Neighbor

A Vignette

By Maryanne Peters

I thought that there would be nobody at Mike’s wedding that I did not know, but then I saw the hot blonde smiling at me and I had to go up and introduce myself.

“Hi, I’m John. I am a friend of Mike. Are you a friend of the bride?” I introduced myself with alcohol supported confidence.

“I barely know Kaitlyn,” she said. “But isn’t she so lovely? What a beautiful dress, and her hair look wonderful.”

I had barely noticed. I was only interested in this girl. I may have agreed.

“No, I am not on the bride’s side,” she said. “I am surprised that you don’t recognize me. I grew up next door to Mike. He was in and out of my place all the time. So were you.”

“The neighbor? You mean little Henry?” I could not remember that kid having a sister.

“I’m not Henry anymore,” she said. “I’m Heather now. I guess I have changed quite a bit?”

I remembered him - little Henry. The boy who stared at me. But now this was a woman. Perhaps there was something of the same look, but now with a smile, as “Heather” played with her hair and struck a pose in that little white dress. Any man can read the signals. Plus I had a few drinks on board. So, I made the offer. I got in early and had a room upstairs at the venue. Too easy. And she was keen.

She. There seemed no doubt, with that long blonde hair and those cute tits. But she needed to say something when we got to the room.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I still have my boy bits.” It was said in a shy little lisp, with her hips swinging. She made it sound as if she had a heart-shaped mole below her navel.

I have to say it, I gulped. This was it. My first guy. But somehow that was not the way it seemed.

“You don’t have to look if you don’t want to,” she said, seeming to read my mind – to measure my uncertainty. “I can bend over if you want to do it doggy style.”

It was clear that she was no virgin, but the look on that face continued to deny that - Young innocence with the sweetest smile.

“I would like to do it face to face,” I said, cupping her cheeks and kissing that pert little mouth.

“Great,” she said. “I want that too.”

Strangely, it did not seem so out of place. It was so small, and a delicate shade of pink. I was pleased that it was not engorged and purple as mine was. Maybe I could not have done it if it was, but that seemed unlikely. I was as hard as iron.

There was not a hair on her body, even above and around her “boy bits”. I decided that I should treat it as an enlarged clitoris and touch it – just stroke the tip. It moved just a little but stayed small and dangling. She giggled.

“I have lubrication,” she simpered. “But you look sooo big. Please be gentle with me.”

She lay down on my bed. A phallic shaped dispenser had appeared from nowhere and she was squeezing some goo from it.

“Let me,” I said. I was on the edge of losing control. My cock was straining with a mind and will all of its own – seeking a hole to bury itself into. Still I had time to apply some of the jelly to her tight little butt hole, and poke some inside. She gasped. Time was running out. I needed to be inside her.

She let out the cutest little noise as I pushed in full length. I had done anal only once before (with a real girl of course) but this was different. This was all she had. This was her sex organ, not that thing that just wobbled uselessly as I rammed into her again and again, shaking those beautiful titties.

I came with intensity I barely knew that I had, spewing forth inside her, in a seemingly never ending stream. She wailed with pleasure.

Then, out of the hole at the end of her silly little clitoris, a few drops of clear sticky fluid shot forth. I looked down as I was still donkey deep inside her.

She smiled and said: “Girls like me can’t fake it.”

Somehow that just made me want more.

The End

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