My Neighbor Angie (Pt. 2)

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My day with Angie continues.....

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From Part I.....I continued to lick lightly all around her dripping slit as if to clean her up for the next round. The sweetness of her juices were like fine wine. My mind began to wonder about the next phase as Angie removed her knee from the barstool and tried to steady herself with her back against the counter. Looking up at her, she pinched at her nipples and gave me her sexiest smile. "You know that was just a warm-up don't you?" she said slowly and with conviction. She grabbed her beer and handed one to me. "Cheers, I do believe we're gonna be here awhile," she teased.

Part II

As Angie and I both took long draws on our beer, I rose to the barstool. Sitting with my knees spread and facing her hip, it dawned on me that we were in the same positions as when we had started. The fact that she was totally naked now and my mouth and chin were glazed over with her juices did not escape me either. Neither did that fact do much to relieve my still semi-erect penis that was pointing at her like a rocket about to launch.

The porn video had stopped. Angie was so simple, so unassuming, so erotically natural as she looked around my kitchen taking small sips from her beer. Each time she put the bottle to her lips it seemed she was teasing me. As if to say, "this could be your cock." She wouldn't make eye contact. I wondered if she was going to continue or leave me hanging in the throes of desire for eternity. Had she realized what was happening and gotten cold feet? Her long, stiff nipples certainly indicated something was cold!

I decided to break the silence and see where we were heading.

"So tell me again why you came over," I said in my most unpretentious voice.

"Well, truthfully, I was laying out on the deck and it got so hot I thought I'd take a dip in your pool," Angie replied, still without looking at me. "But when I heard your little entertainment playing, I couldn't help but think of being a good neighbor."

"I see, so you felt sorry for me," I laughed. I noticed Angie had just about finished her beer. "Can I get you another beer?" I asked.

"Actually," she said as her gaze came straight to mine, "I'd rather have a milkshake. Know where a girl could get a milkshake?"

Her eyes had slowly moved down my body to my now fully arisen penis.

"I bet I know." she said as her hand wrapped around my member.

I gazed into her sultry green eyes and saw nothing but raw, fuck-me-hard-all-day lust. My eyes closed as Angie gave my cock a few hard squeezes. Suddenly she let go and started to walk toward the door.

"But since we're making memories, let's do it right." she said playfully.

I had no idea what she was talking about. Angie stopped at the built-in shelves over the desk by the door. She picked up a small camera, turned, and said "Smile!" as the camera went off. She wiggled herself toward me, taking pictures along the way.

"Is Mikey shy? Let's see if Mikey wants to be a REALLY good neighbor today," she cooed as she moved toward me, slowly twisting her hips in pole dancer fashion.

"Take 'em off Mikey, take 'em off." she chanted teasingly. "Take 'em off, take 'em off."

I stood slowly and dropped my trunks to reveal to her a throbbing hard-on pointing due north. My freshly trimmed pubes provided a dark background to the purplish head. While I'd always been proud of my package, standing before Angie I felt a bit insecure. An arm's length from me, Angie took my rather average seven inches in her hand and squeezed gently. Her small hand wouldn't quite cover it's full girth even though I never thought of my cock as particularly fat.

"Wow, this is more than a handful." she teased.

When Angie let go of my hardened shaft, it remained pointing rigidly in the direction of her chin.

"Oh, my," she said softly as she squatted down, braced herself with one hand on my thigh and took a couple close-up pictures. Then Angie handed the camera up to me and wrapped her hand around the base of my shaft. Her mouth hung slightly open and her breathing suddenly became uneven.

"Oh, my," she repeated. She looked up at me with a half smile and rolled her eyes, as if to say "I can't believe I'm doing this." I could almost see the nervous energy radiating from her.

Angie leaned her head back, opened her mouth wide and placed my shaft on her tongue. She nodded toward the camera in my hand, indicating I should take a picture. My hands were a little shaky as I looked through the viewer at my cock resting on Angie's tongue.

I snapped a couple pictures of her tonguing my shaft. I looked at them on the camera's viewer and my whole body trembled slightly. I had never before known a woman who would let a man take pictures of her while she's sucking his cock. But there was something incredibly sexy about it. I had always figured the average woman either wouldn't want to be photographed or wouldn't trust a man with pictures of her. It takes a rather erotic, or perhaps even perverted, woman to hand a man a camera before going down on him. But I really didn't care what the reasons were. I only knew that she was dead serious about being here awhile.

Whatever her motivation, Angie clearly wanted me to capture the deed in pictures. She slapped her cheeks with my rod a few times as she cooed about how delicious it would be. I had to take a couple deep breaths and calm myself down, even as she closed her mouth over my shaft. Again, she paused with her lips wrapped around me, looking up and waiting for me to snap a picture. When she slid her lips downward, taking in nearly all of me, I took another one.

Finally, she bobbed up and down a few times, her lips deliberately smearing her warm saliva up and down my pulsating cock. I had to look away for a minute because the sight of Angie's school-girl face sucking on my cock was making me throb and getting me way too close, way too soon. I leaned back against the counter behind me, breathing heavily, trying not to look down or think about the lips on my cock for a moment or two. Fortunately, Angie was sucking rather slowly, so I was able to get myself under control.

When I regained my composure, I looked down at Angie. Her eyes were closed now as her lips slid smoothly up and down my rock-hard member. She was still squatting down, one hand braced against my thigh, the other wrapped firmly around the base of my shaft. As she bobbed her face on my cock I could see her glistening wet slit as her knees swayed from side to side in her crouch.

Angie continued sucking me at a deliciously unhurried pace. She went about three quarters of the way down my rod each time, her lips firm and warm around my thickness. It was apparent that Angie was clearly not inexperienced. Her mouth was warm, wet and firm on my cock. She let her teeth scrape me at just the right time with just the right pressure. She clearly understood the benefits of a good, steady sucking, pausing occasionally to run her tongue up the underside of my shaft and lick

my head.

As she enjoyed me, I took the camera and snapped more pictures, this time from the side. There was one with more than half of my cock in Angie's mouth, her lips stretched as she came up my shaft. In another, my cock wasn't as deep, but she was looking up at me. Her sexy gaze into my eyes with my member in her mouth, made my balls ache for release.

Once I had taken a few good pictures, I put the camera down and concentrated on Angie and her pleasuring me. Angie continued bobbing at her unhurried pace. It was what I'd call a luscious sucking. Angie had started to moan and I realized she had sunk to her knees and was fingering her own wetness. Her saliva had built a good lube on my cock and she was taking swipes of her own juices and lathering me as well.

Her supple thighs were spread in a 'V' on either side of my legs as her neck lowered her lips over me time and time again. I soaked all this in with my eyes while the sensations of her mouth on my cock sent electric jolts through my loins. I watched her bob with her eyes closed on my throbbing shaft, telling myself that in a few minutes I would be cumming in the mouth of this sweet-faced woman.

"I love the taste of your cock Mike," she said softly. When she put her lips to me again, it was at a much faster pace. Angie began lightly stroking my balls and using her hand on my cock, sending flashes of pleasure shooting through me. As her tempo increased, the amount of my shaft she took in decreased. It didn't take long before my balls began to contract and the muscles in my legs and abdomen tightened. Before I knew it I was unloading in her mouth.

"Aaaahhh fuck!" I shouted. My cock spasmed as a jet of cum shot onto Angie's waiting tongue. She sucked and stroked me slowly after I came, drawing out another spurt or two, before letting me slide from her mouth.

She swirled her tongue around my now semi-hard dick. "Damn, you are good at that!" I told her.

No sooner had the words left my lips and I felt her mouth engulf me. Oohh my God, it felt good! She had plunged her mouth straight down on my cock, no teeth, almost to the point of deep throating me. She pulled her head back, sucking hard as she did, her tongue dancing around the underside of my shaft.

"Ooooohh damn," I said loudly while wondering how much more of this I could take. I moaned as she plunged down on my hardness, this time going even deeper. I could feel my cock at the back of her throat!

"Did I tell you how much I love milkshakes?" she said, coming up for air, my cock plopping out of her mouth and resting against her chin as she spoke. "That's just the start."

With that she gripped my thighs hard – her finger nails were almost digging into the skin on my legs - and went back to sucking my pole. I couldn't help but think how long I'd wanted to stick my cock in Angie's mouth. Now I just wanted her to stop blowing me – as good as she was at it - before my dick fell off.

Her mouth continued sliding up and down like velvet, going deeper all the time. Deeper and deeper until I felt her lips around the base! She had taken me all the way! She stayed like that, gagging slightly and trying not to choke. Then I felt her tongue push up hard against my shaft. Damn, how did she do that? She found my balls and squeezed them again, more tightly than before. Her tongue holding me firmly against her lips and her mouth pulling me in like a vaccum pushed me over the edge.

I felt the cum boiling up through my balls, almost being forced out by the pressure of her hand. I gripped the wooden seat tightly and came hard, erupting in her mouth. But she just gripped me tighter as I watched her cheeks expand and contract as she drank down everything I injected into her mouth. Angie was force fucking me with her face! My body convulsed in spasms. She just kept on sucking, well after I'd exhausted my load. When she finally pulled her mouth off me and looked up her face was red, her hair a mess. And she was smiling radiantly.

"You like that?" she grinned. There was a dob of cum on her upper lip and a small streak on her chin.

"Girl I think you're trying to kill me," I laughed through my shortened breaths.

"Thought you'd enjoy. You make a pretty decent milkshake too." she said.

"Um, Angie," I said, as she started to rise, "there's cum on your lip."

"Well, duh," she blurted. "Didn't you just have your cock in my mouth?"

"Of course I know there's cum on my face," she whispered as she moved her face closer to mine.

I didn't know what to say to that, so I kept my mouth shut. I was beginning to realize that I had never been with anyone anything like Angie before.

"Take my picture," she said in her raspiest, slut-like tone.

"Mmm, nice," she said as I quickly snapped away with the camera while she rolled her tongue around her lips, scooping up the cum. I watched her, fascinated at how sexy but nonchalant she was, and inwardly wondering what else she had in store for me.

She picked up her beer and took a long drink as her body leaned in against me standing by the counter. I put down the camera and grabbed a beer of my own - more to calm the electricity pulsing through me than refresh me.

How's that beer going?" she asked.

"Nearly done." I said.

"Well hurry up. I want you in the pool." Angie exclaimed with a hard pull on my exhausted cock.

"Ouch!" I yelled.

Her hand slid off as she turned and made a beeline for the door. I downed the last of my Bud and hurried off after her. With both of us fully naked, I arrived outside just in time to see Angie in mid-air. She had launched herself into one of those twirling, legs straight out, touch your toes, cheerleading jumps. Her tanned body and hot red-tuffed pussy spread-eagled just before slamming her legs closed and splashing down was a sight to behold.

My cock had definitely noticed. It was coming alive again. I needed the cool water of the pool if I had any hope of surviving this day. With two giant steps, I leaped into the water next to Angie. Perhaps as a thank you, I embraced her. She wrapped her legs around my waist. Without entering her, my cock was serving as a seat between her ass and pussy. Our lips came together in a deep, raw kiss that told us both there was plenty more to come.