

## The boy next door

The first time I saw him was on a summer day, the day before school started. His family had only just moved in. As I was planting flowers in the garden, there was sweet dripping from my row, and my shirt was a mess covered in dirt, as were my shoes.

His dad stopped the car right in front of their house, and that's when he got out and I saw him. His hair shined in the sunlight, and his eyes—those green eyes—had a piercing animal look about them, as if they were the eyes of a leopard. He looked at the house, then he noticed me, and our eyes met.

He smiled at me, and for some reason it made me blush. Even though we hadn't said a word to each other, the way he looked at me told me that he liked me, and it was as if we had some kind of connection. We didn't talk; his father called him to help carry the luggage inside the house, and he walked away, but not before he turned back to look at me one last time before he went inside the house.

That night I kept thinking about the way he looked at me. I don't know why, but it kept me up till half past midnight. The next time I met him was at school. I was opening my locker when he came to my side. I saw him open the locker next to mine, but maybe he didn't notice me for a moment. I couldn't see his face, and I longed to look at him.

I wanted to talk to him, but how would I start a conversation? I didn't want to make it obvious, so I deliberately dropped my books. He closed his eyes, looked at me and me, and started helping me with my books. As we were picking them up, his hand touched mine, and I could swear that he did it on purpose.

I looked at him. I wanted to say thank you, but the words got stuck in my throat. Instead, I just stared at him blankly. For a moment there was silence. He handed my books back to me as we stood up, and then I forced the words out of my mouth.

"Thank you for helping me," I said and he replied, "don't mention it."

He was going to leave, so I had to keep the conversation going.

"I know you; you moved into the house just next to mine just yesterday." "Yes, I remember seeing you. You were gardening when I saw you. I have to say it's quite unusual to see girls your age getting not only their hands but also their clothes dirty," he said with a glint in his eyes, and I felt so embarrassed that he had to see me that way.

"I know I looked like a mess," I said in a slightly disappointed voice, but he said to me, "I think you looked pretty cute." It made me so happy.

"You mean that?" You are not saying that just to make me feel better, right?" I asked.

"No, I honestly mean it," he replied, cheering me up. I felt so happy that I felt like I could fly. Just then a girl with straight blond hair and brown eyes showed up, grabbed him by the arm, and said cheerfully, "Zack, come on, I've got to show you around." She looked the same age as him, so she can't be his sister, and for some reason it made me feel angry.

He looked at her and said, "Give me a moment. I was just talking to you. I am sorry. What was your name again?" He asked, looking back at me, "Emily, my name's Emily." I said a little disheartened.

"Nice to meet you, Emily; I am Nora." She said, "I thought you were new here; how do you two know each other?" I said, trying not to sound rude, "Oh, he and I are cousins," she said, making me feel relieved.

This was my chance; I knew it, and I already had a plan in mind. I said, "Hey, if you want to get to know everyone here, there is a party tonight at my friend's house. Why don't you come along?" to which his cousin replied, "Sure, we will be happy to." I replied, "Great, I will send you the address. Can I have your number?" I asked him, and he replied, "Sure," and we exchanged numbers.

That night, I dressed myself in a hot red dress and let my hair down. I went to Zack's house and rang the doorbell. He opened the door and gave me a thorough look. I could see him catching his breath, and it made me happy to know that he also felt uneasy around me.

I asked him if his cousin was coming, and he told me that she was not coming. I tried to look disappointed, but honestly, it made me want to dance as we walked together through the empty street towards my friend's house.

We talked all the way there and when we reached the house. I introduced him to the very one I know, then we danced, and it was so much fun that he asked me "Do you have a boyfriend" I said "no" feeling a little brave, and I asked him if he had a girlfriend, and he replied "No."

We had a few drinks and danced a little more when he finally asked me, "Can we go someplace private?" and my bowels turned watery. This was happening so fast, but I didn't want to take it slow either. "Sure," I said to him, and I took him to my friend's guest room upstairs.

We got in, and he closed the door. It caused my heart to skip a beat. I was a little nervous and excited at the same time. There was no sound of music coming from downstairs in the room. I was all alone with him, and he was giving me that same piercing look that he had given me when we first met, and just like then, it made me blush.

"What did you want to talk about?" I asked as he took a step closer towards me. "Do we have to talk?" he said, coming so close that I could feel his breath on my face as I looked into his eyes. They were so pretty that I kept staring at them as I said, "No, not really." And just then he kissed me so furiously that it made my toes curl in my shoes.

He handstand me around the west as I kissed him back with the same furiousness. My legs felt weak, and I thought I might collapse, so I put my arms around his neck, my hand playing in his hair. I had never been kissed like this before.

His kiss was a deep, tenderly impatient caress that rid me of my strength, causing me to close my eyes and lean into the hard support of his chest. He held me so tightly that there was not an inch separating us, and I pined my legs because of the intrusion of his powerful thigh. The tip of his tongue played with mine inside my mouth in sweeps of warmth that explored the edges of my teeth and the silken dampness beyond.

As he played with my mouth, I was filled with pleasure, which caused a shaking moan to rise in her throat. We fell backward on the bed, and he was on top of me as we kissed. Slowly, my mouth moved down to his throat, and I began kissing him there, and he kissed me back on my throat as I buzzed against his neck.

He smelled like whisky and night air, and there was something else—a sweet, dry essence as though of grass. His hand massaged my breasts, causing them to become taut and hard. It made me want to tear my clothes off. I wanted to feel his hands all over my body and to touch his skin with mine.

He took off his jacket and shirt and began showering his chest with kisses as I liked and teased him with my mouth. My body was on top of his, and now I had one leg between his thighs, where I could feel his hardness against my skin.

I wanted to feel it inside me. I put my hand inside his jeans to feel how long and hard they were, and it made me overcome with a savage desire to put them in my mouth, which was something I had never considered doing with any other guy.

First I stroked it gently, then I unbuttoned his lean pants, took off his pants, and kissed it with my lips. Then I gently licked it, and he made a noise of satisfaction with his mouth. I licked at it again and played with it with my tongue, nibbling, stroking, and gently sucking on it. The more I did it, the harder it got, and his breath became uneven.

Then I got up, took off my clothes, placed myself on top of his sex, and I began coaxing him with a steady rhythm. Our sexes mingled together, and it felt so good to ride him. This was great; this was awesome. Why had I waited so long for this? He began moaning and purring in satisfaction, and after what felt like half an hour, he pulled me down with such force that it made me shiver. "' You are wild but I am worse" he said to me and started putting himself inside me.

If I thought riding his was great, this was more pleasurable than I imagined. He was hard inside me, and I felt my breathing becoming harder. He thirsted for himself inside me, and I moaned as he went deeper and deeper. I started kicking my feet in pleasure.

"Oh God, more, I want more, I begged," and he obeyed. He was so deep inside of me that I felt dizzy with pain and pleasure, then he found a steady, careful rhythm and began making love to me. I purred harder as he soothed me with his mouth and hands while he said loving words in my ear.

With every jerk, I felt more pleased and kissed him more furiously. He cupped my breasts in his hands and kissed them each softly, then he licked the empty space between them. His mouth gave sensual kisses, and his fingers played over her stomach in exciting patterns.

Then he kissed her back on the lips. His lips were sweet, hot, and damp. His hand clenched firmly over my bottom, cupping it in one hand and holding me there while his mouth devoured my senses with smoldering sensuality, licking deeply and exploring the damp silk of my inner cheeks.

I couldn't seem to catch my breath. I gasped as I felt him put my nipple in his mouth and nibble it. He then kissed my cheeks, forehead, and chin. "You are beautiful," he said to me.

We made love for what might have been two hours, and the voices downstairs died along with the music, then he withdrew from me. My legs were aching and I felt so thirsty then we got dressed in silence, and then he helped me clean up with the help of water and napkins, and I got dressed. I tried to stand up but felt so dizzy I was going to fall.

He gave me his arm, and I held him for support. When we got downstairs, nearly half the people were gone. We said goodbye to our friends and left. He walked me home while we held hands but didn't talk much as we were both blushing so hard we looked as red as my dress.

On reaching the gate of my house he said in my ear "This was the best night of my life" and said "mine to" and we kissed each other one last time. Then we made a promise to do this again soon and said our goodbyes. I went upstairs to my bedroom and dropped on my bed. I kept remembering what it was like to make love to him, but then my tiredness kicked in and I fell asleep without changing clothes.