

The Good Neighbor

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I make a very favorable impression on my new neighbor

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I'll admit it I'm the queen of rash decisions. Most of the time I don't think things thru and never worry about the repercussions until after the fact. Sometimes things turn out okay, sometimes they don't. In March of 2011 the events that led up to the break-up with my boyfriend in Seattle were about to catch-up with me, so I did what anyone in my situation would do, I got the fuck out of town.

Part of me wanted to move back to Ohio and hide in the comfort of my parents homed. The other part of me wanted to go some place I'd never lived before. I wanted a place that had the exact opposite of Seattle and Ohio. I also wanted a city that was considered a party town, so I chose Tempe. It looked perfect. Arizona State was there, along with thousands of hot boys and girls. I knew it was where I wanted to be.

I found an apartment (site unseen) using a rental website, loaded up my car and drove down to Phoenix. When I arrived there several days later I quickly realized that maybe I should have waited to find a place to live until I got down here. It's not that the place was disgusting, it wasn't. In fact the place is pretty nice. The only flaw is my neighbor.

His name is Michael, a slightly overweight, balding man in his early forties. He's also incredibly shy. He always walks with head looking downwards. He won't say hi to you unless you say hi first. When and if he responds it comes out as a mumble, and he'll quickly walk away as he says it.

I kind of felt sorry for him. Every night he'd come home around 5:30 carrying a bag from one of the many fast food joints within a five-mile radius. He'd get his mail, walk into his apartment and watch TV until 9:00. At that point he'd put in a porn and jerk-off until eleven or eleven thirty.

At first this annoyed me. No matter how loud I turned up my TV or stereo I could still hear the moans from the movies and the grunts from his mouth on the other side of the wall. I could just imagine him sitting on his couch, stroking his cock to images of things he probably hasn't done in a while or possibly ever.

After listening to him jerk and cum day after day I started to get turned-on. Every night at nine I would get undressed, sit on my couch and play with myself as I listened to him groan.

As I rubbed my pussy I began to wonder who he was thinking about. On weekends I'd see him hanging-out in the laundry room watching the girls as they put their clothes in the machines. Sometimes I'd see him walking past the fitness room to see if there are any girls working out. I also noticed him studying my ass as he walked behind me the other day.

Every night I began to fantasize that he was thinking of me as he watched those dirty movies. I began to wonder if he could hear me moan and cum thru the thin wall. I wondered if this made him stroke faster? I wondered if he knew how horny he was making me? I wondered if he knew that if he got off his couch and knocked on my door that he could have me? He didn't.

For two weeks straight I rubbed my pussy to the sounds of a man pleasuring himself as he watched porn. I had enough. I needed it. I hadn't had sex since I arrived in Tempe. And the only person who could give it to me was my neighbor.

Right before nine I slid out of my jeans, panties, bra and shirt. Put on a long coat. I then sat on the couch and waited for him to start watching porn. The second I heard the first moan I rubbed my wet cunt in anticipation for what was about to happen. After making myself cum I stood-up and left my apartment.

I slowly walked the few feet to his front door. Before knocking I put my ear to it and could hear the sound of him stroking it to the naughty movie. I looked around to see if anyone was around. When I saw the coast was clear I put my hand between my legs and brought myself to another quick orgasm before letting him know that I was outside.

I then put my right hand on the door and knocked loudly. The sound of the TV abruptly stopped as he listened to the sound I was making for a few seconds before turning the volume up louder.

I knocked harder and yelled, "It's Bella from next door and I need the number to the after hours maintenance so they can let me into my place."

He once again turned the volume off. I could hear him muttering something and could only guess what he was trying to say. He then slightly opened the door as he said, "Don't you have a cell phone?"

"It's in my apartment," I said.

“Let me get the number for you,” he said.

“I’m going to need to use your phone,” I replied.

“I’m kind of busy,” he said. “Can you go ask another neighbor?”

“I did,” I said. “But you’re the only one home.”

He looked at me and as he opened the door he said, “Fine.”

I followed him inside to his living room. It was a mess. There was a stack of adult DVD’s on a table next to the TV. Diet Pepsi bottles and fast food bags covered a table in front of the couch. As he walked toward the kitchen to grab the phone I slid off my coat, sat on the couch and once again started playing with my wet pussy.

Seconds later he exited the kitchen; saw what I was doing and dropped the phone. I smiled as I asked, “What do you like better, this or the movies?”

He pointed toward me as he said, “This.”

He then reached his hand into his pajama bottoms and started stroking as he watched my fingers pinch my clit.

I then got on all fours, so he could get a great view of my ass. I then put my right hand over it and started fingering my asshole and pussy, I then my hand under and continued rubbing. I looked over and saw that he wasn’t wearing his pajama bottoms and was still stroking his unit.

I got off the couch and crawled over to him. Took his hand off his penis and replaced it with mine. I gently caressed it before putting it in my mouth. Seconds later as his 6 1/2 inch cock slid through my mouth his body started twitching. I quickly took it out of my mouth as he sprayed a gigantic load not only over me but the entire living room as well.

After licking some of the spooge off my breasts I looked up at him and said, “Impressive. How long has it been since a woman made you cum?”

A sad look appeared on his face as he said, “About 17 years.”

As I went to the bathroom to clean up he stood outside the door and told me about his that a drunk driver killed his wife and baby son. Since then he hadn’t been able to get close to anyone. I then

walked out of the bathroom, grabbed him by the hand and led him to couch. I then sat down spread my legs and ordered him to get between them.

He first blew on my pussy before he proceeded to lick it up and down several times before zeroing in on my clit. As he inserted a finger my hands started pinching my erect nipples. As he sucked on my swollen clit I ran my hands through the little bit of hair he had left.

He then inserted another finger.

I then licked my fingers as I watched him eat my cunt.

His tongue was like magic as he made me cum three times within a matter of seconds. After making my body tingle he stood-up and pointed to his hard cock. I got on my knees and started sucking.

After a few minutes of that he had me stand-up and stroke his cock. He then passionately kissed me as I played with his penis.

A few seconds later he took his pecker out of my hand turned me around and bent me over. He then rammed his cock into my twat and started fucking me. It was amazing, but after several minutes of fucking me in this position he began to tire out. He took his cock out of me and sat on the couch stroking it as he watched me wiggle my ass and beg for him to put it back in. He then motioned for me to join him on the couch. Before allowing me to sit on his junk he ordered me to sit on his face. After making me cum he allowed me to sit on his unit.

As I rode him he started fingering my ass and kissing my nipples. I started quivering. He stuck a finger in my ass as he increased the tempo of his thrusts. The faster motion caused me to cum all over his cock.

He then sat me on the couch, spread my legs and licked my love box until I came once again. He then stood-up put his cock back inside and continued fucking me. He looked at me and smiled as he said, "Do you like my cock?"

"I love it," I shouted.

He then leaned down, kissed me as he continued to rapidly move his penis in and out of my wet box. After our lips unlocked he asked, "Can I cum in you?"

I nodded yes.

He then started moving faster. He closed his eyes as he started shaking. His breathing got heavier as he let out a grunt. His cock started to pulse as his hot seed filled my pussy. He then collapsed next to me and started kissing me.

After reveling in the afterglow he looked at me, smiled and said, "Thank you."

"Anytime," I said.

"Can I ask you a question?" he asked.

"Sure," I replied.

"Next time do you think you could bring a friend?" he asked.

"What makes you think there's going to be a next time?" I said smiling.

"Because you love my tongue," he said right before putting his head between my legs.