Far Too Hot

by wendyhs9 Â©

"This is ridiculous, how can the weather possibly be this hot"?

"Here I am, not even wearing a smile and the sweat is just dripping off

me. I'd lay down, but I know that whatever I lay on would be wet and awful

in no time at all."

"Luckily I shaved my pussy this morning so there is no sweaty hair to

drive me mad."

"Mmmm, that feels nice, a bald mound, steaming hot, wet and sticky."

"Mmmm, it tastes nice too. It's been a while since I frigged myself to a

nice strong cum and sucked up the juices off my hand."

"I wonder if there's any air outside. If I open these, it might let some

in."

There was. Just a slight breeze, but definitely better that the still air

of the flat.

I looked out over the back yard, over the high fences of my neighbour's

garden and into his yard.

Being on the first floor, I could see right into his yard and due to the

full length windows in our buildings, he could cop a fair amount of my

bedroom should he have a mind to look up.

"Go on, look up. If only you knew I was stood at open French windows,

totally nude with my legs apart and fingering my tight little cunt as I

watch you in just your hipster trunks."

"That's it, rub your crotch, I'd love to be rubbing it for you if I was

over there, but I'm not and it's too bloody hot anyway."

"Christ, look at that bulge." Even from here I can see it looked bloody

impressive.

He's getting turned on, I wonder what or who he's thinking about. "Oooo,

look at that bulge, please pull them down, please."

"Go on, get it out. Mmmm, it looks mighty tight in those shorts; you must

be so uncomfortable by now."

Just then, he looked around to see if anyone was watching and slowly edged

his hand inside his shorts.

I thought for a moment he was just making himself comfortable the way he

casually slid into them.

"Go on, please pull them down just a bit, let me see what you're hiding in

there."

Without realizing it, I had started frigging myself a little harder and

faster. I found myself slightly hiding behind one of the open doors just

in case he looked up, saw me and stopped what he was doing to himself, I

didn't want that

This is making me even hotter than I already am, but at least this time,

it's for all the right reasons. I can feel my mound pushing up against the

door edge. Mmmm, it's frigging my clit every time I move my finger in and

out of my wet little slit.

"Go on, that's right, pull them down, just a little."

As if he could hear me, he eased his hand out of his shorts, slipped his

thumbs in each side, near his hipbones, quickly glanced around and

shimmied his shorts down just a few inches.

I couldn't believe this was happening, here I was, stood at my window,

totally nude, frigging myself off, right where my neighbour could see me

if only he looked up, watching him pull his shorts down.

This was so fucking hot and the weather just made it worse!!!

When he stopped pulling them down, they were down far enough to see his

mop of black pubic hair and the trunk of a stump that promised to be

painful if I ever got close enough to fuck it.

Once again, he fished inside his shorts and . . . . .

"Oh my God, yes." It flipped out and seemed to sway in mid air for a

moment before flopping down over his left thigh. He fished in again and

this time brought out the biggest nut sack you ever did see, filled to

bursting with spongy globes.

They just slumped down on his shorts whilst his snake of manhood twitched

and jumped as if to celebrate its freedom.

It seemed to uncurl from its prison and grow without any stimulation from

him.

"Go on, touch it, wank it, slap it on your thigh, make it grow even bigger

than it already is. How big will it grow, how much can you cum, could a

girl drown if she just happened to have her lips sealed round the mighty

helmet when that volcano went off?"

But I'm rushing things and tell myself to backtrack, slow down, watch and

frig. Girl, this could be a big one, maybe even two!!!

He brought his hand up and lifted his mighty tool up to flop down against

his stomach. It reached up past his belly button and was still far from

totally erect.

He took hold of the shaft towards the top and as if in slow motion, pulled

back the massive foreskin to reveal his huge, beautiful, red, glowing

glans. He then pinched the shaft at the bottom with his thumb and

forefinger and drew them up towards the top.

As he neared the top, a little squirt of pre-cum shot from his slit and

hit his chest.

I jumped. For a moment I thought he had started to cum, but when I saw him

grasp hold of the shaft and shake it as if to waken it up, I realized what

it was.

He slapped it against his chest, he wrestled with it for a few moments,

and he slapped his thigh with it as if trying to hurt it and wanked some

more.

Without realizing it, I had witnessed it completely come to life - it was

now long, red, wet, wide and angry. A raw estimate would make it about

nine+ inches long and just big enough that he couldn't get his fingers to

close around it.

There was a slight curve to it, slightly to the right. Whether this was a

natural mishap or the result of far too much wanking (is there such a

thing as watching a real man wank too much), I couldn't be bothered to

work it out.

I was now brave enough to be crouched down holding onto the safety rail

immediately outside the French doors. This allowed me to spread my legs

and therefore my lips as wide as I could to simulate massive invasion and

flick my clit to hurt it, all this, of-course, whilst two, sometimes three

fingers pierced my insides and spread me wide - I mean really wide.

There was no point in watching this mammoth tool doing it's thing in front

of me if I wasn't going to hurt a little, if I was doing it for real, it

would be hurting a fucking sight more than this.

As he sat there wanking his glistening tool, I needed two hands now to

satisfy what I wanted. I leaned into the barrier, resting my head on the

rail, making sure I could still see him between two uprights and lowered

my now free hand to my burning snatch.

I took a lip between the first finger and thumb of both hands, pinched

hard and tried pulling them apart. I couldn't help but look down. What I

was doing was gaping the entrance to my soul and splaying out my inner

lips and hood like a wet, pink flower.

I was dripping wet, sticky and red hot. I gouged two fingers just inside

my pussy to find my G spot and give it the joy it needed, and with my

other hand, pushed into my pubic bone then pulled back to reveal the

little pink button which was the mother of all good feelings.

I looked up again. He was now standing side on, slightly crouched over,

ploughing into his meat for all he was worth. I could almost feel his

laboured breathing as his sweat covered body pumped frantically, trying to

reach that earth shattering, and squirting climax.

My pussy was now burning, longing to be banged into oblivion by the

magnificent tool being paraded not forty feet from my labia. They

squelched every time I probed; I flipped my clit and saw stars.

My legs buckled, my muscles tensed, my stomach ached, my head spun, it

dropped forward and felt as if I was going to shit myself but instead, my

clit rose, I pinched it and pulled and suddenly I was pouring juices down

the inside of my thighs

Still I ploughed my tight quim for more extreme seconds.

"Oh God, make your tool split me like this. Make it feel as good as this.

Let me cum around it as hard as I am cumming now. I want you to spew your

load up inside me, all over me, my face, my hair, my tits - everywhere.

Let me shower in your cum. Let me wash it off after with your piss."

I was being too loud but I didn't care. I'm cumming for Christ sake, how

can anyone be quiet when they cum?

It's nearly over. Please keep it going. No don't, far too sensitive. Oh

please, it feels so good. No, no more, not just now.

He was gone. When I opened my eyes and looked up, he was gone. No sign of

any cum anywhere. The wall was dry, the concrete where he stood - no sign.

"Poor sod, you must have heard me and I chased you inside before you

finished. Your poor balls must be aching and burning by now."

"No, wait, you've come up to your bedroom. That is you, isn't it? It's not

just a reflection of something else is it? Christ, you're opening your

doors as well. You're looking straight at me."

His shorts were gone; he leaned into the doorframe, flexed his mighty cock

without touching it, looked back up and smiled.

"Oh my God, you're so beautiful, that magnificent monster should be over

here trying to wedge itself inside one of my tiny holes. I need to show

you what I want."

Here we are now facing each other knowing that we have to have more. I

raise my hand to ask him to wait. It's shaking; my whole body is shaking

so much I can hardly stand.

I run to my bedside and pull out the double-ended dildo and lube that

waits for those special moments. I'm back in front of him. I show him the

dildo. He shakes his head and grabs his cock pointing it straight at me.

I ignore his thoughts and squeeze a large run of lube up my purple snake.

My hand wanks the staff to spread the lube and then covers my crotch to

lube up both my holes.

I look up again and he's watching me intently. He doesn't see me watching,

he can't take his eyes off my spread legs and wet fanny. He's stroking his

manhood at me and squeezing his huge ball bag, trying to close the gap

between us.

I run my magic wand up and down my slit. I'm sure he can hear the

squishing noises it makes. I turn my back to the window and bend over.

"Can you see me now, I want you to see my fanny and arse hole. When I push

it in, I want to imagine it's you."

The purple head finds its entry point and I push. My hand is shaking so

much; I find it difficult to keep the head at my hole. I push and it

disappears, I push again and a few inches follow the head. I gasp as it

passes and presses on my G spot. I wank it in and out.

"Oh, those feelings, those wonderful feelings climb for ages, ever higher.

I want more cock, I must have more cock."

My back is aching, my head is too heavy. I kneel down in front of the

bottom of the bed and rest my shoulder on it. I glance over my shoulder

and he is on his knees also. He's got both his hands wrapped tightly round

his shaft and he's pumping into them.

"I want you up my arse, I want it now. I want it right up inside me so

far, I can feel it moving things about. Can I do that from here. Must try.

Quick, pull it out, find my brown hole, right push. Oh fuck, take it easy,

it will go, just take it a bit slower."

"That's it, its going. Oooooo, that feels good, but I need to shit. Fight

it, push it further, suck in. That's it, its going, suck it in again.

Ooooo, it's sliding in so far, suck in again, now gently push it. Oh my

God, it's so far in. Right, hammer it in and out hard."

"Oh, fucking brilliant, that hurts so much but it's just getting better

and better. I still desperately want to shit, especially when I pull it

out, quick, push it back in - relax, take it. Mmmm, it's so nice, so

really fucking nice."

I look back again and you are on your feet again slapping your huge dong

on the railings and wiping your drooling spillage over your lips and chin.

Your tongue came out just then and washed your palm. Stop it, I want to do

that.

"I need you in my pussy as well. I've never tried this before, but I must

now, I need it, I need it sooo bad."

With the end still lodged way up inside my bowels, I want to bend my

purple fantasy maker and stick the other end in my pussy. It's bending,

it's over, but it's no-where near where I need it. I can bend it some

more.

"Fuck, that's pulling too hard on my arse. I'm going to have to pull it

out of my arse a bit so I have more to bend. That's it, it's going, it's

nearly there. It is there, it's there. Push it in. Oh shit, this is

pulling my two holes so far apart; the end in my fanny is right on my G

spot."

"Rub it on there. Yes, that's it, right there. Pull your arse hole back to

where it's supposed to be girl, come on be sensible. "

I don't want to be sensible, I want to hurt, this should hurt, you can't

do something like this, especially for the first time and it not hurt.

"Ooooo, it's working. It's starting to feel dirty, I want to feel dirty. I

want to feel dirty for you, you three-legged beauty. Oh hell, that's

working on my clit. That feeling's back again. The other ends coming out

of my arse. I don't care, I just want to feel more of this."

"It's out of my arse, I can concentrate on getting myself off now. Oh how

I wish it was you now pushing deeper and deeper up my tightening pussy."

I can feel the tanned drool being pushed out by my sphincter and running

down the outside of my lips to mix with the lube and juices now freely

flowing from my fanny.

"I can't take this any more, I'm so close to screaming through another

massive orgasm, but I can't get any closer, please come over and finish me

off, plough right up me and make me scream with your size."

I look over at you to wave you over with my hand but you're gone. The

doors are still open, but you're not there. I slump down on my side and

wait to see if you come back to your window. My whole body's still

shaking; my breathing's still so harsh it hurts my lungs.

Suddenly there's a shadow at my bedroom door. My heart pounds with fright

in my chest.

"Get up on all fours." my shadow growls, "Put your head in the bed

clothes. I'm going to fuck you so hard and make you cum so much, you're

going to scream the place down, but I don't want anyone charging in and

stopping what I'm going to do to you after that."

I obey your command and start sobbing hysterically with delight.

(Chapter two to cum)