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Article 63317 of alt.sex:
Path: m2c!crackers!samsung!uunet!haven.umd.edu!wam.umd.edu!highway
From: highway@wam.umd.edu
Newsgroups: alt.sex
Subject: *REPOST* Girl-Scout
Message-ID: <1991Nov7.162654.27983@wam.umd.edu>
Date: 7 Nov 91 16:26:54 GMT
Sender: usenet@wam.umd.edu (USENET News system)
Distribution: usa
Organization: Olympus Police ESWAT || Central Management Bureau (AEGIS)
Lines: 318
Originator: highway@wam.umd.edu
Nntp-Posting-Host: wam.umd.edu

Path: wam.umd.edu!haven.umd.edu!darwin.sura.net!europa.asd.contel.com!uunet!usc!apple!
From: erotica@telly.on.ca (Evan Leibovitch)
Newsgroups: rec.arts.erotica
Subject: STORY: Girl Scouts
Message-ID: <28EA9B95.4BFB@telly.on.ca>
Date: 3 Oct 91 04:24:51 GMT
Organization: Somewhere just far enough out of Toronto
Lines: 303
Approved: erotica@telly.on.ca

Archive-name: girl-scouts
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[thanks to d.z. for re-posting this]

Girl Scouts

This is the time of year when the Girl Scouts have their cookie drive, and my wife had ordered some (as usual - she's always spending money on "worthy causes"). On Saturday, the wife and kids went into town to do some shopping and she said they'd be gone 'till after suppertime, so I was on my own for the whole day! It's VERY infrequent that I get a day to myself at home, and planned to use the quiet to back up my hard disk and do some general clean-up around the room that the computer is in.

And so it went for about an hour, when I started downloading some GIF pictures. I didn't recognize the name of some of them, so spent a few moments perusing the pictures of the naked ladies in all their glory, doing what naked ladies do best! Then it occurred to me that I could pull out some video-tapes of some hard-core porn flicks and watch them for awhile, since I was alone. Usually, it's late at night when all the kids are in bed that I get a chance to see them, and usually the wife gets bored and goes to bed anyway, so I haven't watched them in a long time, and this seemed like as good a time as any to let my mind wander off into fantasy world. So I found where they were hidden and grabbed a cold beer on the way to the VCR. I put in the tape and got it started, then built a fire in the fireplace, thinking I'd cozy-up on the floor next to it with an Afghan and pillows and watch about 6 hours of fucking on television.

About 10 minutes into the first movie, the doorbell rang. Living in the country, about the only time we get anyone at our door is the church groupies on Saturday afternoons, and they're usually hard to get rid of, so I decided to leave the movie on with the sound turned up. That should really piss 'em off.. they'd be so embarrassed, they'd leave in a HURRY!!

So I unlocked the door and began opening it, listening in the background to some loud moaning and groaning, with occasional dialog such as "...FUCK me... OOOOHHHH YEEESSSSSSSS..." etc., etc., etc....

However, to MY embarrassment, it wasn't the church people after all! It was the mother of one of my daughter's friends, delivering my wife's order of Girl Scout cookies! She had her arms full, and since it was in the mid-30's outside, I asked her to come in and set the cookies down on the table near the front door. Needless to say, when she realized what the sounds were that she was hearing, she turned a deep shade of red!

Then she asked what I was watching. I told her about how I turned up the sound to piss off the church groupies that usually came around on Saturday afternoons, and so forth. She thought that was as funny as I thought it was gonna be. Then she asked which movie I was watching. When I told her, she said she hadn't seen that one herself. Her husband usually rented porno-movies for "special" nights at her house, when their daughter was staying over-night at a friends' house (usually mine!).

So, being neighborly, I asked her if she'd care to take a few minutes out of her rounds to watch some of the movie. Her response was that our cookies were the last to be delivered, she'd been on the rounds for a couple of hours and was kinda worn out, cold, and was ready to relax. She'd planned on going on home, of course, but, "...why not?"

Now, I didn't know her very well, had only met her on a couple of occasions, usually in dropping off my daughter at her house, or she dropping her daughter off at mine, and those were only for a few minutes. She seemed like a nice enough lady, fer sure, but I'm usually quiet, shy, reserved, and not much for small talk. I really didn't expect her to say "yes" to my offer! Questions raced through my head about what I'd tell my wife if they ever talked about how this lady watched porno-movies at my house....

She took off her coat and handed it to me, so I hung it in the closet in the hallway near the door while she walked into the family room where the movie was blasting away. When I got there, she was sitting on the edge of the couch, elbows on her knees, hands cupping her chin...and the biggest shit-eatin' grin on her face...and red as a beet! I turned down the volume to a reasonable level and asked her if she wanted to join me in a beer, or if she'd prefer a glass of white wine instead, or maybe a Pepsi? She opted for the wine...her husband might get a little suspicious if she came home with beer on her breath after delivering cookies!

When I came back from the kitchen with the glass of wine, she had gotten a little more relaxed and was leaning back on the sofa, eyes glued on the television where "the blond" was deep-throating a huge cock. When I stuck the glass of wine in front of her face, the grin reappeared with the blush. She didn't say anything, but took the glass and sipped at the wine, while I sat in "my" chair half-way across the room and grabbed my can of "Blue," then focused on "the blond" doing her thing. I couldn't help but think of this stranger sitting less than ten feet away watching this movie on my television with me.... I couldn't even remember her name! (It was Linda) Occasionally, as scenes would change, I'd glance over to her to see how she was doing. Our eyes would never meet, but I could sense her movements...her hands would approach her pussy, or she'd seem to rub against her tit with her upper arm, or something subtle like that....

This went on for what seemed like a long time, but was probably only ten or fifteen minutes. Then, her voice broke the ice in the room when she asked for a refill. Startled, I jumped out of my chair and seemed to grab the glass out of her hand and headed for the kitchen. As I reached into the 'fridge for the wine bottle, I realized that she followed right behind me.... I asked her what she thought of the movie so far. She replied that, in her opinion, this kind of movie didn't really do much for her, that she watched them with her husband because they seemed to do a LOT for him, and that she could take them or leave them.

I asked her if I should turn it off, and she emphatically said "NO! Please, leave it on! I've been looking for an excuse to get to know you better, and I'm glad your wife isn't home." She was now near enough to me that I could almost feel her without touching. I didn't know what to do next! How should I act? It had been YEARS since I'd had an affair with another woman against my wife's knowledge...it lasted almost 2 years before she found out.... What with working a lot of hours, and keeping up with the 8 acres of lawn, and keeping four cars maintained, the computers, etc., I hadn't given a lot of thought to "other women" in a long time! Well, yes I had, but had not taken any initiative to get to know anyone since we moved to this remote location almost ten years ago. Besides, I was younger then...what possibly could this near-stranger want with a seemingly-loyal husband of her daughter's friend's mother?

My head was swimming with a lot of doubts and questions when I felt her hand on my zipper. I realized I hadn't yet poured the wine, and nearly spilled it as my zipper was slowly being pulled down, but I managed to fill the glass and push the cork back onto the bottle. Not knowing whether or not she wanted it now, I picked it up and sheepishly turned toward her. With her left hand on my zipper, her right hand surrounded mine on the wine glass, and she slowly lifted it to her lips, looking deeply into my eyes while she downed the whole thing! Then our hands together set the glass on the counter and she moved them to her breast, as she moved ever-so-close to me and reached her lips toward mine.

We kissed. Slowly, she removed both her hands and surrounded my body with them, rubbing up and down my back. I reached my arms under hers and pulled her tightly to me. We continued kissing, sucking now on each others' lips, tongues fighting for space, breathing heavily...as I realized my wife and I hadn't kissed like this since we were first married.

She broke the kiss and slowly moved down my chest and on down to my belt, undid it, opened my jeans and lowered them. I wasn't wearing any shorts (never do on weekends), and she seemed surprised at that, letting out a little gasp! As her lips surrounded the head of my now-hard six-inches, I looked at this lady, I think, for the first time. I'm 5'7" tall, and when we kissed she was several inches shorter than me, so she must have been about 5'2" or 5'3". As I looked down at her, she was looking up to my eyes, watching the expression on my bewildered face. She had my cock deep into her mouth, going back and forth, up and down it's shaft, sucking, licking, kissing it's head, all the while her eyes looking into mine, those beautiful big blue eyes seemed to smile. She was enjoying this as much as I!

Only in my wildest fantasies had anyone ever done this to me, for me...and here it was happening for real! My wife would NEVER consider doing anything like this! The only time we "had sex" was in bed with the lights off, usually in the missionary position, or sometimes, rarely, she'd get on top and ride me. But in the kitchen? ...in broad daylight? ...giving me head? ...in the middle of the afternoon? NEVER!

While my mind raced on, thinking of my wife, Linda lifted my left leg to pull off my jeans, then the right, then reached up and unbuttoned my shirt, all the while she never let my cock out of her sucking mouth. Now, here I am stark naked standing in the middle of the kitchen on Saturday afternoon with a practically-strange neighbor-lady sucking my dick!

Eventually, the sensations began to have an impact on my brain and it occurred to me that I should return some of this great immense pleasure to her, so I reached down and gently took her by her upper arms and lifted her back to a standing position, where I firmly planted my lips onto hers and resumed the wonderful kissing she had aborted earlier. This time, however, I reached down and lifted her sweat-shirt up toward her shoulders. I unfastened her bra clasp, broke the kiss, lifted off the shirt, pulled the bra down her shoulders and off her arms, kissing my way down her neck to her right breast, finally stopping at the nipple. I gently bit it and heard her let out a slight moan, so I kissed my way over to her left nipple and did the same thing, with the same result. While sucking and nibbling at that nipple, I unfastened her jeans, lowered her zipper as slowly as she had done mine, then carefully eased the jeans over her round little ass and on down to the floor where she immediately stepped out of them.

Now clad only in her white bikini panties, shoes and socks, I began a slow descent toward her blond mound, my hands working on the nipples that my lips had just left stranded. I managed to get the top of her panties with my teeth and eventually had them pulled down to her thighs far enough to be able to bury my tongue in her moist slit. Not only did this strange lady look beautiful, she tasted wonderful as well! The last time I'd tried to eat my wife, she smelled like she hadn't bathed in weeks, and it was not very stimulating! But this woman had an aroma that said "sex"! I felt like a teenager with his first piece of pussy! My tongue worked her clit, each hand was squeezing a boob or pinching a nipple, and my ears heard an approving moan that was asking for more and more! I felt Linda's hands push on the back of my head while her hips ground toward my face, when she let out a scream of pleasure that told me I'd done my job! She was trembling and breathing so heavily, I wondered why my wife and I had never tried such an adventure.

When her spasms subsided a bit, I removed my tongue from her clit and lowered my hands to her hips, and raised up to face her again. She kissed me hard, her tongue probing my mouth almost like that of a snake. Her eyes were closed and she had me in a bear hug so tight that her nipples almost dug into my chest, and my upright cock was planted firmly against her abdomen...I was almost fucking her naval! She then released me from the hug and backed away about two inches, opened her dreamy eyes and, backing up, pulled me back toward the family room where another porno movie was now showing, her smiling eyes never leaving mine.

We got to the sofa, where she again sat on the edge of the cushion, pulling me down toward her. Again we kissed. I was kneeling in front of her, between her and the television, lips locked, her arms tightly around my neck. Then she pushed me backward and sat precisely on the tip of my still erect member, she still wet from her earlier orgasm and my tongue. But she didn't allow me to penetrate her pussy beyond the head. Her hands now pushed against my shoulders as I leaned back, eventually to lay on the floor with her towering over me, her tits sort of dangling in front of my face, my cockhead just barely between her cuntlips. Again, I looked into her eyes, wondering what she had in mind. This woman had the sexiest eyes I'd ever seen! And those sexy eyes were looking deeply into my own!

I heard a woman on the tube yell out an orgasmic scream just as Linda's pussy engulfed my own rod. She just kind-of sat there for a few minutes, almost milking my cock with her pussy-muscles. It felt tremendous! She then slowly moved up and down the shaft, still squeezing and releasing with her cunt, especially as she got to the head of my dick. We had been going at this for almost an hour and I hadn't even thought about cumming until I felt those cuntlips milking my cock, but I managed to hold off when she eased back down it until it was buried all the way in. Her eyes were now closed, her head back, her lips forming the biggest smile I'd seen on a woman's face. She was truly remarkable...pretty, a beautiful woman, the smoothest skin I'd touched since I'd first touched my wife when we were barely twenty, and this woman had to be at least our age of 40! How did she keep so slim and trim?

As she rocked slowly up and down, side to side, gyrating her pelvis, our pubic hairs meshing together, I could feel my cock throbbing against the inner walls of her being. I wanted to stay in this position forever. She was so HOT inside! Her boobs, probably about 34-C's, swayed with her bodily movements. I thought about how much I'd like to tit-fuck those beauties! But instead, I buried my nose between them, kissing her chest between them, holding myself up with my elbows as she leaned toward my face, her hips continuing the rhythm against my groin. We were a perfect "fit"!

Then she started bucking and trembling and almost pouncing up and down on my shaft. I tried to counter her thrusts with my own, and the sounds of the slapping of her wet cunt against my groin were overwhelming! I couldn't hold back, nor did I want to try! I could feel my balls about to burst, and pulled out of her pussy so I could cum! She yelled "WHAT the FUCK do you think you're DOING? PUT THAT BACK WHERE IT BELONGS!" She then reached down and grabbed it and, lining up her hips, sat back down onto it just as I exploded! At the same time, she screamed and fell onto me!

We just laid there for a few minutes, letting our breathing gradually return to normal. Then, I reached across the floor and grabbed the Afghan that I was going to curl up with, and pulled it over her nakedness. She raised her head above mine, looked once again into my eyes, smiled the biggest smile again, then collapsed once again against my chest as I wrapped my arms around her and closed my eyes, not wanting this moment to ever pass.

Unfortunately, it had to. After what seemed like an eternity, but was probably about fifteen minutes, she slowly pushed herself up and off, my still hard cock slapped against my abdomen when it was released from her hot cunt. With the Afghan draped over her body, she turned and moved down once again to my dick and licked her juices from it, then put it, in its proud entirety, all the way into her mouth. Not sucking now, just sort-of slurping with her lips, wrapping her tongue around it as she moved up and down it. Then she stood straight up! So I got to my feet and tried to reach her to hug her once more. She backed away, her eyes on my dick, her hands at her side, a look of wonder on her face, she said "How do you keep it so hard for so long? My husband's goes limp the instant he shoots his load?"

I stammered, "Well, I don't know, actually, that usually happens to me, too...I don't know...um, ah...."

Then she raised her eyes to mine once again, smiled, and practically jumped into my arms as though we were long-lost lovers meeting at a train station after World War II or something. She was SO hugable! And that's precisely what we did, hug each other for a long, long time, her head against my shoulder, arms wrapped around my neck, my arms wrapped around her slim body, my right hand cupping her ass-cheek, giving it an occasional squeeze.

Then she said, without moving, that she'd never planned this, that it just "happened," and that I should not think any less of her because of it. I thought to myself, how could I think less of her because of such a beautiful experience? And what came out of my mouth was "Oh, darlin'... oh, my oh my,..." and that was all!

She broke the embrace, pushed herself away and RAN to the kitchen to retrieve her clothing. I just stood there! My cock was still standing at attention when she came back a few minutes later fully dressed. She was staring at my jolly roger when she handed me my jeans, then kind-of giggled a cute little giggle.

"That’ll be twenty bucks," she said, nonchalantly, still smiling.
"Huh?" I responded, somewhat startled.
"For the cookies!" she replied, with another chuckle.

So, I reached in my jeans for my wallet, pulled out a twenty and handed it to her.

She looked back down at my erect penis and said, "What are you going to do with THAT?"

I answered, "I don’t know, but I’m sure it’ll be gone before my wife gets home!" She then reached down and wrapped her left hand around it, and said, "Where’d you hang my coat?"

I glanced toward the closet, where she led me by the dick, not letting go until after she’d gotten her coat off the hanger and was ready to put her left arm into the sleeve. She then looked once more into my eyes and said, "Thank you, it’s been the most wonderful Saturday afternoon I’ve ever had." She then turned her back to me and walked out the door. I just stood there and watched as the door closed behind her.

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Mail rec.arts.erotica submissions to erotica@telly.on.ca.
Most software will automatically mail your postings to that address.
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