

# My Own Slow Ride

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*Meeting my new neighbor*

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For awhile now, I've been thinking about sharing one of my favorite sexual memories. It might not be the most erotic thing I've ever done, but it was one in which everything just seemed to unfold perfectly, creating an experience that still leaves me feeling a little wet every time I think about it.

It started out being a typical Thursday, and my mind roamed over the mundane concerns of everyday life. Truthfully, had I an inkling of what was to come, I could scarcely have been able to think of anything else!

Living in the downtown as I do, I am within walking distance of my job, and the vibrant night spots that make the higher rent so worthwhile. This considered, I often made the short walk home for lunch, and as I did every day, I stopped at the long line of gold mailboxes so that I might retrieve my mail.

During that week, I had also been doing a former neighbor and co-worker the favor of picking up his mail. With the key he had given me, I opened the box as I had all week, expecting nothing more than a single envelope and maybe a handful of the ever-present junk mail that never seems to stop coming. You could imagine my surprise then, when I found the box filled with mail belonging to someone named Curt Holland.

Realizing my friend's apartment must have been re-rented, and being the natural extrovert that I am, I went to my friend's old apartment and knocked on the door. While I could, quite innocently I might add, claim that my only interest was to inquire as to whether my new neighbor had seen any more of my friends mail, I confess that I was very interested in meeting the newest resident of my complex. After all, a girl never knows when she might meet a man who appeals to her!

Butterflies fluttered in my belly as I knocked, and when the door opened, I was happily surprised to be greeted by one of the most gorgeous men I have ever seen. He was tall and well built, and at only 5'2", I found myself gazing straight into his very broad chest. He was wearing a white dress shirt accented by a blue print tie. His black slacks fit him extremely well and he smelled of Dunhill Desire, a scent I know well and actually wear myself. It was such an odd coincidence that I felt fate itself was

trying to tempt me!

As my gaze traveled up his impressive body, his eyes met mine, and he smiled at me with the cutest dimples you could imagine as he lifted his reading glasses to the top of his head. His piercing blue eyes felt like they were boring into me, and I swear I could feel my heart skip a beat.

Blushing uncontrollably, I could feel my face redden slightly as I smiled and introduced myself. "Hi, I'm your new neighbor Bat. It's very nice to meet you!"

"Hi Bat, I'm Curt." He flashed that killer smile at me again, and I literally felt the heat of his gaze as he fully took in my petite body.

"I must say," he continued, "it's very nice of you to come by with such a friendly welcome." He reached out, taking my hand in his, and when we touched, I could feel the magic race threw us like an electrical pulse. His hand felt warm in mine and my breath almost caught in my throat from my budding excitement.

I stood there, dumbfounded for a moment, forgetting why I had come. As soon as I collected my composure though, I explained to him about the mail. He seemed almost disappointed at my request, but, recovering quickly, he smiled again. "Sure thing Bat, I'll be sure to let you know about any stray letters that might come my way."

"Thank you Curt, and welcome to the building! I'll see ya around. If you ever need anything I'm right next door" I replied, pointing toward my door, and hoping that I might have planted a seed. I had a huge smile on my face as I walked to my door with my mind racing with all kinds of possibilities!

For the rest of the afternoon, I was unable to concentrate on work, and my thoughts kept going back to my new neighbor. What was his story I wondered, and more importantly, was he seeing anybody!

Okay, so moving on. Thursday was my night to go see my favorite singer at the Club that occupied the suite beneath my apartment. The place where I live is set up just like The French Quarter in New Orleans, with shops, businesses and clubs on the first floor, and loft style apartments above. It was and is a wonderfully convenient set up, and one that fits my style perfectly.

I pampered myself as I got ready to go, curling my waist length dark hair and applying a subtle bit of eye liner that gave my dark brown eyes that smoky look that guys adore. I covered my full lips with my favorite cherry lip gloss and as a final touch, sprayed a misting of my Dunhill Desire over my neck and well formed breasts.

I chose a short a black lace bra with matching thong, and then covered all of that with a sheer, red silk blouse and a black denim skirt. Once I had added the appropriate accessories, gold dangly earrings and a matching necklace that tended to draw a man's eye into my nicely formed cleavage, I pulled on my knee high black suede boots with five inch heels and I was ready to go!

It was a beautiful September night; the sky was filled with stars and the biggest full moon I have ever seen! The moon has a way of doing things to me and I just knew I was in for a special night.

Once in the Club, I ordered my usual Long Island Iced tea. I then made my way toward the stage, waving to people and sharing hugs as I was, once again, welcomed into the inner circle of club regulars that had become some of my closest friends.

Robert, my favorite singer who did regular sets at the Club, smiled widely as he began his next set. He had a way of holding my gaze while he was onstage, and always managed to make me feel like we were the only two there. We just had that kind of connection, and his smoldering eyes never failed to make me feel special.

As the night went on, my friends and I had a few drinks and were singing along with Robert and generally having a wonderful time. Along about that time, I got that odd feeling of someone staring at me. The pumping music and the undercurrent of background conversations around me seemed to fade, and I sensed that I had become the center of someone's attention.

I looked to my left, and to my surprise, there he was my new neighbor Curt! He was sitting at a small table, nursing his drink and smiling as he watched me enjoying the show! I was very surprised to see him and waved happily, flashing my best smile back at him. Wow, just seeing him again gave me chills, and I felt a fresh rush of arousal seep into my pussy! My reaction was so strong, in fact, that I immediately felt the need to freshen up, so I held up a single finger, wordlessly asking him to wait for me as I visited the Ladies room. He just laughed and nodded his head, once again giving me that dreamy smile that made my knees weak!

Excited possibilities danced in my mind as I freshened my makeup and applied more cherry lip gloss. Satisfied that I looked my best, I straightened my skirt and headed back out to go sit with my new found friend.

As I walked back out to greet him, Curt stood up and gestured toward one of the more secluded corners of the Club. "Hello Bat, would you care to join me? I'd love the chance to get to know you better."

Once again, my heart skipped a beat. He led me to a pillowed love seat away from the crowd. We sat

very comfortably on the intimate love seat and chatted pleasantly for a time. He was very easy to talk to and possessed a charming wit that kept me entertained with amusing anecdotes. As the night went on, it became clear that we had much in common, and I felt a strong connection with him. That, combined with his intoxicating scent, made my belly flutter and my body responded to his presence in ways that I found very pleasing.

He must have felt it to and we couldn't stop just staring at each other. He then reached up and ran his thumb across my cheek. "Damn Bat, you are so beautiful, I just can't take my eyes off of you!"

I batted my eyes at him and blushed at his compliment, "Oh, you're so sweet. I think you look pretty good too."

He ran his fingers through my hair and drew me close. "Would you mind if I kissed you?" Oh, my God, yes! I wanted to scream. I blushed and giggled and then said "I'll try anything once."

He put his right hand behind my head and pulled me close while slipping his left around my waist. I saw the full moon shining through the window and my body shivered in excitement.

He softly licked and lightly sucked my bottom lip and I felt my nipples become hard inside my bra.

"Mmm" he said as he pulled away, "You taste like cherries. I love that flavor." Then he pulled me close and kissed me again, harder and more passionately than before. Our tongues darted in and out, sucking and he was tasting my lips with his teasingly soft and sweet mouth. I felt like a teenager falling into that wonderful make-out melt down that steals your breath and makes your head spin.

When we were done, he kept his hand behind my head and looked deeply into my eyes. "Damn Bat, you're not only beautiful, you are a fantastic kisser!"

We both laughed and hugged, but we were in a public place and I didn't want to give him the impression that I was that easy, despite how hot he was getting me. With this in mind, I resisted my desires and forced myself to slow things down. I suggested that we walk down the street to the smoke shop and get some cigarettes. Considering my state of arousal, I knew I was going to need them.

He immediately agreed, and after we stood, he offered me his hand. He was the consummate gentleman and it was just one more thing I found endearing about him. Minutes later, we were sitting on the bench outside the shop, He pulled out his gold Dunhill lighter and lit my cigarette and we enjoyed sharing a smoke. He kissed me again and I welcomed his advance.

I love those smoky kisses and was thrilled to learn that he did too! We could not stop kissing and we were finding it harder and harder to keep our hands off of each other. The loud and pulsing music from the live band in the club drifted up the street, calling us back to its intimate confines. Finding a booth in the very back, we kissed and played as much as we dared while we hid in the secluded darkness.

The band was playing "Crazy Bitch" by Buckcherry, one of my favorite sexy songs. I absolutely love music and the hard driving beat got me even hotter. We kissed and drank and laughed and had a terrific time.

Damn, it was getting late though and we decided to make our way home. He held my hand as we walked, and the stars and moon were so bright, it was just magical. Then all of a sudden, he just started singing "Louie Armstrong's" It's a Wonderful World.

Oh, my God, I thought, he really could sing too!! While he was singing, in one quick move he scooped me up in his powerful arms and started spinning me around! How cool is this guy? I thought and just melted against him. We made it back to his apartment, holding hands the whole way.

He opened the door and asked me in. The whole space was basically empty, and he explained that his furniture wasn't coming until the next day. The space was just like mine though, with a large kitchen with a marble counter top separating the dining room from the open combined living room and I felt right at home.

He scooped me up again and sat me on the counter-top. Putting both his hands on my cheeks, he kissed me again. This one was our first in private, and he really put his passion in it. I could almost taste his need and his hunger for me made my head spin. Things were spinning away very quickly and once again I knew I had to take control.

"You know, Curt. I happen to be an excellent masseuse, and I would love to give you a massage."

Curt raised an eyebrow as he considered the possibility. "That sounds wonderful."

With that, I told him I would be right back, and with a wicked smile, I ran home to grab some essentials for a romantic evening. He stepped aside and asked me to hurry back.

Once home, I grabbed my mp3 player with Bryan Adams in it, a big candle, some aromatic incense, a silk sheet and some massage oil. Then, realizing I would not be able to resist him again, I took my dark purple Victoria Secrets silk nightie. I may not be easy, but sometimes a girl just has to let nature take its course.

When I returned, he smiled happily and offered me a drink. As I took the drink, he gathered me in his arms and kissed me again. God, the man could kiss! As I set the mood, lighting the candle and incense, he lay down on the sheet, then I turned on the music, "Go ahead and get comfortable" I told him. "I'm going to change into something more appropriate."

I went to the bathroom to change into my nightie and, looking into the mirror, I was very pleased that I had decided to wear it. My breasts were full, and my hardened nipples poked seductively through the thin material. My bare hips and legs were smooth and sexy, and I felt certain that they would capture his attention. I felt very sexy and comfortable in my body as I left the bathroom. .

I came out and found him laying face down on the silk sheet with only his Calvin's on. What a sight, his sculpted body looked positively delicious and I was going to get to rub it all over! Oh my, the thought just made my mouth water in anticipation!

I knelt down in front of him and started to do what I do best! Starting with the top of his head, I leaned over him and began working my hands down his body, following his muscle groups and thoroughly enjoying the feel of his body under my expert hands. He started to moan softly as I poured some of the warm oil on my hands, and worked my way across his bulging shoulders. Next, I began rubbing both of his arms, one after the other. I felt my pussy start to moisten and twitch as I played with his masculine form. I was in ecstasy, thinking how completely erotic all of this was.

I moved to his side and rubbed his back, and then, moving all the way down his legs. I surprised him by exposing my breasts and rubbing them against the soles of his feet.

"Ah, yeah! Damn girl, your nipples feel so good like that!" He moaned and gasped for the better part of an hour as I pleased almost every inch of exposed flesh on his body. Just as Bryan Adam's song "I thought I Died and Gone to Heaven" came on; he rolled over and said that he felt like he had, and wanted that to be our song! I was so very touched, and I whimpered as he sat up and kissed me again.

"I love that idea," I whispered, knowing deep in my heart I'd never again hear that song without remembering that moment.

I pushed him back into the sheet and then slipped my hand under the waistband of his Calvin Klein's. He moaned deeply as I found his hard cock and I pulled it out, running my palm up and down his shaft. He trembled slightly as I brought my lips close and hissed in pleasure as my mouth descended over the purple head, lathering it with my saliva.

"Oh fuck, that feels so damn good" he whispered as I began bobbing my head up and down, sucking him hard. His musky scent filled my senses, more powerful than the incense, and making me wet with desire. I cupped his balls and caressed them as I drew my lips up and back, not caring if he erupted into my mouth. I felt him rolling his hips up, toward my mouth, as if he were trying to drive his cock ever deeper and I tried my best to take as much of him as I could.

Soon, I felt his hands on my head and he guided my motions, but was careful not to feed me more than I could take. The sweet taste of his precum leaked into my mouth and I swirled my tongue over the spongy head, tickling him and trying to draw more of his tasty fluid out.

With a sudden hungry growl, he pulled me off his cock and drew me up to his mouth, kissing me and sucking on my lip as if he was going to devour me whole. My heart pounded in my chest as his tongue slipped between my lips and flicked against mine with an incredibly passionate rhythm.

He then scooped me up again! I felt weightless as he took me in to the bedroom where he had an air mattress made up. He laid me down gently and said he wanted to return the favor.

I moaned softly as he kissed my neck, making me writhe in excitement. He smiled warmly and whispered in my ear. "Let's make a night to remember."

God, his words just made me melt. He started very slowly, holding my grapefruit sized breasts while kissing and licking them until my blood ran hotly in my veins. He sucked my rock hard nipples and flicked at them with his tongue. My breath became heavy and deep as he drew a deep moan out of me.

He started kissing and licking his way down my flat belly and waves of chills ran thru my whole body. When he pulled my nightie down over my hips, I shivered as the satiny material tickled my legs. He kissed his way to my aching pussy and my swollen clit. Then, using both thumbs, he opened the way to my hot slit, causing my clit to protrude from under its hood. I almost screamed as his lips descended onto my aching button!

He knew exactly what he was doing and drove me to the edge with his amazing touch! Waves of orgasms rushed through my trembling body and the scream that had caught in my throat exploded from me so loudly the neighbors must surely have heard it! Curt pulled me tightly to his mouth and sucked hard, slurping up every drop of my nectar!

He laid on his back and his cock throbbed proudly against his hard belly. I wasted no time and mounted him. He sat up and kissed me hard just as his thick, throbbing cock slid inside my trembling and twitching pussy. Oh my God, he filled me completely and my eyes gazed as the last of him sank

into me. Just then, my favorite fuckin' song in the whole world came on, "Slow Ride" by Foghat! There was no stopping us now!

I rode him to the beat of the song, hot and wild "take a slow ride with me." It was so deliciously perfect. My pussy was milking him with very thrust, and I could feel my contractions on his rock hard cock. I was starting to see stars and could feel my orgasm build until my head rocked, tossing my hair from side to side.

I was bouncing on him hard, and he was moaning and groaning and grabbing the sheets. We both were in the zone, and the climatic end was coming to the song. When it did, we both exploded with massive thrusts of hot cum. We screamed out in unison, shaking and quaking and I fell to his chest! We were Jell-O in each other's arms, and trembling from the cataclysmic force of our orgasms. He kissed my neck and held me so tightly.

I heard him say "Baby you're the best" and I moaned, thinking the same about him. We cuddled and caressed each other and soon, fell asleep in each other's arms!