

Lonely old neighbor

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Would he ever have imagined he'd have the chance to be with her?

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This is kind of a fantasy I've had for a week now since I recently moved to my new apartment. Every night for the past week I've been getting home late from work. The courtyard in front of my apartment is always frightfully quiet and serene. I can hear the sounds of crickets cooing and waves lapping on the nearby shore in the distance. The lights to my walkway are faded at best which makes it that much easier to notice who's awake at this latish hour. As I get to my door, I can see the soft blue flicker of a television in my neighbor's front window. He's an older man, retired and alone. The only company he ever has is the television he so often falls asleep to. I can only imagine how lonely he must feel. Not a friend around for comfort or companionship. As I walked inside my apartment, I looked backed through his window one last time in hopes he would wake so I could share a smile with him. Unfortunately, he laid there a sleep, unaware of my gaze. I almost felt sorry for him, since he looked so helpless and alone. That night, as I lay in bed, I kept thinking about him and wondering about how he was suffering silently next door. In a way I could empathize with his situation. I to was alone in this strange new city with no friends or family to support me. Each night I was greeted by my own a dark, desolate hovel. I've exchanged polite gestures with him almost everyday, nodding and smiling at him as we passed. We've spoken lightly, never really fascinated at what each other had to say. Although I do admit that he was fascinated with a whole other facet of our encounters. I always noticed, as we were conversing together, his eyes constantly milled about. Fixed on my body, navigating every curve and angle, his eyes were unable to hide his intentions and desires from me. This slightly excited me. What would it be like to be with someone like him? A young girl like myself and a man like him, so accelerated in his years. Would he even know or recall how to please a woman? Would he have the stamina to accomplish whatever his body yearned for? Would the thought of him actually being allowed to experience this be enough to arouse me? I lay in bed for hours, wondering about all of this. It was exciting and fun to think of the possibilities. These thoughts entertained me and drove me to the idea that I would explore the opportunity if it were to actually present itself. The next morning, after my run, I was walking inside and saw him sitting in his living room. The front window curtains were pulled wide open and the view of the courtyard was unhindered. We again smiled at each other like usual before I shut the door behind me. My heart ached over his situation, which quickly fueled my imagination. Trenton needed something exciting,

something that would bring some flavor to his day. I decided to change into my bikini and take a dip in the pool. I strategically walked outside and stopped on my patio, which was directly in front of his window. My sunglasses masked my eyes, so Trenton couldn't notice I was staring at him. Seductively, I started to rub sun-tanning oil down my legs. I could tell he noticed this as he almost shot up out of his chair to get a better view. Slowly I rubbed the oil across my legs, caressing them up and down as my hands traveled in and around my inner thighs and backside. As I walked toward the pool, I looked back and saw that Trenton had gotten up from his chair and was standing in his window watching me. A smile spread across my face when I realized my actions had already started fueling his interest in me. I picked a deck chair near the front that wouldn't be hidden from the courtyard. I did this in case his eyes led him outside for a closer look. Just like I had imagined, he appeared shortly after and meandered along the pathway, gazing at my sun-drenched body. My breasts were dripping with oil and my legs glistened in the morning sun. The frost in the air kissed my skin, causing my nipples to stand and harden. His eyes were burning straight onto my chest as he walked up and down the pathway. I knew the lust in him was churning and about to boil over. The thought of all the anguish and frustration I was causing him was unbelievable. As I lay there on the deck chair, I could feel the folds of my labia enflame with blood as my clitoris began to throb. Juices slowly poured from my slit and cascaded down my thighs. My hand so desperately wanted to caress myself so I could relieve this tension but I knew if I did, I'd surely be caught. I noticed his hands were in his pockets and I chuckled over the thought that he was more capable of pleasing himself than I was. Finally when he walked inside, my desire got the best of me. I walked back to his apartment and to my dismay, noticed he wasn't sitting inside his living room. Maybe my plan had failed me. Maybe I wasn't as desirable as I thought. I would have thought for sure a twenty-eight year old girl like myself would be simply irresistible for a man his age. I always looked my best, making sure my skin was tan and golden. The caramel tone made my hazel eyes pop and my smile made men weak at the knees. My hair, a deep chocolate brown, stretched almost entirely down my back, only dwarfed in length by my long supple legs. My breasts rested firmly on my chest and the cavernous cleavage always drew a man's attention in. This couldn't be so, how could he resist such a tantalizing dish set before him? This was not going to be over with so easily. I had to see what possibilities could arise from this. I ran into my bedroom and pulled on a low-cut pair of cut-off denim shorts. The pockets peaked out below since they were cut so short. I pulled the waist strings from my bikini over my hip and oiled my body up again before walked back outside. I looked through his window and noticed he was still nowhere to be found. What would I do? My curiosity got the best of me as I rapped on his front door in an effort to get his attention. Suddenly, the handle twisted as the door came screaming open. It was him and he was standing there with a confounded look on his face. I only imagined the expression on my face rivaled his. I panicked for a moment as I tried to form a clever ruse. "Uh Hi Trenton! I wanted to know if I could borrow your newspaper?" "Sure Leah, why don't you come inside dear?" As I walked inside I knew I was taking a step into an irreversible destination. One step inside would forever change the relationship we enjoyed thus far. Now we would be more than just passing strangers. I watched as he nervously fumbled around his apartment trying to find his paper. The décor inside was from an era far

before my time. I'd relate it to a vintage World War II movie. It was decorated with classic photographs and memorabilia. It smelled of cigar smoke and medicine and the furniture seemed to be completely outdated. The way he sheepishly looked around and back at me was so adorable. I could tell the situation caught him off guard and he didn't know how to react over having such a gorgeous woman like myself inside his home. I felt poorly for frustrating him so I quickly told him not to bother looking for it anymore. "Well Leah, I'm sorry. I thought I had it right here. I'm getting kind of forgetful in my old age." "It's okay Trenton, I just wanted to catch up on some local events." "Again I'm truly sorry about that. Could I maybe get you a drink or something to eat before you go?" "Thanks for the offer Trenton but I'm alright." "Well I wish you didn't have to leave in such a rush." "I guess I don't really. How about we watch the news on your television and catch up on things together?" "I'd love that Leah." I could see him blush over the offer. His forehead was sweating and I noticed he was nervously kneading his hands in front of him. As I moved towards the couch, I saw him staring at my breasts. They were giving off a shine from the soft lighting from his overhead fan. Trenton walked over to a chair across from me and sat down. I think he was too afraid to sit next to me or thought it may have made me feel uncomfortable. I immediately tapped the couch cushion next to me and signaled for him to sit down. He slowly got up and smiled as he sat down. "Well what would you like to watch Leah?" "Honestly I'm not really a fan of television so I wouldn't know." My dark intentions were rearing its ugly head now. I could tell my power of seduction was making him terribly uncomfortable. All I wanted to know was how he would react if I did something unexpected. "Trenton, how about we get to know each other better." "That sounds wonderful Leah. Why don't you tell me about yourself?" I slowly scooted closer to Trenton, closing the distance between us. I could see him take a gulp of air as I stared straight into his eyes. I saw the look of surprise, almost like the way a deer would stare into headlights from a charging vehicle. He looked down at my legs, which were glistening, from the oil and sweat. My hand reached down and rested on his thigh as I whispered into his ear, "Is that all you want? Just to talk Trenton?" He stumbled over his words as he tried to respond. I could see his leg shutter as I touched it. His arms tensed up and I noticed his torso straightened as I slid my hand up and down his thigh. "Leah,...oh dear...I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean?" My hand moved over his crotch and I could feel his dick was fully erect. I know for a fact he hasn't had such a beautiful woman like myself in his home for many years, if ever. He didn't know how to react to my actions. Was this truly happening to him or was it all his imagination? I grasped his cock and pulled the fabric of his shorts taut so I could see the silhouette of his erection. He panted slowly and abruptly, each time I glided my hand up and down him. I looked up towards his face and saw his eyes gaze straight into mine. "Please don't stop Leah. This feels tremendous." I leaned in to his ear again, as my lips grazed his quivering lobe and whispered, "Can I see what you have hidden under these shorts?" He quietly gave a labored response of, "Yes, yes." I kissed his ear and slowly nibbled his lobe as I again whispered, "Can I taste what I find?" All he could mutter was, "Ohhhhh!" My hands delicately unzipped his shorts and pulled out his erect penis. He wasn't as large as I had hoped but definitely thick enough. I stroked him up and down for several minutes, as his body would unrepentantly jolt from the sensations he was receiving. He hadn't felt such pleasure for

years and the sight of a woman like myself delivering it was almost too much for him to fathom. He was enjoying every movement, every stroke and rub from my hands. I slowly lowered my head into his lap and wrapped my lips around his throbbing dick. The taste of it coated my mouth. I could feel it growing and tensing up against my tongue as I licked his knob. The saliva from my mouth oozed out and drenched the shorts below. As I feverously labored in the moment, I felt his hand reach up towards my breasts and grope them. His hands were so cold and the sensation of his fingers fondling my nipples made them instantly hard. As my movement became more rapid, his hands tore my breasts out of my bikini top, exposing them to the cold air. There they were, both large and round for the world to see through the open window. He squeezed them with such force and intensity that jolts of euphoria raced up my spine. As I continued to bob up and down, he put one of his hands on the back of my head and tried to push me deep onto his cock. My mouth shot down his shaft and almost around his balls. I could feel myself start to gag as he tried to force me down further. I reached up and pushed his bicep back just in time to get some air. He chuckled for a moment as I lifted my head off his throbbing cock and stared back at him with anger. I knew he was enjoying this and I sensed he was the type to like it rough. Unfortunately for him, I wasn't. I took hold of his cock with my left hand and squeezed it with all my might. Unfortunately he wasn't harmed by this and actually seemed to enjoy it. To my surprise, he suddenly grasped my right arm and flung me back against the armrest. When I looked down to see what he had done, I noticed he was unbuttoning my shorts. As he used both his hands to slide them off my legs, he slowly kissed the skin between my cleavage. His lips wandered down my chest and across my stomach, leaving a trail of saliva from his lips. Quickly he tore my bikini bottom off and shoved his cock inside me. As he thrust, I let out a large gasp of air. I just lay there motionless as I watched him push deep inside me and pull almost completely out each time he thrust. My passion flooded my whole body. I felt like his thirst for pleasure was finally satisfied. The very prize his eyes were fixed on was now being venerated. All I could do was feel my head rock against the couch as his body crashed into mine. His cock continued to grow; causing me to realize the girth of it was actually outsized now by its sheer length. I could feel the shaft of his cock rub against my clit before smashing into the wall of my cervix. He grasped my hips as he unrelentingly rammed by slit over and over. Finally after several minutes he got up and helped me to my feet. He sat me on top of the armrest and kissed my breasts as he cuddled them with his hands. The feeling was intense because I never would have thought a man like Trenton would know how to please a woman so well. His tongue slowly eclipsed the skin around my breasts as he worked his way up toward my neck. As he nuzzled my neck, I felt him take hold of my waist and flip me around against the armrest. His left hand pushed my upper torso down, bending me over the couch. In one motion, Trenton grabbed his cock and forced it inside me from behind. He took ten to twelve thrusts before his body locked up. As he hesitated for a second, I felt the warm sensation of cum shoot inside of me. He hastily pulled his dick out of my slit and shot the remainder of his cum across my lower back. I was almost there, almost at my apex when Trenton orgasmed. There have been many times I've been the one who didn't finish and only this time was I okay with it. Just the sight of this man, slumped along the couch, completely exhausted from such a rare event was enough to satisfy me.

He never thought he'd have the chance to sleep with such a gorgeous woman like myself and now, here he was, naked with me. I leaned down to his ear just as he started to nod off and said, "Next time you fuck me, You better make me cum." I lightly kissed his ear with my lips and felt his body shiver from the sensation. All I could do was smile at him as I tied my bikini back on and slid my shorts back up to my waist. Trenton was completely out, worn out to no end from fucking his next-door neighbor. I almost felt sorry for him, lying there so helpless. The only thing was, he wasn't alone anymore. If only he knew just how tired he would be tomorrow when we'd do this all over again.