

Neighbourhood Watch

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She's sunbathing. I'm watching. And, well, one thing leads to another.

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Neighbourhood Watch I get genetics; I really do. Mendel, Paley, Darwin, X and Ychromosomes, DNA, the Human Genome Project, protein molecules that combine and define who and what we are; I accept and understand it all. What I can't comprehend, however, is how I've ended up being 5ft 1", with pallid skin, Coppertone hair and breasts that would shame a male weightlifter. How can I possibly be the pinnacle of human evolution? How can this body be seen as an intelligent design? In truth there is much I love about who I am. I adore being petite and positively bristle with envy if I meet someone slighter than myself. I have come to embrace being 'ginger', wear my hair as a badge of pride and regret that as I've grown older it doesn't have the same vibrant hue it had in my youth; but the one thing I remain unable to love is the insignificant mounds of flesh that grace my chest. I suffer from breast envy. Take me to a swimming pool and I submerge my body beneath the water, hide my loosely fitting bikini top out of sight and with just my head left to reveal my existence, my eyes dart back and forth lusting after the full cleavages and water splattered orbs of flesh that strain at every swimsuit demanding release. What can these women have done in a previous life to deserve such succulent, gorgeous breasts? And what dark sins must I have committed in mine? I have a book; 'The Big Book of Breasts' and as accurate as the title is, it should really be called 'The Big Book of Big Breasts'. Page after page of glossy photographs celebrating the sheer beauty of the female form; page after page of impressively voluptuous women; page after page of cleavages that I could press my head between and lick their sternum whilst they suffocate me with their flesh; page after page of huge stiff nipples that I could take in my small mouth and suckle as they quiver and bounce beneath my attentions; page after page of soft, yielding breasts that I want to caress, lick, bite and dribble across with my eager and demanding mouth. I am trying to choose the pair I like the most. I open its heavy cover and slowly peruse each picture. I run my fingers across the photographs and imagine the feel of their skin; I stare deep into their faces and as my tongue slides across my dry lips I try to decide who is my favourite today. Increasingly I am drawn towards the back of the book. Here the

models reveal more than just breasts; here they are scantily clad to reveal tantalising glimpses of hair covered pubic mounds and the gentle shapes of swollen vaginas. As I turn the pages they are revealed in all their womanly glory, like Venus departing the waves; softly haired mounds contrasting darkly with creamy flesh, the gentle curve of a thigh sliding silently upward to meet puffed up labia and what, in my imagination at least, are parted, wet, pink pussies just aching for the touch of my tongue. I haven't drooled over them yet but it has been an effort and I dare not touch myself as I browse wide-eyed and breathless for that would mean acknowledging a desire I can still deny; but even worse than the myriad of beauties contained within my book is the temptation of the real. She is my neighbour; lives in the house next door to mine, has done for the past six months and she is everything I could wish to be. Tall and slender with dark features and flowing hair that cascades across her shoulders, full lips and pools of eyes framed by thick luscious lashes that you could lose yourself in. She must be ten years my junior, full of the confidence of youth, unbroken by the disappointments of life and whilst I move through my days with lowered eyes eager to pass unnoticed by the world, she stands tall, shoulders flung back with her eyes flashing about her demanding attention. I think she is Polish or Czech or Slovakian or ... see although we are neighbours, we have never spoken and whilst I am sure that she is friendly enough, I am just not very good with strangers. So we live side by side yet do not speak and though I know her laugh I don't know her name. The heat is sultry; one of those rare days where you can see the air shimmering above the tarmac, where treetop leaves stand untroubled by the slightest breath of wind, sound is deadened in the heat and the chirrup of insects and twittering of birds is half-hearted. Everything is caked in dust and the paving stones, brickwork and the sun lounger I've been reclining on scald my skin. I am trying to sunbathe but can feel my skin starting to itch. My face feels overheated and the crease beneath my breasts is damp with sweat. Both my bikini top and the fine fabric of my light cotton skirt cling stickily to my flesh. With a sigh I clamber out of the lounger and tip toe across the burning paving slabs into the relative cool of the house, fix myself a cold drink and head upstairs to the back bedroom. This is the darkest and coolest room in the house. It has only two small windows looking out onto the garden below and receives little direct sunlight. I gulp down my drink, drop my book onto the floor and flop down on the bed revelling in the feel of a slight draft that seems to circulate constantly throughout this room. I shut my eyes and will myself to sleep. It is no good; the pillows disappear beneath my head and no matter how many times I pouf them the feathers always seem to be somewhere else. The duvet beneath me keeps collecting where I am hottest; sticking to my back and between my thighs. I twist and turn, roll over onto my front, strip the duvet off the bed and lie on the sheet but nothing seems to work. I am hot, uncomfortable and grumpy ... and then she laughs. It is fullsome, noisy, assertive. This is no soft snigger, no tittering behind hands, no small smirk or girly giggle. She takes all her personality, her life, her *joi de vivre* and lets it flow forth in a torrent. It is as if she is challenging everyone in earshot to join with her in celebrating what a humorous and wonderful thing life is. I wish I could laugh like that. Her laugh rouses me. I sit at the bottom of the bed from where I can see out of the windows into the garden next door. There she is; bikini clad, bathed in sunlight, chattering on her mobile, eyes hidden behind a pair of huge sunglasses. In her right hand she is holding a towel which

moves constantly as she accompanies her conversation with a never ending series of hand gestures. She moves around as she talks; laying out her towel, wandering across to look at some flowers, peering upwards at the sky. I rise from the bed and find a position from which I can see the whole garden; a position from which I can stand and watch and admire. I absorb her fluid grace; the easy flow of her limbs flow, the dainty step of her feet, the elegant swivel of her hip when she turns, the fluttering of her hands, the way she twists her hair round a finger when she stops and listens, her long slender legs, the gentle V of her brief clad pubis, her rounded buttocks, the slight flaring of her hips and the smooth indentation of her waist, her washboard flat stomach that rises up to her full breasts that jiggle and bounce in the confines of the taut fabric of her bikini. Finally, I admire her nipples pushing against the material encasing them, rubbing themselves back and forth eager for attention. My own nipples ache; hard stiff nubs of sensation desperate to be released into the fresh cooling air, to be taken between thumb and madly finger, to be stroked, tweaked and squeezed, to have nails run up their length, to have saliva dribbled over them, to be rubbed and caressed with flattened palm until they are shimmering wet and sensitised. Willingly would I oblige them but my hands are too busy elsewhere. Two fingers rest on my bottom lip, my tongue gently caressing their tips, my teeth running back and forth on my sensitive pads. I tease the nerve endings into life, play with them until I desire more, until I need to be filled, until I slide my lips down to the first knuckle and allow my stiff fingers to caress back and forth across the flat of my tongue to half fill my mouth. I love suckling on my fingers, they can be so many things; a flaccid cock in need of tender loving care, a stiff nipple desperate for attention, a clitoris captured sucked and swollen as it quivers between my teeth; and I lose myself in giving them the attention they deserve. And my other hand? My other hand is a tease. It is stroking the wafer thin fabric of my skirt across the searing heat of my pubis before trailing its fingers down to find the hem. Then, ever so slowly, allowing it's nails to work their way up the inside of my thigh where it comes to rest; gently stroking at the smooth soft skin just out of reach of the bubbling wetness of my vagina. I want to make it behave; I want it to form firm straight digits that I can spread my thighs about, sink down upon and soak with the fluids dribbling from my sodden pussy. Did I shut my eyes or did they stare forth unseeing from their sockets? Either way I wasn't as attentive of the object of my admiration as perhaps I ought to have been; for when my pupils once again refocus it is to find her stood staring straight at me, hands on hips and legs set firmly apart. As I watch she raises a hand, extends a finger and beckons me to her. Every droplet of blood dashes helter-skelter to fill my face. Blushing madly I step backwards, away from the window, my teeth biting down on the fingers in my mouth, the hand in my skirt twisting on the fabric spastically as I pray for the floorboards under my feet to collapse beneath the weight of my embarrassment and allow me to crash unseen into the kitchen below. I fall back on to the bed and bury my burning face into the pillows. Thoughts tumble through my head. How had she seen me? The room is dark and I'd stood well back from the window. What could she see? Could she see my hand beneath my skirt? Did she know I'd been staring at her? Does she know how I've lusted after her? And behind all the questions was a gnawing statement: "You've been summoned. You have to go. She's expecting you." I've always tried to be a good girl even if oftentimes I've failed and I had been very naughty watching and fantasising about

her so it was only right that I went and apologised and ... and what? That is where thoughts failed me. Should I be scolded and punished or should she rip the clothes from my trembling body and finish off what I had so barely started? Like a reluctant schoolgirl called before the Head, I tread my way with heavy feet and pouting lip back down through the house and out into the gardens. The sun still blazes far above yet my body is shivering and I wrap my arms around me for warmth and comfort. Nervously, I ascend the steps to the grassed plateau and there she is; laying face down on her beach towel, skin glowing in the sunlight and naked. I glance around and spy her discarded bikini off to one side. I wasn't prepared for this and now I'm unsure as to whether to go forward or retreat to the safety of my home. My heart is pumping in my chest, adrenaline racing through my bloodstream; fuck, fight or flight? The concrete paving slabs burn the soles of my feet; fuck, fight or flight? I step gingerly forward onto the dry cool grass and as one foot unwittingly follows the other I quickly find myself at her side. "I wanted ..." She raises a hand, index finger held aloft and my half formed explanation stutters to a stillborn death on my tongue. Her hand falls back down to lie on the grass above her head and I am left to stand and wait and stare and ogle. I could turn and leave. I could take the raised finger as a dismissal. I could run away and hide in the cool safety of my house but lying at my feet is a flesh and blood goddess and my eyes flit across her wondrous skin in awe. I devour it all; the lightly fleshed ridge of her shoulder blade, the creasing of the skin on her neck from where her head is turned, the playful tendrils of hair caressing her shoulders, the gently serrated ridge of her spine, the soft arc of her abdomen leading downwards to her rounded fleshy buttocks. I take in her slender arms, the wrinkled skin at her elbow, the mole on her left shoulder, the slight swell of muscle on her biceps, calves and thighs, the knuckled shape of her ankle and the light glow of sweat that encases her whole being. She does not move, does not speak, makes no further acknowledgement of my presence and soon I am wilting in the heat but I refuse to go, refuse to leave her, here I will stay. I sit down on the grass and tuck my legs beneath me. Stiff blades of grass tickle at my skin. Her face is before me, eyes hidden behind her pitch black lenses, droplets of sweat gathering about her top lip framing their full shape with multi-coloured sparkles of light as the sun refracts through them. I watch her breathing; see the steady flow of air between parted lips, the rise and fall of shoulders, the swelling and contraction of breasts trapped beneath her torso. My breathing synchronises to hers, my tiny breasts rising and falling in time with hers, my body mimicking the same soft pant with which she fills her lungs. She turns over. I try to keep my eyes locked on her face; stare straight ahead into the lenses of her sunglasses, afraid of what I might reveal should I allow them to wander. I can feel her gaze assessing me; peering behind my eyes to root around amongst the hidden secrets of my desires. My breathing accelerates under her inspection, panic gripping me by the throat causing me to gulp in air and for the second time that day I feel myself blushing. I drop my eyes and concentrate on my hands as they play nervously in my lap. I attempt to regain my composure. It is a while before I raise my head again and when I do it is to find that she is no longer paying me any attention. She is lying flat on her back, staring off into the azure sky, mouth parted to reveal sharp bright teeth and pink tipped tongue. Brazenly I allow my eyes to wander off her face to inspect the twin mounds of my obsession. Soft pillows of flesh grace her chest; so much larger than my own stiff peaks they bulge to

one side and fall slightly outwards from her sternum. Each is encased in honeydew skin and surmounted by small mocha areolas and firm erect nipples. I feel my own nipples responding to the sight of them; hardening to push firmly at the fabric of my bikini top. I possess nipples that belong on much larger breasts; well defined with soft pink areolas that contrast strikingly against the whiteness of my flesh; areolas that become absorbed into the heat of my nipples when they pulse with desire; when they thrust outwards engorged, erect, sensitised and vibrating with need. I know I shouldn't; I know it is wrong of me but I can't resist such temptation. I reach out a hand, shut my eyes, imagine that I am simply browsing my book and running my fingers across unfeeling glossy prints rather than human flesh. She is damp; I feel her sweat coating my fingertips, feel her heat penetrating my skin. I feel her flesh move beneath my touch. I slide my hand up her side and feel the weight of her breast against my palm. Delicately I push up and it ripples slightly at my touch. Emboldened; I run my fingertips along its surface, feel it quiver at my touch as I move upwards seeking out her hard stiff nipple. I find it with the flat of my hand, run my palm across it and then capture it between thumb and finger. From somewhere I hear a low moan. I open my eyes; she is still staring off into space but now her mouth has fallen apart and I watch her breathing quicken as my busy fingers stroke and knead her tender breast. Her nipple is much smaller than my own. It isn't good enough; I want it huge, engorged with blood and throbbing beneath my fingers; I squeeze on it hard and she responds with a sharp intake of breath. I pull her up by it; making a high peak of her breast and she arches her back and bites down on her bottom lip. I capture her with my mouth; head lowered to nuzzle her flesh, my hair trailing across her damp skin, my hand skipping across to seek out her other as yet untouched breast. My lips close around her and I suck her nipple deep into me. She is tiny and I slurp and tug willing her to grow, to fill the soft cavern of my mouth with her stiff nub. I clamp my lips tight around her areola, saliva trickling from my mouth to mix with the sweat sheening her breast, my tongue flicking and dancing over her stiff peak as she trembles beneath me. I feel her hand on my head; stroking my hair, petting me, and urging me onwards. My tongue is a blur of movement, teasing and soaking as my lips suckle her. My own breasts ache in their confinement desperate to have her full lips close about my wanton nipples, to feel her tongue tease their stiffened flesh and for her to suck the whole of my tiny breasts deep into her cavernous mouth. Low moans escape my lips, soft pants play across her soaking flesh, dribble trickles down the side of my mouth and splashes down to despoil her smooth breasts. My own pleasure is rising hot and fiery between my legs and as my tongue teases her erect nipple my pussy pulsates at every caress. She tugs at my hair pulling me off her pulsing nipple, leaving my mouthpanting and empty. I look into her face; my stare reflected back in her sunglasses, observe her flushed and breathless and wonder at what story my own face tells. "I was sunbathing. You are disturbing me." Her voice is smoky; sultry even; her tongue thick around the words as they struggle from her mouth. "Sorry." It is a stuttering response accompanied by a further reddening of already flushed skin. "You have made me very hot." "Sorry." The automatic English response; I am very, very sorry. I didn't mean to be naughty, I only wanted to please. I just wanted to be a good girl. "My cunt is very hot. You have made it very hot." "Sor ..." The word dies in my mouth as what she has said permeates the jumble in my head. "You will lick. I will cum now." She pushes me

down her body as her Slavic toned English echoes through my empty skull ... you will lick ... I will cum ... I will lick ... You will cum ... I will lick ... I will lick ... I will lick ... I will lick. I knew this was where it would lead from the instant my eyes caught sight of her beckoning finger. It is what I wanted after all. Many a night I have woken in sweat dampened sheets to find my fingers stuffed deep inside my trembling and soaked pussy as my tongue darts forth eagerly to taste the vagina that has been straddling my face in my dreams. Then with eyes clamped shut I have imagined slipping my tongue between soft pink folds of female flesh and feasting on the nectar contained within whilst I ram my stiff fingers repeatedly into my receptive, orgasming cum slick pussy. In my dreams. Reality is different. Reality is daunting. I am kneeling on hot dry grass between her slender and toned thighs. My mouth is dry, my tongue sticking to my palate, my nipples hovering uncertainly beneath their fabric cover. My neck is stiff, my shoulder tense, my thighs and pussy clamped firmly together daring any moisture to attempt an escape. The perspiration that a few moments ago coated my body has evaporated leaving me chilled and shivering. My stomach is in knots and my head is fuzzy. In reality I am nervous. In reality I am scared. She is displayed before me; dark tight curls of hair cover her pubic mound, filling the V between her thighs and then trailing down to insulate either side of her labia in a thick fuzz. Beads of moisture hang amongst her hair and trickle down the inside of her thighs. Her arse cheeks are sheened with sweat and in the middle of everything is her pussy; soft and wet, the petals of her labia pushing outwards, the small bud of her clitoris pulsating half hidden beneath her curls, her pink vagina contrasting strikingly with the dark hair surrounding it. Her pussy glistens; soaked with her juices and the aroma of her arousal assaults my nostrils. Yes, reality is different. Tentatively I extend my tongue, find the inside of her right thigh and drizzle my way slowly upwards. Moisture collects on my tongue and I savour the taste of her as it trickles into my mouth. She tastes of salt, vanilla, a hint of aloe and pure undiluted sexual need. As I lap at her thigh, I reach out with my right hand and cusp her pussy; palm pressed into the sodden wetness of her vagina, fingers digging in above her pubic bone. Her labia are squashed into my hand, her clitoris a stiff nub at the base of my middle finger, hair tickles against my skin and moisture trickles down my wrist. Gently, I start rocking my hand back and forth in time to the soft caresses of my tongue; spreading her soft wetness, pressurising her clitoris, controlling her movement with my fingers as her pelvis responds. My mouth finds its teeth and they start nibbling their way up her forgiving flesh towards her thrusting pelvis. She squirms beneath each nip, her pelvic rocking becoming more exaggerated as I cover every square millimetre with loving bites. She's moaning; soft pants of breath exiting her body in time with the contractions that are pulsing beneath my hand. I feel her hand on the back of my head, entangling itself in my hair, fingers stroking along my scalp. Her moans have turned to words that I can't understand, spilling forth from her mouth in her native tongue; words of lust and need and desire? Words of hopes and dreams and fears? She pushes her pelvis hard into my hand looking for the friction that will bring release. "Kurwa mac ty suka." I slide my tongue across her buttocks and up to flick across the soft ridge of her perineum. She is soaked; the thin coating of sweat giving way to the thick cloying juices that are trickling down to pool in her anus. My tongue drifts down and probes her puckered star, licking it clean of pussy juices as she wriggles above me. I could remain here all day, pushing my tongue

deeper and further into her anal tract as she opens out before me but she has another orifice that is in much greater need of my attentions and reluctantly (or perhaps not) I slide my way upwards to feast on the dripping wet flesh of her pussy. "Kurwa mac." My hand drifts free leaving her pelvis humping emptiness in frustration and for a moment I am still, watching her empty pussy contract, entranced by her juices bubbling amongst pink flesh, her arse cheeks clenching, her pelvis thrusting and listening to the guttural growls of need that are escaping her mouth. Finally, my hand comes to rest on her pubic mound. I allow my fingers tangle themselves amongst her hair and then dig down to seek out the hardened nub of her clitoris. "Kurwa mac." Her body jerks as my fingers flick across her clit. The air is pungent with her need. I lower my head, extend my tongue and slowly run it up through folds of flesh until it too reaches her swollen nub and as she twitches I return to delve deep into her fluid core to lap at the gorgeous juices that flow from her pussy to coat my eager tongue. "Kurwa mac." How can I possibly describe the pleasure ... she is liquid heat absorbing me; her labia caress my cheeks leaving them glistening, her hair tickles my skin, her moisture coats my tongue and fills my mouth until what is her and what is me no longer seem definable. We have become one; pussy and mouth conjoined, cum and saliva interwoven in a humid whirlpool of pleasure ... I will lick ... she will cum. "Wetknac twoj jezyk w mi suka." As I pleasure her, words cascade over me. "Polizac mi." A rising crescendo. "Kurwa mac." Her pelvis is bucking frantically once again. "Zrobic mi z." She's screaming at me between pants, her hand pushing downwards on my head driving me into her bucking pelvis. "Polizac mi." My face is thrust into her drenched soaking wetness; my nose lost amidst soft folds of flesh, my tongue lapping frantically at the sodden gash before it. She has both her hands on the back of my head; her thighs have squeezed shut trapping me between them and she is humping my face in a rapidly rising crescendo of lust. "Zrobic mi z." My nose is being rubbed against her pubic bone; my ears burn from the pressure of her thighs, my mouth is hanging open gasping for air as she slides her wetness repeatedly across me soaking my face with her juices. She is using me for her pleasure. It is no more than I deserve. "Kurwa mac." A scream? A pant? Part one, part the other. Her body is tensing, her pelvic thrusts harder but slower. I can feel pulsations against my cheek, feel the quiver of her clitoris about my eyes; she pushes my face deeper into her than I could imagine possible...

"Jestem kminek." Cum soaks me; a torrent of liquid releases itself from the depths of her pussy to coat my face. Her body twitches spastically as her orgasm explodes, her pussy rubbing wildly across my abused features, drenching me from forehead to chin. Still she humps me as orgasm after orgasm crashes through her. I am a mere object, a thing, a vehicle for her pleasure and she gives me no more thought than she would any other sex toy she was using to fuck her shamelessly needy pussy. I cling to her. Gradually her orgasms subside but her body still twitches in a slow and steady rhythm as the reverberations of the pleasure she has just taken from me, the echoes of the delight I have given pulsate beneath her skin. She lets go of my head and once again I can breathe. Once again I am free to explore her wondrous pussy at my leisure. Whilst she lies back sated I will be able to lick her, feast on her cum, suck on her labia, tease her engorged clit and drive her to yet another peak. Then, maybe, if I am really good, she'll spread my own pale thighs and tease my aching pussy to its own much needed release. I extend my tongue until it reaches the smooth wet valley that lies between

vagina and clit. Slowly, inexorably, teasingly I slide upwards to find her throbbing clit still protruding stiffly from its protective hood. I breathe out caressing her with a sigh; feel her tensing beneath my ministrations. I make my tongue tip rigid; a stiff protuberance to flutter across her delicate nub and... Her hand is in my hair dragging me up. Her sunglasses are gone, lost I don't know where, her eyes furious, her mouth a thin harsh line cutting across her face. "Isc suka." I look at her bemused, lost, wondering. What does she want? What am I to do? Have I done something wrong? She takes a deep breath and I can see the cogs of her brain clicking into place. "I said: 'go bitch', so go." She thrusts me away and I stagger to my feet. I feel degraded, betrayed by my lust, shamed by my desire. I feel the intense heat of my own pleasure between my legs, the burning fire of my nipples erupting on my chest, pussy juices superheated like lava flow copiously down my thighs. I have been used and I love being used. Wrapped in shame I flee back to the house, rivulets of sweat trickle down my torso leaving blackened dust trails in their wake, my face is coated in her sticky cum, my tongue licking at my lips eager to savour her flavour, my body an inferno of desire burning with lust. I am Etna, Vesuvius and St Helena combined, a single touch and I will erupt. The kitchen is cool, but not cool enough and my feet leave damp prints on the floor as I stalk across to the freezer. I throw open the door and allow the frigid air to play across my body but it is not enough to douse these flames. I grab something; anything, the first item I lay my hands on, a bag of frozen peas and stuff it beneath the fine soaked cotton of my skirt, press it against the insistent yearning pulsating ache of my pussy. The cold burns my skin, sizzles against the intense heat of my pussy, my clitoris is trapped between fire and ice, steam rises as I fall back against the kitchen sink my thighs spreading beneath me, I feel the first pulse striking out from my pussy to quiver throughout my pubis; a second, a third, a fourth and soon there are pulses immeasurable beyond counting, my knees buckle, my eyes close and as I collapse towards the floor I release myself to the waves of pleasure within and cum and cum and cum. I get genetics; I really do. Mendel, Paley, Darwin, X and Y chromosomes, DNA, the Human Genome Project, protein molecules that combine and define who and what we are; I accept and understand it all. And every day I marvel at the evolutionary process that has given me this body that is so desperate for sensation and so eager to be used.