War of the Women

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Tara's lust for Sam has a surprising end result.

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The thing between Marcia and Tara had been going on for some time. Marcia was quite friendly with the rest of her neighbors in the Close, but she continued to snub Tara. Possibly because Tara was suspected of having seduced several of the men in the area.

Revenge was now a question of when, rather than if. With Tara, revenge would involve the seduction of Sam, Marcia's husband. Her juices were in full flow at the thought of it. Imagine seducing that great hunk, with the beautiful curly hair and green eyes, and pissing off his wife at the same time. How delicious!

She remembered seeing him poolside at one of the barbecue parties. In his oh so tiny black satin swimsuit, every contour of his cock was on view and she'd nearly orgasmed when he brushed against her a couple of times. Tara had no current boyfriend, but with her curvy figure, long blonde hair and good looks, there was never a shortage of men in her life. She was a fun loving girl, with a bubbly good humor, but she was determined to wreak her revenge on Marcia.

She stood now in front of a mirror in yellow nylon panties. 'Mm. Not bad – even if I do say so myself,' she thought, tweaking her nipples and enjoying their instant reaction to her touch. She ran her hands over her nylon clad buttocks. Not for her gee strings – she thought they looked and felt uncomfortable. She wondered what Marcia's secret weapon was? She must have something to keep hold of gorgeous Sam.

Her opportunity came a few days later. There were many parties in the Close, but every six months, they had a get together that everybody was invited to. This time it was to be held at Marcia's. She knew that Marcia wouldn't dream of not inviting her – it was more or less obligatory that everyone in the Close was invited.

The custom was that everybody dressed up for the occasion and Tara, after having had a gloriously

long soak in the bath, now set about selecting her attire for the evening. Normally she dressed and prepared herself quite quickly. With her figure it would be difficult not to look impressive. But this was going to be a special occasion and warranted a little extra effort.

Searching through lingerie collection, she couldn't make up her mind. Would Sam prefer red, pink or black? Silk or lace? In the end, she settled for red silk panties. She toyed with the idea of a bra, but decided she'd go au natural. Her completely natural bust didn't really need any help to look impressive. She chose an ankle length dress in red silk. It was cut low at the front, displaying her admirable cleavage, and was slit to just below the hip on her left side and it stuck to her figure like glue, leaving very little to the imagination.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she was very pleased. Sam wouldn't know what had hit him. Most men are quite easy, bless them! You only have to show a bit of leg, a flash of panties and they're slavering at your feet. That's if their view ever got lower than any cleavage on display.

As expected, she received a cool reception from Marcia.

'Welcome, Tara. You look very nice. You don't think your dress is a bit over the top?'

'Bless you darling. So nice of you to worry. Perhaps you should ask that question of your male guests?' Tara replied, taking a glass of champagne from a passing waiter. 'Your husband looks gorgeous! He certainly suits a tuxedo. I imagine it's difficult to fend off all the women from him. Must be a full time job.'

'He's completely loyal to me so just keep your hands off him.'

'Ah! There's a thought now. I wonder what it would be like? They say the pleasure is increased when a married man's involved.'

'If anybody should know about the delights of married men, it would be you. I'm just telling you to keep your hands off my husband.'

'I'll try darling, I really will. But you know what men are like, especially married men. They seem to need a change from time to time.'

'If you lay one finger on him, I'll rip that slutty dress off you and give you a good spanking.'

'Ooh, God! You're so sexy when you're angry,' Tara laughed. 'Come to think of it, if I had a willy, I'd really enjoy shagging you silly! Ah, here he comes. Sam darling you look so smart. Will you save me

a dance sometime in the evening?’

‘Better than that, I’ll give you one now. They’re playing my tune, let’s go.’ Marcia’s face was puce with anger, but her husband had eyes only for Tara

‘Why are you dancing with me and not with your wife?’

‘Why? Aren’t you enjoying yourself? He asked

‘Oh absolutely.’ With his hands on her bottom, he pulled her in close and she could feel the shape of his cock pressing against the softness of her belly. ‘I’m enjoying it a lot and you’re a very naughty boy!’

‘When I saw you this evening, in this beautiful dress, I just had to have my hands on your gorgeous bottom.’

‘Oh? And the rest of me doesn’t come up to scratch then?’ she asked, pouting and pretending to be cross. She pushed closer to him, lightly squeezing her breasts against him.

He laughed and said, ‘You really are a very bad girl.’

‘You know what they say – when I’m bad, I’m very bad. How often do you shag Marcia?’

‘I beg your pardon?’ he said, feigning shock.

‘Let me put it another way – how often do you put this gorgeous protrusion which is pressing into my tummy, into your wife?’

‘She has no reason to complain.’

‘Boy, you should have heard her earlier. She was complaining like a bitch.’

‘That’s because she’s jealous. Always has been. She’s afraid you and I are going to make love. Which we are.’

‘Are we?’ Tara asked with raised eyebrows, ‘You’re very sure of yourself.’

‘If we were alone and I took off your beautiful dress and panties, you would be wet and ready for me.’

‘You’re so rude!’ she said, barely managing to conceal a shudder of wanton desire.

The main lighting had now been dimmed and they felt as though they were the only people in the room, as his hands wandered over her body. He smiled as she bit her lip, trying to quell the gasp that was on her lips. As his hands caressed the soft flesh of her through her dress, he knew he had to have her and soon. Without saying a word, he took her by the hand and led her upstairs.

‘Is this where you sleep with Marcia?

‘Yes it is. Is that a problem?’

‘Oh no, my love.’ No problem at all, she thought. How delicious – to shag him in their bed. Exquisite! She undressed him slowly until he stood before her nude and with evidence of his arousal. ‘So, you have me at your mercy. What would you have me do?’ she asked. They were both standing at the foot of a large double bed.

‘I think it’s me who’s at your mercy. If you knew how much I want you at this moment, you’d know what I mean. I suggest you get on the bed.’

Eying him for a moment, through a tress of carelessly hanging blonde hair, she smiled, and knelt at the foot of the bed. She lay face down on the bed and pulled her dress up, over her hips. He was silent taken aback by this development. ‘You spoke about punishing me. This seems as good a start as any,’ she said

He softly caressed the soft flesh of her buttocks through the nylon panties. ‘How could I punish such a beautiful bottom?’

‘Because I ask you to.’ He laid on a few gentle spanks before she wriggled her bottom impatiently and said, ‘Come on Sam, for heaven’s sake! I could spank harder than that.’

His next stroke caused her to suck in her breath sharply. He continued in a similar fashion until her bottom had changed from a beautiful tanned color to a light shade of red. He picked her up, ignoring her protestations, and placed her on the bed. She wriggled out of her dress as he knelt on the bed beside her. Their lips met in a lush and beautiful mingling. Tongues danced together and explored while tiny sounds of erotic pleasure escaped from both of them.

He moved down now to her nipples. The rougher skin of his fingers caused them to peak almost immediately. What his fingers had started, his tongue continued. Soft moans escaped her lips as he planted small kisses over her body on his journey over her belly button, and down. Her thighs

dropped open, almost of their own volition as his lips touched the delicate skin on her upper thighs. He slowly pulled her panties down and she cried out and moved her head from side to side as his tongue found its target and flicked it gently. She achieved her first orgasm soon afterwards, and after a few moments, she reversed their positions.

With her body resting languidly across his, she started her own exploration. He could smell her perfume and the lemon flavor of her shampoo. She spent time on his nipples, knowing from experience just how much of an erotic zone this is in a man. The tip of his cock was her next target and he was soon in heaven. Her up and down sucking had him groaning in excitement. He knew that if he didn't stop her soon, she would have drained him before he'd even entered her.

As if reading his mind, she straddled his body, facing him, and lowered herself onto his cock. Her movements were slow and seductive. When he tried to speed things up, she smiled, leaned down and captured his lips again, at the same time stopping him from rushing things. Eventually, he used his strength to reverse their positions and thrust into her with ever increasing speed. When she achieved her second orgasm, her nails made furrows in his back, and she whispered words of endearment. Not long afterwards, he could hold back no longer, and they clung to each other as the most incredible climax swept over them in wave after wave.

Afterwards they lay, satiated and satisfied in total relaxation. 'Do you think we should go back down?'

'No, my wife and the rest are either drunk or high. Nobody will miss us. That was so good. I've never experienced sex as nice as that.' He said, kissing her and stroking her tummy.

'Me too. I've wanted you from the first time I saw you.'

'So why do you look so pensive?'

'Do I? It's just that this was supposed to be a game for me. I wanted to spite your wife because of the way she's treated me.'

'And?'

'It's not a game anymore. I enjoyed it so much, I need you more and more and I'm jealous of your cow of a wife.'

'They'll be other times,' he said, pulling her close.

'Yeah. Well, I've never been a mistress before. I think I'll enjoy it, except I'll be furious at the thought

of you with her. Now, I want you to dress me. The more I feel your hands on my body, the better!' She stood up, and lifted first one leg then the other, with a hand on his shoulder, while he pulled her panties up and slid her dress over her shoulders. 'Ah well, time to rejoin the human race, I think.'

It was Saturday morning and Tara was busy with her house work. Wearing just a chemise and knickers, She loved to have the occasional dance with the hoover as her partner. Her chores were disrupted by a ring at the door. To her surprise, her caller was Marcia. Dressed in a short summary dress, she brushed past Tara and stood in the middle of the lounge with her hands on her hips.

'Now lady, what's this I've been hearing about you and my husband?'

'Marcia, what the hell are you talking about?'

'Look at you! Dressed like the slut that you are. Showing your arse to all and sundry.' With this, she delivered a stinging slap to Tara's face. The blow shook Tara to her knees. The totally unexpected strike was delivered with some force.

'Ok Marcia. I'll give you that one for free. Hit me again and you will be really sorry, I promise you.' This warning was ignored and another blow was delivered. Marcia was the heavier of the too, but she thought eating chocolates was more fun than exercising. Tara worked out twice a week and played a lot of tennis. Apart from that, she had two elder brothers and had had many a struggle with them.

After a short struggle, Marcia was on her back and Tara was straddled across her chest, with her knees either side of Tara's face. She pushed up slightly so that her groin was pushing against Marcia's chin. Marcia was complaining volubly and the movement of her chin was making Tara feel hornier by the minute. 'Now, you stupid girl – what right have you got to come in here, assaulting me?' She used her hand to pinch Marcia's nostrils together.

After a moment her mouth opened and Tara move up, sitting on her opponents gaping mouth. 'You're quite right, I have been shagging Sam. Poke your tongue out and you'll feel where his cock's been.' Tara felt a trembling sensation, and she realized with shock that Marcia was crying. She moved back and found out that that was the case. She felt an overwhelming guilt now, and helped Marcia to her feet.

'Sod you Marcia. You come in here and smack me about and I end up feeling sorry for you.' They were sat on the couch now, with Tara cuddling her erstwhile enemy. 'Please stop crying, or you'll start me off.'

'I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me. It's not as if Sam and I are close any more. I just felt

so envious of you.’

‘Envious of me? You are silly. Come here,’ she said, and turning Marcia’s face toward her, she kissed her softly on the lips. Marcia gasped, but eagerly responded. In very short order, they were both down to their undies. In many ways, kissing a girl was nicer, Marcia thought. The lips pressing gently against her own were so sweet and soft. The tongue that invaded ever so slowly, almost shyly, immediately set her juices flowing. She felt Tara’s hands exploring,

Her bra had gone and with it all inhibitions. Her nipples were being teased as they had never been teased before. She gave out a small cry of surprise as fingers pushed her panties to one side and then invaded. Her first orgasm left her limp and spent. She felt Tara pushing herself against her face and her tongue lapped at Tara’s pussy with unashamed eagerness. The sound of wild licking and slurping signaled the arrival of Tara’s orgasm. Both girls cried out in passion at the depth of their orgasm.

There was an agreement reached. Sam was never to know that the girls were occasional lovers. Marcia would never let on that she knew of Sam’s affair with Tara. After all, she reasoned, this way, at least she knew who Sam was with. She also experienced many occasions when Tara’s bottom placed firmly on her face was enough on its own to send her spiraling off into the most stupendous climax ever.

The End