

New Neighbors 2

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Will meets the busty neighbor

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I awoke that afternoon with a hard-on. That, in itself, wasn't amazing. I always awoke with my eighteen year old cock fully erect. Usually it was in my fist, leading to my first jerk-off of the day. What made this special was that it had already been drained a couple of times that afternoon but it was raging again thinking of the new neighbor lady. Man, I had to shake my head (the big one) to make sure that I hadn't been dreaming. It was like something out of a porno; MILF Milks Pool man. Soon I was replaying that afternoon's scene in my mind, my cock firmly in my fist.

"Willie," my mother's shrill voice called from the first floor. There's nothing like a mother's voice to deflate a good thing.

"What?"

"We have company. Come down and meet the neighbor."

I pulled on a pair of shorts, my semi-stiff dick outlined in the fabric. When I got to the kitchen I saw the woman that I had jerked off to twice already. She was wearing a sundress that seemed to barely contain her tanned tits. She looked me up and down, her eyes stopping at my crotch and the bulge that I had tried to cover with my hand.

“Willie, this is Mrs. Bresh, our new neighbor. They moved in yesterday.” Like I didn't know that. “Mrs. Bresh, this is my son Willie.”

My eyes were locked on her cleavage wondering what it would feel like to slip my rod in there like Jimmy the pool man had. “Nice to meet you Mrs. Breast...Bresh,” I stammered. My mother was preparing a cold drink and didn't skip a beat at my Freudian slip.

“Nice to meet you too Willie,” she giggled as she shook my hand. Her blue eyes sparkled knowingly.

“Would you like a cold drink, Willie?” my mother asked.

“No thanks. I better go and do my workout,” I said as I contradicted my words, pulled out a chair and sat down.

I had to adjust my cock which had started to grow. Damn thing really did have a mind of its own. While my mother and Mrs. Bresh made small talk with each other, sipping iced tea, I focused on the fleshy delights. She had moved sideways and I think that I could almost see her nipple.

“Are you sure that you don't want a drink Willie?” My mother again.

“Um, sure I'll have a Snipple...I mean Snapple!” Mrs. Bresh gave me a bemused look and adjusted her top.

I felt a foot brush against my shin. I knew that it wasn't my mother's because she was getting my drink. The foot lingered there, seemingly waiting for me to move. Then it moved slowly up my shin to my thigh. The toes flexed against my muscular thigh. I looked at Mrs. Bresh who was looking at my

mother. She adjusted her chair without moving her foot away from my thigh. She leaned slightly over the table affording me a better view of her large breasts. Her foot crept up to my crotch and rested against what was now a full blown erection.

“Oh my,” Mrs. Brest sighed. “This is amazing iced tea.” She winked at me as she covered up her surprise, I think, of my cock size. Her foot rubbed up the length of my hardness with just enough pressure to let me know that she had done this before. Her toes gripped the waistline of my shorts and pulled them back from my thick meat. Her other foot was soon rubbing against my now naked cock. She would even stop now and then and softly toe my tightening sac.

My mother continued her incessant chatter the whole time, unaware of what was occurring under the kitchen table. Mrs. Bresh now had my cock firmly grasped between both feet and was stroking it. From above the table I couldn't tell that her legs were moving with that type of precision. Her feet were strong but soft, obviously well cared for because I couldn't feel any calluses rubbing my dick.

The pressure on my cock increased and I could feel my balls tingle. Containing my groans as much as possible I spurted my seed over my stomach.

“So, Mrs. Johnson,” Mrs. Brest addressed my mother. “I was wondering if I could borrow Willie for a few odd jobs. My husband won't be home until late tonight and I do need to get my house in order.”

“Of course you can. Willie won't mind will you Willie?” I couldn't have protested if I wanted to. I was trying to figure out how to get a tissue from the counter without standing up. My bellybutton was a swimming pool of my own cum.

“Excellent. See you in, say, fifteen minutes Willie?” I nodded put my hand over my stomach, quickly turned and headed for the bathroom.

I took a quick shower before heading over to the neighbor's house. Embarrassed but excited I rang the doorbell. She answered the door with a smile. “C'mon in Willie.”

“Actually do you mind just calling me Will? My mother doesn't realize how weird the name Willie Johnson is.”

She hesitated before laughing. “I guess it is kind of a double double-entendre. But may I say that you were well named.”

I followed her into her living room, watching her tanned legs in the short sundress. She pointed at some pictures on the floor. “Do you think you can put those up? I'll mark where I want them on the wall.”

I nodded and bent down to pick up a picture. She had climbed up a small 3 step ladder to put a mark on the wall. When I looked up I could see her bare ass cheeks split by a red thong up the crack of her ass. She looked back at me and saw my interest. “So did you like what you saw this afternoon?” I almost dropped the picture. “What do you mean? I didn't see anything.” A teenager's defence; when accused, deny.

“Oh I thought that I saw you looking out your window. I guess I was mistaken.” She gave that great smile again. She got off the ladder and I climbed up it with a hammer in one hand, the picture in the other and a nail in my mouth. I was trying to think how I was going to hammer the nail with both hands occupied.

“Here, I'll hold your hammer,” she volunteered. I wanted to say that it was the picture that I needed held when I felt her hand grab me through my shorts. My cock immediately responded to her touch. However because it was pointing down it grew down my thigh.

“Oh, that must be uncomfortable,” she said as she pulled my shorts and boxers down over my hips. When my dick was finally freed it sprang to attention almost hitting her in the face. “Oh my, my feet weren't lying. You are rather large aren't you?” She took me in her fist and looked over my cock. It looked huge in her dainty hand but it looked huge in my big hand.

“Mmmm, mmmm, mmmm, this looks just yummy.” Her tongue licked at my swollen head. I dropped the picture with a crash to the ground. She laughed, “I never liked that picture.” She took my cock head into her mouth and sucked at it like a lollipop. “I do like the taste of young cock. It's so raw, so wild.”

My balls had already tightened so much that I was almost delirious trying to keep the explosion back. She brushed against them with her hand and stopped her sucking of my head. “Hang on there Will. Don't you want to taste me first?”

That probably wasn't the best thing for her to say. I sprayed her face with my cum, almost falling off the ladder in the process. I couldn't believe how much liquid my balls pumped out especially considering how much they had already been drained. She opened her mouth to catch some of my seed, her white teeth flecked with off-white jism.

“I'm sorry,” I stammered as she licked me off of her upper lip. My cock hung its head in shame, still dripping the last of its seed.

“I guess that it's been awhile since you've slept with a girl. You were primed for firing.” She saw the blush in my cheeks. “Wait! You don't mean that you're still a virgin? You are, aren't you?”

I was going to deny it but I knew that she could see right through me. I nodded my head.

“Holy shit! A guy that looks like you? With a cock like that? What's the matter with the girls in this town?” I was going to tell her that I had just grown into my cock, that I was kind of shy but she turned and walked to the couch pulling her dress over her head. She turned and sat down, her heavy breasts looked better up close than they had through the binoculars that I had used earlier. A thin piece of fabric covered what I knew was a shaved beaver.

“C' mere Will.” She lifted her breasts with her hands and offered them to me. I walked towards her and almost tripped forgetting that my shorts were around my ankles. Shuffling like a penguin I made my way to her. I kneeled between her open legs. She leaned towards me and I took a nipple into my mouth. It was almost rubbery in consistency, like an air-filled balloon. Her nipple grew in my mouth as I sucked at it. “Bite it,” she growled. I closed my teeth on it. “Harder. Bite harder and tug.” I did what she demanded. Her nipple thickened, and so did my cock. I licked and bit and kissed all over her tits and nipples. My spear was ready again and poking between her legs. It even nudged against her thong-covered cunt a couple of times bringing a giggle from her.

“You're not getting in there,” she stated. “Not until I feel your tongue there first.” She hesitated, waiting to see if that was going to cause another blast from my cock but I felt fully in control. Four orgasms in a day will do that for you. She pushed my shoulders down towards her waiting twat. I reluctantly left her tits and kissed my way down. When I reached her thong I kissed that too. My tongue probed into the fabric, pushing between her plump lips. She groaned and pulled her thong aside. My tongue slipped into her wetness tasting her slightly musty, sweet tang. It was a taste that I would never forget and one that I loved. I lapped at her like a thirsty dog at his water bowl. Her hands were holding my head in place, as if I would leave her wetness. “My clit, lick my clit.” Sensing that I was unsure of its location she adjusted herself to my tongue. “There, right there.” I licked and felt the nub against my tongue. “Ohhhhhh,” she moaned. I flicked it with my tongue. “Do it quicker,” she demanded. I rapidly licked at her swollen clit, her juices coating my cheeks and chin. “Put your fingers in me.” I obeyed and slipped a finger in her velvety box. “Four of them, now.” I hesitated and she grabbed my hand and tried to force it into her. I put all four fingers in her as I licked at her.

She bucked like a rodeo bronco causing my upper teeth to drive into her pubic bone. With a low, controlled scream she came, her liquid splashing over my hand. I lapped at her cum as she panted.

She looked down between my legs to see how my cock was doing. It was still raging and pointing at her exposed cunt. She pulled me onto the couch beside her and bent over my towering shaft. Moving her shoulders back and forth, her nipples brushed over my piss hole.

“I really do love your cock. It is such a perfect specimen.” She opened her mouth wide and engulfed my thick, plum head. This time she didn't stop there but continued down my shaft until I hit her throat. She gagged slightly and I pulled back between her lips but she clamped down and slid down my shaft again. My eyes bulged when I felt her throat open and accept more of my cock. It forced its way into her throat, squeezed tightly in the tube.

She fondled my hanging nut sack, feeling the walnut sized testicles. I fucked at her throat sliding between her clamped lips. I had never fucked a pussy or a mouth, but if a pussy felt half as fine as this, I couldn't wait. She was testing my readiness for eruption by cupping my bag. When she felt it begin to shrink, she popped me out of her mouth.

Laying on the couch she spread her flowery lips. "Rub your cock against my cunt. Get it used to the feeling." I didn't need to be told twice. I guided my engorged member to her pink slit. Its hardness against her softness, well I had to stop rubbing against her for a second. "Put it in me, slowly, so that you don't hurt me." I couldn't tell if she was kidding or just pumping my ego. I didn't really care. I had a wet, willing pussy inches from my cock and I was going in.

Her lips spread as my dick entered her. It was like a knife going through butter, a ship's bow breaking through the waves, a spear entering a...oh fuck that. It was a big cock entering a slippery cunt. The flared head disappeared inside her. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. When I opened them again I saw her massive white breasts against her tanned skin. I felt her velvety cunt wrapped around my thick sausage.

"Mom, I'm home," the girl's voice rang out from the foyer. Mrs. Bresh quickly pulled away from me. The friction on my cock was just enough. I reached to pull up my shorts as a stream of cum shot out and splashed on the leather couch. "Damn," I thought as I pumped out another shot. "Am I still a virgin?"