The Package (What would you do?)

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A misdelivered package results in a good time.

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One of the biggest advantages of moving into the condo after my divorce at the age of 45 was the many benefits offered. In addition to the luxury of not having to do menial chores like cutting grass and shoveling snow, there were the many amenities offered. There was a weight room, tennis court, basketball court and swimming pool. I particularly liked the swimming pool, spending the bulk of my summer weekends lounging around enjoying the many sights. A man should be good at something and lounging around watching girls in bikinis is something I do particularly well. Nobody can say I don't have talents. So when a new piece of eye candy showed up at the pool recently parts of my anatomy definitely took notice, and not just my eyes.

When a shapely young woman in a red bikini shows up at the pool she is bound to get a certain amount of attention. I know she had my full attention. She had legs all the way up to her butt and what a perfect butt it was. As she walked, her skimpy red bikini was bunching up in her butt crack a bit. I felt like walking over and offering to straighten it for her, with my teeth. She looked like she couldn't have been a day over 25 though, and I was an old geezer of 46. She'd probably slap me and call me a dirty old man if she caught me even looking her way. I was probably as old as her father was, but hey, it is not a crime to look. Thank God for that, because if looks and dirty thoughts were illegal I'd be on death row.

As the summer wore on, red bikini girl definitely gave me a good reason to go to the pool. I was even showing up earlier than usual just to maximize my fantasizing time. She was certainly an inspiration I can say that. It would have been nice to see more of her, but that was unlikely. You never really see much of your neighbors except at the pool or in the rare event you run into them in the morning going to work.

One day while sitting on my balcony lot I got a pleasant surprise. It was towards the end of the summer and it was a very overcast day. Not being good pool weather, I decided to spend the afternoon on the balcony with a book. My balcony overlooks the parking lot and I can see the

neighboring buildings surrounding the courtyard. A red convertible pulled up in front of the next building and parked. The driver's door opened and out stepped red bikini girl. Her long black hair dangled seductively down her back and she looked sexy in her tight fitting jeans. Heck, this girl would make a burlap sack look sexy.

Oh my God, I thought. This girl lives right in the next building. Once again my mind started racing, not that it takes much. I would never really consider approaching a girl this young and hot. I have been approached by much younger women on occasion, don't get me wrong. But to approach a woman this hot and half my age would no doubt not have a fairy tale ending. I admired the view for a few minutes as she gathered her things and walked into the building and then went back to my book.

Summer ended rather unceremoniously. The time I had spent at the pool on the weekends was now spent on indoor hobbies. One of my hobbies is collecting old cameras, Exaktas to be specific. Exaktas are a line of cameras made by Ihagee Kamerawerk in Dresden from 1933 to the early seventies. I found myself spending more afternoons on the computer searching E-bay for various obscure items I did not yet have.

One afternoon I got particularly lucky. I came across a mint 90/2.5 Angeniex automatic lens I needed to complete my set of chrome Angeniex lenses. I was somewhat ecstatic when I won the auction and quickly made my payment. So when a small box arrived on my doorstep a few days later, I anxiously brought it in and set it on the kitchen table. I took out a steak knife and quickly sliced it open. I then poured myself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table eager to examine my new purchase. I reached in the box expecting to see a nice mint chrome lens and was somewhat shocked at what I found.

Oh my God, I thought to myself. This won't fit on my camera. The item in the box was not the lens I was expecting at all. It was a vibrator. Yes, a vibrator. What was going on here, I thought to myself. I looked at the address on the box. It was addressed to an Amanda Smith. I don't know any Amanda Smith I thought to myself. I looked at the address. 246 Moonlight, that was right in the next building. I had been here over a year and thought I knew everyone in the next building, at least by name. I thought long and hard. Suddenly something else became long and hard. Could Amanda Smith be red bikini girl? Am I really holding her vibrator?

I quick put the vibrator back in the box. I took a sip of my coffee. Now what do I do, I thought. Should I throw it away and pretend nothing happened? Should I keep it for company? Should I put the open box on her doorstep and run? I thought and thought. The little devil on my shoulder started to whisper in my ear.

I finished my coffee and took a shower. I got out of the shower and picked out a nice dress shirt and

pants from the closet. I put on my best cheap cologne. After putting my shoes on, I grabbed my keys and the box and headed out the door. It was a crapshoot, but what had I to lose?

I walked next-door and stood in front of the entrance to number 246. I took a deep breath and then rang the doorbell. In a moment an extraordinarily hot young woman answered the door dressed casually in a T-shirt and tight jeans. She stared at me with her big brown eyes.

"Hi, I live next door." I started, "I got a package by mistake. I think it belongs to you."

She took the box and looked inside. She put her hand to her mouth and giggled.

"Yes. Yes, It does." She giggled as she spoke. Her smile made her look even sexier, which I did not think possible.

"Must get lonely at night." I made an attempt to ease the awkwardness. I was feeling awkward anyway.

"Yes." She started, "I'm new around here and I don't really know anyone around here."

"Well, I'm Alan." I said, "Now you know someone."

"Yes, thanks for returning this." She started, "Would you like to come in? I just put on some coffee."

Wow, this was too good to be true I started thinking. This was like some sort of fantasy. A super hot looking twenty something year old woman inviting me in, vibrator in hand.

I followed her into her condo getting a nice view of her rear end. Those jeans look like they were painted on, I thought to myself. Made me wish I had a can of paint remover.

"You new in town?" I asked.

"Yes, from Ohio. My job got transferred." She answered.

She poured us each a cup of coffee as we sat at her kitchen table. The last thing I really needed was more caffeine, but I was not going to say no. The box with the vibrator sat on the table like an elephant in the room. I thought hard trying to think of something cute to say that would lighten the situation. I wanted to bring the conversation around to the vibrator without being too direct. My mind was racing more than usual, if that is possible.

"So, how long do the batteries last in those things?" I can't believe those words actually came out of my mouth.

"Why do you want to know?" She laughed as she asked.

"Oh, just curious." Best answer I could come up with.

"Well, we'll just have to find out." She said coyly.

She got up and walked over to a drawer in the kitchen. She opened the drawer and took out a package of new batteries. She put the batteries in the vibrator as I sat there and watched. I was so tempted to ask her what happened to her old vibrator, assuming there was one. It would have seemed really wrong if I asked if I could have it.

She finished putting the batteries in and turned it on. She touched the vibrator to the back of my hand.

"Feel good?" She giggled.

"Not me." I answered.

She hesitated in her response. She just looked at me with a sly smile for a minute. Finally, she spoke.

"You really want to see?" She cooed.

"Well, if you absolutely insist." I answered.

Her asking me if I really wanted to see was like going into a store to buy a lottery ticket and the clerk asking if you want the winning one.

She hesitated for a moment once again. She then reached down and undid her pants and pulled them off. She then walked over to me as I sat in the kitchen chair and straddled my lap facing me. She took the vibrator and slowly touched her womanhood, gently running it up and down her moistening lips. I could see the juices glistening on the tip of the vibe as she slowly worked it up and down. After a bit of playing, she aimed the vibrator upwards and slowly inserted it into her wet pussy. I grabbed her by the hips and leaned forward and delicately massaged her engorged button with my tongue. The changing pitch of the vibe as it eased in and out of her filled my ears. Her moans were steadily increasing in intensity, at first competing with the buzzing then soon drowning it out as she reached her first climax.

I picked her up by the hips and laid her back on the kitchen table. I opened my pants and dropped them and my underwear, relieving the strain on my engorged cock. I pulled up her T-shirt exposing her perky young nipples. I took the vibrator from her hand and gently eased it into her soft folds, imitating the motions she had done minutes earlier. I then bent over and kissed and sucked those gorgeous young breasts, her hardened nipples tickling my lower lip. After a couple of minutes I inserted the vibrator in her very wet pussy and mildly pressed it upward toward her G-spot as I gently eased it in and out. I soon withdrew it and replaced the fake cock with the real thing. We were soon pumping away like animals as the kitchen table started to rock, spilling over the coffee mugs. Shortly afterwards we both came together as her tightening muscles threatened to squeeze the life out of my cock.

Afterwards, I helped her clean up the spilled coffee. We got our clothes back on and sat around again at the kitchen table and chatted.

"You said you didn't know anyone in the area." I started, "Now you do."

"Yes, when I ordered that I never thought I would meet someone." She giggled.

"Oh, I was just being neighborly." I said.

Sometimes being a good neighbor can pay off.

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