

## **CRAZY 241**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### Chapter 241 My Neighbour, Soon to Be Lover 1

Introductiobn: A teen reprograms her older neighbour to become the lover she imagined him to be.

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Jacob Fimmel was the man of my dreams.

Not many 19-year-olds would say that about a guy that's three times their age but then again, Jacob wasn't just some guy—he was the guy.

I took my bottom lip into my mouth as I peeked at him through the curtains knowing he couldn't see me. I knew he was coming home around this time (around six p.m.) and I'd waited impatiently for his arrival, vaulting over the couch the split second I heard his car door slam shut.

Dressed in a dark blue business suit, Jacob hopped out of his cherry red Porsche, briefcase in hand. He paused a few seconds by the car, and I realized he was talking to someone on his cellphone. Good. That little occurrence gave me even more precious seconds to admire him from afar.

How lucky was I to grow up living beside such a man? Jacob was handsome, successful, gorgeous...

When I was thirteen, he moved in next door and that was around the same time that I'd seen the most delicious sight that would change my life forever.

I'd been upstairs in my room, which overlooked both our backyards, Jacob's and ours, when I'd wandered to the window.

It had been a hot summer's day with a nice warm breeze, the perfect weather to make you want to hang out by the pool—and that's exactly what Jacob did.

Only he wasn't just hanging out by the pool in the everyday sense of the term...he was literally hanging out by the pool. Thick dangling cock in all its glory.

I remember my cheeks going red when I beheld his nakedness but that embarrassment was soon replaced with interest.

I'd never seen a real cock before, and there in front of me, literally next door, was the thickest, meatiest cock surrounded by curly dark hair. His body was hard, I could see the muscles peeking out without him even flexing, and he had wisps of hair that curled on his chest. He'd been reclining on a chair, eyes closed, enjoying every bit of the warmth and I found I was doing the same—enjoying every bit of the strange warmth that was suddenly moving through my body.

It was a feeling I couldn't describe.

I don't know how long I'd been staring at him but when he opened his eyes he was looking straight at my window. I'd frozen for a second before I'd ducked, my heart racing.

Had he seen me?

I'd stayed there for a few minutes before I'd chanced raising my head slowly above the window sill to peek again.

But he was gone and so was my view of his gorgeous body.

For the next few days, the image of him was all I could think about. And the fascination didn't die. Weeks turned into months, and months turned into years, but I never did get to catch a glimpse of him sunbathing again—and that wasn't for a lack of trying.

Now, six years later, I still hunger to see him again, but my hunger has grown into a burning need to do much more than see him.

Put simply, he was all man—all six feet three inches of him and the boys at school didn't, couldn't, and would never compare to Jacob Fimmel.

His footsteps on the cobblestone driveway brought me back to the present and I watched with mild disappointment as he entered his house.

For possibly the thousandth time, I found myself wishing he was coming home to me.

I knew his wife didn't know what she had. Why else would she always be off on her silly conferences doing her activism. I knew she didn't appreciate him as much as I could.

A man like Jacob needed a woman who would worship him.

A woman like me.

Reluctantly, I sulked away from the window. That was all I would be seeing of him till tomorrow evening when he returned from work. He was some high-end businessman so he had pretty regular hours. That made my peeping schedule a bit easy. All I had to do was get home from community college in time for his arrival and I could get my eyeful for the evening.

The ring of the doorbell made me jump.

I hadn't been expecting anyone and my mother wouldn't be ringing the bell...unless she forgot her keys...again.

Rolling my eyes, I headed to the door, throwing it open.

“Mom—” I stopped and my mouth fell open. Eyes wide, I was frozen in mid-speech.

“Hello, Layla. Sorry to stop by so unexpected. I hope I’m not bothering you.”

Jacob Fimmel was standing in front of me, smiling. The corners of his eyes crinkled with those lines you get from squinting too much.

“Uh, hello Mr. Fimmel. No, its ok—I wasn’t doing anything.” I felt my cheeks grow red. Why couldn’t I have said something more...normal?

“Good...” His smile didn’t break. He was standing close, too close, I felt like I wasn’t going to be able to continue breathing for much longer. His cologne wafted into my nostrils and all I wanted to do was close my eyes and inhale it deeply.

“Listen, Layla. It seems my wife left the house without leaving out the key. I usually have my key but I’d left in a rush this morning and I think it’s on the table inside the house. I just called Julia and she won’t be home for hours, and then I had the idea...” He trailed off and gave me a strange look, raising one of his eyebrows.

“What?” My lips were dry but I dare not wet them. I was pretty sure if I brought my tongue to my lips it would be quite evident that I was longing for someone else’s tongue there—namely, his.

“Oh, it’s a silly idea.” He frowned and half-turned to leave. “Nevermind, don’t worry about it. I’ll just wait in the car. Thanks, Layla.”

My heart skipped a beat. He was leaving. Do something for Pete’s sake!

“Oh, you wanted to stay here till your wife returned?” I blurted out. I was about to mentally berate myself when Jacob turned.

“No,” he chuckled. “I was going to ask you to climb in through the kitchen window and get my keys for me. I figured with your tiny frame you could get in.” He shook his head. “Nevermind, it would have been a weird request.”

He turned to leave again and my heart rate increased.

“I could do it. It wouldn’t be a problem.” I was five feet three inches tall and not more than one hundred and ten pounds. I was sure I could slip through his window without causing damage to myself or his house.

Jacob turned to regard me for a few seconds, a slight frown on his forehead, before he smiled.

“Are you sure?” He was giving me a chance to back out but little did he know was that if the building was on fire I’d have still gone in to get something if he’d asked me to.

I nodded, stepping out of my house and closing the door behind me.

Jacob grinned and led the way to the back of his house.

“I owe you a favor after this,” he said, glancing back at me as he walked. When he reached the kitchen window he pointed at it.

“Do you think you could get through that?”

I looked at the window and nodded. It was just like ours and I’d broken into our house the same way many times.

“Sure,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady.

Jacob peeped through the window. “The keys are right there on the kitchen counter. I can see them.”

I walked up and took a look. I spotted the keys and began hoisting myself. I had almost hoisted all my body up when I felt Jacob’s hands around my waist.

He was lifting me so I could better maneuver myself into the open window but I suddenly could concentrate on nothing else but the feel of his hands around my waist.

They were firm, strong, and his touch was electric.

I wanted to feel them there and in other places.

“Layla?”

I realized he was asking if I was high enough to enter the house.

“Oh, thanks, this is high enough.” I all but whispered the words. As I gained my balance and his hands slipped away, they brushed against my ass and my breath shot up into my nose in one sharp intake.

“Layla, are you ok?”

“Yes,” I answered weakly. “I’m almost in.”

I slipped into the kitchen, landing on the counter, and hopped off. Grabbing his keys, I jiggled them in my hands with a nervous smile.

Outside, Jacob smiled and gave me a thumbs up, gesturing that I should meet him at the front door.

Walking through his house, I mused at how different it was inside. Architecturally, it was the same as my house. Our estate was filled with identical houses. Yet, the inside of his was so different from ours.

Pictures of his wife and kids scattered the wall. The kids were the same age as me, but unlike me who couldn't afford to go to a fancy university out of state, they hadn't been so unlucky. His daughter and son smiled back at me in the pictures alongside his wife and I felt a pang of something—jealousy?

When I reached the front door, I opened it for him and he greeted me with a grin.

Pulling me into a loose hug, he chuckled. "You are a lifesaver, Layla."

He took the keys from my hand and shrugged off his jacket, placing it on the coat hanger.

My whole body was tingling all over. I could still feel his touch lingering as if his arms were still here.

"Would you like something to drink? It's the least I can do for you taking me out of such a bind." He was rolling up his sleeves and it was revealing his tanned arms underneath.

I nodded. "Yes, please." Anything to stay longer in your presence, Jacob, anything. Reaching across me, he shut the front door and another waft of his cologne flooded my nostrils.

I was going to remember that scent for a while.

It was going to be a memory I stroked to sleep at night.

Heading off to the kitchen, I followed behind him and watched as he grabbed two light beers from the fridge.

He frowned as he regarded the bottles before glancing at me quizzically. "You ok to drink this?"

I nodded again and climbed up onto one of the barstools by the kitchen island.

Jacob slid the bottle to me and took a sip of his beer.

"So," he started, "your mother told me you started community college this year."

I nodded.

"How has it been so far?" He looked genuinely interested, which surprised me a little.

"I—uh—." I cleared my throat. "It's okay I guess."

"What are you studying?"

“Psychotherapy.”

“Oh.” His eyebrows shot up. “I would never have guessed.”

“Why is that?” Why the heck was my voice so soft? Do I usually speak like this?

“I just figured you would be into something like software engineering.”

“Like a programmer?” I was intrigued.

Jacob shrugged. “I guess, yes. Whenever I see your mother, she always mentions that you are stuck in your room on your computer.”

I flushed red. I could feel it.

Tucking my light-brown hair behind my ears, I focused on taking another sip of my beer.

My mother was always doing that. I know exactly why she was always mentioning me to him. No doubt she was comparing his kids to me. I never lived up to anyone in her eyes.

Well, at least she thought I was doing something constructive on my laptop when I was holed up in my room.

Truth is, ninety-percent of the time I was watching porn and masturbating. Look, these constant wayward thoughts about a man that would probably never be mine have to be released somehow.

“Well, psychotherapy is a bit like programming,” I ventured quietly.

Jacob chuckled and nodded. “Well, your mother is always going on about it.”

“Yes, she tends to go on about me ever since dad died,” I said without thinking.

I saw his eye fall to the floor and it was obvious he was contemplating something.

My father died two years after Jacob and his family moved in next door.

Since then, my mother raised me on her own. I guess part of her issue of complaining about me was embedded in the fact that she was worried about whether she’d done a good job raising me.

Well, as grandma said, “she’s not shooting up drugs or selling herself so you did a good job.”

I smiled at the memory.

For a few minutes, we drank in silence then Jacob mused. "To be honest, it's sad that I don't know more about you, Layla. We've been living beside each other for six years. I could've been more...present."

I glanced at him and found his piercing blue eyes on mine.

I gulped.

My lips were dry again.

"It's fine. It wasn't your burden and we didn't expect you to." I smiled.

Plus, constantly rubbing my clit after every encounter with him would have left me sore everyday. I mean, there was going to be some clit rubbing tonight.

A lot of it.

Jacob's eyes softened.

"Look," he said, "if you need help with anything, anything...school, home life, money, don't be afraid to ask. I know those things can be, difficult, especially the last one, which can be a bit tight."

I smiled.

Oh, Jacob Fimmel, what I want help with is a lot more complicated than those and, oh God, a helluva lot tighter.

You have no idea.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 242 My Neighbour, Soon to Be Lover 2

I opened my eyes to pitch darkness.

I'd fallen asleep again without getting ready for bed.

I groaned and the curse that left my lips was muffled by the textbook underneath my face.

It was a book with too many pages.

I didn't want to read it and probably didn't \_need \_to read it.

Heck, I'd been trying to read it for the past five hours and the result...well, a wet trail of drool straight down the binding.

Hypnotherapy 101 was one course I was destined to fail if I couldn't even get through the main text on

the subject. I knew I needed to study but there were a lot of things I'd rather do, like—

The corner of my lip turned up in a lopsided smile and my clit throbbed in response.

Yep, that's what I'd rather do.

I had lots of material stashed away in my memory. The latest of which was the feel of Jacob Fimmel's hands around my waist.

I closed my eyes briefly, as I revelled in the memory. God, imagine those hands doing the same thing as he guided me down onto his...

Mmm.

I stopped the thought as my clit throbbed again.

Thinking about Jacob only led to one thing and I really needed to get back to studying. My lecturer didn't care about hot men or what I'd like them to do to me. Or did he? I chuckled at the thought.

Yawning, I waited a few minutes for my eyes to adjust to the room. Judging from how dark it was, I reckoned mom had already come home from her shift at the hospital. Slipping my leg over the mattress and sliding onto the floor, I padded lightly to her room.

The door was half open, as she'd always left it after dad died...after everything changed...after I started having recurring nightmares that had me waking every night, drenched in sweat, my pulse through the roof. She'd left her door open so she could hear my screams and come to wake me.

That was the thing with those nightmares. I was always paralyzed, unable to move, unable to wake myself up—just trapped in the nightmare playing in my head with my body wanting run but my mind holding me frozen.

The memory of the dreams made me shudder.

Peeping into the room, I could just make out mom's blonde head poking from under the duvet. Her light snoring confirmed what I already knew—she was completely worn out.

A sad smile smoothed my lips.

She didn't have to work so hard if she wasn't alone. She was only working so hard for me.

I sighed as the whole reason why I needed to complete college confronted me again. What started out as a way to potentially help myself was now presenting itself as a lifeline for both of us.

I needed to complete community college for both of us.



Stepping away quietly from the door, I padded to the refrigerator and poured myself a glass of orange juice. I still hadn't turned on the light but I knew the kitchen by heart, plus my eyes had adjusted to the darkness.

I'd done a lot of things in my room in the darkness. My eyes were used to it.

Walking aimlessly over to the kitchen window, I sipped my orange juice and looked out. The light across from me caught my attention immediately. I could see right into Jacob's kitchen.

It was empty though; no one was around. Why was the light on? I wasn't sure, but it had to be around three a.m. at least.

I stood looking into the kitchen for a few minutes, absentmindedly sipping on my orange juice. Just when I was about to turn and head back to my room I saw him.

Jacob.

A shirtless Jacob.

He walked into the kitchen and headed directly to the refrigerator. I watched, my heart rate increasing, as he pulled out a bottle of alcohol, poured himself a glass, and took a drink.

It must have been very strong because he screwed his face a little as the drink made contact with his throat.

He closed his eyes for a second and leaned back against the kitchen counter.

A delightful little buzz went up my spine as I watched his Adam's apple bob in his throat, and I swallowed as well. My mouth was suddenly dry.

What luck to be giving my eyes such an early morning feast. I gulped again as my eyes roamed over his arms then down his chest. I could just about make out the dark curly wisps that ran down his torso and disappeared in his pants.

I knew where they led. I knew what they pointed to.

I could feel myself getting moist just thinking about it.

Fuck. I wish I could see it again.

Hard. Thick. Large and throbbing.

"Layla?" The whisper almost made me jump out of my skin.

Red-faced, and thankful she couldn't see my cheeks in the darkness, I swung my neck so fast in the direction of the sound, it almost broke.

Mom padded over to me. I could see her rubbing her eyes.

"What are you doing up?" I could've asked her the same question.

"I was studying." I didn't know why I was whispering.

My eyes flew back over to the window. Jacob was still there.

Shit. She was going to realize I had been standing here staring at him like a creep.

"You have that big exam tomorrow, don't you?" She'd reached where I was standing and I could see her face just enough to know she was looking at me as she spoke.

I nodded then realized she probably couldn't see that I did. "Yea." I let out a breath slowly. Why did I feel so guilty? Like I'd been caught doing something naughty.

Mom's warm, comforting hand pressed against my back and she patted it lightly.

"You'll pass it. It's that course you hate, isn't it?"

"Yep." I sighed again.

Mom patted my back again and then I felt her hand pause in mid-motion.

"Oh," she breathed, and my heart stopped beating for a second.

I could see her enough to realize she was now staring out the window.

I didn't quite like the way she'd said it, as if she'd seen something of interest.

I was instantly annoyed.

"I guess he can't sleep again," she murmured.

"What?"

"Jacob," she murmured again, her focus no longer on me or our conversation. No, her focus was on my midnight snack across from us and I didn't like it.

"Jacob?"

She'd called him Jacob. I mean, that was his name but it was my name for him. I only called him Jacob in private. He was Mr. Fimmel in public. But Mom was calling him by his first name.

I turned to focus my gaze on him once again and realized he was still standing in the same position, leaning against the kitchen counter.

He had the glass he'd been drinking from pressed firmly against his forehead, his eyes still closed.

She'd called him Jacob.

I repeated it in my head and felt myself frown. I knew adults referred to each other by their first names; I guess I could do the same. I was an adult too. It may be irrational, but I hated that Mom and Jacob were on a first-name basis.

"Told me he'd been having trouble sleeping lately," she continued, removing her hand from my back and folding her arms.

I could see enough of her face now to see her eyes no longer had sleep in them. They were alive with...well, I hope I wasn't seeing what I thought I was seeing in her eyes.

"He told you that? Why?" I asked, trying to hide the annoyance from my voice.

Mom glanced at me for a second. "He's my friend. We talk. He's been having trouble sleeping for some time now. He didn't tell me the cause though."

Friends.

They were friends.

I wanted to be friends with him. Not my mother!

And when did they have these conversations?

I watched my mother lick her lips absentmindedly.

Fuck.

It hit me then that she hadn't turned on the light either.

My eyes narrowed.

"Maybe I should tell him to try what we did to help you back then with your sleep." She seemed to be thinking out loud.

I knew what she was referring to.

It had been the only thing that had helped—the only thing that had stopped the nightmares from coming for me at night.

It was the reason I'd initially gone to study psychotherapy. That and my father's death.

I didn't answer my mother. I didn't know what to say.

It took a few seconds before I finally said, "Ok."

Turning, I whispered that I was heading back to bed and left her standing at the window.

In my room, I flopped into my pillow and refrained from screaming.

I couldn't study now. And I definitely couldn't do what I'd wanted to do earlier. There was no throbbing in my core anymore. Instead, there was that distinct feeling of panic.

I'd seen the look in her eyes. I knew it well because I looked at Jacob the same way.

Mom was thirsty, and it wasn't water she thirsted for.

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I walked to the front door with my shoulders slumped.

I'd had three exams in a row and they absolutely kicked my ass. I was only happy to be home so I could go lock myself in my bedroom and make myself feel better.

I was just opening the door when I heard someone call my name. Looking up to the direction of the sound, my eyes widened slightly. Jacob Fimmel was waving at me from his front garden.

How had I not noticed him standing there?

My eyes widened even more as I realized he was heading my way.

Shit.

The keys slipped from my hand. Stooping to pick them up, I was just straightening myself when I spotted his gray sneakers on the floor in front of me.

That undeniable scent of his cologne reached my nostrils.

This was Jacob. Pure Jacob standing in front of me.

My heart rate increased.

My eyes followed the sneakers, up his legs to the hem of his shorts, up the shorts to his—I gulped—crotch. It took me a few seconds to realize I was staring at it and my gaze then flew to his face. I blinked wildly.

“Layla.” Jacob smiled as he greeted me and those lines at the corners of his eyes appeared.

I felt my body warm immediately as his voice reached my ear.

“Mr. Fimmel,” I steadied my voice but knew I couldn’t steady my insides. Inside, everything was going haywire.

As I smiled and looked up at him, I noticed the slight redness in his eyes. Mom had probably been right about the sleeping thing.

It’d been three days since she’d said that and I still couldn’t take the bad taste our conversation had left in my mouth.

“How’s your exams going?”

How did he know I had exams?

I shrugged. “I’d like to say they’re going well, but they aren’t.”

I should have lied. Now he was going to think I’m dumb.

“Hypnotherapy, isn’t it?” He smiled, disarming me as if I needed to be disarmed any further.

My eyes searched his for answers. Just how did he know that?

“Your mother told me you were having some trouble,” he explained.

Of course.

Sometimes, I didn’t know if I should love or hate that woman. In the past few days, it was leaning to the latter.

“Um, yea.” I nodded. It felt strange that he knew so much about me. Just how much more did he know?

“Layla.”

I looked up at him and his eyes were unreadable. The air suddenly felt thick and I couldn't breathe.

"I need your help with something."

"You left your keys inside again?" I blurted.

"No," he chuckled and his gaze softened but there was still something intense behind it. "I'm having a bit of...trouble and your mother mentioned you might be able to help."

My brows furrowed. Just what has my mother been telling him about me.

"You know, since you're training to be a psychotherapist." He seemed uncomfortable and he folded his arms across his chest.

"Oh?"

"Can we talk inside?"

"Oh, of course." I spun and opened the door. Jacob Fimmel was asking to come into my house. My house. With me. Alone.

I don't know how I managed to open the door but somehow I did without causing the keys to fall again.

Once inside, Jacob came in behind me and closed the door lightly behind him.

"Um, please have a seat." I gestured to the couch.

I'd imagined him within my space many many times but my imagination had been lacking. He seemed to fill the room with his presence. It was as if I could feel the air around him move as he walked over to the couch and sat.

He glanced around the living room before he turned his head to smile at me and then he did something that I swore made me stop breathing. His eyes lingered on my chest for just a little but just enough for me to start tingling there.

Oh. My. God.

I hadn't bothered to wear a bra today and a glance down confirmed my nipples were poking through my tight t-shirt. They were hard and I felt a jolt of electricity shoot straight to my core.

"Layla." Jacob's voice brought my wandering thoughts back to the present.

"I need you to try some of your techniques on me."

What?

“What?” I repeated my thoughts.

“I need you to do to me what you do to yourself at night.”

My mouth went dry, my clit throbbed, and I gulped all at the same time.

What?

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 243 Feels So Righ

This story begins in Detroit, MI. Now, for disclaimer I'm not going to mention any real names in this story.

It was my birthday, I just turned 18 years old, and I was a bit of a bad boy. My father is a bishop and had his own church. At the time, before it had gotten shot up a couple months later, one day my brother brought one of his college friends over to the church.

He met the family, chilled with us a few more times after that, he was real cool! His name was “AJ”! So, my brother, and AJ had came over to watch the game with the family, one night. He got along with everyone so well, it was cool plus, he kept coming by frequently more and more.

Fast-forward to the fateful day, we was all sitting around laughing and talking about random shit: Girls, Getting rich one day, Big booty women, and much more, when he stood up and decided to mention that he had a girlfriend. Now, by the sound of his voice we all used to think that he was gay, because he often bragged about just how “fine” she was, how “big” her ass was, and how they'd met at his church.

However, we had never seen her. This time, it was different, because he said that he was going to bring her over to the house to meet everyone. It was around 1:30 in the afternoon, on my birthday, the sun was shining, I was feeling good, I got dressed in my new outfit, put my new shoes on, “Ooooooowwwweeeeeeeee! I'm gonna kill these hoes, today!” I thought as I made my way downstairs.

There she was, my brothers homeboy's girlfriend! He introduced her to me, her name was “Asha”! She stood about 5'5, she was little but that body of her's always was and always will be banging. She was very thick, light-skinned complexion. Big hazel eyes and big lips. She had this big, round, jiggle ass that literally would not stop shaking when she walked! Her breasts were about a B-cup I assumed, and thick thighs.

She had on these leggings and a sleeveless top. I could barely keep my composure, my big, 11 and a half inch dick was throbbing. I walked up to her and politely said “Hello! How are you?”. “Hey! They told me that it was your birthday, today. How are you?” she said. Shocked that she was talking to me, I simply

responded laughing "I'm good! You know chilling!". "Oh ok, how old are you?" she asked smiling after my last answer.

"I'm 18!" I happily said. I wanted too but I just could not stop smiling. Then, she held out her arms for a hug. Now generally speaking, I'm between 5'11 and 6'0 at this time, and remember she was 5'5. When she wrapped her arms around me, she put them around my neck, so as I leaned down to hug her, I gazed over her shoulder and there it was. Man if you could've seen it! "What a booty! I....I mean beauty!" I thought to myself. So, I wrapped my arms around her waist bringing them out below her butt and wide, just to have an excuse to where when I brought them in to engulf her I would be touching it. To my surprise, she just looked back and smiled.

"Happy birthday, bro!" my brother's friend said trying to break the two of us up! "Thanks man! Good looking out!" shaking his hand. "What's good witcha, playboy? You tryna turn up?" my brother asked me. "Yeah, what are we talking about doing?" I asked him. "Well, I'm calling my girl up right now, but I was thinking we could go chill at my place, blow a couple blunts, ya know?" he said laughing. "Oh ok, what time you tryna set everything up, bro?" I said looking at my watch.

"Shit! We can go right now!" he said. "Aight, let's do it!" his friend said as he grabbed his girl's arm. "Oh yeah, call up your girl, that way it can be all of us kicking it.". "Bro, you know I ain't got no girl!" I told him. "Man, you need to step your shit up bro! Hold on, I'm gonna go see if my girl can bring you someone.". Just as he turned to walk out of the room, "Asha" looked at him, and said "It's ok! Probably better that he doesn't have one!".

Confused, my brother and "AJ" looked at each other, and said "Aight! Let's go!". On the ride to my brother's apartment, the music was on and they were arguing because he thinks she can lose some weight, he was telling my brother about how when they were having sex the night before she wanted him to pick her up, and when he tried she said that he dropped her. Now, he thinks she is a bit "Too thick". On the contrary, he is always at the gym, talking about how big his muscles and shit is.

Now, if anyone knows anything about me? It's that when it comes to women, the thicker the better! Although, I knew, she didn't know that yet, she was soon about to find out! The girl is one bad motha-shut yo mouth! If you can't handle the heat, stay out of the kitchen. I mean, I don't know, but damn! That's one tough cookie!

So, as the debating proceeded, and as we got closer to the apartment, he pulled over at the liquor store and they jumped out the car, both slamming their doors screaming "We gon' get fucked up, tonight!". As soon as he walked away, she looked over at me. I instantly felt my third leg throb as it slowly crept down my thigh. "Hey!" she said to me in a soft voice. "Uhhh..... Hey! What's up Asha?" I responded. I could see that she could tell I was nervous, I mean, how could I not be. "Are you Ok?" she asked giggling and squinting her eyes at me.

"Yeah, I'm fine!" I reassured her even though it felt as though my dick was going to jump out of my pants. "Sorry but can I ask you a question?" she said sounding very seductive as it was also in her eyes. "Fasho! What up doe?" I said. "Am I too thick?" she asked. "You want my honest opinion?" I asked. "Of



course, that is why I asked right?" she responded in a serious tone. "To me, hell no! You would be perfect for me!" I exclaimed laughing.

"Oh really? So, you know what to do with all of this?" she said giving me that eye. "Yeah! The thicker, the better!" I said. "Is it real?" I asked. "It's real!" she said laughing. "Can I touch it?" I asked her feeling super nervous. I mean, I'd met her before, just not in this way! "Boy, you already touched my booty! What else you tryna touch? Plus, you know my man just went into the store for a moment!" she said laughing. Just as I was about to grab her thighs, my brother and his homeboy was coming back to the car. On the way, we grabbed some weed, and headed to the spot.

We pulled into the parking lot, and walked into the house. I literally can't put it into words, how amazing that big, soft, booty looked bouncing and shaking as she got out of the car. My brother unlocked the door to his apartment and was the first one to walk in, followed by his girl, then next "AJ" grabbed the remaining bags and he made his way into the door. Asha, made sure I was good then she proceeded into the apartment, with me walking in right behind her. Being the gentleman that I am, I let his girl go in first, then I would follow. She dropped her purse, which she claimed to be an accident.

Feeling embarrassed, from the fact that she bent over and rubbed that big behind against my throbbing snake. "Excuse me! I gotta be more careful." she called out. "Yes, I guess you do." I responded laughing nervously. "Ay! Bro, come here!" he called out from the kitchen. "Aight!" I said looking at her. As I walked away, she winked at me. Walking into the kitchen, my homeboy showed me the liquor and weed that he had bought for the festivities. It was time to get this thing started!

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 244 I Want You So Bad

This story begins when I flew down to Las Vegas, to visit a friend and some family. My plane touched down around 4:30 in the afternoon, and I was greeted by my Aunt and my Cousin. Now, for disclaimer I'm not going to any real names in this story. There I was, as I walked through my terminal and into the baggage claim area to get my things I suddenly heard a familiar voice.

There she was, one of my favorite 2 Aunt's in my family. Aunt Bee, stood about 5'4, she was little but that body of her's always was and always will be banging. She is a very curvy woman, she has caramel skin, with big brown eyes and big full lips. That's not why she's one of my favorite 2 though.

She is very very curvy, she has this big, round, soft, jiggy ass that literally will not stop shaking, no matter what! DD breasts, and thick thighs. She used to always let me get away with touching on that big booty, and used to laugh when I would poke fun at how it would jiggle. So, fast-forward a little, my Aunt arrived with my Cousin right on schedule to pick me up. Being as though it was my first time in Vegas, they both wanted to show me around, but, I had other things in mind.

On the ride to her house, Aunt Bee is screaming with excitement about how much I've grown up and how much she misses me! Then she turned around and asked me: "Are you hungry?", I said "Yeah, that flight took a lot out of me." to which she responds "I hope not everything?" in return I just sit back and smiled. I glanced up and saw her looking at me through the rearview, leaning up closer behind her seat

and looking over her shoulder I could see that she had one hand on the steering wheel and the other on her pussy. As I watched, I looked to see if my Cousin noticed us, but he was always on his phone caking with some girl and looking out of his passenger side window.

“He’s probably already hip to it.” I thought. Trying not to attract too much attention to myself, I leaned over her shoulder and whispered in her ear “You know I want that, right?” as I sit back I grabbed her butt cheek that was hanging off of the seat. I could see her smiling as I held it for the rest of the way to her house.

On the way, we dropped my Cousin off at his babymama’s house and I told him that Aunt Bee would drop me back off later. She only lived about 5 minutes away, I never been this anxious in my life. Pulling into the driveway she says “Well, this is it. Make yourself at home!” as we walked into her house. “Nice!” I thought. She came a long way from what she used to have. Fighting so hard, but I just couldn’t, I couldn’t resist staring at that big fat booty as it jiggled like a tub of Jell-o as she walked upstairs.

“Tyrone? Tyrone!” she called out.

“Yes, Auntie?” I responded to her.

“Can you come help me with something?” she asked sounding pretty desperate and out of breath.

“Sure here I come!” I damn near fell trying to get up them damn steps that fast.

“Baby I’m sorry for calling you the way that I did. I just needed your help.” she exclaimed.

“It’s ok, what’s the matter?” I asked her.

“I wanted to know if you could help me into my bed?” she asked.

Now, before you think this is the craziest set up ever. Once again, my Aunt was only 5’3-5’4, and she had ordered this bed out of this catalog, that had come with a step ladder which had broken because of my cousin she claims. So, you could imagine the shock on my face was probably the same that you have on yours too. Well, it doesn’t just stop there she asked me to hold on while she went into her bathroom. Yes, she had her own bathroom inside of her bedroom. I never seen anything like that before. She informed me that she wanted to take a quick shower, due to her running errands all day and that drive from the airport to her house.

“You can sit down on the bed, and watch you something I just got this new cable package last month.” she explained to me while taking off all of her clothes.

“Ok! I think I’m just going to lie down on the bed here.” I said to her.

“Awww! Poor baby!” she said laughing as she jiggled down the hallway swaying them wide hips.

“Girl, hush!” I responded. “This poor baby could use a shower, too!”

“Yup! I ain’t had no type of joint pain yet, that a hot shower, couldn’t fix!” she said as I heard the water turn on and she pushed the door closed.

Still leaving the door cracked, for me to be able to see into it. “She must be reading my mind.” I said to myself. I got up off the bed, and walked over to the door where I looked into the crack and I could see her reflection on the mirror. To my surprise the shower curtain, wasn’t even closed. She had it open on purpose because she knew I would come and enjoy the show. The way the water just ran down her back, and bounced off of those big fat juicy ass cheeks, just got me rock hard. I have a 12 inch dick, a lot of women calls it a g-spot dick. As you would imagine when I get hard, I have to do something about it.

As I gently pushed the door a little wider open, so I could get a better view of that big beautiful brown round ass. Turning the TV on so she couldn’t hear me, I pulled down my jeans and withdrew my big long thick dick out of my pants. Throbbing and already awoken! You could see the veins through the chocolate skin. I began stroking it slowly, and then started squeezing the head, unknowingly to the fact I couldn’t hear her turn the water off, as I was just about to climax to her big butt as she made it jiggle. By the time I realized she was already out of the shower, she was standing there with the bathroom door open, towel halfway on, and she just smiled and winked and said “Did you enjoy the show?”

To be continued.....

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 245 Mom And Daughter Fun

This is the story about how I had sex with my girlfriend and her mother. That’s right, her and her mom! So, I was between the ages of 16-17 years old. I had someone online, she was a pretty, cool girl I thought, plus she was a couple years older than me. Now, I’ve been with older women all my life but this was about to be the first time of me having sex with a older woman.

My girlfriend at the time was about 18-19 years old, her mother was 36! Of course, in all of my stories I never use anyone’s real name so we will say that my girlfriend’s name at the time was “Brittany”, and her mother’s name is “Marissa”. My girlfriend was mixed she had a black dad and white mom. She stood about 5’6, pretty complexion, very easy on the eyes, nice full lips, nice hips, thighs, and a nice round big butt. Now, her mom, this woman..... Whew! She had the whole package she was around 5’5, pretty face, soft skinny lips, easy on the eyes, very sweet. She had a big, juicy, round ass. She was a BBW! Thick thighs, wide hips, everything!

When we met online, we had began talking every single day, for like countless hours and hours. We were vibing off of each other! Laughing, joking, playing, talking, everything. There wasn’t anything we couldn’t talk about, nor was there anything that we wouldn’t either! Just one BIG problem though she stayed like 45 minutes away from. At this time, I had not gotten my license yet, and she later revealed to me that she had a condition that prevented her from getting hers. We kept on trying to find a way that I could go and see her, but it didn’t seem like there was a way for it to happen, until that night.

One night, while we were on the phone, I asked her to see if her mother would be cool enough with coming to pick me up! Besides, her and I had talked before on the phone, but it was always mostly a subtle “Hi” and “Bye”, never nothing serious. She told me that her mom and dad, were in the middle of finalizing their divorce and that her dad was trying to find someone to go live but in the meantime, he was crashing there with them! So, I asked to speak to her mom. If anyone knows me, they will tell you that I’ve always had a very mature mind, even at a very young age. Knowing this, I knew all it was gonna take was for me to get one good time on the phone with her mom to make the magic happen. Just as expected, I WAS RIGHT! I told “Brittany” to take her mom the phone and tell her I had to speak with her about something important, and viola, I was on the phone with her. Man, I had her laughing and giggling, joking and talking, she told me that she really appreciated it and how much she had needed it, because she had been under such stress lately.

Once all of this happened, I knew I had her hooked. Easing into it, I asked her mom, and right away she agreed! She said “I know you have been talking to my daughter for awhile now, and I don’t know what it is about you yet, that she really likes.” I said “I guess you’re going to have to find out!” and she just simply replied “Maybe, so!” Brittany announced that she was going to go to the bathroom. This obviously gave me and her mother not only more time to talk, but also, time to talk amongst ourselves. I was stoked when her mother said “So, you seem a little bit “too mature” for Brittany. Maybe, you should be talking to someone else, a bit older.” Now, smiling from ear to ear, I responded with “Wh.... What do you mean, exactly?” “You know exactly what I mean!” she said laughing. So, we talked for about another 4 minutes, before I heard Brittany in the background again. We immediately switched back to topics that included her and me. As the conversation continued to go on, there was something said in reference to my dick! After which her mother said while laughing “Don’t nobody want to see that small thing, anyways!” To which Brittany replied laughing “Mom! Trust me, he is not small!” `Before I could even respond, I heard Marissa say “Oh really? I want to see it!” Shocked, and in disbelief, I joking said “Yeah right, you don’t mean that.” So her mom cut in said “I mean, if it is that big, prove it! Unless, you’re scared!” To which, Brittany said “Baby, I got a pic in my phone!” so she turned and showed her mother. Still in disbelief she says “Nope! He has to send that to my phone!” So, I asked Brittany “Is it Ok?” and she replied “Yes!”

\*Message Sent\* It read on my phone screen as I sent her the picture, after send it we had been on the phone for about another hour, the three of us before Brittany said “Ok! I’m about to go to sleep, I’m tired! Plus we are picking him up tomorrow, and I have to make sure I’m well rested!” I said “Ok! Cool! I should probably be doing the same!” However, after the phone call ended, about 10 minutes later, my phone begins to ring. Barely opening my eyes, one because I was almost sleep and my lights were off in my room, but two because the brightness of my phone screen, damn near blinded me! When I finally managed to get them open enough to look at the screen, I noticed it said “Brittany”, I thought to myself “I thought that she went to sleep!” To my surprise, when I picked it up, it was her mom.

She answered in a very soft, seductive voice “Hello! I’m sorry, were you already sleeping honey?” she asked sounding very sexy. “I was on my way to sleep! What’s wrong?” I asked. “Oh nothing, just wanted to ask you something?” she said. “Of course, anything! What is it?” I answered. “What do you think you are doing with all of that?” she asked me now starting to sound as if she was moaning. Off rip, I knew

exactly what she was referring to, so we stayed up almost the whole night talking on the phone. We had phone sex, I told her how I would eat her pussy, and how I would fuck her, and have my way with her big booty! She moaned and moaned and I commanded her to play with her pussy until she came about 4 times. "I can't wait to see you in a couple hours!" was her last words before she hung up the phone.

To Be Continued.....

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 246 Pool At Hot Nigh

The other day some friends planned to go to the beach for a weekend you know young people about 30 in average age, some were going by car some by bus, etc ..

I was hanging around with a friend those days called Bonny, she looked like courtney cox, phisically and in personality, we were just friends, we decided to arrive at about 6 pm that friday to get the house ready to party, at 7 pm a friend and his wife that looked like nichole kidman (not so tall) arrived in their car, and the rest of the guys said that there was some kind of trouble with the bus and were coming the morning after.

My friend thomas went to someone he knew's house to look for some food and drinks and left in his car and after 20 minutes he called saying that there was some trouble with his car and couldnt started it to come back to the house, so he had to sleep over there, fix it the next morning to come to the lodge with us and the rest of the guys.

So, Suddenly the three of us were alone in that beach house having some fun. Me, my friend bonny and sharon the married girl.

at about 9 pm it was kind of hot and bonny said lets go to the pool guys, so we agreed to do it.

i was with a surfer short but the girls left their bathing suit in the car, some bags were still there. sharon said underwear clothes is like a bathing suit, not that much said bonny, of course I said, come on girls lets get into that awesome pool, lets have fun ! in fact I'm gonna use only boxers to be fear jejeje I took my shorts and jumped into the pool in just boxers.

the girls looked at me and started to undress by the pool.

it was so exited just to look at them undressing, they had great bodies

So we were laughing and playing in that pool and in a while i could see through their underwear their nipples. they were all hard I couldnt stop watching at them. and they realize but didnt care so much.

we were playing volley and in those jumps sharons boobs were popping out all the time, she had to put them inside all the time, after a while she decided to take off her bra and be more comfortable

You have seen them a lot tonight she said. this would be our little secret right? sure we said, so she asked bonny come on join me and take yours too, let us see your beautiful girls jejeje

bonny didnt wanted at first but she said, what the heck, here they are and suddenly the girls were almost naked with me in a pool. I was so horned. So we started talking inside the pool about this erotic night, I said, you are so hot girls. I sat by the pool looking at them inside the water and those beautiful boobs, You are so pleased looking at our boobs you shameless boy, they were laughing and sharon said:

come on let us see you too ! they wanted me to get rid of my boxers. So I did it, I took them off, and they saw my erectus penis, they were more than pleased having me naked, so I said, let all be naked then !

and I jump inside the pool, and they decided to take off her panties and get naked.

We started swimming and playing naked and hanging naked around the house, so we started playing slapping our butts every time walking here and there while we prepare the drinks and some snacks etc ..

then I joined bonnie sitting ina big bed, she was watching some tv, and suddenly she started touching my dick

and saying naughty things, in that moment sharon joining us in the bed. and started watching how bonnie put my dick inside her mouth. when she said, It is our little secret right?

So sharon started to suck it too as I was lying in the bed.

We made an awesome threesome that night and slept naked toaching each other.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 247 We Fucked In Threesome

Introduction: The plan for tonight was to drink, get fucked up, hail an Uber, go bar hopping and hope for the best. The unforeseeable happened before we could even get out of the house. I never in a million years thought that this could or would ever happen, but it happened!

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Randy came over and it was business as usual. He brought the six pack and a bottle of Jack to add to my beer collection and we both started drinking and shooting the shit. The two of us had been friends for at least 25 years, we've been through a lot together. He and I married (And divorced) around the same time, we got arrested for a bar brawl back when we were 25, we lost our virginity to the same woman (At the same time) and still today, continue on our path of destruction.

The plan for tonight was to drink, get fucked up, hail an Uber, go bar hopping and hope for the best. The unforeseeable happened before we could even get out of the house. I never in a million years thought that this could or would ever happen but it happened.

After getting kind of fucked up we both decided to sit on the couch and watch some TV and chill before we ordered the Uber. Just because, I just so happened that I put on a porn video and things got a little out of hand. It started with the two of us jerking off together to the movie.

Now, Randy and I are no strangers to each other's bodies. We lost our virginity to a big busted whore named Angela when we were 18 and we did it together. No, we didn't do anything overtly gay. We were close enough to make dick contact together when she sucked us off and when we poked her in her two holes, but it wasn't anything intentional.

"Dude, I'm taking out my dick and busting my nut" is all he said to me as we sat there watching this mature goddess eat out some young teenage girl.

"I'll second that" I said. Didn't even question or think awkward of the situation. We were both horny as fuck and we were both drunk. Neither of us cared. Gotta love booze!

We both lowered our shorts and began stroking our dicks. We were sitting next to each other when this was happening and without any notice or anything, he reached over and started jerking me off. I just dropped my hands and watched his hand move up and down my sweaty spit covered shaft. After he moved his hand up and down my cock for about a minute, I reached over and began stroking him. I was touching his cock and it didn't seem to bother me. It didn't bother me either that he was touching mine. In fact, nothing about what happened bothered me until after it all happened.

"Stand up and come over here" he said motioning with his finger as it pointed to directly in front of him.

"You want to suck my cock?" I said, trying not to slur or fall down as I stood up.

I stuck my cock by his face and he just started on me. I let him too. I could feel his tongue slide up and down my shaft. For a few seconds he flickered it on my tip before giving me a full-fledged head job. Next thing you know, I had my hands on his head and I was practically fucking his face. I couldn't cum though. I think I was too drunk.

After a while, I just got down on my knees and put his cock in my mouth. He bucked his hips to take control as he moved his cock in and out of my mouth. After a while he grabbed my long hair and put it behind my back as I soon was moving up and down his cock really hard. I swore I felt a quick twitch and thought he was about to cum so I quickly took it out of my mouth.

"Oh my God" I said to him as I looked him in the eye.

"This is crazy isn't it?" he said trying to catch his breath.

“How did this happen?” I asked him, still holding my cock while standing between his legs as he sat on the couch.

“I don’t know, want to fuck each other in the ass?” he said to me with this blank sort of hazy stare.

“Ok. There’s a first time for everything I suppose” I said to him, as he stood up, turned around and stuck his ass near my cock while kneeling on the couch.

I tried to glide my cock in his hole but there was a bit of trouble getting it to slide in.

“Dude, you got any lube? You should get something!” he said.

“Good idea!” I replied as I ran to the bedroom and got my ex- girlfriends KY I’ve been using to jerk off with.

I took a handful of the KY and spread it all over my cock before I slowly guided it in his asshole. He let out a low pitched grunt at the first time I put it all the way in. I penetrated him in and out a few times slowly before I worked up a faster pace.

“Oh shit! Grab my cock!” he yelled as he leaned back.

As I still had my cock in his ass, I was able to grab his cock and jerk him off at the same time. I slid my hands up and down his shaft and fondled his balls. I was going all out.

A few minutes later we changed positions. He lubed up his cock and put it in my ass while stroking me. After the initial weird feeling of his cock entering me from behind, I kind of got into it a little.

“Oh shit! I’m going to shoot my load!” I yelled turning around as I grabbed my cock from his hands.

“Me too!” he said right before he pulled out.

First, he got on his knees and I spunked all over his face, I was careful not to make my cock come in contact with his mouth because it had just been up his ass. Most of my cum made it into his mouth though and he ended up swallowing the remainder of my load. He did the same to me but most of his ejaculatory ended up on my chin and neck. I tasted a little bit of his cum but not too much.

“Dude that was crazy!” he said as he took a few tissues from the tissue box and began to wipe himself off.

“What did we just do?” I said to him as I began putting my boxers back on.

“We just fucked each other! Don’t worry no big deal, it’s not like I like you like that or anything” he said.

“Did you like it?” I asked him.



“It felt alright, nothing like a pussy feels. You?” he asked.

“It was very different I have to say.” I was now starting to get a little befuddled over the realization of what just happened.

“Nobody needs to know about this right dude? I mean, it was just a seize the moment kind of thing right? We were both horny so we helped each other out” he said with a sarcastic grin.

“Believe me Randy, there’s every good reason not to tell a soul” I said assuring him by the look on my face.

Randy and I never fucked each other like that again when we were alone. We did however, strangely enough, go out that night, pick up a really hot chick and talked her into sleeping with both of us at the same time. She agreed to the threesome, when we told her that we would suck each other off as a selling point though (Which we did and we ended up spraying our loads all over her). That’s a whole other story in of itself.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 248 Peeping Mrs Robinson

The woman across the way never closed her blinds or curtains in her bedroom. I never considered myself a voyeur, but I did live on third floor with an extravagant view of the city and had a pair of binoculars sitting by the window. I bought them when I moved in, thinking it’d be neat to once in a while sit on my easy chair and zoom into certain areas of the city.

I didn’t do my peeping that often. If I got bored and had nothing better to do , I’d do it. I even got a pair of spy binoculars that took video and still pictures, which I intended to post on social media. I wanted to get great views of the city, especially during thunderstorms.

She must have been in her late 40’s to early 50’s. I never knew her name or her true age. She moved in about a year after I did. One night, while I was trying to capture some great pictures of the city, I noticed the woman in her bedroom window. She was hot for her being an older woman. She had dirty blonde hair down her back, nice big round tits and a flat stomach. She appeared to live alone and I never saw her have any company over.

On one particular night, I saw her getting undressed. After taking off her blouse, she revealed black thong bikini bottoms and a black bra. Her tits looked like they were too big for that bra and were bulging out of it. Before she took off her undergarments, I saw her laying on her bed. Her bed was within direct view of me. Why she put her bed in direct view of the window, without any obstruction is beyond me.

She laid down on her bed and I noticed that she appeared to be getting herself off with her fingers. One hand was cupping her tit and the other was inside her. Even though, I knew that I had no business watching her, I couldn’t help myself. At least I never took any pictures or video because I always felt that would be crossing the line, even as perverted as a mind I had.

I watched her do this probably twice a week at night around 11pm. There were times where I admit, I had one hand working the binoculars and the other hand on my shaft. Sometimes, she would use a dildo or vibrator. I had pretty good zoom and saw everything.

Well, it just so happened that after about 6 months, after she moved in, she got herself a pair of binoculars too! I found this out the hard way, when I zoomed in on her one night, she was zoomed in on me! Funny thing is, that instead of dropping the binoculars and finding a way to conceal herself from her window, she waved to me. Embarrassed, having just been caught peeping, I dropped my binoculars and pulled up my pants, shutting off the light so I wouldn't be seen.

I didn't peep again for at least a few weeks after that. When I started again, it was the same thing, she was standing by her window, looking at me looking at her and I would chicken out and stop. The last thing I needed was the cops at my apartment and my landlord and neighbors finding out what I was doing wouldn't be cool at all.

One weekend afternoon, spring had just broke, it was a nice day outside and I decided to go for a walk to the deli for lunch. I had to pass her house by the deli and she was outside prepping the yard for the warmer weather. She looked slamming hot, she had on jogging pants, but they fit her curves nicely. She wore a tight button down shirt that exposed her awesome cleavage. Her hair was tied up behind her back. As I passed her house, not thinking that she knew who I was (Hoping that she didn't), she stopped me.

"Hi, are you the neighbor that lives on the third floor of that building over there?" she said to me pointing in the direction of my apartment.

"Yeah, you must be the new neighbor" I said, trying to act innocent.

"So you're the one who I caught with the binoculars" she said to in a semi-sarcastic tone of voice.

"I..." I didn't know what to say to her.

"It's alright don't worry about it" She said laughing. "As a matter of fact, I was wondering why you stopped peeping" she said to me. I was stunned.

"Excuse me?" I said to her.

"Well, I have to admit, the first night I saw you looking in my direction, I was a bit stunned. I got over it. By the way, how long have you been looking before that if you don't mind me asking"?

"I uh..."

"You've probably seen what I do at night before I go to bed, don't you!" her voice became tougher.

"I, I didn't ...I accidentally saw you. I wasn't intending to...I've been looking out at the skyline long before you moved in, and before you moved in there was nobody in your place. I didn't mean to alarm you" I told her trying to play all innocent and everything.

"Well, alright then, you seem harmless to me, I mean how old are you 18?"

"I'm 32 miss"

"I didn't catch your name"

"Keith"

"Hi Keith, well, don't let me stop you from the view. Don't be a stranger, the weather's getting warmer. Stop by some time when you get a free moment and we'll have a few drinks, it's just me here."

I was waiting for an introduction. It never came. She still didn't tell me her name. Maybe it was best I didn't get her name.

"Ok, maybe sometime" I said to her.

That night, I began peeping again. First, she practically gave me permission to. Secondly, I was curious as to what she would do, probably knowing full well that I would be watching her.

11pm came, I pulled out my binoculars, and there she was with hers. Looking at me. She waved. I waved back. She put the binoculars down and began posing in the window like some fashion model. Tonight she was topless with string bikini bottoms! She turned around and bent over. I was so tempted to begin snapping stills with my digital camera on the binoculars but I didn't.

I slid off my boxers to reveal my hard on. She saw it after she zoomed back in with my binoculars. She actually gave me a thumbs up and looked like she was laughing. I sat in my chair, that I usually sit in by the window and leaned it back. She was definitely putting on a show now. On purpose!

Like the other times, she was masturbating. Only this time, because she knew I was watching, she did it like a stripper would on stage. I was stroking my cock with my other hand and right before I came, I turned off the lights.

About an hour later. I shit you not. She came knocking on my door dressed in her bathrobe.

"Keith! What the fuck? I put on a show for you, I see you jacking off and right in the middle of everything you turn off the light? What the fuck is that shit!"

"Oh you saw that?"

She sat there with her arms crossed and tapping her left foot.

“You know Keith, this was fun for a while, but you apparently got yourself off and closed up shop, but just as I was about getting ready to finish myself, you shut off the light! What the fuck! What am I supposed to do with this?” She yelled as she opened her robe. She was totally naked.

My jaw must have dropped at the sight of her. I was speechless.

“Well, um”

“You going to invite me in or what?” She said. She now had this ‘Fuck Me Now’ look on her face. Was I dreaming this? Do things like this really happen?

“Oh yeah, sure” and she came inside.

She immediately dropped her robe, got on her knees, slid my boxers down and started blowing me! What was I going to do? Try and stop her? Hell no!

Her head slowly bobbed up and down across my cock as I held her hair back. She moaned with each sucking sound as she made eye contact with me. She sucked my dick for a good 5 minutes before she stood up, turned around and leaned up against the chair where she stuck out her beautiful, tight round ass.

I knew what this meant. I wasted no time taking her from behind. I rammed her hard. The chair and kitchen table was shaking.

“Oh Fuck! My god! Fuck that pussy harder!” she said as I was hitting that cunt faster and faster.

“Oh shit!” I started saying “I’m going to cum!”

She turned around, got back on her knees as I held my cock to her face. She opened her mouth and I shot my load in it. Some of my spooge got on her lips and under her nose.

“Not bad for a 50 something year old eh?” She said “You! You got the good stuff!” she said smiling at me.

She put on her robe, said ‘Goodbye’ with a smile before walking back to her place.

I still don’t know her name. I had to make one up. I call her “Mrs. Robinson” but I don’t use it in front of her. The peep show turn sex show goes on at least once a week now.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 249 I’d Die To Have Your Body

Introduction: My roommate Angela, was anything but naïve. She was my age, a real party animal. A big breasted, Italian woman with a great body and long black hair.

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In my early 20's I was a naïve momma's girl. It's not that I was sheltered, it's just that I didn't exactly socialize all too much. I really focused on my college degree, never drank, smoked or did drugs at wild parties like my friends were doing. I was sort of a nerd and an outcast.

When it came to men, I just didn't have time. Sure, I lusted after several men in class, had my celebrity crushes but other than discovering masturbation, after I accidentally stumbled onto some porn on my roommate's computer, I never been with anyone other than myself.

My roommate Angela, was anything but naïve. She was my age, a real party animal. A big breasted, Italian woman with a great body and long black hair. Most of the time on the weekends she was nowhere to be found. Always hooking up with guys and crashing somewhere else after parties. In a way I suppose I was jealous but I knew that I had to focus on my studies, get my life settled first, then I could let loose a little bit.

The porn I stumbled upon on Angela's computer was primarily lesbian porn. I never really considered her to be into women. She's always with some of the hottest guys on campus. Up until that time, I never thought about sex quite in that way. I was always under the impression that I'd eventually hook up with a good man somewhere down the road and get married. When I accidentally stumbled upon the porn sites she visited, I was shocked and in a strange way was very turned on.

Women are beautiful. After that moment when I discovered Angie's porn, I looked at members of my own sex completely different. In class and around campus I began to take special notice of the women around me. Suddenly, I began to appreciate a nice rack, tight ass and hot body. As much as I grew a deeper appreciation for the female form however, I never ever even considered wanting to experiment sexually with a woman. I just believed that one can be a female, appreciate the beauty of other females and nothing more. As a matter of fact, I always fantasized about being with a hot hunk as he would go down on me with precision as I would rub my clit in the shower.

One weekend day, when I thought Angie wasn't coming home and I had the place to myself, I was taking a bath. It was a hot steamy bubble bath. I had candles burning and new age music in the background. My mind began to drift and I engaged in a long masturbation session. Angie was at the bathroom door, secretly watching me in the mirror. I had no idea until she came in the bathroom and I had to act like nothing was going on.

"Hi Jess, that looks relaxing" she said standing beside me looking into the tub.

"Oh Hi, I didn't know you were home, you usually are gone for the weekend" I said acting as if everything was normal.

"Well, I needed a break. Sometimes you can't party your ass off all the time, besides it's a nice day outside and I don't want to waste it" she said to me.

I stood up in the bath as she handed me a towel. I wrapped myself up in the towel and proceeded to the bedroom to pick out my clothes for the day and to get dressed. Angie came in there with me to relax on her bed that was next to mine.

“Wow Jess, I have to tell you I never really paid much attention but you have a smoking hot little bod on you” Angie said, as I was drying myself off with the towel, lightly exposing my chest.

“Oh no! It’s nothing compared to yours. I’d die to have your body, that’s for sure!” I said to her, trying to act humble in the face of a compliment.

“I don’t understand you girl, you should have guys chasing you! Big tits, soft milky skin, beautiful blonde silky hair, tight little booty, why do you hide the goods?” Angie asked.

“What do you mean?” I said.

“Well you dress so conservatively, I’ve known you what for like 3 months and up until now never paid attention to how sexy you are until now, because you never flaunt it girl!” Angie pointed out.

“Well, I really am trying to focus on my studies and not boys. I have to discipline myself you know.” I said to her.

“What? Are you serious? When was the last time you hooked up with a man?” she asked me.

“Um, I’m embarrassed to admit this but I never had a boyfriend before” I admitted to her.

“Never! You must have had at least something going on with someone at some point!” she said.

“No, not really, I’ve had guys flirt with me in High School, but I was always home studying after school and working my ass off at my part time job in the summer.” I told explained.

“What the hell do you do about sex then? Is that all you do? Get yourself off in the bath?” Angie said.

Her brazenness began to grow. I guess she was watching me masturbating in the bath tub. How embarrassing!

“How long were you watching me in the bathroom earlier? Oh my god! This is so embarrassing!” I said as my face began to grow red.

“Don’t sweat it kid, we all do it, at least you’re not completely dead!” she said to me.

“Well, in case you were wondering, I plan to start dating men when I complete my degree and get a good paying job. I just want my priorities to be in place first, because I think that if I start playing the field, especially now I might get distracted and fuck things up for myself really bad” I told her.

"That's probably a smart idea come to think of it. But...you're depriving yourself of dick? That would drive me insane!" Angie was now really being Angie!

"Can't deprive yourself of something you never had, I've survived this far, I'm sure I'll be fine" I said.

"Oh my God! I can't imagine being 25 and never getting any! Have you ever considered having sex with a woman?" She asked me.

At first I was completely stunned by that question. Not because she was so blatant about it. Angie is Angie but because I never really thought of the idea of being with a woman (Sexually) before.

"You mean, having sex with a woman? I have to admit, the thought never crossed my mind. Have you ever been with a girl before?" I asked her.

"Oh dear, I've been known to hook up with a chick every once in a while. There's nothing wrong with that. I mean, especially if you prefer men, there's no attachments" she pointed out. I must admit, I never really thought of it that way.

"Well, I suppose...I have to confess, I accidentally stumbled upon your pornsites on your computer not too long ago, when I accidentally moved the mouse and the screensaver came off" I told her.

"Oh that's ok. I really wasn't trying to hide it. What did you think? Did you like what you saw?" She asked.

"I must admit that it was interesting. I mean, it certainly opened my eyes to how beautiful the female form can be" I told her.

"But, you never considered being with a woman before?" She asked.

"No, not really. I just figured that's what some chicks like and well, whatever..." My naivety was showing big time.

"You should consider trying things out with women. Especially if you have never done anything with anyone before, it's a great stepping stone. I mean chicks know what other chicks like. Better than most men if the truth be told!" Angie said.

"Well, I wouldn't even know where to begin. I have no experience picking men up, never mind women" I told her.

"Well, duh! I'm right here! You don't need to look very far chickie!" Angie said with a big smile on her face.

"You mean, you..." I was now a little embarrassed.

“Sure I’ll help you out girl, but I need to know, would you feel comfortable with me?” Angie asked.

“Sure, I think you’re beautiful.” I told her.

“Ok, here’s what I want you to do. Get completely naked and get into your bed. Don’t get under the sheets. I want this to be a full visual for both of us” Angie said to me.

I laid naked on top of the bed spread with my legs partially spread, watching Angie undress. A million things were running through my mind, but I couldn’t take my eyes off her luscious hot body. I swear she could be in porn if given she were the chance!

Smiling, she began crawling up the end of the bed towards me. I was starting to quiver nervously, not exactly knowing what to expect from all this. She crawled up between my legs and kissed my lips gently before engaging me in a full on kiss. I never really kissed anyone like this. When I kissed her my eyes were open and looking into hers. I can feel my pussy start to get moist.

“Relax” She said to me in a whisper as she began moving down my body with small pecks. I felt her warm tongue on my nipples as she would cup my entire tits, one at a time with her right hand. Her tongue flickered and circled before she sucked. I let out a soft moan.

“My God, Angie” I said to her as she continued to move down my body with her gentle kisses.

I felt her lips kiss all around my pussy. Above and below. She parted my lips and began to massage my clit. I was in pure ecstasy. Next she began to insert a finger inside me about the same time before she moved her mouth in. I could feel her warm tongue spread all over my pussy before she began to flicker and suck on my clit entirely.

I couldn’t help myself. My hips were vibrating and I came really fast. She continued working me, occasionally looking up at me and smiling.

“You like that huh?” she asked me as she leaned in for one more kiss.

“You are so beautiful Angie” Is all I could say.

She then turned herself around and positioned her pussy near my head, as she once again, began licking my cunt, laying on her chest like she was crawling down my body. I was now staring at her lips from behind her. I began to feel her pussy between her legs below her ass. It felt so soft, as I inserted a finger and she let out a loud moan.

She backed up a little bit so I could indulge myself in her pussy more. I began to lick it all over with my tongue as she licked mine from below. The feeling of her going down on me was so intense I had to pause licking her every now and then just to regain some composure. Between the feeling of her tongue licking me and the feeling of her soft breasts down my body, I was on Cloud 9.



Turning herself around she straddled me and began to hump my leg rubbing her pussy against it, like she was riding a dick. I began caressing those massive tits and she would put my index finger in her mouth and suck.

“I want you to suck on my clit” she said softly to me before she laid down on her back with her legs spread apart. I sat up and buried my tongue inside her. Parting her lips I went right for her clit and she was holding my head as I licked it the best I knew how. A few minutes later, I could almost feel the gush from her pussy as it became very wet and she let out a loud moan. I think she just came.

We both sat up face to face, stuck each other’s hands in each other’s mouth and tasted our own pussy juices. We then embraced in another kiss, smiled at each other and started laughing.

“That was hot!” is all I could say.

“Did you enjoy that?” She asked me

“Thank you Angie, that felt really nice, you are so beautiful”

“Your welcome girl, as a matter of fact you’re welcome anytime. You were amazing” She said.

“You really think so?” I asked her.

“I haven’t been with a chick in a long time but I’ve been with a few, you were probably the softest and most sensual one” she said.

“Really? You think so? Would you do it again with me?”

“Absolutely. Whenever you want girl. Let me know. I’ll help you get through college. It’ll be our little secret” She said.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 250 Oral Fixations

Introduction: This is a true story about my first time. Even though I consider myself to be 100% straight, my first experience was having oral sex with my best male friend when we were teens.

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This is a true story about my first time. Even though I consider myself to be 100% straight, my first experience was having oral sex with my best male friend when we were teens.

I laid there on my stomach totally naked. It was a hot, steamy and sultry summer night. Even with the fan blowing it was hard to stay cool. My cock was hard and sweaty as it laid against my abdomen.

Looking up I saw my best friend naked as well. His cock was pointing straight outward, as he positioned himself between my legs.

It's almost hard for me to believe we have gotten to this point. I suppose that if this was ever going to happen with a guy, I don't think that I would want it to happen with anyone other than Tony. We've known each other since we were 7 and now we're almost 20 years old. Our strict religious upbringing has been mostly responsible for what we were about to do. Experiment on each other, rather than on the women of our desires.

I felt his hand grip my cock and he began to use the sweat to help it slide up and down my shaft. He worked my shaft with swift strokes before twisting two fingers around the base of my head. Oh it felt so good but does this mean that I am into men? I love Tony but not in that way. His cock is interesting to look at but the thought that the two of us are about to get sexual with each other makes me feel strange. I don't have any physical attraction towards him or any romantic feelings. But it would be nice to feel what it would be like to have someone work my cock for the first time.

His mouth felt warm, his tongue smooth as it glided up and down my shaft. He began to work it slowly. He used one hand to follow his mouth as it moved slowly up and down. I can feel the release of waves of saliva everytime he got to the top. It was wet. Very wet and I was feeling intense pleasure. The longer he worked it the faster he moved. His head bounced up and down faster and faster.

I sounded the warning as my cock began to spew gobs of cum. He didn't seem to mind as he took it all in and swallowed my load. Even though I had just came in his mouth, he didn't stop sucking. I was in a complete frenzy. My hips were shaking and I was moaning loudly. Something about continuing to work a cock after it comes, it's ten time more intense. He took it out of his mouth, jerked it for a hot second and let it rest on my stomach. I laid there trying to catch my breath as he stroked my wet cock up and down the shaft lightly with the back of his hands.

It was now his turn. Can I actually go through with this and put a mans cock in my mouth? I'm not sure. I sat there in between his legs studying his stiff cock. It looked about as big as mine only thinner width wise. It was dripping with sweat. I took it with my left hand and began to stroke it up and down. I stroked it fast too. Yeah, it was a little strange touching my best friends cock.

I lowered my head as I put his cock into my mouth and slowly slid my tongue all over. I was thinking it would be any moment before he explodes and I had to be careful not to get any of his cum in my mouth. Tony held out for a long time though. I really had to work his cock hard. I spit wads of saliva as I twisted and slid up and down his long hard shaft. I circled his head and at the base of his head for a few seconds longer sometimes. In a strange way I was enjoying this but more as a challenge. I was trying to get him to cum and it wasn't easy.

Remembering what he told me, I began stroking his inner thigh with one hand as I put only the head of his cock in my mouth so I could work the base of the head where it meets the shaft. His hips began to buck and he began to whisper moans. I didn't feel his cock tighten as he began to spew his cum in my mouth. When I noticed it, right away I took it out and he came on my face accidentally. What a mess!

Sucking each other off wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. We continued giving each other blow jobs over the course of a year or so whenever we had the opportunity to. We never gave each other anal but we did rub our cocks together in different positions and tried the 69 position a few times. Whatever got each other off. That's what it was really all about.

There was no bromance. We never kissed or cuddled, we just got each other off. We might have done anal if I wasn't so creeped out by the thought at the time but in a way I'm glad we didn't. That was the first and only cock I ever had and my first sexual experience with anyone. Our secret sessions ceased when we began hooking up with women (And getting some) on a daily basis.

There really is separation between sex and romance, don't let anyone fool you. On the other hand, I don't think I'd ever do these kind of things with a guy again because I don't need to and I just am not attracted to men. Tony was my best friend and we trusted each other, but there was never any attraction between us.