

Twilight

A married man might have a care about letting a girl into his house, especially a girl like me. Mr. Easy up here was showing good signs of having no cares in the world. Exactly what I was looking for.

Finally, she was in front of him, holding her candy in one hand and a jutting hip in the other.

“Hey mister,” she said quietly but confidently.

“Yeah?” “It’s really hot, and I’ve walked a long way. Got anything to drink? I’ll pay if I have to.”

The man smirked. And Alana was in love with his smile.

“Sure, come on inside,” he said coyly, waving for Alana to follow him.

“I’ve got some lemonade in the fridge, if you don’t mind the store bought stuff.”

“No, that would be perfect.”

Their words were show for the neighbors, pedestrians, whoever was walking by. They already knew the façade was over and the masquerade was done.

Alana followed the man up his front steps, across his porch, and into his house. She marveled at the handy work done all through his hallway and his front living room. He’d redone the house himself, he informed her softly. He owned this house, had owned it for a few years. Now he was just putting on the finishing touches.

In the kitchen, he pulled out a container of iced tea concentrate from the freezer, and set the cold-water tap to running. Alana leaned on the counter next to the sink, her sunglasses inching down her nose as the sun cutting through the room from a nearby window turned everything a golden yellow-orange. Mr. Easy was watching her, staring at the quickly diminishing candy she kept popping in and out of her garishly painted mouth.

Then he walked over towards the sink, but at the last minute, Alana slid in front of him, blocking his path.

He stood in front of her, so close she knew he could almost taste her candy breath.

“Sorry,” she apologized, looking up at him.

She removed her sunglasses and set them on the counter top next to her, then met his eyes again, smiling innocently.

“I wanted to wash my hands before you were done using the water, before I touched anything else.”

Alana didn’t move.

“Do you have a problem with getting a bit dirty, miss?” he said.

“No, not really,” Alana replied.

Then, he was leaning forward, resting a hand on either side of her, gripping the edge of the counter.

“Good,” he said.

Alana put her arms around his neck, very slowly, and put her mouth to his.

The kiss was electric, a fire starter for sure. His hands went around Alana’s slender back, moving up her spine beneath the tight shirt. Then he was slipping the shirt off her body, and she was putting her arms up in the air to help him.

His mouth dropped as he froze her there, holding her arms captive in the shirt as he began to kiss at her small rounded breasts. His tongue teased at the nipples and Alana’s sucker dropped into the sink behind her, sloshing around in the running water.

They ignored it.

His tongue was like fire over Alana’s already overheated flesh. She moaned, crying out watching him. Mr. Easy ripped the shirt over her hands and threw it to the floor. Then his hands went down her sides, up over her ribs, and he cupped her little titties, mashing them together so he could suckle each cherry sized nipple, then both at once.

Alana was in pure heaven. She could feel the heat of his mouth, the fire of his lips and tongue. And his calloused hands were so rough and slick with grime and sweat. She loved his touch.

Her own hands ran through his short brown hair, gripping it as she pushed her chest out for him.

Then his mouth ventured back up to hers, and he was pulling at his own clothing. Alana decided to help him. She ignored his chest and knelt in front of him, pushing his legs out from the cupboard the sink was in, so she had room to crouch. She tore at his zipper and pulled the coveralls down to the floor, exposing his hairy tanned legs, thick with sinew.

His cock was already hard, jutting forward into her face. It was nothing for her to attach her mouth to it, and Alana eagerly did so.

Mr. Easy gripped the edge of the counter top, wincing in sensitive pain as Alana’s teeth dragged up and down his shaft. He looked down at where she was suckling him, gripping his cock ever so tightly. Her black head of shining brilliant hair moved up and down, up and down.

He was going to cum soon. Alana could taste it. And it was a hard call for him to pull her off of his cock as he did. But he wanted her fully. Good guys like him never get good girls like this. He wanted to be inside her.

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