

Amber Exposed

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Stepping out onto the back deck with beach towel in hand, my eyes went to the left where I saw my neighbor Kyle peeking with anticipation through the blinds of a second story window. Eyes going right, I saw Jenna and Lisa – lesbian lovers that had tried getting me to join them for the better part of a year, doing the same. They all knew what was coming and I did not mind them watching me even a little. In fact, I made it a point to show off as much as possible and only had a privacy fence around the property to prevent being arrested for indecent exposure. As if there were anything indecent about a woman going naked.

Lips forming into a smile, I draped the towel over the deck railing, reached behind my head and untied the strings securing my bikini top around my neck. Letting it fall and expose my perky breasts, I untied the lower strap and lay it on the railing next to the towel. Eyes quickly darting left and right I saw my neighbors still watching. The bikini bottom followed and I picked the towel up and walked out into the fenced in back yard.

Fanning the large purple and white striped towel out, I made a show of walking to each corner, bending at the waist while keeping my legs together and knees-locked straight and took my time smoothing out the wrinkles before dropping onto my hands and knees at one end. My back arched as I slowly slid my hands forward until I was stretched out belly down. Spreading my legs apart, I knew Kyle had a clear view of my naked vulva and it made my body tingle with excitement. Looking up, I could see the disappointment in Jenna and Lisa's eyes, but while my exhibitionist nature permitted them to watch me sunbathing in the nude, I am not a lesbian or bisexual and thus had no desire to give them any more than that.

I am not just being a self-absorbed narcissist by claiming to be so beautiful women get turned on seeing me naked either. Not only have I heard my two sexy lesbian neighbors talking about fingering themselves and each other while watching me soaking up the sun and occasionally in the bedroom when I conveniently forget to close the curtains, but I've seen them doing it no fewer than three times. Not that I dropped everything I was doing to watch them going at it like fiends, but like me they sometimes left the drapes open and blinds up. And yes, I did call them sexy because I am confident enough in my own sexuality to appreciate beauty in all of its forms.

After about fifteen minutes I rolled onto my back to sun the front and give Kyle an even clearer view of my laser-smoothed vulva and pierced hood. Closing my eyes to block out the sun, I thought about his long, fat cock plowing my fertile fields and my heart beat a little faster in my chest. But that was a pipedream as he was married and would not cheat on his wife beyond watching and jerking off if home alone as he now was. Which is how I saw his impressive cock in the first place, but that's a story for another day.

As typical when so relaxed, I fell asleep as the sun warmed my body. Dreaming of Kyle taking me from behind as his stuck-up wife watched, I woke with a start as something slid along my slit. Bolting upright, I looked down to see the top of Jenna's head between my legs. Scrambling back off my towel, I clamped my legs closed. W-What in the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Licking your sweet pussy like you asked."

"I did no such thing. Now get your dyke ass the fuck off my property before I call the cops!"

But instead of leaving she sat back and picked her phone up off the ground. After a moment, she turned it me. I said get the hell...

"Mmmm...that's it," I purred as my fingers thrust in and out of my pussy as I writhed in pleasure. "Uhn...uhn...Oh god...I'm not gay but do it...finger my pussy Jenna. Shove them in deep and suck my fucking clit! Ooohhhh sweet Jesus! I can't believe this is happening to me! I swear I'm not into women, but I just can't deny my curiosity any longer."

"That was you not five minutes ago. It goes on for about another minute but the message was loud and clear."

"I was sleeping! Dreaming. You know damn well I'm not a fucking dyke!"

"I've seen you tanning a hundred times and have never heard you talking in your sleep. Look at the way you're writhing and fingering yourself. And you can't possibly tell me you didn't hear me opening that creaky gate of yours, or my expletive-filled gasp as I tripped over the garden hose. There's no need to be embarrassed Amber. Coming out is the biggest step and Lisa and I are here to help you through it."

"I'm not coming out! What part of I was sleeping don't you understand? Now get the hell off my property you fucked up perverted cunt!" But instead of leaving, she sat her phone back on the ground, leaned down and gently kissed my right foot. Moving it to the side, I glared at her. My mouth opened to tell her off again, but only a surprised gasp escaped as she quickly crawled forward and sucked my inner labia into her mouth. Falling onto my elbows, back arched and head nearly on the ground, I saw Lisa still in the window phone in hand and I knew she was recording every second of my humiliation.

"That's it. Just relax and let me make you feel good," Jenna purred. "Your pussy tastes so fucking good. And is so tight it's squeezing my tongue."

"This isn't...uhn...h-happening! That it...I'm still asleep. This is all a...oh my fucking god!" I gasped as her tongue pushed its way deeper into me. Falling flat on the ground I did the only thing that came to mind in that moment. I clamped my legs shut – my thighs pressing tightly against the sides of my brazen neighbor's head, but still she continued licking and sucking my pussy as if my actions were words of encouragement. "P-Please stop!" But instead she made a slight adjustment to her position so that she was sucking my clit as her middle finger pushed deep and hooked upward in search of my g-spot.

The grip of my legs on her head loosened and I attempted to crawl back, but she was having none of it as her hands grabbed my thighs to keep me from getting away. I heard the gate creak open and closed and it was only then I noticed Lisa was no longer sitting in the window staring down at the lewd scene. A moment later I saw her coming around the side of the house pulling her flowery sun dress off without missing a step. Walking up to my right, she knelt and pressed her lips to mine and despite my embarrassment I came all over Jenna's thrusting finger. Yanking it free, she pushed her tongue in and lapped up every drop as her girlfriend continued kissing me.

Mind reeling, body writhing, I had a series of smaller tremors that left me in a state of confused arousal that had my hips bucking to meet Jenna's probing tongue and two thrusting fingers. Lisa and my lips finally parted, leaving me breathless and her grinning. Giving me a quick wink, she straddle my head and lowered herself down until her smoothly shaved vulva was pressed against my mouth which I closed. But like her girlfriend she would not be denied. Pressing down harder, she rocked back and forth – her pussy rubbing against my nose and lips. Unable to hold my breath any longer, I inhaled and that's when I got my first taste of pussy.

My hands grabbing Lisa by the hips with the intent of pushing her off of me, I froze as Jenna attempted to add a third finger to my tight pussy. Lips parting to voice my humiliation and to tell her not so many fingers, I realized what I was thinking and my shock caused me to pull Lisa down even harder. Under the subtle tastes of rose with a hint of peach and maybe a pinch of vanilla hid her natural sweet, slightly salty and metallic flavors that reminded me of the taste of blood but not in a bad way.

I have no idea how long I licked my neighbor's pussy. It felt like hours had passed, but was probably more like two or three minutes – far longer than I ever expected to perform cunnilingus in my entire lifetime, and more than enough to tell me two things. First, it was nowhere nearly as bad as I imagined it would be. And two, I now had a better idea why men and women alike enjoyed doing it. That being said, I still did not consider myself even bisexual despite the orgasm and subsequent tremors Jenna's skilled tongue and fingers forced out of me. The whole encounter had my mind spinning a thousand miles an hour.

"Switch places," Jenna said. Lisa obeyed without hesitation and after a flurry of motion she was between my legs and I was staring up at Jenna's quickly descending pussy.

"W-Wait!" I gasped. "Don't I get a damn say here? Why are you doing thimph..." the rest of my comment was cut short by Jenna's pussy pressing to my lips – a gentle rocking and added pressure telling me to stop being stingy with the tongue. She tasted remarkably similar to her lover and I could only assume they shared the same soaps and diet as those are the only two things I knew could influence the taste of one's pussy. I'm sure there are more, but those were the only ones I was aware of. Pinching her ass, she jerked forward and I gave her a push. Not hard enough to cause her any real pain, but she got the point and rolled off to the grass. "Dammit! Let me fucking speak! Please just stop and leave me alone. I am not lesbian. I don't want any of this."

"Then why did you lick me for several minutes?" Lisa asked. "A straight woman would have made Jenna stop the second it started."

"I tried to but..."

"But you let her continue, Amber. I watched you from the window, recorded it on my phone so there can be no doubt as to what happened. You let her lick and finger you and when I came over you willingly and might I say pleasantly licked me and based on how deep your tongue was going there's no way in hell you're going to convince me you did not enjoy it."

"I didn't...I can't...I don't have to explain myself to you! I am not a god damn lesbian so get off my property or I'm calling the cops!"

"Fine, but remember we have the videos and won't hesitate in using them as evidence should you decide to claim rape," Lisa huffed.

"No need to toss around threats," Jenna stepped in before her girlfriend and I went for each other's throats. "We'll go and we won't come back unless you invite us, but just know we are just next door if you ever want to talk about this or experiment further. I know you're not a lesbian, but I think you're a deep in the closet bisexual and the only reason you're lashing out at us now is because you enjoyed it and that scares the hell out of you. All I ask is that you keep an open mind and think about everything I've said and what you've done." Standing, she picked up her dress. "Come on Lisa, she's made it clear she does not want to continue and we will not force her to do anything against her will."

Huffing in disappointment, Lisa never the less got up and put on her dress. Sitting on the ground, I watched them leave before getting up and running into the house, locking the door behind me as tears of humiliation rolled down my cheeks. Going to every room of the house I

lowered blinds and shut curtains – something I only did on the rare occasion I wanted to be alone with my thoughts, or if I was with someone not as comfortable with showing off their body as me. Feeling dirty, I went to the bathroom and showered – using every drop of hot water available before stepping out and drying off.

Not one for wearing clothes at home, I paced the house naked as I thought about what had happened in the back yard – Jenna's words running over and over in my racing mind. Yes, I told her to stop. No, she did not listen. Yes, she dove right in and licked and fingered my pussy. Yes, I had several orgasms including a particularly intense first one. Yes I licked Lisa's pussy for several minutes without much in the way of complaint. Yes, though I hate to admit it, I did sort of maybe liked the way they tasted. Yes, I was going to tell Jenna not to use so many fingers. Not to stop completely and leave me the hell alone, but to not use so many and I kept coming back to that one single thought as I walked from one room to another.

It took me most of the afternoon to digest what my neighbors did and to digest what I was thinking and feeling before, during and after the incident and while I could not deny the feelings those actions elicited in me, I ultimately chalked the whole encounter up to a series of misunderstandings and ultimately maintained my status as a straight woman and forgave Jenna and Lisa for what they had done. At least in my mind. Still too embarrassed to talk to them face-to-face, I made a mental note to do so when that was no longer the case.