

The Neighbour

Who doesn't love a happy family?

Living next door to me was just that. A 'happy' family. A workaholic father, stay-at-home mother, and their nerdy son. The typical white-picket story.

I liked to watch them - particularly the mother and son. She was beautiful, amazingly so. If not for being knocked up at a young age, Ashley would likely have ended up a super-model. That had been her dream, after all. And she certainly had the looks to make it happen. Every time I slipped into her mind, I saw the hint of regret - the opportunities lost.

The son, Ethan, had much more simple thoughts - as you'd expect from a hormone-addled teenager. He liked looking at beautiful women, imagining sex with them. His mother most of all.

I read both their minds from a distance, learned them more intimately than they knew themselves.

And, once I was satisfied with my knowledge, I started tweaking things. Nudging the mother and son closer together. After all, what better way to make a family happy than to make them more intimate with each other?

Ethan looked up from his cereal, eyes drawn to his mother's swaying hips. She was standing at a kitchen counter, making breakfast for herself and dancing to music.

She had a nice ass. A really nice ass.

The dress she was wearing fluttered about, moving from side to side as her butt jiggled with the motions.

Why did she have to be so sexy? Of all the women in the world, why did his mother have to be the hottest? Any guy in his situation would react the same way - it wasn't *his* fault that his own mother gave him boners.

Ethan forced his eyes back down to his cereal, began wolfing it down as quickly as he could. The less time he spent in the same room as her, the less he'd be tempted to do something stupid.

A soft, heart-melting giggle drew his attention back to his mother.

"What's got you in such a rush?" Ashley asked, amused.

Ethan gulped, shrugged.

His mother smiled, walked over to the dining table with a glass of juice in one hand and a sandwich in the other. She set both down on the table, sat down opposite him.

Why did she have to be so beautiful?

He averted his gaze, refused to look at her. Last thing he needed was for her to know about his infatuation.

"So, how's everything at school?" His mother asked.

Ethan kept his eyes down, shrugged again.

"Fine."

He gulped down the last of his cereal, shot to his feet. All he needed to do was dump the bowl in the kitchen sink and he'd be able to leave. No need to look at his mother. No need to be in the same room as her at all.

He was almost at the door before his mother spoke.

"Wait, hold up," she said. Ethan could hear the smile on her voice, knew what it meant.

Ever day before school, ever since his very first day, his mother insisted on kissing the top of his head. Why she did it, he had no idea. But, ever since he'd started developing a crush on her, those kisses had become a sadistic torment. A reminder that their relationship was innocent, could never be anything more.

His mother stood, walked around the table towards him.

Ethan turned to face her, eyes locked on the floor.

In recent years, he'd reached her height and, in the last few months, he'd been slowly growing taller than her. By now, he was too tall for her to kiss the top of his head any more. Rather than let that deter her, as Ethan had once hoped, it just meant she kissed his cheek now - which made everything a thousand times worse.

Ashley giggled as she approached, revelling in her son's embarrassment.

When she reached him, an odd tingling spread through her body, a strange warmth. She leaned forward to kiss him on the cheek, as she always did. Only this time, her lips made contact with her son's lips. A tiny little peck, an innocent family kiss.

Ethan stumbled backward, eyes wide.

He turned, fled from the kitchen, his mother's light, playful laughter sounding behind him.

His lips tingled. All Ethan could think about at school was his lips. His mother's kiss. He could still feel it, feel her lips on his. The kiss had only lasted and instant, a fraction of a second, yet it was still there - the ghost of it on his lips.

Why had she kissed him like that?

Did she want him in the same way he wanted her?

No, that was impossible. It'd just been an innocent little kiss. Nothing special.

Throughout the day, fantasies consumed all Ethan's thoughts. His mother kissing him, wearing the naughty nightie he'd seen her in a few times. Black with red lining, almost see-through.

By the time he got home, he couldn't hold it in any more. He raced to his room, slammed the door shut and pulled down his school trousers. His cock ached, begged to be relieved. Without waiting, without thinking, his had shot down, began rubbing it.

Already, the pressure was building, demanding release.

If he'd been paying attention, if he hadn't been so absorbed in the pleasure, he might have heard the creaking outside his bedroom door - the sound of his mother approaching.

As it was, the only warning he had was two quick knocks on his door before it swung open, his mother stepping into his room uninvited.

"Ethan, do you-"

Whatever she was going to ask died in her throat as Ashley saw what her son was doing.

He froze, looked at her. His face was red, eyes huge. His hand, which had been moving so quickly a moment before, stopped dead.

"Oh," Ashley said, eyes drawn to her son's crotch.

Time seemed to freeze for a few seconds, neither mother or son knowing what to do - what to say or how to react.

Then the moment passed.

"Mom!" Ethan squeaked, hands shooting over his groin, trying to hide his dick from view.

"Sorry!" Ashley said, feeling her cheeks flush. "Never mind. I'll leave you to..."

"Mom," Ethan squeaked again, turning away from her, trying desperately to pull up his trousers. His hands were trembling, his whole body shaking.

A warm wind passed through the room, though the window was closed. Tingles shot through Ethan's body, his mind blurring.

He glanced at his mother, saw the same dazed expression on her face that he felt on his own.

"Ah," she sighed, eyes roaming his body. "Are you masturbating again, honey?"

The question felt odd, unusual.

Ethan nodded his head, embarrassment gone. What had he even been

embarrassed about anyway?

"Would you like me to help you?" His mother asked.

Ethan smiled. Jacking it could get pretty tiring, it would be nice if someone else did all the work for him. And his mother was very attractive...

"Yes please."

Ashley rinsed her hands, cleaning away her son's cum. Not a glamorous task, but a necessary one. It was a mother's job to take care of her child's needs.

Besides, giving Ethan a quick handjob was the closest thing she'd had to sex in far too long.

Her mind drifted back a few minutes, lingering on the moment she had first touched her son's cock. He was big, bigger than his father. She'd sat him down on bed, moved to sit next to him. Then she'd reached tentatively between Ethan's legs, gently grasping the pulsating erection.

It had been warm to the touch, rigid and smooth.

She'd started off slowly, getting a feel for her son's cock and gauging his reactions, testing what felt good for him. He'd liked it when she'd squeezed the head of his cock, tracing a finger around the rim of his helmet.

He hadn't lasted long. Not surprising, given his lack of experience. What was surprising was the insane amount of cum that Ethan had shot out.

Spurt after spurt of the stuff, shooting into the air, landing on Ashley's hands and forearms, spilling all over her son's crotch and legs. An almost endless stream of cum shooting everywhere.

For the briefest moment, she'd been tempted to lean in, block the fountain of cum with her mouth.

Just imagining the taste of it, the feel of it filling her mouth and throat, made her knees feel weak.

Perhaps, in future, she'd listen out for when her son started masturbating - barge in 'accidentally' and help him out again. Who knew, maybe next time things would go further than a quick handy.

Ethan raced into his bedroom, tossing his bag aside and tugging down his trousers. His cock sprung free, hard and aching. He grabbed it, began jerking it.

When he'd arrived home, seen what his mother was wearing, his body reacted by itself.

He closed his eyes, imagined her. Yesterday, she'd been the one jacking him off. He imagined it was her hand on him now, tried to recall the sensation of her fingers wrapped around his shaft.

She'd been so close, her breath warm on his neck.

"That looks painful," a woman's voice said.

Ethan jumped, eyes instantly open.

His mother was standing there smiling, clad in only her white underwear and frilly apron.

She took a step forward, a gleam in her eyes.

Ethan gasped, eyes rolling back in their sockets. The pleasure was too much, he couldn't take it - couldn't hold it any longer.

He was sat on the edge of his bed, his mother kneeling in front of him.

The sounds of slurping and gagging filled his bedroom, Ashley swallowing down her son's cock. Her eyes were closed, mind focussed entirely on her task.

Ethan was big - bigger than any cock she'd sucked before.

It filled her mouth, jabbed the back of her throat. His girth made it near impossible to

take fully - every attempt met with a choked gag as the monster blocked her throat entirely, suffocating her with its insane size.

He was close, she could feel it. Her fingers were wrapped around the base of her son's shaft, squeezing, preventing her son from finishing before she was ready.

The idea of him cumming in her mouth, an endless river of cum spilling down her throat, was tempting. The idea of drowning on Ethan's cum sent shivers of pleasure through her. But there was something she wanted far more.

Slowly, she leaned backwards. Inch by inch, Ethan's cock drew out from her mouth - a layer of saliva coating its length.

With a smirk, she rose to her feet, pushed her son's shoulders. He fell onto his back, eyes widening as Ashley climbed on top of him.

She slipped her underwear aside, took her son's cock in her hand. Slowly, she lowered herself on to it.

Ethan gasped, eyes drawn to his own cock - watching dumbfounded as it disappeared, little by little, into his mother's glistening pussy. She was tight, far tighter than his hand, and softer, warmer. Her insides squeezed his cock, milking all of it at once.

He couldn't hold it any longer.

Ethan came, and came hard.

His mother let out a satisfied moan, feeling the heat fill her insides, warmth spreading out from her son's cock. He was filling her up completely, she could feel every drop of it.

Ashley collapsed on top of her son, his cock still inside her - blocking all that cum from spilling out from inside her.

This. She could definitely get used to this...

I watched the whole event unfold through the minds of both mother and son, savouring every stray thought and desire.

They'd never know I was responsible for it. To them, I was simply the neighbour. The man who had recently moved in next door.

For Ethan and Ashley, the journey was only just beginning. I had plans for them. Great plans indeed.