

Look Both Ways

By NaughtyNieve

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A Young Man Meets Finally Meets His Neighbor

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“Dude, check it out. There she is.” Sean took a deep drag off his cigarette. Jim grabbed a red shop towel and wiped his hands on it. When he was satisfied, he picked his beer up off the edge of the truck bed and walked out of the brightly lit garage and into the darkness of the driveway. Across the street he could see her illuminated by the light over her kitchen sink. She worked steadily, cleaning the dishes and loading them into the dishwasher. The smooth, tan skin of her breasts was showcased by a pale pink t-shirt with a deep v-neck. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled a pack of cigarettes out, flipped the top open and shook one free. Lifting the pack to his mouth he grabbed the cigarette between his lips and replaced the pack. His lighter snicked as he thumbed the wheel. Squinting against the glare, he touched the flame to the tip of the cigarette. He drew his breath in, the tip of the cigarette flaring briefly before morphing into a dull orange coal. He pulled the smoke deep into his lungs, holding it, savoring it, before exhaling. As he looked across the street at her brightly lit form, he brought his beer bottle to his mouth, knocking back a good slug. He could hear the faint sounds of her music as it drifted across the street. More than that he could see her moving in time to the beat. Night after night he came out here and watched her work in the kitchen. Until she moved in he never knew that a woman might actually enjoy doing things in the kitchen. His mother hated cooking, cleaning, anything domestic. Her favorite saying was, ‘Every damn day you people get hungry!’ But his woman, this woman put music on and danced her way through her chores. She got into it and she played it loud. Those hips, they had a life of their own. And a smile, always a smile. Jim leaned against another car in his driveway, fingers gripping the neck of his beer bottle, thumb hooked into his pocket and smoked his cigarette, watching. What would it take? What would it take? “Man, I’d almost live with your mom just to come out here every night and watch her.” Jim’s reply was another drag on the cigarette. “Almost.” He said, never taking his eyes off her. “What?” “I said, ‘almost’. You’d almost live with my mother.” Taking a final drag from his smoke, Jim flicked it to the ground and crushed it under his boot. “Yeah. I don’t think there’s any chick out there worth living with your Ma for, Jim.” He chuckled in agreement. “Hey, man. I gotta get going. I gotta be at work at seven AM.” “Alright. Thanks for the help, man. We’ll have that truck running by the end of the month.” Sean pushed himself off the tarp covered vehicle in the driveway and gave Jim a jive style handshake. “Tomorrow?” Sean shot double hand guns at Jim, thumbs up, index fingers out. “Ah, I can’t tomorrow. I’m working the closing

end of the driveway, he sat down on the low block wall that divided the driveway from the walkway to the front door and looked across the street to her window. It was dark. Unusual for this time of night. Normally, she'd be highlighted in the window, doing the dishes. He took another deep drag off the cigarette, holding it briefly in his lungs, remembering last night. Was her lover over again tonight? Was that why she wasn't doing her chores? He could only imagine. He exhaled a long stream of smoke into the cool night air. "Do you think you could spare me one of those cigarettes, Jimmy?" The woman's voice floated across the dark street, disembodied. He looked down from the angle of her window, searching for the source. Seeing her sitting there looking at him, talking to him, his heart started a mad pounding, threatening to drop him. Unable to think of anything to say, he took another drag off his smoke, taking the time to exhale before speaking. She glanced away, a smile breaking her face, then back at him, waiting. The silence stretched on. "Well?" she asked. "I haven't got all night. Can I bum a cigarette off you or not?" Realizing that this was his opportunity, he came back to himself. "You know, smoking cigarettes is bad for you." He told her, working for cool. He got up from the low wall and stepped off the curb. "So is waking up in the morning. You don't see me complaining. If I didn't want a smoke I wouldn't have asked you, Jimmy." There it was again. Her familiar use of his name, although he'd never done anything more than watch her from his driveway. He crossed the street, dropping down next to her on the curb. Tonight she was wearing jeans and a low cut white tank top with thin straps. His right hand reached into his pocket to retrieve the pack. A practiced flick of his wrist produced a single cigarette from the pack. Looking into his eyes and smiling she leaned over and grasped the end of it with her lips, never taking her eyes from his, watching him get a better look at her breasts. Stretching out his leg to smooth his pocket out, Jim slid his hand in to retrieve his lighter. Pulling it out of his pocket he was about to flick it so he could light her smoke. She put her hand up over his and pushed it down. "Don't do that. Just lean over and give me a monkey fuck." His eyebrows went up as he considered what she'd just said. "You do know what a monkey fuck is, don't you Jimmy?" He didn't say anything, just took a deep drag off his smoke, torching the tip before exhaling and leaning forward so she could light her cigarette off the end of his. His cigarette almost fell out of his mouth when the tips met and he felt her hand sliding across his leg to stroke his cock through his jeans. Instantly he was hard. He grabbed her hand with his, keeping it against him, afraid she'd stop. She continued stroking him while she smoked the rest of her cigarette. No words passed between them. The only sounds were of a distant dog barking, his rapid breathing and the hiss of his forgotten cigarette as it fell from his fingers into the slow trickle of water in the gutter. When she was done smoking she flicked the butt into the street and leaned against him. Putting her lips against his neck just below his ear she whispered, "Why don't you come inside with me, Jimmy?" and she got up from the curb and walked up her driveway toward the garage. He got up quickly and followed her. She had the garage door halfway up and as he watched she went under it and disappeared into the deep shadows inside. Approaching the garage door, he bent at the waist and ducked under, sliding into the inky blackness within. Afraid to take a step for fear of tripping in the dark he stood, waiting for his eyes to adjust. It was quiet and he wondered if she'd already gone into the house. His eyes adjusted and he could just make out a thin line of light where the door into the house was. A shadow

crossed the bar of light, blocking it and then she was there. She reached her hands out and laid them flat against his shirt, running them up over his chest. Reaching into his shirt pocket she removed his cigarettes, tossing them onto the washing machine. Her fingers found the buttons and began undoing them. She worked fast and soon had them all undone. He helped her along by shrugging out of his shirt. He couldn't see her in the dark but he could feel her. She ran her hands up over his chest and down over his hard flat stomach, sliding her fingers into the waistband of his jeans and pulling him to her. He was breathing hard, mouth open when her lips found his, her tongue sliding inside. He groaned in the back of his throat as her hands worked to undo the belt buckle, his pants, the button, the zipper. She was so insistent, demanding. Once his pants were undone she slid her hands around and over his ass,, pulling him against her, before reaching back around and grabbing his cock, stroking it, kissing him, working him, pinching his nipples, running her fingers through the hair on his chest, pulling him. He felt like he was going to explode. He needed to slow down or he was going to lose it. He clamped his hands over her wrists, stopping her from stroking him. In between kissing her he managed to stammer out, "Let's go inside." He could feel her nod in response. Pulling her wrists loose, she grabbed him by the hand and led him from the dark garage and on into the house. They passed through the kitchen where he had spent countless hours watching her from afar. Around the corner and they were in her bedroom. She pulled him around and pushed him down onto her bed. Off balance, he landed there. She used his landing to remove his work boots and grab the bottoms of his jeans, pulling them off, leaving him naked on her bed. He pushed himself backward so that he was all the way on her bed. He could smell the faint scent of lavender soap on her pillow. He heard the jingle of her belt as she undid the buckle and the hiss of leather sliding through fabric as she pulled it free from the loops of her jeans. He expected her to take the jeans all the way off but instead he watched her as she undid the button and slid the zipper down. She stood before him briefly before climbing up onto the bed. Dragging her body against his as she made her way up, Jim's excitement mounted. When she pulled up even with him she lay her whole body down on his, covering him, and began kissing him again. Her hips were rocking rhythmically against his cock in time to his breathing. His hands found the bare skin of her waist in the small gap between her shirt and her jeans. Wanting to have some control over her movement against him he slid his hands into her waistband and down over her ass. His excitement ramped up another notch when his hands encountered only bare skin. She wasn't wearing any underwear. He gripped her bare ass, hands constricted by the fabric of her jeans and pulled her against him before sliding his hand up over the curve of her hips. He repeated the motion, feeling himself losing control again. "Ah, you're so fucking sexy." He gripped her and pulled her tight against him, slowing her motion, trying to regain control. She slowed her movement way down, trailing her kisses off to his neck before sitting up and removing her tank top. She brought her hands down to his, entwining her fingers with his and using the leverage to raise his arms over his head, pinning his hands to the bed. Leaning her body down so that their chests met she began kissing him again. Working her way down she bit his neck again, sending shivers down his skin. Going even lower she trailed her fingers down his arms as she made her way down his chest, kissing him between his nipples, lower, tongue dipping into his navel until she reached his cock. Tossing her

head to the side to clear her hair away from her face, she stroked him slowly before taking him in her mouth. The sensation almost sent him over the edge. He fought for control, hands twisting in her hair as he watched her suck him. Sensing that he was about to come, she released him and climbed up next to him on the bed, stroking his chest. "Kiss me, Jimmy." He rolled over onto his side and stroked her face before leaning in to grant her wish. His hand found her bare breasts. He gently squeezed one then the other and ran his thumb over her nipples, feeling their excited hardness. Her body was beautiful, better even than he'd imagined. Her skin was so smooth and soft, her belly flat and hard. He could see the pale skin of her breasts highlighted against the tan skin of the rest of her. He began kissing her again while he stroked her bare skin. She was breathing fast, her body arching up to meet his touch as he dragged his fingertips lightly up and down her body. Her hips began rising rhythmically off the bed, straining to meet his fingers on the descent but he kept stopping just short. Unable to wait any longer she grabbed his hand with hers and forced it down where she wanted it. He took her cue, sliding his fingers all the way down. She was so wet his fingers glided easily against her. She was moaning urgently as he caressed her, hips still rising off the bed on his down stroke. When he slipped two fingers inside her, she clamped her legs together, holding him there while she fucked his fingers. He moved to get on top of her but she pushed him back down, sliding her leg over him and sitting up. She rocked herself against his cock, not allowing him to enter, while she rubbed her hands up and down his chest and stomach. He grasped her hips, working to get inside but she held him back. Looking down at him she said, "Do you want to fuck me, Jimmy?" "Yes." "What's my name, Jimmy?" He had no idea, none. He pulled her against him harder, straining to get in. She held him back with the strong muscles of her thighs. "What's my name, Jimmy?" she insisted. He didn't know what to say but he could tell she was expecting him to answer. "I don't know." She let him slip the tip of his cock into her and worked it with her body. His head jerked to the side, eyes closed, mouth open at the sensation. "You don't mind fucking a woman whose name you don't even know?" His mind was like molasses, thick and dark, he couldn't think only feel. He gripped her hips harder, trying to force her down farther on his cock but she was very strong. She pulled herself up and he slipped back out. "I've never met you before," he said. She slid back against him, a little deeper this time. His breath exploded out of his chest. "Do you jerk yourself off and think about me after you're done watching me in my window?" "Yes." She kept him poised at the entrance, only allowing a little penetration. "Did you jerk off last night after watching me and my friend?" "Yes." "Do you watch me every night, Jimmy?" "How do you know my..." The questions were over. She suddenly sat all the way back, sliding down the entire length of his cock and his question died on his lips. She let the feeling take over, working herself against him, finding the best position. She braced herself against his chest with her arms, gaining leverage. The weight of her arms pushing against his chest made it hard for him to draw a full breath, heightening his awareness. He could feel her orgasm building as she repeatedly slid herself all the way up and sank back down. He watched as her face took on a look of ecstasy and her breathing came in short, excited bursts. She was speeding up and sitting down against him harder. Her head tilted back as she began to come. Jimmy could feel her body clenching his cock as the spasms shook her. "Oh my God, I'm going to explode," he whispered as she slowed

down, coming off her own orgasm. She quickly dismounted and took his cock in her mouth. As soon as her lips cleared the tip of his cock his body jerked and hot streams of come shot into her mouth. She continued to work him until he was dry and his hips had stopped moving against her. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and stretched out next to him, running her fingers through the hair on his chest. "Meredith," she said. "My name is Meredith."