

Your name is Andre Non, Anon to those who know you. You live in apartment thirty, on the fifth floor of block two in the Diamond Flat complex. You've lived there for months now.

Today is a Saturday. No work, so you're not leaving on account of that. No friends from work, so you're not going out to hang out. Seemingly just to make your day more boring, the weather's been terrible for the last few days; yesterday and the day before were pouring rain, and today is eighty degrees with a beating sun.

With nowhere to go, nothing to do, and no one to talk to, you find yourself melting into your couch like an ice-cream cone. The air around you is abuzz with the (slightly grating) noise of five different box fans circulating air around the apartment. You're beginning to seriously consider whether or not running an air conditioner would *really* inflate your power bill that much.

It's during the middle of some true crime program or another that you're not even paying attention to, that there is a trio of knocks on your door. Ever so slightly, you sit up to look. The door reverberates another three knocks through your apartment.

"Hey Anon, are you good in there?" comes a voice from the other side of the door. It takes but a second in your humidity-addled state to recognize the knocker at your door as your neighbor, Cheryl. You rise from your sunken spot on the couch, the vinyl making tape-unrolling noises as it sticks to your skin. You manage to get your feet under you enough to manage the twenty foot trudge to greet your neighbor, stumbling across the linoleum the whole way.

When you finally reach your destination, you swing the door open to be met with Cheryl. The cheetah woman is stood with her hands on her hips, clad in a *very* tight pair of black yoga pants, and a one-size-too-small white tank top. Judging from the absolute state of the generous under-boob of the shirt, her apartment doesn't have AC either.

"Hey anon, I was just checking up on everyone, what with the heat and all." She says, a friendly smile upon her face.

You stand there for a moment, the pieces not quite clicking into place, what with your brain currently frying like an egg in your skull. When you finally find your decorum again, you invite her inside and offer her a drink.

"Sure Anon, I can hang out for a while. Your windows are in the shade too, so that's a bonus." She says. As you step aside for her to come in, she crosses the threshold. You can almost swear she was flashing you the "fuck me" eyes as she passed you.

You, of course having offered a drink, make your way into the kitchen and open your fridge. You can't help but stop for a moment as you open it. Christ, the cool air coming out of that fridge feels like getting sucked off by an angel, over every square inch of exposed skin. After an embarrassingly long moment, you hunt down a couple cans of ice cold Dr. Pepper.

You go to your living room, and seeing Cheryl already sitting on the couch, you sit beside her, and hand her a soda. You both crack yours open and start sipping, saying nothing as the true crime show continues to play.

It's around the end credits to the episode that you notice her hand on your thigh. Unconsciously, your arms raise out of her way. You shoot her a glance. She's grinning hungrily, and you're a hundred percent sure about the "fuck me" eyes this time.

"What?" She asks. "All I'm doing is snuggling up close to a close friend." She scoots in closer, one of her eye-popping thighs squeezed up against you. One of her tits is pressed up against you, the nipple as hard as a rock. Her face is nuzzled in close to your ear. "I've always been a *real* touchy-feely type." She mumbles low into your ear.

The trouser snake awakens at this, slowly pitching a tent in your shorts. With a low, sultry chuckle, she pulls back the waistband of your shorts, pulling them down until your cock stands proudly and your balls hang free. She wraps her hand around your length, stroking up and down so painfully slow. This continues for a few minutes, the slow up and down pumping accompanied by her quietly

whispering sweet nothings in your ear, interspersed with the occasional moan. She stops abruptly, instead opting to lightly run her finger around the ridge of your head.

“You ready for it to get *really* good, hun? She says. Without an ounce of hesitation, she bends down, and takes the head of your dick into her mouth. She runs her tongue around the head once, twice, three times, making your head spin and your toes curl with each revolution. Then, she goes all the way to the bottom. You gasp audibly, as she begins to purr, sending vibrations all up and down your warm, well lubricated length. She pulls up, only halfway up your length and making a lewd sucking noise, before she goes back down. You have your hand on her head, less directing her and more holding on for dear life. This continues, stroke after stroke bringing you closer and closer to release. You at least still have your wits about you enough to tell her as you approach the edge. All it takes is for her to begin fondling your balls, juggling them up and down with her deft fingers, that you tip over the point of no return. She sinks to balls-deep as she takes your load. She moans around your cock as you spurt one, two, three shots directly down her throat, and then she begins to pull out. You’re still going, four going just down her throat, while she takes five and six in her mouth. She runs her tongue around your head again, coaxing a seventh from you while you finally break, letting out an audible moan. She slowly releases you, making a lascivious pop as you’re finally set free. She then swallows.

“I hope you’ve got more, big boy.” She says. She wastes no time undressing, pulling her yoga pants and panties down in one, well practiced motion. As she grabs the hem of her shirt and pulls it over her head, her massive tits bounce free, unconstrained by a bra. The moment she’s au naturale, she straddles you. You take a breast in each hand, kneading them slowly, with every ounce of reverence such a legendary rack would command. Just as quickly as she’s on you, she’s off again, positioning herself on the couch. She leans back against the armrest, legs together and off to the right side, held up with her arms and presenting her dripping pussy. In all due haste, you claim the prize put in front of you. You first place a long, slow caress from the bottom of the slit to the top. This draws a low, breathy, shuddering moan from her. You plant yourself by the arms on either side of her, and line up. Then, you push.

She moans as you enter her. Gone is the sultry tone; she’s too sensitive for that. You go slowly, giving her a bare inch at a time, reveling in the ways her walls contract on your cock. Once your crotches touch, her juices matting you down, you pull out just as slow. Every in stroke draws a gasping moan, each stroke out lets out a shuddering one. You push in with a little more authority. This draws a sharp gasp from her.

“Please, fuck me!” She hisses. Well, her wish your command. You steady yourself, and begin to fuck her in earnest. Lewd slapping noises fill your apartment, interspersed gasps, moans, and cute little utterances of “Yes~” and “Fuck me~”. She’s let go of her legs, now instead gripping the upholstery for dear life. Her legs rest upon your shoulders as you squish her into a mating press, and viciously fuck her into the couch with the rhythm of a thrash metal single. As you near your climax, she lets go of the couch and wraps her arms around you. Her eyes are crossing, and her breath is getting very short. She squeezes her eyes shut entirely, and graces your ears with short little “mhn~” and “aah~” noises. You slam into her one more time, and paint her walls white. Wave after wave of your seed floods in, and all the while she moans and whimpers into your ear. You can feel that her muscles are taut, and can see it plainly as you pull out, her entire body quivering like a rubber band as your head pops free of her pussy. You kneel there on the couch for a time, appreciating your handiwork, watching a rivulet of cum creep down between her ass-cheeks.

“Hey...” She says between gasps. “Have you got one more in you? I did tell you last time that you’d make me cum...” She flips herself over, going face-down ass-up on the armrest. You watch as she spreads her pussy open to you, taking a little bit of cum on her finger. She spreads it around her rear entrance. “Got one more to put in by butt, hot stuff?”

You’re on top of the offer instantly, your wavering erection becoming diamonds once again. You kneel behind her, a hand on her ass, lining yourself up with her exit-only back alley. And slowly

you push. Her moaning before was quiet, a league below her volume now. Her moans are wide open, nearly screaming. As you speed up, she manages to moan out a “Fuuuck yesss~”. Taking this as encouragement, you speed up. It’s hot, hotter and tighter than even her pussy was. The lewd slapping comes back for an encore as you pound her hole, now quieter than her rapturous moans. In the heat of the moment, you give her ass a slap, satisfied not just with how it rebounds, but also with her cute little moan-yelp. By this point, she’s even giving those signature cheetah chirps between moans, lost in the absolute transcendent pleasure from her ass. You bend down over her, planting one hand beside her and reaching the other underneath. You snake down past her hip, and begin to play with her clit. Her moans go up an octave as she wrenches her eyes shut once again. She isn’t the only one who’s close, and you tell her as much.

“Then cum inside your slutty kitty!~” She moans, loud enough that you could call it a yell. Without needing to be told twice, you hilt her for the last time. The flood of hot cum sends her over her own edge. She freezes beneath you, mouth left hanging open, her entire body shaking like a leaf. You keep playing with her clit, and grinding with the last of your own orgasm in her hole. What eventually comes past her lips is like a weak whimper of a moan, before she collapses on the couch, yourself following in short order. You can feel her purring reverberating through your chest. An aftershock clench forces another little bit of cum from you. She sighs contentedly.

“You give me three big loads back to back, one of the top five orgasms I’ve had in my entire life, and don’t hesitate what-so-ever to humor me on butt stuff?” She says. She chuckles. “I might just have to keep you.” She finishes, with a smile.

Both of you so sweaty that you risk slipping off the couch, and yourself balls-deep in your milf neighbor’s asshole, you decide to shoot your shot. You tell her that you’d be down to get coffee sometime. Of course, only if she’s also on board.

“Yeah.” She says. “I think that’d be nice. Maybe on a day when it’s a little cooler.”

With that, you both settle in on the couch and ride out the afterglow.