

Tall Fences Make Good Neighbors IV

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Published on Lush Stories on 19 Dec 2010

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Control of the game slowly passes from Megan to Jason - or does it?

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Jason had fantasized all day about what to expect when he got home. Each time, Megan had forged ahead, taking the game to another level. Mutual masturbation had led to sex within the space of 3 days, accompanied by the confessions of her secrets. That she'd had sex with other girls hadn't been such a shock, considering her wanton behavior, nor had her admitting to having participated in group sex. Her interest in bondage, however, had been an eye opener and he couldn't help but wonder if that was just the tip of the iceberg. The day passed slowly, his thoughts consumed by the sexy, uninhibited co-ed next door, wondering what she had planned for today? Worse, every time he thought about her, the image of her laying spread-eagle in her bed, her wrists and ankles bound to the four corners of his bed came to mind. It was all he could do not to slip into the men's room at lunch and stroke his cock in one of the stalls while thinking of taking advantage of her while bound! Finally, it was over. As soon as the clock struck 5:30 he was on his way out of the building, overwhelmed by lust, impatient with each driver who lengthened his commute by so much as a few seconds. He didn't waste a moment when he got home, dropping his laptop on the dining room table and changing into a pair of khaki dockers, a polo shirt, and a pair of running shoes. By the time he left the house and headed towards Megan's homemade glory hole, he was already hard, wondering what was waiting for him on the other side of the fence. Jason couldn't help smile as he stared down at the hole the neighbor girl had cut in the wood the day before. She'd driven a nail just about eye level in his side of the fence on which she'd hung a small bag. Inside she'd left what looked like a remote control device; black, with a pair of buttons, one marked on-off, the other +/- . Curious, he lowered himself into a squatting position and gazed through the portal into Megan's yard. His breath caught in his throat at the sight of his not so innocent neighbor. She was nearly naked, wearing only a pair of sheer black panties and some rather intriguing accessories that made him even harder than he'd already been. She knelt, facing the fence, a leather blindfold obscuring her vision. He smiled. Unless he announced himself, she'd have no idea she was being observed. The thought quickened his

pulse. The other items she's adorned herself with were also of black leather. A collar and matching wrist cuffs, all bearing metal D shaped rings. She had her hands, palms flat, on her pressed together thighs. From the way she drew each breath through parted lips, she was either nervous, turned on, or a combination of both. Curious, Jason made himself comfortable, content to enjoy the view while turning the remote control over in his hands thoughtfully. She was magnificent. He could tell she was aroused by the way her nipples stood at attention and the slight whimper that escaped her lips from time to time. He wondered what was going through her head. A grin broke his face. Probably some very naughty thoughts. He wasn't quite sure what the rules were for today's game but, otherwise tempted as he might be, he was certain he was meant to stay on his side of the fence. His only real clue was the black device she'd left for him. Resting it upon the bottom edge of the circle so that it was pointing directly at Megan, he pushed the on/off button and was immediately rewarded with a look of surprise upon the beautiful girl's face. He watched as her head tilted back, her lips parting as her bountiful breasts began to rise and fall with each passionate breath. "Jason?" She asked, sounding unsure of herself, the tip of her tongue emerging to wet her lips. He kept silent, wanting her to wonder, hoping that there was at least a seed of doubt in her mind about who was watching. He hadn't sure, at first, but now it was obvious that the remote he held controlled something inside of her young cunt, a vibrating device of some kind. On and off was obvious. The +/- must be settings. How many, he had no idea, but it was going to be fun to try to guess as he cycled through them. For now, he was content to watch as her body responded to the toy inside of her. He watched as her fingers curled on her thighs, taking the chance to admire her youthful body. Slender in all the right places, her hips flaring slightly, her breasts full and firm, her nipples puffy and pink and hard with desire. Her Auburn locks framed a lovely face, her cheeks pink with either embarrassment or passion. Perhaps a mixture of both. She wore no make-up, which gave her an innocent look, even if he knew she was nothing of the kind. Licking his lips, he watched her as she writhed slowly, obviously enjoying the pulse of the vibrator, her whimpers soft and wordless. He kept her there for about 5 minutes before deciding it was time to make things a little more interesting for her and pushing +. He was immediately rewarded by a soft moan and the sight of her thighs spreading slightly, enough so that he got a glimpse between them. His eyes went wide at the site of the end of a vibrator, obviously trapped inside her by her panties. From what he could tell, it was very thick, spreading her pussy wide open. It must be nice, he thought, to be buried to the hilt in her greedy cunt. Grinning wickedly, he recalled her confession of the day before. If he had her tied down, he'd be able to do what he wished, and she'd be unable to do a thing about it. He'd give her the fucking she wanted, hard and dirty. Fill her tight little ass, her sopping wet pussy, make her wrap her slutty lips around his throbbing cock and suck him dry. That was what she wanted, after all. The thought had him unzipping his jeans and stroking his cock to hardness, glancing down to see it thrusting like a divining rod, in her direction. Licking his own lips, he watched, imagining the goose bumps rising on her naked flesh as the toy inside her slowly pushed her towards ecstasy. He considered simply pushing her to the edge of orgasm and holding her there, denying her that final reward. Considered it and discarded it. After all, she'd given him a wonderful gift. She deserved something in return. Still, it wouldn't come without a price. With

that in mind, he hit the + once more. "Oh my god, Jason..." she managed, her nails digging into her thighs as they spread further apart. "Who would believe you are such a wicked girl, Megan." He broke his silence finally, returning the lust filled smile that she directed in his general direction. "None of my friends know. They think I'm a good girl." Her words trembled a little as the vibrator teased her pussy mercilessly at the third setting. He decided to keep her there for a while, enjoying her soft whimpers and the occasional moan as she squirmed on the lawn before him, her breast jiggling enticingly. It was time for his game to begin. "Megan, do you want to cum for me?" he asked her. "God, yes! Please? I've been thinking about nothing else all day. "Good girl. Remember, I'm in control now. You had your chance. It's my turn. But that's what you wanted, isn't it?" He watched her face, noted the moment of hesitation before she finally nodded, her mouth open as the tip of her tongue slid slowly along the surface of her lower lip, her breathes coming in shallow gasps. "That's my dirty little plaything now.... Here are the rules. Remember yesterday? Today, I'm not going to ask questions, though. Today you are simply going to tell me about all your nasty little fantasies. I want to know how nasty you really are. If I think you're holding out on me, I'll simply do this..." he pushed the off button, watching as she drew in a deep breath, her body suddenly frozen. "No..." she whimpered, biting down on her words, her lip captured between her even teeth. "Oh, yes." He said, laughing softly as he turned her toy on again, enjoying the sight of her tensing as it filled her cunt with lovely vibrations. Just to make the moment sweeter for her, he pressed the + once more and watched as her hips began to undulate and her thighs spread even wider, until they formed 90 degree angle from her quivering body. "First though, I want to watch you play with your breasts. Go ahead, Megan, I know you've been dying to." He felt his cock plumping even more as he slowly stroked it, his own breathing a little rough. It would be so easy to give in and abandon himself to pleasure and it took all his will power to hold back as Megan lifted her hands to her breasts and began fondling them, rolling her nipples between her fingers like some oversexed porn star. "Dirty girls aren't gentle, slut. Dirty girls like a little pain." He said, coaxing her along, pleased as she began to pull and twisted her swollen nipples, gasping with pleasure, obviously taking delight in the discomfort she was causing herself. "Does my little plaything like that?" he asked, mesmerized by the sight, his cock feeling like it might explode at any minute, almost painful to touch. He let go of it, breathing hard as he watched her, his own hands shaking as he pushed one against the boards on either side of his viewing hole, the other still holding the remote. "Yes... Sir." He let go a sharp bark of laughter at that. "I like that. From now on, I want you to refer to me as Sir. Is that understood?" "Yes, Sir." Her words, punctuated by a sexy little grunt, were so soft he had to strain to hear them. "Speak up, Megan. I couldn't quite hear you." "Yes, Sir." This time her words, husky with desire, were loud and clear. "Much better. Now, confession time. Hands back on your thighs. I spent last night looking up very nasty sex act I could, wondering if you were honest with me, wondering what you fantasize about besides being tied up." He watched her squirm uncomfortably at his words, and knew he'd hit pay dirt. The little slut was into something beyond just being tied up. His cock twitched and his pulse raced as he recalled some of the pictures and videos he's looked at in the privacy of his bedroom last night, imagining Megan as the star. Licking his lips, his gaze fastened upon his delightful plaything, the remote in one hand while

he slowly stroked his cock in the other. "Have you ever been spanked, Megan?" "No." she replied, her fingers curling slightly on her thighs. "Would you like to?" This time she merely nodded, blushing slightly. "See? That wasn't so bad, was it? I'll make you a deal. For every two admissions to my satisfaction, I'll turn your toy up one setting. It's at 4 now. How high does it go?" "To 7." Her voice was shaky, her body quivering with desire and need. "I guess I'm going to learn a few of your deepest, darkest, kinkiest secrets before you're allowed to cum, then, aren't I." "Yes, Sir." She answered meekly, nodding, her chin lowering until it rested on her chest. "I'll count spanking as one. What else would you like to share?" Jason watched through the peephole, imagining the struggle going on in her head as she fidgeted before him, her thighs spread so that he could clearly see her panties getting darker as her juices soaked into them. He had to admit, he was enjoying the control she'd surrendered to him. It was a new experience for him, and he wanted to see how far she would let him take it, remembering her admission of yesterday. The image of her tied helpless to his bed, writhing in pleasure, made him groan softly as he awaited Megan's response. "When I fantasize about being tied down, sometimes it's by a couple. A man and a woman. Sometimes she watches while he fucks me, sometimes he watches while she eats me out. Sometimes... sometimes she sits on my face until I make her cum...." He smiled, her words trailing off in a soft moan of pure pleasure. "You're picturing that right now, aren't you, Megan? She nodded, spreading her legs slightly farther apart, her hands balled into fists on her thighs. "See? That wasn't so hard. I think you deserve a reward, just like I promised." He eyes glued to her body, he hit the + button, turning the vibe in her sopping wet cunt to 5, precum oozing from the tip of his cock as she stiffened, her head rolling back slightly, a long moan escaping from her lips. Her back curved outward, resulting in her breasts pointing directly at him. Licking his lips, he fought the urge to order her to push her tit through the hole so that he could rub his cock against it until he exploded all over her soft white flesh. Taking a deep breath, he pushed the thought away and continued to slowly stroke his cock, letting his precum coat his fingers, making them slippery. "What else, Megan? I should warn you that you need my permission to cum. Is that understood?" "Yes, Sir." She said, nodding, biting her lip, obviously already having problems following that particular instruction. "Good girl. Now, the sooner you confess, the sooner your little toy will be bouncing around inside your dirty little cunt on high. Come on, Megan. You can do it. I know you can." Jason watched her take a deep breath, wondering if she was aware of the effect it had on her breasts. Her hands were trembling on her thighs, or perhaps her thighs were trembling beneath her hands as she fought to control her passion. "Come on, I don't think either of us are going to last much longer, slut." She smiled at that, a smile fueled by lust, one that he thought looked pleased. "I hope you are enjoying yourself as much as I am, Sir." "By the state of your panties, I think we're about even. Now, quit stalling or I'll turn this thing off and make you kneel there all evening begging me to make you cum." "No!" she blurted out. "You wouldn't." "You want to test that, Megan?" Megan shook her head, the movement making her breasts sway back and forth. "No, Sir." "Well, then...?" Her cheeks turned red with embarrassment and her chin tilted forward until it rested against her chest as he made her next confession. "I imagine myself being led around in public on a leash..." Jason's smile grew broad. This was getting better and better. "Tell me more, Megan. Finish that thought and

I'll turn it up to 6 for you. Where would I take you and what would I do to you?" "You... you'd take me out clubbing... dressed in the shortest skirt I owned, and high heels, and a low cut top... looking like a slut..." She swallowed nervously, clearing torn between ecstasy and humiliation while Jason waited silently for her to continue, his own hand trembling as it slid up and down along the length of his cock. "I'd be your pet... you'd lead me around, your leash attached to my collar, and... show me off. Make me lift my skirt and show off my drenched panties, or even take them off. Play with my tits while everyone watched me, maybe even make myself cum while everyone watched..." Her words were cut off by a sharp gasp, followed by an endless moan as Jason thumbed the remote to 6. He wasn't even sure he'd last much longer at this rate, and Megan looked about ready to explode. "Oh my god, Megan, you are a nasty little thing, aren't you?" "Yes, Sir. You have no idea." "I'm getting one. OK, baby, on your hands and knees and crawl over her. I want you closer to me, got it?" Wordlessly, she complied, falling to her hands, her breasts swinging gently as she made her way hesitantly towards him, her blindfold still in place. "That's it, babe. Keep crawling. I bet you'd like me to have you crawl around like a bitch in heat on my leash, too, while guys ran their fingers through your hair or down your back. Or smacked your sweet little ass. You'd love that, wouldn't you Megan? I bet you'd get off on it and cum right in the middle of the dance floor, wouldn't you?" "Yes..." she whispered, unsteadily, still crawling towards him. "Perhaps I'll let you live out your little fantasy, slut. That's it, almost there. Ok, stop. Right there and don't move." He'd brought her to a halt with her head a mere 6 inches from the fence, so that her face was framed by the hole she'd cut the day before. Licking his lips, he continued stroking his cock, his breath growing ragged as he felt himself getting closer and closer to the point of no return, the image of her soft lips wrapped around his throbbing member fueling his lust. "Two more, Megan. Just two more dirty confessions and you can cum for me. You'd like that, wouldn't you? Cumming for me?." "Yes... Sir. I... I would love to cum for you. Please, let me?" "Take off your blindfold, I want to see your face, Megan." He watched as, with trembling hands, she unbuckled the leather blindfold, blinking as she shyly met his gaze. "God girl, now... listen carefully. I'm not going to repeat this. You're going to confess your nastiest little secret and then I'm going to turn your toy up to 7 and put my cock through the hole. I want you take it in your slutty little mouth and blow me, Megan. You are not allowed to cum until I've blown my load in your mouth, understood?" Jason held his breath, wondering if he'd pushed her to far. Her eyes had grown even wider, if that was possible, at his instructions, and she pulled back slightly and took a deep breath, her eyes never leaving his, her cheeks scarlet. "I want to be pissed on, Sir..." she whispered. A promise was a promise. Jason turned the remote to 7 and then let it drop as he stood up and thrust his pulsing cock through the hole. He felt her wet lips against his hot flesh, felt her tongue against his swollen head, then against the thick vein running its under-length as she took him in her mouth. Her lips trembled against him. He could imagine her entire body shaking as she held off her own orgasm, waiting for him, her moans vibrating against his hard cock. It was too much for him. With a sharp cry, he exploded inside her mouth, shooting wave after wave of jism into her even as he felt her orgasmic cry, his cum filling her mouth as he thrust into her once more, this time shooting his cum down her open throat even as she collapsed in ecstasy on the lawn. He knelt, peering through his portal,

watching as she pushed her hands into her soaked panties and ravaged her clit, cumming again, this time even harder, the vibrator still buzzing mercilessly inside of her. "Oh my god!" she cried. "Make it stop, please, I can't..." The thought was never completed. He watched in wonder, his cock covered with his own cum and her saliva, as she came again, this time her entire body convulsing until she was finally spent, her eyes closed tight, a beatific smile spreading across her cum covered lips as he hit the off button. Silence hung in the air, only the ambient sounds of the outside world and their own breathing intruding. Jason couldn't tear his gaze from the beautiful co-ed lying almost naked upon the lawn, bathed in perspiration, a satisfied look in her eyes as she gazed shyly back. Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore, clearing his throat, he spoke. "That was amazing, Megan." He said softly, his chest rising and falling almost as violently as hers did. "Just amazing..." "Thank you. Sir. I'm glad you enjoyed it." Raising her hips off the lawn, she peeled her soaked panties off, her vibrating dildo slipping from her soaked cunt to lay glistening on the grass. Then, on her hands and knees, she brought them to him, dropping them into his hand, her eyes sparkling. "I hope you enjoy them. I don't need them anymore." Jason chuckled, shaking his head. You are too much, Megan. God, I can't wait to see what you have planned for tomorrow. Megan pulled her lower lip between her teeth, his cum running obscenely from the corner of her mouth and down her chin, her eyes hidden behind her lashes. "It's... your turn, Sir. Tomorrow I am yours to command, to use as you see fit." She leaned forward suddenly, pressing her face into the hole, and he met her, their kiss passionate, the taste of his cum strangely erotic as he thrust his tongue into her mouth. Finally, she pulled back, her eyes full of promises and mischief. "Email me your instructions, Sir. I will do my best to comply. See you after work." With that, she was gone once more, fleeing back into the safety of her parent's home, leaving Jason's thoughts whirling through his head, her confessions still fresh in his mind.