

Being a Good Neighbor

By carolinafun

Published on Lush Stories on 08 Aug 2012

years of peeping finally pays off....

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Alana moved in next door about four years ago. Surprisingly, the ladies in our friendly little neighborhood didn't take too well to the divorced 35 year old brunette with the nice body. While not particularly stunning, Alana was nonetheless attractive in her own right. With an ass that you just wanted to grab every time you saw it and breasts that were significantly oversized for her 5'3" frame, the rumors about her began to swirl immediately. Supposedly she had walked out on her husband and kids because she just didn't want to be married anymore. Some said she was an escort hiding behind her job as a massage therapist. Yet another story had her working as a stripper. Regardless of the truth, I was intrigued right away. Was Alana really a woman that could be enticed into some naughty behaviour? And just how could I find out given all the neighborhood snoops and gossips? I decided to be friendly to her, although cautious that nobody else around saw my efforts. I started small talking to her whenever I would see her in her driveway. A friendly wave whenever she would drive in or out seemed a good gesture. And of course I made it a point to trim her side of the hedges between our yards as soon as they remotely looked like they needed it. It was just a few months after Alana had moved in that I was doing the hedges one Saturday morning and she came out. I hadn't gotten to her side yet, and she asked if she could borrow the trimmer to do her part. My mind couldn't hardly grasp her question as she was still in her pajamas. Thankfully, I was wearing sunglasses and could stare without worry at her fully erect nipples poking at her thin cotton top. When she turned slightly, the sunlight shined just the right way to let me know she had nothing underneath her matching pj shorts either. I was hooked. I had to have this woman. Thus my days of peeping on Alana began. For nearly four years I would sneak out next to my house and peer through the fence between our yards and into her den. Other times, when she was outside, I would watch from above through the upstairs bedroom window that overlooked her yard and porch. While there wasn't really much to be seen most of the time, the few occasions that did produce results only caused my desires and curiosity to grow. Like the time I was watching through the fence and she came prancing into her den in just a bra and panties. My first real look at her "fuck-me" body. Her breasts were even larger, fuller and better than I had imagined as I watched her talk on the phone while I stroked myself to relief. Then there was the night she had a guy over. Again a late night voyage to the fence and, to my surprise, I got to see her in action. While fully clothed in a halter top and shorts, she was on her knees

giving him a blow job only about 60 feet from my eyes. When she hopped up and headed to her bedroom, I could only wish it was me and not him that followed her. My lust for Alana seemingly grew with each passing day and I routinely tried to think of just the right way to make this quest a reality. Finally, just two weeks ago, I decided I'd had enough and was either going to fuck Alana silly or get turned down once and for all. My wife had gone to the beach for the week and it was now or never time. It was Wednesday night and I decided that I had to make my move as Alana was often gone on the weekends during the summer. I took a shower and put on a t-shirt with a pair of shorts and no boxers. It was about 9:30 and thankfully there was no moon so there was less chance of neighbors seeing me when I went to her door. I knocked nervously and when she answered I could have shot a load right there. Alana was wearing a light tank top and running shorts. She looked somewhat surprised to see me but I managed to start stammering. "Hi Alana. Sorry to bother you so late but I was wondering if you had a flashlight I could borrow. Krista's out of town and I have no idea where she put ours." "Sure, c'mon in.....I'll have to remember where it is though." Alana said as she turned back into her kitchen. "This might take a bit," she laughed as she bent over and started rummaging through the bottom of her pantry. My eyes were transfixed on her ass as her shorts rode up to reveal she was wearing nothing underneath. While still bent over Alana turned her head, looking back at me, and gave me a knowing smile. "Does it matter what size?" she asked. Busted! "Shit" I said to myself as I saw her catch me staring at her body. I smiled nervously. "Not to me," I joked seductively. "Would you like something to drink? Like I said this search could take a bit," Alana replied as she stood and turned toward me. As she talked I could see her eyes wander down my body. Was she mentally undressing me? My crotch was beginning to give me away and I was starting to regret going commando on this mission. "Sure, a cold beer would be good if you have it. It's been a really hot one today." I replied as Alana took two long necks out of the fridge. "Let's go in the den with these," Alana said. "I'll look for that flashlight again in a minute." As I followed Alana to the den that I had secretly watched her in for nearly four years, I heard words that I couldn't believe. "So have you enjoyed the view?" Alana asked nonchalantly. My heart jumped to my throat. "What view?" I stuttered. "Oh c'mon," Alana laughed as we sat down on her couch. "I know you've been watching me through the fence and from your window for a long time." I took a long draw on my beer only to buy time for a response. "So do you like what you see?" Alana asked coyly. "Yes." was the only response I could muster as I looked into her eyes in somewhat of a staring showdown. "Do you want to see more?" "Yes." "Then you got to show me some of yourself. Take off your shirt." "Nice," she commented, as I complied with her request. "Anyway, I started trying to come up with ways to see for sure if you were watching me. I started to walk around in my bra only, or I would go topless sometimes in an attempt to catch your attention long enough to see if you were watching. I even started taking showers at night, getting dressed in the bedroom and walking through the den naked for a few seconds. So how much have you seen?" I told her what little I had really seen of her. I told her that I think that I had missed most of her shows due mostly to timing. I went on to tell her how I felt like a peeping tom, and didn't want to be accused of being a pervert, so I never watched very long. It wasn't because she wasn't beautiful I told her, it was simply because I was afraid of being caught. "Well, now that you've

admitted to being a peeping tom and spying on me, what should I do with you?" she said teasingly. "Did you watch me and my boyfriend fuck the other night?" "No, but I saw you giving a blow job about a year ago." I confessed. "I was hoping you were watching the other night. The thought that someone could have been watching just drove me wild." Getting nervous at how frank Alana was being, I decided that maybe this was a set up. Maybe she was somehow taping this conversation and was going to tell my wife. I looked at Alana and suggested we should change the subject but at that moment Alana planted her mouth on mine, darting her tongue into my mouth. I was completely taken off guard. I felt my heart pounding and began sweating from horniness. Alana sank back into the couch. "My mind keeps telling me this is wrong. I've wanted to be with you since I saw you spying on me years ago, but you're married." she said Was she being hard to get suddenly? Was this a game with her? To tease me like this and then stop was totally unexpected. I decided we had gone too far, but I wanted her more than anything at that moment. I moved toward her and kissed her deeply and passionately. Our lips locked and tongues began to battle with wild abandon. Her scent had immediately inebriated the lust in me. Yes, the consequences could be disastrous for both of us, but I didn't care anymore. Alana gently pushed my face away from hers. "Paul, are you sure?" she stammered. "Trust me Alana. Or do I have to go back out to the fence?" I grinned, feeling in control once again. "I just really don't want to cause any problems. I know all the women around here hate me but damn you make me so hot when I think you're watching me." "I just came to borrow a flashlight," I chuckled. "But you're obviously horny and you've already tried to show yourself to me many times." As I talked, I started lightly stroking her enormous tits through her shirt. Alana lay slumped against the back of the couch, breathing hard, trying desperately to control herself. My hands closed over her tits and started squeezing. My body pressed up against her. She had to feel my hard cock throbbing on her thigh. "Damn you make me so wet Paul," she said desperately, "I really should just find that flashlight." I pushed her top up, exposing gorgeous 36D breasts with large silver dollar sized auréoles with pale pink colored, long eraser-like nipples that were well extended due to her excitement. Alana gasped and tried to cover her naked tits, but I dipped my head lower and sucked Alana's left nipple into my hot hungry mouth. Nursing like a baby on her huge, creamy-white tits, sucking one stiff nipple deeply between my lips and then the other. Alana groaned with pleasure, cupping my head, letting me slurp on her tits. "Oh, geeez!" Alana whimpered, the need in her pussy obviously growing stronger by the second. "Come on, Alana." I said. "You're horny, and you teased me all this time when you thought I was watching you. Let me just take care of you." My hand thrust against her cream-soaked crotch and started rubbing her pussy-mound in a good steady rhythm. I squeezed faster, harder, and she slumped back against the couch and moaned in total submission. "Ohhhhh, God, ohhhhh!" she sighed. "See Alana, let me get you off," I said softly. "You'll feel so much better." Alana began humping her hips against my hand as she rocketed toward that desperately needed climax. I watched her lust-contorted face as I brought her to climax. Even through her shorts I could feel the scorching heat and helpless wetness of her neglected pussy. Her swollen pussy flesh was actually throbbing through the thin cloth as I squeezed her and nursed on her beautiful tits. Suddenly her whole body stiffened and shuddered. Her eyes were shut tight, and her

beautiful face was a mask of pure lust as a violent orgasm exploded in her pussy. "Ohhhhhh, God, Ahhhhhhh! I'm cummmmmminnngggg... so good... so goooooooodddddd!" she wailed. Her body convulsed as Alana ground her soaked crotch against my squeezing hand. Her naked heaving tits jiggled and bounced. She went on whimpering and sobbing with joy as the intense climax ripped through her body. I damned near shot my load in my own shorts. God she was hot! I now knew now that it wasn't going to be as difficult as I'd first thought to seduce this sex-craved neighbor. But I still hadn't gotten my cock into her hot, horny little fuck hole. "Uuuuuhhhhnnnnngggggghhh!" she moaned, as her thighs tightened around my softly squeezing hand. Her climax spun itself out at last, and Alana opened her eyes and looked at me, blushing. I didn't say anything right away and simply looked at her, eyes gleaming with an undisguised lust. I reached for the band of her shorts and tugged it downward. I whisked off her shorts and tossed them aside, leaving her naked except for the light top still perched above her gorgeous tits. I could see the effect my attentions were having on Alana, her parted cherry lips and half closed eyes, the whole front of her crotch soaked with her juices. I trailed my finger down the length of her slit and pushed against her fever-hot pussy. Alana gulped and spread her legs for me. Alana trembled with lust as my fingertip entered her pussy. My finger was pushing in further and when it slid across her swollen clit she had to bite her lip to stop from crying out. I began a soft rhythm of gently fucking her with my finger and the squishing noise of sex filled the room as Alana's juices began to flow. She shivered again as my fingers caressed her, rubbing into her drooling cuntslit. I could surely feel how wet she was and Alana creamed helplessly, the molten liquid soaking my hand. "Do you like it, Alana?" I asked hoarsely as I squeezed her pussy. "You like this?" "Yes, Paul," Alana gurgled, "it feels so good." "We both know something that would feel even better, though," I said suggestively. Alana reddened and said, "Oh Paul, I'm need to fuck you. You're married but I can't help it." "Um, I meant with my tongue, Alana," I lied. "I just thought you'd like it more if I got you off by sucking on your clit." "No Paul, I need your cock in me now!" "Not yet baby. You have to really beg me if you want this tool." I plunged three fingers deep into her sex-crazed cunt. The penetration did her in. I cupped her naked pussy with my free hand, squeezing and releasing in a deliciously satisfying rhythm. Alana's quivering cunt filled my palm with thick sticky cunt-juice. She simply couldn't resist the pleasure. Digging her nails into the couch, she began to pump her hips up at me in a helpless, needful fucking motion. "I figured you'd like that better, Alana!" I grinned lewdly. "Ohhhhhh, God, yessss!" she moaned. I was fingering her hot, juicy cunt faster and faster, working her into a frenzy of lust. Her hips were pumping and writhing, she was clawing the couch. Her pretty features were contorted with lust. She was close to forgetting all her hang-ups "OHHHH, God!", she cried as she bucked and writhed and jerked her naked hips in a helpless fucking motion, her luscious tits jiggling enticingly. Wantonly, she pumped her horny little cunt up and down on my fingers grinding her clit against my hand, desperate for even more delicious sensations. I thrust my stiff fingers hard and deep in her steaming cream-filled pussy, feeling the inside of my neighbor's cunt, scalding hot, slick with juice, and velvety smooth. Her cunt was really tight too, gripping and squeezing greedily at my fingers. Alana was wildly horny at this point. "Now here's something I know you'll love, Alana," I said. I stiffened my middle finger and plunged it into the little hole at the very center of her pussy. I

then bent it into a hook and began rubbing her g-spot. Twirling my fingertip around teasingly, Alana groaned with need. She jerked her hips up at me frantically, trying to impale herself on my finger. "Oh, god, oh, please, please," she whimpered. "Yeah, Alana, I'll do whatever you want," I whispered urgingly, "only you gotta tell me. Tell me exactly what you want me to do." Alana reddened. "Stick your finger in me deep, Paul." she whimpered, "deep in my pussy! Give me all of it!" "You got it, baby", I grinned. "Unnnnhhhh, yesssss!" Alana moaned. She arched her back to take it, wanting my hard finger as deep as she could get it. She soaked it with thick hot cream, and the pearly liquid overflowed her cunt and ran down the crack of her ass onto the couch cushion. That stiff hard presence felt so good in her fever-hot cunt. She whimpered with bliss as I shoved my finger all the way into her grinding my palm against her sensitive clit. "You got it now, Alana," I said hoarsely, "you got it all. Now what do you want?" I knew perfectly well butanted to hear her say it. She had no choice. She had to have this orgasm. She was going out of her mind with lust and need. "Fuck me with it, baby," she sobbed. "Make me come with your nice stiff finger." "I sure will, babe," I replied with a triumphant grin. I started pistoning my thick finger hard and deep into her juice-drenched pussy-hole. With each plunge of my finger my palm would slap up against her hungry, protruding clit sending waves of pleasure through her stacked body. Alana clawed the couch and wailed with its amazing satisfaction. "Ohhhhh, yes, baby, that's it," she moaned, "Keep doing that, don't stop. Make me cum!" I leered down at her as I worked my finger fast and deep into her tight, hot little buttery fuck-hole. I fantasized that she was taking my cock, not my finger. As I imagined her wailing and moaning and writhing in ecstasy from my pounding prick, my cock swelled and grew. It became rock hard, fully engorged and painfully ready for action. Alana had her head back, eyes closed, enjoying the finger-fucking. She was getting very close to her impending orgasm. As I continued to finger-fuck this sexy wanton woman I reached down with my free hand and pushed my shorts off freeing my huge pulsating cock. I knew it was a big risk, but just couldn't resist any longer. I had to fuck this sex starved woman. She was hot and ready, my cock was hard as steel, and I was running out of patience. As quick as a flash, I whipped my soaked finger out of her cunt and rolled on top of her. "P...Paul..., w...what..." Alana opened her eyes and gasped. "Ohhhhh, shit, Paul, are you sure?" By the time she got the words out, it was too late. Suddenly, we were naked on the couch together and I was on top of her with an incredibly engorged cock throbbing angrily between her legs. Between her widespread thighs, my big stiff cockhead was sliding up her wet cunt lips and getting in position at the tip of the entrance to her drooling fuckhole. Alana watched with a mixture of fear and lust as I positioned myself between her cum soaked thighs and prepared to thrust my cock into her dripping pink slit. My hard, purple cock knob popped into her goeey pussy hole. Alana's head spun as she realized her married neighbor was going to be fucking her. She also realized that she was taking a cock in her horny cunt that she had wanted for years, and it felt so damn good! She tried to tell me something but when she opened her mouth, nothing came out but a moan. She glanced up at me before throwing back her head and moaning in ecstasy. As for me, I was in heaven. Alana's cunt was just as deliciously tight around my prick as it had been around my finger. It felt silk-lined, slippery, and hot as a furnace. As I sank into her, those satiny walls tugged and sucked at my long, thick cockshaft

like a hot little mouth. I grunted, coming down hard, nailing my prick all the way into the vise like grip of her cunt hole. For a moment I lay still on the busty, sexy brunette that I had lusted after, enjoying the pressure of her pussy muscles as they clung needfully to my cock. I felt her grip me with her cunt muscles - almost as if she was trying to milk my huge boner. My balls slapped repeatedly against her ass cheeks. The forcefulness of my thrusts into her pussy made the squishy sounds from her swollen lips even more raw. "Ohhhhh, God, yessss! Fuck me!" Alana wailed. "Fuck me with your lovely big cock, baby!" She had tried to contain her wild excitement as I shoved my rock-hard cock into her and began fucking her in swift hard thrusts, but it was no use. She needed to be fucked so badly, needed the feel of my prick as it deeply rammed into her cunt. She needed this. I needed this. Alana became the slut she had been accused of being by the neighborhood women. Arching her body up to take my long, pistoning prick as deep as she could get it, jerking her hips to my rapid fucking rhythm. I relentlessly speared her with a swollen fuck shaft into the gushing depths of her pussy. Her frantic humping rhythm spurred me on. I was stuffing her pussy as fast and deep as I could, utterly reaming her fuck channel with every skewering stroke of my rod. Her wet, bald pussy pulsed and spewed, gushing fuck juice onto my cock, milking the belly-probing stiffness of my prick. "Fuck my pussy, fuck my fat, tight pussy!" Alana chanted. I looked down, watching my cock plowing in and out of Alana's hot cunt. My cock was covered with her pearly white cunt cream. Her lips were pulsing uncontrollably, gripping and sucking the throbbing shaft of satisfying cockmeat. Again and again the big fuck organ rammed into her, stretching her bald buttery slit every time I thrust in to the hilt. She threw her arms around my back and clung to me, slamming her hips up against mine, keeping her thighs wide open. Alana wanted to be fucked as deep and hard as possible. She wanted to be crammed with cock, fucked till she couldn't take another stroke. She was totally starved for cock, so starved that she was even prepared to forget the horror of my infidelity for the time being in order to enjoy the fucking she so desperately craved. Her body was writhing and jerking in perfect rhythm with mine, and she was wailing her delight as I hammered my stiff prick into the depths of her hot, clasping pussy. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Ooooooohhhh, baby, fuck meeeeeeee!" she wailed. She wrapped her legs around my back, humping fast and hard. "Fuck my wet pussy, fuck me!" Alana locked her arms around my shoulders, hugging me tight, gasping and squealing, fucking her ass off the couch in a frenzy of passion. "Harder! You've got me so horny! Oh, fuck, oh, fuck, I'm going to cum! Fuck me God damn it! Fuck my pussy hard! I'm cumming! Yes! I'm fucking cumming!" I insolently slid his enormous cock out of her stretched, creamy cunt slit with a lurid plopping sound leaving a very wet gapping pink hole behind. "NNNOOOOO!" Alana screamed. "Paul! What ... what are you doing that for, Paul? Unggh! Unnggh! Put it back in! Hurry! Oh please put it back in and fuck me! Please Paul, I really need to cum bad! I'm so fucking horny!" She spread her legs wider and was thrusting her swollen, wet pussy hole at my cock trying in vain to get it back into her horny cunt. Her pussy was so wet and she wanted to be fucked so badly! "I don't know Alana. I'm not sure that you really want my big cock." I said as I got up and walked toward her bedroom. "Don't tease me Paul! Oh God yes I want your big cock! I love having my horny cunt stretched around it!" Alana whimpered following behind me. I sat on the edge of her bed. Alana quickly entered the room with a wild lust craved look on her face and threw herself

onto the bed. "Fuck my pussy Paul, fuck my tight, wet pussy with that big, hard cock! Please, oh please fuck my horny, juicy cunt!" she begged as she put her hands on her steaming pussy, desperately finger-fucking her wet cunt and rubbing her fat little clit. She rubbed her clit so fast it made little slapping sounds as her fingers flew across her it. Shamelessly, Alana kept finger-fucking, beating off her horny fuck hole as she thrust her abused, aching pussy toward me. "My, my Alana. You are such a little slut." I said teasingly as I knealt between her legs and began jacking on my prick. I kept watch on her hands between her thighs as she rubbed and fingered her wet pussy. Her fingers were going in and out so fast they made little slurping noises as they slipped between her slippery pussy lips. I could smell her need. "You little whore, I'll bet you don't think about anything but cocks all day long. Look at me you little slut, look at me and tell me what you need." Alana lay beneath me with her legs wide apart; her cunt was obscenely exposed as she worked her messy wet clit with uncontrolled lust. Alana finger-fucked herself in a frenzy; she was alternating between strumming her swollen clit and darting her fingers in and out of her cunt. She was, practically going out of her mind with the need to be fucked. It was that scene that I had hoped to see while peeping on her all those years. "Do you want it slut, do you want to feel my cock back inside you? Tell me Alana! Tell me what you'll do to get my cock back into your horny fucking hole!" "I'll do anything! I need you. I really need you to fuck me now, Paul, please, fuck me." she begged. "I wanna be used, I'm your little slut, your little fuck whore that you spied on! Fuck me baby! Do whatever you want to do to me! Please Paul, I'm on fire! Fuck my cunt! Oh God please fuck me now!" "You want my big cock you dirty whore, you little teasing slut! You like this, don't you? You like begging for my cock, don't you slut! Here it is cockhound, if you want me to fuck you then put it in." Alana reached down, grasping my cock and directing the thick head to her pussy. With one hand she pulled me to her wet, slippery pussy fitting the tip between the pouting lips of her buttery hole. As I pushed forward she felt the thick meaty rod boring into her, spreading her open once more. The sight of her sloppy wet pussy lips as they sucked my cock in deeper and deeper caused me to nearly shoot my wad. I placed her legs on my shoulders and she locked her ankles together behind my head. "Oh my god Paul, please, fuck me now, do me hard", Alana pleaded through rapid breaths. She whimpered with pleasure as I stretched and filled her cunt. Her juices were so warm around my meat and her muscles contracted tightly as she bucked her hips to me. I was all the way inside her, buried to the balls in her cunt. Alana screamed with delight as she bounced off the bed, her sweating tits swaying freely. "Oh God yesssss....I've never been so stuffed with hard cock!...Yes do me baby...hard and fast...just fuck me dead!" After about two minutes of hard pounding, I pulled out - withdrawing until only the crown of my bloated, dripping hard-on separated Alana's pussy lips. She whimpered in frustration. Then she shuddered and let out a scary scream as I came down hard, spearing every inch of my pole into her pussy. Alana began humping like the sex-starved divorcee she was. Her huge tits bouncedg and quivered as she fucked her pussy onto my cock. Our rhythm was perfectly together as our bodies slammed together loudly. "Fuck me," she panted. "Hurry. Fuck my hot cunt! Oh, god, do it harder, fuck my dripping cunt as hard as you can!! I'm a slut for your cock! Fuck my pussy Paul!" Taking a firm grip on her hips, I suddenly rolled us both over and miraculously stayed inside her. Alana threw her head back as the sweat

beaded on her forehead. She picked up the already rapid pace, slamming her pussy onto my cock harder and faster. Alana let out wails of delight. I really began nailing her with upward thrusts to meet her. My cock was clinging to her throbbing pussy and she started wiggling and humping like a bitch in heat. Nearly standing on my cock as I lifted from the bed, she frantically rode her tight, wet pussy onto my thrusting prick. "That's it slut, fuck your pussy onto my cock!" "Unnnhhhh, yes, baby, fuck me hard," she moaned, "fuck my slut pussy, Paul! I'm so fucking horny now! Fuck me, fuck me!" Alana's eyes rolled, then closed tightly, as she felt herself rocketing toward an intense orgasm. As a gigantic climax starting in the quivering depths of her pussy and radiated out to shake her whole body, Alana's pulsating cunt gripped and sucked at my pounding cock, soaking it with hotly gushing pussy-cream. She was so highly aroused, it bubbled out of her tightly crammed pussy and ran down her legs. I kept my cock pushed as high off the bed as I could to force her to remain near standing. "Ooooooh, Paul, I'm coming, baby! Ooooooh, Yeeesss, cummmmmiiiiinnngggg!" she squealed. I stared up at her in awe as I felt her tight cunt convulse around me. Her curvy little body bucked and shuddered as the hot orgasmic spasms ripped through her. Her cream bubbled down on my prick and her cunt went into contractions, squeezing me hard. I didn't come with her, though. My staying power was better than that and besides, I wasn't ready to quit yet. This was too good! As Alana came down from her delicious climax, she was overjoyed to feel her neighbor's cock as hard as ever in her cunt. Her hot little pussy still wasn't satisfied. She was greedy for more, and I was all ready to give it to her. I lowered her and rolled her onto her stomach. Alana knew what was coming. "Mmmmm, yessss" she moaned, "fuck that big fat cock back into me, baby! Give your cock whore every inch of your long, hard dick." And to make sure she really got every inch of it, Alana threw her ass in the air, reached back and spread her pussy lips wide. I was violently aroused and even more insanely horny than I had been after watching her cum all over my cock. We fucked savagely. I stood at the foot of the bed and pounded my cock into her cunt from behind like there was no tomorrow. My balls slapped loudly against her and Alana clawed at the mattress and held on tightly to the sheets, gasping and moaning with pleasure. "Ooooooh, honey, yesssss," she cried, "I love it, don't stop... fuck me like that. Yeahhhh, real hard! Pound my cunt, baby... fuck it in there! Uhhhhhhh, Goddd I want to be fucked like this forever!" Madly Alana humped her ass to meet my rhythm, crazed with her insatiable need and shuddering every time the stiff cock reached the innermost depths of her cunt. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Harder! My pussy's so wet... Fuck my pussy, fuck my horny little pussy! Oh, yes!! Fuck my slut cunt!! Harder!!" Alana humped frantically to meet my strokes, her giant tits jiggling, her sloppy wet pussy juices making for a loud slushing sound. Again and again my cock rammed into her, stretching her bald slit every time I filled her. I slid my hands down, clawing the sides of her ass cheeks as I started fucking her as hard as I could. She grimaced, her face contorting with raw fuck passion, twisting her head dazedly from side to side on the bed. Her pussy really began to suck and throb, and she knew she was on the verge of a very violent and hard orgasm. I slapped her ass hard on both sides. ":What do you want now Alana?" I yelled at her. "You want me to fuck you wide open?" "Fuck my pussy, fuck my horny pussy!" she gasped. "Ungggg! I'm cumming, Paul! Oh, please, fuck my horny pussy! Fuck my cunt, it's cumming, cuuummmiiiiinnngg!" Her pussy spasmed violently in orgasm, the juice nearly

gushing out of the ravished cunt-slit, the bare lips throbbing with almost painful intensity around the racing shaft of my cock. I kept fucking her cunt as hard as I could and felt my neighbor's cunt spasm tightly around me, almost sucking the jism right out of my balls. Alana could tell something was different. I was grunting and my cock seemed to be swelling even bigger, getting harder as it bore in and out of her sloppy, bald fuck hole. She looked at my lust-contorted face and realized that I was about to shoot my load into her unprotected womb. "Take it out," she panted, "don't come inside me," she added quickly, "I'm not on the pill. Take it out Paul! I...I want you to cum on my face! Treat me like a slut and cum on my face!" Hearing her ask for a facial was all the encouragement I needed. I quickly pulled out of the gooey depths of her sucking pussy as she hurriedly rolled over and slid herself to me. I pointed my cock at her face. Alana surprised me by opening her mouth and sticking out her tongue. She grabbed my cock and was stroking the length of it as I felt my load of cock juice begin to spew out of my balls. "Here it cums, slut! I'm cumming! Jesus! I'm cumming on your hot fuckin' face! Take it slut! Unnnnngggghhhhhhhh!" I yelled, flooding Alana's face with a load of boiling-hot sperm as my balls erupted. It lashed out of my cock tip, spraying onto her face and mouth. My throbbing cock kept spraying out gobs of rich, salty jism that dripped onto Alana's tits. What seemed like an endless stream of cum splattered against her forehead above her eye, running down her cheek to her mouth. She moaned and licked it off her upper lip. Alana's face and neck were coated, her tits had strings of cum hanging from her nipples. She smiled happily as her face was drenched with the salty outpouring of her neighbor's cum cream. After wiping what she could from her face and licking her fingers, Alana took my cock in her mouth and sucked it clean. She looked up at me, every bit the cum covered slut, and smiled. "Thanks Paul. By the way, I don't own a flashlight."