

# MANUS DARE

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a purple lace bra and pink lace underwear, is posing in front of a wooden background. She is holding the waistband of her underwear. Behind her, a man with a beard, wearing a red and black plaid shirt, is partially visible. In the foreground, a large roasted turkey is served on a platter with grapes and herbs.

## STUFFED

BY THE HORNY

## NEIGHBOR

# Stuffed by her Horny Neighbor

Manus Dare

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STUFFED BY HER HORNY NEIGHBOR

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Written by Manus Dare.

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"You really need to visit him on Thanksgiving?"

Jill was in the kitchen, checking the turkey, while Gerald wiped down the dining room table. He looked up at her with his cute, lopsided smile.

"Come on, Gerald," she said. "He has no one else."

"I know, but that doesn't have to be your business."

Jill didn't reply and why would she? Ben was a tall, muscular man who spent much of his spare time fixing motorcycles outside his house and annoying Gerald with the noise. He and Rebecca and their two kids had lived across the street for as long as Gerald could remember. It had been a shock when they found out Rebecca was leaving with the kids.

Ben was despondent after Rebecca and the kids had left and Jill, feeling sorry for him, had taken it upon herself to figure out what happened. Gerald loved his wife, but sometimes she got too wrapped up in the lives of their neighbors. Besides, Ben was a typical bad boy who, in Gerald's mind, had gotten exactly what he deserved. He certainly didn't deserve the casseroles his wife made him, and Gerald wasn't happy about Jill taking him Thanksgiving dinner.

Jill came out of the kitchen and hugged him from behind. Gerald's temper melted away as Jill pressed her large, soft breasts into his back and the smell of her perfume tickled his nostrils.

"Come on, honey," she said. "He just needs some help."

Gerald smiled, there was no use fighting with his wife, when she put her mind to something, there was little Gerald could do to stop her.



JILL LEFT THE HOUSE, carrying a glass dish with turkey, potatoes, stuffing, and in a separate container, a healthy slice of pumpkin pie. She looked back at her house for a moment, as if making an internal decision, then walked across the street and knocked on Ben's door.

He opened it even before she had lowered her hand. He must have been watching for her. He glanced over her shoulder at her

house, then took her arm, and pulled her inside, slamming the door shut.

"Ben! Wait—"

Ben yanked the food out of her hands and pushed the pretty housewife and mother up against the front door. Jill let out a shocked cry, and then Ben's mouth was on hers, his tongue slipping between her lips.

Jill trembled, but didn't fight as Ben's rough hands groped her body. When his calloused fingers slid between her legs and scraped the thin fabric of her panties, she pushed against him, shocked as always by the hardness of her neighbor's muscles.

"I can't," Jill moaned. "I can't keep doing this! It's not right!"

"That's what you said the last time," Ben growled and bit the tender skin of her neck. "And the time before that.

"I know! But it's wrong, Ben! I'm married!"

"So am I. Technically. But we both know Gerald can't do what I can do to you." Jill whimpered in anguish. He was right. She loved Gerald, but he just wasn't the same man that Ben was. Ben was hard and strong, and he could make Jill feel things she had never felt before. And he could make her do things she had never done before. "Please, don't make me do this!"

"I'm not making you do anything!" Ben growled. "You'll do it because you want it! You'll do it because you need it! Your family can't make you feel as good as I can."

Ben wrapped his large hands around her neck. He didn't squeeze, but she could still feel the power in his fingers. Slowly, he pushed her down the front door, until she was on her knees in the entryway.

He lifted his hands from her neck and unbuttoned his jeans, slowly pushing them down over his hips. She stared at his belly button, the rippled ridges of his abs, and the thick V of muscle that pointed down, down, into until they reached the thing she had been dreaming of for weeks.

"Go ahead," Ben snickered. "Go ahead and leave. I won't stop you."

Jill whimpered again. She should leave. But, bouncing in front of her was the fat head of Ben's cock. It moved up and down with a life all its own, a thick fleshy rod. Her mouth went dry just looking at it, imagining what it would do to her.

"That's right," Ben murmured, stroking his cock inches from her face. "You should run. Run and never look back. Go home, lock your door and spend the day with your loving family."

Ben reached down, gripped a handful of her dark, brown hair in one hand and her chin in the other. He pulled her jaw down and her mouth yawned open. Finally, he forced the fat head of his cock between her lips.

"I didn't think so," Ben grunted. "I know what you're really thankful for."

Jill let out a gurgled groan as Ben's cock filled her mouth and probed the back of her throat. As the heat of his fleshy shaft throbbed in her mouth against her tongue, she thought back to two weeks earlier, the day her whole life had changed.



REBECCA AND THE KIDS had been gone for a few weeks when Jill decided to go check on Ben. Not that she was necessarily that close to Ben or Rebecca, but in the weeks since his wife left, Jill had watched Ben's yard become overgrown and the motorcycles in the front yard had fallen into even further states of disrepair. To Jill, it was a sure sign that Ben was in trouble.

At least that was the reason Jill told herself. The truth was, Jill was bored. She had lived on Peachtree with Gerald and her son Robbie for almost seven years. While she liked her quiet little neighborhood, nothing ever happened. And Jill, like most bored people, loved gossip.

The rumors about Ben and Rebecca had been flying for weeks. Theories ranged from Ben cheating on her (the most popular theory) to Rebecca fleeing for her life after a drug deal went bad. After all, Ben liked to work on motorcycles, and he often had rough-looking

friends come over to pick up one of the machines he had been working on.

So, her curiosity going wild, she prepared a chicken and noodle casserole and, while Gerald was at work, she walked across the street to Ben's house and knocked on the door.

It took a long time for him to answer the door, so long that Jill set the casserole on the stoop and turned to leave. Just as she was bending over to leave the dish, the door opened, and she found herself looking up at her neighbor.

They had spoken maybe a dozen times over the years, mostly to complain about the noise of Ben's motorcycles. He was younger than Jill, but looking up at him in his wrinkled flannel shirt and faded jeans, a rough five shadow outlining his jaw, he looked older.

"Jill?" He blinked in the morning sun. "That you?"

"Yes," Jill said standing up. "I just came to give you this."

Ben blinked, then looked down at the casserole dish, a humorless smile on his face. Jill could tell by the hazy look in eyes and the smell of strong liquor that he was drunk.

"You didn't have to," he said, still smiling.

"Oh, I know. It's just... I know Rebecca left, and I wanted to make sure you were OK."

"Very kind of you... neighbor." Ben took the dish from her hand. "But I'm fine."

"Are you sure? Jill asked, trying not to sound like she was fishing for information.

If Ben saw through her ploy, he didn't show it. Instead, he stood to the side, his long muscular arm beckoning her inside.

"You know, I do feel a little lonely," he said. "Would you like to come in for a cup of coffee?"

"Oh!" Jill said and glanced back at her house. She hadn't expected an invitation, but a friendly cup of coffee might be the best way to find out what was going on. Her friend, Heidi down the street would turn absolutely green with envy if Jill got to scoop before her. "Sure. That sounds nice."

She brushed past Ben and entered his house. Her shoulder rubbed against his thick chest, and underneath the smell of the

strong liquor was the scent of male sweat. It wasn't an unpleasant smell. In fact, mixed with the whiskey, the scent was almost intoxicating.

She expected to find the house in shambles, but the surfaces were clean and the carpets had been vacuumed. It certainly didn't look like the home of a newly minted bachelor.

"Surprised?" Ben said behind her.

"What? No!" Jill gasped. "I just thought..."

"A grown man can't take care of himself?"

Ben stepped up behind her. This close she could feel the heat of his body and his scent enveloped her. She shivered slightly, a feeling she had not experienced with another man for a long time. Hell, she hadn't felt this excited by Gerald for a long time.

*Get a hold of yourself, she thought. He's not that good-looking! Besides, he probably cheated on his wife!*

Ben stood behind her for a long moment, his breath drawn deeply into his lungs as if he was smelling her. Jill shivered again, wondering what she should do.

Then, he slid past her and into the kitchen. He poured two cups of coffee and set them down on the table.

"So, what's the rumor?" Ben said, taking a sip of coffee.

"What do you mean?" Jill hid her shock behind the coffee cup.

She took a sip and almost choked. It was too black and too strong.

"Well, I think you've been over to our house about ten times since we lived here. And mostly that was to complain about the noise. But, since your husband's not here and you're being so nice, I assume there are rumors going around about why Rebecca left."

"I... I suppose," Jill said. "I mean, you know people. They talk."

"Yes," Ben eyed her over the lip of his cup. She never noticed before but he had very intense gray eyes that seemed to read her like an open book. "People will talk."

"Right."

"So, what do you think happened, Jill?"

"Oh, I don't know," Jill laughed uneasily.

She had her suspicions, of course. Ben was younger than Rebecca. He was also good-looking in that rough, bad boy way. Jill's first thought when she had heard Rebecca had left was that Ben had cheated on her. It wasn't that far of a leap to make.

But, Rebecca could have been cheating on Ben. Or maybe it was something completely different. She didn't know, but she sure wanted to find out.

"I suppose you think I cheated on her," Ben said bitterly, and took another drink.

"Oh, no!" Jill lied. "I wasn't saying that!"

"Everybody's saying that," Ben laughed.

Jill took another sip of the bitter, powerful coffee. The taste and smell of it brought her awake and her mind sped up with the jolt of caffeine.

"I mean," Jill said. "Not everybody. But, I suppose people are naturally curious. You and Rebecca were together for what? Ten years?"

"Twelve," Ben said. "We got married when we found out she was pregnant with Peter, our oldest."

"Okay," I said. "So, naturally people are curious what happens to a couple that's been together so long."

"Don't you know? You've been with Jerry for how long?"

"It's Gerald," Jill chuckled. "He doesn't like Jerry. And we've been together for almost fifteen years."

Ben looked her up and down and she felt a blush creep to her cheeks.

"You must have been very young when you had your son," Ben said.

Oh, well," She felt a heat rise to her cheeks. "Yes, I guess so. I was twenty when I got pregnant with Robbie."

"Hey," Ben smiled. "You don't look thirty-five!"

"Oh, well, thanks!" Had her voice really just gone up an octave? To cover up her nervousness, she took another sip of the strong coffee.

Jill was very proud of her body. She did yoga three times a week and took a walk every day. She'd been a cheerleader in high school,

despite her heavy curves, and she worked very hard to get her body back after having Robbie. Still, as the years went by, she had noticed gravity taking its toll on her heavy breasts and round ass. It was nice to have a man besides her husband notice.

"You know some women, when they have a baby and settle down they stop worrying about their looks," Ben said. "You obviously haven't done that."

"Stop, Ben!" She laughed, nervously. His intense eyes made her heartbeat speed up, and she did her best to slow it down, but the strong coffee didn't help.

Suddenly, Jill had an epiphany.

"Is that why Rebecca left?" Jill asked. "Because she let herself go?"

"What?" Ben scoffed. "No! What kind of asshole do you think I am?"

"I'm sorry, Jill said. I didn't mean—"

"Oh, I think we both know what you meant," Ben leaned forward, the coffee cup clenched between his large hands. "Do you really want to know why Rebecca left?"

"I, uh..." Jill hesitated. The look on Ben's face was so serious. She wondered if she made him angry. "I guess so. If you want to tell me."

"I guess it doesn't matter now," Ben said. "She's gone and as far as I know she's not coming back."

The serious look on his face faltered, and she saw just a flash of sadness. Then, Ben's jaw tightened and his mouth curled into a thin smile, covering up any weakness.

"The truth is," Ben said, gazing straight into Jill's eyes. "The truth is Rebecca couldn't handle me."

"What do you mean 'handle'?"

Ben laughed.

"She couldn't handle me... my sex drive."

"What?" Jill gasped. "Your sex drive?"

"Yes," Ben said. "After we had Andy, Rebecca didn't want to have sex anymore. She said she never enjoyed it because I was... I was too forceful."

Jill nodded trying to keep her face neutral. She took another sip of coffee but the bitterness stuck in her throat.

"Forceful? You mean..."

"Let's just say... I like to be in control."

"Oh!" Jill's heart stopped, and she imagined all kinds of ways the rough, tattooed man across from her would take control.

*Rebecca pinned to her bed by Ben's powerful hands, his body hammering her with punishing thrusts...*

Jill shook the thought from her mind.

"Well, I'm sure you guys could have worked that out! Right?"

"It wasn't just that," Ben said and leaned forward. His knuckles grazed the back of her hand, making goose pimples on the skin of her arm. "Rebecca said I was too... big."

"Big?"

Ben nodded then looked down toward his crotch. Jill stifled a moan. Of all the conversations she had imagined when she came over, this wasn't one of them.

"You have to be joking!"

"No," Ben said, sadly. "Unfortunately, I'm not. Evidently Rebecca couldn't handle a man like me."

"Well! That just seems... ridiculous! I mean nobody's that big!"

Ben sat back in his seat, eyeing the pretty housewife.

"So, after 15 years you and Gerald... you guys have a good sex life?"

"Oh, well," Jill dipped her head as her cheeks burned. "I don't think I should talk about that."

"Really?" Ben chuckled. "I just let you know everything about my sex life. After you get out of here, you'll probably go tell all of your little friends on the street."

"No! I wouldn't!" Jill said, although she had already decided to tell Heidi first. Her friend would be so jealous!

"Sure," Ben smiled.

"I won't! I promise!"

"You don't have to promise," Ben laughed. "But, I did just share something private with you. Isn't it friendly to share something about yourself?"

"Well," Jill murmured. "I mean, I suppose it's only fair. Obviously as we get older we don't have sex as often as we used to. But we still have a decent sex life."

"Really? When was the last time you two had sex?"

"Oh, Ben!" Jill laughed. "You're not supposed to ask a woman that question!"

"Is it because you can't remember or because you're embarrassed?"

Jill scoffed, but already she was racking her brain to remember the last time she and Gerald had sex. It had been at least a month. Not that she didn't want to have sex it's just she and Gerald were in a comfortable place in their lives where sex didn't mean as much as it used to.

"I'm not embarrassed!"

"So, you can't remember?" Ben grinned.

"Shut up!" Jill laughed. "You don't know anything!"

"True," Ben nodded. "You are still married and I won't be for very long."

Jill felt a wave of guilt wash over her. She could see now that Ben was sad and a lot of his teasing and attitude were just a mask to hide his pain.

*Men! They always had to act strong!*

"You know," Ben said. "I could actually use your advice about something."

"Really? What about?"

"Well," Ben planted his hands on the table and pushed himself to his feet. "Maybe you could give me an opinion on whether you think this is a reason to divorce someone."

Ben reached down and grabbed Jill's wrist, then placed her hand on his crotch.

Jill froze.

"Ben? What are you doing?"

"Just getting your opinion." Ben smiled down at her.

Jill's mind went blank as her fingers involuntarily curled around the bulge in Ben's pants. It couldn't be! But she could feel the

throbbing heat of it through the thick fabric of his jeans. He was huge!

"You probably can't tell when it's covered up," Ben chuckled and unbuttoned his pants. "Maybe this will help."

Before Jill could move he had pushed his pants down over his hips and his enormous cock fell out of his underwear and slapped the top of the table.

"Oh my God!" Jill cried.

"Does that mean it's bigger than Jerry's?"

Jill's tongue was thick in her mouth and she couldn't take her eyes off Ben's fleshy monster. It made Gerald's cock look like a child!

"Ben!" She forced her eyes away from his manly cock. "What are you doing?"

"I'm just asking. Is this any reason to leave your husband?"

"My husband?" Jill didn't understand the question. Is he asking her to leave Gerald?

"No," Ben laughed. "I know Jerry doesn't have a cock like this. I mean, is this any reason to leave someone after 12 years? Because you were too afraid of it?"

"I don't... I don't—"

"You can touch it, jill. It won't bite."

"No," she said, but her eyes were drawn back to the massive, veiny shaft. "I couldn't."

"Why not? You wanted some gossip, right?"

"Are you doing this to punish me?"

"Oh no," Ben grinned. "Your punishment is going to be so much better!"

Oh God!

Jill moaned, but she felt a secret throb of lust pulse inside her pussy. Was he going to have sex with her? Was he going to force her?

Again she saw the image of Rebecca being pinned to a mattress, Ben's hard body hammering into her. Jill's belly flip-flopped and she felt a trickle of lust moisten her panties.

God! Did she want this?

"Put your hand on it, Jill," Ben murmured. "You don't need to be afraid." "I'm... I'm not!" she moaned. "I'm married!"

"So am I...technically," Ben chuckled. "But, I think we can help each other."

"Help... each other?" Jill was having a hard time thinking. The musky, masculine scent she'd detected earlier was now a thick cloud assaulting her nostrils. That, mixed with Ben's low growl and the sight of his enormous cock slowly growing harder in front of her, made her brain fuzzy with lust.

Before she could stop herself, she slowly reached out, and wrapped her pale fingers around the thick shaft.

"So big!" She moaned.

"Bigger than Jerry's?" Ben asked.

She nodded slowly, as if in a trance.

"I've never seen one so big."

"Thought so," Ben chuckled. "I'll bet Jerry's just a little guy, ain't he?"

Jill whined deep in her throat, entranced by the feel of his thick cock in her hand.

"Please, don't talk about my husband," Jill begged.

"Maybe you shouldn't talk at all," Ben pushed the fat head of his cock against my lips. "Maybe you should use your mouth on my cock."

Oh God! What was she doing? This was crazy! His cock was so big! But, when she pushed against his thighs to stop him, her hands ended up rubbing the firm muscles.

Ben grinned and unbuttoned his shirt revealing his muscular, tattooed body. The blue ink of a snake curled up one pectoral and wrapped around his bicep.

Jill moaned. She tried to fight the lust burning inside of her, when Ben placed his hand on the back of her head while his other hand pinched her chin and stretched open her mouth.

"It's too big!" There were so many other reasons not to do this, but the size of his fleshy monster was the only thing that came to mind.

"It'll fit," Ben murmured. "Just relax your jaw. That's it. You know what you want it."

His voice was soft, like a cowboy coaxing a wild horse. The sound of it penetrated her mind even as his musky scent filled her nostrils. For a moment, she let herself be lulled by his tender teasing.

A moment was all it took. Her mouth opened, and he plunged his cock between her lips.

It smashed her tongue to the floor of her mouth and filled her with throbbing heat. She tried to groan, but all that came out was a wet gurgle. Her head was suddenly full of Ben's pulse as hot blood and skin throbbed against her tongue.

"Oh, fuck!" Ben sighed, both hands buried in her hair, holding her head in place as he slowly penetrated her mouth. "Fuck! I knew you needed my cock! I fucking knew it!"

Any protests the housewife had were burned away by the heat of Ben's thrusting cock. Her nails dug into the thick muscles of his thighs holding on to him as he thrust again and again into her mouth.

Jill couldn't remember the last time she'd sucked Gerald's cock. Gerald would never force her to her knees and fuck her face. She'd never in her life felt so powerless.

But, as Ben made her gag on his cock, Jill felt the trickle of lust between her legs become a river. Her body throbbed with the rhythm of Ben's thrusts, each time that fat head hit the back of her throat he felt a burst of lust rip through her body.

How could she like this? What was wrong with her?

Finally, Ben pulled out of her mouth leaving the housewife . Spit and drool dripped down Jill's face. She gasped for air, weaving on her knees, intoxicated by the smell and taste of his body.

He gave the housewife no time to rest. He lifted her up by her shoulders and pushed her down to the table. Jill's head lulled from side to side as the powerful man lifted the Hem of her dress and pulled down her panties.

"Ben," Jill moaned weakly. "What are you doing?"

"Shh," Ben whispered. "Don't worry. I'm sure you're too tight for my cock. So, I'm going to loosen you up."

"Oh, God!" Jill whined and pushed against Ben's head as he lowered his face between her legs. But, the fight drained from her arms as she felt the first electric shock of his tongue against the swollen furrow of her pussy. "Oh, God!"

"That's right," Ben growled. "I can taste you. You're wet already. So just relax and enjoy it!"

The helpless housewife moaned and writhed on the table as her neighbor's tongue split the cleft of her pussy and tasted her inner cunt. She tried to screw her hips into the table, but she couldn't get away from her neighbor's tongue.

Ben knew what he was doing. He teased open her wet pussy, working upward slowly until he hit the swollen bud of her clit. The intense shock of pleasure made every muscle in Jill's body tense as if a thousand volts of electricity were being forced through her nerves.

"My God! Ben... it feels... it feels..."

"Feels good, right?" Ben said, then lapped at her sensitive clit.

"Yes! So good!"

"I'll bet Jerry doesn't give you this much attention does he?"

Jill sobbed pitifully, unwilling to answer the question. It didn't matter. Ben knew the answer, and he attacked her pussy with increased vigor.

This time he slid a rough finger inside of her wet, claspng cavern, probing her pussy and stretching her wife. Jill realized he was preparing her for his monstrous cock and that thought permeated her senses as first one finger then another, stabbed into her, massaging the spongy, yielding walls of her pussy. The wet pleasure built inside of her until it spilled onto the table.

"Oh my God! I'm... I' m..."

"Say it!" Ben yelled, stabbing fingers hard and fast into her dripping cunt. "Say it!"

"I'm coming!" Jill screamed, and the admission touched off an incredible explosion of pleasure inside her loins.

Her body jerked and twitched on the table and her hips humped upward of their own accord as she sought more pleasure from her neighbor's talented fingers. Wet, hot juices overflowed her spasming cunt and dripped out onto the top of the table.

Finally, her body came to a rest. She sighed heavily, and, for a second, she didn't know where she was or who she was with.

Ben stood and pulled her forward to a sitting position, ripping her dress up over her head and taking off her bra. In moments, she was completely naked and quivering in front of her neighbor.

"I'll bet Jerry doesn't know just what a hot piece of ass he has, does he?" Ben growled in her ear.

Jill couldn't speak, the lewd words sending more messages of lust through her nerve endings. How could Gerald know when she didn't know? She'd never felt like this before!

Ben grunted, her silence was answer enough. He pushed her down to the table and suddenly the vision of Rebecca being pinned to her bed was replaced by Jill herself, being pinned to the hard tabletop as her neighbor rubbed the wet length of the shaft up the furrow of her cunt.

"I'm going to stretch you out," Ben grunted. "I'm going to stretch you out and make your pussy mine."

"Oh, God!" Jill groaned as Ben probed her pussy with the thick head of his cock. He was so fucking big! No wonder Rebecca hadn't been able to handle him! Jill didn't think that she could take it.

Ben pushed an inch of his thick cock into her cunt. Jill gasped as he stretched her, the sides of her pussy being forced out of proportion. Her muscles tensed around his fleshy intruder and Ben hissed through gritted teeth.

"Fuck! You are so fucking tight! I'll bet Jerry has a little tiny cock."

"No! Yours is just so big!"

"That's right!" Ben sank another inch of his cock inside of her. "But you can take it, can't you?"

Jill moaned on the tabletop as Ben continued to thrust inch by inch into her pussy. She didn't know if she could take it, but the thrill of being filled by such a massive cock made her want to try.

Ben's mouth and fingers had primed her pussy and even though it hurt, he finally sank the full length of his pole inside of her.

"Look at it!" Ben pulled her head up so she could look down the length of her body, past her heavy tits, to that place between her

legs where they were joined. He was completely inside of her, his heavy balls smashed against her upturned ass. She had taken anything so big before and had never felt so full of a man.

Ben waited inside of her as her muscles tensed. Finally, after long moments she felt her pussy relax against his throbbing shaft.

"That's my girl!" Ben cooed and released her head so she could fall back down to the tabletop. "That's my good girl!"

Jill whimpered, but felt a hot thrill as he praised her. She wanted to be a good girl for him, didn't she?

Ben lifted her thighs, digging his fingers into the muscle. Then, withdrew his cock until just the tip was inside of her, then slammed the entire shaft into her body with a savage thrust.

Jill screamed as he plumbed her inner depths, attacking parts of her that had never known the touch of man. His slow thrusts turned into hard, pounding penetration.

She couldn't breathe, couldn't tell where her body began and where her body ended and where Ben's began. She was aware of the coffee table creaking ominously underneath her; the cups rolling with each thrust of Ben's body until finally they fell off the table and smashed onto the floor. There was a moment of worry about the smashed cups and then it all thought was burned away by the intense pleasure of being dominated by such a beautiful, manly cock.

"Oh God!" She cried. "I'm going to come again!"

"Who's making you come?" Ben grunted. "Who's fucking you, slut!"

"You are! You are!"

"That's right, slut! I'm fucking you! Not your husband! Me!"

"Yes! Yes, Ben! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Ben fucked her, harder and better than she'd ever been fucked. Her orgasm burned through her body, forcing her back to arch over. Her large breasts jutted out from her body and her toes curled as she lost control of all her muscles.

Then, the pleasure burst inside of her and she spasmed on the table her body fucking upward, meeting Ben thrust for vicious thrust.

"Fuck, yes!" Ben howled. "I knew you wanted to fuck me. I knew you'd be a little slut!"

"Oh, God! Yes! Yes! I'm your slut!"

That was too much for Ben. He growled, then pulled out of her body leaving her convulsing helplessly on the tabletop. He stalked around the chairs, then pulled her head towards the edge. His other hand was on his cock, stroking the dripping shaft.

Jill only had a moment to register what was happening when the first sticky rope of cum splashed across her cheek. She moaned, catching another shot of salty jizz directly in her mouth. She gurgled, cum dripping between her lips as Ben continued to spray his thick load over face until she was covered with his sticky, warm cum.



THAT HAD BEEN THE FIRST time Ben had fucked her, but it certainly wasn't the last. She visited him daily while Gerald was at work and Billy was at school. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't resist the powerful man's hard body and huge cock. In fact, every time she kissed her husband, all she could picture was Ben's cum splashing across her face and into her mouth. More than once she had kissed Gerald when he got home from work, Ben's taste still thick on her tongue. The guilt and shame she felt were nothing compared to the pleasure she got when she gave herself to her powerful neighbor.

And now, here she was again, on her knees her head banging against the front door of Ben's house as he fucked her face.

"Fuck yeah!" Ben grunted. "I've missed that fucking mouth!"

He pulled his cock out from between her lips. Spit and drool spilled down her chin and onto her dress. Then, he slapped her cheek with his cock.

"Is your family waiting for you?" Ben said. "Are they waiting for you to get the turkey out of the oven?"

"Yes!" Jill moaned.

"And what about the gravy? Have you made the gravy?"

"Oh, God, Ben! Please don't talk about my family!"

Ben gripped her by the hair and pulled her to her feet. His muscular arms pushed her up against the door and he kissed her savagely, forcing his tongue deep into her mouth. Jill moaned, clawing at his hard chest, and kissing him back.

"You want me, don't you?" Ben murmured against her lips.

"Yes!"

You want me more than you want to be with your family, don't you?"

"Yes!"

"Say it!" Ben gripped her head in both hands and forced her to look into his eyes. "Say it!"

"I want you more than my family!" Jill sobbed with shame. "I want you more than anything!"

"That's what I thought!" Ben grunted and pulled the hapless housewife further into his house. "That's what I thought!"

Gerald's phone rang, and he saw it was Jill.

"Jill? Where are you? What's going on?"

"I'm... I'm sorry! Jill said breathlessly. "I'm... I'm going to be over at Ben's a little while longer!"

"What?" Ben asked. "Why?"

"Well, you see," Jill paused and there was a muffled scuffling sound on the phone. "Ben's having a... a really hard time right now."

"Are you okay?" Gerald asked. "You sound out of breath."

"No!" Jill said. "No, I'm fine! I'm just... just worried about Ben!"

"Oh, all right!" Gerald sighed. "When will you be home?"

"I don't... I don't know for sure! Maybe an hour?"

"Come on, Jill! The turkey is almost done and Billy and I are starving!"

"I know, honey! I'll be home as soon as I can!"

There was a sharp cry that sounded like pain to Gerald and then the phone went dead.

"What's up dad? Where's mom?"

Gerald sighed again and set down the phone. He looked up at his son Billy as he came into the dining room.

"You know your mother, always wanting to find out what's happening to everyone on the street. Well, now she's gotten all

involved in Ben's business."

"Well, is she going to be home soon? Billy asked as he opened the oven and checked the turkey. "I'm starving!"

"I know," Gerald said. "We'll eat in about an hour. I'm sure your mother will be back by then."

Billy shrugged and grabbed some chips from the pantry.

"You want to watch the game?" Billy asked.

"Sure," Gerald said, looking again at his phone and wondering about the cry of pain he thought he heard. Then, he shrugged, slid his phone into his pocket, and followed his son into the living room.

"That was funny!" Ben laughed. But you're right I am having a hard time!"

Ben gripped her hips and pulled her down onto his cock. They were in the dining room, Ben seated in a chair while Jill rode his rock hard cock, her heavy breasts bouncing in his face as he manhandled her body.

"Oh, God!" Jill cried. "I am such a terrible wife!"

"Forget about your husband!" Ben hissed. "Forget about your son! Right now, you're mine!"

"Yes! All yours, baby! Fuck me!"

Ben pushed his face between her tits, sucking and biting on her nipples as the desperate housewife rode him hard and fast. It had taken her weeks to take his cock this deep into her pussy, but now she savored every inch as it burned inside of her.

"God, I love that pussy!" Ben groaned. "Whose pussy is it?"

"Your pussy baby! It's yours!"

"What about your husband?"

"I don't care about him anymore!" Jill screamed. "I don't care about my son! All I want is you! You!"

"Yes!" Ben growled. "You really are my little slut, aren't you?"

"Yes! That's all I am! Your little slut!"

Ben lifted out of the chair, hoisting Jill's body in the air like she was a child. He turned around, his cock still embedded inside of her, and laid her down on the table where he had first taken her.

"My turn!" He grunted and hammered his monstrous shaft deep inside of her. A full body orgasm attacked her nerve-endings, every

limb spasming with pleasure. She screamed, unable to hold back her bliss.

She felt Ben's body tense, and she knew from experience that he was about to come. Usually, he came on her face, but this time he didn't stop. He pounded harder inside of her, his muscular arms pulling her body towards him as he thrust deep. Ben's beautiful heat throbbed, then burst in a hot spray of his cum. It splashed against the walls of her pussy and shot deep into her defenseless womb.

"Oh, God! You're coming inside me!"

"Now it's my pussy!" Ben grunted.

"Yes, baby! Yes!"

Ben kept fucking her even though his cum was spilling out of her pussy. He continued to hammer inside her until she came again, her copious juices mixing with his cum and spilling down her ass and onto the table..

Ben pulled his cock out of her and she felt suddenly empty, cool air drifting across her fevered pussy. Her neighbor stepped away from the table and walked into the kitchen. He came back holding a large gravy bowl.

"My special recipe," he chuckled. "All it needs is the one last ingredient."

Jill pushed herself up to her elbows and watched as Ben lowered the gravy bowl between her legs, pushed two fingers into her pussy, and forced their combined, frothy juices down over her ass and into the gravy. He stuck his fingers in the dark brown liquid and mixed in the white, milky cum.

"What... what are you doing?"

Ben put the bowl by her head, then kissed her.

"Well, your family has sacrificed so much for me, the least I can do is make them some good, old-fashioned gravy."

Jill moaned in shame, but Ben just laughed then kissed her until her anguish melted away.

Jill came into the house an hour and a half later. Billy and Gerald had tried to watch the football game to distract themselves from their hunger, but they both jumped up when she came in the door.

"It's about time!" Billy said. "We're starving."

"I know, honey," Jill said. "And I'm so sorry. Ben was having a really hard time."

Gerald came up to her and gave her a light kiss.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"I'm fine! Just give me a few minutes and we'll eat."

Gerald looked down at the gravy bowl in her hands, the opening covered by a clear plastic film.

"What's that?"

"Oh!" Jill said. "Ben made us homemade gravy! Isn't that sweet?"

"I guess so," Gerald said. "Did you taste it?"

"Oh, yes!" Jill said, smiling. "And it's the best gravy I've ever tasted."

"That's good enough for me!" Gerald clapped his hands. "All right. Let's eat!"

**The End**





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