

# Sam's sexy surprise

By : **SadieDark**

Sam, on holiday in Florida, is sexually obsessed with Angie, a neighbor but the outcome turns out to be a surprise for everyone.

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By Sadie Dark

Angie was the most slutty girl I'd ever met who wasn't a slut.

She seemed perfectly wholesome. But her clothes, well I've got to be honest, made her look like a whore. She was my neighbor at a row of holiday apartments in Florida; we had nodded a couple of times then one day she spoke to me.

“Hot enough for you?”

“You bet,” I replied, a bit tongue-tied by her closeness. She had great hair, blue eyes and, best of all, a very kissable mouth. “Still it's a great excuse to have another cold beer.”

“Good idea,” she said laughing, “Wish I could join you?” Then she started off.

“Hi, my name's Sam,” I added, worried I was missing a chance.

She turned and smiled sweetly. “Good to meet you Sam, I'm Angie.”

“Cool, well see you around.”

She smiled again. It was fucking hot so most people were baring themselves in some kind of way but Angie was barely legal. As she'd casually swayed towards me, I'd got an eyeful of her tits straining to escape her cutoff T-shirt. Her nipples were attempting a mass break out and, any minute, I thought, they'd burst through and hit me in the eye. Moving down past her tanned belly, you couldn't help noticing that her low-slung toweling shorts displayed a hell of a camel toe. Fuck, zoologists would sure get excited at the size of that print.

As she sashayed away I got a view of her, unconsciously, slipping her hand round and re-adjusting her shorts because they'd got stuck up her ass crack. God, how I envied those shorts! And how I wished I could ram my cock up there and fuck her into tomorrow.

lâ lâ lâ lâ lâ !..

For the next day or two I didn't see Angie. But I thought about her a lot. I hadn't had a fuck since Lisa and I split up four months before. It had been a really bad time and I was taking this break to get over it. This was my first time at this resort, a good friend had been coming for years and recommended it as a great place to meet sexy women. It wasn't Angie's first time though, as the guys at Eddie's bar had confirmed when I casually mentioned her name. There was a lot of smirks, one or two rude suggestions and the information that Angie and Alex had been frequent visitors until their relationship had broken down. Now, Angie was here alone. Though not for long, my new friends suggested, what with her tits and ass on display

## Sam's sexy surprise

every time she went out.

â Well I would,â I said, the beer loosening my lips along with my morals.

That comment re-started the crude observations. Shit, this kind of chat just made me even hornier. I didnâ t miss Lisa any more but I did miss the fucking. I think Lisa loved my cock probably more than she loved me. God, weâ d had great nights, and mornings and afternoons and, especially, those times in the open air. Sometimes on beaches just like the one I was now dismally surveying from my deck.

The view of healthy bodies stretched out on the shore reminded me of old times but also that I needed to keep in shape. So, in the late afternoon, I put on a T-shirt and shorts and went for a jog. Within minutes I was sweating freely but I was determined to reach the end of the bay. At this time the beach was pretty people-free so I had the first fifteen minutes to myself until in the distance I spotted a very familiar figure - you couldnâ t mistake those curves. It was the girl of my dirty dreams doing a bit of shelling and she had her back to me. She was bending over to pick up a shell and along with a view of the sunset her almost bare ass was mooning at me.

Her bikini would have been banned as objectionable in a pole-dancing joint. It barely covered her crack and in bending over the material had virtually disappeared from view. Her ass in the air wasnâ t just total provocation demanding to be grabbed and vigorously assaulted. It also reminded me of those stunning dangerous moments Iâ d spent with Lisa in places just as romantic as this. And here I was, a cock length from Angieâ s butt. Iâ m boasting here a little, of course, but you know what I mean. For a second I imagined myself tearing off that ridiculous bikini bottom, stripping off her t-shirt and the two of us thrashing about in the surf like Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr in that old Pearl Harbor movie â From Here to Eternityâ . I was just wishing I had the balls to roll Angie amongst the waves.

â Oh hi Sam, I didnâ t see you thereâ

Now Angie was upright and talking to me. From the front she was just as fucking hot â sultry eyes, big cock-sucking lips, nips fully extended and the tiny V of material emphasizing the plump V between her thighs. I noticed her hand instinctively slip down behind her, no doubt yanking her bikini out of her crack.

â Hey Angie, how you doing?â

â Just great, look these beautiesâ

What? Iâ d been trying not to stare at her tits. But no, she was holding out some shells in her cupped hands.

â Wow, theyâ re something else,â I said

â Yea, I have quite a collection,â Angie replied proudly.

â Yea, you know Iâ d really love to see themâ

Oh God, even as I spoke I realized what a cunt I sounded. But Angie didnâ t seem to notice.

â The shelling here is great,â I quickly added to cover up my stupid comment, â even better than Sanibel Islandâ

## Sam's sexy surprise

“You’ve been to Sanibel, hey I’d just love to go there” Angie was genuinely interested. This encouraged my mouth to move faster than my brain.

“Yea Lisa and I went there three summers running”

“Is Lisa your girlfriend?” There was now a different kind of interest in her voice.

Well, maybe it was the closeness of an almost naked Angie or maybe it was the sun setting over the ocean but I got a bit emotional and opened up about Lisa and me. Angie was a great audience and seemed genuinely concerned.

Talk of Lisa and our troubles set something off in Angie’s mind. So then she was telling me about her times and split with Alex. What a total dumbass Alex sounded, Angie had suffered a lot and there were women on the side too. Going over the details was something I guess Angie did quite a lot and still tears appeared in her eyes.

“Oh shit I’m sorry” it’s all so stupid” Angie was sobbing.

“Look that’s just fine,” I said and it just seemed natural to put my arms around her.

“Letting it all out can really help,” I added. Angie nestled up to me with her head buried into my shoulder. I felt her body heaving with the sobs but above all I felt her tits pushing against me. My hands were around her waist brushing the smooth supple flesh still warm from the sun. My fingertips slipped into the tiny folds on her waist just inches from her ass cheeks. Was grabbing butt an acceptable method of consoling a woman? Maybe my Burt nâ Deborah screwing in the surf fantasy was about to happen.

But then I felt a sudden stiffness, and no, it wasn’t my cock, it was Angie reacting to something. Someone was jogging towards us and as the figure came into focus I saw it was Charlie, one of my friends from Eddie’s bar. Fuck! Or rather no fuck! What a time to pick. Now Angie and I were standing apart as Charlie came up to us.

“Hi Sam,” said a breathless Charlie.

“Hey Charlie,” I indicated the snuffling siren next to me, “this is Angie”

“Hi Angie, good to meet you”

“Angie, this is Charlie, we’ve enjoyed a beer or two together”

Whatever was occurring or might have occurred between Angie and me was over, the spell had been broken and a now completely composed Angie spoke.

“Hello Charlie, good to meet you, how can you run on a warm night like this?”

Then she looked at me.

“I’m sorry, I interrupted your run too, you’d better get going before it gets too dark”

“It’s ok,” I replied “The breather was good for me” well I’d better be off”

Charlie looked at Angie and then at me and finally spoke.

## Sam's sexy surprise

â Ah, do you mind if I join you, I could do with someone to keep the pace upâ

â Sure,â I said but I was looking at Angie.

â Well have a good run,â she said, â maybe Iâ ll see you around?â

The dying sun was highlighting the interesting parts of her body and the juices that had been stirring inside me were still bubbling away. Maybe a jog would cool me down.

â Bye Angie, see you tomorrowâ I said hopefully and jogged away with Charlie.

We ran in silence until weâ d reached the end of the bay and turned back. Like me, Charlie spent many hours at the gym so we both matched each other in pace and stamina. Then finally Charlie spoke.

â Look I didnâ t break anything up there...with you and Angie I meanâ

â Fuck noâ !I hardly know herâ I replied truthfully.

â Thatâ s ok thenâ !â cause you looked kind of â !Oh I donâ t knowâ !kind of closeâ

I burst out laughing, mainly at Charlieâ s unexpected use of proper language, but also because it was releasing the tension inside me.

â Closeâ !you mean I was trying to fuck her?â

â Yea wellâ !it looked kind of like a fucking situationâ ! a fuck in the foamâ

Now Charlie was laughing.

â Like that old movieâ ! what was it?â

â From Here to Eternityâ I said.

â Hey that was quick, you know much about old movies?â

â Yea, itâ s one of my interestsâ

â Cool, we could do with you in our quiz team, weâ re a bit short on movie buffsâ

â Happy to help outâ I said vaguely, not realizing what a great fuck it would lead too.

We jogged along a bit more. Then Charlie looked sideways at me.

â Is Angie another of your interestsâ !sheâ s a great piece of ass?â

I laughed.

â She sure is, if I thought I had a chance. Do you know anything about her?â

â Nothing much, I see her on the beach a lotâ !that ass, ainâ t it just something else?â

## Sam's sexy surprise

â Yea, ainâ t it justâ

Charlie stopped, began some muscle-stretching exercises and looked at me.

â Well, speaking of ass this is where I butt outâ !great run, thanksâ

â No problemâ I said and smiled at Charlie

â Hey look, my place is close byâ !can I buy you a beer?â

It was dark, it was hot and I was hot and sweaty â it seemed like a great idea.

â What a great idea,â I said â just lead me too itâ

We went down a lane off the beach. Charlie unlocked the door of a small clapboard shack and we went in. Inside was crammed full of Charlieâ s stuff but I found a space and sat down. Charlie disappeared then returned with two cold Buds. We gulped them down then Charlie, smirking, raised a bottle.

â Here, letâ s raise a glass to Angieâ

â Angie,â I replied grinning,â but Iâ d sooner be raising my cock to herâ

â Yaay!â Charlie lifted the bottle again. â Hereâ s to your cock in Angieâ s sweet assâ

Weâ d finished our beer so Charlie got two more.

â Hereâ s to Angieâ s hootersâ !Hell we all see enough of themâ

I was smirking now but although the Bud was cooling me all this talk about Angie was making me hot.

As if on cue, Charlie got up.

â Think Iâ ll take a shower, wonâ t be long, please make yourself at home, thereâ s plenty more beer in the coolerâ

After Charlie left, I idly drank my beer and flicked though the magazines scattered around. There was a couple on fishing, a few on bodybuilding, Maxim, that sort of thing. The fish and the gluts left me cold but the tits and cunts got me imaging Angie naked, lying back, legs apart, all golden brown, pink and glistening. God, that woman was taking my mind off my relaxing holiday in Florida but that wasnâ t the only interesting place where she was affecting me. Instinctively my hand slid down the waistband of my shorts andâ !

â !Charlie came back in, towel casually knotted around waist.

â Still thinking of getting into those cute little panties?â

My hand was back on my knee. Fuck, had Charlie noticed.

â Sheâ s hard to forget Charlie, damn itâ s been months since I had a good fuckâ

â You need to keep in practice Sam, keep everything in working order and it stays in top conditionâ

## Sam's sexy surprise

“Yea that’s good advice, maybe I should head home and get a little one-handed practice, maybe you could lend me Maxim?” I winked.

“Get us a couple of beers first to steady your hand”

“Sure thing” I said and went out to the kitchen. The beer cooler was on the floor and I bent over to reach for the Buds. It was then that I felt Charlie’s hands on my ass. They kind of massaged me and then I felt fingers slipping up inside my shorts.

The surprise froze me for a second. I stood up and turned but the hands were still clinging to my ass cheeks. Charlie was looking straight into my face with lustful eyes.

“Why not practice here Sam, I can help you anyway you like”

With that Charlie’s towel fell away and we were kissing. First our lips met, then our tongues. And then my hands that should have been full of Buds were full of butt.

â lâ lâ lâ !

As I walked back through the dawn mist I still couldn’t quite believe what had happened at Charlie’s. But the taste of cum in my mouth and the still present sensation of Charlie’s cock reminded me that it was true. It must have been the build-up of my lust for Angie and, of course, the booze but it all exploded in a three-hour fuck feast.

Charlie was naked and then so was I. Our mouths and tongues traced out every inch of each other’s body. Then I was on the couch and Charlie was sucking me off. I was gasping and then I came the first time â a vivid spurt of juice.

Charlie’s cock was just like Charlie - muscular and active and I was fucked hard and long into the night. Then it was my turn and I bent Charlie over the couch and took out all my longing for Angie on that well-toned butt and demanding asshole.

I reached my apartment as the sun was rising over the palm trees. It was an inspiring sight but this morning I felt too drained to notice. I did notice the little piece of notepaper as I opened the front door. It was pink with a border of shells so I knew who’d written it. There was a short note in a clumsy handwriting style. Thank you, it read, for being so understanding today. See you Angie x. Fuck, fuck, fuck, she’d called round to see me last night whilst I was with Charlie. And who knows what might have happened if I’d been there, showered after my run, a bottle of wine in the cooler, who knows?

Later, I lay on the bed imaging all kinds of outcomes from Angie’s visit and, guess what, they all ended up xxx-rated? So after a sleep and some breakfast I was out on the beach looking for my imaginary sex maniac. But she didn’t show nor was she seeking out shells when I did my evening run.

And the next day was the same â no Angie. I sat on my deck, patrolled the beach road and wandered dismally amongst the couples enjoying themselves. I began to believe I’d never see her again. Maybe her tearful memories of Alex had spoilt her holiday and driven her away. Maybe it just wasn’t meant to happen as I just had a day or two to go before I too headed home.

## Sam's sexy surprise

Then my phone rang. I didn't recognize the number and my heart started to pump, but it was Charlie.

â Hi loverâ

â Hi Charlie, how are you?

â Still a little sore down thereâ From the tone of voice I could imagine Charlie smirking.

â Yea well likewiseâ

â Anyway thatâ s not the reason I rang. Remember I mentioned our quiz. Well thereâ s one tonight but I canâ t make it, because itâ s the birthday of one of the guys at Eddieâ s Bar. So I mentioned you, the great movie buff, and our team leader is very interestedâ

Well I wasnâ t. The last thing I needed in my state was the company of a bunch of quiz nerds. I was about to politely say, â fuck offâ

â Oh by the way, your fantasy fuck will be thereâ

â Angieâ

â Yea Angie, sheâ s friendly with the team leader. Maybe thereâ s a brain to match that bodyâ

â What time?â

â Ah I thought youâ d be up for it, if you know what I mean. 7.30 at the Picture House on Beach Stâ loh donâ t do anything I wouldnâ t doâ

Charlie was still sniggering when I switched the phone off.

â lâ lâ lâ !

The Picture House was an old movie theater that was now the local community centre. â Quiz Nightâ was a charity fundraiser and a good crowd was milling around when I arrived. And there she was.

â Oh hi Sam, you look smartâ

Maybe a clean T-shirt and pressed chinos were smart for me but Angie looked fabulous, sexy, but, for once, not slutty, in a beige colored dress that set off her tanâ land her tits.

â Thanks Angie, may I sit hereâ

Before we could talk the team leader called for silence and the quiz began. Angieâ s fleshy presence and heady perfume almost distracted me but my movie knowledge was fucking useful and our team won. We toasted our success with beer although Angie raised a glass of some homemade Margaritas sheâ d been sipping throughout the sessions. People started to leave but Angie and I sat together, and we quickly got back to talking about our life and, of course, our ex-partners.



## Sam's sexy surprise

“ I miss the friendship, you know the support when you needed it most” I said

Angie emptied her jug into her glass.

“ I know” “I miss that” “and I miss the sex” “Hell, we had good sex.”

What! Was that Angie “or too many margaritas talking? I looked into her eyes but she wasn’t drunk just a little intoxicated about being able to talk freely and, I hoped, being close to me. We sat silent for a moment. We were almost the last people there but in the corner a young couple were kissing and cuddling as if we were invisible.

Angie looked at them, then raised her eyebrows to me and smiled.

“ What it is to be in love” , she said reflectively.

The couple suddenly got up and as they walked past us, the blonde girl seemed to recognize Angie and gave her a big dirty wink. After they left Angie smiled again.

“ She going to have a good time tonight” she said.

“ Good sex?” I said, hoping my smile made it sound innocent.

“ Even bad sex would be good for me”

Angie was looking at the floor but her tone of her voice said it all. I had to do it now; there would be no other chance. I leant across and spoke quietly.

“ I really want to fuck you Angie”

She looked totally surprised.

“ Sam, you of all people”

But her expression changed and she leant forward and our lips locked hungrily.

“ !”

We were still kissing when we got inside her apartment. It was another hot night, the shutters were open, and the perfume from some plant filled the place. I knew I had all the time in the world and I was going to enjoy every second. I slipped off my T-shirt and chinos as a declaration of intent and she caressed my hot skin and sucked on my nipples. This wasn’t a shy girl, thank god.

Now came that amazing moment “ getting her naked. Her dress fell down around her ankles and I buried my face in between her tits. A little sweat had gather in the cleavage but my tongue lapped it up. She let me undo her bra and I grabbed each soft warm breast and feasted on the hard nipples until she gasped for breath. Each pink bud seemed to expand in my mouth and my tongue lingered over them but my hands were busy. They moved from her tits down her panting belly then round to slip under her panties and, at last, to cup

## Sam's sexy surprise

that amazing ass. My fingertips indulged themselves in the soft suppleness then I ran one finger down her ass crack and I felt her body shiver with ecstasy.

It was time to fuck her. I slipped her panties down as I moved onto my knees so that I was now just inches from the plump v of flesh spilt by the rippled velvet pinkness of her cunt. Holding her ass I lifted her onto my erect tongue and felt it slide into the sweet/salty heat. I probed with my tongue tip and sucked gently, her ass shuddered and I heard her groan. I looked up and between her big glistening tits I saw her looking back longingly at me.

I stood up and kissed her. Her tongue instinctively licked away her own juice as I led her to the bedroom. She lay on the bed and the perfume from outside the window was almost overpowering.

“ I won’t be a second,” I said and went to her bathroom. When I returned I was naked.

“ Wow,” she whispered, giggling seductively “ I don’t think I’ve seen one as big as that”

My desire for Angie was immense and so, fortunately, was my cock. In seconds I was sliding it into her mouth and she was greedily sucking on it. Her hands grasped my ass to keep up the rhythm whilst her plump red lips grew glossy as my cock spread them with each thrust.

But it was getting time to put it in the natural place. I gently lifted her legs up over her head until her rippled and puckered pink playground was invitingly spread below me. I leant over her and felt my cock almost being swallowed by her wet, warm cunt. At once the perfume from outside and the scents of Angie’s passion combined stimulating me as I rhythmically moved my ass. As my cock penetrated deeper and deeper so did the sound of Angie’s groans until she cried out.

“ Oh God don’t stop”

I fucked her hard. Her body shuddered and with every thrust my cock grew wetter. We were both sweating freely, the droplets tricking down to Angie’s asshole.

Ah right, it was getting time to put my cock in the unnatural place. I placed the tip, still glistening with juice, into that tiny pinky brown hollow and pushed. There was no resistance from Angie or her asshole so my cock expanded the rosy ring and slipped in juicily. I heard Angie sigh so I slid in further, almost withdrew and Angie gasped in ecstasy. As my cock danced inside her I saw her sweat beaded face contorted with unbearably dirty pleasure. Surprise, surprise Angie didn’t only dress like a slut!

“ lla lla !..

I woke up, and the sunlight was framing Angie’s beautiful face. I turned over lazily in the bed “ what a night! Our mutual hunger for sex had made us greedy. Our fucking had known no limits until; at last, sleep was the only sensation to be explored. I looked down and smiled; my cock still lay heavily against my thigh. I reached down and lovingly wrapped my fingers around the firm shaft”

“ and then I ripped it off and tossed it onto the floor.

## Sam's sexy surprise

It spread over the rug, a tangle of straps, velcro and a whole 10 obscene inches of pure plastic pleasure. It had landed just inches from my phone. I idly reached down, picked it up, switched it on and saw Iâd got a message.

I immediately recognized the sarcastic voice:

â Oh hi Sweetie, so youâre Samantha on your message service are you? Well itâsâ Edwina from the bar, you forgot your Visa card when you were here withâ Charlotte and the guys. See yaâ

â lâ lâ !.

Sam's sexy surprise

Sam's sexy surprise

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