

Encounter: The Best Mix-Up Ever

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The Best Mix-Up Ever

Molly opened the screen door, and a box fell at her feet. "I'm not expecting anything," she muttered.

With a sigh, she tossed her keys and purse on the chair before sitting down on the couch. She tore open the tab at the side of the box, and her eyes widened. "What the hell!"

A DVD, with a very plus sized girl fingering herself, fell into Molly's lap. She blushed, and turned the box over. Lee Evans. Her hot personal trainer neighbor liked girls just like her. The revelation made Molly hot. Her pussy tightened. She thought she'd imagined his attentiveness.

* * *

Lee opened the door, and smiled at his spunky next-door neighbor. Molly was just the kind of girl he liked--curvy. Unfortunately, she seemed to blow him off every time he tried to come on to her. "This is yours," she said as she blushed brightly. He felt heat creeping into his own face. He didn't have to look at it to know what it was.

"I'm so sorry..."

"Don't be. Hey, do you still want to have dinner?" she interrupted.

His cock twitched. Damn, did he ever. "Saturday?"

She grinned. "Your place or mine?"

"Mine."

She nodded. "Seven?"

"Do you like pasta?"

"Doesn't everyone?" She winked before walking away.

He watched her sashay across his lawn, and licked his lips, just thinking about what he wanted for desert made him hard as a brick!

* * *

Molly felt so nervous on Saturday. She had no idea what to wear, but she knew she was going to have sex with Lee tonight. Pasta dinner would be nice, but she was hungry for cock. Feeling daring she decided to give him his fantasy in person. She'd never been promiscuous or risqué, but tonight she was going to give Lee a date he'd never forget-no regrets.

She walked nervously across the lawn and knocked on his door. When he greeted her, she could feel his genuine happiness and it bolstered her courage. She stepped inside.

"Isn't it a bit warm for a coat? Here, let me take that," he said hospitably.

"Are we alone?" she asked.

His eyebrows shot up. "Yes, why?"

She gazed at his buff body that made his polo shirt and Dockers cling to him like a second skin. This will so be worth it, she reminded herself silently.

Molly dropped her coat. She was naked except for a pair of black crotchless panties. His eyes widened. She could see he wasn't expecting her attire.

"I didn't come here for pasta... I'm hungry for something else," she said staring at his bulging pants to make her point.

"Are you sure?"

“Am I dressed like I’m sure? I don’t visit all the neighbors naked,” she said, then chuckled to soften her sarcasm. He grinned. “I want to give you a live show. I read the back of your DVD before I brought it to you. I’m going to touch myself for you Lee.”

She noticed he was breathing heavily. “Your pants look tight, maybe you should take them off.”

His eyes never left hers as he fumbled quickly and awkwardly with his belt. She felt her nipples harden just watching the stud disrobing. He had an amazing body. He could have any girl he wanted, but knowing that he found her ample body sexy made her feel powerful. Normally, she felt shy and awkward being around a man, but right now she felt like a goddess. His pants fell and landed at his ankles. She sat down on his large couch and pulled her legs up so that her feet rested on the seat. She spread her knees wide so he had a good view of her pussy.

Just as the woman on the cover of his porno had done, Molly began to finger her clit. She was already wet, and had been since the moment she’d gathered the courage to walk out her front door. Her fingers swirled in her moisture and she made hard little circles against herself. It felt wonderful, but especially good knowing he was watching. She looked at his hard cock and smiled. Having him inside of her would feel good too. It’d been six months since she’d broken up with her on again off again boyfriend and she totally needed a good hard fuck.

“Damn it Molly. I’ve never seen such a pretty little cunt. You’re killing me,” he growled. Dirty talk always got her off and she loved his deep, sexy voice.

He began stroking himself and the sight only added to her building excitement. She lay her head back against his plush couch and closed her eyes as the first soft cry burst from her lips. She rubbed furiously and cried out loudly as she began to come.

“Shit, I want that pussy!” Lee muttered. His dirty-talk confession only made her hotter.

“Yes! I want you inside me. Please fuck me,” she begged.

Lee hurried to kneel on the ottoman in front of the couch. One knee was next to her thigh, while the other stayed on the ottoman. He drove his above average prick straight into her needy opening and she arched her back. Her orgasm intensified as her pussy squeezed his cock and he began thrusting in and out, picking up speed with each stroke. She screamed, and clutched his wide muscular shoulders. He had amazing stamina and she finished first. When he came, he was kissing her neck. “Damn, I wish I’d had you over for dinner sooner,” he whispered in her ear. “I want to eat cold pasta in bed with you. Do you like cold pasta?”

She rested her forehead against his shoulder to hide her grin. “Who doesn’t like pasta,” she teased. Molly felt amazing. She hoped he’d be eating pussy instead of pasta as soon as they reached his room.

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