

# The Sweetest Revenge

by

Donna M.

I didn't have any intention to snoop. I couldn't get the damned drawer open, that was all.

Like most people, we had one drawer in our bedroom dresser that simply ended up being the catch-all for everything from an old curling iron to an oddball long handled screwdriver (the latter apparently being the reason I couldn't presently open the drawer). In situations like this it was recommended to remove the drawer above the stuck one if you could. The fact it was my wife's underwear and nightgown drawer didn't enter into the decision-making process. My wife had gone out, and I had to get that drawer open. I'm a stubborn bastard, above all.

The extraction of the recalcitrant drawer now accomplished, I went to replace the other one, the one with my wife's unmentionables. The first thing that caught my eye was the red lace thong. I'd never seen her wear that. The second thing that caught my eye was the edge of a silver disk. I picked it up from underneath her panties—a DVD, home burned, no label. What was this, some old porn she looked at to get horny? I had to find out.

I went to the den and placed the DVD in the player and turned on the TV. When the disk self-started I was surprised to see my wife, Sharon in a strange bedroom, vamping before the camera.

She asked if the cameraperson was "ready" before beginning a striptease,

first pulling her t-shirt over her head, exposing her beautifully large and upswept tits. Those tits—one of her best assets, I think absently, pained to know she was sharing them with someone else. When she provocatively slid her jeans from her hips, there was the red thong. She turned around and flaunted her ass cheeks to the camera. Damn, did she look great in that thong! She kicked off her jeans before facing the camera again.

A hand snaked into view and cupped one of her breasts as she smiled. “Those are the greatest tits I’ve ever had the pleasure to hold,” came the male voice of the camera-holder.

Sharon responded, “Is that all you want to do, big guy?”

“Not exactly, but we’ll get to that, sexy. First, how about sucking my friend over here? See how happy you’ve made him so far?”

“I can do that,” she said, and then sank to her knees and began giving the guy a blowjob. He kept the camera on her eagerly submissive face, her eyes up at him—and the camera. She fellated him for a while before pulling back and saying, “No you don’t, you’re not cumming yet.”

The camcorder was placed on a bedside table. Sharon and her (so far) unknown lover got onto the bed. He was still hard and her thong was off. She climbed on top and rode him cowgirl, first up high in the saddle, then lying down on him. The top of his head was just below camera level, so her face was in direct line with its lens as they fucked. Her smile turned to panting reverie, as she got closer to orgasm. She wasn’t a screamer, but I knew she was getting there when her eyes rolled back in her head. She uttered a low, guttural groan and slammed down one last time onto him. I didn’t hear him so I figured he’d already cum.

All of this magnificently captured on video for posterity.

My wife kissed her fuck-buddy before raising her eyes to the camera and speaking to it: “Wow, that’s gonna be quite the porn vid, for sure.” Her smile

was radiant.

“Oh, Baby, you’re the hottest! I’ll burn a copy for you,” the guy said, and I finally recognized the voice. Didn’t matter that right then he too lifted his head to smile at the camera.

George Daniels, business mogul and neighbor once removed. His house was two down from mine—a big McMansion sort of place. He was divorced, owned a string of businesses and had a ton of money. Toys too: boats, summerhouses, sports cars. You name it he had it, including my wife, it seemed. The ‘business’ trip Sharon took last month in hindsight did correspond to one George took to Chicago. What did George have that I didn’t, except money? Maybe that was it: the power he exuded because of his dough. Could Sharon be *that* shallow?

I sat there as the DVD ended, pondering how close my old hunting weapons were. A bullet between the eyes was too good for old George. Probably wasted on the slut too. My anger was mostly directed at him. The bastard was going to pay. Then she would.

It didn’t take long to come up with a plan. Happened that same day, in fact. I had just got out of my car when I spotted George’s teenaged daughter Allie loading a surfboard onto hers. I walked across my neighbor’s lawn toward George’s long driveway, my sights set on Allie. She was 15 or 16, I couldn’t remember. Every time I’d spoken with her she seemed ditzy and dumber than a fruitcake, but maybe that was simply the standard teen girl manner. She was bursting out nicely from around the skimpy bikini bra, and her shorts barely contained her J-Lo ass. Her long blonde hair billowed in the afternoon’s hot wind. Surf would be up. I was too.

“Hey Allie. I saw you and your board and it made me realize how long it’d been since I caught a wave.”

She smiled at me and said, “Oh, hi Mr. B. I didn’t know you surfed.”

“It’s been a while, but when I was younger I was quite the schlong.” She snuck a peek at my crotch, a puzzled look crossing her face. “It’s old school slang, means I rode a long board,” I said, trying not to laugh. “Still have my competition board, though I have a newer one too.”

“You, like, competed? Where?”

“Oh, all up and down the coast...everywhere I could find a contest. Surfed Ocean Beach in San Diego once. So, where you off to?”

“Meeting my boyfriend. I leave it up to him on where we go.”

“Boyfriend, huh? I guess I don’t stand a chance to get you out on a surfing date.”

“Don’t be silly, Mr. B.” she said, with perhaps the beginnings of a teasing smile. “You’re like old enough to be my dad...though you’re like in better shape.”

*I wish my wife thought the same.* Ah-huh, she was flirting a bit. Good. I gave her the ‘gee-shucks’ routine and asked point blank if she would go surfing with me on Saturday. She said she’d think about it, but her eyes said she was intrigued—sizing up the old man’s potential. Things were going to get interesting.

“Yeah, the more I, like think of it, it’d be a hoot to see you on a board,” she said. “My dad would never surf. It’s cool you do,” she added with a beaming smile. So much for the ‘thinking about it’ part—we had our ‘date’ and I’d kicked off my plan.

My anticipation for Saturday nearly overwhelmed me. Up to now I had never lusted after Allie, but now all I could think about was that body of hers. When Saturday arrived it was like Christmas morning. I told Sharon I was going surfing but not with whom. I loaded my board on top of my SUV and drove over to Allie’s. She came out of the house wearing a skimpier bikini top than the one she had on earlier in the week. Jesus Christ! I tried

thinking of *anything* else not to get a hard-on. I helped her transfer her board to my vehicle then she climbed in and off we went.

I'd checked the weather so I knew what beach would have the best offshores, and I drove us there. We'd packed wetsuits but decided to go skin since the air and water were warm this time of year. I wanted to help her into her wetsuit, but the sight of her in that bikini erased all thoughts of changing.

She looked over my board as I slid it off the roof rack. "That's a nice board."

"I bet you thought I'd have some old-fashioned log," I said, smiling. "I may be old school but that doesn't mean I can't keep up with you, girl."

She said slyly, "We'll see about that, old man."

" 'Old man', huh? We'll see, all right!" With that, off we went into the surf.

I watched her while we surfed. She was amped, for sure, and all I could do was hope it wasn't all because of the surf. Probably wasn't a good idea to study her too much; I ate it a couple of times when a little more concentration would have kept me up on my board. Allie was very good, so I was pleased to be keeping up with her. And she seemed pleased that I was. She ate it once, and her bikini top rode up to momentarily expose two beautiful melons before she nonchalantly put everything back together.

She glanced at me and grinned, "Did you get a good look?"

"Oh yeah, and what a fine view it was," I declared, grinning too. "Your boyfriend's a lucky guy."

"Naw, the current 'luck guy' hasn't got lucky yet," she said, and then laughed. "I'm still trying to grade him on my 'cool scale'."

"Oh-oh. Don't be grading me on *that* scale."

"Oh, you're pretty cool, Mr. B., so I may give you a good grade."

*And then I might get lucky*, I thought. "No more 'Mister' okay? Call me

Dave.”

She giggled like a girl half her age. “You’re so different from my dad and other guys his age, so I guess I’ll be comfortable dropping the Mister, Dave.”

“Can’t say I know many young ladies your age, Allie, but you’re different too. And *very* cool.”

Her smile glowed. “What’s say we catch one more?”

Off we paddled to join the growing line-up heading out. This last ride was great, and I didn’t wipe out even if I did spend as much time as before checking her out as she stood proudly on her board. Loading the boards on top of my vehicle, I was near to her again, this time with her more revealing wet bikini. Memories of her temporarily unencumbered breasts got my dick a bit excited, and I had to maneuver around delicately to make sure she didn’t see the bulge. I threw her a towel to dry off as I pulled on a t-shirt. Time for part two of my plan.

“I probably shouldn’t because I don’t know you well enough, but you mind if I smoke some weed?”

“You really *ARE* different, Mr. B, I mean, Dave,” she said, smiling enigmatically. “I won’t tell if you let me have some, too.”

We climbed into my SUV and I pulled a baggie from the compartment between the seats. I handed her the bag, which contained loose marijuana as well as several rolled joints. I wasn’t a pothead; I’d just bought it from a friend for this occasion.

“It’s the best of the local shit. Hydroponically grown. Take a whiff, go ahead.” She did.

“We won’t light up here, too many eyes. Mind if I drive us somewhere safe?”

“We can go to my house. Dad’s gone for the day, and besides, he won’t

freak at the smell, probably wouldn't know what the smell was anyway," she said, laughing.

Wow, even better than a deserted lovers' lane—George's fucking house!

We talked as I drove. She gave me a full rundown of her school and social life, enough to lead me to believe she'd been around the block once or twice. She didn't do well in school and talked enthusiastically about a few dismal sounding (to me) jobs she thought of as future prospects. Daddy was probably proud of her anyway. She wanted to know about my life, never hinting she knew anything about my wife and her father. At her house, I helped her stow her surfboard before following her inside. She dug up an ashtray and we each lit up.

After a few long tokes, she said, "This is good stuff. You said it was local?"

"Yeah, a friend gets it for me." I took a drag but tried not to hold my inhalation too long. I wanted her to get nice and high, not necessarily for me to.

"You'll have to give me your friend's name and number."

"It'll cost ya."

She exaggerated a lascivious smile, and said, "What did you have in mind?"

"Oh, I have lots on my mind, but I don't think I rate high enough on your 'cool scale' for that."

"You know, Dave, you *are* pretty cool for your age. You never know."

I *did* know. "You look like you're ready for another," I said, and lit a joint and passed it to her.

Allie was like a reverse chimney, sucking down that pungent smoke like there was no tomorrow. She made a face and declared that she needed to get out of her wet bikini, and without much ado, off came her top. With a smile.

And a wiggle.

“You better go put something on, and I should get out of these shorts too. Your father have a robe or something I can wear in the meantime?”

“What’s the matter? Afraid of me?”

“Not afraid of you, except what the sight of those beauties is doing to my heart,” I said, clutching my chest, feigning a heart attack.

She giggled, already high. “Don’t want that to happen, old man. I’ll go get you a robe.”

She walked away and I lit another joint. She was doing two to every one of mine. Very encouraging. After several minutes she came back into the room wearing a light-blue bathrobe and carrying a burgundy one.

“Here you go,” she said, handing me the robe, which must be her father’s. “You want a beer or something?”

*Something*, I thought, but said, “A beer would be great. What does your old man drink?” She went and pulled a Belgian import I never heard of but assumed expensive from the kitchen fridge, returned and handed me the bottle.

“This’ll need a church key,” I said, indicating the non-twist-off cap.

“A what?”

“Another reminder of how young you are compared to me. It’s what earlier generations called a bottle opener. I’ll get one...I assume there’s one in a kitchen drawer somewhere?”

“Oh yeah, I know where there’s one of those. You change and I’ll get it.”

I dropped my board shorts and picked up the robe. She returned from the kitchen before I was completely covered, alerted to that fact by her giggle. “C’mon, it’s not *that* funny-looking, is it?” I said.

She giggled again. “No, like just the opposite. You look good for your



age, and *it* looks good to me.” More giggling.

I took a swig from my beer and followed it up with a toke from the joint. “That’s better, I thought you were laughing at me.”

“Oh no, Dave. This is good weed and I’m higher than I’ve ever been.” She fell into a fit of giggles, interrupted only by more drags on her latest joint, smoked down to a roach.

“You do look like you’re pretty mellow, Allie. Maybe you should take it easy on the marijuana.”

“I can handle it. How about rolling me another?”

I did, and she lit it as soon as I handed it to her. That’s not the only thing she did: her bathrobe fell open and she didn’t make a move to close it. Her pussy was nicely shaved and as bald as a baby’s butt. Would it be as smooth to the touch? I casually let my robe fall open as well. Couldn’t help it—my “Mini-Me” was stirring again. *Let her see it*, I thought.

“Damn this almost *feels* like a date, doesn’t it?” I asked, baiting her.

“I haven’t been on many cooler ones,” she answered before giggling some more. Stoned for sure. She took a long drag and walked closer. “I sometimes, like, put out on first dates.” She reached out and took hold of my swelling dick.

I led her upstairs to what appeared to be her father’s bedroom. Wouldn’t this be justice! The robes were discarded and she more or less tackled me on the bed. She examined (the best word for what she did) my body, as if someone my age was a mystery to be solved. Done touching, she dreamily began sucking my cock, but I had to stop her since I was getting too many teeth rakes. Maybe because she was stoned. She giggled some more when I began *my* examination. She had that teenaged pudginess that was sexy, though auguring future weight issues. Of course, I didn’t give a shit about her future—here and now, baby! I played with her ample tits, and she liked

that a lot. I put a finger in her snatch and found it exceedingly wet, and ready.

“Condom?” I whispered.

She pointed idly to a bedside drawer, and sure enough, there was a stash. *Did George wear one of these when screwing my wife?* I mused as I unrolled the condom onto my eager erection, already leaking pre-cum by the pint. She’d languidly rolled over onto her stomach like she was going to sleep. No fucking way, high or not.

I eased her thighs open, and getting between them, slipped into her. She moaned but otherwise didn’t react until I started banging her in that reverse-missionary position. Her ass was a firm, round mound of cushion that crept up slightly to meet my thrusts. I usually had good self-control but sliding into her tight, velvet-glove of a vagina was going to have me cum sooner than I wanted to. No matter. I figured I could get it up again and nail her once more, after she smoked more weed, that is.

She hardly made a sound (I almost believed she’d fallen asleep) until all of a sudden her vagina gushed and my condom-sheathed cock felt all warm and squishy-wet—she’d orgasmed.

Oh God, here comes mine! “Aaaarrrrrggggghhhh,” I groaned and filled the condom with my pent-up seed.

No obvious response from Allie except she raised her ass a bit more while I spasmed deep within her. I rolled onto my back, and she moved to me, resting her head on my chest.

She said, hardly above a hoarse whisper, “You’re pretty good for an old man.”

What had I done that was so special? “Thanks. You’re some kind of hot young lady. I guess this *was* a date after all...makes me want to go surfing with you *every* weekend.”

Allie giggled again, and said, “You get weed this good every weekend and, like, (giggle) I’ll go anywhere with you, (giggle) anywhere...” She reached down and slid the condom from my wilting dick, pulled it up closer to her eyes, and said, “Wow, you cum a lot for an old man too.” Another giggle.

I know Allie was clueless that I hadn’t had sex for a while, with all my wife’s ‘headaches’ and such while she screwed around with George, and who knows how many others. It truly was weeks of pent up seed that I spewed into that condom. She dreamily looked at the used condom as if it was a holy relic or something before perking up and announcing she wanted another joint. Sounded good to me; I wanted the time to recharge so I could do her again. When we got out of bed, the soiled condom went under Daddy’s pillow, a surprise for my buddy George to find later and wonder where it came from.

We smoked some more while chatting small talk. From my perspective it *WAS* small talk: mindless teen chatter that proved to me how shallow the girl was. With that ass I didn’t care about shallow. More weed and she was flying again. And giggly. And horny.

She draped herself across her father’s bed and I climbed on top, another condom stretched over my achingly hard cock. She giggled, spread and lifted her legs and pulled me into her. I fucked her like that, her ankles up around my neck. As before, she wasn’t a vocal fuck. Her quivering thighs and bucking hips spoke for her.

I didn’t plan on it, but on one wild thrust I left her pussy and hit her anus. She yelped in protest but damn, it felt good to me. Her whimpering didn’t stop me from fucking her there. The whimpering turned to moaning as she began to orgasm. Nothing like a tight asshole surrounded by a firm, young ass! I moaned too, filling the condom almost as much as I’d done the

first time.

She berated me for going anal, but it was only a half-hearted scolding. “You should have warned me about that,” she said, “Well, ok, like, it felt good, but now my asshole’ll be sore for days.” She giggled, “Like, it wasn’t my first time, but I still laugh at it ‘cause my dad always talks about ‘ass-fucking’ his business rivals and the politicians, duh, not like he really does it, but...”

Just what I wanted, our pillow talk swinging toward her old man. I wanted dirt and this was my opening to get it. “So, it’s like he’s screwing them in business?”

“Oh yeah! He’s always talking about how he has all these selectmen and state reps in his back pocket, like, he gives them money and he has some tapes so they can’t back out. When it comes to his business he gets whatever he wants.” She stopped smiling. “He’s not always a nice man.”

Tell me about it.

“Tapes, huh? I’d like to see one of those, you know, see how your old man operates. I can’t say I admire that shit, but hey, it might be cool to watch.”

“I’ll go get one, but only if you roll me another.” She walked away wearing only a smile. Watching that ass sashay out of the bedroom nearly got the old dick hard again. I rolled her another joint. The baggie was nearly empty, but so far it was well worth it.

She led me to a room set up like a movie theater, and fired up a huge, ancient VHS VCR that probably coexisted with Beta format machines. We smoked, fondled and watched. George was an idiot for secretly taping this stuff. His obviously tremendous ego (is that another thing that attracted Sharon?) must have clouded his judgment when it came to keeping the tapes around so even his daughter knew where they were. And now I knew.

George brazenly offered bribes to many public officials on the tape, most I recognized. Allie told me that this particular tape was only one of many her dad kept around as “insurance” though I thought of them as “evidence” instead.

“This is boring. Let’s watch some porn,” Allie declared, sucking on the joint held in one hand while stroking my dick with the other. Wow—multitalented!

She got up and ejected the tape before rummaging around for a particular DVD. I noted where the tape went, for later.

“What’s the DVD?” I asked.

“It’s like my fave...surfers and sex on a bunch of beaches. Some hot hunks in this one.”

“Yours or your dad’s?”

She giggled, “Mine of course, silly!” I’m sure her dad preferred the reality vids anyway. I wonder how many other women he’d been able to seduce on camera?

The DVD had some of the best bodies I’d ever seen in a porn movie. I jokingly made a comment about feeling inadequate, but she laughed and said I wasn’t that bad. My cock was stiff again and I guessed it was all that mattered to her anyway.

She watched the video while sitting on my lap on the sofa. Soon she was impaled on my cock—bareback, no less! —bouncing up and down to the rhythm set by the duo copulating on the beach in the movie. She soon got wrapped up more in the moment than what was happening on the TV screen, her bouncing and bobbing on me getting so much more intense. She was vocal this time, going from moans to loud yelling as she began her orgasmic shiver. And what a shiver it was! This climax had her whole body shake and convulse. I figured it was weed-fueled, but quite an orgasm nonetheless. She

hadn't said anything to me about birth control, so against my animal urge I slipped out of her, and to my surprise, shot three massive fountains of cum up between her quivering legs, splashing us both. She reacted with a yelp of glee and started rubbing it all over her tits while still quivering from her orgasm. I helped her, of course.

She never made a comment about not using a condom, or me pulling out. She turned around in my lap and kissed me. Unbelievably, after three fucks that was our first kiss. When our lips parted, she told me I was quite cool for someone her father's age, and she'd love to go surfing with me again. Sexual benefits were implicit in her words. God, this was more than I was hoping for!

We jumped into the shower and nonchalantly washed the sex from our bodies like a long-standing couple, instead of a young teen and her older neighbor who just had at it for the first time.

While dressing, I covertly slipped the VHS tape into my shorts' pocket. I made an excuse to return to George's bedroom and removed the soiled condom from under the pillow. With a clearer mind I figured that was some DNA evidence I didn't want to leave lying around.

"You can get s'more of that good weed, right?" She asked as I gave her a peck on the cheek at the back door.

"Yeah, this old man still has his connections," I said. *And I still have my stamina in the sack*, I thought.

"Maybe we can, like surf next weekend?"

"Sure thing! Can't let this nice weather go to waste." I leaned toward her and cupped her ass. "Nor can I let this fantastic ass go to waste, either."

She laughed—and was that really a blush? Holy shit!

I walked toward my house, thoughts of revenge lost in the memory of hot sex shrouded in a giddy haze of pot smoke. Sharon knew something had

happened. The cat-who-ate-the-canary look that was probably on my face may have explained it. Later that night she must have sensed something—maybe a whiff of my exuded pheromones—for she was horny and tried to get me up. I was too tired and too spent from my day with Allie to respond. She fell asleep frustrated, I guessed. Too bad!

The big scene happened two days later. I saw George in his driveway and walked over. His expression was friendly yet uncertain. I didn't make friendly visits to his house as a rule.

"Hi Dave, what's up?"

"Hi George. Nothing much, just letting you know that I consider us even."

"Even in what?" His expression began to betray his unease. Good.

"What I mean is, you've fucked my wife, and even though I didn't like it at first, Allie made up for it so we're even."

A lot of emotions flashed across his face—denial, fear, anger—before he settled on rage. "How dare you...you bastard, coming here and accusing me of...of...and what about my daughter?"

"Spare the outrage. I saw the video. Let's face it, that *IS* something you seem to be good at, making videos." He didn't get *that* one—yet.

"She seduced me, I swear. I didn't want to, but—"

"See, now you're adding insult to injury, like maybe Sharon isn't desirable or something?" I shook my head as he sputtered. "Doesn't matter, Allie is desirable and I had a great day Saturday hangin' with her."

He stopped sputtering long enough to question my sanity and my manhood.

"C'mon George," I said, "I found Allie's weakness—marijuana—so it was pretty easy to get her out of her panties, and me into her pussy."

"I don't believe you, asshole."

“Hey, I actually *did* fuck her there, in the ass...on your bed. You should have seen her cum. Jesus, George, that ass of hers should have a shrine built to it.”

“I still don’t believe you, but if you touched her in any way you’re going to jail, you bastard. Then we’ll see who’ll get fucked in the ass,” he said with a bit more bravado.

“Tsk, tsk, I wouldn’t talk about jail like that, George. You know how the feds would react if they knew about your, ah...political dealings.”

“I hear talk but little else.”

“Now, George, you must know by now your sweet little girl with the great ass told me all about the bribes, and by the way, I have one of the tapes. Like I said before, we’re even.”

We sparred for a few more minutes. I told him to leave my wife alone if he knew what was good for him. He made threats about me touching Allie, but they were pretty meek by then. I thought about my next surfing date with her and damned if I didn’t get hard! It wasn’t simply sweet revenge that I got, but maybe a renewed sex drive too.

I don’t think George even came close to Sharon after that day. My wife lost her ‘headaches’ and ‘tiredness’ and got frisky with me again. She was even more animated in bed than she’d appeared on the secret DVD. Who knows what she knew, but I figured I’d take it.

I did take Allie surfing again. We traveled up the coast to a secluded beach I knew about. The surf was ordinary, but the seclusion did facilitate other things. We smoked some weed before screwing right there on the fog-shrouded beach, like they did in her favorite porn. She was quite the cummer; as usual not loud, but boy did she squirt pussy juice!

The sweetest revenge, indeed!

The End



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*I hope you enjoyed this story. I've been thinking of writing one from a man's POV for a while but until now didn't have a good idea (or maybe I was too chicken to try it). One of my favorite authors on the asstr site had been STEVE SAINT. He was always able to write a hot story from a woman's perspective and I admired him for that. He must have been quite a man.*

*With love,*

*Donna*

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