Tales of Mrs. Abbott: Girl Next Door - Part One

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Young wife is married to wealthy old man, and enjoys lots if sexy fun on the side...

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Serena

"Thank you, Serena." A firm, smack on my ass is followed by my bed dipping as Gary awkwardly crawls his way off the side.
Oh, yippee. I grimace because he can't see my face, it still being smushed into one of my deep feather pillows, and all. I push myself up and manage a small giggle that my mother would recognize as false.

"No, thank you, Your Honor." I flash a wide, innocent smile, and then barely catch the corner of my bottom lip between my teeth for ultimate effect.

I know how to play the game. He doesn't care if I love him, cook for him, clean for him, just so long as every evening after 6:15 pm, I am his to play with, should he care to. Nowadays, since I think he's got someone at the office he's fucking around with, I am off the hook about half the time.

Well not tonight. Tonight I was 'on trial for committing murder' and 'fucking the judge to get off scotch free'. Hm. He thinks this shit is clever, too. Boring. Whatever. Like I care.

Gary's low, rumbling, chuckle fades as he leaves my suite, and makes his way to his own bedroom. I hear the scuffing sounds of his big, calloused, bare feet on the hardwood, echoing in the vestibule outside my door. If that was one thing that has kept us going strong, after four years, is that Gary is quick return to his own routine, which frees me to have a complete life of my own. Don't ask, don't tell; that's how we roll. Early in our relationship he had made my role in our marriage perfectly clear...

"Hey, Serena, Baby. I just wanna be real with you. I need a fuck toy who will look good on our Christmas cards. I do not now, nor have I ever wanted a wife. I take care of myself, and I'm fucking loaded. I also don't give a shit who you fuck on the side, as long as you are discreet, clean, and I

never have to meet the fuckers. You in? Think about it. It's a good deal."

I shut my door and head to my bathroom. I definitely need a shower.

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Tristan

"Jesus, Dad! Just get the fuck off my case, K? You sound like Mom." I'm so trying not to get seriously pissed with him. Just back off, Pops. I know what I'm doing.

"Dude, Tristan, I'm trying to help you out, Man! I want to see you graduate!" My dad slams his hand on the marble counter. He looks away, "The only reason we are 'on your case' is because you are practically flunking two classes, and there's only four months to graduation." I roll my eyes. Fuck, I need to just get him off my back.

"Fine! I'll get a goddamn tutor. You happy?" I slam both my hands on the counter and stand up. "Just please leave me alone about it! Ok?" I'm looking at my old man head on, now, challenging him. I'm almost as tall as him, but his shoulders are bigger. He used to play football, too, and keeps in pretty good shape, so it's not like I'm intimidating, at all, but its all I can do to make my point clear.

"Thank, you! That's all I ask!" He throws his hands up, I know he hates having to be all serious with me and shit. "And please don't compare me to her. That, too." He grabs an apple and tosses it to me. I catch it without a thought.

"K, dad." I roll my eyes again, toss the apple back to him and head upstairs, to my room. So far, this day sucks. Test in Pre-Calc, got my shitty report card, blew my clutch on the way home from school in rush-hour, and Stephanie Reynolds said she would suck my dick today, but stood me the fuck up. Fuck this day. I take my shirt off as soon as I get to my room and chuck it behind my door. Just as I go to take off my belt, I catch a glimpse of the only thing that could save my day, life, soul...
Holy shit. YES. Alright, never mind. Today rocks. Mrs. Abbott is showering, fifty feet from my bedroom window and she forgot to shut her flowey, white drapes. She also forgot to close her bathroom door, which incidentally has a mirror on the back of it. Thank you, God.

I lock my door and turn on my TV, for noise. I turn off my bedroom lights and open my window to get an even better view from my window seat. My lotion and Kleenex box are right behind a decorative pillow my mom insisted on buying me. Now it serves as my jack-off paraphernalia coverage. Thanks, Mom.

I kneel on the padded seat and focus on the reflection of Mrs. Abbott. Fucking Christ she's hot. I've been watching her from my window for the last four years, since she married the old fart next door. Damn I love this woman. Her boobs are the perfect size for grabbing, just like her tight, round back-end. She has a slutty tattoo above that sweet ass that I like to imagine licking. I spend hours at school imagining how I would tear her shit apart I had the chance. I want her body, so fucking bad.

Holy shit, did she just touched herself? Fuck, yes! Yeah, Baby. This is awesome. My cock is so hard and ready right now. If I see her play with her clit again, I'm going to fucking come straight out the window. I take a deep breath, fuck she is hot. Fuck. yes. I like the feel of my dick throbbing, I'm just about to come, when the glass door of her shower opens. She steps out into plain view of the window and I imagine dripping beads of water, sliding down her body to a fluffy bath mat, maybe.

Fuck! Her window is open, too! She bends over completely to put a towel in her hair, flashing me her beautiful cheeks. I feel like I can almost jam my cock into her tight asshole from here. I'm spreading my knees wide, pumping my cock harder with both hands, ready to explode.

Mrs. Abbott stands up and flips her hair back, posing in the mirror. She reaches over and grabs a bottle off the sink, and starts pouring clear liquid straight onto her boobs . Fuck I love when she oils her body up after the shower.

Mrs. Selena Abbott is my savior. Her hot body has kept me sane through all this bullshit I've been going through with high-school crap, and my mom leaving my dad. I just look at her oily ass crack and let it all slip away.... This is it, I'm going to come. I grab a Kleenex and quietly come into it, pumping loads of hot juice into my palm.

"Fuck, yes." I grunt, my eyes rolling back, I breathe deep and easy. I love you Mrs. Abbott...

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Serena

"I'm going for a run." I call into the air as I grab my water bottle and iPod. Leaving the house, I stick the individual speakers into my ears, and cue up workout playlist 'A'. I'm in a good mood so I'm going to be listening to a lot of 80s music for this evenings jaunt around the neighborhood. Unless Rob joins me, which is likely.

I head down our long driveway and out the front gates, letting "Take On Me" blast me into action. I clear our outer hedges and head down the block at a medium gait.

I sense someone behind me and I slow, smiling to myself. Rob. I remove one earbud and wait for him to catch up.

"Well howdy, little lady. Out for an evening stroll?" Up jogs Rob, a very, very, good looking fireman in his mid-fourties, probably about ten or twelve years older than me, but at least fifteen years younger than my sixty-year-old husband. Yeah, he is pretty scrumptious, with his big chest, and ripped arms. I'll bet he had a set of my favorite muscles. The ones on the hips that lead your thoughts downward. Love those.

"How-dy!" I play along. "Like to join me?" He looks me up and down appraisingly. There's no hiding the fact that he's interested in the goods, but we have a fun game we play. We enjoy dancing around our obvious sexual tension, with innuendo and subtle (and not so subtle) flirtations.

"Don't mind if I do," he drawls. I laugh lightly. "And how are you, this fine evening?" He is now full-on checking out my tits. I can't help but let my thoughts stray to the little show I put on for his son about a twenty minutes ago. Like father, like son.

"I'm just peachy keen, Jelly Bean." I reply tartly, checking him out as boldly as he did, me. His smile is slow and masculine. I pick up speed, fueled by my, again, raging hormones, until I am running briskly. Rob is keeping up, seamlessly, but is now running a little behind me. Enjoying the view, no doubt.

A mile into our run, we are passing an old church on the corner when all of a sudden I notice that I am alone on the street. I laugh, catching on immediately. I feel the blood pumping now. To my pussy. I take my earbuds out, and stow my iPodin my pocket, before continuing on our jogging path, passed the church, cutting through our city park, skirting a heavily wooded area. I am jogging briskly, listening to the sounds of the night, but hearing just the soft tread of my Nike Free's on the grass.

I get no further than half way through park, and out of no where a warm familiar hand clamps over my mouth, while a steel-bar of an arm swipes out and snatches me off my feet, clearing the jogging path in three milliseconds. We are now on the other side of a clump of trees, separated somewhat from the park.

"Ok, Serena. No more games. I want to fuck your little brains out." Oh god, now I'm wet. And breathing frantically from the adrenaline rush of being attacked. "You gonna let me do that, or are you just teasing my cock?" Rob is savagely whispering in my ear. He lets go of my mouth for an answer and I flick my tongue between two of his fingers, before his hand fully leaves my mouth. The arm around my waist flexes as his hand spread over my midsection. He spins me around and instantly his mouth is all over mine, hot and sweet.

"I take this as a yes." He is looking into my eyes, and has hands entangled in my clothes.

"Fuck my little brains out." I smile brightly, flashing my pearly whites.

Without a word, Rob flips me around, and has me facing away from him again, bending me over a picnic table with one hand on my right breast, and one on my back. He yanks down my jogging shorts and spreads my ass cheeks wide, giving him access to all of my goods. I hear nothing but sense him kneeling behind me. Now I feel his face thrusting against my pussy, his tounge licking me from clit to crack, and back again. Damn he's really going to town!

"Mmmm. You have got some sweet fucking cunt, Mrs. Abbott. I love how wet you are for me, already." He says in a low, even voice. "I'm going to eat more of it, if you don't mind. Then, since you're obviously a dirty bitch who wants it deep, I will fuck it, very hard." He says without inflection.

My pussy drenches my thong and shorts, which remain around my knees, picketing me in place. His tongue is alternating between plunging in and out of my pussy, and circling my swollen clit. I grab hold of the table and plaster my chest to it, feeling the grooves in the table through my sports bra and tank top. Both of his hands are on me, kneading my ass apart. One hand moves to stimulate my pulsing nub, plucking and flicking it, making me come in little bursts that drip down my legs. His tongueis now circling my ass hole, teasing me.

"Ready for me to fuck you?" His voice is decievingly calm.

"Uh-huh!" I yelp. I feel as if I can't take anymore teasing, I can't wait for this anymore.

In one smooth movement, Rob is standing, grabbing my hips, and impaling my hot, wet, sex on his. "UUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHH!" He yells, ramming the full length of his thick member into me, and holding me there, pinning me with his hips.

"Yyyyyyeeeeeaaaahhhhh!" I scream against the smooth, worn, wooden surface of the table. I hold on for dear life. He has insinuated many times, that he is well endowed. Thank god, he wasn't lying. As he pulled his dick out, prepping to impale me again, I felt the length of him retreating from me, sliding across my thighs.

"Fuck, yeah. Fuck, yeah. Fucking this little pussy good, huh, Baby?" His sexy voice is as hard as his dick. Hot. "You like my cock, don't you? Thought I was lying, huh? Yeah it's big, Baby. But it fucking fits, huh, Baby. Yeah, it does!"

"-Yeah! -Yeah! -Yeah!" With every thrust, I'm whimpering loudly and can't help it. Fuck, I hope no one

can hear. But I kind of don't care. This dick is too good not to enjoy. I can feel the big throbbing vein under his dick as I grab hold of it and guide the tip upwards. "You wanna put it in my ass, don't you." I whisper hotly.

I hear a swift inhale of breath, "You dirty Bitch!" Rob is now pumping his massive log into my ass, slowly and evenly at first testing my hole, then deeper and faster, until my ass is loose enough for him to pummel. Which he does. I feel him filling me and I take a moment to look at the reality of our situation. I'm being ass-fucked my neighbor in a park. My mental image of us being perhaps spyed-upon makes me wetter.

"I'm going to come inside your dirty little ass-hole." He grunts through his teeth as he reaches around to rub my clit, making me come all over again.

"Do it. Do it you dirty ass-fucker. Come up inside my hot hole, now, Fucker!" I whisper raggedly, then gasp, feeling Rob pump load after load of hot come inside me.

What a dirty Girl, I smile wickedly, feeling Rob's body slack, then slump down over mine. I can feel his heart beating triumphantly through his broad chest. I involuntarily shiver with residual climax. This has been a very productive day. First, son jacks-off to me, then, father fucks me senseless.

Love where this is going.