I fell in love with my next door neighbor

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A real story that just happened to me this week

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Fantasies with my new neighbor

A new woman has just moved next to us about three months ago. We live in avicinity at the outer edge of this town. We've lived here for almost two years now; it's a quiet and peaceful place: nothing ever happens, with a street too solitary, houses that look unoccupied, deserted, to any observer. Hardly ever a neighbor would show out of his / her home. It's fantastic to live here, listening only the birds chirping. The only problem is to go down town for any necessity, especially if we don't have a car.

On one occasion, we were leaving for downtown, me and my wife, and had to walk to the corner to find a cab. I saw my new neighbor for the first time, standing there next to her husband, a young guy. We said hi, while they looked nice, compared to those people around here who mind their own business, and look reclusive and reserved, most of them half-breed, Creoles with bad manners. There are whites in this colony too.

As they saw us walking past their house it seemed strange they were polite, smiling at us, and inquired why there wasn't running water from pipe, at their new home. I advised them to wait until water dripped on their tank off floater. Sometimes a spurt came out, at intervals, I said.

We both stared at the young woman's outfit with dissimulation, as she wore tiny tight pants, or shorts, leaving a mark of her asscrack. I could consider the mound marked through the panties. Almost a cunt slit could be guessed as well. My wife and I began to mock at them, criticizing Creole ethnicity: they were not civilized or educated at all, least refined. This woman didn't catch my interest at all, and I thought a hooker like her wouldn't deserve any interest, as a lot of them live in this neighborhood. I judge them as horrible. Of course, it was different in my home country, and criticism has been part of my daily practice here.

Three weeks passed as I was laying in my hammock at about 9:00 in the morning on an ordinary weekday -I start teaching at 6:00 p.m. at local tech- when I peered through the window curtains to see who was calling aloud "good morning!!" Locals never knock at the door here if they are visiting someone, or inquiring. It was the new next door woman who needed assistance for a gas stove installation at her home. Her husband wasn't handy and I asked what would be the problem about. I said: "I'm getting some tools; I'm not a plumber though."

I finally fixed it all while she stood there wearing the same outfit she had on that day we met them. She asked: “How much will it be?” Ireplied to this well built innocent girl: “Oh, nothing at all.”
She just smiled at me. Seeing that the gas stove was not leaking off container, I was now prepared to leave, I and requested politely: “Kiss me good bye, please,” pointing at my cheek. I closed my eyes and felt a smooth kiss in this area. I said:
“Ok, it’s my turn now. Please allow me to pay back the favor.”
I kissed her three times more and left. later on, I told my wife all this account but about the kisses. Next week, our feminine neighbor, who no longer looked disgusting to me, called again noisily at my home: “Good morning”. She wasn’t the unattractive woman I saw once, and looked elegant judging by her long legs. I went outside (my house is surrounded by a wall), and asked again what the problem would be.
Eunice is tall, I reckon 23 yo., slim, short hair, a Creole like most people in this town (90% population), but I figure out she must be a blending race with natives from another Mexican region, where inhabitants are tall, conveying these hereditary or genetic characters, like white skin, tallness, with indian features. People around here are short, rounded face, round buttocks, arched legs, popped eyes, shy, straight hair, short-legged, and introvert.
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She called aloud good morning at the small wooden gate. I went out and asked what the problem would be and she replied: “Do you know how to install a brand new washing machine?” Yes, of course I do.” I replied.
She showed the way while I stared at the beautifulbitch ass. As usual, she wore tight shorts. What I liked were her long legs and tallness the most. Sometimes I figure out she’s the ideal person to work modeling. My wife kept on mocking or criticizing her set of teeth: stained, blemished.
I scrutinized, examined the luxurious, big automatic washing machine, and told her she had to mount it in the back yard. There wasn’t enough room for this machine in the petite apartment. As I was measuring distances to make sure pipes would reach at water and house intake, she stood there smiling at me, which made me turn away off work. I sometimes stared at the asscrack and pussy slit marked through the flimsy fabric. She appeared to be enjoying how startled I was at this wonderful sight. Perhaps wished to know what would be my reaction.
Again, as I was done with this, I gave her advice on how to get to the hardware store and purchase all bits and pieces written on a piece of paper. We both sat in a sofa while she was silent sending messages over her cell phone. I supposed the only way to get close to her would be to kiss her good bye. She shared a long kiss in my cheek, I started to kiss her softly over and over again. She never said “no” and obeyed me while I kept kissing her. I finally moved to her ear where I stamped another kiss.
I wished to stay away from problems, didn’t want to get slapped (spank) on my face,not taking unfair advantage of her, but I still regret for not having moved down and kissed her at the neck. This probably had made her wet. I was a stranger to her so it would be inopportune to kiss her thin lips now, which always showed a mischievous smile coming from a perfect slut. I left and never returned:

unless she called me again, but never did. I think my wife confronted her saying oh, you like to invite married guys to your place to fix pipe lines?
Whenever I headed for work I felt tempted to knock at her door, but this only idea scared me. I suppose her young husband -only 21yo- comes home only on weekends, but I'm always discouraged by the idea of being met at the door by a jealous couple.
Two days ago I dared to knock at the door to borrow her bible –I knew she had one and actually needed one, so I was not pretending or acting it out. I knew I looked too ridiculous doing this here, but I figured out it would be fair to ask for favors. I was a nervous guy here, trembling, as she finally turned down the TV volume, which was too loud at the time. I said: "Oh, sweety, could you lend me your bible?" through the bedroom window.
She said: "Yeah, no problem." Opened the door and handed me the bible. I got out of control instantly: "Oh, Eunice, I never saw you again. How are you doing, are you ok?"
She said hi. My eyes moved down to her thighs where I chew over her cunt for a long minute, while she stood there at the doorway smiling wickedly. She never washed these shorts, perhaps? Creoles don't like to take a daily shower so I suppose this cunt must smell to fish!!
I said: "Eunice, kiss me. She killed time, looking in a straight line at what seemed to be my house, behind a wall. I heard her utterance, a soft word, so sweet: "No." I got a lot discouraged by this surprise and turned around to leave asking when I could return the bible.
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I was too discouraged by this neighbor's manner and began to consider if it's worth continuing to court this chick. The odds were against me, especially if she locked up in her apartment and never stuck her head out, or looked out of the window so I'd draw near her: I decided to quit. I would return the bible. Besides I was sick of chasing a married woman. It was too likely I'd be taken to jail on chargesfor sexual harassment.
Three days ago I was preparing for my daily exercise routine and headed for the racing track. I'm obliged to walk past her apartment and ignored she was outside, washing the doorway floor. I suddenly looked up and there she was: splendorous, superb, I got almost mad at seeing her gorgeous body. She wasn't indifferent or apathetic this time and smiled at me.
I pretended I was a nice neighbor and said hi. I approached to her nicely, but she got in the apartment. I felt as if she was drawing me into her place; she sat on the large sofa arm rest and she showed a wicked smile, along with her long beautiful legs, her natural gift; her shyness had vanished and my stare was now fixed on her thighs, more exactly, at her cunt.
Her clothes were wet due to her laborious job at cleaning the apartment floor. I was aware I had to keep on now. I stepped in the apartment – the sofa was too close to the front entrance- and began to kiss her in the neck tenderly and gently. I felt like in cloud nine. This turned out to be a long kiss which runned all along her neck. I can't tell if this aroused her. I stepped back, contemplating her, using an excuse to offer her earrings -she never wore ones.
I decided to leave and not risk anymore, but got out of control, stepped closer to her again and repeated the same stuff; she narrowly escaped and I could kiss her too close to her lips while she

made a delicate movement of her head backwards. My tongue still run along my lips, feeling a strange sensation, too sweet, and as I talk to people, they would see me sipping my lips. I still recall her delicate skin in her neck.

I have dreams with Eunice, kissing her in the mouth, our tongues weave together, resisting her bad breath, feeling her erratic inhalations, standing in front of me in her tiny panties while my rod is getting harder each time.She shows me intoher bed room. I lay her on the bed and slid off her panty slowly, while touching her body, her tiny and flaccid tits. I also feel her hard nipples, while taking deep breaths uncontrollably, stroking her hairy bush.

I kiss her toes and go up to her thighs. Slid down the flimsy smelly panty, and then spread her legs wide. My cock is hard as blue steel now. I moved to her cunt and begin to eat the pussy. I asked her if she liked this: She makes gestures to signal yes. I figure out she’s having an orgasm,as the moment I wanted to withdraw she clutched my head against her cunt.

This took me back to my days when I was too young -27yo- and had paid a visit to a whore house for the first time –I used to go to another one in the same district. I ignored a lot of things concerning sex, and was surprised as I was eating the bitch pussy she didn’t want me to withdraw, clutched my head with her legs while shaking her hips. After many years I understood what was happening to that woman: she was having an orgasm.

I put my head cock at my neighbor's pink pussy entrance and pushed. My dick gets to her bottom and soon I begin to feel her cunt gripping my rod. Perhaps her husband just rides her not letting this chick have enough orgasms. I got her on her 4’s and slid my cock smoothly within her. I don’t still understand why I like to see women on her 4’s with their ass high in the air and stare at the long pussy lips from behind.

I’m too surprised at the way my rod enters her so easily. Perhaps the cunt is well lubed. I could tell she was cumming once more because I was taking it out and felt she kept pushing back. This movement made me cum as well, with a big cum load within her. I’ve never had an orgasm like this in my lifetime.

We laid there on the bed while I watched my minute manhood already spent. Eunice never let a moan escape. It would give her away. I noticed her head was buried on a pillow, almost suffocated. She wished to muffle, and gag her moans, definitely. I asked her for a blow job; she stare at the bulbous head and refused.

I had to return this book on Friday, so I was worried. She might knock at my door and my wife would go out to see what this was about. On the other hand I was too scared to get to her place to hand over this book, but finally, after I had enough courage, I took a deep breath and left for her home. Icalled her name many times, butshe never showed up at the entrance... until I heard a faint noise like shouting I’m coming. She opened the door leaving only a crack to talk to me, but enough to show her body wrapped in a towel, only wearing panties. I suppose she wasn’t naked. She again was too friendly and smiled wickedly. Said:

“Come back on monday to collect the bible. I handed her a rose and a pair of earrings, saying: “we all love you.”

THE END