**New Neighbors**

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**New Neighbors Ch. 01**

I sighed as I walked back into my house; I was hot, sweaty, and exhausted. I had spent a couple of hours working on my garden outside, and was ready for the long soak in the tub I had promised myself as a reward for toiling long and hard.

It wasn't my first choice for a reward; I'd like to get hotter, and sweatier, with something else long and hard. I'd love to be on top of someone, underneath someone, and especially bent over in front of someone. But with the pandemic still happening, still a risk, and me not being able to afford two weeks off of work if I did catch Covid, I couldn't risk hitting up any of my usual fuck buddies. It had been almost 3 months since I had felt the touch of another human being, and my sex drive was about to drive me insane. I had, of course, been through longer periods of abstinence - whether it was voluntary or not - but it just seemed worse because it wasn't like I was busy enough to keep my mind occupied.

I stripped off my clothes on my way to the bathroom, not worried about anyone seeing; I had no roommates, finally, after having them for so long. I loved living alone, in my own little cottage-style house.

First off was my tank top, and then I stripped off the bralette I had put on - it was soaked in sweat. It had been a hot one outside today. I unbuttoned my shorts and let them slide down my legs as I stepped into my bathroom; the sun was shining through the window. I leaned over my clawfoot tub, turned the hot water on, and let it fill up as I turned around to look into the mirror while I took my red hair out of its ponytail. As it fell down to caress my shoulders, I gave myself a lookover.

My green eyes had always been noteworthy; long eyelashes framing them. An ex had called them crazy eyes, but I preferred to think of them as just intense. My full, pink lips were almost always smiling. My long auburn hair was naturally wavy, and hung down to my mid back. My shoulders were freckled from the sun, and delicately curved. My breasts were small, but pert; my tummy was rounded - a few extra pounds there. No one seemed to mind, although I worked out a few days a week to keep it from getting to be more than a few extra. My hips were large, larger than you'd expect for a woman of my frame and stature; I wasn't exactly tall at 5'1". My booty was definitely a booty; round and fat. As I slid my underwear down, I examined my neatly trimmed hair on my pussy. I hated shaving, and I only waxed once at the beginning of the summer, and kept it neat from there. The carpet definitely matched the drapes.

I looked back up at my breasts in the mirror and saw that my nipples were hard; I moved my hands up to cup my tits, squeezing the flesh, then running my forefinger and my thumb down to pinch and pull at my nipples. I bit my lip, watching the sight through the mirror, wishing, wanting, yearning for someone else's hands to be doing the teasing.

I spread my legs and one hand left my tits to smooth down my stomach and down into my pussy, already wet; it felt like since the quarantine had started, it was always wet. I was always horny. Always wanting a dick in my cunt. I let out a soft moan as my fingers slipped through my wet lips and rubbed over my clit, over to my wet hole. I slid two fingers in immediately, and closed my eyes at the pleasure that was so, so fucking good, but never quite enough. I added a third finger, wishing I could go deeper with them, and pinched and pulled the nipple I was still playing with with the other hand harder, desperate for more stimulation.

"God, you're wet," I imagined a husky voice saying. "Desperate for some dick, you little slut?"

I loved the name calling. I wanted to be a little slut. I wanted a hand around my throat, or tugging my hair, or God, spanking my ass. I wanted a hard, thick cock in my hot mouth, using it like a cunt. Or even better, using my cunt like a cunt. My tight, wet, hot, empty cunt hadn't been pounded in so long - I could feel it weeping. It was drenching my fingers.

I moved my hand from my cunt and brought my fingers up to my lips, imagining I was being forced to taste my own juices. "That's right, my nasty whore," the voice continued. "Lick those fingers clean and then get them all messy again."

And that's exactly what I did. I licked and sucked myself off my fingers, and then moved my hand back down to plunge those three fingers back into my pussy; I pumped them inside a few times, switching my other hand to pinch and pull at the neglected nipple. I gave it some attention before moving that hand to my ass to smack it while I continued to finger fuck myself.

I gasped and jumped as I slapped it harder than I thought I could myself.

That was it. I needed more.

I opened my eyes and dropped my hands from my body, intending to go get my waterproof toys to continue the fantasy, to make my bath more fun and more of the relaxation I was hoping for. As I went to step away, though, my eyes moved to the open window and caught movement in the house next door; the window was open, and a man with a shit eating grin waved at me as he saw I was looking.

I shrieked and dropped to the floor, sitting with my back against the wall right under the window.

Shit! Someone had recently bought the place next door, and I had forgotten they were moving in today. I had even seen a few people walking back and forth all day, moving furniture and boxes into the house that had been empty ever since I moved into my own 3 months ago.

My heart pounding, I tried to reason myself out of my panic. Surely he had just seen me, not my whole body. The window was large, sure, but the house was far enough away that he couldn't see anything in detail, right? He hadn't watched me touching myself. Surely.

I turned around and got on my knees to slowly inch my way up, to try and peek out the window. To see how much detail I could see of him, if he was still at the window, to infer maybe how much he could have seen of me. My eyes reached the window and as my eyes adjusted to the sight, my heart sank. The windows were only about ten feet apart.

He was still there, still grinning widely, and I could see him in stark detail. His hair was dark, cropped, and matched his eyebrows. I couldn't tell what color his eyes were, but his teeth looked white and straight from here. And his jaw looked strong. He was wearing an old blue t-shirt with paint splotches, and worn jeans, from what I could tell. I think he could see my eyes peeking over the window, because he rubbed a hand over his crotch.

My eyes widened, and my pussy clenched. And I was momentarily distracted by my body's response.

I shouldn't be turned on! I should be angry, and feeling very violated. And disgusted! This man had been watching me in some rather intimate moments, in my own home! Sure, I wasn't exactly hiding, but it was my house! There should be some modicum of privacy.

I rolled my eyes at myself as I ducked below the window again. I had no blinds, and my curtains were wide open; I cannot in all honesty claim the whole privacy angle right now.

But I could change that.

I slowly slid the curtains closed, and then stood up once I was sure I couldn't be seen anymore. And then I covered my face with my hands. That was going to be an awkward welcome to the neighborhood meet.

But my bath water was still running; that was a problem for later.

I had been so startled though by the surprise, I didn't feel much like finishing my fantasy.

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A few hours later, once I was all clean and dry from my bath, I was dressed in a comfortable sundress that went down to mid thigh; it was black with sunflowers all over it. It was one of my favorite summer dresses.

I marched over next door, ready to tackle the issue and move on from the awkwardness. After all, who knew how long we would be neighbors for? Might as well try and get off on the right foot.

I rapped on the door, and barely had time to back up, to maintain the 6 feet social distance, before the door was opened by a different man than the one I had seen in the window. This one was blonde, his hair a little on the shaggy side but i think too long, and I was close enough to tell that his eyes were brown; a rich, chocolate brown. He had a scruffy beard and mustache growing that was just a little darker than the hair on top of his head. He had thick lips, for a guy, and they were curved in polite surprise.

"Hello," he said. "You must be the first of the neighborhood welcoming committee. I didn't know if we'd be getting any, with the virus still running rampant and all." He waved, in lieu of shaking hands. "I'm Leo. And you are?"

"Beth-Anne," I answered, smiling and waving in return. "I'm right over next door," I pointed to the right where my house was. I held my hands wide. "I wouldn't come empty-handed, ordinarily, but under the circumstances..."

Leo nodded understandingly. "Of course, of course. I get it. Crazy times we're living in and all that. Are you still able to work?"

I nodded, relaxing a little. "Yes, thankfully, I'm still able to work for the most part. I've mainly worked from home for a while now, anyways. I've got a blog that's kept me going pretty well. And I DoorDash and what not to supplement, too, and that seems to be still a good business to be in. What about you?"

"I'm definitely still working," Leo answered, laughing a little. "I'm an RN. You're smart to keep your distance. Although I work at a family medicine practice, and take every precaution, so it's unlikely I might be a carrier. But you never know."

I was listening along politely, while wondering if the guy who had seen me was even a new neighbor. Maybe he had just been helping a friend move in? And if that were the case, would he have told my new neighbor what he had seen? Surely he wouldn't, right? He hadn't exactly been violating my privacy earlier, no matter what I tried telling myself. My window had been open. I didn't intend for him to see, but I can hardly fault him for watching. So surely I could expect him to keep silent about what he had seen, right?

But before I could latch onto that hope, Leo turned and then raised his voice to say "Beau! Alex! Come meet our new neighbor!"

Two men came from different parts of the house. As they neared, I saw the man who had watched me from the window. The other man had dark brown hair - almost black - and the same color eyes as Leo. He had a 5 o' clock shadow going, and the stubble looked good on him.

The shit-eating grin was back on the one who saw me; I could tell now that his eyes were blue. And if I believed in the idea of "crazy eyes," he definitely had them. He was clean shaven.

Now that they were all in the same room, I could see they were all about the same height; if i had to guess, a little over 6 feet. The one who had watched me was the tallest, and the one who had greeted me at the door was the shortest; but only an inch or two separated all of them. We were all about the same age, it appeared; mid-late 20s. I myself was 24. So close to my quarter century birthday. It was only a few months away. God, I hoped we were out of quarantine by then.

"Guys, this is Beth-Anne," Leo introduced me.

The one who had watched me waved his hand from where he was, his eyes basically undressing me - since he had had an eyeful of what was under my clothes already - and said "I'm Beau." He gestured over at the man next to him. "This is Alex. I guess we're your new neighbors, sweet thang." He had a southern twang that Leo didn't have when he had spoken.

I tried to glare at him, but my cheeks went red, remembering that he had seen so much of me, doing so much to myself, and so I just settled on saying "Seems so, Beau. Nice to meet you all." I waved my hand between them. "How do you all know each other?"

Alex spoke, and he didn't have any sort of accent, either, like Leo. "Well, Leo and I are brothers." Which accounted for the matching eyes. But they weren't twins - at least not identical. And Leo seemed just a little bit older than Alex.

And Leo added, hooking a thumb at Beau, "and this bum is a tag along we haven't been able to get rid of since college."

Beau shot Leo a look of mock affront. "I beg your pardon," he drawled, "you two practically begged me to come live with you guys while I did the renovations for this place." I couldn't help noticing how husky his voice was; almost matched the one that I had imagined earlier, calling me a slut.

So he was a renovator or a contractor, then. My gaze dropped down from Beau's well-formed shoulders to follow along his toned arms until they reached his hands. His big hands. I bit my lip. Yeah, I just bet he was good with his hands.

My gaze moved back up, but quickly skittered back to the brothers as Beau caught me giving him the once over, his smirk returning.

I still needed to find a way out to speak to Beau alone, to apologize for being so careless, and to make sure he wasn't planning on telling his temporary roommates what he had seen. I was trying to figure out a way to accomplish that when Alex offered a tour of their place. "Would you like to come inside? We can show you around? I'm sure people are always curious about the neighbors' layouts compared to their own."

"Yes," Beau twanged. "Please, come in. I'll show you the bottom floor. Right this way, milady." The other two men backed up, to give me space to come in, and Beau went back the way he had come in from the hallway to the right. I followed him, and saw there was only one room down this hallway, besides a bathroom with the door open on the left side. Beau went into the room and, I realized this was the room he had been in when he had watched me playing with my pussy.

And it appeared to be a bedroom.

He faced me, his tongue coming out to lick his bottom lip, and informed me, "This is my room."

I winced as I imagined the scene from his perspective; him innocently moving stuff around in his brand new bedroom, then glancing through the window at just the right time. A naked woman, playing with her tits and pussy, right there, only a few yards away, no fence whatsoever.

"Yes, and about what you may have seen," I started off, but he cut me off.

"I was wanting the master bedroom upstairs, but I don't think I'll fight as hard for that now." He took a step closer, still maintaining the distance, but obviously wanting to get closer. "I've got quite the view from this one."

I looked away, cleared my throat, and tried to get my words out. "You weren't... I didn't... please don't..."

"How long has it been for you, baby?" he crooned. "Even from here I could see how much you needed it."

My cheeks reddened again, and I tried to look him in the eyes. I couldn't believe he was just talking to me like that. "That's not any of your... please... Don't call me..."

"I want you to open those curtains up again, sweetheart, next time you go shower or take a bath," Beau demanded. "And I want you to finish what you started."

My gaze shot straight to him at that pronouncement. I sputtered. "You... who do you think... I don't take orders from you!"

Beau tilted his head. "That's true," he said. "But I'm a pretty good judge of character, Beth-Anne. And right now I'm guessing that underneath that prim little sundress exterior, is a little slut just waiting to be commanded. I'm sure it's been a while for you. I'm willing to bet that you'll do exactly what I say. And not only that, I'm willing to bet big money that you'll enjoy it."

I huffed. "I don't think so. And don't call me a slut!" and with that, I turned on my heel and stormed out of his room. Denying to myself that maybe my panties were a little wet. Or a lot wet. Or drenched. I was definitely NOT going to give that pervert another free show though, no way, no how. Or any sort of show, free or not, I amended. He definitely didn't get anything after that.

Leo caught me on my way out, and asked "Is everything okay?" I guessed he could see the outrage, and hopefully not the teeniest bit of lust, on my face.

I smiled fakely. "Yes, but I just realized I left something in the oven before I came over. I need to go make sure it doesn't burn down."

Leo went to open the front door for me, and went "Well, then, neighbor, it was nice meeting you! Hope to see you around some more. Swing by anytime if you want to finish the tour."

I politely agreed, and then rushed back to my house, planning on going straight to my laptop to order heavier, thicker curtains for that damn bathroom.

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It was late evening now. I had finished dinner, did my dishes, and was getting ready for bed. I had made sure ALL of my curtains were closed, in every single part of my house now, just to be on the safe side. Given my single stamina, I may or may not have been inclined to play with myself in whatever room I got horny in. And it was absolutely my right, damn it.

I slipped out of my dress, and took my bra off. I left my little black lacy thong on; I loved sexy underwear. It was a weakness of mine, and I often hit the sales as often as I could to keep my collection growing. I had so many panties now that I had two full drawers full of them in one of my dressers. I had to plan specific days to go through them and pick out a few pairs here and there I no longer wanted anymore, to throw them out.

I grabbed my long, flowy tank top that I loved to sleep in; it was a soft, gray material and it had a deep vee; easier to play with my tits when I masturbated in bed. Which was already at least once a night before the pandemic; it was off the charts now.

Some would ask why I wore any clothes to bed; and I don't know why, I just always felt better sleeping with clothes. The only times I ever went naked to bed were when I was too drunk to figure out where my sleep shirts were, or if I was sleeping with someone. Although sometimes the men I slept with also appreciated some good lingerie and liked it when I wore slinky little things to sleep in. I also had quite the lingerie collection.

As I slipped on my sleep shirt, I looked over at the separate small dresser I kept my lingerie in - the pieces that didn't need to be hung up, at least. I thought about one of my favorites; it was a light lilac purple, that was so sheer it was see through; it had lace on the bodice, and ended right below my ass cheeks. It came with a g-string. I loved being able to see my dusky, hard nipples through it.

Would Beau like it?

I scowled at myself. I didn't give a fuck what Beau would like. I wasn't going to do what he told me to do.

I went into the bathroom to brush my teeth. I turned on the light, and as I was walking to the sink to grab my toothbrush, I couldn't help but look through the window, wondering if Beau was watching now.

Well that was just too bad, I thought, and turned away to put the paste on my toothbrush and started brushing my teeth. As I went through my brushing routine, my gaze drifted back to the window. The curtains were sheer enough I'm sure he could see my bathroom light was turned on, if he was out there waiting and watching. I could certainly see his light was on.

I hoped he didn't think that meant I was giving into his demands. I couldn't tell what he could see through my curtains, but I quickly finished up, did my mouth wash, and then flossed. I turned around and turned off the bathroom light and almost stepped out of the bathroom, but something stopped me. An invisible force had me by the throat, and I couldn't help but looking over at my shoulder to the window, where the light on in his window was a glimmer. I turned and crept back towards the window, intending to only glimpse through to see if he was really there, watching for me, or if he just had his light on while he was unpacking more in his room.

I grabbed the curtain at the bottom and slowly slid it to the side, exposing just enough of the window for me to see through it, and what I saw almost made me drop the curtain.

Beau was there, watching for me, alright. He had wheeled one of those desk chairs up right in front of the window, and he was sitting in it completely naked. He was tanned all over, and had what looked like soft, curly hair all over his chest, and I could see where it narrowed down to a little trail - the goody trail, it was often called - leading down to his groin. His very revealed groin. His groin that he was playing with already.

I almost closed the curtain on my own accord, this time, but... he watched me, so... I could watch him, couldn't I?

I didn't know if he saw me or not; he hadn't stopped or made any sort of movement that may have made me think he had seen me. He just kept on playing with his cock, at the same speed.

I wished I could be just a little bit closer; I wanted to see more of what he was fondling. It looked pretty impressive from here, already. Thick, long, the perfect mushroom head on top.

I watched as he stroked his hand up and down the length of him; he was already hard, it seemed. It looked like he squeezed extra hard at the base and then loosened his grip as he moved his hand upward until he got right to the head, where he squeezed hard again; I saw his head go back, his mouth slack and open with possibly a moan, that I desperately wanted to hear.

I wanted to be there, watching and listening. Was he breathing harder? Was there precum on the tip of his cock? Was he using lotion? Or lube? Was it making that slick noise? I shuddered at the thought. I loved the sounds of sex. Especially when a man made noises. Men rarely moaned or groaned, in my experience, so when they did, fuck, it felt like I won the lottery.

My tongue came out to flick at my lips, as the hand not holding the curtain slightly back slid down my stomach and into my panties.

I was already wet.

Beau's head came back up to peer through the windows again, trying to see if I was there. I held my breath, not sure if I wanted him to notice me or not.

Either way it didn't seem to matter to him; his hand kept jerking his cock. His hard, hopefully throbbing, yummy-looking cock. If it looked this yummy from afar, truly it had to be so much better up close. It had been a while since I had worshipped any cock, and my mouth practically watered, just looking at his dick from across the yard.

My fingers slipped their way through my creamy wet folds, and I slid two fingers inside my cunt. I tried to copy his speed and intensity; he'd quicken his hand, and then slow down when his thighs started tensing. I'd do the same.

I pumped my fingers faster as he slipped his hand up and down his cock. His hand moved down to play with the balls below his cock, and I moved the curtain to the side fully so I didn't have to hold it anymore. I needed to cup and squeeze one of my tits, so I pulled my sleep tank down to hook right under my breasts, and I kneaded them for a few seconds, before moving my fingers to twist and pull at my nipple. My free hand went back and forth, giving each breast rough treatment. His eyes were directed at my window but I couldn't tell if they were just dazed with pleasure or if he could actually see me, but I didn't fucking care anymore. Maybe I wanted him to look at me; to see me getting off on him getting off. To see how slutty I could be for his cock; to be able to promise him I'd be so much sluttier.

I could hear his drawl in my head. "That's right, baby," it crooned. "Finger fuck that pussy while I jack off for you. Look at how hard you made my cock, especially when you're so naughty. I loved watching you earlier. You looked so fucking slutty, smacking your own ass, desperate for something bigger than your fingers. Smack it for me now," the voice whispered.

I bit my lip. Should I? Would that draw his attention to me?

I moved the hand playing with my tits down to my ass again to smack it; I did it as hard as I could, and gasped aloud at the sting I provided.

There was no way he heard that, but his eyes suddenly seemed to focus on me. He didn't smile, but the corner of his mouth kicked up and he took the hand playing with his balls off to wave at me; then he licked his palm and rubbed it over the head of his cock and I shuddered, sliding a third finger inside my pussy, wishing it was his cock. His eyes lowered to where my hand was buried between my thighs, and I knew he was wishing the same thing.

I brazenly turned around and arched my back, using the same hand to smack my ass for my now captive audience. I looked over my shoulder, to see him nod and mouth something. He nodded again, and squeezed the base of his cock, and I hoped he was asking me to do it again, so I rubbed my cheek, that was still kind of stinging from the last slap; and I did it again, in almost the same spot. I wanted my ass red tomorrow, whether I had to do it myself or not.

He was using both hands to jerk his cock now; one hand over the other, tugging and tugging. I turned back around and pressed my tits up against the window, rubbing my nipples against the cold glass, still using one hand to finger my sopping cunt. I moved the other to rub my hard little clit.

God, I was so ready to come. It had been building in me, and it was going to be a big one since I didn't get a chance earlier to release. I could feel the wave about to crest over. I could see how red his cock was from over here, too, so I was hoping he was close, too. I rutted against the window, wishing I had known my self-restraint was a joke; wishing I had thought to grab a dildo or a vibrator or something to help me. My hands were doing the job, but they weren't satisfying me.

Beau was practically staring holes into the window, into me, as if he could grope my body with his eyes. And it almost felt like it could. My nipples were already so hard, but sensation fluttered from them as his eyes moved over them, and my pussy leaked even more as his eyes moved down. I didn't know how much he could see, with the lights off and the distance between us, but it was enough for him. I could see how enough it was for him; his grip became even tighter, and his strokes became longer, his hips working forcefully against his fists.

Fuck. I wouldn't last much longer.

But I didn't need to. Just as I felt the first shudders of my orgasm after I rubbed over my clit one more time, I saw his start; he tugged one last final time and fluid started shooting up out of his cock. His hips jerked erratically, his cock slipping through his fists. A big wave of my own orgasm hit right as a shot of his load splattered against the window. My tongue fell out of my mouth as I panted, feeling the waves, riding them, as I imagined licking that all off the window for him.

I jerked against the window on the last big wave of mine; my eyes closed, and I pressed my forehead against the cold window, still gasping for breath.

God. If just mutual masturbation was that intense after months of sexual deprivation, what would actual sex be?

As I regained my sense of self, I slowly opened my eyes and glanced over at Beau through the windows.

He was busy writing something, on what looked like a notepad. As he was finishing up, I adjusted my sleep shirt to at least cover up my tits again.

He finished, and put the notepad against the window. It was his phone number, and it said Text me, slut.

I held out a finger in the universal "wait" gesture, and ran from the bathroom to grab my phone. I grabbed it from my bed stand and hurried back to get his number.

As I did, though, I looked outside and noticed the curtains on the window of the floor above Beau's bedroom twitch, and I froze.

Had someone been watching me from that room, too?