

The neighbor's boy

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“What the fuck?” she cursed under her breath as she looked at the clock. The clock showed it was 11:45 pm, and the persistent ringing at her doorbell wouldn’t stop. She got out of bed, threw her silk robe on over her teddy and stomped angrily to the front door of the flat. When she looked through the peep hole of her door she was very surprised to see her neighbors’ 17 year old son, Paul maybe, standing on her doormat in nothing but his boxers. Boys at that age were very prone to pulling practical jokes and she was definitely not in the mood to be the punch line of a joke in the middle of the night. She opened the door a crack, not letting the chain off the latch. “What is it?” she asked angrily. “I’m so sorry, Miss Marsh, but I got myself locked out of the flat as I was showing a friend out and my folks won’t be home until tomorrow night and you are the only neighbor on our floor...” His words slowly petered out as he looked at her distrustful gaze. She looked at him hard for a few more seconds and then closed the door. He heard her unlatch the chain and the door opened again. “Well you better come in, you look like you’re freezing – standing around in nothing but your underwear.” He was so embarrassed that he couldn’t even look her in the face as he shuffled past her into the apartment. She closed the door behind him and motioned him into the living room. “You’ll have to sleep on the couch because I don’t have a spare bedroom,” she said. “Oh that’s not a problem, Miss Marsh, I’m just so grateful I won’t be sleeping on our doormat.” He laughed self-consciously trying to lighten the mood. She smiled at him slightly and went back to her bedroom. He watched her as she went and couldn’t help but notice her shape under the thin silk robe. He heard a lot of scraping and banging sounds from the bedroom and presently she returned carrying a pillow, blanket, some sheets and most surprisingly some male clothes. “There you go,” she handed him the huge pile of stuff, “lucky for you I had some clothes left from when my brother crashed here last month.” “Thank you, Miss Marsh,” he said, feeling relieved he wouldn’t have to spend the night in her apartment in his boxers. “Well I hope you have everything you need, because I’m off to bed,” she said and went back to her room, closing the door behind her. He put on the T-shirt and sweat pants she gave him and arranged a place to sleep on the couch, then lay down hoping to fall asleep fast. A couple hours later he still couldn’t fall asleep; he kept tossing and turning on the couch. The sexy woman sleeping in the same flat was constantly on his mind, he kept thinking what he would see if she took off the robe that covered her trim yet curvy figure. As he was imagining her, he felt the heat in his cock as it hardened slowly. He put a hand down his pants and stroked it, feeling incredibly turned on by the idea of masturbating in her home. He closed his eyes and lost himself in his pleasure and fantasies. She

woke up because her bladder was driving her nuts. She quietly went to the bathroom and then thought that she might as well get a glass of water from the kitchen because she was thirsty. She walked past the living room and froze on the spot. The sight that met her eyes was young Paul lying on the couch, eyes closed, head thrown back in ecstasy as he stroked himself faster and faster. "Hmhm, what do you think you are doing?" she asked loudly. His eyes flew open in horror and his face turned pale, he jumped to his legs and clumsily fumbled to get his boxers and sweats on over his still rigid cock. "I'm so sorry, Miss Marsh," he mumbled looking down, wishing the floor would just swallow him whole. "What were you thinking about as you played with your cock on my couch?" she asked with a malicious little smile on her lips. He turned instantly beet red, he opened his mouth but no sound would come out. "Were you thinking of me?" she asked as she moved closer to him. "Please, please just don't tell my parents- they'd kill me," he pleaded, "I'm so sorry for what I did." "You haven't answered my question- were you thinking of me?" Now she was standing right in front of him, so close he could smell the fragrance of her skin. He raised his eyes from the floor to look at her and she saw that they were full of tears. "I was thinking of you, Miss Marsh," he whispered and gulped back a sob. As she looked at him trying not to cry she suddenly felt sorry for this young boy. She put her hand under his chin and raised his eyes to face her. "That is actually quite flattering," she smiled as she told him. His face instantly looked relieved; he looked like he had just escaped the gallows. Now she was intrigued- an interesting idea crossed her mind and she was always one ready to follow an interesting idea. "You looked like you were enjoying yourself a lot before I interrupted," she said as she moved her hand to rest on his still hard cock. Her soft, warm hand surprised him- not in a million years could he have imagined this fiasco going in the direction it seemed to be going. He was torn between his attraction to her and his common sense, but eventually the warmth of her hand carried the day. "I was," he said quietly. "You look like you are still in need of some enjoyment," she said as she squeezed his cock lightly. All he could do was grunt in assent as he felt a rush of blood go to his cock. He couldn't believe that this gorgeous 27 year old woman was now fondling his cock through his clothes. She pulled off his sweats and boxers in one smooth motion and pushed him back onto the couch. She kneeled between his thighs and her lips went directly to his balls. She licked them, sucking each sensitive ball into her mouth. He had only been with a couple of girls, and none of them was experienced enough to do what Miss Marsh was doing to him. Her soft wet mouth around his balls felt like heaven, he felt how it made his cum boil inside. She let his balls plop out of her mouth and moved to licking his shaft from the base to the head in slow, purposeful licks. She licked until his entire cock was covered in her spit, and then suddenly she took his entire cock deep into her mouth. The suddenness of her move made him jerk his hips forward and push his cock deeper into her mouth, hitting the back of her throat. She didn't even flinch, her eyes looking into his and her hands holding him from moving out. She started sucking his cock hard and fast, moving up and down on his cock, sometimes moving her head in a circular motion. His cock leaked precum as she swirled her tongue over it while she sucked. The whole time she was sucking his cock, she kept looking up into his face, seeing how aroused and horny he was. Her big, wide open eyes were impossible for him to look away from and were making everything she did even hotter. She felt he was close to

cumming a long time before he told her so through clenched teeth in a barely decipherable moan. His cock swelled and twitched and became much hotter and harder in her mouth. She dug her nails into the skin of his thighs, holding him in as she got ready for the flood of cum that filled her mouth. She swallowed every drop and kept on sucking, making his orgasm last much longer. When he started growing soft in her mouth she let his cock slowly slip out between her lips and licked them, collecting any little bit of cum that might have escaped. As he opened his eyes after a few minutes, he saw her sitting next to him on the couch and smiling. "Did you enjoy that?" she asked. "Oh yes! It was amazing," he smiled back at her. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, and now it's time for me to enjoy myself too," she said as she put her hand on his soft cock. The look in her eyes as she said that and her hand on his cock made him semi hard again. She got up and moved toward the bedroom, motioning him to follow her as she dropped her robe on the way there. He moved after her, spellbound by her smooth long legs and the contour of her ass under the half transparent teddy she wore. As he walked into the bedroom she pulled him to her by the t-shirt he wore and started kissing him hard, backing him onto her king-sized bed as she did so. Her mouth and tongue tasted sweet and fresh and the feel of her body pressed against his made his head spin. She pushed him to sit on the bed and pulled off his T-Shirt. Then she let her teddy slide off her to reveal her panty covered mound and soft breasts- the nipples hard and protruding. He licked his lips as he looked at her, waiting for her next move. She moved closer to him, standing between his legs, hooked his hands at the side of her panties and indicated for him to take them off her. He pushed her panties down and she lightly stepped out of them and into his arms. He clasped his arms around her waist and his lips clung to her nipple, greedily sucking it. She moved one of his hands down between her legs and he felt how hot and wet her pussy was. He had never yet felt a woman that wet, his fingers becoming instantly coated in her juices. He moved his finger along her slit, grazing her clit slightly and making her shudder in his arms. She pushed him onto his back, climbing on top of him, moving up so that her pussy was over his mouth. She lowered herself onto his mouth and he tasted a woman for the first time. He was amazed by how good she tasted, her juices running from her soaking pussy onto his tongue. He started licking her instinctively, not knowing exactly what to do but wanting to taste every inch of her warm, soft flesh. She felt his inexperienced tongue lapping at her hole and moved up, breaking away from his mouth. He looked up at her with disappointment in his eyes. "Lick here gently," she said, opening her folds to show him her little button, before she sank back down onto him. He licked where she had showed him, flicking her clit over and over, making her squirm on top of him. "Stick your tongue out," she instructed and when he obeyed she moved so that his tongue was now in her hole. She started moving and grinding her hips, riding his tongue faster and faster. Her fingers were in his hair, holding him so he won't move, feeling her orgasm getting closer and closer. He was surprised when her pussy gripped his tongue and her juices flooded him as she came on top of him, screaming and moaning alternately. Feeling and hearing her cum thanks to his efforts, made his cock rock hard and dripping with precum. As her orgasm subsided she slipped off his face to lie on top of him and kissed him passionately on the mouth, tasting her own sweet juices. "That was good," she whispered in his ear, "and I think you need to be rewarded." Her hand gripped his hard

cock between them and guided him into her. He felt how tight she was around his cock and groaned. She was flexing her pussy muscles while she lay on top of him looking at his face. She wasn't even moving and still her muscles were massaging his cock all over. His hands moved all over her back, caressing her soft silky skin, moving lower to squeeze her ass. He felt unbelievably aroused; he was literally living every teenage boy's fantasy. The way she was working his cock made it twitch inside of her which caused her to laugh and move into a sitting position on top of him. She started riding him, moving up and down and occasionally grinding her hips in a circle, making him moan and grip the sheets. She looked like a goddess as she rode him, her dark hair streaming down her shoulders, her magnificent breasts bouncing with her every motion. He cupped her breasts and pinched each nipple, making her moan and dig her nails into his skin. She kept moving faster and faster, riding him hard as she felt both of their needs growing stronger. She felt she was about to cum, her pussy clenching around his cock. As she came her back arched and her pussy soaked him with juices. The clenching of her pussy brought him over the edge and he squirted strand after strand of hot creamy cum deep into her. "We will have to repeat this when your parents are gone again," she whispered in his ear as she got off him.