

Unfaithful

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Kerri stared out of her bedroom window, looking at her suburban community. Her fingers tapped impatiently on the window sill as she waited for her neighbor to come outside. Sitting on the carpeted floor with only the top of her head visible to the outside world, Kerri's lustful eyes scanned her neighbor's backyard. Where was she? Kerri thought to herself. Kerri adjusted her body to become more comfortable, because she planned to wait. Minutes started to feel like hours and Kerri was feeling restless. She glanced over her shoulders to see what time it was when she noticed her husband standing in the doorway. Scared, Kerri jumped to her feet. "Ba-baby, you scared me!" she stuttered. He just eyed her suspiciously as she moved from her place near the window. She sat on the bed. Her satin robe fell open, revealing her creamy, tanned skin. His eyebrow shot up. "What were you doing at the window?" "Just..." she faked a cough to buy her time to form the perfect lie. "Looking for my earring. I dropped it over that way somewhere." "But I watched you for like five minutes. You were just staring out the window," Brad admitted. "I... I, uh..." another round of coughs. "I thought I saw someone snooping around our neighbor's house." "Really? At nine in the morning?" he inquired as he moved towards the window. Kerri jumped up to block his view. "But I was wrong! Nothing was there! Nothing was there!" Brad brushed Kerri's long dark locks out of her face. "You ok, baby? You acting strange this morning." "I'm fine, dear, really. I'm... you know, still a little shaken up by you scaring me. I thought you'd left for work already." "I left my keys," he said. "I'll help you find 'em. Come on," she stated, pulling him away from the window. Dashing around their large two-story house like a mad woman, Kerri was intent on finding her husband's keys and getting him out of the house immediately. When she entered the kitchen to search for his keys, she became enraged at the sight. Here she was running around in search of his keys while he was sitting at the table making a phone call. Trying not to let her anger show, she took a deep breath before speaking. "Why aren't you looking for your keys? Who are you calling?" "I'm just going to call in sick today," he announced. "No!" Kerri exclaimed as she launched forward to steal his cell phone from his hands. Brad frowned, "What the hell, babe?" "I mean, no, don't abuse your sick days like that. We can find your keys." "I have plenty of sick and vacation days. It'll be ok. I just wanna crawl back into bed with my beautiful wife and make love to you all day. Kids are in school, so we can run around naked and do it wherever," Brad smiled as he neared Kerri. "Watching you run around, the wind catching your robe, and reminding me just how sexy you are, hmmm," he moaned. "I gotta have you." Brad leaned in to plant a kiss on his wife's lips when she averted her head. She whispered in his ear, "No can do. It's the first

day of my visit from Mother Nature, so you'll have to take a rain check." Brad stepped back and looked down to Kerri's midsection where her body formed a V. "And you're walking around without any underwear on?" he questioned. Kerri gasped as the light bulb in her head clicked. "Take my keys and take my car. Go on, so you won't be too late." Ignoring all his pleas to stay home, Kerri finally got her husband out of the house with a false promise to give him a blow job after work. She watched from the living room window, waving until he disappeared down the road. She shot up the stairs, two at a time. She bumped her toe in the process, but she was in too much of a rush to care. She burst into her room and dashed to the window. She used the back of her hand to rid her forehead of the light coat of perspiration running into her eyes. Her eyes widened to scrutinize her neighbor's backyard. Anger descended upon her as she watched her neighbor. The tall blond was wrapping a large towel around her naked body and heading back into her house. She'd missed today's episode of her private little show. Kerri couldn't even understand why she'd become so attached to her neighbor's morning routine. One morning while making breakfast, Kerri noticed the top of someone's head in the backyard next to hers. With the tall brick fence, Kerri couldn't see much. Therefore, her curiosity led her to head upstairs to see who her new neighbors were. Her only wish was that her female neighbors didn't look better than her and pose a threat to her marriage. Being divorced before due to a mistress, Kerri was a little insecure about the temptations around her husband. So every time someone new to their neighborhood arrived, Kerri was the first to check them out. She was happy to report that, thus far, no hotties other than herself lived within 2 miles of her radius. Until... two weeks ago. Her name was Valerie. She was a natural blond with wavy tresses atop her perky boobs. Even several feet away, Kerri noticed her award-winning smile as Valerie stood in her front yard instructing the movers what to do. Kerri kept spying on Valerie, waiting to see her male companion. But there was only one car in the driveway, and Valerie was the only person entering and exiting the house. Kerri came to the disappointing conclusion that Valerie was single. Spying on Valerie made Kerri aware of her morning routine. A routine Kerri started to become anxious to see. Valerie would don a skimpy bikini and sun bathed in her backyard. At first, Kerri was jealous and upset. But all of a sudden, a new feeling overwhelmed her. A feeling Kerri couldn't label or justify outside of her insecurities that Valerie would steal Brad. Kerri found her eyes glued to Valerie's petite frame, skin glowing from the sun rays like a halo around an angel. Her cups nearly busted out of her bikini top; her long hairless legs glistened from lotion. Her pink glossy covered lips looked so kissable. How much she resembled a celebrity-diva look with her rhinestones encrusted sun shades. Kerri just fell to her knees at the window. Not aware of what she was doing, Kerri's hand groped one of her own breast as the other massaged her womanhood through her jeans. Two weeks later, Valerie's routine was unintentionally a part of Kerri's routine. Kerri wouldn't admit it, but she had to see her neighbor's goodies everyday. And today, she was so furious that she'd missed it and frightened she'd almost gotten caught by her husband. As Kerri pulled away from the window, various thoughts swarmed through her confused mind. Why do I like seeing Valerie naked? I'm not gay; I'm not bi; I'm not even curious. I'm married, and I love my husband. Kerri heard a door slammed outside her window. Like a fly drawn to an odor, Kerri was at the window in seconds. Just her luck, Valerie reappeared in her

backyard. Her towel fell to her feet, revealing her pure beauty. Kerri was shocked that Valerie was completely naked. Kerri's eyes flew to Valerie's dark nipples then to her waxed pubic area. Valerie lifted her arms above her head to stretched then bent over. Exposing her pink star and pink velvet partially, Kerri planted her face on the glass. A rush of hot sensations took over Kerri's body. Kerri placed her hand over her pulsating cunt. A sticky substance greeted her fingers as she pinched her throbbing clitoris. She bit down on her bottom lip. Valerie stretched again, preparing herself for her dive into her pool. Kerri was actually mad when Valerie's body disappeared under the water. She desperately wanted to see more of her. Kerri continued to caress her pussy as she watched Valerie swim. Coming up for a quick break, Valerie stopped in the middle of the pool. Like she was Pam Anderson on Baywatch , Valerie brushed her wet blond hair out of her face. Water trickled down her flawless creamy skin. And then her eyes opened. Kerri ducked down, hoping she wasn't busted. She laid on the carpet, closed her eyes, imagined Valerie, and continued to finger her hot box. But her vision was blurry. She needed to see the real one to get off. With her sexual frustration dictating her, Kerri found herself gradually approaching the window. She peeked out to see that Valerie disappeared. "Damn," Kerri complained as the heat between her legs began to subside. Still, she kept her hand buried in her moist walls. She used her other hand to grab the wall to keep her balance. She continued to masturbate as she stared at Valerie's towel on the ground. "Hmm," Kerri moaned, eyes rolling. "Hmm, ohh, ohh," she continued. So close to cumming. Then, Valerie reappeared. This time in her front yard with a cotton t shirt and a pair of sweats on. She crossed into Kerri's yard. "Oh shit!" Kerri exclaimed. "She must've seen me. Oh shit, shit, shit." Kerri removed her soiled hand from her pussy as she dashed to her oversized walk-in closet. The doorbell rang. Kerri descended the stairs--slowly for two reasons: 1) time to finish dressing herself and 2) time to invent a lie. Throwing it on so quickly, Kerri didn't put any undergarments on nor realizing she'd put her sundress on backwards. Taking a deep breath before answering the door made her seem less anxious. That was until she opened the door and was greeted by Valerie's nipples through her wet t shirt clinging to her. "Hi, I'm Valerie, your new neighbor next door and..." she smiled. A smile embedded on her face, good sign. Maybe she didn't see me. Kerry thought to herself. "And I just saw you watching me," she said. Turning her defenses on to shield her embarrassing secret, Kerri replied, "I wasn't watching you. I just saw you, meaning my children could've seen you, too. So next time, put something on." Valerie looked at Kerri from head to toe before responding. "You have children?" Kerri eyed her suspiciously. "Yes, twins. What's it to you?" "You look too young to be a mom," Valerie stated. Kerri frowned up. Valerie noticed that her compliment sounded like an insult and added, "I mean, you look great, and I would have never guess your hot body had borne children." Feeling like her dirty little secret was partially revealed, Kerri bluntly announced, "I'm not gay; I'm happily married." Valerie's eyebrows shot up. "I wasn't hitting on you, just complimenting you." Kerri wanted to slap herself. She was so rude. She apologized, "I'm sorry. It's just... you know, early in the morning and I'm a little cranky." "Oh, I understand. I get like that, too. It's like turning into the Green Hulk," Valerie smiled. The pair of ladies laughed, eliminating the awkward tension. "By the way, I'm Kerri and welcome to the neighborhood," Kerri greeted as she extended her hand for a friendly handshake.

Valerie drew her hand back. "Egh. What's that on your hand?" Kerri's pale face flushed into a pure shade of red as she realized it was her liquid honey still on her hand. "Oh shit! Um, my hand's wet from washing dishes," she nervously lied. Valerie sniffed her hand. "Doesn't smell like Dawn to me." Kerri had embarrassed herself enough for the rest of her life. "I'm really busy, but it was nice meeting you, Valerie." She started to close the door. "Wait." She stuck her foot in the door to prevent Kerri from closing it. "You're the first person in this town I've met, and I'm pretty bored. So I was wondering if I could invite you over for some tea sometimes." Her naughty thoughts came back pouring into her head, causing her to act anxious again. "Sure," Kerri quickly agreed. "Let me just grab my keys..." "Not so fast. I didn't mean right now," Valerie laughed. "I mean later. I still have a lot of unpacking to do now." "I'll help!" Kerri found herself saying before she could stop herself. She was so vulnerable. But why? I'm not gay; I'm just... being friendly. That's it . she told herself. "If you insist, then come on. I really appreciate it, Kerri."