

The Guy Next Door - Part 3

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Lola awoke the next morning with a huge grin on her face; she'd spent the night dreaming of James. She replayed the images of her and James in positions she doesn't think possible if they were to really try them. She stands and stretches and slowly makes her way to the bathroom to get ready for college when she gets a sudden flashback from last night, her pale face is instantly stained red with embarrassment. She remembers the moaning blonde, his glorious body in action, both of them riding out waves of carnal passion while she crouched in the dark watching them and touching herself. Lola flushed red again thinking how creepy it was that she watched and not only that, but got off on it. She walked over to the bathroom mirror and started to wash her face feeling a strange rising urgency over something not remembered. Shaking of the feeling she slowly slipped her silken nighty off over her head and as it slid to the floor it hits her. 'He said MY name' Lola whispers to herself in shock. Thoughts were whirling around in her head, images of James face as he came, moaning her name, his expression of ecstasy, longing and passion just kept replying over and over in her mind. Flames of heat licked through Lola's body as she felt a mixture of confusion, desperation and lust. She wondered if maybe he'd saw her but nothing about the way he called her name sounded surprised or angry or anything remotely in that area. Then why, she thought to herself, what reason would James have to call out her name while having sex with another girl? 'Lola! You'll be late for college if you don't get your ass into gear!' Lola's mother shouted upstairs. She snapped herself out of her daydream, realized she was still naked and went to get changed in her room. 'Shit' James says in frustration. He should never have the left window open he thought, he knew he'd get caught, but then isn't that what he wants to happen? Didn't he want Lola to know, to be interested, to be his? A big part of him wanted to show Lola what he could give her if he had the chance but he knew that if she ever let him, and he doubted that she ever would especially after last night, that he wouldn't be able to stop himself. He'd end up taking her more than just sexually and he couldn't do that to her. Once she was in on his secret and his life she'd never be able to get out, she'd have to join him, and he wouldn't wish that on her, she was too innocent, too pure to taint like that. James knew Lola didn't like him in that way, knew that she was probably disgusted this morning remembering last night, but that wasn't the case last night. He could feel Lola's arousal; he could smell her crouched in the dark heat, passion, lust dripping from her pores. He sensed her shock when he moaned out her name as he came. "God Dammit!" He shouted. He'd forgotten about that. She must think I'm some sex crazed pervert who calls out the wrong names in sex because I can't remember all their names. But what if

she doesn't think that? What if she knows the truth, that he's in love with her, that he obsesses and fantasizes about her constantly? James moaned dramatically, what have I done he thought again for the dozenth time that morning. James lay on his bed replaying last night over and over, remembering hearing Lola and her sweet soft moans, he'd been so turned on he'd actually came. He never did normally when he was with one of the nameless sluts he feeds from. Those desperate brazen whores he picks up drunk in bars, fucks wildly, drains in the fading moments of pleasure, wipes their memory and drops them off back where ever he found them. They disgusted him, the entire act did, it was only by necessity to live that the act continued to carry on. He felt nothing for those women, that's why he always went with that type of girl; the complete opposite of Lola. Those harlots with their curve less, petite, tanned bodies, dark brown eyes and short blonde hair. He knew if he saw anything of Lola in them he wouldn't be able to go through with it. He hadn't always been like that though; he used to be with any and every girl, until he moved to Lola's town. The first time he saw her was sunbathing in her back garden by their pool. He actually froze when he saw her stunned to stillness by her beauty, her body and her complete unawareness of the sexual vibes she emanated and its effect on him. She was laid on a sun lounger, reading one of his favourite novels; Pride and prejudice. Her long lean body, voluptuous and womanly, pale but gleaming in the sunlight was magnificent. Her dark long locks overflowing her pillow and was hanging over the sides of the bed almost touching the floor. Her small heart shaped face, high cheek bones and full deep red lips all pouty as if she'd been kissing all morning. Piercing ice blue doe like eyes, big and beautiful and a small cute button nose. She was perfection to him. As she lay reading, oblivious to his presence, something changed inside of James that he wouldn't realize until the next night. He went prowling round the local bars trying to find someone to bring home with him when he spotted a girl who looked similar to Lola. She had long dark hair, was tall and leggy and pretty curvy too, not exactly perfection but she'd do he thought. He brought her to his house thinking everything would be as usual, they'd have sex, he would feed from her and take her back to the bar he found her in a drunken state of ecstasy with no memories of him except maybe a dream, but only if she had a very strong memory. As soon as he got her too his room and caught a glimpse of Lola through his blinds, he should have listened to his falling gut and not continued with his routine. But he was hungry and hadn't fed in a few days, so he instead of lingering on that feeling, he just continued. He grabbed her harshly and pulled her into a fierce kiss, hard and hot, throwing her onto the bed and soon as he pulled away. He ripped off his shirt revealing his flawless pale body, muscular and untainted of imperfections and climbed on top of her going in for another mouth crushing, groin grinding kiss. He pulled her dress over her head and flung in across the room leaving her naked but for a small lacey black thong, he paused very briefly, just smelling the heat and arousal coming off of her body. He grabbed her head harshly and began roughly kissing, licking and biting her neck, but not piecing the skin. He worked his way down her body hurriedly, biting and sucking her erect large brown nipples making her moan loudly with pleasure and pain. He began to work his way lower once more, ripping of the thong with his teeth and going straight in to her dripping wet pussy, licking, sucking and biting all of her, forcefully tongue fucking her as deep as he could reach. He stood up of the bed and yanked his jeans down releasing his big hard cock, he

quickly flipped the girl over, she was on all fours bent over the edge of the bed, ass held high ready to be taken. He roughly shoved himself inside of her without warning, going fast and deep. She moaned again out of surprise as well as pleasure and pain. He started pumping hard into her from behind, pounding her wet pussy fast and giving it to her deep, all the while she was moaning. Images of Lola from that morning laid on the sunbed flicked into his mind making James lose his concentration and rhythm. 'I was almost there then!' the brunette complained impatiently. 'Sorry babe' he replied despondently using the name he gave too the entire woman he was with. He tried to focus on fucking the girl but he couldn't keep Lola off his mind and he started to feel ashamed over what he was doing. He tried as best as he could but with his mind full of Lola and with the brunette looking so similar yet nowhere near similar enough he started to fade and lose his erection feeling ill with disgust. 'Um, well that's OK I suppose, I'm sure it's a perfectly normal' the brunette said too James as he pulled out his limp dick from inside of her, 'Maybe you could just eat me out again?' she suggested hopefully. 'I'm sorry, just go please' James said as he sat on his bed with his head in his hands. The girl picked up her dress and left with her shoes in hand, completely at a loss over what had happened. James shot on a dressing gown and ran to catch up with her as she was just leaving; outside James hailed a taxi for her. She got in the taxi and opened her window. 'So I'll see you again then?' She said unsure of him or herself. 'Um, maybe yeah' James replied fully sure he never would. With that the brunette seemed to be reassured and gave the taxi her address, she leaned out the window for a kiss, James leaned down and gave her one on the cheek. She sat back upset at the meek farewell and said goodbye to him in a sadder tone. As they drove off, he wiped both the memories of the driver and the woman of him. Leaving him stood saddened at his failure of manhood, confused over these new feelings of his and still hungry but without an appetite. James brought himself back to the present. He shook off the memory of that first night. It had totally shaken him and although it only took him a few days to get back out there and try again - a complete necessity after going almost a week without feeding - he never again went for anything that reminded him of Lola again, just in case. He wondered what she was thinking this morning; he knew she'd be at college by now it wasn't far off twelve. He knew she finished early today and stood to shower and get ready, he wanted to be clean of all traces of last night's remnants before he went to Lola to either explain or wipe her memory. Part 4 out soon!