Welcome To The Neighborhood

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Mack comes over to welcome me to the neighborhood

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I wake one morning to the sound of rain through my open window. Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I drag myself out of bed and pull the curtain aside to reveal the dreary day. The sky is thick with moisture and grey as far as I can see. The rain is coming down in a steady drizzle. I don't even bother pulling a robe on over my silky, light blue nighty as I head to the kitchen for my morning coffee. I run my fingers through my long blonde, sleep tousled hair and head for the porch with my coffee and laptop.

I settle into one of the patio chairs that faces the neighbors house and open my laptop to check my email. I have been in my new house for about a month and it has become routine to spend my mornings on the porch. I enjoy my porch because it is almost entirely surrounded by trees and the birds that live in them serenade me into a great mood every morning. From the corner of my eye I notice that my new neighbor, Mack, has found a new morning routine also, as he tries to discretely watch me from his window. He looks so sexy standing there in nothing but a pair of jeans and no shirt. I open up my email and pretend not to notice his presence.

A grin crosses my face when I see that my new online friend has sent me a new recording. It is number seven in a series of recordings that have made me almost crazy. The recordings had started out innocently enough as I found out about his accent and wanted to hear his voice. They, soon afterwards, turned into a series of stories that featured me being sexually satisfied by him and a friend of his. I quickly open up the recording and turn up the speakers, anxious to hear what they were going to do to me next. I lean back in my chair and shut my eyes as the sound of his voice begins to drift from the speakers. His story quickly turns into a visual image of the two men covering me with oil and their hands begin to roam my body. The thoughts send a shiver running through my body as the excitement of two men makes me instantly wet. Soon my hands begin to roam my body just as the story says.

The moisture in the air has sent a mist over my body, saturating my hair and the thin silk of my nighty, making it cling to me and I am certain that from his post at the window, Mack can see every feature of my body.

The light mist feels good against my skin and the sound of my friends voice sends my body into a frenzy as my hands begin to massage my breasts. My nipples harden against the silky fabric and I lightly squeeze them, rolling them around in my fingers. A small moan escapes my throat as my

excitement builds and my hands begin their way down to my inner thighs. They slowly make their way back up the smooth skin of my legs until they lightly brush my smooth pussy lips. The slightest touch sends a shiver through me and I run a finger gently across my clit.
The recording ends but the images from the story are still playing in my mind. I open one eye to peek over at Mack. I can see him standing in his window, rubbing his erection through his jeans. I wonder if he knows that I know he is watching me....
I relax a little further back in my chair and spread my legs a little more. Parting my lips with my fingers, I massage my clit and and let one finger slide inside. It is so wet and feels amazing and my hips begin to move upwards towards my hand. My other hand makes it's way back up to my breasts and begins to pinch my nipples. The pleasure takes over and I begin to moan out loud.
Suddenly, I feel my wrists being grabbed and pulled away. I open my eyes to see Mack on his knees in front of me. He is still wearing only blue jeans and his body is glistening from the walk across the yard to my house. His hair is soaked and matted to his forhead. God, did he look sexy as I innocently smiled up at him.
"Not today." He said in a low voice. "For the past month you have been doing this to me and I can't take it anymore!"
"Do you want me to stop?" I ask, the smile leaving my face. "You didn't have to stand there and watch me, you know."
"You knew I was watching you and you kept doing it?" He asks, a sexy grin spreads across his face.
"Yes, I...." My words turn into moans as he buries his face in my neck, still holding my wrists captive. He covers my neck in kisses and makes his way up to my waiting lips. He is an amazing kisser as his tongue finds mine and he hungrily nibbles on my lips. He returns to my neck, nibbling and kissing and finally releases my wrists as he makes his way down to my breasts. His teeth rake across my nipples through the silky fabric of my nighty and they harden in his mouth. His hands cup my breasts and begin to massage them as he continues to suck on them through the nighty. I arch my back as he slides his arms around me, squeezing me tight and burying his face in my breasts. His fingers run down my back, sending goose bumps racing all over my body. My hands run through his matted hair, lightly pulling, and pulling his face in closer.
He stands me up and almost rips my nighty from my body. I am now standing in front of him, naked and shivering from excitement as his eyes travel my body from head to toe. He picks me up and holds me against his body, kissing me passionately and I wrap my legs around his waist. I can feel his erection through his jeans and I begin to move my hips, rubbing him until he is rock hard and we both begin to moan.
He sets me down on the railing of the porch and drops to his knees. Slowly, he spreads my legs and his hands run up my thighs until they reach my waiting pussy. He spreads my lips with his fingers and buries his face in my pussy. I feel him suck my clit between his lips and shock waves course through my body. I grab ahold of his hair and pull his face in closer. He thrusts his tongue deep inside of me, making me moan in pleasure and pull his hair even harder. The senstaions of him and the mist on my bare skin is almost too much to handle. I feel him slide a finger inside and begin to move my hips

against his hand. My first orgasm takes over and my body begins to shake violently as I cling to him, never wanting it to stop.

As I begin to calm down I almost jump from the railing. With shaky hands I begin to unbutton his pants. He helps me pull them off and I push him against the railing. I kneel down and take his cock in my hand. I begin to stroke it and gently brush my lips against the head. I can feel his whole body shudder and I slowly lick it from base to tip then slide it into my mouth. I can taste his pre-cum coating my mouth and I hear him begin to moan. I suck gently at first, then a little harder as I pick up the pace. My hand strokes in time to my sucking and his moaning is getting louder by the second. Suddenly, he picks me up and holds me against his body, his hands squeezing my ass to hold me up. He feels so warm and the feeling of his bare chest against my nipples nearly sets me off into another orgasm. I wrap my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck as he holds me up in mid-air and I feel his hard cock enter me. He begins to thrust deep inside of me and I rock my hips to meet his motions. He begins to kiss me from my lips to my neck and soon I can feel an intense orgasm building up inside of me. I wrap my arms tighter around his neck and my hands hold on to his hair as my body begins to shudder.

I feel his body begin to shake and his cock begins to throb as he shoots his cum inside of me. His cries echo my own as we share an intense orgasm. It seems to go on forever as we hold each other tight. It finally subsides and he slumps against the railing, still holding me tight against him. He opens his eyes to look at me and kisses me gently on my quivering lips. I let out a small sigh and smile at him.

With a small grin on his face he looks at me and says, "By the way...Welcome to the neighborhood."