The Seduction of Sharon

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Published on Lush Stories on 31 Jan 2013

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Fun and frolic among neighbors

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/the-seduction-of-sharon.aspx

When I think back and recall all the trouble I went through to seduce and take Sharon, my neighbor Jerry's wife, to bed, I shake my head and wonder how blind I was not to see the big picture. Not that I did not enjoy making love to Sharon. I still do, in spite of everything that happened since that first time and the whole scene, blurred in the beginning, came into focus with a bang, literally, one sunny afternoon. But I must first write about the seduction, of which I am quite proud of before I came to know the story behind the curtain – or, in this case, the bed.

Jerry, my neighbor, has a voluptuous wife Sharon, small in build but heavy in breasts,with chestnut hair and shapely legs, who likes to swim in our pool wearing small bikinis that revealed a large part of her boobs and a well-rounded ass. Wittingly or not, she made me harbor dreams of reaching out to her breasts and squeeze them to my heart's content, run my hand on that smooth round ass and probe with my fingers in the divide between her buttocks. I tried not to let my thoughts wander in those fantasies when my wife, Clair, was present. They were friends, Claire and Sharon, and on some warm afternoons one found them by the pool, sun bathing in their bikinis. Claire, thirty-four and blond, sported a good pair of breasts too but it was Sharon's that I lusted after.

Claire is tall, five foot eight, lean and strong and her breasts, small compared to her build, are round and firm with nipples that stood firmly out. Time was when I would get an erection just looking at her. But ten years of sleeping with her, fondling the same breasts and stroking the same ass and entering the always available cunt had taken most of the magic out and I fucked her more out of a sense of conjugal duty and release of pent up heat than sensual passion. This was my excuse for lusting after Sharon with her squeeze-me boobs and come hither look. I gave her several hints of my intentions but either she was too slow to read them or decided to ignore them. That did not discourage me and I continued to make my passes at her whenever I had the opportunity, hoping that one day the ice will melt and I could take her to bed and do everything that I dreamed of doing.

I did not hope in vain, for one afternoon, when Claire was out working and I had my day off after a

night shift, the wet dreams morphed into exciting reality. Sharon, who never worked, came to our pool in a white bikini and jumped into the water from the diving board. I was sleeping in our bedroom when I heard the splash and looked out of the window. My temperature, and my penis, rose when I saw her glistening body. I did not waste any time and a few minutes later descended on her wearing my tight fitting trunks, which failed to hide my full-grown erection.

She was lying on the chaise lounge after a few laps in the pool. “You look very sexy,” I said, looking down at her.

Sharon gazed at me from top to bottom, stopping at my crotch. “So do you, Danny,” she observed.

I looked down at my bulge and smiled. “It shows, doesn’t it? It shows how I feel about you.”

“ You should ask Claire to take care of it.”

“ She ain’t home.”

“ Wait till she comes home.”

“ This may not wait,” I said, laying my hand on her thigh.

She gently removed my hand and took it into hers. “Take a swim. The cold water will do you a world of good.” Getting up, she led me to the pool. “Jump,” she said and gave me a gentle push. I jumped.

As I swam the length of the pool, I noticed Sharon sitting on the tiled edge, her feet dangling in water. I swam towards her and came up, facing her knees, holding them.

“ Are you cured?” she asked with a mischievous smile.

“ I was a moment ago. But not any more,” I admitted.

“ Really?” she wondered and, as if to check the veracity of my answer, she rubbed her foot against my bulge. For a few seconds, I remained speechless, enjoying the sensation of her touch. She continued to rub my penis with her foot and warm blood rushed in, hardening it in spite of the cold water.

Her touch was invitation enough for me and I was emboldened to pull her knees apart and kiss her crotch. The polyester of her bikini bottom came in the way and I pulled it down, revealing a dense growth of pubic hair. I put my mouth against it and let my tongue wander among the hairs, searching

for skin. Sharon apparently liked what I was doing because she put her hand on my head and pushed it hard against her cunt, lifting her legs up to accommodate me. I ate her, holding on to her buttocks. I pushed my tongue into her vagina and probed. She moaned with pleasure and her thighs closed against my head as a low scream came out of her throat and fluids filled her vagina. I looked up and saw her smiling a contended smile.

“ You are good. Better than..,” she left the sentence unfinished.

“ Jerry?”

She looked at me and blinked. “Yes, of course,” she said, “Who else could it be? Yes. Definitely better than Jerry,” she added, nodding her head in confirmation.

I climbed out of the water. “I still have a problem here,” I said, taking her hand and putting it on my crotch. I had my trunks on and she caught me through the fabric.

“ I can jerk you off,” she offered.

“ That’s not what I have in mind. I want to fuck.”

“ I suppose you can’t wait till Claire comes home.”

“ I should say not.”

“ You give me no choice. Your bed or mine?”

It was to be my bed, as it was nearer. We took off our swimwear and climbed in. I was too excited to spend time on any foreplay. We had enough of it out in the pool anyway, so Sharon did not insist. I entered her quickly and came in a few strokes.

“ How am I going to face Claire again after this? She moaned as I kissed her.

“ If you have no problem facing Jerry, you will have none facing Claire,” I assured her, stopping long enough to say it.

Our tryst ended an hour before Claire came home. Sharon’s apprehensions did not stop her from making love again before we parted. She slipped into her bikini and went back to her home the same way she came--thru the backdoor. I fell into an exhausted sleep and did not wake up till Claire shook me awake, saying it was time for me to leave for work.

My night shift continued for a week and I slept in the mornings and made love to Sharon in the afternoons. During that week I was more of a husband to Sharon than I was to Claire or Jerry was to Sharon. She even cooked my lunch and we ate it in bed, naked. I was exhausted by the time Claire came home and she usually found me sleeping, which she probably put down to working night shifts while in reality it was due to my shaft discharging it's load in Sharon and the consequent exhaustion in the afternoons.

It was too good to last and we were caught on the last day before my day shift began. Sharon, who displayed no inhibitions whatsoever, enjoyed the sensation of my penis inside her vagina about twice a day, in her mouth most of the time, in her anus occasionally and in a gentle grip of her fingers while we lay resting after a bout of ferocious lovemaking. We had fooled around most of that afternoon and she straddled me, directing me to enter her vertically up. She had closed her eyes and was savoring my presence inside her when Claire suddenly appeared at the foot of the bed.

Her appearance was so sudden that I did not see her walk in. She was not there one second and near the bed the next. For all I knew, she might have watched us for an hour before showing herself. Caught with my cookie in Sharon's jar, panic gripped me. I had visions of lawyers, court halls, divorce and alimony. Mostly alimony. When I felt my penis soften and begin to slip down, I let go of Sharon's breasts and tried to get up. But Sharon wouldn't let me. She had not seen Claire who was behind her. Then something happened that turned panic in my belly to a hardening of my penis.

Claire's hands hugged Sharon from behind. She gently kissed her neck and a few moments later, her lips. "Don't stop because of me," she whispered in her ear. Sharon smiled and said, "Of course not," and began her gyrations as Claire continued to kiss and fondle Sharon's breasts with one hand while she held my balls with the other. Deep down, obscured by the intense pleasure of having my member inside Sharon and my wife's long fingers around my balls, rubbing against the base of my penis, I fleetingly wondered about the two women's intimacy. But pleasure took over curiosity and I lay back and let Sharon move on my shaft.

I have never seen two women make love before but that day I had my eyes full. Claire got rid of her clothes and joined us, and the two women made love with passion. The sight of them excited me so much that I could not stop from coming, flooding Sharon, and slipping out of her, freeing her to turn her full attention to Claire. I lay passively under them as their passion exploded and seemed to never end. But end it did and finally Claire and Sharon rolled off and I lay between them, squeezed pleasantly by their naked bodies.

As I rested, I thought of the two women and their total intimacy again. I asked Claire: "How long has this been going on between you two?"

She laughed. “It started long time ago. Who can resist those boobs? You couldn’t. I couldn’t either. It was lust at first sight,” she said, fondling Sharon’s large breasts.

“ We became lovers almost from the first day we met,” Sharon said.

“ I never noticed a thing,” I said. I was not shocked by their confession because their sensuous lovemaking turned me on. I was only surprised that they had been fucking for such along time, it being more than six months since we became neighbors.

“ You gave enough hints about your own intentions, though. I told Claire and she asked me to go on and take you. We both felt that a man would fit nicely between us. She suggested that I get familiar with you first before she joined.”

“ Now you know,” Claire said.

So that was it. It was not my talent that seduced Sharon.

We would have laid there fondling each other till morning but for Sharon’s husband, who would be home shortly. “I must go now,” she said, getting up, “Jerry would be home soon.”

Claire and I got up along with her and helped her pick up her bikini pieces. She put them on and kissed us. First Claire, then me. “It is so nice to have you two as neighbors. I never felt so good,” she said.

“ I am starting my day shift tomorrow,” I said, “I will be home at about the same time as Claire.”

“ I will be here, waiting for you two. If you see a naked woman in your bed when you come home, you know what to do,” said Sharon.

“ Nobody does anything till I am home. I don’t want to be left out,” Claire warned.

Sharon left and I looked at Claire’s naked body. “You look terrific, darling,” I said, kissing her, “I wish I could make love to you right now.”

“ I can wait. May be after we eat and you get some food into your system, the little bugger would be ready again,” she said.

I ate and a lot of food went into my system and the little bugger came alive again. I made love to

Claire and it was no longer a conjugal duty but deep passion. The magic seemed to have returned.

The three of us made love the next evening and for many evenings after that. I couldn't wait to go home after work and sometimes, when I arrived, I found Sharon in the pool or inside the house--we gave her a key to the backdoor--and we spent time fooling around with each other till Claire arrived. Other times I found them already in bed, naked and thrashing, and joined them with a full erection. I did not discriminate and made love to them both in the course of the evening.

Inevitably, my daytime shift came to an end and I was back to working nights. That meant I had lots of time before Claire came home.

" Fuck her, darling," Claire advised, "but save some juices for me."

That seemed to be a sensible suggestion and I made love to Sharon during daytime and Claire joined us after work and took over after I was gone. And as the days and nights went on, the two of us screwed Sharon individually or in unison, depending on the availability of the players. Weeks passed.

End of October was a busy time at the factory as we prepared for the Christmas sales and we were all working overtime to meet the demand. I kept odd hours, with no specific time schedule and it was hard on me. I missed Sharon's boobs, and Claire going down on her and both of the naked women turning their attention on me in a threesome. I looked forward to Christmas and a return to normal routine and abnormal action in bed.

The week after Thanksgiving, there was a small letup as most of the orders were filled and we waited for refill orders to come in a couple of days. Our shift ended early and I headed home, thinking sweetly of Sharon and Claire, together in bed and me in their midst, with a large erection. Jerry appeared to be away on a sales trip and I was anticipating a full night of rollicking fun.

I parked my car in our driveway behind Claire's Toyota and unlocked the front door. I half expected to see Claire and Sharon in bed, naked and full of passion, but the house was eerily silent. I announced my arrival but there was no reply. I looked in the bedroom and it was empty and the bed was not slept in. I looked out at the pool but there was nobody there either. Disappointed at not finding the girls, I wondered if they went out. But Claire's car was in the driveway and Sharon and Jerry have only one car between them. This thought naturally led me to conclude that they were probably in Sharon's house, in her bed perhaps, taking advantage of Jerry's absence. I wanted to surprise them.

I went out of the backdoor, crossed the backyard to Sharon's house, climbed up the deck,which opened into her bedroom through a picture window. I stopped and looked in. There was a light burning inside and I could discern activity on the bed. There were naked bodies rolling about and I

could recognize Sharon’s lovely breasts and Claire long legs. I could also see the hairy legs of a man entwined with Claire’s.

The girls have found another man in my absence! This was betrayal! We were such a terrific threesome that intrusion by another man was simply treacherous. Who is he and how did he get into their bed? There was only one way to find out. I tried the door of the picture window and it yielded to my pull, sliding silently aside. I stepped in.

They were there all right, all three of them. There was Sharon, her back leaning against the headboard, her naked breasts jutting out; Claire was lying on her back in Sharon’s lap, her head resting against Sharon’s breasts and Jerry lying flat on the naked Claire. Yes, it was Jerry who was the odd man in, taking my place, his naked body on top of Claire and her long legs twisted around his back. Two pairs of hands held her breasts. Sharon’s from behind and Jerry’s from front, and he was preparing to enter my Claire.

I stepped towards the bed in stunned silence. Sharon saw me and smiled. “Mike! I am glad you are here. Come over and sit beside me,” she said without taking her hands off Claire’s breasts.

I moved closer. I could not take my eyes off Claire, who noticed me but made no move to stop Jerry. When he kissed her, she returned his kiss with passion, pushing her tongue into his mouth.

Sharon put her hand on my crotch and unzipped my fly, feeling for my erection. I could not help having a hard-on as I watched my wife lying between Sharon and Jerry. Sharon pulled my penis out and began to fondle it.

At this point my feelings about the situation began to take on a whole new color. Initially I did not appreciate Jerry taking over and occupying my place between Sharon and Claire. Then watching Claire’s naked body being caressed and kissed by him gave me perverse pleasure. My prick throbbed in Sharon’s hand and I held Claire’s breast up for Jerry to suck the nipple. Seeing her buggered by all three of us, my pleasure was complete. I kicked off my pants and removed my shirt.

“ Good!” exclaimed Claire and held my penis.

Then Jerry entered Claire and began to pump.

“ Beautiful!” said Sharon.

I watched Jerry heave and empty himself inside Claire. I held her breast in my hand and my penis was in hers. Her grip on me tightened with each of Jerry’s thrusts and when he came inside her,she

almost wrenched it off before letting it go.

When an exhausted Jerry fell on her and things calmed down enough for people to talk normally, I wondered aloud about how long this had been going on.

“ About six or seven months, I suppose,” said Sharon. She still held on to Claire’s breast with one hand and my penis with the other, fondling both. Claire was silent, savoring her copulation with Jerry who was lying on her with his penis still inside her.

That seemed unbelievable. “But that’s long before I came to know about you two,” I exclaimed.

“ Of course, it would be. Jerry knew about us almost as soon as Claire and I started making love. He came upon us one evening as we lay naked on this very bed. He did not make a scene. Simply dropped his pants and entered Claire from behind. Claire wanted to know whose prick it was that was trying to enter her.

“ 'Its Jerry,' I said and Jerry pushed in and fucked her..

“ That was the first time. The three of us made love many more times before you too started having fun with us. When you were out on your lousy night shifts, Claire stayed with us through the night till you came home. Very satisfying nights they were. We fucked to our heart’s content and Claire had to drag herself out of bed to be home when you arrived. She felt very bad about you being left out of the orgy. Besides, Jerry is not always available and we needed a man to make up for his absence. Then you started making passes at me and, well, you know what happened after that. Later we told Jerry that you are fucking us and he said may be we should all get together for one big bang. Two pricks instead of one. Jerry--or any one man for that matter--gets exhausted after one fuck. Between the two of us, we certainly could use another dick. We decided that today would be the day to bring you in for a foursome. The holidays are coming soon and we do not want to leave you out. We can now enjoy them better with all four of us sharing and loving.”

So it was all planned. I knew then that my seduction of Sharon, of which I was once so proud, was nothing but a play. I was led by my nose to Sharon’s tits and Claire joined with her pussy and Jerry with his dick. They wrote the script and I followed it like a puppy. But who’s going to say that a puppy does not lead a happy life? This puppy certainly enjoyed every minute of the mating game. If a threesome is so delectably satisfying, a foursome, with many more exciting options, could double the pleasure.

Jerry had rolled off Claire and looked at me with a grin. “Your wife is a terrific lay,” he said, putting his hand on her crotch and rubbing her clitoris with his finger, “We had a great time together. But we

didn’t know how you would react if you knew I was screwing her. When Sharon told me that you started fucking her, I felt better. I knew it was only a matter of time before we could bring all this into open. Welcome to the communal bed.”

I kissed Claire on the mouth. “Watching you fuck Jerry was a big turn-on, Claire,” I said.

She gently removed Jerry’s hand from her crotch and touched my penis. “Your turn,” she said and spread her legs.

I kissed her nipples, still wet with Jerry’s sucking and I put the tip of my penis against her cunt and pushed it in as Jerry squeezed her breast.

“ Beautiful,” said Sharon and kissed Claire.

Claire closed her eyes and moaned.