Gloria's Cake and Cream:

A sweet little erotica

By Ruth Dixon

Nathan stood at a window in his kitchen, peeling strips of orange-gray skin off a carrot and stuffing each one down the garbage disposal. He was composing an article in his mind, and gazed vaguely off into the endless darkness of his backyard. Abruptly, the night was condensed into a shallow abyss separating him and the woman in the house opposite. She had flicked a light on in her own kitchen, irritatingly scattering his thoughts. Their houses were almost identical, government fare, although set reflecting each other, and so her window was perfectly matched to his and he looked through it into her kitchen, knowing where each door led.

She didn't come into view for a while and he quelled his voyeuristic tendency and returned to the carrot. He had no particular interest in his neighbor anyway. He didn't know what she did, but it was obviously not related to the worlds he moved in, or she would have mentioned it by now. She was fairly attractive, it was true, and he'd noticed this when their paths- very rarely- crossed. But she was nothing extraordinary, and had absolutely nothing on the stunning models and starlets he saw almost every day.

In fact, he was dating one right now, a not uncommon event. Caroline was gorgeous- tall, slender, almost bony in fact, and perfectly styled. And she was nice enough to talk to and pliant in bed. She willingly moaned and swished her hips when he was thrusting into her, although the movement was disturbingly close to the one she made when sashaying down the catwalk. And, importantly, she was fun to present to friends and family. Caroline the model. Caroline the cover-girl-gorgeous woman who deigned to be attached to him, or anyway, to the glamour of his job. It was fun to rub her discretely into everyone's faces. Nathan had been teased a lot as a child, possibly because he persisted in taking home economics classes. And look how they paid off!

Not important that Caroline was very new to the model game and currently clawing her way up the ladder. He was just another rung she clung to on the way up and he knew that. It was a mutual arrangement.

He was contemplating all this when his neighbor finally moved abruptly into view. Her curtains were wide and the light streamed out, carrying her image clearly to him, but she seemed very unaware of this, in spite of her furtive manner.

Her manner caught his interest and he stopped peeling the neglected carrot and remained still, sure that she would remember the open curtains, sure that she would turn and catch him intruding on her world.

But she didn't remember, she didn't notice, or she somehow didn't care. Probably, her furtiveness was reserved for someone in her own home. Someone who thought they knew her, unlike Nathan who knew her not at all.
She- he thought her name was Gloria- had her back to him and was slightly bent over something she held. He realized by the movement of her arms that she was unscrewing the lid of a jar. She kept glancing at what must be the two doorways of her kitchen, one to the living room and one to the dining room and backed right up against the sink, pressing her ass against the cold metal.
In fact, she seemed almost frantic- afraid of being caught. When she half turned to face her dining room entrance, he could see her face in profile, and realized with some amusement that she held a jar of peanut butter. Her face was tense and guilty, and he wondered that a grown woman could get so uptight over a spread.
She didn't try to find a spoon when she got the jar open, but dipped a finger in, scooped up a smooth mouthful and eagerly pressed it between her lips. She sucked avidly at her own finger until it was clean and then scooped up another little mouthful, her head bobbing up and back to the jar as she waited to be caught. Her face was now relaxed in some sort of rapture and her eyes closed the better to savor the taste. She wasn't shoveling the thick, creamy stuff in, but slowly enjoying it, one small delicate scoop after another.
Nathan watched with a mixture of fascination and disgust. None of the women he had ever been with had shown such an odd compulsion with food- and they had all been models! Probably on strict diets and you know they had to be hungry.
This woman was obviously *not* on a diet and yet she was being so desperate, so carnal. Imagine, eating peanut butter with your finger, no bread, no chocolate, nothing. And so furtive. Obviously someone wasn't going to approve of that swiftly dipping finger, the quivering, eager lips and intense eyes. The phase entered his mind inexorably, 'she's being a very naughty girl' and a frown creased his forehead. He shouldn't be watching this. It was revolting. A profile of a woman giving in to an unwholesome and unwelcome urge. No matter how delicate she was being, she was going through a lot of that spread, and he had a sudden image of her burying her nose in the jar and lapping it up like a dog.
But he couldn't turn away.
He noticed she had a slight smear of peanut butter on her upper lip and it caught his attention. Suddenly he saw his own finger in that mouth, sucked on like it was the most delicious thing she'd ever had, those eager blue eyes looking to *him* for release and he felt the warmth that preceded a hardon. His cock was getting hard for *this*?
He made himself turn away from the window, walk to the cupboard and fetch a saucepan for the carrots. He suddenly felt ravenous.
Unable to prevent himself, he glanced up at the window again when he returned to the sink, but as though she had caught his movement, the window opposite was now empty. Even as he watched the light vanished.
Refusing to think about it, and trying fruitlessly to halt his blood rushing down below his waist, he roughly chopped the carrots and dribbled water and olive oil over them, and cooked them and ate them as well as the rest of the meal, without really tasting it.
Caroline was away on a job and he ate alone, preoccupying his mind with the article he was going to write on the newest restaurant to open in the city. He had dined there only yesterday. The food had been passable, no more than that. The service had been slightly above average but possibly they had recognized him. It most certainly had *not* served peanut butter on the menu.

Peanut butter. His mind kept returning to that smooth, sweet creamy stuff that she was so avidly, so desperately sucking into herself. He could feel it on his own tongue, sticky at first, then melting into a nutty elixir. It was ridiculous. He hadn't tasted peanut butter for years, with good reason. It wasn't an adult food, was it?
Nathan deliberately rinsed his dishes, put them in the washer, turned off the kitchen lights, noted the again singular darkness of the backyard and retired to his room. Where he deliberately removed his clothes, and then, lying on the bed, thrust himself into his own hand until he came, all the while imagining her peanut butter stained fingers on his cock, and her sweetened mouth pressing against his own.

Nathan woke the next morning and felt quite wonderful. Generally he had trouble functioning before his cup of coffee, but today he almost skipped it.
Almost, but not quite.
He decided he would work from home today. His boss trusted him, and didn't care where he worked, as long as he turned in his weekly lot of articles and reviews. Nathan may have only been a restaurant critic for a magazine, but he was an extremely popular one, and the magazine was read all over the country. Nathan had no problems with the trappings of his sort of fame. He could get into any restaurant he wanted, whenever he wanted and he met good looking girls all the time- and he was just famous enough to attract some of them in spite of his only slightly above average looks. But, on the other hand, he wasn't well known enough to be mobbed or to have to fend off stupid questions whenever he was out and about.
At most he had to deal with disgruntled restaurant owners, or chefs, but that wasn't a problem very often.
And, most miraculous perk of all, Nathan could work from home, in an old bathrobe if he pleased, with the TV on, and junk food all around.
Of course he did none of those things. He showered- trying to kill an urge to sing- dressed in a collared shirt and pressed pants and slid into his desk chair with nothing but a cup of cappuccino to keep him company. Then he cracked his knuckles and thought back over the lunch he had had yesterday. And chuckled to himself. Damning reviews were so much more fun to write than praise.

He was well underway, distributing liberal amounts of musical words like 'mediocre', 'tasteless' and 'conventional' as a bad chef sprinkles salt, when there came a knock at the door. Jarred out of his writer's trance, Nathan swigged an annoyed gulp of coffee and waited, hoping the knock was a one off event and he wouldn't be required to scare someone away from his door. He waited for what seemed like ages, and finally returned to his keyboard.
Of course, he had barely set fingers to it, when the knock came again. It was diffident, cautious, a knock that felt intimidated and Nathan hoped that meant his work was half done. He flung open the door and tensed his face into a deep frown, crying, "What?!"
Gloria jumped, almost falling off the door step, her blue eyes opening wide in surprise. "I-I'm sorry, Nathan, I just saw your car in the drive and I thought… I thought…"
Nathan, equally surprised to see her, tried to keep the frown in place but it was a loosing battle.
"I… sorry, uh, Gloria, right? Sorry, I was writing and…"
"Oh!" Gloria looked abashed. "I'm so sorry! You're a novelist? I just wanted to ask if I could borrow a cup of sugar." She brandished an empty jar. "I know it's kind of a

cliché but I'm making a cake and I ran out and forgot to get more. And," her voice cracked a little and he suddenly realized that she wasn't just surprised, she was also upset. "And my car is, um, unavailable, so I was wondering…?" She waved the jar vaguely in the air again and he was reminded of watching her last night. Scooping fingers, dabbing peanut butter on her… Nathan shook off the vision and, against his better judgement ushered Gloria inside to sit on his red plush sofa while he searched for sugar.

He found a bag at the back of his cupboard, unopened. Nathan might enjoy the finest, fanciest meals at the restaurants he reviewed, but he preferred very plain fare at home to balance it out. And he never baked.

He paused in the doorway of his living room to watch her before entering to send her away. She was quite lovely actually, now that he considered her in that light. About 5'7'' with curly, longish dark blonde hair and blue eyes, with flesh that swelled from her but didn't hang. She was plump but firm, and looked like she'd be a lot more fun to sink his fingers into than the slender, angular women he usually dated. She was wearing a red blouse and blue jeans. Her skin was clear and pale, her lips were full, and he knew that she had a measure of passion… at least, for peanut butter.

But what was he thinking? He already had a girlfriend, an unashamedly trophy girlfriend and that was what he liked to have. Gloria was becoming more and more attractive by the minute but for all he knew she was already taken, in fact she almost certainly was from the way she acted last night. Who else could she have been afraid would catch her in the act?

Trying to repress inappropriate thoughts, Nathan coughed a little and held out the sugar. However, when Gloria lifted her smoky blue eyes to his, he realized they were filled with tears.

"Oh… uh, are you alright?" He stammered.

"It's nothing!" Gloria replied bravely, before dissolving into sobs. Nathan was flummoxed. Models broke down into tears all the time, so he had lots of experience with a woman crying in his living room, but rarely on her first time there.

He sat down beside her, trying not to press his thigh against hers, but unable to help it as he reached an arm around her, patted her gingerly on the back, and made soothing noises. Her hair smelled divine, like chocolate. No doubt from the cake-in-progress.

"Look Nathan, I'm really sorry," Gloria said when she finally caught her breath. "I really just came over for sugar, and you're being so kind. It's just… my boyfriend… well, he- he left last night."

"I see."

Nathan did see and to some extent he sympathized, but he had problems of his own. He had abruptly realized that he was in danger of becoming the second most despised man in her life. Her proximity, in yet another state of vulnerability, chest heaving with deep calming breathes, thigh pressing warmly and firmly against him- all of this was adding up to an ever so slightly embarrassing condition, considering the circumstances.

Praying she wouldn't notice, and hoping to wrap things up quickly, Nathan squeezed her and then withdrew his arm, shuffling away. The movement did not help. And Gloria seemed to think he was only trying to make it easier for her to look into his eyes while she spoke. Nathan had to struggle to keep his eyes that high.

"I'm actually kind of glad he's gone, even if it is hard."

You have no idea, thought Nathan.

"*I* kicked *him* out really… he told me I was getting too… too *fat* last night! Can you believe it? I mean, I'm not a model, but I don't think I'm *entirely* unattractive, do you?"
Nathan bit his lip, hard and shook his head. "No," he said in a husky voice, then cleared it, annoyed with himself. "Your boyfriend… EX-boyfriend sounds like an idiot."
Gloria beamed at him and put a hand on his thigh. "That's so sweet of you."
As though realizing that she had taken enough of his time, she stood suddenly and grabbed the bag of sugar. "How about if I just return this to you when I finish? I'll bring you some cake to say thank-you."
Relieved, Nathan adjusted himself behind her back as she moved to leave, and followed her, holding the door and praying she wouldn't look down. Just a few more seconds…
"Thanks so much Nathan, I can't tell you what it means to me… I feel a bit silly actually."
"Oh, well, no Gloria, that's fine, any time…"
He was about to close the door and retreat into the bathroom with a box of tissues when she lunged and caught him in a hug. Shit. No way of concealing that. Hopefully she was just going to pretend nothing happened.
Gloria stayed in the hug a second too long, as though frozen in shock and Nathan winced internally and braced himself for a scene. But all that happened was a long, ambiguous look from those smoky blue eyes and a slightly amused smile. "Maybe I'll bring some cream with that cake," she murmured and brushed a hand against his chest. Then she was gone, taking the sugar with her. Nathan felt somewhat frozen and even more in desperate need of a date with a box of tissues.
But hope… wicked and nasty and adulterous hope, began to work its slow and sedulous way into his mind, worming its way up, he suspected, from a point a couple feet lower. Maybe, the hope whispered, just maybe, tissues are a bit preemptive at this point. Maybe, just maybe, something better will be soaking him up in a matter of hours. Or… how long does a cake take to bake?

Gloria rushed back to her own home, and crashed onto her couch, unable to believe that she had just been so forward. Admittedly, she had had a slight crush on her neighbor for a while, but Harry had always been there and Gloria was a Good Girl. She would never have an affair.
But then she never would have said such a seductive thing to someone she hardly knew either. Obviously, at the moment, her normal rules didn't apply.
And why not? She had no interest in a long-term relationship with Nathan. She had been stupid, jumping into a relationship with her, now ex-, boyfriend directly after she had broken up with a long time fiancé. Long time, that was an understatement. Three years and no ceremony.
The previous night, Gloria had lain awake a long time wondering what was wrong with her. Why every man she went out with seemed to be controlling, or indifferent. She tried a logical approach, and started thinking over what she had seen in them in the beginning of each relationship. She came to the realization that she really hadn't seen much. They had just been *there*.
I don't like being alone, without a partner, Gloria realized in the midst of this brutal honesty, and it seemed so obvious she was astonished she'd never realized it before. So what to do? Well, first step seemed to be to swear off boyfriends, for the time being. Gloria remembered something she'd seen in a movie somewhere about how

drug addicts in recovery were advised to get a plant, then a pet and if both of them survived the year, they could think about a relationship.
But considering the jungle of pot plants in her home and her two adoring cats, that seemed a foolish litmus test.
So what then? What could be her grand measure of readiness?
Gloria made a list. It was a list of things she had to achieve before she could get into a relationship, or even start dating again.
At the top was a solo trip to Greece, a place she'd always wanted to see.
At the bottom, added with a slightly shaking hand, was scrawled 'have casual sex'.

Gloria had always been a Good Girl. She had been deflowered by her high school boyfriend after a year of hand holding (they had broken up less than two weeks later to her disappointment). And she had had steady boyfriends and committed partners almost unbroken after that. No one night stands. No fuck buddies. No 'no strings attached'.
How boring! She suddenly thought. Why *not* go over there and seduce her neighbor? Why *not* be a little dirty? No one was going to care (or *know*, at least not in her circle of friends). And it would be a good start to the List.
Gloria got up and went into the kitchen, unaware that Nathan was surreptitiously watching her again from his own kitchen. She began to measure out the ingredients and mix them, including the sugar she'd got from him.
Nathan. He was no Brad Pitt but he wasn't bad looking. She liked his green eyes and his hair was dark and thick and nice enough, and his features were kind… although, intense.
Gloria wasn't good at undressing men with her eyes, but when she had hugged him, he had seemed firm and muscley under her embrace. Firm- now that was an understatement. Gloria shivered slightly and felt the delicious prickles of her pussy moistening at the memory of that hardness pressing into her stomach. At least she had been sure she wasn't making a fool of herself. Gloria finished mixing and dipped a finger into the batter, unaware that that particular gesture just strengthened and perpetuated the very hardness she was daydreaming about. She sucked avidly on her finger, eyes closed, trying to decide whether she had forgotten anything.
Of course, the vanilla essence. She added it, mixed it up, scooped another mouthful, then piled the lot into a cake tin and into the oven. Now, she thought, glancing at the clock, we wait.

She retired to her bedroom and threw herself on her bed. She suddenly thought of how embarrassed Nathan must have been, in that condition, when she was bawling on his couch and giggles burbled up from inside her.
She slipped a hand down below her jeans to check. Yup, apparently, she was 'gagging' for it.
Funny, Gloria mused, how eager her body was for sex with a stranger, something she thought she would never do. Well, an almost-stranger. Funny, how much she wanted it, now that she had let it become a possibility.
The thought alone was making her hotter. Gloria unbuttoned her jeans and slipped them down to just under her bum, and slipped up her blouse, but left her underwear on. It was already warmly damp and she didn't want to get too carried away and spoil herself for later. This was just going to be a … warm up.
Even during her own justifications, Gloria was firmly kneading her flesh with eager fingers, one hand between her legs, the other attending her nipples, diving down the

top of her lacy, aqua tinted bra. She stretched her body luxuriously, settling deeply into the sensation of each inch of skin coming alive. Her nipples had swollen dark red and erect and she gazed at them, hidden in their caves of fabric, in fascination. She dug her fingers between that soft skin and the bra, cupping her breasts in both her hands (leaving damp streaks on one). The areola had bunched into tiny labyrinths of flesh, lifting her cherry-like nipples high. She blew on each one, feeling a gentle wave of answering heat through her pussy.

She then left one hand pinching and rolling the soft flesh of a nipple between her fingers and let the other glide up and down the smooth, white skin of her belly. She stroked herself like one of her cats, heightening her sensitivity and charging her nerves until every movement of air across her naked body seemed to drive her a little closer to the edge. The edge… no! Gloria was aching to drive her fingers into her wet pussy and roughly finger her clit until she came, which would be in about 20 seconds at this point. But she couldn't go to Nathan already sated.

Not because she couldn't orgasm twice, or more times under the right conditions… and she was hopeful that those conditions were about to be met… but because she knew if she killed it now, her nerves would come back. She would never be able to go through with this if she thought rationally through the beginning, List or no List. Better not to think at all. Better to simply be sex incarnate, as she felt right that second.

Unfortunately, the idea of saving herself for Nathan was making her even hotter. Gloria lightly brushed her hand over her pubic mound and felt her whole body answer with a spasm of warm electricity and eagerness.

She glanced at the clock and noted the time. About 10 minutes to go. 10 minutes, then another 10 to cool the cake, another 5 to ice it and another 3 maybe to put it all together, spray can of whipped cream and all and waltz back over there to seduce her neighbor. Or, she hoped, to be seduced.

She sighed and tried to remain rational. Alright, she could touch anything, except her pussy. Obviously events had gone beyond the point of safety there.

She stroked her hands up and down either side of her body, up the tops of her thighs, with fingertips curved to brush the delicate skin on the insides, around the smooth arches of her hips and tracing small circles with her fingertips along the sensitive skin of her stomach. She was covered in gooseflesh, and her pussy was suffering from pre-orgasm spasms, little jolts of sweetness that she could intensify with a single beckoning finger.

She pondered a friend's story of orgasm without stimulation, simply through clenching the kegels, but although this might be her only chance to try and actually succeed, her ten minutes was up, and then some. And burning the cake might spoil the mood.

This meant 18 minutes to go, and counting.

Reluctantly, Gloria half fell out of bed and pulled her clothes to order. She went to rescue the cake, which was perfect… hopefully an omen. While it cooled on an iron wrack, she hurriedly tidied her wayward curls, and touched up her makeup. Was bringing condoms sexy and forward thinking, or slutty and scarily expectant? Whatever, she'd never met a man who didn't have a lifetime supply stashed in his closet or top drawer.

Besides, slutty was somewhat of a moot point, considering what she was doing. And considering, if nothing else, the current, very slick, environment between her legs.

8 minutes. She iced the cake carefully, leaving it smooth and gleaming moistly in the light streaming in from her kitchen window. God, she was looking to have slutty,

neighborly sex before 2 in the afternoon! 3 minutes. Gloria pulled the spray can of whipped cream out of the fridge and pressed it to her suddenly flushed face. Then, without thinking about anything other than the burning need in the pit of her belly, she sliced, served and with one minute to go, she bravely marched over to Nathan's door, which opened as she approached.
"Here, let me help you with that."

Nathan had been in agony the whole time Gloria was tending to the cake, as well as the cream. Was she serious? Was he somehow misreading her? Was this a power thing, after her boyfriend left… maybe she was some kind of psychopath, with a food fetish… hell, did he care? Was this ethical, though? Nathan didn't feel too bad about the whole cheating aspect. He'd cheated a couple of times before. He wasn't a bastard, not really. He was a nice enough guy who was never in a relationship that seemed to matter, to either party. It was almost always a matter of convenience, and he knew his girlfriends were more often unfaithful to him than vice versa. They were, after all, climbing the ladder. He was simply looking to show off most of the time-difficult to achieve with an affair.
But he suspected, very strongly in fact, that Gloria didn't know he was seeing someone. He didn't want to date Gloria. He liked her, and he *liked* her, but he didn't want to have a public image with her. Nathan was nice, but shallow. He admitted it, freely. It might even be part of his charm.
But he was also practical, and there was no way he was going to risk a jealous, psychotic neighbor, no matter how potentially great the sex was. No, he was going to straight out tell her that…
He saw her coming up his path at that moment, hip filled jeans swaying, her arms full of plates and cake and cream and his mind went blank. He dashed to the door and grabbed clumsily at the plates.
"Here, let me help you with that."
Door shut, and they both sat awkwardly on the couch, one plate each, one slice each and the spray can of cream on the coffee table between them. An alarming amount of space separated them.
Thank god for the cake!
"Oh, it's superb. Really delicious. Flourless?"
She blushed. "Why thank-you. Yes, actually, I used ground almonds instead of flour, it gives an almost fudge like texture, um, I find. But then, I'm sorry, maybe you were just being polite…"
"Oh no, I'm a food critic, you see and if there's one thing I won't beat around the bush over …"
"You are?" She looked horrified and he realized his mistake. Gloria looked like she wanted to snatch his plate back from him.
"I thought you knew! But honestly, like I said, I love this, just… love it."
"But you're just saying that…"
Oh god, Nathan thought, this is getting painful already. Why did I think this was a good idea? She obviously didn't mean sex. She's just looking for someone to look after her during her break up. How can I get out of this?
"You know, I have a girlfriend!" Nathan blurted it out without thinking and winced. What did that sound like? Was he crazy?
"A… a girlfriend. Oh… I thought… oh."
"Oh I'm sorry!" Oh god, he thought. It wasn't sex or comfort… she wanted a relationship… oh GOD. The horror.

Gloria saw what he was thinking, plain on his face and bit her lip. She closed her eyes and realized that in the end, she would rather be seen as a woman looking to have a bit of ass, than a pathetic girl desperate to replace a fixture in her life.
"Oohh no. I wasn't looking for a *boyfriend*, Nathan." She placed her hand on his knee and bravely looked into his eyes with lowered lashes. "I was looking for a.. a hot fuck." Damn, she berated herself. Hesitation isn't sexy, girl.
Nathan might have begged to differ.
To make up for it, she dipped a long, pink nailed finger into the chocolate icing and brought it slowly to her mouth. He followed the motion, eyes fixed on the movement of her mouth as she sucked the chocolate off and then deliberately licked her lips.
Then, Nathan did what he had been dying to do for what seemed like a long time, and, breaking off a morsel of cake, lifted it to her full, pink lips and slipped it between them, following it with a finger. He kept his eyes on hers, locking her to him, and was filled with an energy he'd never experienced before. A need to drive her into a frenzy, to satisfy the passion she had shown him. He wanted to own her, however briefly, and to be owned by her.
He put a hand behind her neck and drew her to him, settling her round ass comfortably on his knee, not breaking eye contact for fear one of them would withdraw. He began to feed her tiny pieces of cake, brushing her lips with his fingers, owning her with his eyes and reveling in every squirm, every twitch, every glazed look that told him she was hot for him. No woman was *ever* this hot for him, but Gloria wanted him so badly she was panting slightly between morsels.
This was going to last… he was determined to get every possible pleasure out of this encounter, because it might never happen again. And he was going impress the hell out of her. It was just after two in the afternoon, but both Gloria and Nathan were sure, this affair was going to last all night.

Gloria couldn't believe how good it felt to sit on a man's knee and submissively open her mouth to receive pieces of cake she had made for him. It was delicious, and the sweetness and the hunger it set off seemed to mingle with the sweet electricity coming from her pussy. She wanted Nathan to lie her down and fuck her brains out, and it was driving her crazy that he just kept slowly breaking off small pieces of cake and tucking them into her mouth. Finally, unable to stop herself, Gloria slid her tongue out between her lips and pulled his finger into her mouth, licking off the cake crumbs and then sucking avidly on it. She tickled the underside of Nathan's rough finger with her tongue and gave him a sultry look that said, I wanna be licking some other part of you soon.
Nathan closed his eyes briefly, and gave a sigh of pleasure, then inserted another finger in her mouth and slid the other hand around her waist to her belly. He edged the wayward hand up under her shirt and was gratified when Gloria shivered and squirmed on his lap, adding friction to what was already one very hard cock.
He began running his fingers lightly over the skin of her stomach, edging lower and lower until finally Gloria gave a kind of strangled moan around his fingers. Unable to stop himself, Nathan pulled out his fingers, wrapped his hand around her head and kissed his neighbor full on the lips, pulling her hard against him, sliding his other hand down her jeans to squeeze her firm ass cheeks.
Gloria made a small mewling noise as she kissed Nathan back. Who could have known casual sex would be better than sex in a relationship? This was already better than any sex she'd ever had before and they'd barely gotten below the waist. Nathan

slipped his tongue into her mouth and she sucked on it, delicious sensations trickling down from her mouth to the juncture between her legs and back again.
Nathan was still in shock that his beautiful neighbor, had just, seemingly randomly, decided to fuck his brains out and was trying to think logically, to get the most out of the experience. But logic wasn't getting him very far and he was fast losing control. His cock had never been so hard, or so ready and he knew that it was only going to take a few moments of stimulation before, no matter how hard he thought of anything other than that wonderful mouth, he would spurt disgracefully, and she might leave. No, he needed to make her cum first, at least once, and then *he* could get the first one out of the way, and then they could both enjoy each other and the whipped cream, at their leisure.
Deciding through a haze of longing, Nathan didn't waste any time. He thrust his arm under Gloria's legs and lifted her, without taking his mouth from hers. He felt her give a little gasp of surprise and clutch her hands around his neck, but she didn't move her mouth from his, as he quickly strode to the bedroom and laid her out on his bed.
He withdrew from her and gave her a long look, her curves resting on his bed as though it were her own, her smoky blue eyes gazing at him with undisguised eagerness. He knew that if he were to pull down his pants, free his cock and offer it to her right now, she would take it with enthusiasm, would slurp and suck with the same eagerness she had shown with the cake and peanut butter.
He also knew he would rather give that mouth a workout rather than a small blip of activity and he ignored her come hither look, much as his cock berated him. Instead, he unbuttoned her blouse, lifting her upper body to get it loose and then unfastened her bra. It was a pretty aqua, setting a beautiful contrast with her pale, rosy skin. She lifted her arms for the blouse but otherwise was limp and pliant, waiting, he suspected, for her turn to come, and her chance to draw his pleasure from him.
Her flesh came out in goose-bumps as he brushed it, sliding off the aqua straps from her shoulders and finally lifting the embroidered cups away from her breasts and admiring this unwrapped present. Firm and round, they were well aroused with darkly red nipples vivid against the creamy brown areola. Nathan set about to arouse them further. He took each one into his mouth, rolling the soft skinned nipple like a marble in that hot cavity, and was pleased with Gloria's uncontrollable squirming and groans of delight. He cupped each warm breast in a hot hand while he attended them, biting gently and then blowing cool air over each. Finally, he slid a hand down her stomach, noting how the muscles clenched in pleasure when he passed over them, and undid the button and zip of her jeans, diving under her panties to check.
Gloria blushed but couldn't help her sharp edged gasp when she felt his swiftly probing fingers. All her secrets were exposed and her sopping wet pussy was there for all to see.
Nathan cupped her face in his hand and brought those fingers up to her lips, as he stared into her eyes with that intense gaze of his. "I'm glad you're enjoying this as much as I am," he whispered, and fed her his slick, salty fingers.
Gloria took them with an eagerness that shocked her and licked them clean.
"Good?" Nathan whispered and she nodded. "Because I'm about to try it myself."
At those words, Gloria felt her pussy clench with expectation, and Nathan felt her quiver. He wasted no time, but pulled off her jeans almost roughly and then fingered her through the fabric of her panties. Gloria moaned uncontrollably. By this time, she was simply a tangled mess of sensation and only wanted to cum.

But Nathan, desperate as he was for the same release, was enjoying the exquisite pleasure of a woman writhing at his very touch and wanted to draw it out a little. Gloria arched her back, pushing her pussy more firmly onto his hand, but he withdrew, and slowly pulled down her underwear. She was naked before him, and so hot he would hardly believe it, if he wasn't in the same state. She had a rounder belly and hips than any girl he'd been with for a long time, and she seemed lush, ripe and sensual for it. Her full breasts and cushiony ass didn't hurt either. Her skin was a pale rose, unbroken by tan lines, but flushed, and her blonde curls lay tumbled about the pillows and over her unwary face and breasts. The hair between her long legs was darker and even curlier. She was Aphrodite, she was sex incarnate and she was in his bed, being driven out of her mind.

Nathan buried his head between her legs. He gently held back the hairy lips of her labia majora and slipped his tongue into her, pressing it in deep and curling up to stroke her g-spot.

Obviously not expecting this, Gloria moaned and squirmed, barely able to keep still enough to refrain from dislodging Nathan as he teased her twat with his tongue. "You're evil," she managed to gasp, as she closed her eyes and pressed her head back onto the pillows. Nathan was forced to spread her lips with the fingers of one hand and move the other up to keep her hips still. But he grinned to himself. She was so hot she would cum in a second if he licked at her clit, or sucked on it like he was going to. But she was not going to cum from gentle pressure on her g-spot, it would only drive her crazy with pleasure. It was a trick he had picked up from older women he had dated on their way back down the ladder.

Nathan had fun with Gloria for a few minutes longer, until her moans were almost continuous and then decided that he couldn't wait any longer. He withdrew his tongue, placed one hand on each of her thighs and spread her legs firmly, as far as they would go. Then he pulled open the lips to her cunt, and gazed at it, pink and wet and beautiful. Gloria was silent now, but a fine tremor ran continuously through her body.

Nathan slowly slid a finger up into her and then blew cool air directly on her glistening clit. He felt her muscles spasm around his finger and heard her moan. This could be fun, he thought, but his own body was beginning to shiver from need and, after all, he had all night. He suspected one orgasm was not going to be nearly enough for either of them.

Nathan slid another finger next to the first, eliciting a sort of gasping sigh from his neighbor, before bending his head and licking lightly at her clit. She shuddered. It tasted delicious, subtle and salty with a distant tang of sweetness, and Nathan was almost regretful as he leaned down further and fastened his lips around her plump, swollen clit. Gloria let out a moan that was almost a shriek as he began to suck on her clit, and then cried, "I'm cumming! oh god, Nathan, suck me! please don't stop, ohhhhhhhh!"

Nathan held her clit between his lips, brushing his rough tongue against the tender flesh as Gloria writhed on his bed, moaning and crying out with complete abandon. Gloria had been on the edge of orgasm for so long, it was like being pierced by a sword of pleasure that ran up through her whole body when Nathan seized her clit in his mouth and began to minister to it. Pure golden fire lit up her whole body and she babbled hardly knowing what she was saying, in the grip of ecstasy. She grabbed Nathan's head to hold him in place as her body spasmed around his fingers, and she could feel every inch of skin come to crackling life. Finally, it was as though she blanked out and came to only moments later to find Nathan grinning at her from

between her thighs, her ankles crossed on his back, her hands tangled in his hair. Gloria was breathing as though she'd just run a mile and her pussy was still clenching with small shots of pleasure around his fingers, which he now moved slowly in and out of her. Gloria was shocked at how readily her body began to light up again for him, usually she couldn't cum again for at least an hour, but if he was persistent with that finger fuck, he could have her screaming with pleasure again in no time.

But, that would be selfish and Gloria was a naturally generous person. When Nathan showed no intention to leave her pussy alone, Gloria sat up and scooted her lower half out of his way. He looked up at her in surprise and she grinned at him. "Your turn," she sang.

Nathan grimaced. "You know, I'm uh… I'm not going to last very long." He flushed slightly as her grin widened.

"Maybe not the *first* time," she replied and pulled him around, pushing back him back into where she had twitched and writhed only moments before.

Nathan had been negligent with his own clothes, leaving them on in preference for shucking Gloria of hers. She quickly corrected this, pulling off his shirt and pants quickly. He was wearing expensive looking, black boxer briefs, with an extremely noticeable bulge in front. She wondered if he had changed into them specifically for her.

In fact he had.

Gloria gazed at Nathan's body, taking in his well formed legs and strong, defined arms. He wasn't a body builder, by any means, but he was lean and obviously took care of himself. He was the sexiest thing she had ever seen. The idea of taking him in her mouth was so exciting she could hardly wait, and it took an effort at control to slowly pull down those boxer-briefs and expose her prize.

It sprang to attention as soon as it was released from its cotton prison. Nathan was uncircumcised and the head of his cock was glistening with pre-cum as it bounced slightly, seemingly with a life of its own.

Then Gloria realized that something was missing. Hair. He had shaved his balls! Gloria couldn't hold back a smile, and Nathan turned red.

"One of my girlfriend's insisted… oh never mind."

"No, I don't… mind." Gloria bent her head and, taking a leaf from her neighbor's book, blew cool air over the gleaming phallus. It twitched in response and Nathan groaned. Gloria realised he was right, there was no way she could draw this out, one touch would be enough. Or, no touch at all, judging by the glazed look in his eyes. So, let that one touch be sensational.

Gloria cupped one hand under his balls, stroking a beckoning finger along the perineum, and then, squeezing gently, employed the bedroom skill she was most proud of. She swallowed him completely, opening her throat and feeding his red bulge deeply into it. Gloria nestled her nose into Nathan's stomach, and, with difficulty, looked up into his eyes with a smoky stare. Nathan looked like he was in shock.

Gloria commenced to massage the cock in her throat by swallowing, and stroking the underside firmly with her tongue, still gently gripping his balls and wrapping her other hand around his torso to give herself more leverage.

Nathan gave a gasp, as though he had been plunged into cold water and then moaned as though he were being torn apart. "I can't hold back, I'm going to cum…" Gloria quickly pulled back just enough so the head was resting on her tongue and she could suck on it at leisure.

Nathan couldn't hold back any longer. His hips pumped automatically, driving his cock against his neighbor's willing tongue, spurting sticky white cum into her mouth as his whole body spasmed. Gloria eagerly sucked the cum out of him, rubbing her tongue against the bottom of his cock to prolong his pleasure, then pulling back before the final spurt and letting it fall against her lips. Without licking it up, she proceeded to gently lap at Nathan's cock, which softened slightly, and then became semihard once again.

"Oh, you're going to kill me, woman," Nathan groaned. He loved how she looked, and knew it was a deliberate tease to get him hard again. Her blond curls drifted about her flushed, sweaty face, her plump, pink lips decorated with his cum as she ran her tongue lightly all over his cock, which was quickly proving itself up to her demands.

Nathan couldn't remember getting hard again so fast since he was a teenager. He wondered if he should fuck that pretty little pussy this time, until it was clenching in ecstasy around his cock. But as he began to sit upright, Gloria pushed him back down.

"Oh no, Nathan, you don't get away *that* easy. That was barely 3 minutes of fun for me, I've hardly shown you anything yet."

Those enigmatic words, accompanied with one of her deep lashed, smoky looks was enough to bring him to full mast. His cock, it seemed, liked her as much as he did.

"Alright," he laughed and lay back at his ease. "Do your worst. You have me at your mercy."

"Do I?" Gloria murmured. She ran a hand lightly up his chest, fingernails dragging over his skin, sending ripples of goose-bumps along their trail.

Gloria was enjoying this sense of control more than she expected. She had always thought of herself as slightly submissive, if anything. But the idea of driving Nathan into uncontrollable ecstasy, of taking control of him when she hardly knew him at all, was strangely tantalizing.

"Wait here," she demanded, an idea coming to her. "Don't move." She tapped on his chest for emphasis, and was gone, back into the living room.

She was back so quickly Nathan didn't have time to be worried, and she held the whipped cream spray-can in her hand.

Gloria felt like a goddess with that spray can, silly as it might sound. She straddled Nathan's stomach, sprayed a light dollop on his mouth and then kissed him, luxuriating in the cool sweetness, and in his warm tongue seeking hers.

She tongue kissed him for long moments, then separated their mouths by drifting hers down to his throat and starting to nip gently at it. Nathan lay with his head back, throat exposed to her whims, as Gloria bit softly down to his collarbone and then sprayed a thin line of cream along it.

The touch of the cold, fluffy cream contrasted with her hot, wet tongue was exquisite. Nathan squirmed slightly, to his neighbor's delight, and she proceeded to suck and nip all the cream away, before spraying another line down the center of his chest. She knelt with her legs on either side of him, and her hair streaming down the side of her face as she lapped at his bare skin and he gasped and moaned in delight.

Two tufts of cream then decorated his nipples and she closed her teeth on each and firmly scraped it off before rolling each around her tongue. Finally, she moved her gaze further down and considered.

"Sit up for me, I want to kneel between your legs and deal to you properly."

All trace of the shy Good Girl had long since disappeared. Nathan scrambled to sit on the edge of his bed and have this blonde temptress kneel between his thighs. She laid

her hands on them, running the nails up and down, sending tingling shivers along his skin. Then, she firmly grasped the spray can and his fully erect cock and began to spread him with cream. When she was done, his manhood looked like a snowman in a blizzard, and missed only the cherry on top, something he hoped to remedy soon enough.

Gloria finished with dollops of cream on his balls and started there, licking firmly with her tongue, and plucking at them with her full lips. She gave them a good tongue lashing, taking them into her mouth to suck off all the remaining sweet stuff, and rolling them inside that hot cavern with her tongue. She got a little cream on her nose, while doing this and Nathan leaned forward to lick it off when she came up for air. She kissed him long and hard, before pushing him back and returning to the task at hand.

She kept one hand pressing on his thigh, the other clutched around his ass cheek, as she began the slow, exquisite cleaning of his cock. Each vein was thoroughly attended to before she advanced, swirling her tongue along the tender skin in a way that made it difficult to remain composed and not simply force her head down for instant gratification.

Finally, she came to the head and lapped at it, smoky eyes staring right at him, a smile touching the corners of her mouth.

Gloria was really enjoying this. Who knew blow jobs could be so tasty? She was taking her time, enjoying the slow torture of her neighbor, working her way up to her special skill, wanting him to remember this night forever. Finally, by the shaking hands he put on her head, she knew he was ready, and so was she. Taking him by surprise once again, she slowly engulfed the head of his cock, moving her lips down inexorably, pressing them hard against his shaft, until finally, her nose was pressed against his stomach and the whole of him was inside her.

Nathan couldn't help himself, he gave a small pumping motion with his hips and was immediately contrite, worried he would hurt her. But she just continued smiling at him and so he did it again, and again, slowly pumping his cock in and out of her throat. Gloria had both arms wrapped around his waist, her hands kneading his ass. Nathan couldn't believe how good this felt, his hands caressing her hair, his cock caressing her throat. Just when he thought it could get no better, Gloria began to hum, deep in her throat. Nathan was already on the edge and this was enough to send him over. Those deep vibrations seemed to completely surround his cock, filling him with red-hot pleasure.

Hoping he wasn't about to make a mistake, he pulled back and started to shoot his load all over Gloria's face. To his joy and adding to the electric pleasure clenching his insides, she stuck out her tongue and turned her face from side to side, allowing him to pour out his cum to mix with the cream still on her lips.

Nathan was breathing like he had just finished a race. He came second.

Spent, he watched his lovely neighbor lick her lips, slowly, and then push him back onto the bed. She pressed her naked body against his and they lay there for a few long moments, each recovering for the next go. Nathan was wondering how he could ever go on, even as his cock was hardening once again at the feel of her whole body, luscious breasts, smooth, fine skin, long, soft legs, tangled with his.

He slipped a hand down that velvety skin, to the heat between her legs and she squirmed and smiled at him. She was hot and wet, and he realized that he wanted to eat her out again, drive her to the edge and then thrust himself into that tropical cavern and fly with her into the abyss.

With a renewal of energy at this thought, Nathan grabbed the spray can and grinned wickedly at his bedmate. He received a slow, sensual smile in return as she placed her hands behind her head and spread her legs wide.

Nathan sprayed her luscious pussy liberally with the soft, cold cream and was delighted by the shivers that rippled through her as her hot skin was touched by chill. He then ran his tongue from her tiny, puckered asshole to her fat, gleaming clit, gathering cream in his mouth and mixing it with the salty taste of her. It was the most delicious elixir he had ever tasted and he knew if she wanted it, he could do this all night.

Gloria felt transcended as she lay there, captive by his tongue, languid and greedy and aware of another building climax. She was owned by him, and yet he was working to please her and either way, they were in each others thrall. Nathan was digging his tongue deeply into her snatch now, once again caressing her g-spot, beckoning her closer to release. And now he was sliding two fingers inside her to take the place of his tongue, which was swirling around her engorged clit and sending passionate electricity up in sparks throughout her body.

Gloria placed her hands lightly on Nathan's head and moaned and moaned, her body lit up with pleasure like a fiery brand, almost painful in its exquisite intensity. His tongue was relentless, a steady lapping at her clit, accompanied by thrusting fingers and caresses on her bare skin. Gloria twitched and moaned, impaled by that fleshy pleasure device, her thoughts becoming less and less coherent. There seemed to be no drawing out this time, he was going to drive her directly to orgasm with that never ceasing, unmerciful tongue.

Gloria trembled and twitched, getting closer and closer and Nathan thought what a difference the glorious, unrestrained movement she made, to that stilted, mechanic gyrations of his current girlfriend.

He was hard again, and she was getting near the edge. To get her even closer, Nathan fastened his fleshy lips around her clit and dragged his tongue over the top of that sensitive mound, while sucking gently. He did this only for a few moments, and brought her right to the edge. Then, he withdrew, much to Gloria's dismay. "No, no, don't stop! I'm almost there, don't *stop* you bastard!"

Swiftly donning a condom, Nathan grinned and slid his hands up her trembling form, then slipped them behind her head and kissed her passionately, letting her taste her own sweetened juices.

He moved his cock lightly over her drenched pussy, open and slick and waiting for him, and Gloria spread her legs and cupped his face for emphasis. "Fuck me, Nathan," she whispered. "I want it so bad I'm gonna cry again if you don't hurry up."

Nathan kissed her again and thrust, entering her in one deep movement, eliciting a contented moan of satisfaction from his neighbor.

Gloria was already on the edge and the feeling of that hard cock pushing aside her sensitive tissues and stroking them relentlessly was enough to start her mewling with unreleased tension. Nathan was breathing hard and kissing her all over her face, the force of his body pushing her deeper into the bed, even as her legs and arms wrapped around him and drew him deeper into her. Nathan began to moan, and whispered in a gasping voice, "I'm going to cum… oh cum for me, Gloria, cum with me…"

Gloria rocked her hips up so her clit was receiving full friction from Nathan's pounding motion, and gave a small shriek of expectation. "I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum NOW."

Gloria finally felt the unstoppable cascade of lightening burn through her, slowly at first, inexorably, but increasing in speed until her whole body seemed afire. She trembled in his arms and her pussy clenched and spasmed around his cock.
Nathan held back as best he could to watch Gloria's descent into the fire, but the massaging grip of her pussy pushed him over the edge. Pumping harder into her twitching body, he was overcome with pleasure, as though he was emptying every drop he had into her, that she was sucking it out of him. Their naked bodies pushed and writhed together in abandon and their moans filled the room along with the sweet smell of cream and the animal scent of sex.
Finally, they were still, but remained tangled in each other, Nathan still inside Gloria, and her arms and legs wrapped around him. They smiled at each other and gradually dissolved into separate entities. Time for a short nap. This adventure was going to continue all night.

Gloria felt only satisfaction on her quick 'walk of shame' back to her place, the next morning. She was sore, and the beat of her heart pushing blood through her sensitive tissues was a constant, pleasant reminder of the beat of her neighbor as he had thrust into her. But Gloria had purpose, and the first thing she did when she got home was to cross off the last item on her List. Although, 'casual' might not be the word she would have chosen.

Nathan was stunned by the night's events, and wondered if he should just propose to Gloria and get it over with. Surely one didn't pass up the opportunity for sex like that on a regular basis? He pondered it for a few days, and then made up his mind to at least explore the possibility. Maybe he was boyfriend material and he didn't even know it!
Seizing the forgotten cake plates as an excuse, he hurried over to her front door, only to have it flung open before he even knocked.
"Nathan! Did you come to say goodbye? That's so sweet!"
"Gloria! Where the hell are you going??"
"Greece, of course. I've always wanted to go and now I am! My ex sold the car and gave me half, so I have enough for a bit of a holiday." She kissed him. On the cheek.
"Maybe I'll see you when I get back, if I ever do! Thanks for all your… support."
With a final grin, Gloria was gone.