

# Neighborly Feelings: Part 2

By luvlygirl003

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*Jennifer gets a taste of a real man.*

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His touch is so gentle. I love it when he touches me. His hand entangles in my hair. His lips press and nibble against my neck. His free hand slides down my body, rough and warm. He pulls me closer to him, pressing himself against my smooth, naked body. I gasp as his hand reaches its destination, already wet from anticipation. He makes circling motions with his tongue on my neck, teasing me, daring me to move, but I am still, completely and utterly under his control. His thick finger finds my pussy, and he slides the tip in, biting me when my body shudders. His thumb finds my clit, and he presses against it, my breathing uneven and filled with whimpers. His fingers thrust inside of me, and my body tightens in response. I can feel him grin, and his clutch on my hair grows firm. His dick grows firm against my leg inside his jeans as his fingers slide in and out of my tight pussy. His thumb presses harder against my clit, flicking over it, making me tremble. My moaning grows louder, and my body shudders, anticipating orgasm. His fingers slide out of me, and suddenly I am cold. I turn and look at him, starved for attention, and clamber on top. I begin to grind against him, lean down and kiss him, biting his lip, one hand on his chest, the other at the top of his jeans. His button brushes against my clit, and I moan, finding it again and grinding harder. He grabs my hips and scoots up against the wall, sitting up. His mouth finds my nipples and he flicks his tongue over them, and my body trembles again. He slides his fingers underneath me, replacing his button with his thumb again, and, with his fingers inside of me, I rotate my hips. My back arches, his fingers hitting the wall of my pussy. Frenzied from longing, I undo his jeans, sliding them off and tossing them. He pulls his shirt off, muscles flexing, and I run small hands up his chest, biting his earlobe, brushing my hands against his abdomen. One hand slides down, slipping under his boxers, and I slowly free his dick. Too impatient to slide them off, I pull it through the opening in the front, and wrap my hand around his throbbing cock. Already erect, it is huge, way bigger than anyone I have ever had before. I fight the urge to simply shove him inside me, knowing he is looking for more than that. I kiss and bite his chest, sliding down his body, butt wiggling in the air. I push him back into a laying position, letting his fingers run over me, feeling them tangle in my hair. I run my tongue from his belly button down, and he shivers, gripping my waist. My lips brush against his cock, and it reacts to my tease, hardening. I trail my tongue down his shaft, until I get to his head, where I wrap my lips around the tip and flick. He gasps and grips my hair, pulling it, turning me on and making my pussy tighten and tingle, excruciatingly

empty. I relax my mouth and take all of him, in, out, in, out. He groans, deep throated, guttural. I move up and nibble on his abdomen, sliding my hand up to pull on his thick cock. I tug, working up a quick speed, and twist suddenly, his body shuddering in response, letting out a deep gasp. I switch rhythms, slow, then fast, tighten my grip, and twist. He gasps again and suddenly rolls over on top of me, pinning me to the bed. I wrap my legs around him, and he rubs his cock against my soaked pussy. My breathing is heavy with longing, and I tilt my head back, tightening my body and showing off my creamy breasts. He thrusts, suddenly, filling me, sending a jolt of splitting pain through me from his sheer size, but the elation of my body makes up for it. I scream out as he rocks me, holding onto my waist, teeth clenching, the bed banging against the wall. I slide one finger down, rubbing against my clit, my body shuddering and breasts thudding from the force of his huge cock slamming into me. My legs wrap around him, and I roll over again, on top, arching my back and rotating my hips, feeling my tight pussy squeeze around him, screaming out in pleasure. I feel myself stiffen, knowing an orgasm is coming, and he, too, tightens. Finally, white-hot passion courses through my body, as I cum on top of him, shivering with pleasure. Before I have the chance to collapse, he thrusts inside of me, moaning, and his warm cum shoots inside of me, making me tremble. Both exhausted, I simply lay on his chest, his cock still inside my pussy, expanding it, making it pulse. I bite my lip, and he shifts his body, unintentionally pushing himself further inside of me. I have to fight not to moan, and he notices me tighten. "Do you think that's enough sugar?" I murmur, voice thick and heavy. He chuckles. "Baby, I think you want more."