The Guy Next Door

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James had always fascinated Lola, she'd spent many a night dreaming of him and many days lost in a world of him. He had a power over Lola that he never saw, with his tall muscular body, strong arms, broad shoulders and thick thighs; he was everything that was masculine. But it wasn't just his body that Lola looked at appreciatively; it was his strong jaw and dark sapphire eyes, his thick jet black hair, deep blood red lips and his utterly flawless smooth creamy pale skin. Lola couldn't think of a better suited word to describe him other than beautiful. He was perfection to her.

Lola would watch James night after night, coming home in the early hours of the morning with a constant stream of beautiful girls, always blonde, always tanned and always bubbly and bright. Lola knew that she'd never stand a chance with James because she was the complete opposite of these girls, Lola was pale to their tan, she was tall and svelte to their small and petite, she was busty and voluptuous to their curve less lithe bodies she had long rich chocolate coloured curls where they had short lank straight blonde hair. She knew all of this, yet it never once stopped Lola from fantasizing .

She wondered what happened in the house next door with James and those girls. She fantasized sometimes that she was one of those girls, that James would take her inside the house and lead her up the stairs to his room. Lola knew what James room looked like because her bedroom window faced his and she would sometimes catch glimpses of him. It had a huge king sized bed with black silk and satin covers, the walls were bare of posters or photos just black and silver wallpaper and one dark wood cupboard. His room was en suite too; Lola blushed when she remembered the day she found this out.

She had been sitting in her favourite reading place on the window sill when something caught her eye, she looked up in time to see James emerging from the bathroom in nothing but a tiny towel covering his manhood, skin glistening from the shower. He looked even better wet and naked, thick biceps shining, his tight stomach muscles rippling as he walked and as if he knew she was watching turned to face his wall with his back to her, dropped his skimpy towel, scrapped back his wet hair and stretched taking his time before putting on a dressing gown and leaving the room. For those few brief moments when James had been stood naked in all his wet shiny glory Lola had become awestruck. Although she'd checked out his ass when in jeans and once or twice when just in his boxers, she'd

never seen him fully naked until then. For days she could think of nothing but that juicy tight creamy ass of his and how she’d love to dig her nails into it, or her teeth.

Lola often used this visual when imagining him stripping them both naked in his room, dreamed of reaching out and actually touching him. She imagined what it’d feel like to touch those hard muscles, to run her fingers to through his thick hair to have his strong hands and long manly fingers touch her in return, wondered what his strokes and caresses would feel like, to feel his hands all over her body, cupping her big firm milky breasts, tightly squeeze her small pink nipples. She longed to feel his hot wet mouth on her breasts, licking and sucking and biting. Lola imagined him trailing kisses down her smooth soft stomach stopping just above her creamy shaved slit.

What would it feel like, she'd wonder, if he stroked her pussy with hisstrong fingers, at first just gently rubbing her slit, the friction making her dripping wet, delving his fingers deep inside her tight untouched pussy making her moan loudly. She imagined him taking out his fingers and licking them, smiling at the taste and wanting more. He'd lower his head to her soft melting center and lick all the way up and down her creamy slit, licking her lips with small swipes then taking deep wide licks, flicking his tounge around her clit causing her to become breathless and moan with pleasure. Her pussy would be slick with gloss after he ravished her head deep in her tounge licking, tasting and fucking. His dick would be rock hard and ready to give her everything she'd been dreaming of.

Sometimes when she got to this stageLola imagined her first time, with James and ever, in different ways, sometimes hard and hot, other timesromantic and sensual but whichever way afterwardsshe alwaysdreamed of laying inJames'protective strong armsand falling asleep together.
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The day Lola’s dreams and nightmares came true started off just as any normal day would.

Part 2 Cumming soon ;)
P.S I know this is under supernatural but that'll make sense when it comes to the next instalment!