**The New Neighbour**

by JenniTales

*Jenn realises someone is watching her sunbathe.*

These last few weeks before going off to start University just seem unending. I'm eager to get away, to start a new life, to do what I want to do.

My friends are all off on holiday, and I am left to just hang on my own. Mum knows I am restless to get away and still hasn't given up trying to give me warnings about keeping myself safe, even going so far as to warn yet again about unwanted pregnancy. She seems to have accepted that I will have a sex life as a student, even if she doesn't seem to like the idea.

Just as well she doesn't know that I already have one, although it is pretty limited. I only really slept with Tom those few times because I didn't want to start Uni as a virgin, and he was the least offensive of the guys in my crowd. He was one of Mary's exes and she had said he was good in bed, but it wasn't everything I had been looking forward to, ending too quickly, just as I started to feel myself getting close.

Disappointing or not, it had been a water-shed, and now, having crossed the Rubicon, I am determined that the new me won't be hanging back when it comes to exploring and fulfilling my newly-awakened sexual needs. Hopefully, when I finally get to the University, there will be someone better out there, who can last more than two minutes.

Stretching out on the sun bed, I see something blocking the new hole in the fence, the neat round one that appeared last week after our new neighbour moved in. I don't think Mum and Dad have noticed it yet, you have to be low down to actually see it. I'm pretty sure the new neighbour is having a look at me. I try not to giggle to myself as I think of him crouching down to look through and wonder what he is doing on his side of the fence.

At least he seems reasonable. The time Mum invited him to look in for coffee, he had been chatty and pleasant, speaking to me as a grown up, rather than some kid. About the same age as my parents, but quite trim and fit looking. I smile, remembering how Mum had sent me upstairs to "look respectable\* and put on a longer pair of shorts and a bra before he arrived. It didn't stop him snatching glances at my thighs every time I crossed or uncrossed my legs...which I probably did more than a "respectable" girl should.

I had left them to chat, going out into the garden to read my book, and it was just the day after that that the hole in the fence appeared. I should be shocked and worried, and should probably have told my parents but, hey, live and let live. If he gets his rocks off that way, good for him. At least he isn't as bad as that creepy husband of Mum's best friend. At Mum's birthday party a couple of months ago he had manoeuvred me into a corner, and then managed to "accidentally" brush his hand across my nipples every time he took a drink from his glass. And he took a lot of little sips.

Knowing I am being watched gives me a sort of perverse thrill, a little tingling in my body. I see the hole in our six-foot fence lighten and darken, presumably as he moves behind it, keeping out of sight. It is sort of flattering to think someone thinks you are worth looking at, especially an older guy, who must have had a few women in his past.

Feeling naughty, I check Mum isn't watching from the kitchen, and then slide my feet so that one is on each side of the sun bed, my thighs spread, and the thin material of the bikini bottom stretched tight across my mound. I hear a little rustle from the fence and guess he is settling down to have a close look. I lie back into the sunbed, my eyes closed, acting all innocent, pretending I don't know he is looking through the hole, and I idly move a hand to adjust my top, cupping and shifting each breast in turn, taking care to rub my nipples, so that they start to raise little bumps in the bikini top.

Then I leisurely let my hand drift downwards, fingertips grazing over my stomach down to the bikini bottom, and on to my mound. I shiver at the touch, my body tensing. It feels good, and I stroke my finger slowly back and forward. I am being greedy, I tell myself. I have brought myself off once already today. Not having to rush out to school means I can lie longer in bed; or rather, lie naked on top of it as the warm early morning sun bathes the room, slowly fingering myself to orgasm. I had only meant to rub my hands over my body a couple of times, a light tease for the watcher behind the fence, but it feels too good to stop. I bite my lip softly as I press my wandering fingers hard against my mound, slightly surprised to find myself already a little damp there. I push my knees out a little wider, and with a last quick glance behind to make sure I can't be seen from the house, I start to rub between my folds, the narrow band of the bikini bottoms already slipping between them, trying to climb up inside me.

The day is perfectly still, not even birds chirping, and I can hear some heavy breathing from the far side of the fence. I stroke harder with my finger, sliding it under the bikini bottom, pulling it to the side, giving my fingers free access. In spite of my morning play, I still feel horny, and the idea of playing with myself out here on the sunbed rather in the privacy of my room is taking my breath away. The fact that a virtual stranger, a neighbour I have spoken to once, can see what I am doing makes the whole thing so spectacularly hot, my juices are already flowing freely.

I am now staring at the hole in the wall which has gone completely dark, telling me is there, pressed up against the fence. I drive two fingers knuckle deep into my wet pussy, finger fucking myself the way I normally only dare do when I know I am alone in the house. It seems so unreal to be doing this, knowing I am being watched and all of a sudden, I realise I am going to cum and cum hard. My back arches up from the sunbed, I cram my other hand into my mouth, biting down on it to stifle the rising moan and then it floods over me, one of the hardest orgasms I have ever had.

I hear a long drawn-out groan and a muttered 'fuck!' from the direction of the fence, but I am breathless, my chest heaving, my breasts rising and falling fit to burst out of the bikini top. I lie back again head still swimming and reluctantly ease my fingers back out. They are sticky and shiny with my juices and I lift them to my lips, taking them fully into my mouth, sucking on them cleaning them. I have always liked the taste of my own juices, but this time they seem to have an even greater flavour than before.

I can still see movement on the far side of the hole, and I get up, and walk off to the side, adjusting my bikini bottoms, until I know I am out of sight both of the hole and the house. I look down at myself, my hard nipples threatening to burst out through the bikini top, the dark wet stain on the bottoms seeming to widen as I look. I will have to hide them from mum. I pick up the wraparound sarong that I had worn earlier, and, sure that I can't be seen from the house, I ease off the soaking wet bottoms, covering myself with the wraparound.

I know I should go back to the house to change and wash out the offending garment before mum sees it, but I am now driven by curiosity. Is the neighbour still watching, hoping for a repeat performance? I approach the fence, a few yards to the side of the hole so that I can't be seen, and creep along to the hole. Light is shining through, meaning he isn't pressed up against it, and I feel a little disappointment. I reach the hole and place my eye to it, and then gasp.

Through the hole, right in front of me, I see someone's kneeling torso, naked except for a pair of faded denim shorts round its knees and, standing out proudly above the shorts, a hard erect cock, a little white bead just dropping from its tip. I stared at the cock, so different from Tom's; thicker, and longer. A hand is clasped round its root, but that covers only half the shaft, and not the big bulb of the dripping cockhead. I have only seen four cocks in real life before, and two of them had been in the dark of the back row of the local cinema, almost covered by my hand. This cock seems enormous by comparison.

My gasp must have been heard because next thing I find myself looking into an bright blue eye, and then I see the figure turn, straightening, moving, trying to pull up the shorts as he ran, that big cock swinging from side to side as he moved. I had a few seconds to see his tanned and toned back before he dived through his door and was lost to sight.

Stunned by what I had seen, a number of thoughts were going through my mind, and the sheer enormity of what I had done broke over me. I had let someone watch me while I finger fucked myself to orgasm. Someone had been kneeling on the other side of the fence, just about three yards away from me as I drove my fingers deep into my wet pussy. And that someone had taken his cock out, wanking himself as he watched me. What had made me be so rash as to do that? What if the watcher told someone, his friends...shit, what if my parents heard about it?

Still shocked by my own behaviour I wandered around the garden in a sort of daze, stopping by the old gate between the two gardens. I looked up towards his house, wondering what he was doing, what he had been thinking while he had been wanking as he watched me. And I blush as I think about the big cock I had seen and I find myself wondering what it would feel like to have a cock that size pushing deep inside me.

I decide that I better go indoors, get my head straight. The sarong wraparound is almost see through, and I have to sneak past mum and upstairs quickly. I make it to my bedroom unseen and flop down on the bed, and that is when I realise I have dropped the bikini bottoms somewhere. I quickly pull on some clothes and run down to the garden -- well I can hardly go bare-arsed, can I? I retrace all my steps and find myself at the gate between the two gardens, which was swinging loosely open. It had been closed earlier and I hadn't opened it, so who had? I close it again and continued to search, but the pale blue bikini bottoms are not in the garden.

I am a bit subdued the rest of the day, and I take myself off to my room quite early after watching some TV with my parents. I am still a bit apprehensive about the neighbour telling them what I had been doing, but I reason with myself that that would mean him having to admit he had been peeking. So, I am probably safe there. I exchange a few messages with friends but don't mention anything about this afternoon's adventure, not even to Mary, whom I usually tell everything to.

As I lie in bed, thinking back over the day, my fear and guilt seems to drain away, and other thoughts take over. And right at the forefront of those other thoughts was that big swinging cock that I had gaped at for the few seconds before he ran off. It had seemed really big, one of the biggest cocks I'd ever seen, including the dick pics and the porn videos guys sometimes sent you for a prank. That thought kept surfacing, nagging, impressing itself on my brain. Why was I constantly thinking of how his cock had looked as it swung between his legs? My fingers do their nightly task of exciting then relaxing me, and as I slide them into me, I find myself again wondering just what a cock like that would feel like in me.

Next day is sunny again, so I take the sunbed out once more, blushing furiously when mum says, 'have fun.' The sun was at a good angle, so I lay the sunbed down even closer to the fence, its eye-hole only two yards away from my feet. Yesterday had opened up an exhibitionist streak in me and my nipples are already hard and pushing through the clean yellow bikini as I think about being watched, and what I will do if he is there again.

But will he watch today? He knows that I know he had been watching, he had seen me looking back through the fence. It might put him off, make him worried about me complaining, maybe even calling the police. Yeah, I was taking a chance, touching myself -- well, more than that, furiously finger-fucking myself, be honest -- which might get me into trouble with my parents. But he had been spying, through a hole he had drilled in the fence, deliberately peeping. Would he take the risk again, knowing that it was the sort of thing that could get him arrested? Or would he know I had been putting on a show for him -- a show which in the excitement of being watched I had let go a lot further than I intended -- and come back for more?

And then another thought occurred. Was it actually my neighbour who had been watching? What if it was someone else, someone working on the house or the garden, a complete stranger who would have no qualms about telling people about the slag who had finger-fucked herself in the next garden? Somehow, although it should unnerve me, make me hold back, that thought seemed to make my whole plan even more perversely exciting.

I slip off the wrap-around sarong and settle myself, pulling up the back of the sun lounger so I am more sitting up than lying flat. It also makes sure Mum can't see what I am doing. I reach behind myself, loosening the clip at the back, so that when I sit back again, the cloth just loosely covers my breasts, hanging from the little strings round my neck. That will allow me to touch (and show!) my breasts and cover quickly if mum appears. I sip the iced drink I brought with me, and relax, pretending to read my magazine, all the while watching the hole in the fence.

After 10 minutes I get bored waiting, put down the magazine and start to slide a hand under the loosened top, squeezing my breasts, tweaking the nipples. If he isn't looking, so what? No need not to have some fun any way. I pull the top above my breasts, both hands now caressing and fondling, teasing my nipples into hardness. I reach down into the glass and pull out a half-melted ice-cube.

I touched it first to my tongue, licking off the melt-water, then slowly ran it down between my breasts, thrilling at the coldness against my warm body. I draw it slowly up the curve of my right breast, then pressed it against my hard nipple. I gasped as the thrill ran through my body and moaned as I transferred it to the left nipple. It felt every bit as good as my friend Mary had said it would. I rubbed the ice cube against each nipple in turn for a few minutes until the thrill eased off as my nipples adjusted to the temperature.

Glancing up from looking at my nipples, I see the hole is blocked. He -- or someone -- is there! I feel a tingling flutter inside as I realise I am being watched once more, and I smile to myself. The play with the ice-cube is thrilling enough, but now, knowing I am being watched gives everything that extra tingle. I reach down, scooping out the last and largest ice cube from the empty glass, and run it once more through my cleavage. But this time I continue down, circling my navel twice and then on to the skimpy bikini bottoms. I slide it down onto my mound, the melting ice meeting the spreading damp from between my legs. The tingle as the cold plays against my most sensitive parts brings an involuntary gasp and moan, and I have to bite hard on my lip to keep silent.

Like yesterday, I spread my legs wide, feet now on the ground, my knees pulled up. My left hand pulls the bikini bottom aside and I moan again as the ice touches my bare pussy lips. I stroke slowly up and down, wondering why I have not done this before. Looking up, I think I see the fence shake slightly and I know for sure I am having an effect on the hidden watcher.

Feeling an almost uncontrollable excitement, I look directly at the hole and pout my lips, blowing a little kiss. Then I climb back on the sunbed, facing away from the fence, towards the house, checking Mum isn't at the kitchen window. Kneeling on the lounger, I lay the ice cube on the surface for a second, and then ease the bikini bottoms down off my arse cheeks to mid-thigh. I wiggle slightly, knowing that my pussy is exposed directly to the watcher. Then I take up the ice again, run it slowly between my pussy lips. Once, twice, up and down....and then I slowly push it into me.

My eyes go wide at the new sensation, ice touching my hot wet pussy walls. My whole body spasms and it is all I can do not to cry out as I lose control and the orgasm rips through me. Gasping for breath, I control my shaking limbs and then I feel a dribble of liquid running down my thighs, juices or melt-water, who knows? I ease the bikini bottoms back up, and turn, my breasts still exposed and I stand, a little shaky on my feet, and walk towards the fence.

I crouch down, my nipples at hole height, and lean forward. The shape behind the fence moves, drawing back, but not running away this time. I see a squatting shape, shorts halfway down the thighs, and that big cock, pointing straight at me. I watch as his hand moves on the shaft, sweeping up to the crown and down again, the big red head seeming to wobble on each stroke. I hear a long groan, a gasp and suddenly the cock is spurting. As I watch open mouthed, a big jet of white cum shoots towards me. As I involuntarily jerk back, I hear something splatter against the fence. I lean forward in time to see another jet, and then another, shoot from the cockhead to hit against the fence. A final spurt erupts, this time falling short. Then the figure moves to the side, and I no longer see him. I hear another couple of grunts and wonder if it is still shooting.

Still a little lightheaded after the intense orgasm, and excited by my turn at watching, seeing him stroking his cock and cumming with such force, I realise that he too had put on a show, deliberately drawing back from the fence to let me see him masturbate, to see his large cock in all its glory. I blush, realising I can no longer play the innocent, offended, party. I too am guilty, not just of exhibitionism, but of voyeurism as well. And, again, I wonder what it would be like to hold that cock in my hand...and to have it push into me.

As I recovered, I saw a bead of white liquid form on the upper surface of the hole, lengthening into a fully-fledged drop which I caught on my outstretched finger and lifted to my lips. I dabbed my tongue at it, tasting its saltiness, and the texture of it as it spread over my tongue. Not so different from the couple of times I had tasted cum previously, but a sudden tremor ran through me as the full import hits me: I am tasting the cum of a stranger, not a lover. I thought it was the neighbour I had met briefly for 10 minutes last week, but was I sure? Did he maybe have someone working in the garden or a visitor staying with him? All I really knew about the watcher behind the fence was that he was male...and god, was he male! That cock was bigger than anything I had seen in my admittedly sheltered life.

Shaking, both exhilarated and, admit it, frightened, by what I had done, I smoothed down the bikini top, slipped on the sarong and went back to the house and tried to get my head back together. What had I done over the last two days? Me, the quiet, studious nerd of our year, regarded as having little interest in the few boys who could look past my friend Mary's 34C figure to even notice me? To masturbate openly, knowing I was being watched, not just once but twice, and then to watch in turn while my watcher wanked off? Yes, I had decided I wasn't going to be a mousy wall-flower in my new student life. And yes, I had slept with Tom, mainly because I didn't want to be a virgin starting University, and because he was the least obnoxious of the boys I knew. It hadn't been a great thrill either time, and I had only cum when I fingered myself after I got home. I was secretly glad when he went off with his mates on a boy's holiday, now doubt hunting other girls, and probably disappointing them too. But what was happening to me, now? I lay on the bed, trying to rationalise what I was doing, and fighting a losing battle against the urge to masturbate once more.

The next day, no sunbathing as Mum was taking me shopping, buying clothes and things for Uni, including a brand-new laptop to replace the one I had been using for GCSEs and A-levels the last three years. Shopping done, I took her to my favourite pub. I insisted on buying the first of the two-for-one cocktails with my pocket money, even though the money had originally come from her and dad. By the time we were finishing the second cocktail mum had unwound enough for us to have a good, frank, girl talk.

Instead of the usual warnings, she was saying I should make the most of my time as a student. To meet people, do new things, be open to new experiences. Dropping her eyes a little, she asked if I was on the pill. I blush and start to panic a little, wondering if she had heard about me and Tom. The mums' network has eyes and ears everywhere. I stammer out 'No' and look away.

She raised her head, looking at me and I rather shame-facedly looked up and met her eyes. She said 'You are about to start University. I think you should go on the pill there'. She looked away, a slight blush spreading across her face 'University can be a lot of...fun. And being on the pill means you can enjoy life, with a bit less to worry about. She paused for a few seconds, then continued 'I did.'

I stare at her, and she blushes. This is the first time Mum has ever really said anything about her past. At the back of my mind I am vaguely aware that both Mum and Dad had mentioned that they had had bfs/gfs before they met, but I had never really thought much about it. They are my parents, for god's sake. You don't think of them as being sort of normal people, do you? I stood and reached across the table and hugged her close. A new relationship was dawning, not just a mother/daughter, but potentially an adult friendship too. Two more cocktails and we were gossiping away like new bffs.

Back at the house, I helped Mum put together a salad and ate it in the garden with Mum and Dad. I glance over towards the fence a few times, but the eye-hole was barely visible from here, and at the wrong angle to see if there was anyone there. I wondered if the watcher had been there earlier, and whether he had been disappointed at there being no show today. He would have had to find his stimulation some other way.

After eating, Mum and Dad decided to watch a box-set of some boring costume drama and snuggled up together on the couch. I think she too was feeling the effects of the afternoon cocktails and the bottle of prosecco Dad had suggested to wash down the salad.

I looked at them now with fresh eyes, seeing their closeness, the surreptitious little touches as they sit. Some things in the past start to make sense: the sudden decisions to have an early night, their encouraging me to sleep over at my girlfriends. I meet Mum's eyes and she flushes slightly, a guilty expression crossing her face. I realise that my parents are still sexual beings with their own needs and wants, the same as me. And as Dad's smile grew ever wider, it looked like they were planning to fill those needs tonight.

Feeling slightly embarrassed at the thought of them together, I decide I am in the way and tell them I am going for a walk into town, maybe to see if any of the girls are out and about. I know from texting them that none of them are around. Mary, the only one still in town, is out with her latest boyfriend, the 23 year-old brother of one of our classmates.

My announcement is met with big smiles and my Dad reminded me to take my keys as they might be asleep by the time I get back. I try not to giggle as I realise they may well be in bed, but probably not asleep.

I quickly change, ditching the bra I had worn while shopping with Mum, and swapping my t-shirt for a short-crop top that clings to my smallish breasts. My skirt is already on the short-side, so I keep it on. The sun was low on the horizon as I walked out and it was still day-light, but a sort of stillness hung in the air. I had thought to go for a walk, maybe go to the pub where Mary and her boyfriend were. There may be other people I know, although not actual friends, and it might be fun. But mainly I am going out to let my parents have some time on their own. They are obviously going to have sex, and the vision in my mind of them together is a little shocking, and uncomfortable, and, hell, yes, it makes me wish Tom were around, that we could have sex again tonight, even if our previous times together were disappointing. I am 18 years old, a little drunk, and, all of a sudden, very aroused. I find myself wondering if Mary's boyfriend has a pal in the pub, and I am a little shocked at what is going through my mind.

As I passed the front gate to our neighbour's I wondered if he was there, and what he was doing. I am still feeling the effect of the cocktails -- two is my usual limit, four was much more than I was used to -- and also the wine we had had with the salad. Combined, the various drinks are making me bold, and a bit reckless. I double back into my own garden and find the old connecting gate between the two. A quick glance showed no-one was in the garden and I sneaked up quietly to the side of his house.

I knew, from times the previous occupants had baby-sat me, that the main room was at the back of the house, facing away from all the surrounding houses. I crept slowly round the building and saw the flickering lights of a TV washing through the big window there. I made my way to the window, keeping my head low, sitting on the little path laid round the house. I raised my head to look in and my eyes were immediately drawn to the TV, hanging on the end wall to my right.

I gasp, not just because of the sheer size of the screen, which must have been at least 55 inches, but at what it showed. A blond woman, her body bare as far down as the screen would show, was sitting or kneeling as she sucked on a large cock, while she jerked another with her free hand. Her boobs were bouncing as she switched between them, framed between the partial torsos of the two guys. Maybe it was due to the size of the screen, but everything, the cocks, her lips, her breasts and their hard nipples seemed enormous.

In the light from the screen, I could see the new neighbour sitting on a small sofa slightly to my left, facing the screen, with a laptop and a glass on a little coffee table in front of him. He was bare to the waist, and his hand seemed to be inside his shorts. As I watched, he slowly stood, lifted his glass, and walked to the cabinet on the far side of the room where he poured himself another drink. He laid the glass back on the coffee table, and then walked out of the room. Breathlessly I waited, my eyes flicking between the action on the screen and the door as I watched for his return. When he came back, he laid a small plastic bottle on the coffee table and a piece of pale blue cloth. Then facing the screen, he un-did his shorts, letting them drop to the floor, and then pushed his boxers to the floor, stepping out of both.

I stared as his cock bounced as it came free of the boxers, watching as it settled, pointing more or less straight out at the screen, as if ready to join the action there. There was no doubt now - it WAS his cock I had seen the last two days. In the flickering light from the porn film on the big TV screen it seemed if anything bigger than I remembered. He reached down to the plastic bottle and squirted something onto the palm of his hand, and then slowly stroked his shaft, which gleamed as whatever he was rubbing into it reflected the light from the TV.

As he stood sideways on, his cock on full display, I feel my juices start to flow. My nipples were already standing out firm and I found that I was caressing my breast, squeezing the nipple through the thin top. I know I should go, sneak away before I got caught, but I am mesmerised by the sight of him standing so proudly, slowly wanking his cock. I mean, he had watched me pleasure myself, so why shouldn't I watch him?

I eased the bottom of the crop-top upwards, above my breasts and squeezed them hard and began tweaking the nipple. As I did this, I saw him bend, and pick up the blue cloth and I suddenly recognised my missing bikini bottoms. He was holding the bikini bottoms to his face, tilting his head back and I saw his chest expand as he inhaled deeply. What the hell was he doing? Whatever it was, it seemed to galvanise him and his hand started moving faster on his cock and it galvanised me too, just watching him. As his hand moved up and down along the shaft to the head, I slipped my hand under my skirt, pulling my red panties to my knees and started to run a finger between my wet pussy folds. I shiver as my finger runs back and forward between them between them, opening them and I can't hold myself back any longer and I push the finger up into me. I started to stroke in and out, just like I had on the sunbed before, while my other hand pulled and twisted my nipple.

I watched as his body suddenly jerked, and he pulled his hand away from his cock, taking a couple of deep breaths. He put down the bikini bottoms and again walked from the room. I am so lost in my own excitement I don't think about what he might be doing, just a feeling of disappointment at no longer seeing that big cock. I switch my eyes to the screen where the blonde was now kneeling on all fours, one cock buried in her from behind, her head bobbing up and down on the other. I slid a second finger into my pussy as I watched, knowing I was getting close.

There was a sudden flash of light on my left-hand side, and I jumped, turning towards it, just as a second flash came. It was my neighbour, standing naked and erect, a smartphone in his hand. As I try to scramble to my feet, the phone flashes again and I freeze, standing there, shaking, busted. I try to move, but the panties round my knees make that impossible. I pull my fingers out and hold up my two hands in surrender whispering 'Please...I'm sorry...I didn't mean to...'

He smiled and I looked down, trying to avoid eye-contact as the blush spread over my face, down my neck, even to the top curve of my breasts. But looking down all I could see was the big red cockhead swinging between us. 'I saw you in the mirror when I was pouring a drink. I knew you were watching me. Did you like what you saw?' He giggled. 'You certainly seemed to be enjoying it. Now, inside, and let's talk.'

He stood to the side, ushering me towards the side door of the house. I start to move and almost trip as my panties fell to my ankles. I stopped, and went to bend down to pull them up and he said 'No, take them off. It will be easier.' Nervously, I comply, easing them over my sandals. I go to pull down the crop-top to hide my breasts but his voice was sharp. 'No, leave that. You look cute with your tits out.'

I move as if on some sort of autopilot, passing him, stepping through the side door into the living room. I steal a glance at his cock as I pass, lurching slightly to the side to stop myself brushing against it as it stood out, pointing up towards me at an angle of 45 degrees. It looks even bigger this close up. I know this is the wrong thing to do, know I am totally out of my depth, that I should get the hell out of there, but I can't help myself. He is behind me now anyway, blocking my escape.

The porn film was still running as I stepped into the room, and I stopped suddenly, staring at the screen, so suddenly that he almost walked into me, and I felt something bump and then sweep across my backside. On the big TV screen, in full close up, maybe three times larger than life, the blonde girl pressing down, her pussy lips wide and open, as she slid down the cock in her arse while her head was turned to the side to suck her other partner. I watched, awestruck, and suddenly realised that what I had felt a couple of seconds ago was my neighbour's cock brushing against my tightly fitting skirt.

My neighbour fiddled with the remote control and the video stopped and then he flipped through several option and then, somehow, a still photo appeared, and I almost screamed as I recognised myself. He was casting the images from his phone on the big screen. Me, squatting by the window, my breasts bare, my hand up under my skirt. It flickered off and was replaced by me again, mouth wide in shock, struggling to get to my feet, one hand still caressing my breast, the other just emerging from my skirt, my red panties clearly showing halfway down my shins.

He giggled, 'I wonder what your mother would make of these?'

I froze, body trembling. 'Please...delete those.... Don't show her...don't tell her...I'm sorry I spied on you...'

He looked me in the eye. 'You enjoyed the spying though, didn't you? It certainly seemed to get you excited. Which did you like best, watching the video or watching me?'

I flush and look away, my eyes sliding again over his firm body, and that cock, gently swinging as he stood not two feet away from me. I slowly nod. In the state I am in, I could hardly deny it.

He smiled and said more gently 'And I enjoy your shows too. Quite the little cock-teaser, aren't you?'

I cringe, cheeks burning, remembering vividly what I had done, deliberately teasing him from behind the safety of the fence. 'I'm sorry...I didn't mean anything by it...I was just having fun.' A sudden spirit of rebellion surged. 'And you were the one who made the hole in the fence', I said accusingly.

'True. And you don't draw the curtains when you get changed. The morning sun shines right in your window and I can see everything from my study.' He grinned. 'An unexpected benefit of working from home. You really like walking around naked, don't you? Standing in the window, rubbing yourself. You must have come close to giving the old guy here before a heart attack. You really love showing off that hot little body of yours, don't you? You were the one flashing everything at me from the day I moved in. So, you can't blame me for peeking.'

I stared at him, shocked. I truly hadn't realised. The old couple who lived there before never used the small room at the back of the house, and it never occurred to me that he might. Given the way I had teased him in front of the fence, he must have thought I was deliberately flaunting my naked body at him when I showered and dressed in the morning. He continued, 'Now, seeing as we are in my house, and I am naked, and since you have shown me everything before anyway, why not let me have a closer look? You get a thrill out of showing off that pretty body, don't you?'

The thought of being naked beside him sent shivers of both fear and excitement racing through me. I hesitated and he said 'Look, deleting these photos', holding the phone up for me to see. 'Now you do something for me.'

Nervously, reluctantly, I lay down my little shoulder bag, and then I pull the crop-top, which is already above my breasts anyway, up and over my head. Biting my lip, I loosen my skirt, letting it slide over my hips and down my legs. I squat down, unbuckling the sandals and kick them off too, sacrificing a couple of inches of height. Finally, I stand, trying to hide my nerves and to look calm and collected. I AM proud of my body, even if my 32Bs pale in comparison with Mary's 34Cs, and I then I look at him, my eyes taking in his naked body.

His hair brown hair was cut quite short, and his body, apart from a white area between waist and mid-thigh was tanned, and muscular. His face had a few lines, but to my young eyes he could be anywhere between mid-thirties to maybe mid-fifties. And again my eyes dropped to his cock, pointing directly at me.

He was smiling. 'Even better in close up.' He bent, laying down his phone and picked up his glass, turned and walked to the dresser and poured some more gin into his glass. He took another glass, poured a generous measure of gin and splashed some tonic into it. He turned again, his cock swinging once more as he walked back to me, offering the second glass. I take it, trying to get my head round this bizarre situation. He smiled. 'When you came downstairs the other day when I was having coffee with your mum, she just said 'and this is my daughter, Jennifer' but forgot to tell you my name.' He touched his glass against mine 'I'm Andy. Pleased to meet you, Jennifer.'

It suddenly dawned on me that he was right. She hadn't told me his name, and I hadn't asked, assuming she had told me and I had immediately forgotten, the way you tend to do with people your parents hang out with. And I had been flashing, teasing, spying on and was now standing naked next to a naked man whose name I hadn't even known. I blushed again and clinked glasses back 'I'm Jenn,' using the more grown-up name I had decided to be known as at University.

He smiled again, even wider. 'Pleased to meet you, Jenn.' He lifted the laptop from the coffee table, setting it on a chair in the corner, fiddling with it a little, and then coming back and sitting down, patting the seat beside him 'Come and sit.'

I hesitated, acutely aware of the wetness between my legs and hung my head 'I... I might make it messy...'

He laughed. 'Your panties are there on the floor. Wipe yourself with them. And don't worry, it's a leather sofa, it won't stain.'

Hesitantly, I pick up the panties, and rub between my legs with them. I could feel his eyes on me as I dry myself and heard his sharp intake of breath. His hand lazily stroked along his shaft while he watched. The touch of the cloth on my already swollen pussy lips made me catch my breath, and I felt even wetter, but I wiped myself almost dry, then sat, placing the wet panties on the coffee table.

The unreality of the situation was making my head spin. I took a big gulp of the gin, feeling it bite my throat and I coughed slightly. It was much stronger than the ones served in the pub, a lot more gin than tonic, but I needed it. How had this happened? What was I doing, sitting naked beside a naked man more than twice my age, a guy I had only spoken to once before in the safety of Mum's kitchen, a guy whose erection I couldn't stop myself staring at?

Feeling the need to say something as the silence seemed to draw out, I asked, out of genuine curiosity, 'What were you doing with my bikini bottoms?'

He looked at me, a surprised expression on his face. 'You gave them to me, remember? You were teasing me on your sun-bed, and afterwards you left them beside the gate for me to pick up. A lovely gift, damp with your juices. You have a gorgeous erotic scent, Jenn. I have been sniffing them ever since.'

I stare at him, unable to think of anything more off-putting than my dirty underwear. But he seemed to think this was even more of my teasing. And I had seen how he had reacted when he had sniffed them. He must think I am some sort of really wanton slag to even have the idea of giving him my smelly panties. All I could think of to say was 'I will need them back, so I can wear the bikini again.'

He grinned widely 'Sure. I'll swap them for those pretty red panties. And maybe we can arrange more swaps in the future....' I just sat there, nodding dumbly, trying to think what he could mean.

He continued, 'Anyway, I'll always have this to remind me of that blue bikini.' He reached for his phone again, touched the screen a couple of times and the TV came to life again.

I swear I felt the blood drain from my face, and I must have gone pure white. The photos he had just deleted were shocking and embarrassing enough, but this was worse, much worse. There, as large as life was a video. Me, lying back on the sunbed, legs as wide apart as they would go, rubbing between my legs, the thin string of the blue bikini almost up inside me, my eyes closed but my face fully visible and recognisable.

As I watched, the view shook and zoomed in as my hand pulled the bikini to the side, and my other hand starting to push two fingers into my wet pussy. I watched open-mouthed as my fingers slid easily in till my knuckles were hard against my pussy lips, and then started to piston in and out frantically. The video began to blur again and it zoomed out a bit, to show my hips bucking up and down as I rocked myself against my thrusting fingers. I watched as I raised my free hand to my mouth, biting on it as I came, my eyes wide and wild. I thought,'is that what I look like when I cum?' Then the video stopped, the frozen image of me, head flung back and fingers buried in my pussy looking down at us.

In panic I shouted, 'No...No...Andy...you have got to delete that... please...'

He laughed, 'What would your mum say if she knew what you were doing in the garden, eh? If you posted that on your facebook page you would have every guy in town queuing outside your door, yeah, and probably half the girls too'. He looked at me and grinned 'Maybe I should post it now.... I'm sure your friends will give it lots of likes and share it with all their friends. It would really go viral...You'd be famous...'

I am in tears, real tears, feeling them warm and wet on my cheeks. 'No... you can't... please... no... I'll pay you... I don't have much but I will give you what I have... I'll do anything you want... just delete it... I beg you.'

He grinned evilly. 'Anything?'

Frantically, I said 'Yes... anything... but please...' my voice dropped to a whisper as I sat, defeated, my chest heaving, my breasts rising and falling as I stared at his face, 'Anything.'

I try to calm myself, wondering at my own words. How could I get him to delete the video, or at the least promise not to let anyone see it? There seemed to be only one way. Gingerly I let my hand slide onto his naked thigh, the first time I have touched him other than when he took my hand to lead me to the door, and I whispered again, 'Anything, I promise.'

He reached out, stroking my wet cheeks, 'Be careful what you promise Jenn. Anything can mean a lot of things. But don't worry. I won't ask for anything you don't already want.' I blink, not understanding.

He went on, 'You want to touch me, don't you? You have barely kept your eyes off my cock since you came in. You want to touch it, you know you do, I can see it in your eyes. Touch it, Jenn, hold it in your hot little hand, stroke it...You said anything, remember? And you want this, you know you do.'

I can't look at his face, can't meet his laughing eyes, and I find myself looking at his cock. From only a few inches away it seems enormous. And he is right. I do want to touch it, to feel it in my hand, to stroke it, to make it cum. And at the back of my mind there is the thought that if I make him cum maybe that will satisfy him, make him delete the video. Taking a deep breath, I shifted my seat, tucking my legs under me, and slid my hand up, brushing over the heavy ballsack. Holding my breath, I let my finger glide up the shaft, tracing the line of the vein visible under the skin all the way to the exposed cockhead. I take my hand back, and then reach out, trying to grip him, curling my fingers round the root.

He is big, really big. I have held four other cocks before now and have always been able to close my hand easily round them. Now, I can only just manage that, my thumb barely touching my fingertips. I start to move my hand upwards on his shaft, feeling it warm and almost pulsing under me. It felt dry and my hand dragged on his skin and he reached past me to the plastic bottle on the table, and squirted some cold liquid on his cock and my hand. I look up at him questioningly as my hand began to slide more easily on the wet cock. He just said, 'lube.' I had heard of it, but never really known what it was, just that you should use it if your pussy was dry. And mine is anything but dry. In spite of the weirdness of the situation, my pussy is wet again, I can feel the juices creeping down onto my thighs, spreading slowly on the leather sofa.

I begin to speed up my movements, sliding all the way up to the tip, feeling my thumb bounce on the ridge of the head as I swept over it. I reach out with my other hand, placing it below the first to try to gauge how big he actually is. My two hands combined don't quite reach the head, and I reckoned that they must be at least six inches anyway, with the head making maybe another inch or even two. None of the cocks I have held before had been anywhere near as big as this; my two hands together had more than covered their shaft and head. Andy truly is a "big guy". Using both hands now, bending over his lap, my face only a couple of inches from his cock, I wank him harder and faster, hoping to make him cum quickly.

Andy bent his head to mine whispering 'That feels good, Jenn. You like it too, don't you? You love how it feels in your hot little hand, nice and hard, just the way you want it. Why not lick the tip? You know you want to, I can feel your breath on it, lick it, Jenn... Lick the tip... you know you want to taste it.' He shifted his position slightly so that the tip was almost grazing my lips.

I stick my tongue out, flicking it across the tip as I stroke him, a little tremor of excitement running through me as I did so. He had read my mind, I do want to touch my tongue to him, to taste him. And it might make him cum faster, before the growing ache in my wrists and shoulders gets too much. I slow my hands, moving one from his shaft, to fondle his ballsack, and began to lick round the head. It tastes oddly fruity. I pause for a second, looking up at him in confusion and he whispers, 'That's the lube, strawberry flavour... Don't worry, it's safe to eat.' He giggles, 'Guaranteed non-fattening.'

I licked a little more, the strawberry flavour being replaced with a more salty flavour as it started to grow wet, and I realise he is leaking precum from the little slit. I could see a little bubble forming there and then breaking, running down the head. I wonder how close he is, and taking a deep breath I bend further, opening my mouth and let my lips move slightly on the very top of the head. His hand stroked my hair, its weight pushing me down further. I stop stroking, just gripping his shaft, knowing what he wants me to do. And knowing that I want to do it.

I pull back, licking my lips to wet them, then, opening wide I slip my lips over the cockhead, pushing down, letting it slide along my tongue. I hear my jaw cracking as I strain to fit the entire head in and finally close my lips around it. My mouth feels full, and I draw in my cheeks a little, my mouth filling with saliva which I try to swallow, my tongue pushing up against the cockhead. It is like having an really large lollipop in my mouth and I work my cheeks, sucking on it. I heard him moan and braced myself for him to cum, but he didn't, he just kept softly stroking my hair. Neither of the two cocks I had licked and sucked previously had lasted more than 30 seconds and I realised there was a big difference between Andy and the boys I had known before.

I press down a little further and feel his cockhead right up against the back of my mouth. I let my head bob a little, sliding an inch or so back and forward to the point where he pressed against my throat. He held my head, easing it up off his cock and out of my mouth. He stood and pushed me gently off the sofa onto the floor, so that I was kneeling between his legs. Without waiting for him to tell me, I grab his shaft once more and take him unbidden back into my mouth, my head bobbing enthusiastically as my jaw and mouth become accustomed to his sheer size. He too began to move, rocking his hips, pressing forward into me and I suddenly feel myself start to gag as he presses in deep, my body convulsing in coughs and I have the sudden feeling I am going to heave. He pulled back as I spluttered and coughed, thick strands of saliva (or something!) stretching out from my mouth to his cockhead as it waved in front of me once more.

As I gasp for breath and try to recover, he thrust his cock back into my open mouth, sliding along my tongue to the back of my mouth once more as I try to close my lips round him. Then he pushed even further, beyond the gag point and my throat muscles protested as he pressed the head right into my gullet. I start to panic a little as I grow short of breath, fearful that I might choke or suffocate. He pulled back a little and I gulped in air before he pushed forward once again.

You know how it feels when you have tried to swallow a bit of food that is a bit too big, how your throat hurts, and the hurt moves down as you force yourself to swallow? It was just like that as he pushed in, and I found myself involuntarily trying to swallow, my throat muscles reflexively pulling him even deeper. Just as my lungs begin to burn, crying out for air, he pulls back until just the head is still lying on my tongue, letting me snatch a breath then pushes in again, and does it again, and again. He thrusts hard into my throat, his heavy ballsack swinging, slapping my chin, about a dozen times times then his body suddenly goes rigid, his hands pulling my head even further down on his cock. He groans loudly, 'Fuck, yes' and I feel something warm run down my bruised throat before he starts to pull back.

His cockhead slips out of my throat into my mouth just as it spurts again, the spray hitting the back of my mouth, making me cough as my mouth fills with his hot cum. He pulled right out and I try too late to swallow, some of it already running down my chin, dripping on the floor. The third spurt hits me right across the face. I just have time to close my eyes as it hits my cheek and splattered over my closed eyelid, my forehead and into my hair. I feel further splashes on my neck and across my boobs as I try to wipe the cum from my eye, and then his cockhead is pressing between my lips once more, forcing in, a final spasm dribbling out onto my tongue.

I kneel there, my body shaking, my right eye stinging, as his softening cock slips from my lips and I swallow what is in my mouth. Even though it was his last spurt, my mouth seemed fuller than any time I have sucked cock before, the texture thicker and heavier. I can feel cum running down my body from my face, neck and breasts, pooling in my navel before overflowing and running on down to my neatly trimmed pubes and my legs.

He too was shaking a bit as he whispered, 'Christ, that was so good. The local boys must adore you Jenn, honey.' I was still trying to get my breath after the near choking on his cock. 'D you like the taste, Jenn? How much did you swallow?'

He dropped to his knees and grabbed my head, pressing his lips against mine, thrusting his tongue between them, swirling it round my own tongue. I felt myself respond, kissing back, pressing my cum-covered torso against his. He broke the kiss, and laughed 'Mmm, your whole tongue must be covered in my cum'. I could still taste his cum in my mouth and I swallowed a few times more, my throat hurting a bit each time, till the taste was gone. 'You were great, I could tell you really wanted that, you were so into it, so good at it.'

I blushed at his words. Yes, after the first hesitant licks I HAD wanted it, to feel his cock in my mouth, to take him as deep as I could, to feel him cum in my mouth, to taste his cum. What the hell was happening to me? The sexual heat of the whole situation, combined with the alcohol I have drunk today has sent my inhibitions flying to the four winds. I am horny, unbelievably horny, as I look at his softening cock, still so large, and I regret that I hadn't put on fresh lipstick before coming out. That would have let me see just how much of his long shaft I had taken into my mouth. I had distinctly felt him inside my throat, not just in my mouth. I wondered if even Mary, with her much wider sexual experience, had ever done that and I felt a strange surge of pride that I had done so. At the back of my mind was the thought 'I'm Jenn, the quiet girl, the good girl...I don't do things like that.' But I had done it, and, in spite of the fright when I couldn't breathe, I had loved it. My friends would not have recognised my behaviour, and I am not even sure I recognised myself in what I had just done.

I hoped he would now agree to delete the video, its final frame still showing on the TV screen behind me. But before I could speak he said, 'I'm sorry, I got a bit carried away there. It's been a while since I had a really good blow-job. I hope I didn't frighten you when I started to push. You just excited me so much I couldn't help it'.

He smiled, his eyes shining, and said 'Not many women can take me deep like that, and it must have hurt a bit. Let me make it up to you.'

He stood and turned me, pressing me back down on the sofa and dropped between my legs, taking a knee in each hand, pushing them wide. Heart pounding, I realised he was going to lick me, and I moaned loud in anticipation, my need to be touched overpowering any reservations my conscious mind might have. I felt his breath warm on my thighs as he bent between my legs and then the soft gliding touch of his tongue on my leg as it slowly rose from mid-thigh. He stopped, then lapped a little, whispering 'Wet already Jenn? And I haven't even started. Did sucking my cock get you all wet and horny?'

I realise he must be tasting the juices slowly running down my leg. When his tongue tip flicks across my clit it is like an electric shock running through me, and I can't resist crying out. His hands pressed against my thighs, trying to push them even wider as his tongue strokes along my open folds. I feel him suck one of my pussy lips into his mouth, gripping firmly with his lips, tugging gently on it, and then he released it, doing the same to its neighbour. No-one had done anything like that to me before and it sent thrills running through my entire body. Tom had reluctantly kissed me there a couple of times, and maybe given a couple of prods with his tongue, but that was my sole experience to date of a guy licking between my legs. Andy was something totally different, almost mind-blowingly different.

His tongue flickers around like a snake, running back and forth between my pussy lips, pressing into my wet hole, flicking upwards over my mound, then running back all the way to my arsehole. My eyes went even wider and I moaned as he licked round it, his tongue applying a little pressure on the centre. I was surprised that he licked me there, a place I had only touched with a finger a couple of times myself, thinking it kind of taboo. But well, a guy his age has probably picked up more than a few kinks in his day. Then he went to work on my pussy with a vengeance, his tongue pushing in, probing, licking my walls, flickering from side to side as he waggled it inside me. I grabbed his head, pressing him hard against my soft pussy lips, trying to push his probing tongue even deeper and then I came, and came hard, virtually screaming as the orgasm washed over me. It felt as if my entire insides were flipping over and I pulled my hands up, grabbing and squeezing my boobs.

Andy stopped probing, and lapped at my pussy as my juices flowed freely, so freely I wondered if I had totally lost control and my bladder had failed there seemed to be so much. I heard him swallow, not just once, but two, three times as I came back to earth. And he didn't stop, his tongue and lips moved upwards to my clit, his lips pressing down, sucking my tiny clit between them. I was moaning, muttering incoherently as he teased and tormented me, my hands scrabbling at his head, stroking his hair. I could feel a rising tension inside me, swelling as if I was going to burst, and then I came again, my thighs clamping shut, trapping his head. My hips jerked involuntarily as the second orgasm hit, grinding my pussy against his face, and this time I really did scream out my pleasure.

He slowly pushed my legs apart, releasing his head, looking up at me, his cheeks and chin glistening with my juices, smiling widely. I lay back breathless, after two of the most intense orgasms of my life. Nothing I had done before had prepared me for this, no amount of fingering myself, and certainly no guy, had ever made me come like that. I looked wide-eyed at Andy, as he stood, his cock fully erect again, swinging in front of me.

All thoughts of videos, deletions, and anything else were totally wiped from my brain as I looked at him and whispered, 'Andy... please... now.' My voice rose and quavered and I was almost shouting 'Please, Andy...'

Smiling, he moved closer, his voice as calm as mine was wild, as he held his cock out, slowly stroking it. 'Is this what you want, Jenn?' he teased. 'You want me in you? Is that it, Jenn?... You want my cock in that wet little pussy of yours?... Tell me what you want... No need to be shy about it, we both know you want it... say it, Jenn.'

'Don't tease me,' I say hoarsely, my bruised throat making me rasp my words. 'You know what I want... Yes, yes... I want your cock in me.'

I swallow and continue, the desperation evident in my voice. 'Yes, I want you... Fuck me Andy... I want you to fuck me now and fuck me hard... please, Andy, now... please...'

My voice seemed to fill the room, as I look up into his eyes, absolutely wanton with lust. I can barely believe what I was saying as I begged this man I had barely met, whose name I had only just learned, this man who was probably at least as old as my father, to fuck me. I have never said anything like that before in my life, not even in my most secret erotic dreams. I hardly ever use words like fuck even when talking with friends. I spread my legs wide as I reach out for him, eager, no, desperate, to feel him inside me.

He knelt between my legs, grabbing my hips, pulling me forward so my bum was halfway off the sofa, and pressed my legs backwards, presenting my pussy to him. I felt the cockhead rub along my thigh as he positioned himself and then he began rubbing it up and down between my folds, wetting it on the moisture there. He gripped his shaft, and then pressed the head against my tight little hole, the pressure building for a couple of seconds as he put his weight behind it and then my pussy entrance was stretching open, as he pressed the head inside. I felt my walls pushed out, clinging tightly to the cock head. He stopped for a second, looking down at me, smiling, then leant forward again, pushing once more, the head sliding along and between my walls, opening me right up. Looking down I could see about half his shaft still visible, even though my pussy felt fuller than it had ever been before.

I moaned loudly as he continued to slide in and he murmured 'God Jenn, you are so tight... mmm like a vice.....feels so good', He started to pull back a little, and then pushed forward again, going even deeper, forcing his cockhead along my tight walls. He groaned as he pressed even deeper 'Oh yes... almost as if you were...' and then he suddenly stopped and whispered in a shocked tone, 'Jenn! You are really, really tight... Is...is this your first time? Are you a virgin?'

Breathing deep, I shake my head whispering back, fearful he might stop 'No... but I've only done it few times before... please, don't stop Andy... I want it.'

'You should have told me... I didn't realise... You seemed so horny, so ready... I'll be careful.... When was your first time?'

He shifted position, lowering my legs, changing the angle. He began to move again, sliding gently in me, letting me get used to the feel of his large cock in my near-virgin pussy, pushing that bit deeper each time.

I intended to lie, to make him think I was more experienced than I am so that he wouldn't hold back, but somehow whispered, 'Three weeks ago... but it was nothing like this. You are so much bigger. I knew that when I held you, when I could hardly get you into my mouth... Oh Andy, it feels so good'.

He smiled and continued his slow, deliberate, entry. I felt him press against something deep inside, and as he continued to slowly fuck me the pressure on that built with each push until finally his entire cock was in me.

'He was a lucky guy...I hope he made it good for you. I wish I had moved here a month earlier, then maybe I could have been your first.' He started to rock a bit on his heels, his cock slipping back about two inches, then pressing back up into me 'Are you OK...not hurting?'

I nodded yes, and pushed my hips up to meet him as he made a slow push into me. It was hurting a bit as he stretched and opened me, but I wasn't going to tell him that, I just wanted more. He smiled and started to push faster, his strokes becoming longer and deeper as I tried to fuck him back. My breasts were flopping up and down on my chest as my body shook under him, my breaths getting shorter and deeper as we built up our rhythm, almost his entire cock lancing into me on each thrust now, my hands scrabbling on his back, my nails digging in, clawing at him, pulling him closer.

I was moaning and muttering, a constant litany of 'yes...oh fuck...god yes...faster...don't stop'. I could feel my excitement building with each thrust. Andy lifted my legs once more, tilting back my hips, and started to thrust even faster and deeper. I was almost howling now as each drive of his cock filled me, smashing into my cervix or whatever it is called at the top of my pussy. I could feel his balls slapping against my arse, and his own mutterings and grunts were getting louder.

Then it hit me, and I yelled loudly, my fingernails digging deep into his arse cheeks as I pulled him right in. My entire body convulsed as the biggest orgasm yet swept over me. I felt something release and a sudden wetness run down between our two joined bodies. I clung to him as he slowed his movements rocking slowly, most of his cock buried deeply in me and he asked in an excited and surprised tone 'Jenn? Did you just squirt?'

I didn't know it was possible to feel embarrassed with a guy buried balls deep in you, but I am sure I blushed for the umpteenth time that night as I whispered 'I'm sorry, I couldn't help it... I'll clean up the mess. I've never pissed myself before.' I started to move, to slip out from under him, convinced he must be totally disgusted, put-off.

He laughed loudly, 'Jenn, you little innocent. That wasn't piss. You squirted...do you know what that means? You had such a hard orgasm a little gland inside you ejaculated'. He bent to kiss my lips, softly, the taste of my juices still on his. 'It just means that it was really good for you, and I'm proud I could make that happen.'

Relief washed over me. 'You're not shocked, disgusted....you still want me?'

'Even more so. But let's try something different.' He pulled out of me and rolled me over, and I recognised that he wanted to take me from behind. Tom and I had never tried that, so I took my cue from what I had seen on the massive TV. I knelt up on the sofa, pushing my bum up and out, my legs spread for balance and reached behind me to find his cock and guide it back into me.

I was wide open and very wet now and he slid in full length on his first push. Again, he started to move slowly, building up the speed and length of his thrusts. The changed angle felt different, and he seemed to be touching different parts of my walls, pushing into them and along them. I pushed back, falling in with his rhythm, loving the feeling of his cock moving in me, filling me, hitting against my cervix.

I felt him press a finger against my other little hole, the one he had licked earlier and that felt strange but good. He pulled his hand away for a few seconds and I felt something cold squirt between my arse cheeks. I jump in surprise and wonder he is doing then I realise it was the lube again, and his finger came back, sliding more easily over my arsehole before slowly pushing in. I hold my breath, trying to adjust to this new intrusion, and relax a bit. It might be naughty, taboo even, but it does feel good, and I resolved I would explore there myself in future. For now, though, I was pushing back on his cock, trying to tighten my pussy walls around him. He started to move the finger in my arse in time with his thrusts into my pussy. It was an entirely new sensation and I could feel his finger pressing downwards inside me, pushing my pussy wall harder against his moving cock.

I was loving it, the way he just kept going. I realised he was deliberately holding back to keep my body on the brink, crying out for more, gasping as the waves of pleasure rippled through my body. Three times I thought he had been about to cum and then he had changed the rhythm, slowing down, pushing less deep, before building up again. I was in a high state of sexual excitement as his cock moved, touched, pushed inside me and I could feel the tension building up, and I knew I was getting close again, and couldn't hold back. I came again, almost collapsing under him, my whole body shaking and trembling.

And still he kept going, thrusting slowly as I tried to recover. I steady myself, my arms pressing me back up, and l push my arse out towards him again, eager for more. It feels so good I don't want it to stop, I want him to make me cum again and again, and I wonder how long he would be able to keep going. Tom would have filled the condom long ago.

Condom! Oh fuck! I suddenly panicked. 'Andy!', I almost screamed. 'You're not wearing anything... I'm not on the pill... Andy... don't cum in my pussy... please don't!'

He slowed his movements, still sliding deep in me.

'Cum anywhere else, Andy...my mouth, my face, my tits, anywhere you want...just not there.... I can't afford to get pregnant now.' My mind flashed back to the A-level exams a few weeks ago, and poor Evelyn, sitting them with her 8-month baby-bump making it difficult to reach the desk and all the teachers worried sick she would go pop in the middle of the exam. I don't know if there is any correlation between horniness and fertility, but if there is I am surely at boiling point, a bitch in heat indeed.

He whispered in my ear, 'You did mean it when you said anything, didn't you? And when you said anywhere?'

I answered frantically, 'Yes...anything...but don't make me pregnant, please...anything except that.'

He thrust into me twice more, slow, deep, pushes, and then slowly pulled out and said, 'No, it wouldn't be a good idea to get you pregnant. I assumed a hot little teaser like you was bound to be on the pill, and I didn't think to bring any condoms downstairs.'

I breathed a sigh of relief, and then a moan of disappointment at the idea of him stopping. But then I felt his hand slide down under me, going almost straight to my clit, pressing down on it then rubbing hard, keeping me on the boil. The finger in my arse withdrew, and then I felt another wash of coldness as he squirted more lube on to my hole and between my arse cheeks. I was moaning and squirming as he played with my clit and then I gasped as I felt his finger return to my arse, feeling bigger, thicker, stretching my tight little hole and I realised he now had two fingers there.

'But I have already cum in your mouth and your face and breasts are already covered in my cum....and I still want to cum in you.'

He laughed, a mockingly triumphant laugh. 'You did say you would do anything, didn't you? And you said cum anywhere except in your pussy?....If you've only ever done it with condoms I bet you are dying to know what it feels like when a guy cums inside you, right?'

I nodded, a bit confused. Yes, of course I wanted to know what it felt like, Mary had said it felt great and I knew I would find out once I was safely on the pill. But what did he mean, how could he cum in me without risking me getting pregnant?

And then it hit me. The little tongue flick while he had been licking my pussy, the fingering in my arse. Whether I was on the pill or not, he had probably been intending all along to move to my other, still virgin, hole. I cringed at my naivety and realised that now, in my panic and fear of pregnancy, I had more or less told him to cum in my arse.

He withdrew his fingers and turned me once more, laying me back on the sofa facing him, my bum hanging off the seat. He knelt, lifting and spreading my legs, tilting my hips upwards. Anxiously, I tried to protest, to say I hadn't meant that, to ask if there was another way, but my swollen throat refused to cooperate, and I could only mouth inaudibly as I felt something rub against the little brown hole, something harder and thicker than his finger.

He pushed his cock forward and pressed hard against my virgin arsehole. I felt the pressure build and myself being forced backward as my hole refused to open. It was like an iron bar pressing against me and I wondered his cock didn't start to bend as he put more and more weight on it and my unyielding arsehole. It was hurting and I managed to whisper, 'Andy...no...it's too big...it won't go in...'

His hands slipped down my sides, grasping the bones of my hips tightly and gave one more fierce push, pulling my hips roughly towards him at the same time. I screamed in shock and pain as I felt my sphincter surrender.

My arse was stinging like crazy and I was gasping for breath. My eyes were watering to the extent I couldn't see and I had to blink away the tears. But I could feel something there, lodged in my arse. Andy too was recovering his breath and stroked my face gently, whispering, 'Relax now Jenn... that's the worst over... it will feel better in a minute... Just relax, you'll love it'.

His voice and gently stroking hand soothed me and the sting started to ease a little, as if I was going numb. I felt my arse twitch, as if my bowels were trying to expel this intruder, but Andy stayed firmly where he was. I felt a little coldness as he squirted more lube on us. Then he pressed forward a little and the burning sting returned as another inch of his cock pushed in through my sphincter. He stopped again, stroking and soothing, bending forward to kiss my forehead.

He pushed forward once more. This time the sting wasn't nearly so bad. Instead of stopping, he pulled back a little, then slowly pushed forward again, beginning to fuck my arse in short, slow thrusts. There was still some sting, but it got less and less as he moved. I don't know if maybe something in the lube was soothing it or I was just getting used to it, but now I was feeling the thrill of a cock in my arse for the first time.

And it is a thrill. The sheer thought of doing something me and the girls had giggled about, that we thought of as a sort of gross male fantasy, something that only happened in porn, a thing that not even the sluttiest girls we knew admitted to doing, was exhilarating in itself. But also, the sensation of being filled up was giving its own feeling of satisfaction. It doesn't thrill in the same way as his cock in my pussy does, it is different, but I can't deny that it feels good.

Gradually his strokes lengthen and speed up a bit and I feel able now to start pushing back. His hands come forward, caressing and squeezing my breasts, pulling and teasing the nipples. He released one nipple and his right hand snaked down across my belly, two fingers running down to my slit and then pushing into my pussy. He began to thrust them into me, in a sort of counter rhythm. Driving them into the knuckle as he pulled his cock back, easing them back as he drove his cock into my still mildly stinging arse. His thumb was sliding over my clit each time he pushed his fingers in and I feel another orgasm suddenly build and overwhelm me and my whole body seems to spasm, and I clutch at him, pulling him against me, taking his cock and his fingers even deeper into me.

I cry out, 'Oh God... Yes Andy... Don't stop.' I don't myself know whether I mean don't stop rubbing my clit or don't stop fucking my arse. For me the two are now combined and, my head pressed hard against the back of the couch, I am thrusting my hips up and forward, meeting his increasingly deep pushes. I vaguely wonder if cumming with a cock in my arse is somehow perverse, whether it makes me a slut, but I don't really care anymore.

I felt his body tense, and he shoved his cock hard and deep, his thighs pressing against my arse cheeks, and then I feel him twitch and jerk inside me and a warm wave seems to flow in my guts as he spurts deep into my bowels. I feel him shudder three more times as his cock fills me with his warm cum.

I lay across the couch, my back sticking to it, held to the leather by the mixture of sweat and my leaking juices. Andy slowly straightened and started to withdraw. He pulled out slowly, my sphincter kicking in, try to push out this overlarge invader. The sting returned as he slid back, and then slipped out of me, a little rush of liquid following him, running down my arse crack and dripping on the floor.

He flopped down on the couch, and I pulled myself up into a sitting position, and then stood shakily, looking down at him. My arse is stinging, my pussy lips throbbing as if bruised from his fierce thrusts into me, and I still have the feeling of a lump stuck in my throat. I catch sight of myself in the mirror. My mascara has run, little black rivulets down my cheeks from my watering eyes. My hair on one side is plastered and sticky, and I can see the marks of drying cum across my face and neck, down across my breasts and belly. As I stand looking at my reflection, my intestines react to my latest sexual adventure, and I emit a couple of mini-farts, each causing a little rush of liquid down my legs, but I am past embarrassment.

Feeling almost dizzy, a bit detached from reality, I try to get to grips with what had happened in the last hour: I had sneaked into my neighbour's garden, watched him through his window as he wanked himself off to a porn film, and had finger-fucked myself as I watched. Then I had been caught. Instead of running, I had meekly followed him into the house, and stripped naked beside him in return for him deleting photos of me at his window.

And then he had blackmailed me. Yes, that's what it was in the end. I had promised to do anything if he would delete the incriminating video of me masturbating on the sunbed in my garden, the video he had taken on his phone as I had deliberately teased him, knowing he was watching. The thought of my mum seeing that, or worse, him splashing it across social media meant I had little choice. And he had twisted the knife, saying that he wouldn't do anything I didn't secretly want. And that was the most embarrassing and shameful bit. Everything after that, I had wanted.

Yes, I had wanted to touch his cock, to stroke it, to lick it, to taste it, to make him cum in my mouth. OK, I hadn't expected him to force it right down my throat, but I felt a flush of pride that I had been able to deep throat him, a mature man. I was fairly sure none of my friends had done that. And although I had never dared to think of asking him to, I had wanted him to go down on me, and the way he had done it, driving me to two incredible orgasms, was better than anything I had dreamed of. I felt my poor battered pussy moisten again at the memory.

And yes, I had literally begged him to fuck me after that. I had wanted his cock, so much bigger than the only cock I had had before. I had wanted him deep in my pussy and he hadn't held back, taking me to another orgasm as he pounded into me, and then had turned me, taking me doggy for the first time, going deeper than I had thought possible, his cockhead pressing hard on my cervix each time.

I had panicked when I realised I was unprotected, and his solution wasn't what I had expected. I should have protested, refused, but I was on such a sexual high that I was actually willing him to penetrate my virgin arse with his cock. Yes, it had hurt, and maybe I wouldn't tell the girls he had buggered me in case they thought I was a slut. But after the initial pain it had felt good, the previous taboo feelings adding to the sheer horniness of the situation. And I had felt him cum in me, his warm semen shooting out into me, and I knew that when I was on the pill and safe, I would want my lovers to cum in me so I could feel that sensation again.

I shook my head at the thought. If anyone had told me even a month ago that I, the quiet girl in the year, probably the only remaining virgin in fact, would be thinking like this I wouldn't have believed it. But I think I was already a different person than I had been only three days ago when I lay on the sunbed and had the idea to tease the hidden watcher.

He stood and hugged me, pressing my sweaty, cum-slicked, body against his, and said 'Thanks, Jenn. That was fantastic.' He reached down to the table and picked up his phone, unlocking it and passed it to me, grinning as he said, 'I think you earned this.'

I looked through his picture gallery, quickly deleting the video, and another, shorter, one that seemed to show me in the yellow bikini. There were a couple of still photos too, and I deleted them also. There was one further photo, almost artistic in its way, a slightly blurry shot taken at maximum zoom, showing me standing naked at my bedroom window, bathed in sunlight, an arm across my breasts, my other hand brushing my mound in a classic pose. It looked so good I thought of sending it to myself, but realised that would mean giving Andy my mobile number, so I reluctantly deleted it too. I handed the phone back saying 'Thank you.', uncertain whether i was thanking him for keeping his word, or for the pleasure he had given me.

Embarrassed by my own confusion, I quickly dressed, feeling his eyes watching my every movement. I left the wet red panties on the floor, and retrieved the blue bikini bottoms, crushing them into my bag. Blushing once again, too embarrassed to speak, I nodded in farewell, and made my way out, back down the garden, towards the safety of my home territory. As I turned the corner, I glanced back and saw him standing in the doorway, still naked, his cock once more in his hand.

Even though the sun had set it is still light outside, and I check my phone, surprised to find that little more than an hour had passed since I had sneaked up to his sitting room window. Our front door is locked, and I open it silently, slipping thankfully into the darkened house, my parents having gone to bed. I had dreaded them seeing me in the state I was in.

As I reached the top of the stairs I could hear my mum's voice, an excited moaning and muttering, and I stood at their bedroom door, wondering if I had sounded like that just a few minutes before. I badly need a shower, to wash off the cum and juices that are sticking to my body. But the noise might disturb them and I don't want to interrupt their obvious pleasure, and even more I don't want them asking exactly why I need a shower right now, so I crept quietly to my room. Seeing a light in what I now know to be Andy's study, I draw the curtains for the first time in months.

I strip off once more and lie naked on my bed in the darkness, the muffled sounds of my parents' lovemaking audible through the thin wall. It feels perversely exciting to lie like this, Andy's semen matting my hair and drying on my face and breasts, as what I hope is the last of his cum slowly trickles out onto the sheet. In the morning I will have to sneak the sheet into the washing machine, along with any cum-stained clothes, before my mother sees them.

I mentally relive what has been the most frightening, thrilling and exciting night of my young life. My hand again creeps to my pussy, running along my bruised lips. My finger circles then rubs my still very sensitive clit as my mum's moans from the next room reach a crescendo. As she comes, so too do I, and then, exhausted, I fall into a deep, contented, sleep.

I wake, from an erotic dream, slightly puzzled as to why it still seems dark and I remember that I had closed the curtains because I now know Andy can see me from his study. I lie there, remembering last night, and every detail of what I did, I wonder what I should do now. Obviously, it isn't something I could talk to my parents about, but how should I handle it when, as seems inevitable, I see my new neighbour again?

The bastard had blackmailed me, but, oh God, what he had done felt so good. I know I should avoid him, keep as far away as I can, essentially hide for the last couple of weeks before I go to University. But... I close my eyes, remembering how his cock had felt as he slowly pushed into me and I feel a little tremor run through me...

Shakily I get out of bed and walk to the window, wincing as my pelvis and thigh muscles protest at last night's activity. With a deep breath, I throw the curtains wide open and stand looking out across the 20 yards or so to Andy's study window. I tweak my nipples, then blow a kiss, before turning and pulling on a dressing gown to walk past my parents room to the shower. There are almost two weeks before I leave for University, and now I know that they will be good weeks, helping my new neighbour settle in.