

Neighbor, Neighbor

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Rosalyn Jensen stood naked in front of the full length mirror, her red hair wet from the shower. She stared a while before her hands roamed her body, feeling her full breasts, plucking at her pink nipples. Her hands moved farther still, to her waxed pussy. She opened herself, her fingers teasing her clit. After spending a little while there, she moved to the bed and shoved three fingers in while stimulating her clit with her other hand. She fucked herself with her hands, again and again. After a few minutes, she arched off the bed with a moan. It was the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

With a window directly across from Roz's apartment, Grayson Vaughn was treated to a peepshow on occasion, but today was extraordinary. No toys, just Roz. Transfixed and hard as a rock, he had to either run over and fuck her senseless or jack-off. Shaking his head, he sat on the bed and freed his cock. It wouldn't take long given what he'd just seen, and he kept replaying it in his mind. He was almost finished when his phone rang.

Roz was still naked when she caught a glimpse of Gray. He was shirtless, his golden muscles flexing while he... Damn, he was jacking off! She had been thinking of him on her bed, he had been fueling her one-on-one time since he had moved in. Making the decision to go to him, she tossed on her trench coat and a pair of four-inch heels, stuffed a box of condoms in her pocket and headed over.

Gray ignored the phone, but when he looked up, Roz was gone. Closing his eyes again, he drifted back to the vision of her coming on her bed and stroked. He was close, but he was interrupted by a knock at the door. "Ah, hell." he muttered, wondering who was at the door at ten pm on Thursday. He pulled his jeans up, but left them unbuttoned and stalked to the door.

He didn't expect the object of his fantasy to be standing on the other side. He opened the door wide to allow her in, "Roz? What are you doing here?"

She pulled open her coat, revealing the same perfect, naked form that had permeated his dreams. As the coat fell to the floor, she said, "I think I can help."

She dropped to her knees and released his cock from his jeans. She stroked it before swallowing him whole, working her throat muscles in tandem with her tongue. Holy shit, he'd never had a girl arrive at his home and deepthroat him in less than five minutes. He was going to come, and he didn't want to come in her mouth. He said as much, and she just kept working him, fondling his balls as she

swallowed him. She worked a finger into his ass as he fucked her mouth, and that was it. He came down her throat, and she swallowed everything.

He was still hard, had to fuck her, but first he had to taste her. He picked her up off the floor and carried her a few steps to the couch. Kneeling between her legs, he admired the wet pussy he was about to enjoy, first trailing her wetness around, then taking her with his mouth.

Roz was going to fly apart. She had wanted Gray since he moved in last month, but hadn't done anything about it besides fantasize. Now, she had shown up at his apartment, given him a blowjob and he was expertly lapping at her pussy. She soon ran out of thoughts as Gray suckled her clit and slid two fingers in deep. He let go with a tiny bite, and she came.

As soon as the spasms subsided, she sauntered to her coat. "Please don't go." He heard himself say before she pulled a box of condoms out of the pocket.

"Not on your life, Gray." She replied as she advanced toward him. She took his cock in her hand, rolled the condom on, and mounted up.

Holy mother, she had Grayson Vaughn's cock inside her, and it felt amazing. She rode him hard, pushing off his chiseled chest as leverage, the tip hitting her G-spot with each motion. "Oh, God, oh Gray, oh God....." She repeated as she came. He flipped her over then, riding her even harder, slamming into her over and over again until he felt her muscles start to spasm. She screamed his name, surely loudly enough for the neighbors to hear, and he followed her over.

They stayed in a sweaty tangle on the couch for a long time before Gray found the strength to walk to the bathroom. He tossed the condom and returned to the living room to discover her coat gone. "God, Roz, don't tell me you've left," he said aloud.

A husky laugh was her first reply. "Do you think I make a habit of showing up at random apartments for amazing sex? I watched you tonight, and came over because I wanted you. I'm not going anywhere."

"You watched me? I was...er...occupied because I watched you first. Do you know how hot you are? I

almost came to you.”

A saucy smile tipped her mouth, “I was thinking about you. I’ve thought about you since you moved in.”

Oh God. Grabbing her, he asked the all-important question, “How many condoms did you bring?”