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| Bulges  A Vignette  By Maryanne Peters  Candace was my neighbor, and my fantasy. I always wondered what good deed I had done to deserve having a neighbor like her. She was beautiful and buxom and she had great style.  She was always well turned out with great clothes and hair and makeup always perfect. I met woman all the time who just never seemed to be bothered – they were not interested in looking good, but Candace was. She seemed to me to be the ultimate lady.  Her apartment was across the hall. I used to time the moment I left my apartment to run into her in the hall, even waiting by the peephole to see her come out.  Sometimes I would say – “Good morning. Once more we are on the same timer.” Or something like that. Any excuse to just get a smile from her. |  |

Or sometimes I would step out a little later just to watch her tall body strut down the hall in her heels. Then I would call out – “hold the elevator please!” just so I could ride it with her and drink in her perfume, and grab a little glimpse of her cleavage over her shoulder.

It does sound a bit weird when I tell it.

But then she suggested that we swap keys. She was going away and wanted me to water her plants, and she suggested that it might be a good idea for somebody in the building to hold my key too.

I just went in and watered the plants that weekend. I was seriously tempted to check out her lingerie drawer, but I suppressed the desire with some difficulty. Had I done so I may have found some things there which did not belong, but instead I respected her and her privacy.

So walking in on her the way I did was a total accident.

I thought that she was away – she was supposed to be out of town for a week. I passed by her door after I got back from work, and I could see from her peephole that there was a light on. I thought it might be an intruder so I went to my apartment and got the key and I sneaked in to catch an image of the burglar on my phone. I turned the corner with my phone in front of my face and there she was.

She was getting dressed to go out. I found out later that she had been called back to attend some special function. She was wearing nothing but expensive underwear. I could see those magnificent breasts in their entirety, almost bulging out of her bra. But there was another bulge too!

“Oh, I am so sorry Candace! I thought you were a prowler!” I just turned and exited as quickly as I could, the sound of her gasp ringing in my head. She never said a word.

I got back to my apartment and shut the door, holding it shut with my back in the shock of the moment, sliding down to sit on the floor. My phone was still in my hand, and there was the image staring me in the face – the three bulges. My perfect woman was not a woman at all!

I sat there until I heard her door a few minutes later. I looked through my peephole to see her walking down the hall in a glittery cocktail dress and heels. How was she not a woman? It seemed incredible.

I wanted to jump out as I would have done – “Hold the elevator, Candace, I am on my way out too!” But the phone was in my hand, and there were the bulges, all three.

That evening contained more emotions in five hours than I have ever felt before. There was confusion, disgust, anger, regret, disappointment, hope. I was a mess. It was like my world had collapsed. You might say that the rude discovery should have made is easy to put her out of my mind – She had gone from being unattainable to not worth thinking about in a single glance – but that was not what I was feeling.

Somehow that extra bulge made her all the more fascinating.

Perhaps I need to make it clear that I had never had a gay thought in my life, but this did not seem to be one either. I simply could not regard Candace as being anything other than a woman. As I have said she was the very essence of that. She was just somehow more exotic and mysterious as a result of that little something extra.

I jammed my door open and went to work on my computer with the sound off. I wanted to hear her get home. I wanted to greet her in the hall and apologize again. The thought of her lying in bed knowing that her neighbor knew her secret seemed so wrong. I needed to assure her that night that I respected her privacy, and her as a person. She could rely on me and sleep soundly.

It was well after midnight when I heard her key in the lock. I rushed to my door but it seemed I might be too late and have to go over and knock. But she was standing in the hall. She had seen my door jammed open. And now I was standing there.

“You had better come inside,” she said.

Her look was not angry or scolding. It was perhaps a look of resignation, or submission. Whatever it was it led me to follow her, and close the door behind us.

Her dress was spectacular and showed off everything, except the third bulge. There was a flounce of tulle in the full skirt that was split at the sides to show her strong shapely legs. I clearly allow for no view of her crotch.

“If you don’t mind, I will take off my heels,” she said. “I have been on my feet all night.”

“I just wanted to apologize again for bursting in the way I did,” I began – it was going to be a long blubbering prayer of contrition, but she just waved it away.

“Do you think that I am less of a woman seeing what you have seen?” she asked.

“No. No!” I insisted. But then there was nothing else that I had to say. She was waiting for something.

“There is nothing for it, I will need to prove something to you,” she said. With remarkable speed and skill she reached behind her own back to work the zip and the dress fell to the floor. “Well? Get your clothes off! Or do you want to go home and jack off in the shower?”

I just looked at her gorgeous face rather than the bulges. Her eyes seemed to be begging me. Whatever it was I started to feel an erection growing. It was one of those moments when you find yourself suddenly naked with even being aware that you had undressed yourself.

“Go into the bedroom while I just prepare a little,” she said

I did as I was directed. I went to the bed that I had dreamed of lying in so many times before then.

She only took a moment. She had already removed her panties and her bra. She lay down on the bed and placed a pillow under her bottom. All her bulges jiggled. She cupped the third one with her hand.

“You can forget that it’s there if you like,” she said. “But I do like having a man play with it. Only if you don’t mind doing that?”

I had never engaged in anal sex before then either, but to me what she was presenting to me looked nothing like an anus. It was pink and winking at me, letting a small amount of clear lubricant escape. To me it was an entrance that was uncomplicated and had the beauty of simplicity. There were no folds, no hooded nubbin, no hair at all.

I had the sword to fit that sheath and within seconds it was where it belonged and I was humping her for all I was worth.

The End

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