

Cookies

Okay. So I have this neighbour, right? Dorky guy, kinda chubby, the type of person you wouldn't think twice about. I don't know much about him - probably works with computers or something. We've only spoken a few times, and those chats were so short and uninteresting that I don't even remember what we talked about.

Well, here's the thing. He's changed.

And I'm not talking about a small change either. Like, he's fucking hott now. Sexy as fuck.

At first, I didn't even realise it was him. I thought it was like a friend or brother or something. Like, there was this guy just standing there, and he was *built*.

His arms were thick, huge. Strong. And, even though he was wearing a t-shirt, I could still see his abs clear as day. Like, holy fucking fuck. I've never seen a dude so ripped. His torso was like a statue of a Greek God. An Adonis. All chiselled marble and rock-hard perfection.

Now I'm not shallow. I don't usually see a guy and get wet just by looking at them. But, when I saw him standing there, that amazing body and handsome, cocky smile, I couldn't help myself. It was like every cell in my body wanted a piece of that meat, you know?

I'm not even joking. I had to go back inside my house to get a new pair of panties. The ones I was wearing, after seeing him, were needing replacing - if you catch my drift.

Wanna know the real weird thing, though?

The day before, he'd looked just like he always had. That change - that amazing, mind-blowing transformation - had happened over night. Literally.

I'm not exactly the homey, housewifey type. Like, as good as I look in an apron - or anything really - it doesn't exactly suit who I am. I'll cook myself up some dinner, but that's kinda a necessity of living alone. It sure as crap isn't something I *like* or *enjoy* doing.

So, when I got the idea to bake some cookies. It was kinda a little surprising.

In the back of my mind, I knew I wasn't gonna be baking them for me, though. They were for my neighbour - Allan. They were to put a smile on his face, to act as an ice-breaker and give me a chance to introduce myself to him.

I know, I know. We've already been introduced. We've spoken a few times already. But that was when he was boring and not stupidly attractive.

Can't blame a girl for wanting to get a little closer to *that* now, can you?

The first batch of cookies came out charred black. They looked less like sugary treats and more like lumps of coal. I tossed them in the trash, started over. Since I'd left the first batch in too long, I pulled the second batch out earlier. Too early. They weren't cooked right - weren't perfect - so I tossed them out too.

If I was gonna convince Allan that I was good girlfriend material, good wife material, I had to get these cookies absolutely perfect.

Twelve batches, and two short trips to a local supermarket later, and I had just that. A perfect batch of cookies.

Carefully, I scooped them all on a plate, arranged them to look as pretty and scrumptious as possible.

As I was walking to my front door, set to deliver my goodies to my handsome neighbour, something stopped me. A reflection in a window. It was dark outside - pitch black, even. And that darkness made for a detailed, mirror-like reflection of my appearance.

Long, messy hair. Tired-looking eyes. Full lips without gloss or lipstick, a dirty apron and casual, unattractive clothes.

No, no, no. That wouldn't do at all.

If I was going to impress, I needed to look my best.

I set the plate down, rushed to my bedroom. I needed to be quick, or the cookies would go cold. Freshly-baked warm cookies were way better than cold cookies. If I took too long getting ready, I'd have to cook up another batch.

Now, I'm gonna be honest. I love clothes.

What a person wears shows who they are. People can say 'you can't judge a book by its cover' all they want, fact of the matter is that we all do it anyway. Every day, you encounter a sea of people. Every one of them judging you on sight - what you look like, what you're wearing. It's human nature.

Most people have one wardrobe for clothes. I have three. All filled to the brim.

All different styles, all for different purposes.

If I wanted to do a professional getup, I could. If I wanted slutty bikini babe, it was right there in the second wardrobe.

For Allan, I wanted to look homely. A beautiful housewife that he could come home to after a long day's work. A woman who would soothe him, mind and body. The perfect partner.

I don't know how I knew it, but I knew exactly the look my handsome, chiselled conquest would love.

I tied my long hair back with a thick red ribbon, tied it into a bow on top of my head. Stripped naked, quickly tossing all my clothes aside, and reached into one of the wardrobes. A retro white shirt with red polka-dots, with a matching red skirt and a clean, fluffy white apron.

Then I quickly applied make-up. Blush and bright red lipstick, a little eyeliner to bring out my hazel eyes.

I stood, looked into the mirror, turned left and right, took in my appearance. Not to be vain, but I looked great. Amazing, even. The Sixties Housewife look worked well with me. There was no way Allan could look at me and *not* want to bone down.

I looked amazing. He looked amazing. It was practically meant to be.

For the first time since I was a little girl, I skipped with joy - picking up the plate of still-warm cookies and carrying them the short distance to my neighbours front door.

When I rang the doorbell, my plan was to smile and offer the cookies the moment Allan answered - maybe start a little conversation, see if I couldn't get invited inside.

When the door swung inward, however, and I saw the Adonis standing there, all words escaped me.

All I could do was stare, open-mouthed, at the handsome perfection. The hard jawline, the piercing eyes. He was shirtless for some reason - his toned body in full view. Every muscle was well defined, neither too large, nor too small. Perfect. With not an ounce of fat or flab to be seen.

I blushed a bright, crimson red.

It'd been years since I'd felt this flustered. Since I'd felt this kind of overwhelming sexual attraction.

My mind tried pushing the thought away, tried coming up with something witty and interesting to say. My body, on the other hand, craved him. Wanted nothing more than for Allan to pick me up with those strong arms and take me to his bedroom.

"H- Hi," I managed to stutter. "Co- I- Do you want cookies?"

The hot blush spread further across my face, warm and embarrassing.

Allan glanced down at the plate in my hands, looked deep into my eyes, smiled.

My heart just about melted. That smile, the charm and charisma and manliness of it. It was almost too much for me to handle. My legs wobbled, threatened to give way beneath me.

Allan stepped aside, gestured inside his home.

"Come in," he said, voice rumbling with power.

My feet were moving before my mind caught up - obeying my neighbour without question, without hesitation.

I stepped across the threshold into his house, followed him as he guided me to his kitchen. All the while, my mind raced for something to say - something endearing, something clever or cute.

"Set your plate down on the counter," Allan told me. "They look delicious. I think I'll eat them first."

"First?" My mind blanked. What did he mean by that? It felt like cogs turning in my head too slowly, all my thoughts jumbled and confused.

"Indeed," Allan smiled. "First I'll eat your cookies, then I'll eat you."

Allan ate slowly, nibbling on the cookies with his eyes glued to me. His gaze was unwavering, filled with intent.

I stood there, squirming.

When his eyes roamed my body, lingering on my bust, I couldn't help but straighten my back, push my chest outwards. It was an instinctual action, automatic. I had no control over it, over my body at all.

"You're not wearing a bra," Allan said, took a bite out of another cookie, swallowed and smiled. "Good."

My body trembled at the word. My heart swelling with pride.

I'd done something good!

There was only a few cookies left now. Just a few more minutes and he'd take me to his bedroom. Just the thought sent shudders of pleasure through me.

Allan must have seen my excitement, because he smiled.

"Suck my cock," he commanded softly. "Now."

For a moment, I didn't move. I was too stunned by the order. Then, slowly, I took a step forward, walked over to where Allan stood, lowered myself to my knees.

A moment later, having undone a few buttons and lowered jeans and boxers alike, I was faced with a monster.

Don't get me wrong, I've seen big cocks before. I've deep-throated the best of them. But what I was faced with right now was unlike anything I'd ever seen before. A monster cock, through and through. Impossibly huge would be an understatement.

I wrapped my hand around the shaft, amazed. With every other cock I'd ever held, I'd been able to use my hand to encircle it entirely. With Allan's, the tips of my fingers and my thumb would not - could not - connect to each other.

My heart was pounding in my chest, racing.

I held onto Allan's cock, guided it towards my mouth.

As its head brushed my lips, I opened my mouth as wide as my jaw would allow, pressed the tip of Allan's cock to the opening.

It was difficult. Near impossible. He was too thick, too girthy. My mouth squeezed further open painfully, the corners of my mouth stretching and straining. Slowly, though, little by little, I began to feel that impossible girth filling my mouth.

Allan threw me down onto his bed, tossing his trousers aside and stalking towards me - a predator focused solely on its prey.

I rolled over onto my hands and knees.

I felt him come up behind me, felt his warm fingers lifting my skirt, bunching it around my waist. I wasn't wearing panties - as if some part of me knew this was going to happen, that I was going to give myself completely to my neighbour.

When I felt something smooth pressing against my pussy, felt the cool, saliva-coated helmet applying pressure to the warm wetness between my legs, I tensed.

A second later, the pressure shifted, pushed forward slowly.

Electricity shot through me, painful pleasure, as Allan's cock met resistance. My tightness squeezing against his thickness, a barrier stopping him from penetrating deeper. Allan was having none of it, pushed harder, splitting my open with his cock.

Inch by inch, every part of me being filled so completely that my mind lost all comprehension.

There are certain parts inside my body that, when pressed, push me over the edge. Electrical, orgasmic buttons.

Allan's cock pressed those buttons hard, all of them at once.

I was orgasming even before his cock was fully in me. And, when he actually started thrusting, started fucking me like an animal, I lost all control. My mind blanked, filled itself with nothing but heat and pleasure and desire.

I screamed, begged, howled in pure pleasure.

And, afterwards, I lay there. My body sore - my pussy and battered insides most of all. I could still feel him inside me, even though he'd pulled out. I could feel the warmth of his cum filling me to the brim, could feel a little leak out with every laboured breath I took.

"Those were some nice cookies," Allan said beside me. For a moment, he blurred in my vision. For the briefest instant, I thought I saw the old Allan - chubby and ugly and bland. Then the handsome, perfect man was back. "Bake me some more tomorrow."

"Yes," I breathed. "Okay."

Allan smiled, reached out and squeezed my breast.

"Good."