

Desperate Times, Perverse Measures

Emily Sinclair

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Seeing her neighbor setting up for her third yard sale in as many weeks, Kayla slipped into a pair of shorts and a tank top before heading over for a little chat. “Hey babe!” she called out as she approached tables lined with odds and ends. “Another yard sale?”

“It’s the only hope I have of saving the place,” Kayla let slip.

“Oh honey, if you needed money all you had to do was ask.”

“If I can’t make it on my own then...”

“How much for everything?”

“I don’t need your charity, Lana.”

“It’s not charity if I’m buying what you’re selling. Come on, how much for everything?”

“I haven’t added it all up.”

“You don’t have to tell me, but how much do you need?”

“Fifty-nine grand in the next two weeks or I lose the house and car.”

“Is that all?”

“Not all of us have your kind of money so if you don’t mind I’d...”

“What are you willing to do to earn the money?”

“Excuse me?”

“I’m not just going to hand you that kind of money without earning it, so what are you willing to do to earn it?”

“At this point anything,” Kayla said, her head hanging in defeat as a pitiful sigh escaped her lips.

“Anything huh? I like it. And I like you, Kayla, which is exactly why I’m going to help you save your house and car. Also, you’re the best neighbor a woman can ask for so I can’t let you move that easily. Box all of this stuff up and take it back inside and then come over to my place when you’re done.”

“Why?”

“So you can earn that fifty-nine grand and maybe more.”

“I’m not...” the look on her wealthy neighbor’s face telling her she was not going to take no for an answer, she changed her mind mid-thought. “I’ll be over in about an hour.”

“See you then, sexy.” Turning, Lana took about ten steps, stopped and spun around on her heels. “Let’s make this fun,” she said, reaching into the front right pocket of her denim shorts. “If you pack all this stuff up while completely naked I’ll give you all the money I have in my pocket.”

“Um, excuse me?”

“You heard me. I’ve wanted to see that gorgeous body of yours since you moved in two years ago and you need the cash so...”

“H-How much?”

“Not saying.”

“That’s hardly fair.”

“You can always say no.”

Eyes going to the street some two hundred feet behind her neighbor, Kayla gulped back her pride and pulled her shirt off. Her shorts, bra and panties quickly followed and then she looked down at her shoes. “Um, I don’t want to step on any bees or anything so...”

“You can keep the shoes on.” Pulling her hand out of her pocket, Lana dropped the wad of cash on the table and grinned. “I’m not going to lie. I want you, Kayla, so why don’t you start

with that and I'll show you just how much," she said, pointing to a small wooden crate filled with various glassware sitting on the ground.

"W-What are you going to do?"

"Only one way to find out, babe." Walking around the table, Lana made no attempt to hide the fact that she was checking her sexy neighbor out.

Having a pretty good idea what Lana wanted to do, but at the same time hoping she was just teasing as she always did, Kayla turned, bent down and as her fingers wrapped around the handles she felt hands spreading her open and the tip of a tongue flick over her clit. Eyes going wide, she let them drift to the stack of fifties and hundreds on the table. Lana's tongue slid along her vulva and then she her inner labia were sucking into her neighbor's mouth. "Ooohhhhh GOD!" Hands coming up, she braced them on the edge of the table in front of her as a few taps on her right ankle prompted her to spread her legs. "I...I k-knew you were going to...uuhhnnn...and I did it anyways. I've never..."

"Just relax and let me make you feel good, babe. And if I can make you orgasm I'll help you pack this stuff up so we can head to my place all the sooner. Deal?"

"I've never had sex with another woman before, Lana."

"If you want me to stop just say the word."

"I..." taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, Kayla spread her legs a little wider as she lay her upper body on the table.

"Good girl."

"More like desperate. Do...am I going to have to eat your pussy too?"

"That would only be fair." Standing, Lana playfully slapped Kayla's ass and then stripped out of her clothes. Taking her by the hand, she twirled her around. "Tell me, do you have a gag reflex?"

"Um..."

"It's okay, you can tell me."

"No."

"No you don't have a gag reflex or no you can't tell me?"

"I don't have a gag reflex."

"Nice. Then get on your knees. If you can make it through this next part without spilling a drop I'll give you another grand."

All Kayla heard was more money as she let her already weak knees buckle and take her to the ground. She offered no resistance when Lana put a hand on the back of her head and only marginally flinched when she tasted her first pussy. Lips parting, she extended her tongue and licked. A moment later her mouth filled with warm, bitter fluid and her neighbor's words suddenly made sense. Looking up in wide-eyed shock, she swallowed. Her mouth filled again and she gulped it down while doing everything in her power not to throw up. When the stream trickled to a stop she the hand on the back of her head encouraged her to lick and she obeyed.

"Not many people can drink an entire bladderful their first time without spilling a drop so well done. I think we're going to have a lot of fun together. Right after we get each other off." Taking a step back, she smiled down at her new lover. "Lay back." When Kayla lay back, Lana got on top of her in a sixty-nine position and then started licking. A moment later she smiled as the tongue licked along her vulva. Scrunching her fingers together as tightly as possible, she eased them into Kayla's pussy – managing to get nearly to the knuckles before her neighbor squirmed and whimpered beneath her.

Head spinning in a maelstrom of conflicting emotions. She felt embarrassed at having sex with another woman. Alarmed that someone could show up and catch them in the act. Amazed at just how much she liked the taste of pussy. And eager to do whatever it took to earn the money needed to save her home and car even if it completely humiliated her in the process. Sucking Lana's clit, she pushed three fingers into her pussy at the same time teeth gently sank into her own hooded love button. Bucking her hips, she came hard. Feeling herself being stretched open, she came again as the hand pulled out of her. Rolling over so that she was now on top, she sat back and looked down just as the hand pushed back in. "SWEET FUCKING JESUS! Your hand is in me!"

"Ride it babe. Fuck yourself on my hand and arm like the sexy fucking slut that you are!" Balling her hand into a fist, Lana pushed upward until her knuckles were pressing against Kayla's cervix. "Come on, babe, you can do it. Ride my arm like a massive cock."

Even the smallest of movements bringing great pleasure, Kayla raised up and slammed herself back down as she experienced her third orgasm in as many minutes. Throwing her head back, a guttural moan escaped her lips and when she leaned forward to brace her hands on Lana's legs she saw a car pull into the driveway. "OH GOD!" Screeching, she pulled herself off her lover's hand and quickly grabbed her shirt. "Someone's here, get dressed!"

"I don't think we have time for that," Lana said as the sedan rolled to a stop. "Besides, seeing us naked might encourage them to buy something."

"Dammit, Lana, this isn't a game! I need every penny I can make from selling this stuff and..." words catching in her throat, she looked at the man looking back at her with wide eyes and broad smile. Her body rapidly going from pink to red as humiliation set in, she offered a nervous smile. "S-Sorry sir but we're..."

"Honey, you have absolutely nothing to be sorry about, the lanky, twenty-something man dressed in khaki shorts and tee shirt said, his eyes locked on Kayla's perky breasts.

"Kayla here is selling everything she owns in a desperate attempt to save her house," Lana said as she pressed herself against her neighbor's back. "For the right amount that might even include herself, big boy," she said, her eyes going to the man's tented shorts.

"LANA! I am not selling myself, sir, my friend is just trying to..."

"I've got a grand on me."

"I'm not a hooker!"

"I meant no offense. What if I were inclined to buy a thousand dollars' worth of stuff?"

"Go for it babe," Lana encouraged her neighbor turned lover. "He's not half bad looking and I know you've noticed that huge bulge in his shorts so..."

"What the actual fuck, Lana? You want him so bad then you fuck him."

"Okay, but I'm not the one that needs the money."

"Look, I'm not going to force myself on you so if you're not interested I'll just, um, get going now before I get blamed for something I didn't do."

"Wait," Kayla sighed. "I'll do it. You can fuck me but I want to see the money first. And Lana, please go take the damn sign down so no one else pulls in." Getting on all fours, she looked back over her shoulder. "Hurry up before I change my mind."

Moving around the table, the man unzipped his shorts, pulled out his cock and thrust it into Kayla's pussy. "My name's Rick by the way," he said as he took her by the hips.

Lowering her head to folded arms on the ground, a moan was the only thing to come out of Kayla's mouth as she rocked her hips back to meet his every thrust. Seeing her neighbor coming around the table, she adjusted her position and as soon as Lana was on the ground she

lowered her head and started licking and sucking her vulva – telling herself she was only doing it for the money and not believing a word of it as she felt the fourth orgasm of the day rapidly approaching. Caught up in the ecstasy of being fucked by a well-endowed stranger while pleasuring her first female lover, Kayla gave no thought to the consequences of having sex with a man she did not know or what might happen when he blows his load deep inside of her and by the time she did it was too late. The grip on her hips tightened. Rick slammed in and out of her hard and fast and then with one final lunge he was cumming and so was Lana. Shocked she actually made another woman orgasm, let alone squirt, Kayla thirstily placed her mouth over her friend's vulva and swallowed.

“Give me ten minutes and I'll be ready to go again, Rick said as he pumped the last of his seed into Kayla's tightly clenching pussy.

“Sounds fair,” Lana grinned as she stared into Kayla's wide eyes. “I mean, he is paying you a grand after all so the least you can do is show him a good time until he can't get it up anymore.”

“He...he just came in me. I'm not on birth control Lana!”

“OH, now that's exciting! I know fifty guys that would pay good money for the chance to breed such a sexy young filly as yourself. You'd make enough to save the house and car in no time flat.”

“You're insane!”

“And you're desperate. Come on, at least let the man have the pleasure of taking your ass next.”

Looking up over her shoulder, Kayla sighed. “Seeing as how you're paying so much you can fuck me until you can't get it up, but no more cumming in me.”

“If I can't cum in you then I'm not paying a grand.”

“Fine, you can cum in me,” Kayla said as images of a swollen belly popped into her head.

“What about you?” Rick said, eyeing Lana.

“I'm here so she can practice pleasing another woman, but if you're lucky I might let you fuck me later. Now pull out so I can lick her clean.”

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Several sex-filled hours later, Kayla lay on her back staring up at the late afternoon sky with Lana nuzzled up next to her left side. “I can't believe I let that man fuck me five times.”

“That he got it up that many times is testament to your stunning beauty, babe. On the bright side you made twenty-five hundred dollars and the only thing you had to sell was your sexy self.”

“Don't remind me.”

“There's no shame in making a few bucks doing what we all love. I mean, how do you think I've made my fortune?”

“Seriously? I thought you inherited it or hit the lottery or something.”

“Nope. And if you're willing to keep an open mind I'll gladly show you how to make more money than you'll ever need.”

“By whoring myself out to strangers?”

“Not necessarily. Come on, let's go take a nice hot bath and grab some dinner before I show you exactly what I do for a living.”

“O-Okay.”