Love Thy Neighbor

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Rick gets hired on to work in the neighbor's yard and garden

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It was 1970. I had just turned 17 when we moved to a new town. We had spent the weekend moving furniture and unpacking boxes. Mom and dad had gone to work, leaving me home

to finish up, when the doorbell rang. I opened the door see who was there. Before me was an absolute babe! She looked to be around thirty five. Tall, jet black, shoulder length hair, tight blouse, tight slacks, amazing looking rack, killer ass, carrying a plate full of cookies.

“Hi! My name is Karen Burleson. I’m your next door neighbor!” she said smiling as she thrust the plate forward. “Welcome to the neighborhood!”

Trying not to stare, I took the cookies, stammering something about my folks not being home, and thanks for the cookies. Then, remembering my manners, I invited her in. As she walked by, I couldn’t help but stare at the most delicious ass I’d ever seen, which, in turn, caused a painfully hard boner to form in my pants.

“I’m…I’m Rick. Rick DiBennedetto. My..um..folks are at work. They should e home after five.

Before I had the chance to rearrange my shorts, she turned, extending her hand. “Nice to meet you Rick!” she answered, smiling as her eyes glossed over the bulge in my pants. “I just thought you could use something sweet while you unpack. Chocolate chip! Fresh baked this morning.”

“Gee….thanks! Thanks again! ” I said smiling back, trying unsuccessfully not to stare at her blouse, which seemed to be fighting a losing battle to stay buttoned.

“Hey! If you’re not busy this summer, could you mow my lawn? And maybe some other chores? I just don’t have the time!” she said as she headed for the door, her luscious ass swaying with each step. “That is, if it’s OK with your parents.”

“Well…well..sure! I don’t have anything going, anyway! I’d be happy to!” I replied.

“Why don’t you stop by tomorrow. And I’ll show you exactly what I need. OK?” she said as she turned, stared at my tented crotch, and smiled.

I immediately headed for my bedroom, grabbing a box marked ‘baseball cards’ from under the bed. Opening the box, I pulled out a dog eared copy of an old skin mag. I had found. Flipped it open to photo of a young, large breasted girl, bent at the waist, ass in the air, and a come hither look in her eye. Unzipping my pants, I pulled out my cock and started stroking. In no time, I grunted and spewed warm cum all over my fist. After cleaning up, I returned to my task of unpacking, not wanting my folks to think that I’d done nothing all day.

Before we get any further, let me tell you a little more about me. As I said, I’m seventeen, tall and lanky, which is a nice way of saying I qualified to be the Biafra poster child. Physically, I was all man, but somewhat embarrassed to wear a Speedo because it didn’t leave a lot of room for expansion. I was very shy, and felt awkward around girls, probably due to the number of times we moved when I was younger. I had no brothers or sisters to give me advice, so I didn’t get very social. I studied, I ran cross country and swam competitively, excelling at both, but when it came to girls, the phrase ‘socially under-developed’ was quite apt. Don’t get me wrong, I knew the mechanics. I just didn’t get a lot of practice, so, at seventeen, I was still very much a virgin.

That evening, I told my folks about the neighbor and the cookies, and about the job offer. They were thrilled that I would have something to occupy my time until school started.

The next morning, I went to the neighbors house, rang he doorbell, expecting Ms Burleson to open it wearing I don’t know what. A bathrobe? A negligee? Skin tight Capri’s?

The shock on my face was unmistakable! There before me was middle aged man in a wheelchair! “You must be Rick!” he said “Here to do some yard work for us. As you can see, it‘s a little difficult for me to push a lawn mower”

“Umm….yeah!” I stammered.

“I’m Jim! Jim Burleson. Nice to meet you.” he said extending his hand.

“Umm …yeah! Nice to meet you too!” I answered shaking his hand.

Over his shoulder, he yelled, “Honey! Rick is here!” Then turning in a tight circle, his massive hands deftly maneuvering the chair, he headed for the living room. To me he said, “Come on in!”

I followed him in and sat down, waiting for his wife to appear. She made her entrance a moment later with a plate of Apple Danish. Wearing her hair up, red Capri pants that looked very much like they had been painted on, and a print shirt that had been tied below her ample bust. I got an instant hard-on as she bent over, offering me something to eat.

“Here.” she said, “Have some pastry! Got to keep your strength up!”

Needless to say, I blushed when she looked up and saw my gaze riveted to her luscious breasts barely encased in her blouse, instead of the plate of food. She just smiled as she looked at me, then shifted her attention to her husband.

I knew I’d been busted! At least by her, …and probably him. I could only think that I’d just blown an employment opportunity. How could I explain this to my folks?

I ate quickly, excused myself, and asked where the mower was. Karen replied that it was in the garage. The yard was large, with lots of trees and gardens, so it wasn’t a simple back and forth quick mowing job. It took most of the morning to complete. About halfway through I just had to take off my tee shirt as it was soaked with sweat. Shortly thereafter, I noticed Karen, leaning on the back of her couch, staring out the living room window. I assumed she was checking on me to see that I wasn’t goofing off. A couple of minutes later, I noticed that she was still there, in the same position, but with her eyes scrunched closed, and her mouth open, as if she were saying something. Strange! I thought. But, what the hell! As long as she pays me! And I kept on working.

Around noon, she came outside, complimenting me on the nice job I had done on the grass. Thanking her, I noticed that the red Capri’s were missing. In their place was a denim skirt. She smiled at me and said, “Why don’t you come on inside and get some lunch?”

“That’s OK Mrs. Burleson, I’ve got some stuff at home I can eat.” I answered.

“Nonsense!” she replied, “Lunch is part of the package!” She turned and strode back to the house. Not wanting to piss off my new employer on the first day, I followed, admiring the way her ass moved as a stiffy formed, yet again in my cut-offs.

There was a plate full of sandwiches on the kitchen table, along with three cans of Coke. She helped herself to two of each, placing one on a plate in her husbands lap, and sitting in a leather easy chair across from the living room couch, where I sat by default. We engaged in a lot of small talk, while we ate, most of it centered around me. Subjects like, ‘did I have a girlfriend’ (no!), ‘what sports am I into’ (basketball and lacrosse!), ‘where I was from’ (all over!). Stuff like that.

It was then that I noticed that Mrs. Burleson, or Karen, as she insisted I call her had shifted her position so I could see up her skirt. Typical teenage boy that I was, the sight transformed the flaccid tool in my pants into an uncomfortable lump. I tried looking away, but my gaze always returned. Especially when she moved again and I was able to see that she wore no panties! There! Before my very eyes was a grown female pussy, complete with a dark vee of hair pointing directly at her pouting pink lips!

I tore my stare from under her skirt and looked at her face. Busted again! She had seen me staring, and just smiled a Mona Lisa smile that screamed, ‘I know what you’re looking at young man’ and she did absolutely nothing to hide the view.

Her husband seemed oblivious to what was going on, excusing himself to go listen to music in his stereo room, leaving Karen and I alone in the living room. I was both nervous and excited at the same time. She opened her legs a little wider, smiled and asked, “Like what you see?”

I turned beet red, stammering, trying not to stare, but unable to keep my eyes off the warm pink flower of her womanhood. Finally able to form a string of words that made sense, I replied, “But…..what about your husband?”

Moving her hand from the arm of the chair, she slid it up her thigh, her middle finger rubbing the length of her slit. “Jim? Poor man! Ever since his accident, well, everything below the waist…is a waste. He can’t get it up anymore! He tries to please me, but….well…you know, a woman has needs too!.” By now her middle finger had separated her lips and was buried deep in her gash. “Would you like a closer look?”

Completely mesmerized by the scene before me, I nodded imperceptively, my shorts tenting painfully, my mind racing, trying to understand what was unfolding in front of me.

She pulled the finger from her pussy, looked at the glistening digit, lifted it to her lips, and sucked it clean. She stood up, walked over to the couch, lifting her skirt. Standing in front of me, her neatly trimmed pussy inches from my face. “Go ahead! Touch it! Kiss it if you want!” she whispered.

I was at a total loss! I’d only seen this in magazines! I’d imagined what it would look like in person, how it would feel, taste, and smell. I looked up into her eyes, my dilemma clearly visible.

She looked down, realizing that I was clueless as to what I should do. Then softly, she said, “You’re a virgin, aren’t you Rick?”

“Ummm! Yes Ma’am!” I croaked, breathing in the scented air emanating from her visibly moist pussy.

“Then lets do this right!” she said, taking my hand and leading me to her bedroom.

Once inside, I went to close the door behind us and she said, “Leave it open!” as she led me to the bed. Kneeling down in front of me she unsnapped my cut-offs, yanked them down to my ankles and fished my cock from my boxers. “This looks delicious!” she exclaimed as she pulled my shaft and balls through the fly of my underwear. Rubbing the shaft against her cheek, she added, “Hot, big, and hard, just the way I like it!”

She gently squeezed it, smiling as a drop of pre-cum formed at the slit. She kissed the crown smearing my essence all over her lips before taking the helmet in her mouth, moaning as her lips ovalled around it.

I thought I was going to lose it right then and there! Watching as she sucked more and more of me into her mouth, my hips squirmed and I didn’t know what to do with my hands. Part of me wanted to grab her head and plunge my dick into her face and part of me just wanted to let her do as she wanted, knowing that the outcome would be like nothing I’d ever experienced before.

She got about two-thirds of the way down my shaft before I felt my cockhead bump the back of her throat. She slowly pulled off, letting my saliva soaked penis plop out of her mouth. “God! It’s been too fucking long!” she panted as she wrapped her hand around my manhood and started to rub up and down my length. Her lips found my left nut and she sucked the orb into her mouth with another muffled moan. My hips began rocking, my cock sliding through her fisted hand and I let out a moan of my own. I could feel her tongue swirl around my testicle as she jacked my shaft.

She let go of my left, kissed my right ball, and slid her tongue slowly up my cock, following a big blue vein. Sliding her tongue onto the underside, she teased the spot where my shaft and helmet merged, her mouth open, her eyes twinkling with lust. “Cum in my mouth, Rick! I want to taste you!” she said as she continued to slide her hand up and down my dick.

I felt like I was going to explode. And then I did! Grunting like a wild animal, I felt the life giving syrup course through my cock and watched through half closed eyes as it squirted onto her tongue and slid into the back of her throat.

Weak in the knees, I fell backward onto the bed, not believing how intense an orgasm I’d just had. Karen rose from the floor and sat next to me, licking her lips. She said, “I don’t know who enjoyed that more, me or you.”

“I think me!” I croaked.

“Well then, I think you owe me some pleasure then.” she answered.

“But, I….I don’t know what to do?” I confessed.

“That’s OK! I’ll teach you!” she said as she started to unbutton her blouse.

I watched in awe as she peeled the blouse off exposing a lace covered bra and two of the most magnificent breasts imaginable. Then she turned around, asking if I would be so kind as to unclasp the bra.

“Ummm…..yeah!” I stammered as I fumbled with the four clasps.

“Now slide your hands inside!”

As I cupped the orbs with my hands, her nipples stabbing into my palms, I said, “Oh God! They’re so soft….so warm!”

Leaning back into me, she placed her hands over mine, and whispered in my ear, “The like to be played with. Pinched. Fondled. Kissed. Sucked!”

Turning my head, our lips met. My hands, almost involuntarily, clenched, kneading the ample flesh of her chest. Her lips opened in a long, low moan as her tongue slid up against my teeth. My fingers stroked here turgid nipples, gently pulling the rosy pink buds as her skurt clad ass ground against my reviving manhood..

Breaking the kiss, she asked me to help her out of her last remaining piece of clothing. I reluctantly let go of her right breast and unzipped the skirt, feeling more than seeing it drop to the floor. She turned again and pushed me onto the bed.

“Now, I’m going to teach you how to pleasure a woman!” she purred as she crawled up my prone body until her neatly trimmed, moist, and meaty pussy was directly oner my face. “Like what you see, Rick?” she asked lowering herself to within an inch of my nose.

Staring up into the bedewed folds of her womanhood, I nodded, unwilling to take my eyes off her. It was like a Georgia O’Keefe painting come to life!

“Go ahead! Kiss it!” she said, “It won’t bite!”

“But, what about your husband?” I asked, somewhat afraid if what his hands could do to me if they got hold of me.

She smiled as I lifted my head until my lips barely brushed the moist flesh of her near hairless pussy. “Don’t you worry about Jim! I’m sure he doesn’t mind!” I breathed in her musky aroma and sighed as my tongue touched the damp folds. I felt her hand on the back of my head, holding me in place as my tongue explored her outer surfaces. The taste of her sweet, musky pussy was something totally foreign to me. And I loved it! My tongue probed deeper. She tasted stronger, I pushed my tongue and face into the soft, wetness.

“Oh God, Rick! That feels so good! Tongue fuck my cunt!” she said. It came out as a request, but the hand on my head, pulling me closer felt like a command. A command I was perfectly wiling to follow. Her hips rolled, smearing her essence all over my face. My tongue drilled in and out, lapping the juices that seeped from within, covering her with doglike kisses as she used my face for her personal gratification.

I wrapped my arms around her thighs as she ground herself against me, pushing the bridge of my nose up against the hood of her clit. It seemed to make her grind harder, moan louder. I shifted my face a bit, capturing the the flaps of her hood between my lips.Sucking gently on the flavorful flesh, I feathered my tongue against the bottom of it.

“Yes! Yes! That’s it! That’s it Suck my clit! Oh, fuck Yes!” she babbled, fondling one of her breasts with one hand and holding my head with the other. I could feel her legs trembling as I continued my oral assault, and could hear her ragged breathing as I looked upward, past her breasts, to her flushed face. Her eyes half closed, her mouth slack, her hand mashing her breast, babbling almost incoherently. “Oh God!..Oh God!..Don’t stop! Make me cum, Rick! Make me cum!….Pleeeease!”

Rasping my tongue against the underside of her clit sent her over the edge.She clamped her thighs around my head, a fistful of my hair in her hand, bathing my face in her warm juices. She let go of everything and rolled off me onto the center of the bed, both hands clutching her pussy, her legs curled into the fetal position, rocking back and forth as her orgasm swept through her. Slowly, she uncurled, her breath still in ragged pants.

Having never witnessed this before, I asked if she was alright. Pulling her hands from her crotch, she held my head, pulled it to her breast and replied “Of course! You dear, dear boy! That was the most incredible orgasm I’ve ever had!”

As I smiled, my lips brushed against her turgid nipple. The scent of sweet perfume, Chanel No.5, I think, sparked a need in me, and I sucked the dusty rose colored bud in my mouth and gently nursed

for a minute or so.

She pulled my head from her breast ans whispered, “ I’ve just got to have you inside me Rick!”

Planting my feet on the floor, I stood between her outstretched legs, my painfully erect penis mere inches from her moist cleft. I pressed it against her swollen clit, slowly rocking my hips, teasing her.

Arching her hups upward, she captured the mushroom head of my manhood just inside. “Fuck me, Rick!” she whispered.

Tentatively, I pushed inward, weatching as her damp lips swallowed my cock, inch by glorious inch. Groaning with the intense pleasure she was giving me until my testicles nestled against the cheeks of her ass.

“Oh God! It’s been sooo long!” she crooned as she reached for my hands. She pulled my right hand to her breast, pressing her stiff nipple into my palm. My left hand was pulled to the matted hairs of her trimmed bush. She guided my thumb to the hood of her clit, helping me rub it. Looking me in the eye, she added, “Now, fuck me like there’s no tomorrow!”

My eyes darted from hers to her heaving breasts, down to where our bodies were conjoined and back to her lust filled face. I pulled out until only the helmet was lodged in her hungry cunt, my shaft glistening with her pearly essence. Scrunching my hand on her breast I lunged forward until our bodies slapped together, my thumb drawing circles around her clit.

Her breath caught in her throat, her eyes widened in surprise, and then she smiled. “Fuck me!” she demanded, “Fuck me like a dog in heat!”

Her hips rose to meet my next thrust, her breasts wobbled as our bodies met. Her cunt felt like warm velvet as it caressed my cock. I was in heaven! How could it possibly get better than this?

The sucking sound of her cunt and my cock filled the air, competing with the mixture of perfume and her honey , as we rutted like wild animals. I pulled on her nipples, strummed her clit, filling her with my meat, then pulling it out, only to be urged back in by her ecstatic moans and the magnetic draw of her voracious cunt.

Too soon, my young, inexperienced body gave in to the demands of this gorgeous woman’s coaxing and I grunted as I felt my cock expand deep inside her. Pumping my seed into her fertile womb until I felt it ooze out around my still stiff penis, soaking the bed sheets and my testicles in the combined juices of our just completed fuck.

Weak in the knees from the intensity of the act, I lay down on top of her. Holding my head to her breast as the last dregs of my sperm entered her body she and I lay there entwined, only the sound of our breathing breaking the silence.

Something made me lift my head, and I turned to look behind me. There, in the door, staring at the two of us in his bed, his large hands gripping the wheels of his chair, was Karen‘s husband , Jim.