

# Covet Thy Neighbor's Son - Part 2

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*Janice pushes Brandon to the edge... and over.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/covet-thy-neighbors-son-part-2.aspx>

Co-written by Jaymal and Black Velvet "You are not going back to that woman's house." The statement came apropos of nothing over breakfast. Brandon paused, a forkful of scrambled eggs halfway to his mouth. "Mom ..." "Don't go thinking it. I can see you are and you're forbidden." "Mom, I wasn't thinking anything." "I'm not having her open the door to me again dressed like that for all the neighbors to see ..." "It was a summer's day. So she wore a bikini." "With my own son as good as naked in the house with her ..." "Mom, no one asked you to come around. And I've already told you, she let me use her shower. That's all, okay?" "That woman is ungodly trouble." Brandon's mother stabbed at him with a triangle of toast. "She'll have designs on a young man like you, be sure of that. Her husband nowhere to be seen and so she's casting her eye about, wearing next to nothing." "You've got it all wrong." "And the way she spoke to me, did you hear her? I've never been so affronted in my life." "Well maybe if you'd made more of an effort when she arrived in the neighborhood ..." "You're defending her? Oh she's already getting her claws into you, young man, I can see it. Well not any more. You can stay away from next door. Now finish your breakfast and go get ready for church. Because that's one place we can be sure not to find her." Brandon glowered a moment, before mutinously shovelling down the rest of his bacon and eggs. Rushing to Janice Cooper's defence, how rich was that? His mother had got it right, which made her words all the more galling. If she'd known the whole truth ... It had been a long, hard night – of the cock, if not the soul. Memories of Saturday afternoon had rendered Brandon's room a sweaty cell. Under a single sheet he had writhed, images of his neighbour's oil-drenched tits and her tiny clinging thong possessing his mind and swelling him massive once more. Three times he had jacked himself off, just so he could sleep, her beautiful face taunting him and that mocking laugh in his ears. Damn her! To tease him as she had done, make him feel like a clumsy child, a toy for her entertainment. Her eyes all over him, staring at his soaped-up manhood while she played with herself. Making him do what he'd done right there in front of her delighted eyes ... Anger burned along with lust each time he hosed off a wad. Well he would show her. Reclaim his dignity and his pride. Show Janice Cooper that she couldn't treat him like some piece of eye-candy while her husband was out of town. He had principles, moral backbone, and he was damn well going to prove it. "What are you doing?" His mother's suspicions were raised by the definitive manner in which he clattered down his fork and wiped his mouth with the

napkin. "Go get showered and changed." "I am showered. And I'm not going to church this morning." "I'm sorry?" "I've got a lawn to mow and then I want paying." "Brandon, are you defying me? I forbid you ..." He was almost out of the kitchen and wheeled around to respond. "Or what, mom? Gonna ground me? Kick me out? Look, after dad walked out, you told me I was going to have to be a man. Take some responsibility. Well that's what I'm trying to do. Pay my own way, through college or whatever." He cast around and grabbed one of his landscaping leaflets from where they lay on a kitchen shelf. "See what it says here?" He pointed out the bold type on the sheet. "'No job left unfinished', that's my promise to the customer. It means something to me. Well I'm going around there to keep my promise. Cut her grass, take my money and leave. You got a problem with that, mom?" She looked harassed, but apparently could find no comeback. In tee-shirt, shorts and sneakers he left the house. Right. That was his mother brushed off. Time to do the same with Janice Cooper. \* \* \* \* A tiny smile played at the corner of Janice's mouth as she heard the doorbell. She leaned back in her chair, closed her eyes and luxuriated in the sweet memories that had kept her tossing and turning in bed all night long. Back so soon, big boy ... I knew you would be. The doorbell rang again, longer than the first time. Janice rose from her chair, tousled her hair lightly and padded her way slowly toward the front porch. "Oh, it's you. You woke me." She leaned her head against the open door, lifted a hand to her lips as she feigned a yawn and observed him through sleepy lids. "I came to finish what I started." There was a marked shift in his demeanour from the day before; Janice immediately picked up on the brusque edge to his voice. She made to step aside so he could enter, then stopped abruptly as he moved forward, bringing her silk covered body to within inches of his. The jolt of electricity between them caught her by surprise; the move was meant to throw him, yet she was the one fighting to gain composure. Her fists balled at her sides, nails digging painfully into her palms as she fought the compulsion to press hardened nipples firmly to his chest. Her breath fanned his neck softly as she breathed, "Yes, you did leave quite a bit unfinished..." "You going to keep me at the front door all day long, Mrs. Cooper?" His casual stance and nonchalant tone were belied by an obvious struggle to keep his eyes on her face, away from her scantily clad body. "I mean, I know I'm good, but even I can't do everything you need me to from here." Janice reached up and stroked her thumb softly across his lips. "Stop tha ..." "Relax, you were wearing your breakfast." Her smile could have been interpreted as sweet and innocent, by those who'd never had a Janice encounter. "Brandon!" The shrill voice cut through the atmosphere Janice had so carefully cultivated. Annoyance flashed through her for the briefest of moments before she reeled it back in and waved over Brandon's shoulder. "Good morning, Mrs. Appleby. You're looking especially vibrant today." In that obnoxiously bright-pink flowered frock and hat. Janice smirked at Brandon's irritated sigh and the squaring of his wide shoulders as he turned to face his mother. "What do you want, mom? I told you..." "I know what you said, Brandon. I know that we need the money and you are trying to be honourable, but there can never be any blessings from money earned from ... the ungodly." Martha lifted her chin and stared directly at Janice. "I will be in the car. Waiting, We'll be late for church if you don't hurry." Janice watched as Brandon strode down the porch steps and toward the gate. She wished she could hear the clearly heated exchange as he took his mother by the arm and ushered

her to her car. The sweet taste of triumph was in Janice's mouth; the righteous son of this fervent moral advocate defending the most exciting, albeit only harlot woman he has ever met. It was flattering. It was progress. She left the door open and made her way back inside, stopping to observe herself in the hall mirror, silken negligee clinging softly to her curves, hardened nipples straining against the fabric. Her unpainted face looked slightly flushed, but there was a natural beauty only enhanced by the mischievous glint in her emerald eyes. Janice had never been one to entertain false modesty the way most women did; confidence in her allure kept her from feeling demoralized at her husband's ever-growing neglect of her carnal needs. The front gate clanged shut loudly seconds before Brandon strode through the front door, face darkened with controlled anger. She could feel the energy emanating from his tensed body. There was something exhilarating about this new side of him; juices dampened her inner thighs as she felt the beginnings of that all-too-familiar tingle deep inside. "What's the matter? Are you okay?" She reached out to touch his arm, but with a lightning reflex he grabbed her wrist and shoved her aside. "Don't you even think of touching me, lady," he breathed through clenched teeth before marching through to the kitchen, leaving a stunned Janice in his wake. "Oh my, what big claws we have ..." she mumbled as she turned to shut the door, before following him through to the kitchen. Already he had slid open the patio door and was looking out at the backyard. "What else do you need me to do out there?" He did not even turn back toward her. Unusually Janice found herself lost for words. This was not going as she had planned. Dammit! "I was just about to have coffee, would you..." "Look lady, I charge by the hour. And while I'd love to bill you for all the inconvenience you've caused me, I'll only charge you for work done. So time is money." "Well... the pool needs cleaning and..." He walked off toward the tool-shed before she could finish the sentence. \* \* \* \* The back of Brandon's neck was already pricking with sweat as he entered the shed. There had been satisfaction in brushing Janice off like that, but he had to keep up momentum. He stomped about trying to find the equipment before his client could torment him with assistance. Okay, get things underway. No messing around. Don't stand for any of her games. Their moments of physical contact had shot him full of fire, the naked bathroom encounter flashing hot and shameful in his mind on each connection of their flesh. Best to be firm with her, to take a man's commanding tone. He'd dealt with his mother's piety. Now he would prove to this woman that he was a businessman, not a plaything. "Got everything you need?" He clattered around gripping the pool vacuum along with leaf rake and algae brush. "Yeah, I'm fine." Goddamn, standing there still in her nightwear, all rumpled and straight-out-of-bed, breasts thrusting bullet-tipped against silky fabric, as though challenging him not to look. Where the hell was this woman's husband anyway? "Look – if you don't mind, Mrs Cooper, I've got a job we agreed on." "It's Janice," she smiled, and the curve of her lips set him swelling inside strategically-chosen baggy shorts. "Surely there's no formality between us now, sweetie." "It's Mrs Cooper, lady." She licked her shapely upper lip and almost laughed. "God, aren't you the man today? I just love to see you all assertive. It's fucking hot." "Never mind that." Brandon swatted away the compliment before it could land. She couldn't make him blush today once you'd shot your load for someone's entertainment, little else could embarrass but there was danger in her flattery. It sent the blood charging for his dick. "I came here so I could get to work." "Believe me,

honey, that's just what I intend. You've got a seriously hard morning's work ahead of you." "Yeah, on your damn pool. So ..." "You'll be needing that extendable pole. But I'm sure you'll get the use of it. Even if you haven't done much plunging before, I've a feeling you'll take to it just fine." Too much, too goddamn much. "For the love of God, Janice, will you get out of my way?" "Well since you asked so nicely, handsome ..." She stood aside, shaking back her hair and teasing the lacy hem around her cleavage. Burdened with the various accoutrements he rattled past her, trying mentally to fend off the burn of her gaze. He was carrying so much he got trapped in the doorframe. His face smarted at her husky chuckle. So he wasn't beyond embarrassment after all. "Hey," she said, "that's what comes of being such a big boy. You're always going to be a tight fit." "Lady, just ..." "I hope you don't mind if I keep an eye on you. Make sure I get my money's worth. I want to see all those muscles getting a proper work-out." "Well we both know how you like to watch," he spat, trying to bundle through the door. "I do, Brandon, when the view's so fine." He felt her behind him, hot breath searing his neck, hard-peaked mounds compressing against his back, hands applying a light caress to his hips. "Of course sometimes I like to do way more than look ..." He disengaged from the door before his body could seize under her touch. "I told you, hands off!" Cock jutting awkwardly against the lining of his shorts he headed for the pool, desperate to immerse himself in the task. Escape from this hot married woman and all her salacious tease. Get a grip, buddy, you came here to earn a wage. Filter ... Clean the filter ... He went to work, checking over his shoulder to see whether Janice had followed. For a while at least he was free of supervision and in the mundane chore of mucking out the filter his hard-on subsided. By the time he had attached the vacuum and set about the pool-bottom, he had almost begun to relax. Get the job done, that was the way. Put his effort into that. Scrub those tiles, rake that water, and maybe go finish the grass. Get it all done in one hot, sweaty morning. Work it all out of his system. Then grab his pay and get the hell out before ... "Something to drink for that super-hard worker. God, that tee-shirt is just clinging to you. Hell, take it off!" Brandon turned around warily and nearly toppled into the pool. Janice was approaching with her sunniest grin and little else. Her bikini-du-jour was micro. Those magnificent tits were slung in paltry red triangles, while a similar patch of material barely covered her pubic region. Her waxed pubic region, for not a strand of hair strayed from under that tiny scrap of red. He wondered if any hair remained under there at all. She was gliding easily in red heels, towel and sun lotion in one hand, a bottled beer in the other, every visible inch of her a rich golden-brown. "I know, I know," she said as she sashayed, "it'll shock the neighbors. But you know what? Fuck 'em. If they can't accept a little human flesh ... What do you think, big guy?" She spun around as she drew close, peering over her shoulder. "Can I still pull off this little number?" Caught off guard he could only stare at how the thong followed her hips' curve to be gobbled up between the taut globes of her ass. Manfully he wrestled his attention back from her contours to that smirking face. Under cover his cock was pointing at his chin. "Mrs Cooper, I've got a pool to clean." "But you've worked up such a sweat, mister, you deserve this." She swivelled back around and pressed the perspiring beer bottle firmly into her breasts' springy canyon like she'd walked from a beer commercial. "Ooh, that feels so nice. Fresh from the fridge. C'mon gorgeous, relax a little. Take it from its holder." "I've got a ..." "You could be stifling in church, but you're here,

being offered a cold one by a hot gal on a beautiful day.” “Okay, okay, I’ll drink it.” He reached for it and she moved in reverse, a ‘come-get-it’ smile on her face. “Just gimme the damn thing!” He grabbed it roughly, tearing it from its fleshy resting place, furious at himself for the thoughts that swirled. Her tanned orbs were bouncing gently, just like they had done when she oiled them up for him the day before. He resorted briskly to the beer. So what if his drinking experience was combined to a few illicit nights with his buddies? He chugged it in a single go, not once breaking her gaze as the cold river flooded down his throat. It made him feel good, manly, like he was showing this woman he wasn’t just the dumbass boy next door. “There, Janice.” He shoved back the empty bottle. “Now can I get on?” “Sure,” she said with a sideways tilt of her head. She set the bottle to the poolside. “Don’t let me stop you. I’m just going to lie down and cream myself while I watch.” She proffered the lotion. “Unless of course you want to do the creaming.” He took in the bikinied goddess before him with her taut stomach and her swollen tits and her lusciously rounded hips. And those full lips curled into a promise. His blood was raging through his veins, more so since he’d taken his alcohol shot. “I’m not here to ... to cream,” he managed, past the thumping in his temples. “Do what you want, I’m here to work.” Erection swaying in his shorts, he ripped himself away and went back to cleaning the pool. \* \* \*

\* Brandon’s attempts at a blasé attitude, thought Janice, were contradicted by the tension in his shoulders – not to mention that in his shorts. A tiny smile teased at her lips as she turned toward the lounge, put on her sunglasses and spread her towel onto the sun-heated pillows; she smoothed out every tiny crease, purposely prolonging his view of her exposed buttocks. The tiny wisp of fabric covering her mound eased its way up between her desire-swollen lips as she sat down on the sunbed; it caused her to moan as heat flared through her loins. I’ll have your cock before the day is through, and that’s a promise. She uncapped the sunscreen, squeezed a dollop into her palm and leaned down to smooth it up from pointed foot all the way up her shapely calve to the knee, mirroring the movement with her other leg. Then she rubbed her hands together before spreading the remaining lotion into her thighs, splayed fingers moving slowly up towards her hollows. Her eyes drifted over to Brandon under guise of the dark glasses, but he had his back turned. Dammit! Why does he have to act like such a petulant child? Sliding one leg over so she straddled the recliner, she lowered her body before squeezing a liberal amount of cool cream directly onto her belly. Tremors of sheer delight coursed through Janice as her fingers worked the oily balm into her sun-kissed skin. A gentle breeze played over her body, fanning rather than cooling the heat between her spread thighs. Her hands moved up along her fluttering tummy and over her fleshy orbs, fingers slipping under the tiny red triangles; she had to stifle a moan as her fingertips grazed her aching nipples. The moisture between her legs grew as Brandon pulled his shirt off and hung it over the handle of the lawnmower. His skin glistened with perspiration, and she imagined what it would feel like to be running her hands over those tight young muscles. In her reverie she closed fingers around one taut nipple, sending sweet sensations straight to her throbbing pussy. Stop, Janice! Fuck! You don’t want to be making yourself cum. That’s not your main goal today. She picked up her book and started to read, leaving Brandon to do his job ... the part he was being paid for in cash. With the sun warming her skin and images of Brandon’s gorgeous soaped-up cock filling her head, she tried to focus on print that danced

before her eyes. A dark shadow fell across Janice's lounging form and she looked up from her book, eyes traveling slowly over toned, tanned flesh. Man flesh. "You're blocking my sun." "I can't find the chlorine. Do you have any?" He looked directly at her as he spoke, but then his eyes travelled unashamedly down her body, pausing at her slightly flattened breasts, before proceeding lower to the furrow between her thighs, to her all-but-exposed pussy. It was as though he'd given up trying to ignore what was before him. "You enjoying the view?" "What I'd really enjoy is getting the job done." His gaze moved back up to her face, and for the briefest of seconds his expression softened. "I have some chlorine back home, I'll go get it." "It's in a brown cardboard box at the back of the shed." She lifted her book and feigned further reading, the casualness of her dismissal at odds with her rapidly beating heart and aching pussy. Without another word he turned toward the shed. She could hear him rummaging around trying to find the chemicals. After a torturous half hour of scorching sun and watching Brandon at work, boredom set in. The book, well-written though it was, did little to divert her imagination. She set it down, rose smoothly and walked to the water's edge where Brandon knelt, adjusting the speed on the pool cleaner. "How much longer will you be? This is taking too long." "Do you want a clean pool or not?" He didn't turn or look up at her. "I'm burning up." She moved in closer, leaning down to look over his shoulder. "You really need to hurry up. I'm in need of relief." Brandon sighed. He turned as he tried to straighten up and found himself mere inches from the damp red triangle of her thong just as she had planned. That close he'd be able to smell her musky scent just as she had planned. He'd be able to see the outline of her swollen pussy lips clearly through the thin fabric. Just as she had planned. "Shit!" He rose startled and stepped back, face flushed with the close encounter. He'd stepped too far, for he wobbled suddenly on the edge of the pool and fought to regain his balance. Janice could not resist the impulse. She reached out and pressed slim fingers against his chest. "Oh! Oops ..." she said, and pushed. \* \* \* \* Brandon hung in air for an instant, arms flailing in vain to retrieve himself. Janice loomed before him, face full of triumph, tits thrust out like twin zeppelins; the sweet smell of her pussy was still in his nostrils. All gentleman was expelled by anger and he grabbed at the only thing there for the grabbing her bikini top. She uttered a yell as the string pulled tight around the back of her neck, his weight tugging her off balance. He felt a flash of satisfaction as he toppled, that he was taking this taunting bitch with him. He hit the surface with a wet smack, sending flumes of water either side and cushioning the buxom neighbour who fell on top of him. They tumbled together a moment then floundered upright, Janice laughing hysterically as water rushed down between her bouncing tits. His grip had yanked the triangles free of her nipples, exposing her completely. "Guess I had that coming, didn't I?" She swept wet hair away from her grinning face. Brandon's mind was alive with lust and rage. He grabbed the strings of Janice's flimsy top, stuck as they were all around her exposed chest, and pulled, trying to rip the garment from her. She gasped in a rare display of shock. How nice to expunge that mocking smile from her lips if only for a moment. Several hard wrenches failed to remove the bikini, so he seized Janice instead, filled his palm to brimming with hot, moist tit-flesh. Goddamn! It felt so good he grappled his other hand to her, gave her the double-grope he had secretly dreamt of. "This what you wanted, Mrs Cooper? Is it?" "Oh fuck yes, bring it on, big boy ..." If he was giving in, it would damn well be on his terms. He'd

show this woman. Oh God ... Big juicy gorgeous handfuls, nipples rough and rigid under the squeeze of his thumbs. The sensation swelled his dick near to bursting under the water's surface. He wanted closer; his body needed more of this woman. Seizing the back of her neck he pulled her wet form to him, sealing his mouth on hers with those amazing breasts pillowed against his chest. It was a clumsy kiss at first, he knew, and he pressed his lips all the harder as though to compensate for lack of expertise. Janice slowed the thrash of his tongue with velvet strokes of her own and he allowed her to tame him, abashed that all his sofa sessions with Debbie had not taught him better. Her hands on his back and on his face seemed to cradle and possess him in equal measure and he broke from her ripe mouth as though to tear free of her tongue's enchantment. "Damn you, Mrs Cooper ..." Her lips were curling into that wicked smile again and he gripped her wet hair to prevent it, yanked her head back and made her catch her breath. In his new fusion of anger with desire it was instinctive. He laid his mouth on her neck, caressed and sucked and drew the ridge of his teeth over her flesh, while his palm made free with her tits once more. No smiling now, right Janice? Not from the breathy moans escaping her. His palm roughed up her fleshy orbs, pinching and tugging at her nipples, his heart elating at the fullness within his grip. He backed her against the poolside so that he could press her there, lean her back and fill his mouth with one breast while continuing to grope its twin. The nipple-point was rough and swollen under his tongue, the softer flesh firm yet pliant. Janice's fingers slithered through his hair and drew him tighter to her, urging him to feast. "Oh God, that's my bad boy ..." She pulled his face central and began to smear his face all over her wet breasts, laughing again at him. "Can't get enough now, can you honey?" As though to prove her words he thrust his hand underwater to grip, to fill it with the luscious curve of her ass. His fingers dug into the cleft as he squeezed and he felt how smooth she was between her legs, how inviting. Drawn by erectile fascination he slid his hand around her front and down between the fork of her thighs. Middle finger slipped past the thread of her thong as though it wasn't there. Her wetness seemed to suck him inside and suddenly he was plunged to the base knuckle inside her searing-hot cunt. "Oh my God ..." His eyes met hers in that moment. "Feels good, doesn't it?" said the wife of the guy next door. 'Good' hardly described it. Intimate, clutching-wet and secret. So wrong, so amazing. He clutched between her legs, driving his finger deeper, feeling her spasm and gurgle around him. "What else do you want to put in there?" All he knew in that moment was the bulging hardness of his cock and the tight wet place where he was going to put it. Right here, right now in the pool he was going to do this thing. He was going to fuck Janice Cooper. Holy crap, he was going to fuck . Instinct consumed him and he wrenched at the band of his shorts to free himself. Hell, he could hardly undo the damned knot ... \* \* \*

\* If she hadn't already been turned on to the point of delirium, Janice would have laughed at Brandon's attempts to free his cock. His thrusting digits had left her breathless and aching for more. Clumsy as his assault on her body had been, it had also excited her to beyond rational thought. She used the time he was fumbling with his shorts to gather her scattered sensibilities, reassess her next move . Focus Janice, get your head together, it can't happen like this. Not here. What if his snooping mother is home? She stifled a giggle as his enthusiasm got the better of him. He shoved and kicked at his clinging shorts, lost his footing and toppled with a splash; seconds later his shorts popped to

the surface, then sank as his head emerged. “Now that’s what I call raw enthusiasm.” Brandon did not seem to share her amusement. His face loomed before her, flushed and intense. He seemed to be wrestling inwardly again. She could not believe it. “No, Mrs. Cooper, that’s what I call nearly making the biggest mistake of my life.” He turned from her, pushed down on the side of the pool to hoist himself out of the water, flinching as his unmistakably hard cock brushed the side whilst he clambered up. His wet clinging boxer shorts offered him little modesty as he strode toward the house, clearly defining the clenched muscles of his firm ass. Janice climbed the ladder as fast as she could while maintaining her poise, then sauntered toward the house, reassuring herself. It’s all okay. There’s no rush. He’s not going anywhere with his shorts at the bottom of the pool. She reached back to untie the bikini top that still hung lopsidedly around her neck; it was a challenge untying the wet knot, so she just slipped it over her head and threw it on the grass to dry. Her bikini bottoms followed suit. She found him dripping all over her kitchen floor; it seemed he had been watching her nude approach through the glass panels. So much for the grand exit. “I thought you’d left.” He closed the distance between them in two strides, grabbed both her arms, and pulled her so close she could feel his breath on her lips. “Fuck it. Some mistakes are just meant to be made, aren’t they, Mrs. Cooper?” His mouth found hers – grinding down hard onto her lips, tongue thrusting urgently into her mouth, Janice’s body melted into his, heart and pussy echoing the same rhythm. That familiar tingle spread through her loins as his merciless assault on her mouth softened, his tongue stroking hers slowly, but firmly. His hands slid down her body to cup her ass cheeks before lifting her effortlessly; he carried her toward the kitchen island with her legs wrapped around his waist. She felt him moan as she pressed her moist pussy firmly against his belly, until he set her down on the counter. Liquid fire pumped through her veins as his mouth travelled down her neck, sucking and licking at her flesh, fingers stroking roughly across her nipples. “Oh fuck, yes. Oh ... mmm ...” Janice let out a deep moan as his mouth found a nipple and sucked hard, tongue flicking over the sensitive nub. His eager mouth found her other nipple and closed around it at the same moment his thumb pressed down on her clit. Ripples of pleasure coursed through her body as his teeth grazed her nipple roughly, thumb stroking over her clit hard and fast. Damn! This boy’s a fast learner. She felt her orgasm building deep inside of her, hips thrusting urgently toward his hand of their own accord. Her breathing grew shallow, tits thrusting out as her body arched back sharply. Janice moaned ... then his mouth released her aching nipple and his finger lifted off her clit. Her body was ravenous for the young man staring up at her, his eyes darkened by passion. “Wha... what? Why’d you stop?” “I’m sorry. Were you about to cum, Mrs. Cooper?” Little shit! He was toying with her; she recognized the taunting glint in his eyes. What the fuck did he think he was playing at? “You know damn well I was.” Her words were a breathy rush, pussy throbbing as it remembered the feel of his finger, her nipples aching to be back in his mouth again. Fuck this little boy! Yes, fuck this boy is right; she would be fucking him before the day was through. She would show him who he was screwing with ... And that was the last coherent thought Janice Cooper had before Brandon pulled her lustful naked body off the kitchen counter and shoved her roughly to her knees. “Fair to assume it’s my turn now, Mrs. Cooper.” He grabbed a handful of her hair, gripped the band of his boxers and in one swift movement thrust them down. \* \* \*



\* Check it out, Janice. That what you wanted to see again? Damn it all, he'd known when he left the pool that his words of defiance were a fraud, that it was a temporary retreat and he'd nowhere else to go. That he didn't want to go anywhere else. At least here there were no neighbors to spy and report. Here he could take charge. It felt good. To have this luscious woman melt under influence of his mouth. To thrust her to the floor with her tits bouncing, seize her curls and confront her with the swaying tower of his cock. So much better than cringing in the shower while she mocked him. You want to see, Mrs Goddamn Bitch Cooper? You want to see? Well here I am close up. Oh yeah, wedo this, we do it my way. "What are you waiting for? Get your mouth around that cock, Janice." The words sounded foreign in his mouth; he'd heard something similar in a porno. Not that he'd ever thought himself the type to use them, but now that the words came from his lips, he liked it a whole damn lot. Speaking that way to her charged his dick all the harder. Janice stared past his standing rod into his eyes. She looked shocked, aroused and pissed-off at losing the initiative. Her hand reached out, fingers stretching as far around the shaft as they would go. Oh fuck, it was finally happening. A woman's palm wrapping itself about his cock. It swelled his pride that he looked so sturdy and huge in her grasp. Shit, keep it steady, guy. Control the moment. "That's it, lady, hurry up and get it in your mouth." She smiled to hear him say it and his bravado faltered at that wicked smirk. Like this woman didn't know how to suck dick. Her tongue snaked from her lascivious mouth and curled all around his glans, shuddering every inch of him. He seized tighter into her hair as she enveloped him, to brace against the rush of excitement. Goddamn. Fuck. C'mon, hold it together. Show her what you're made of. Brandon's porn-stud pretensions were all but swallowed up in Janice's mouth. His cock throbbed huge under her vacuum-suck. He fixated on the perfectly-curved lips now wrapped around his head, tongue stroking the sweet spot underneath. Like she had known just where to find it. She figured she had him captured, this woman, eyes taunting while her mouth did its work. God she looked so good butt-naked on her knees, mouth full with his dick. Oh god, oh fucking shit, she's sucking my dick! C'mon, Brandon, keep a grip on yourself ... He gripped her, drew her down onto him, watched her lips stretch wide as he pushed to the back of her mouth. It was good to see her fight back a gag-reflex as she took him. So his dimensions were a challenge even for this experienced mouth. "Come on, Janice, I wanna see you suck my cock!" Shit, articulating the thought did nothing for his control. It made him want to bust his nut even more and she knew it. Slim fingers were enclosing his balls, squeezing as though to test how full they were. Her mouth withdrew, relinquishing his bulging shaft so that that experienced tongue could lash against the eye. He strove to refocus, to fight his body's urges. "That's it. That's it." God, he wanted to show this woman who was boss ... Not possible. No way could he withstand the onslaught. Janice sucked him up again, one hand slipping behind to clutch his ass. She gripped, mouth expanding into a broader O than before to accommodate the thickest of his girth. He watched astonished as she plunged, swallowing up his erection almost to the base. "Oh God ..." It would have been a feat to marvel at just watching, but feel himself down his neighbour's unflinching throat blew his mind. How could he expect to fuck her face properly the first time he'd ever been sucked? He grabbed her loose curls with both hands and thrust anyhow. Hell, he'd get a few good strokes in before he blew. Shit, that felt so fucking

amazing, to be shafting into his tormentor's throat! Take that, Mrs C! He watched, jubilant, as his pole emerged from Janice's mouth, glazed thick with saliva, spit-strings still annexing him to her lips. But the victory moment was short-lived, for she gobbled him back up on her own initiative and began sucking hard. Of his better nature Brandon lost all control. Hands clutching into Janice Cooper's locks he shafted hard, fucked into her throat until she gagged, crammed into her all the cock he could manage. Surprised, Janice? Hell, this is what you asked for and you can damn well have it. He abandoned himself to the insanity of his lust and stroked into her without mercy. It couldn't last long. His machinery kicked into operation and there was fuck all he could do to slam on the brakes. He was going to blow his wad mere seconds into this premier face-fuck. Well at least he knew where his jism was all going and he kept tight hold of Janice to make doubly sure. Every muscle in his pelvis clenched as the pump-action kicked in. "Oh my God ..." He felt the seed as his balls propelled it, a hot and glorious rush all the length of his cock, out the end and into the waiting receptacle. Take it, Janice, take all I've fucking got! Amid his guttural roars and the fierce jarring of his body, he saw his harassing neighbor's eyes widen and her cheeks bloat. The degree of her surprise gratified him even in his throes. Delicious hard orgasm. Ball-emptying ecstasy as he pumped Janice Cooper's face full of hot cum. He gripped her hard and gave himself up to the guilty, wondrous joy of the moment. \* \* \* \*  
Despite picking up on the tell-tale signs, Brandon's orgasm still took Janice by surprise. She struggled to fight down the gag reflex as his cock erupted volcanically, powerful jets of hot cum hitting the back of her throat and filling her mouth. She was forced to breathe deeply through her nose as she gulped great salty mouthfuls of his seed. Her fingers dug into his taut buttocks, keeping him buried to the hilt until the steady gush subsided and the last of the cum which had submerged her tongue slid smoothly down her throat. His hand was still wrapped tightly in her hair, eyes shut, face masked by intense sexual satisfaction and amazement. Her mouth sucked as she worked her way up his softening cock, tongue twirling gently. He let out a deep groan as her fingers ran feather-light over his visibly trembling thighs, then back up again to grasp his sides for support as she slid her way up his body. The sensation of her breasts grazing his sprinkling of course hair spread fiery tingles from the tips of her engorged nipples right down to her toes. She raised herself to tiptoe, tongue lapping up the last of the cum that clung to her lips, before she brushed her mouth lightly across his. "You're so much more delicious than I'd ever imagined, big boy." He was more a lot of things, her ravished throat could testify to that. Brandon's eyes opened slowly. He tugged her head back so she was looking up at him, his other hand caressing softly up along her spine as their eyes met. Something had changed inside of him; she read it in that one intimately shared moment. A soft smile touched his lips. "And you, Mrs Cooper, are so much more wicked than my mother warned you'd be." She felt, more than heard, the soft chuckle that reverberated through him, as his hands moved to cup her ass. Strong arms lifting her off the ground as he captured her mouth with his. Every sensual stroke of his tongue fuelled the inferno that raged inside of her. Her breasts were crushed to his chest as she wrapped her legs around his waist. She could feel his stirring cock slapping her ass as he walked them down the hall toward the staircase. "Where are you taking me?" "Surely you didn't think I was done with you yet?" Janice found herself almost unnerved by his tone and the grin he wore with new-found

confidence. "We are so fucking far from done, lady." TO BE CONTINUED