Stroudsburg. I work part-time at the Mays department store and go to community college (English major) three days a week. I’m the youngest of three daughters and my Dad’s just a bit overprotective.

Anyway, I think Jimmy’s a complete dreamboat. We met about a month ago when me and my girlfriends were out at the bar. I do have to admit that I’m really one of the prettiest girls in town. He’s a bartender at one of the hottest clubs around, and there aren’t many out here in the middle of nowhere. And now he’s mine! In the past two weeks Jimmy has been a wonderful lover, we fuck almost every night. I like sex, like it very much, and make no apologies for that fact. Last week he introduced me to the world of bondage and I just love it! He says I make a perfect Sub, which is short for subservient or submissive, which I certainly am! Who would of thought I could have so much fun in my boring little town.

“Okay now, I’m just checking, maybe we should go over the plan again just to be sure you fully understand it. I think it’ll be a whole lot of fun, but I just want to make sure you’re really up to it.”

“All right Jimmy, it’s so simple, you blindfold me and tie me up, and then have one of your friends come over and fuck me silly while you watch,” I respond trying to sound confident. So far our little games have been just between the two of us. I’ve never done anything quite like this before, it turns me on every time I think about it!

“Umm, yes, yes sugarplum, that about sums it up. And, now this is important, I get to choose who does the fucking, of course.” Jimmy says with a big grin while keeping his eyes on the road.

“But Jimmy, you know my rules, they have to be trustworthy, clean and keep their mouth completely shut about our little games here.” Jimmy and I have been through variations of the same conversation for past few days in preparation for our next session. I want him to be crystal clear on this point.

“Yes, yes one hundred percent understood. I can personally vouch that the person I have in mind is all the things you mentioned there.”

“Oh Jimmy, the very thought of it just drives me crazy! Can’t you give me just a little hint, will it be Bobby, the one with the dark hair from the bar.”

“Well now, sweetheart, if I tell you who it will be, well that will spoil the surprise, now wouldn’t it.”

“I guess you’re right,” I say, pouting a bit.

“Oh, yea, just one more thing, Marcie and Jeff want to come over and watch you meet your mystery lover, would that be okay? If it’s too much for you I won’t even mention it to them.”

I think about it for a moment. Marcie and Jeff are an older couple that Jimmy and I hang around with. Their about Jimmy’s age. Even though I recently met them I think their fun people to hang out with, but letting them in on our sex games? Jimmy will be there watching, and that’s part of the turn-on, including Marcie and Jeff would just add to it I guess. The thought of including more people to watch me get totally fucked by a stranger makes me feel even sexier!

“Umm, okay, but that’s it, just Marcie and Jeff, nobody else.” I blush as I say it, I can’t believe what I’m agreeing to.

“Great, wow! Hey this is going to be fun, great fun!” Jimmy gives me one of his thousand dollar smiles as we pull up to the small house he rents.

So here I am, anxiously waiting. I’m ‘positioned’ on the front porch, blindfolded, with my wrists bound in front. Jimmy put me on top of a wooden stool in a corner of the porch. I’m wearing nothing but my cotton panties and a long pink mesh tee-shirt. Jimmy, Marcie and Jeff sit on a bench across from my stool. The cuffs are made of

soft calf's leather and firmly hold my wrists together on my lap. My blindfold is a thick black scarf. My nipples are already hard, and my pussy wet just from being bound and displayed in this way!

I can't believe I'm going through with this! I'm getting turned-on just by being so exposed in front of Jeff and Marcie.

"I guess it's true that blondes do really get to have all the fun," Marcie teases me from her spot on the porch bench. "But hey Kristine, you do look great perched there on Jimmy's special stool." Marcie and I have a running joke about who has more fun. I'm a natural blonde and she's a brunette.

"Thanks Marcie, maybe soon we'll see you tied up and made ready for a mystery lover," I tease back.

"Oh hon, believe me, I've been there. Now I just like to sit back and watch sweet little things like yourself go for the ride."

"Kristine, you beauty is quite precious, you're much too good for the likes of Jimmy here," Jeff pipes in, needling Jimmy before I can ask Marcie more questions. I blush at his remark, wondering how he sees me, bound arms, and all.

"Hey, hey, hey now," I hear Jimmy pipe in from his spot across the room, "me and Kristine have been getting it on quite fine now, haven't we sugarplum."

"Yes, Jimmy, you're my man," I tell my boyfriend.

I'm going nuts just sitting here, waiting for my mystery lover to arrive while Jimmy, Jeff and Marcie ogle my nearly naked body from the safety of their porch bench seat.

"Jimmy, I've been sitting here tied up for a while now!" I complain, pulling at my wrist bindings. "I'm going crazy here. Where is this mystery-fuck guy?"

"Kristine, patients just isn't one of your strong points, now is it dear?" Jimmy chastens me. "I'm sure they'll be here real soon. You're lookin' just great. It's all setup. I'll ask one more time, are you sure, absolutely sure you're ready for this? You know what my rules are, you can back out at anytime, no questions asked."

“Arhh, Jimmy, damn you, I’m so God-damn ready...” I gulp, swallowing the rest of my sentence as I hear a car crunching up the driveway.

Everyone becomes quiet as the car door slams shut. I hear footsteps on the driveway gravel. The porch door opens. I’m shaking slightly with anticipation, my heart thumping. I spread my legs slightly and jut out my chest while pulling on my wrist bindings, hoping to look extra sexy for my special stranger. The footsteps come up onto the porch hallway. I can’t believe I’m actually going to go through with this!

Marcie suddenly laughs out loud for some reason. I gulp as I hear the stranger walk up to me on the porch. Sharp fingers take hold of my arm. The stranger guides me off the stool and into the house. My mystery lover moves me quickly through the house, into what must be Jimmy’s bedroom! By being blindfolded it’s hard for me to know for sure. I hear Jimmy, Marcie and Jeff following behind.

I’m led the bed and made to lay own in the middle of it. The person takes my hands and stretches them above my head, with my elbows pointing to the ceiling. The stranger attaches my wrists to the short swivel chain in the middle of the headboard. Jimmy has bound me in this configuration before, with my legs free. The swivel chain allows my lover (whoever that might be!) to easily flip me over on my stomach, or on my back, whatever is necessary to archive the desired position. I hear Jimmy, Marcie and Jeff giggling and sitting down on the couch across from the bed.

I pull slightly at my wrist bindings. This is so wild! The bedroom is completely quiet now. I feel the stranger pick up the bottom of my tee-shirt in two hands, pulling it up and away from me. There’s a sudden ripping sound, as the stranger rips open the entire front of the my tee-shirt!

I let out a gasp as cool air hits my now exposed chest and nipples. I jump slightly in my bound state as two hands reach down and take hold of my breasts. I whimper as the stranger pulls and kneads my tits with sharp fingers.

This is happening so fast! I moan as my mystery lover really works over my breasts, occasionally pinching my nipples. I twist around in my wrist bindings, groaning at being touch let this. The fingers are like magic, making me feel warm all over, from my chest outward!

As my nipples are deviously tweaked and tweezed I realize this person has long fingernails! The stranger leans over me, their fingers molding and shaping my breasts, and kisses me under my neck with soft full lips. The stranger's body pressing into me is not the body of a man, but rather the soft curves of a woman!

"Oh, oh ooh!" I stammer inanely, "Ji-Ji-Jimmy, th- this person is a wo-wo-wo-woman!"

Oh my God! My mystery lover is female! The woman playing with my chest and kissing my neck leans up. I hear Jimmy, Jeff and Marcie chuckle from across the room.

"Why yes sugarplum," Jimmy explains, matter-of-factly from across the room. "I got a nice lesbian lady, a blonde just like yourself, to give you a real good fucking tonight. Now I know you ain't never made it with a woman before so I figured our little session this afternoon would be a good time for you to start. And as an added bonus we get to watch your first lesbian fuck -ummm, encounter, that is."

"Jimmy!" I stammer, pulling at my wrist bindings. A woman! A lesbian woman! Wanting to make love to little-old- me!

"So tell me sugarplum, should we proceed from here?" Jimmy asks, "or is it just too much for you and we'll call it a night?"

It's true, I've never made love to another woman before, and certainly never considered myself a lesbian. But I've do love to experiment. I'm so horny right now, my breasts, pussy and entire body is just aching to be toyed with! This woman, whoever she is, has already stirred me in the most tantalizing way.

"Ummm Ok, y-yes! lets continue!" I blurt out, a deep blush bloom out on my checks. I can't believe I'm really going to be screwed by a woman! I only have the vaguest notion of how two woman actually make love.

The mystery lover (a lady!) sitting next to my prone form leans over me again. I feel something soft and wet slipping into my mouth. Oh my God! It the woman's tongue! Her hands come up to the side of my face and she holds me firmly in place as she gives me a deep Frenching. Her wet tongue slowly explores the inside of my mouth. I'm so turned- on I returned her kiss. Our tongues slather and side all over each

other. I can't believe I'm here, blindfolded, wrists bound to the headboard, exchanging tongue kisses with another woman!

"Okay Angie," I hear Jimmy say, "you've toyed with our little princess enough, why don't you take her blindfold off and show our little slut who you really are."

Angie? That name is familiar to me. I'm also slightly embarrassed that Jimmy is calling me a slut in front of all these people. The woman leans off me and I feel her nimble fingers untie the scarf from around my head.

I blink and try to focus on the figures in the bright room. Jimmy, Marcie and Jeff are still on the couch in the back of the bedroom. I look at the woman sitting next to me on the bed. She's strikingly beautiful with long blond hair and a short black party dress, much taller than me, and...

"Oh my God!, M-Mrs. Anderson?" I stutter. "Is-is that really you?" The Anderson's live right down the block from me. Our families have been friends for years, their good friends with my parents, and I know her daughters. The Anderson's are frequently over for dinner and barbecues.

"Yes Kristine, it really is me," Mrs. Anderson says smiling down at me while one hand absently plays over my chest.

"Angie Anderson and I are old friends," Jimmy helpfully informs me from across the room. "I figured your first lesbian experience would be much more enjoyable by getting fucked by somebody you already know, like an old friend of the family. Angie has also been lusting after your sweet ass for some time now."

"Thank you Jimmy," Mrs. Anderson snaps at my boyfriend. "I'll take it from here, thank you."

"Yes, ma'am," Jimmy replies, deferring to the older woman sitting next to me. I can't believe this is happening, Mrs. Anderson, proper, old, Mrs. Anderson is my going to be my mystery lover tonight!

"Ah Kristine, sweet little Kristina, your skinny ass does look truly wonderful all trussed up to the bed here."

She gently traces her fingers along my breasts, down to my stomach, to the edge of my panties as she talks to me. I look down at her magic fingers. I can't believe proper Mrs. Anderson, from right down the block, is sitting on this bed next to my bound body, wearing a skimpy party dress and coming on to me!

"I know this is all a bit mind blowing for Kristine, you were always such a good little girl." She looks down at me with the kindest of smiles. "And I know Jimmy has somewhat prepared you for our special session tonight. I just want you to know we can stop now or at any time tonight. I'm really into domination and submission. I'll do the dominating, and you'll be doing the submitting. I've planned quite a session for you tonight. I'm going to put your sweet young ass through the works. Are you sure you're ready for all this?"

"Oh, Mrs. Anderson, ooh, this is so, sooo crazy. Y- yes, yes I'm ready!" I tell the older woman leaning so close to me. "But what exactly do you have planned, I'm not really sure how two women make love."

Mrs. Anderson takes my nipples, one in each hand, and begins to gently, but firmly twist and pull them upward.

"Oh! Ooh, Ooooooow, Ooouch.," I suddenly stammer and squirm around. I look down in amazement as Mrs. Anderson's (Mrs. Anderson, of ALL people!) freely plays with on my tender nipples. Jimmy, Marcie and Jeff are watching me and Mrs. Anderson with rap attention.

"Well my little one," Mrs. Anderson replies, running her warm fingers over my belly and daintily tracing around my hips. "I'm going to make love to you as a Dom, which is short for dominate, but also as another woman who will fully and completely appreciate your girlish youthfulness, as only a woman can. Hmm...among other things tonight I'm going to screw you pussy-to-pussy, then maybe fuck you slowly up the ass, to put it crudely, and then we'll both get it on with a double-headed dildo. Hmm, yes, let's get started by checking out what treasures you have hidden away under here."

"Oh!" I gasp looking down. Mrs. Anderson slowly slips one hand along my belly and under my panties. Her warm fingers form a cup and press against my pussy. At first

her touch is light, almost like the fluttering of a butterfly, but her fingers begin more insistent as she rubs me up and down over my quim! My hips respond by following her rocking motion. Her hand feels wonderful, I can't believe Mrs. Anderson is actually touching my most private place!

"Hmm, Kristine, your little cunt feels quite, quite lovely, " the older woman tells me, smiling sweetly at me. I look down as Mrs. Anderson's hand rummages between my legs, moving around under my panties. Her fingers push between my labia! "Hmmm, yes, you're rather wet, aren't you. Perhaps it's time for my fingers to do a little more exploring. Ah, yes, baby yes. There we go, nice and easy."

"Huh!" I cry out. Her two fingers slowly push into my wet tunnel with a slick, squishing sound. Her digits easily ride up into me! Her thumb hooks around, and slowly plays across my poor swollen clit!

"Ah! Umm, Oh! Mrs. Anderson, y-you're so nasty, y- y-you, oh! your are driving me wild!" I blurt out like a love struck puppy. She gently works my pussy, knowing exactly what she wants. She goes right for the heart of the matter, no ambiguity at all, leaving me utterly enthralled by her forceful yet gentle caress. This is so unlike many of the guys I've dated, with their quick and clumsy clutching.

"Honey, if you think this is nasty, we have a long, long way to go tonight, it's going to be truly, truly fun. Mmm, Kristine, your going to be my nice little love-kitten. Oh yes, I already like the feel and squishiness of your little quim here. For being such a little slut, you're still nice and tight. Mmmm, nice. You're quite a responsive little bitch, that will come in handy during our little show tonight."

"Oh!" I'm so utterly turned-on by Mrs. Anderson's fingers inside my body! I instinctively roll my hips slowly up and down. I arch my back, pushing out my chest, offering my breasts to this wonderfully perverted older woman. She goes on talking, keeping her finger's inside me, deliciously moving them around inside me!

"Now that we've gotten this far, I can tell you that I've watched you become quite the little slut-about-town with the men in the last few years. Now I will to fully introduce you to the many different varieties of woman-on-woman loving. From my talking to Jimmy I understand that you also enjoy bondage and a more than a little

humiliation.”

“Well,” she continues. “I very much enjoy degrading young gals like yourself. As you now know, I’m a Dominatrix, and I understood you’ve become quite the little Sub. I going to suck and lick just about every inch of your young luscious body, and, of course, I’m going to fully, and completely, penetrate your pussy, and your cute little butt, using a number of specialized toys I have in my bag of joy here. Also, I will take my time and hope to make you cum repeatedly, turning you into a little ‘cum geyser’, and then I’ll really, really, enjoy making you squirm and beg for more in front of all your friends here. Tonight Kristine, I’m going to fully test your wanton limits, I’m going to turn you into my own special lesbian strumpet. Now, enough said, let’s get started.”

“Oorrph!” This is mind blowing! I groan dumbly and pulled at my bound hands still firmly attached to the bed’s headboard, watching her continue the sordid assault between my lewdly parted legs. My head is reeling and my heart pounding with desire as I listen to what she’s going to do with me. Even Jimmy never went so far. It’s unbelievable! I would never, never have imagined that Mrs. Anderson could be so downright lecherous.

I’m really going nuts from the sensations being generated by her fingers buried in my pussy, from my wrists being bound, and from the astonishing words coming from this older woman, who has been a family friend for years, and is old enough to be my mother!

“All right sweetcakes,” she says, withdrawing her finger from me and grasping the crotch of my panties. “I don’t want my little lover getting excited too soon now. And you’ll certainly won’t be needing these for the rest of the night.” In one swift move she pulls the panties off my body.

“Ah!” I cry out in disappointment and shock as the cool air of the room hits the moistness between my legs. Oh! I redden deeply as I realize everyone in the room can now freely see my completely naked body. It makes me feel exposed and quite defenseless, but also very wickedly sexy in a strange way.

“So Kristine, are you really sure your ready for all the special activities I have

planned for you tonight?”

I nod. Mrs. Anderson hops off the bed, and with a sexy gracefulness, undresses in front of me.

It's an incredible sight to look down the bed, past my poor love-swollen body and see a nude Mrs. Anderson lewdly looking me over with her steely-gray eyes. She's very scary in the intensity of the look she's giving me. Her face is bright and smooth, framed against her shoulder-length blond hair with just a hint of crinkles in the corner of her eyes. She obviously works out hard, with long, developed legs and well defined biceps. Her breasts are nice and large. Her stomach is almost perfectly flat, with just a bit of paunch, which she carries well.

Mrs. Anderson climbs onto the bottom of the bed near my feet like a cat on the prowl. My knees are up and my legs together. She kneels near my feet and puts her a strong hand on each of my knees and begins to slowly spread my legs open.

“Come on little Krissy, open up these slender legs and show everyone your very special flower. You know I'm here to eat it up good, and make you into a nice girlie snack.”

I close my eyes and tilt my head back, blushing in embarrassment, but also quivering with ferocious anticipation. I let Mrs. Anderson's strong hands guide and spread my legs wide open on the bed. Now everyone in the room can really see my exposed pussy! I can't believe what I'm I doing here, letting Mrs. Anderson (a woman!) sexually ravage me in front of all my friends! It's wild and sooo wickedly delicious.

Mrs. Anderson's hands push against my open knees. Her hands very slowly trace down the inside of my thigh and rest light on top of my pussy. I feel Mrs. Anderson begin to softly kiss the inside of thigh, just below my knee. Her kisses get wet and very sloppy as she maddeningly makes her way down the inside of my thigh. She fully opens her mouth and use her slimy tongue and teeth to gently bite my tender inside thigh as she moves down. Oh! This is so crazy. I know exactly where Mrs. Anderson is heading.

I feel the older woman's thumbs gently press into each side of my pussy, her other

fingers spread over my ass cheeks. She's holding and maneuvering the inside of my hips like bowl of fruit!

"Oh Kristine, my sweet little Kristine, I'm looking directly into your astoundingly pretty cunt, and aaah, what an absolutely beautiful, beautiful sight it is to behold. Oh, you poor baby, It's all pink and swollen, your lips have blossomed open like the petals of an exquisite flower. I'm really enjoying introducing you to the joys womanly love making. I'm going to eat you out now, I take it you've never been eaten-out by a woman before?"

"N-noo," I croak, looking down, pulling on my arm bindings.

"Oh" I mumble as Mrs. Anderson's lips land directly on my pussy! I can't believe a woman's mouth is on my most private place! It's like an electric shock of pleasure. She kisses me again, and again, and again, each time a little more deeply, until I feel the wild sensation of her entire face pressed entirely between my legs. Her nose sniffs on my clit, her chin rubs next to my asshole, her cheeks rub against the sides of my innermost thigh.

"Oh! Ooooh!," I cry out loud in pleasure as Mrs. Anderson's tongue licks up and then down the sides of my pussy lip. I groan again loudly as her mouth opens wide and engulf my entire clitoris. She slowly laps over my clit and then nibbles and gently bites at it, causing me to wiggle and shake, pulling on my bindings. Her soft, hot tongue moves slowly down, fully entering my pussy.

"AH, Ooh! Mrs. Anderson, that feels so good, please, please, please fuck me, fuck me with your tongue!" I suddenly blurt out, surprising even myself. I hear Marcie chuckling from the couch. I've temporarily forgotten that there's watchers in the room with me and Mrs. Anderson.

"Not so fast my little love-bitch," Mrs. Anderson says. I open my eyes and look down at the older woman crouched between my wide open legs. She smile up at me, her face completely plastered with what must be my own love-juice.

"Oooh," I gurgle in disappointment.

"Don't worry sweetcakes, it certainly ain't over yet," my new lover says. She hops off

the bed and retrieves a gym bag from the floor. She sets it aside on the edge of the bed and takes out a small blue bottle.

"I hope this is still warm," she mutters and takes off the cap, pouring a small amount of bluish liquid into her hands.

"Yes, it's perfect," she says while pouring the contents of the bottle directly onto my tummy, chest and torso. The blue liquid is warm and very slick.

"This is just a little love oil to make us girls nice and slippery," Mrs. Anderson tells me while deliciously spreading the warm oil over me. She puts the cap back on and throws the bottle back into the bag.

Mrs. Anderson gets between my legs again, this time on her hands and knees. The older woman kisses me up from my belly, slowly moving over my prostrate body. She licks and laps my breasts and sucks on my hardened nipples, gently at first, then she bites them with a bit more force. I look down at the older woman, trembling with desire.

Mrs. Anderson moves completely over me, her hips gently resting between my open legs. Her lanky body feels warm and firm against me. Her mature breasts feel great as they slide and flatten against my own. She brings her face above mine and kisses me passionately as her muscular body flattens and settles on top of me. It's just out-of-this-world that I'm bound to this bed, naked, with Mrs. Anderson, of all people, naked on top of me! She slowly insert her tongue into my mouth, it's thick and wet, she takes her time swirling it around.

"Mmmm, Kristine, my little cunt, you've been shaking your sweet little butt all around town, now its time for you to get properly fucked by one nasty lesbian." She rubs and squirms against me. "Mmmm, isn't nice the way our bodies slip and slide together. I'll bet you never thought I would be your lover?" She arches and squirms her body against me while looking directly into my eyes.

"Oh, oh God! N-no, no Mrs. Anderson I g-g-guess not," I reply, shyly returning her gaze.

My marvelously wicked older woman gets up on her elbows and begins to slide back

and forth against me with gentle force. She uses the fact that my hands are cuffed and bound to the headboard to get even more leverage.

With a big smile on her face Mrs. Anderson slowly arches forward, pressing down and grinding her pussy deeply into mine. She presses her hips between my wide open V- spread legs. The effect of her sweaty, greasy body pressing, ardently rubbing into me is pure, pure magic! Our hips pick up a crazy, bucking tempo, our pussies come to squash and ooze pervertedly together. Our trim pubic hair creating an incredible lusty friction. My new (lesbian!) lover takes a fistful of my hair forcing my head back. She wildly kisses my neck, face, eyes, nose, mouth. She bites, pinches and sucks at my neck, driving me crazy with desire.

Mrs. Anderson arches on top of me, wiggling, writhing and thrashing against me with intense abandon. I can't believe what we're doing! I'm actually getting fucked by this beautiful older woman! How wonderfully different it is. We begin to loudly slap and mash together with urgent female need. I pull on my bound arms to push myself up and into Mrs. Anderson. I'm very warm and racked by hot pleasure, transported to that other-worldly place of lust and pure sensuality. My orgasm wells out from my deepest, most secret self, it blossoms out from within my tummy and hips. My lips part as Mrs. Anderson slips her wet, dripping tongue into my mouth. I suck it down and try to hold onto to it with my lips, despite our increasingly wild and bucking fornication. My entire being is completely opened to this woman. Our swollen pussy lips frenetically rub, slide and squish into each other with a wet squishing noise, as if their trying to transfer some secret urgent message. We're burning, drenched and slippery, I'm melting into Mrs. Anderson's body! We're turning into one very smelly, very sweaty carnal beast.

"Oh! oh! ooh! Aaaaarh!" I scream out at the top of my lungs. My orgasm overwhelms me, my toes curl and my back arches up as I gush, and gush with sticky love-juice, mixing, oozing and slamming wetly against Mrs. Anderson's wonderfully soft gash.

## **END OF PART 1**

### **Part 2 of 3**

"Oh! oh! ooh! Aaaaarh!" I scream out at the top of my lungs. My orgasm overwhelms

me, my toes curl and my back arches up as I gush, and gush with sticky love-juice, mixing, oozing and slamming wetly against Mrs. Anderson's wonderfully soft gash.

Mrs. Anderson is close to her own orgasm, and not quite finished yet. She leans off me, just a bit, to increase her leverage and really grind into me. We're rhythmically locked together. I look up at her, what a beautiful sight! Mrs. Anderson's usually well coifed hair all wild and loose, strands plastered to her lovely, sweaty face, her full breasts bouncing madly to our fervent tempo.

-Our eyes lock together for a second. Mrs. Anderson grabs my shoulders and stops moving, pressing her pussy hard against me. Her eyes close and eyebrows come together, her mouth opens but no sound comes out, just a small amount dribble flows over her lower lip, down her chin and all over my breasts and face. A look of the most exquisite agony overcomes her face. Her pussy gushes warmly all my pussy and thigh. She moves her hips against me again as a large amount of her own sticky love-fluid flows from between her legs. Her cum soaks into my pussy and pubes, running deliciously down my ass-crack, pooling in a warm and sticky puddle under my butt.

Mrs. Anderson's body finally relaxes and softens on top of me. She nuzzles her face between my head and shoulder. We giggle like innocent school girls.

"Wow, you gals sure are good together," a forgotten Marcie pipes in from across the room. Jimmy, Jeff and Marcie we're watching us the whole time!

Mm, Mm, Mm, I'll second that. Please don't stop on our account!" Jimmy, my boyfriend adds.

Mrs. Anderson rolls off me. We're both panting and recovering.

"Kristine, that was truly, truly wonderful," she smiles at me from across the bed. "You're a truly responsive young woman," she tells me while tussling and fingering my hair. "I wanted to first fuck you just woman-on-woman with no toys, to show you how special love-making between two woman can be. With that out of the way, we can now graduate to my little bag of love-toys. The night is still quite young, you know, and there's still many more ways that I going to screw, and perhaps, humiliate

you by.”

“W-What toys,” I ask sheepishly. My wrists are still cuffed to the bed’s headboard. I look down at my sweaty body. Jimmy, Jeff and Marcie are intently watching us from the couch by the wall.

“Mmm, well Kristine,” Mrs. Anderson smiles at me from the side of the bed, her hands roaming across my slick tummy and causally squeezing my breasts. “Basically I have a special toy to fill every one of your three slutty holes, your mouth, asshole and of course, this wonderful little cunt of yours.”

“Oooh” I reply inanely as her hand palms me right between my legs.

“But first Kristine-baby, before I impale your sweet ass, lets see if we can rev-up your little pussy-flower again,” Mrs. Anderson teases me while getting on her side and leaning against me. Her naked body is warm against mine. I feel like a such a little girl when she talks to me that way. My cheeks burn red as she slowly kisses my face and nibbles on my ear. “Hmm, I’ll bet I’ll have this cute box spasming again real soon.”

She nibbles on my ear as her hands push my legs open once again. The wicked older woman slowly rubs her palm on the soft inside of my upper thigh. Her pointy tongue licks along my neck. She rubs the heel of her hand into my pussy mound! This older woman is turning me into a little horn-ball again!

“Oh Kristine, my beautiful girl, your little twat is really heating up again! Hmmm, Let’s move on to the next phase of our love-making.”

Mrs. Anderson leans up off me and reaches into her bag near the edge of the bed. I pull up on my bindings trying to get a better look at what she’s doing. I gasp as she pulls out what looks to me like a squat plastic dildo with a very bristly head and warty surface, the end flaring out into a wide disc. She also takes out a small jar of some kind of lube jelly and works it all over the plastic dong. She then places the strange thing directly on my chest, between my breasts!

“Kristine, sweetie, my little plastic friend here soon will be completely planted deep up your ass, isn’t that a nice idea? From what Jimmy tells me you’ve never had the

pleasure of a real ass-fucking before, but I guess there's a first time for everything. This is a special kind of anal-plug, it's bumpy surface will really heighten your first act of sodomy."

"Oh God, Mrs. Anderson," I moan with mounting desire, what she's saying is true, we don't see a lot of variety out here. "That's such a nasty looking thing!"

"Yes it sure is. All right then sweetcakes, it's bottoms-up," Mrs. Anderson tells me while picking the plastic thingie off my chest. She quickly flips me over on my stomach. My arms are still connected to the headboard, through the swivel chain. She arranges me so I'm on my knees and elbows, with my ass jutting upwards. My forehead resting on the pillow. This is so wild, so nasty. I can't believe what's about to happen to me.

The older woman's hands caress and roam up and down my exposed backside.

"Kristine, your young ass is every bit as sweet as I've imagined it to be, so nice and tight and round," Mrs. Anderson informs as I feel her tongue lathering up my butt.

"Ooow, Oh!" I yelp in surprise as Mrs. Anderson's sharp teeth bite into my backside. I hear Jimmy and company chuckling from the couch.

First I think we're going to have to loosen you up a bit girl," the older woman exclaims. She rummages through her equipment. I gulp when I hear Mrs. Anderson putting on a pair of latex gloves.

"Don't worry sweet-cheeks, I have a pair of rubber gloves on now and I'm lubing them up with some of my special butt oil. You'll just go wild when I stick my fingers up your asshole."

"Oh God!" I groan aloud. I never knew Mrs. Anderson could be so wonderfully and utterly nasty.

Mrs. Anderson's cool fingers spread my ass cheeks wide open. I can't believe this is happening! I'm going to be finger-fucked in the ass, by a woman! Not only that, she's also my neighbor and a family friend no less. It's so completely wicked, I just love it! My pussy is sopping wet.

“Ooooh,” I gasp. Mrs. Anderson’s latex covered hand massages over and around my rosebud. I groan and shake in my bindings as the tips of her fingers press against my rear hole, making slow circles, working their way into me! It feels quite odd when her pointer finger slides completely into me, right up to her knuckle!

“Now that’s something you don’t see everyday,” Jimmy observes from the couch. Jeff and Marcie chuckle at this.

I shutter as Mrs. Anderson manipulates my bottom, twisting her finger around inside me! She takes her time rummaging around in my rear. I sob as the older woman slowly slips her finger out of my ass. I hear the unmistakable sound of Mrs. Anderson taking off her latex gloves.

“Easy there baby,” Mrs. Anderson coos to me softly. “I just wanted to warm you up a little. Now Kristine, you did good. You need to relax your little butt as much as possible. Hmmm, yes, I’m really going to enjoy watching your sassy young ass get fully taken tonight.”

“Ooch!” I yelp and moan as I feel the contact of the plug’s oily, mushroom shaped, soft bristly-knobby head pressing against my asshole. Oh! This is so unbelievable! Mrs. Anderson is so, so naughty.

“Easy baby, relax, just relax. I’m just going to gently, but firmly twist and turn the plug into your beautiful ass now.”

“Aarh OH! OH! Ooooh!,” I cry out into the pillow in short huffs as Mrs. Anderson does just that! The plastic thing moves into me a bit but then stops tight, not moving any further!

“Now Kristine, you going to have to work with me here. You going to have to relax those sweet cheeks of yours just a bit now.”

“Oh! Oh-my! Arrrh!” I wiggle and squirm as the plug twists against me, it makes no further progress.

“I have an idea. Hey Marcie,” Mrs. Anderson calls over to the couch. “Why don’t you come over here and French kiss our little friend here. She needs a little distraction.”

“Sure thing Angie, I’d love too.” Marcie gets off the couch and comes pattering over to the bed. I can’t believe it! Marcie is a new friend of mine, I’d never thought we’d wind up kissing!

“Hiya sweetie,” Marcie says while climbing on top of the bed near my head. I take my head off the pillow and look up at Marcie’s pretty face. Her heart shaped face is framed by long brown hair and soft brown eyes. Her finger pushes back the hair that has fallen over my face. She lifts up my chin and brings her soft lips to mine. Wow! She’s really a great kisser! Our lips slip and slide together. I relax and moan as her tongue gently traces over my lips.

“Yes, yes in we go!” Mrs. Anderson cries out.

“Aaaah!” There’s an odd popping sound as Mrs. Anderson’s anal plug suddenly breaks through and continues traveling up and into me in short raspy movements. Oh! What a bizarre sensation! It feels like I’m having a super big bowel movement. But that can’t be true, I also feel the plugs obscene plastic-bumpy surface sliding right INTO my rosebud. I know something has to be moving IN not OUT!

“Thank you Marcie,” Mrs. Anderson says, “you did great, you can sit down now.”

“Sure, anytime.” Marcie climbs off the bed.

“Oh! Ooooooh! Oh! Ooooooh!”

Mrs. Anderson firmly twists and turns the strange dong up into my bottom with a slow and rock steady pace. I sob and whimper, pulling on my bound wrists as the wider part of the plug moves into me, opening up my ass. I feel every plastic spike and oily bump sliding up past my anus. The older woman puts her deliberate strength behind the plug.

“Ooh yes, yes my little Kristina,” The older woman coos softly. “Your taking your first anal penetration very, very well now baby. Slowly, slowly, that’s it, just inch-by-inch. Ah yes, yes, in we go.”

It feels like forever as Mrs. Anderson continues to twist the soft-spiky plug into me. As she twists and rotates the thing and up and into my rear, I sense a thick, oily

balloon welling up inside my ass. The room is completely quiet now, just the perverse glistening sound of the plastic intruder making its way up my bum!

My ass involuntarily squirms and attempts to clamp down on the intruding dong-thing, but it's useless of course. I put my head down and moan into the pillow, pulling on my bound arms and arching my butt up. Her plug-thing slowly fills me up, expanding deep inside my bowels. In an extraordinary wicked way I feel like my whole backside is being shucked wide open. I can actually feel the wonderfully horrid thing teasingly press against the back of my pussy!

"Ah yes, Kristine, my little fuck-toy, the plug is almost all the way inside you now," she tells me. I feel the wide disc stop against my butt, preventing the anal invader from proceeding any further into me. I'm brimming with the most delicious, most perverted fullness welling up from inside my ass. My thighs are shaking. I groan and bite into the pillow, leaning on my bound arms. I experiment by squeezing and rolling my hips and thighs slightly, causing the strange plug to give me wild sensations.

"Well, I think our little lady here is taking her first anal penetration quite, what do you folks think?" What a question for Mrs. Anderson to ask! It's even worse when I hear Jimmy, Marcie and Jeff murmur their agreement from their viewing spot at the couch.

"Well, Kristine, I have to admit your sweet little butt does look pleasingly depraved with my nasty butt-plug stuck way up in there. Now what would mother and father say if they could see their proper little cheerleader all bound-up and well plugged." Mrs. Anderson lightly rest her hand on top of the plug's disc, sending more crazy sensations up and into my bottom.

"Oh God, M-Mrs. A-Anderson, th-this is just between us in the room, p-please.."

"Why of course dear, of course. I just love to watch the oh-so-proper girl next door become a my wanton sex-toy." With that, Mrs. Anderson palms the end of the discs and begins to forcefully rotate the plug around inside my butt, creating a wet squishy sounds and driving me totally insane.

“Aaaaaaaaah, Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh God! P-please M-Mrs. Anderson!” I groan out loud as shocks of pleasure shoot up from my poor bottom. Her ministrations are making me crazy!

“So tell me little one, should we fuck each other silly with a large double-headed dildo I have in my bag?”

“Y-yes, OH! y-yes, y-yes, God-YES!, p-p-please,” I whimper to Mrs. Anderson, my lesbian lover!

“Well, okay then, Jimmy can you get me one of your wooden kitchen chairs and place it near the bed.?”

“Sure thing.”

I’m in a daze, my ass, pussy and nipples are on fire! Mrs. Anderson lets go of my ass and uncuffs my wrists from the headboard. She quickly re-cuff my hands together behind my back.

“Kristine, be a good girl, go and kneel in front of the chair Jimmy just brought and await my instructions.”

“Yes, Mrs. Anderson.” Breathing heavily I slowly hop off the bed, every movement causing the anal plug to shoot more wild sensation up my bottom. I kneel obediently on the carpet, in front of the plain wooden kitchen chair Jimmy just provided.

My lover, Mrs. Anderson, pulls out a 10-to-12 inch double-headed dildo from her bag of tricks. My pussy twitches when I see the thick bulbous heads on each end of the phallus coming into view. I gulp as I visualize what me and Mrs. Anderson are probably about to do to each other with such a monster double-dong!

She puts the dildo on the side of the bed, and sits on the chair with her knees together and crooks a finger for me to come towards her. Which I do, shuffling forward on my knees, my arms bound behind me causes my chest to jut out. I move awkwardly towards Mrs. Anderson like an obedient bitch in heat.

She opens her legs wide and smiles sweetly down at me as I scuffle close. As my

tummy meets the front of her chair, our eyes lock. Mrs. Anderson leans forwards and grabs my head. She kisses me fully on the mouth, then kisses my nose, chin, cheeks, eyes and hair. Her kisses are hard, wet and torrid. She laps at my face with her long, pointed tongue. I'm quite heated now as I return Mrs. Anderson's kisses. I kiss her full lips, her cheeks, her neck.

With her strong arms on my shoulders she directs me downward to her breasts, which I happily feast upon. I lick, suck and bit gently the older woman's nipple's. She closes her eyes and murmurs in approval.

"Ooh Ooh, Kristine, sweet, sweet little Kristine, so young, so fine.."

My face is between her warm breasts when Mrs. Anderson's places her hands on the sides of my head and begins to push me even further downward. I bend lower willingly. I've always thought of all the crazy sexy, depraved things I would try, I would never, never, eat out another woman, but that seems like a lifetime ago.

Her hands hold and direct the back of my head to that soft magic place between her legs. I draw in her wonderfully strong musky scent. My tongue is out and my eyes are closed as I lap up between Mrs. Anderson's swollen pussy lips. She grips the back of my head. I lap her up like a dog, I find her clit and suck on it and twirl it around on my tongue, then run the flat part of my tongue back and forth between her pussy lips, just as she did to me earlier. She gently pushes me up.

"Aaah yes, my little one, very good, I think we're quite ready now."

Shakily I get to my feet. Mrs. Anderson grabs the double-headed dildo from the bed and rubs one end of it along her pussy. The dildo disappears into Mrs. Anderson's love-tunnel. Leaving the other end to bob obscenely between her legs.

"Come here darling, spread those skinny legs of yours climb and onto my lap."

I can't believe I'm doing this! With my wrists bound behind me, anal plug in my butt, my nipples hard and pointing forward, I walk, trembling just a bit, to Mrs. Anderson. Her one hand is lewdly feeding the dildo into her pussy, the other beckoning me towards her.

I spread my legs wide to straddle and climb onto Mrs. Anderson's lap, like I'm riding a horse. I wobble back and forth because my toes can barely touch the floor. The plug in my butt wobbles around. Her naked thighs are warm where they meet mine. We're now face-to-face, my breasts are almost at level with the older woman's.

She holds my waist with one hand to steady me and scoots me forward a bit, causing the other end of bulbous dildo to rest against my pussy.

"Mmm, Kristine, now isn't this cozy?" Mrs. Anderson looks me directly in the eye. "Are you sure you're ready for this?" She says looking down at the free end of the dildo.

"Y-yes, oh yes!" I hiss. I can't believe what we're about to do!

I look down and watch in amazement as Mrs. Anderson takes the free end of the dong and rubs it up and down along my twitching pussy. She pushes the big bulbous head between my outer lips, opening me up a little. I gasp and close my eyes at the intense and very intimate contact. The soft dildo head feels incredible firm and oddly spongy as the older woman pushes and compresses the thing between my (now quite slippery) pussy lips. It feels great as the wide head enters my body. The dildo slips just inside me. I can't believe I'm now attached, pussy-to-pussy, to Mrs. Anderson!

"Okay, my sweet, sweet baby, up we go," Mrs. Anderson coos to me as she takes hold of my hips and gently lifts me up. She very, very slowly lowers me down and onto the upright phallus, causing the end of the dong to push up and into my love-tunnel!

"Aaah, Oh, Ooh, oh my! Oh my! Oomph! OH GOD!, YES! I-I-I...oh WOW!" I gurgle and moan inanely. Warm pleasure spreads up from my between my legs as more of the big dong slides up and into me. I'm being slowly cleaved wide open, right here on Mrs. Anderson's warm lap!

"Yes, yes, that's it baby, Ooooooh yes, that's my good little girl. Your taking it quite well. Oh Kristine, my little Kristine, you're so soft, so light." Mrs. Anderson looks down and watches intently as the dildo rides up and into me.

I do feel so small and special when she talks to me that way! I twist around and

writhe in my limited movement, causing the most unbelievable sensations from my impaled pussy as I sit here straddling her lap. It's a good thing she's holding me by the hips, because with my arms bound behind me, and my toes barely reaching the floor I don't have a good sense of balance.

The older woman presses me closer to her. She opens her mouth and kisses me passionately on the lips. I attempt to return her kisses and groan as the dildo continues to move up and into me, splitting me open. inch, by-agonizingly-slow inch. As I slide forward and down on the thick rubber dong our pussies are get closer and my legs are lewdly splayed wider and wider over the older woman's lap.

Slowly and instinctively our hips begin to jerk and rotate around. Each movement translates into our shared double-dildo, causing it to slide, and squish around in our pussies. The sensations are just incredible!

"M-M-Mmmh-OH!" I whimper as our impaled pussies come to mash together. I'm now fully pressed against the older woman. Tummy-to-tummy, pussy-to-pussy and breast to breast. I bounce up and down and in and out while straddling her lap. I intuitively run my mouth and tongue along her neck and shoulder, drooling on the older woman just a little. We bounce and mash together in this fashion for quite a long time. Once again I feel transported to that other worldly place of endless pleasure. I'm so hot and sweaty as I give in and respond to every squishy bumpy and driving movement from Mrs. Anderson's hips. In a weird way I feel like I'm once again melting into this older woman, like a slice of soft cheese on hot apple pie. I'm being absorbed into her very pores!

I groan at all the incredible sensations. I roll my hips down to further skewering myself onto the older woman. I arch my back and shamelessly push my chest into the face of my wicked, wicked lady lover. Mrs. Anderson responds by taking hold of my shoulders and manipulating me to devour my breasts. She bites, nips and wildly suckles me repeatedly from breast to breast. She holds my nipple between her teeth and pushes my shoulders back, causing me to groan and whimper in pain and pleasure. She rocks her hips fiercely up and down, causing me to jerk and bob uncontrollably on our shared dildo.

"Oh, my, oh my," the older woman coos between mouthfuls of my wobbling breast-

meat. “Poor, poor, poor little Kristina. She’s now a quite the hot little fuck-toy, isn’t she!” She holds me tightly to her sweaty body as our hips violently buck and mash together. We’re both glistening with slippery sweat. I gasp and groan as the plastic invader twists, slips, slides in and out of me. Our swollen, pointy clits touch together to deliciously squish and rub together, nose-to-nose.

“Aaah! Oh Yes! Oh Yes! Oh! I’m really, really fucking you, you little bitch, you little slut-girl-twat! Aah! I’m fucking your little-girlie brains out! Oh! And you love it! Oh! You feel so fucking great! You nasty little bitch! Oh! Y-you just love it, you-you little twat!”

Mrs. Anderson cries out as her hips move in a quick series of short, very intense jabs causing me to bounce and bob faster on her lap. She throws her head back with a look of intense concentration, then slows down a bit and smiles up at me. I pout in disappointment as she stops moving her hips. At this point I’m helpless to stop my own hips from their own obscene gyrating motion.

“Oh Kristine, okay, okay, let’s have some fun and make you cum like the good little-girl fuck queen you are,” Mrs. Anderson teases as she wraps one hand around my waist, holding still my hyperactive hips and impaled pussy close to her body.

She once again fastens her mouth and sucks in my nipple, clamping her teeth to me and playing her tongue across my sensitive nip. I bite my lower lip and whimper. While holding me very still on top of the dildo and chewing hard on my nipple, the wicked older woman reaches her free hand around to my backside, and fingers and grabs hold of the anal plug still deeply lodged up my rear!

“OH! OH GOD! Oooh, Oh, Oh, Oh Mrs. Anderson!” I babble as I realize the depraved action she has in mind.

I whimper and sob on her sweaty lap, leaning my head onto her shoulder as she slowly pulls the spiky plug out of my anus. My rosebud feel loose and rubbery as I feel the head of the plug resting against my bottom. She very slowly re- inserts the spiky thing back up my ass! It slides into me quite easily this time. I’m swamped a dirty, guilty pleasure as many, many wondrous sensations shoot through my body.

“Aaah, Aaaah, oh my, oh my oh M-Mrs. Aaah-Aaah-Anderson, OH!”

She picks up a slow, steady tempo, pumping the bumpy anal phallus in and out, in and out, of my poor ass. An embarrassing wet smacking sound comes from my butt every time she re-inserts the thing back into me! It’s just too much! The wicked older woman has her teeth clamped on my nipple, and I’m completely impaled on our shared double-dildo!

I squeal, whine, and moan, pulling at my bound arms while continuing to lewdly gyrate and bounce on the older woman’s lap. Mrs. Anderson, my proper neighbor from down the street and good friend of my parents relentlessly works me over! My straddling legs clamp down, and hold tightly around the older woman’s thighs. My God! What have I’ve become here? I’m her impaled bouncing girlie-sex-toy! I squirm wildly up and down, completely entrapped on the older woman’s lap. She’s relentlessly pumps my ass in-and-out, in-and-out, with that obscene plug-thing, all the while mouthing and sucking hard on my nipple!

“G-g-grrrr, ga, ga, gr, Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Aaaaaarhhhhh! OH! Aaaaaaaaarhhhhh!” I tense-up, arching my back and pressing myself tightly against Mrs. Anderson’s heated body. My orgasm takes me by surprise by how quickly it overtakes me, ripping through me like white fire, starting from the deepest place in back of my distended and impaled pussy, shooting up my back, up to my breasts, down my legs, curling my feet and toes. She holds me close as I tremble, shudder and shake up and down on her lap. After a long while I finally relax, and take a deep breath.

Mrs. Anderson gently kisses my neck, working her way up to my lips. She takes my head in her hands and we softly kiss. We explore each others lips, tongue and mouth for a bit, in a kind of post-orgasm bliss.

“Mmm, Mrs. Anderson, that was so wonderful,” I gush, smiling at the older woman.

“Yes, yes it was. All right baby, I think that’s enough for now,” Mrs. Anderson tells me as she lifts me off the dildo into a standing position.

“Wow!” Jimmy exclaims from the couch. “That was out-a-sight!”

Mrs. Anderson helps me clean myself up as everyone stretches, somewhat dazed,

and calls it a night. Mrs. Anderson, Jeff and Marcie go home. Jimmy is really worked up and we quickly fuck. Jimmy is okay, but I'm already thinking of how me and Mrs. Anderson can get together again.

## **END OF PART 2**

### **Part 3 of 3**

Mrs. Anderson helps me clean myself up as everyone stretches, somewhat dazed, and calls it a night. Mrs. Anderson, Jeff and Marcie go home. Jimmy is really worked up and we quickly fuck. Jimmy is okay, but I'm already thinking of how me and Mrs. Anderson can get together again.

A few weeks later my family is having our huge famous summer barbecue. Family and friends gather together in our large backyard to consume tons of corn, dogs and beans. I worked hard in the morning with my parents and sisters to get the house and yard ready for the big shin-dig. I'm nervous with frenetic energy because the Anderson's will be part of the crowd coming over to visit. This will be the first time I'll be seeing Mrs. Anderson after our wild lesbian encounter at Jimmy's. I haven't heard from Jimmy all week and suspect he has moved on. I don't seem to care that much about him either way. He's nice but I've been dreaming more about Mrs. Anderson lately.

People start showing up, the burger's sizzle on the grill. The Anderson's finally arrive. My heart is in my throat. Mr. And Mrs. Anderson, with their two daughters walk up, saying their hello's to everyone. My Mom relieves Mrs. Anderson of two large homemade pies she's carrying. Just seeing Mrs. Anderson again makes my pussy tingle. I'm struck with how utterly normal and proper she appears, wearing a modest floral print dress with a blue bow in her hair and a big white pocketbook at her side. She plays the part of typical suburban house perfectly, no sign of the dominatrix-bitch lurking beneath. I'm sure that no one at our gathering today would even suspect that just a few nights ago Mrs. Anderson had me bound and well-plugged as she fucked me silly.

She smiles at me and says hello, as she usually does, politely asking about my work and school. Even though my ears burn red with memories, I answer in the typical

fashion; schools okay, work is fine, blah, blah blah...

Mrs. Anderson doesn't show the slightest hint of the nasty things we've done. The barbecue party continues in the bright afternoon sun. Little kids race around, as us adults mill about chatting, drinking pop and beer and swatting at the flies. My oldest sister, Suzy, has four young noisy kids of her own which I help take care of.

The kids run off, and for a while I'm left alone at the one of the picnic tables. I gulp and tremble slightly as Mrs. Anderson comes by and sits down next to me. For a while we don't saying anything. The both of us just staring off in the afternoon heat.

"Kristine, I'll get right to the point. I'm aroused as hell just looking at you here, in your soft blouse and tight-fuck- me blue jeans. Let's make love right here and now. I've brought some special toys in my handbag that I'm just dying to try out on you. Maybe we could go up to your bedroom. You have a lock on the door, right?"

She says this as in the most nonchalant way, as if we're just two gals talking about the county fair!

"Mmm, Mrs. Anderson," I respond trying to stay cool but completely excited by the idea. "Y-you m-mean now? That's very nasty, with everyone around and all."

"Yes honey," she says while innocently tracing a finger along my shoulder blade. "That of course is the point."

Two minutes later I'm sitting on the bed in my bedroom, waiting for Mrs. Anderson. Looking around at my rows of stuffed dolls and the light pink wallpaper. I know that it's time I find my own apartment. Being 22 is just old to stay at home with my parents.

I hear heels coming down the hallway. Mrs. Anderson enters my bedroom with a whirl. She closes the latch and turns toward me. We smile at each other and my cheeks blush lightly.

"Hi, sweetie," she says grinning at me. "I know this is just a little crazy. Um...is it too much Kristine? It-it just makes me feel so wild, so naughty, the idea of taking you right here, right in your own bedroom with our friends and family just outside. Just

let me know, at any time, if it's too much and we can stop."

I giggle and return her grin. I nervously stare down at my hands crossed in my lap.

"Um, no Mrs. Anderson, it-it's just fine with me. Umm, L-lets do it! I've been dreaming about you all week."

"Hmm, good, good. I've been thinking about you too dear."

Mrs. Anderson puts her large handbag on the bed and sits down very close to next me. Her hand gently traces up and down my back. She nuzzles and kisses my neck, I titter at the caress of her soft lips.

My heart beats rapidly as the older woman slowly pushes my shoulders way back and down against the bed. I'm on my back, facing up as Mrs. Anderson moves to her side and nestles close to me. The dusty afternoon sun shines across my bedroom walls. I still hear the noise from the barbecue below even though my bedroom is on the second floor

She gets down next to me and nuzzles my neck with her soft lips. I sigh and close my eyes as her hands roam across my tummy, down to my jeans, across my thighs and than around again. She feels up and over my shirt, fondling and pressing on my breasts, then moving up to my shoulder and then back down over my chest again. I keep my eyes close and thoroughly enjoy Mrs. Anderson's caressing of my body. Her touch is very light at first, and then becomes more insistent. Her nimble fingers unbutton my blouse down my chest and across my tummy.

Mrs. Anderson kisses me firmly across my cheek, up to my nose and then softly on my lips. I turn my head and return her kiss. Our tongues poke out and entwine. Her hands slowly move over my tummy and under my bra. She cups and molds my breasts like pizza dough. She's really turning me on now. I never imagined myself a lesbian, but I have to admit that what Mrs. Anderson is doing to me really feels great!

Our tongues dance as she plays with my chest. Her other hand comes between my legs and rub along my blue jeans to work long my inner thigh. She grabs my crotch and fondles me through my pants. I let loose a low moan of pleasure, giggling

nervously as the older woman unbuttons my jeans and casually zip them open.

“Oh!” I groan in pleasure as her palm rubs along my pussy mound. She continues to kiss me fiercely as her hands squeeze and knead my breasts and pussy. She moves down to kiss and bite along my neck. She inserts two finger up into my now sopping pussy. A thrilling agony wells up from between my legs as she slowly mashes and slides her thumb directly across my clit!

“Oh, Oh! Mrs. Anderson, y-your so nasty!” I murmur to my wicked lover, short on breath. I can’t believe I’m having sex with Mrs. Anderson, right here in my girlhood bedroom, with the sounds of our family picnic in full swing just outside my window!

“Mmmmm,” is the older woman’s only response. She kisses under my neck and squishes her fingers around deep inside me. Her intense handling is really turning me on!

I whimper and pout when she means off me and withdraws her hands.

“Kristine, I want to see your sweet ass as naked as the day you where born.”

Mrs. Anderson finishes undressing me. I help her out as she lift my blouse over my head. She unclips my bra and lifts it off. I groan when she briefly lowers her mouth to my now exposed breasts. She engulfs me, sucking upward on my tender bosom, treating me like a melting ice cream cone. Oh! She’s so wild! I groan as Mrs. Anderson takes my nipple between her teeth and shakes me a bit. My lesbian lover moves down to my feet dangling over the edge of the bed. She quickly takes off my sneakers, but leaves my pink cotton socks on. I close my eyes, I feel so wonderfully wicked. She removes my blue jeans, I raise my butt to let her slip the pants off me. Mrs. Anderson doesn’t stop there. I feel her warm fingers take hold of my panties. She pushes them down and off my legs!

I’m now completely exposed before the older woman!

“Kristine dear, why don’t you open your eyes and get off your sweet ass. Just kneel on there bed for a bit and watch me get undressed.”

“Um...okay Mrs. Anderson.”

I do as the older woman tells me and kneel on my soft, springy bed facing her. I blush deeply as she looks over my now naked body like a predator. She smiles at me sweetly, looking directly in the eyes as she begins unbuttoning the front of her dress. I gulp. I'm once again struck with just how pretty Mrs. Anderson is. Soft and shapely, but also strong, with a hint of definition to her biceps, her breasts are nice and round, much bigger than mine, her legs well defined and muscular.

She moves towards the bed like a cat, getting on her knees on the opposite side. We come together, face-to-face, and embrace. She holds me just under my arms and presses me tightly against her. Her breasts feel great against me! She's so warm and firm. Since she's taller than me she needs to lean down a bit to kiss me fiercely. I kiss her back. Mrs. Anderson then starts kissing me all over! On my cheeks, eyes, nose and down my neck. I feel completely swept away here in her arms.

I just want to absorb her into me! I kiss the older woman back, sliding my lips down her throat, along her shoulder and onto her chest, leaving a trail of sweet spittle as I go. I suckle on her breasts like a hungry little baby."Mmm, oh! Kristina, sweet little Kristina, that so nice, so wonderful," Mrs. Anderson coos, cradling me to her.

"Aaah, Kristine, Ummmm, Kristine," she says gently pushing me off her. "Let try something fun. Why don't you lie down on the bed proper. And I'll get over you, but in reverse, so we can lick each other between the legs. It's called the 69 position, and it's very, very nice."

"Okay." I quickly agree and lay down in the center of the bed. Her idea is so wild and nasty, I just can't wait to try it! She turns around and places her knees over me, straddling my tummy backwards! I look down in amazement as Mrs. Anderson's butt moves up and then directly over my face! The older woman gently brings her wet and musky pussy to rest over my nose and mouth. I'm overcome with her womanly scent as she begins to rub back and forth over my face. I quickly adjust as my nose, mouth and cheeks are plastered with her flowing love juices. She hooks her hands under my thighs and pushes my legs open. I shudder and tremble as Mrs. Anderson fastens her mouth to me pussy! It's like an electric shock of pleasure that reverberates through me.

I attempt to return the favor by opening my mouth to lick and slurp on the tender-

soft pussy mound splayed over my face.

“Oh baby, oh my sweet little baby, that’s good, that’s so fucking goood,” Mrs. Anderson murmurs to me. She moves her hips slightly so my mouth has complete access to her quim. She returns her mouth to my pussy. We both focus on licking, lapping and grinding against each other, mouth-to- pussy, pussy-to-mouth in wonderfully perverted womanly passion. My bed bounces a bit with our earnest slurping. Mrs. Anderson inserts her tongue into my pussy and slowly licks up and out! I echo back the same actions to the older woman’s pussy. We’re so totally wicked! Me and Mrs. Anderson, up in my bedroom engaged in fierce oral sex during the family barbecue!

We’re in a endless loop of giving and receiving the most intimate kind of pleasure. I loose myself to the overwhelming passion coursing through my body. Our twisting, grinding, slurping and licking reaches a fevered crescendo. We both cum almost at the same time. My back arches and my hips shake wildly as my orgasm wells out, and spasms into Mrs. Anderson’s mouth. She groans and I feel her soft pussy tremble and twitch around my inserted tongue. She’s already quite sopping wet, but nothing prepares me for the deluge that follows. Gobs and gobs of her love juices begin to flow from between her engorged pussy lips. I lick and laps it up in delight, but my mouth cannot keep up with the demand. Her juices run all over my face, down my cheeks, over my chin, and sloping and soaking into my hair.

“Aaaaarrh, Ooooooh, baby. Oh my sweet little baby, oh, a-aarh, a-aaaaaarh!” Mrs. Anderson moans as she lift her face from my spent pussy. She continues cumming all over my face! She arches against me, her thighs clamp tightly to me, her pussy grinds into my mouth and nose. I hear mothers yelling at their kids running around outside at the barbecue as Mrs. Anderson’s love flow continues to squirt past my lips, down my chin, even pooling up in my ears!

Finally her spasming pussy slows down. She whimpers and moans as she comes down from her high. She gets off me and turns around. We both laugh when we face each other. Her face is plastered with my love juices!

“Wow, Kristine, don’t you look like the perfect little cunt-licker,” she tease as she nestles down next to me. The older woman kisses me directly on the lips, forcing my

mouth open. I hold onto her shoulder as her tongue lazily plays across my own. We taste each others (and our own!) musky woman- scent. She stops kissing me and we lie in each others arms in a gentle post-orgasmic embrace.

She holds me close to her body as we lie on our sides with our legs entwined. She kisses my neck lightly. Her hands roam up and down my back, kneading, and molding my ass cheeks. Our breasts push deliciously together. I close my eyes and tilt my head back. Mrs. Anderson's body feels great against mine, she's so warm, so strong. As her magic hands continue to caress, the older woman mashes her pussy over my hip and thigh while manipulating her own thigh to press and slide over my own. I can't believe it. She's revving up again, heating us both up! Mrs. Anderson is totally unstoppable!

I moan and melt into the older woman as we thread, twist and twine against each other on my bed. The late afternoon sun provides a warm glow throughout my bedroom. Mrs. Anderson's body is like a glowing-tan muscular snake, twisting and rasping through me.

"Oh, baby, your such a sweetie, so young, so pleasingly pliant." She leans away from me. We look at each other in the face. I blush under have intense gaze, and then relax. Her angular face, and bright eyes are simply beautiful.

"Kristine, I have a strap-on dildo and wrist cuffs in my bag. I'd want to secure you to the bed here and fuck you with the strap-on. It would be a very nice cap to our little session this afternoon. What do you think, should we continue, or called it a day? You know you can me to stop at any time."

"Um...", I pretend to consider her question. She's so wonderfully wicked, I'm getting quite wet again just thinking about it. "Yes!, Yes! Let's do it, let's do it all Mrs. Anderson!"

She positions me on my back in the middle of my bed and stretches my arms out wide. She takes a pair of soft leather cuffs attached to adjustable chains out of her handbag. She loops the chains around each end of the bedposts. In no time she has my wrists bound wide to my own bedposts! She places a pillow comfortably under my head, and places another pillow under my ass. She pulls a funny looking molded

pink dildo out of her bag. A series of looping straps and clips are attached to the back of the thing.

“I just love this strap-on, see how the back is covered with these firm bristles,” the older woman shows me the strange plastic bristles on the back of the phallus.

“Y-yes, I do Mrs. Anderson,” I respond while twisting slightly, testing my wrist bindings.

“Well these little suckers give me the most amazing sensations when fucking little sluts like yourself.” She teases, and slips the thing over her legs, tightening the obscene dong to her crouch. My heart is pounding and I’m sopping between my legs as I contemplate what Mrs. Anderson is about to do to me! She bounces on the bed and gets next to me. The older woman places her hands over my chest. She deeply kneads and mashes my breasts together!

“Just one more thing for you, my tender little peach,” she says reaching into her handbag again. I groan when she pulls out two small metal clips, the clips are spring-loaded with nasty little rubber-padded teeth!

“Oh!” I groan again, looking down over my bound body as she grabs hold of my left breast. She pulls up on my nipple and attaches me directly to the metal clip, clamping the padded sharp teeth to my tender nip! A white-hot mix pain and pleasure shoots out over my chest. I whimper and moan as she gently lifts up, and shakes the nipple-attached clip. I yelp again as Mrs. Anderson attaches the next clip to my other nipple! I moan and shake as she takes a short metal chain out of her bag, and attaches it between each end of the nipple clips. The effect is that the chain forces my breasts together slightly! I close my eyes and pull on my bound arms, fully experiencing the strange, sharp throbbing sensations where her clips bite lewdly into me. The sensation emanating from my chest feels like a ceaseless, intense tweaking of my nipples!

Mrs. Anderson leans up. She moves to the bottom of the bed and gets between my legs, pushing them wide open. I’m breathing rapidly as I look at the older woman, with her attached ‘strap-on’, perched between my open legs. She massages and strokes my inner thigh with her warm fingers.

“Mmm Kristina, my sweet little Kristina. Don’t you look like the most perfect little love-slave, with your arms bound and your poor little tender nips all swollen and clamped up. I’ll bet every man and woman at your barbecue downstairs would just love to come up here and fuck your sweet brains out. Hmm, it’s an interesting thought, isn’t it. But don’t worry I wouldn’t let them, I want to be only one who has access to your nice little pussy-hole.”

“Oh!” What a thing to say! Just for a second the image of fucking every man and woman at the family barbecue flashes through my mind, making my poor pussy even wetter.

Mrs. Anderson move over me. Her knees push again my open thighs. The dildo gently rests between my legs. She’s on all four, directly over me now. Her hands are on the bed, near of my shoulders, supporting her upper body. She lowers her face to mine and we kiss wildly. The older woman breaks our kissing and reaches down to the strap-on. I shudder slightly as Mrs. Anderson positions the dildo’s head against my quim.

I close my eyes and whimper in pure delight as the older woman slowly, slowly lowers her hips down towards me, causing the dildo’s wide head to cleave open my pussy lips. The dong enters into me. I hear a wet, sliding-smacking sound and feel the long dong deliciously moving up and into me. I moan and gurgle with pleasure. This is so wild, what me and Mrs. Anderson are doing, fucking up in my bedroom, while the family barbecue continues right outside my window! I pull at my bound wrists and tilt my hips upward to better accept Mrs. Anderson’s plastic violator into my body. A hot, glorious feeling of fullness wells out from between my legs as she finishes burying every inch of the dong inside me. I’m now completely impaled and whimpering under the older woman!

“Hmm, Kristina, that easily slipped right into your hot little box, you little tramp. You just love being fucked and having your pussy completely filled-up. Don’t you, you little girlie-fuck-slut.”

“Ooooh,” I groan in disappointment as Mrs. Anderson withdraws the dong from me.

“Ready for more, sweetie?” The older woman teasingly asks, smiling down at me.

“Oh God, yes, yes. Please! Please Mrs. Anderson, please fuck me, fill me up, fill me up completely.” I groan and babble, swamped with lusty need.

“All right then sweetie, here it come.”

I whimper in pure ecstasy as the older woman slowly plunges the phallus inside me again. Using her hips, she slowly pushes in, and then pulls the dong out. She does this repeatedly. I murmur and groan in pleasure, moving my hips up and down each time I’m penetrated by the dildo. I strain and pull on my bound wrists, moaning, as I instinctively lift my knees up and wrap my legs around Mrs. Anderson’s bobbing waist, capturing the older woman warm body between my legs.

“That’s it baby, I’m all yours,” my lover coos down at me. “Ah, your such a sweet little twat, you feel so fucking good. All right girl, I’ll gonna really start to fucking you now. I’m going to fuck you for all your sweet little pussy is worth.”

“Aah, Oh!” I gurgle and squeal in sheer joy as Mrs. Anderson begins to vigorously pump the dildo in and out of me with powerful up and down movements of her hips. My hips respond in kind, rising to meet her powerful downward thrusting. It’s all I can do to keep my legs locked around her bucking hips. Oh! It feels so fucking good! I buck. I twist. I groan out loud every time I’m penetrated by her wickedly long dong.

Mrs. Anderson is an energetic woman. She endlessly pumps into me. I’m delirious and going out of my mind with ecstasy. Every once in a while I gasp as new joyous sensation course through my body as the older woman changes her angle of attack. She pumps into me from the top of my pussy, then from the right side, the left, the bottom, then around again, and again, and again. I twist and squirm against the thrusting older woman on top of me.

I close my eyes and emit little whelping sounds as my orgasm fast approaches. Mrs. Anderson must sense this, because she picks up her thrusting pace. With one hand steadying her on the bed, her other hand takes hold of the short chain she attached to the nipple clips between my breasts. As she continues her ceaseless pumping penetration into my now very sopping, wet pussy, she slowly pulls up on the chain. I’m suddenly reminded of the sharp teeth of the clamps biting into my nipples. She firmly pulls my breasts upward. Looking down over my body I see an amazing sight;

Mrs. Anderson's womanly form arching over me, my nipples being pulled up by the chained clamps, further down the slick phallus rides in and out, in and out between my legs.

"Aaaaaaaaarrh!" I cry out, sobbing and whimpering uncontrollably as I wiggle, twist and moan under the older woman. My back arches and I pull on my bound arms. My pussy gushes and spasms around the dong uncontrollably. Lightning hot flashes of heavenly rapture well up from between my legs and course across my clamped chest. Mrs. Anderson presses down and fully molds her body to me. She's hot and sticky, her breasts feel great as they mash into mine. She wickedly bites and sucks under my neck. I'm fully penetrated by the dong as her hips shake and gyrate in tiny frantic movements. She cries out and holds me tight, her hips press down into me and becomes still for a moment. Maintaining this position we hold on to each for a while, suspended in time. The sounds of birds chirping in the late afternoon sun and noise from the party outside suddenly return to fill my bedroom.

She lifts her head and looks down at me smiling. I shyly smile back and we kiss. My lips wetly play across hers. She breaks the kiss. I groan as she pulls the dildo out of my pussy and rolls off of me. I wince as she unclips the metal clamps from my nipples.

"Oh! Oh! Mrs. Anderson!" I moan out loud as she holds my torso and sucks up and down on my tender nips.

"All right, baby, all right," I sigh as she leans up. "I think my favorite girl-toy has had enough for today."

She undoes my wrist bindings and quickly gets dressed, stuffing her 'toys' back into her handbag.

"Honey, I better get back to the picnic. You should probably give it a few minutes and then come down yourself."

"I..umm," I mumble in a post-orgasmic daze, racing to get my thoughts together as Mrs. Anderson heads for my bedroom door. "W-will we, um, um, you know, umm, get together again?"

“Yes sweetie, of course, as often as you like.”

“Yes, yes, lets, ummm, I would like it very often!”

Good, honey, so do I.” Mrs. Anderson goes through the door. I hear her heels clacking down the hallway.

**END...**

**Author: Chrissy**