

The Neighbor Slut

(MF, husband, cheat, oral)

by Anon Author



My neighbor is a hot little number. When she moved into the townhouse directly across from ours, my wife immediately disliked her. Not that my wife is a prude. She's in her early thirties, and quite a dish herself. At 5'6", with a slender hard body and short jet black hair, Sharon turns her fair share of heads, although she claims that she doesn't notice it.

But Dora across the way from us, is a hot Mexican slut and she knows it. She's a little shorter than my wife, but so much more curvaceous, with pouty dick sucking lips and tits that need to be kneaded. This is the kind of chick that dresses to be undressed by the eyes of every man at the mall.

It all started last weekend, when I was out on the deck, cleaning off the patio furniture. I heard some movement from her deck, so I stood straight up as if to stretch, and glimpsed over the fence. I saw her lying on a towel, with a skimpy bikini bunched around ass, pulled up over her cheeks. Her top was completely off.

I quickly bent back down to work, so she wouldn't know that I was peeping over the fence. I'm not sure if she saw me looking or not, or for that matter, if my wife saw me, because at that moment, she called me from the kitchen window just above the deck, where she could see into both yards.

When I went into the house, Sharon claimed she wanted help opening a jar, or some nonsense, but I'm pretty sure she just wanted me inside, away from the hussy. From inside, I could easily see into her yard as I removed the loose lid from a jar, and she was nowhere to be seen.

The last glimpse I got of her that day was directly at eye level, from her own kitchen directly across from ours. Dora was wrapped in her towel just above her nipples, so her cleavage was bulging. She gave me a mischievous look, like I was school boy caught with a Playboy, and turned to walk away. I think I turned red, just as I remember that my wife was standing right next to me and could see her too.

I pretended that nothing had happened, and Sharon didn't say anything either, as she shut the blinds. Even though she didn't say anything, I was thinking that she should loosen up a bit. But, I guess time would tell that maybe women know a little more about these slutty neighbors than we know.

The next Saturday was another cleaning day. My wife was in the kitchen, and I was in the garage. It was a hot sunny day, so I had the garage door open. As I was fiddling with something on my wife's car, I saw Dora walk by, evidently coming back from the pool. She was wet, in an even skimpier bikini, with a transparent scarf wrapped around her shapely waste. Her nipples looked like they were about to bust out of the edge of her top.

She stopped and turned to me, just as I realized that I had been staring. I thought she was going to bust me or something, but I guess she had something else on her mind.

"Hi neighbor," she said with a saucy little accent. "Whatcha doing?"

"Oh, just cleaning this, uh, thing here." Was I a babbling fool or what?

She stepped into the garage, as if to look closer at what I was doing. "Wow, you're pretty handy. I sure do miss having a handy man around." I was dumbfounded. "Maybe you could help me out sometime, with some handiwork."

I stammered, "Gee, uh, I don't know..." Then she quite intentionally dropped her keys on the floor.

"Oops, see how clumsy I am? Why, someone as clumsy as me gets awfully lonely without a handyman to fix things up." And she slowly bent down to pick up the keys, with her tits practically falling out of her top.

I was getting hard, and it was pretty obvious with my shorts. After she picked up her keys, she looked up and was face level with my tented shorts. "Wow, you sure are

handy."

At that point, Dora dropped all pretenses and put her hand on my raging pole. I started to protest, but then I decided it would be better to go at this quietly, with my wife just upstairs.



After caressing me through my shorts, she pulled them down, freeing my throbbing cock as it started to get hard. She touched the head with her pouty lips, before going at it. Pretty soon she was sucking and licking my balls like a porn queen. I grabbed her head and started to fuck her face. She moaned softly, and I saw her hand reach down between her own legs.

I was getting pretty hot and started to think how I could fuck her in the garage, with my wife upstairs and the garage door wide open. Well, it never came town that, because the door to the house suddenly open. Sharon's head poked out and squinted at me, because

I was backlit. Luckily, Dora was down between the two cars in the garage so she couldn't be seen, and she had the courtesy to be quiet.

"Honey, would you come up and help me for a second?"

"Sure, hon, in a minute," I could barely keep my voice level, with my cock in Dora's throat.

"Could you come up now? Just for a second?" Pretty insistent, especially for a wife that had no idea someone was sucking her husband's cock.

Then the door closed and she was gone. That was a close one. I pushed Dora's head back and pulled my shorts up. "You can't just go like that! What about me?"

"Please, do you want me to get caught or something? I'll make it up to you later, really." Then I ran up into the house, just as I could hear her spit something at me in rapid Spanish.

My heart was pounding like a jack hammer as I was up in the kitchen. Luckily, my wife was too busy climbing up on the counter to notice my wet hard dick bulging through my shorts.

"Will you pass me that china in the dishwasher, so I could put it up here on the top shelf?"

"Sure," I said, as I handed up a piece. She kneeled on the counter, reaching up to put the plate away. With each piece I handed her, I could see her thin muscular midriff exposed as her half shift rode up her body. From my vantage point, I could see up her shirt to the swell of her small tight breasts.

Man, I was getting hot. After a half sucking from a hot slut, and then staring at my wife's hard body, I was getting really hot.

As Sharon stretched up to get a plate up on top of the stack, I reached up and put my hands around her waist. She giggled, but didn't move. I rubbed my hands slowly up her sides as she slid the plate home. My hands went up to cup her breasts and she let out a sigh.

I guess the sudden attention during housework had an effect on my wife, because she responded by arching her back and moaning softly as I tweaked her taut nipples.

I pulled her down off the counter, but still had her facing away from me. I slid my whole arm up her shirt and rubbed her tits, while my other hand slid down her shorts between her legs. She gasped as my fingers found her clit. She steadied herself by putting her hands on the counter as I worked her nipples with one hand and her clit with the other.



Soon my hand was getting wet with her juices. I pulled my hands out to her sides and pulled her shorts down. She was pretty hot. I turned her around and lifted her onto the counter, and knelt between her legs. Her pussy juices were running down her leg, and the tip of my tongue traced the fluid back up to her steaming cunt. The second my tongue touched her swollen clit, she arched her back and started bucking.

I couldn't resist anymore. I stood up, dropped my shorts, and plunged my rock hard dick into her dripping hole. She gasped as I penetrated her, grinding her into the kitchen counter. She buried her fingers in my hair as I gripped her ass and fucked her like a madman. I was getting off as much to the knowledge that I had Dora's spit on my cock that I was fucking in and out of my wife, as I was from Sharon's throbbing pussy that was about to explode.

As I pounded her, I could feel my balls slapping against her ass on the edge of the counter, as my cock slammed against the back of her pussy. She screamed as she came, and I followed soon after that. I continued to pump her as her hips bucked and then we were quiet. She collapsed onto me as I held her, and I held her with my eyes closed.

It was a few seconds before I reopened them, to look straight across the way into Dora's

eyes standing in her own kitchen. She had been watching the whole thing, and I could see that her hand was inside her bikini rubbing herself. She kept staring straight at me, as she fingered herself.

I thought that I would get hard again watching this, when suddenly Sharon jumped up and kissed my cheek. "I'm going to take a shower, you."

I watched her go upstairs to make sure she didn't look across to see Dora standing there watching us. When she was gone, I turned around to take another look, Dora she wasn't there anymore. Oh well.

But just at that moment, as I heard the water turn on upstairs, I heard the door to the garage open. In walked Dora, standing in our kitchen, completely naked as she dropped her bikini bottom to the floor.

Without clothes on, her brown skin and huge erect nipples made my heart skip a beat. It skipped another beat, seeing her standing in my kitchen with my wife upstairs taking a shower.

She came right at me.

"You son of a bitch. You can't get me started then shoo me away, just to tease me with your flat-chested wife. You better finish what you started."

I couldn't argue her. She dropped to her knees in front of me to continue where she left off. My cock was dripping with cum and my wife's juices, but Dora didn't seem to mind. In a second I was rock hard again, just after cumming only moments before.

I pulled Dora up and pushed her up against the counter, facing away from me with her legs spread wide. I reached around and felt her dripping wet pussy. The pussy that she'd been fingering while watching me fuck my wife. I moved up against her and jammed my hard cock into her slit from behind. She bucked and moaned softly. I felt her soft wet pussy contract around me as she bucked several times as a violent orgasm consumed her. I guess it takes a good hard dick to finally get her off.

But I was just getting started. I thrust a couple more times, then slowly pulled out. Dora seemed a little confused, but soon figured it out, when I placed my well lubed rod against her cunt.



But then I finally started fucking her. Before she could even protest, I reached around and covered her mouth. She tried to scream at me through my hand, but she barely made a muffled sound. My other hand shot down and rubbed her clit vigorously as I continued to thrust into her faster and faster.

After maybe a full minute of this Dora's body tensed, and at that moment I too couldn't hold back no longer and I shot my load up her cunt, our bodies jerking and squirming as our duel orgasm numbed our minds, then our bodies relaxed. And just at that moment, the water upstairs turned off.

"Satisfied now?" I said to her, as helped her up and guided her back to the door to the

garage.

"You're a bastard," she said as she picked up her bikini bottom and out.

As the door closed behind her, I mumbled, "Yep, and a bastard that you're going see again soon."

END

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