

Neighbours

Chapter 1

"I hate moving." I groan out loud.

"I know honey... I'm sorry that your father must move so often..." My mum apologises.

"It sucks... I just got used to that town, I mean it hasn't even been 10 months and we are moving again!" I say stropily.

"I know... well at least if there is a next time you can stay? I mean you are 19 after all." She consoles me.

Always a positive thinker.

"I guess you are right..."

"Maybe this town will be really nice sweetie, maybe you'll want to settle down here?"

"Maybe... Depends, I guess... Maybe you are right, maybe I will make some new friends." I reply, Mum having broken through my grumpy mood.

"That's the spirit, I know that our neighbours are nice, your father said so! And they have a daughter around your age." She looks at me which causes me to go bright red.

"Mum! Stop!" I look out the window as we pull into the quiet village.

My dad works for the government, some defence gig, he isn't really allowed to speak about it, but it does have him moving around often. He is well compensated, but it does mean that every time I just start to settle down somewhere I am plucked out and must start over. Over the years it has caused me to resent the moves although it has meant that I make friends quickly. This time is slightly different as for the past few years we have moved between big cities, London, Manchester, Liverpool, Cardiff, Glasgow. Now we are settling somewhere down south, close enough to be within driving distance of the coast but also quite remote in the lovely English countryside.

I don't resent my family for moving often but it can be frustrating, even if it means my dad is paid extremely well and I've never needed to worry about getting things. My dad bought my first car to say sorry for having to move last time, the gift this time was a high-end gaming PC. I always seem to get a gift each time we move, I think it must be guilt. This one was bought because the friends I made in the last town are avid gamers so he thought it would be nice to be able to continue to play with them.

Mum turns down the quiet side road and finds our house in the row of new builds, a 4-bedroom house with a spacious garage and drive, lush garden with some bushes, very nice. M.O.D paid for of course. Mum parks in the drive next to the moving van dad was driving.

So, it begins...

The next few hours were spent unloading the van, box after box, it was tiresome. I couldn't help but notice that our neighbour's blinds were moving often, each time I looked up there was nobody there.

Feels like someone is watching.

"What's the matter boy?" Dad asks with a raised eyebrow.

"I think someone is watching us?"

"Top left window?"

"Yeah..."

"That's Millie's room, she's sweet, your age. I'm sure you'll get along nicely." He smiles, giving me the same vibes that Mum gave me earlier.

"You are just as bad as mum!" I scoff and carry-on bringing boxes in.

I look once more at the house, and it looks almost identical to ours except the front door is a big double door with an old timey knocker on the front.

Must like the aesthetic.

The drive has three cars in it, all very shiny electric cars.

Must be loaded.

I look up at the blinds one last time before I resume carrying boxes into the house.

Another hour or so and the van is empty. "There we go! That was the last one." Dad says, placing the last box onto the pile. "I've got to take the van back, but I'll go grab us some chips, the chippy here is amazing."

Living this close to the seaside has its perks, chip shops by the sea are always the best.

"Harry, why don't you start sorting your room out? I know you are quite particular about your stuff, plus you can set up your new computer." Mum smiles.

"Sure, do you want any help before you go?" I gesture to the stacks of boxes.

"No, I'll just get some plates and cutlery out so we can eat when you father gets home."

"Cool, I'll get a start on my room then."

I walk up the stairs, looking at the rooms two have en Suites and are very spacious. My parent's have claimed the front bedroom with the walk-in wardrobe, Dad has claimed one of the rear rooms for his office and I have been assigned the other rear bedroom. This one has an en suite too and it overlooks the garden and field backing onto our house.

I enter and find my desk is already set up and my PC has already been built and has a bow on top with a card.

“To Harry” It reads, I open it and gag at the horrible cringe joke on the front. Inside it reads. “Harry, I am sorry we have had to move again, I know you had a bunch of friends, I know it is a long trip so I thought you might enjoy playing online with them. I hope this one is good, Gary from work said this is top of the range. I really am sorry son, me and your mother love you a lot and I hope this is the last time we have to move you. Love Dad x”

My eyes fill up.

He is a good dad.

Peering into the side window I see there is a 3090 TI in there and lots of water-cooling pipes and so many fans. I don't have much of an idea about PC's I just know that a 3090 must've cost him a bomb.

Dad...

The rest of the set up is ready to go and although I'd love to have a go myself, the internet isn't connected yet.

The worst thing about moving...

I turn around and look out the back window and notice that we have a pool and a hot tub.

Mum didn't tell me that! Awesome!

I am just about to excitedly run downstairs when I look to the left and see our neighbours have one too, unlike ours, theirs have occupants. A blonde woman who looks to be in her late 20s? early 30s? it is hard to tell but even from this distance I can tell how beautiful she is.

Must be Millie's mum.

Having not been seen, I stare and take in her features. Her hair tied up into a ponytail, resting over the edge of the hot tub as the bubbles block her body, I can only focus on her face. She looks to have had some work done, her lips look plump and fake, and her skin looks so smooth, the tan looks real at least.

Must have a few holidays. I mean if they can afford this house and have three nice cars in the drive...

She looks relaxed and I don't blame her, the hot tub looks to be very nice. Suddenly the bubbles slow down and start to pop, the water starts to become clear.

Holy shit.

I take pause as I try to focus on what I am seeing.

It can't be...

Beneath the surface of the water as it becomes transparent, I see skin.

What...

A large amount of exposed skin, two giant orbs, breasts, tits, melons, basket balls, whatever.

Oh... My... Fucking... God...

The water now laying still, I can see clearly. The woman is incredibly busty, the bustiest woman I've ever seen. Floating in the water, her massive breasts stretch out her bikini top to an absurd degree. Massive and round her boobs look to be the size of basketballs, just as firm looking, perfectly perky and they look just as fake as her lips.

Surgery?

The strap bikini leaves so little to the imagination, staring into her deep cleavage I find myself lost at the image before me. My cock stirring in my pants as I creep on my next-door neighbour.

I can't believe it... I could watch her all day...

My heart rate increases as I stare from my window at this mature busty MILF. I duck suddenly as I start to see her move.

I guess I can't watch her all day.

Taking the risk, I peer over the windowsill and look down at her as she lifts herself up from the hot tub. Seemingly defying the laws of physics her tits breach the water as she stands straight. Water dripping down into the hot tub, a large amount scooped up on her expansive front. They project out from her mostly trim torso over a foot, at the apex of her ascent they barely bounce, barely move.

Must be fake.

The small fabric covering her nipples moving slightly from the exertion, I swear I see the edges of her pale areola but at this distance it is hard to tell. Raising her arms into the air she stretches her back; the resulting movement thrusts her huge chest out. I can see the bikini being stretched to its limits.

The rest of her body is worthy of the MILF title, she is tanned all over and for the most part thin, not too thin as the years have caught up to her, but she is still in great shape. Her ass seems to have had some work done too as compared to the rest of her trim body her ass protrudes outward unnaturally.

She takes her hands and adjusts her bra, confirming that her nipples were coming out. Her hands, small and outmatched by her heavy tits. She gives them a loving squeeze and bounce as she reaches for her towel, covering herself up.

Taking this chance to hide away, lest I be caught, I notice that my cock is straining in my trousers. Before I can think about what to do with it, I hear the front door go and I hear my dad call out.

“Food’s ready.”

Damn...