The Neighbour Complains Again

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My neighbour carries on from where we left off

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The doorbell rang, twice. From the kitchen, I could see a darkly clad figure through the frosted glass. I finished what I was doing, wiped my hands, before going to open the door.

“You took your time. I am getting soaked standing here. It’s raining.” She was wearing a black raincoat and had her umbrella open.

“I thought you were Jehovah’s Witness. Anyway, you were supposed to be here yesterday,” I said, blocking her path as she stepped forward.

“I said, next time, not next day, you moron. Are you going to let me in or what?” she snapped.

“Okay, but don’t drip on my carpets.”

She stepped inside. “Dripping on them would improve them.” She closed her umbrella and left it to drip against the front door.

“I suppose you came for sex? Would you like a cup of tea first?” She looked at me as if I was some sort of idiot.

“What are you? Some sort of idiot? This is not a date. This is just sex and it had better be good.” She undid her coat and I couldn’t help but notice she only wore black lace underwear underneath.

“Last time was good for me.”

“Well, I thought there was room for improvement. You lack finesse.”

“When I said, it was good, I was just being polite.”

“Enough of this crap. Where is the bedroom?” she asked, kicking off her shoes.

“Upstairs.”

“Well? Come on.”

“Oh! Follow me.” I led her up to the bedroom. She looked around. Then she went to the window and looked out.

“I suppose this is where you spy on me from?“

“It is you who spies on me.”

“You are a bastard.” She turned back towards the bed and peeled back the bedspread. “Black satin sheets. How very sixties.” She pulled the bedspread off and dropped it on the floor.

“Shall I take your coat?” I asked. She removed it and handed it to me. Last time, I only caught glimpses of her body. She did look stunning.

She crawled onto the bed, clearly showing me her ass and showing me she wore thongs. She rolled onto her back in the middle of the bed. “Come on. Hurry up and fuck me. I haven‘t got all day.”

I slowly peeled off my vest and draped it over a chair. I wasn’t going to rush for her. Then I kicked off my slippers and removed my socks. I lowered my jogging pants and stepped out of them. I kept my boxers on. Finally, I removed my glasses, before slipping onto the bed alongside her. She was getting impatient. As soon as I lay down, she was on top of me. Shit! Her nails were sharp. So were her

teeth. She scraped her nails down my chest, nearly taking off a nipple, while I fumbled with her bra clasp.

She gave me only about a minute before she huffed and pushed my hands out of the way. She undid the bra herself, wriggled out of it and threw it on the floor. Her mouth came back on mine. Tongue probing, deep. She was grinding her hips against my hardening cock. I had my hands on her ass, inside the waistband of her panties, working them down. She stopped what she was doing and rolled off me. She finished removing her panties and tossed them over to where her bra was on the floor. I pulled my boxers down and she pulled them off my legs. Then she was back on top of me. I could feel her wetness sliding along my cock. She reached down, grabbed me and guided me inside her.

She moved up and down on me, getting faster and faster. “What was the name I was supposed to shout?” She asked, biting my lip.

“Matt.”

“Is this better than you expected, Matthew?” she asked, loudly in my ear, before sinking her teeth into the lobe. Then she stopped, lifted herself up. She looked down at me. “You promised to screw my ass.”

“Eh?”

“Have you any lubrication?”

“In the bathroom.”

She climbed off me and went out the room. I could hear her clattering about in the bathroom cabinet. She returned with some Vaseline. She straddled me, and smeared it on my cock. Then she took some more and reached behind her. She seemed to know what she was doing. Then she moved up my body and gripped my cock, before sitting down on me with a satisfying moan.

I have never had anal sex before. There was a pleasant tightness around my cock. She rode me hard and it wasn’t long before I came. She slowed down and sank down onto my chest. My cock flicked out of her ass. She was breathless. We both were.

“That was good, Matt,” she whispered.

“But you didn’t come,” I said, rolling her onto her back. I rubbed myself between her lips, trying to get harder. I nibbled her nipples, pulling on them with my lips and letting them go. I hardened and wasted

no time in squeezing between her legs and entering her. She put her arms around my back, squeezing me tightly, digging her fingernails into my back. I built up a pace and was thinking she wasn‘t going to come, but her eyes opened wide and she clenched her teeth.

“Ohhhhhh Matt, yes!”

We lay in each other’s arms for a while, me just inside her, but I felt her move. “I have to go.” I pulled out of her and passed her some tissues. She cleaned herself off, got off the bed and put her underwear back on. There was an awkwardness between us. I held out her coat and she put it on.

“Shoes?”

“Downstairs.”

I followed her down. She put on her shoes and opened the door.

“At least it has stopped raining,” I said.

“Idiot!” she said, rolling her eyes as she went out of the door.