

New Neighbor

Savvy

"Okay, give me three more squats, and you are done for the day Jess," I said to my client of 6 months.

"Oh, thank the Lord. I hate leg and butt day," she said. Sweat dripping from her hairline and running down her face.

"You said you wanted to get your body back after having Xander."

"You're right, you're right. I am extremely grateful that you have worked with me these last 6 months, and have gotten me back to pre-Xander weight. John hasn't been able to keep his hands off me. Trust me, I am grateful, I just hate squats."

I chuckled. Not many people loved them. When she was done, I handed her a towel so she could wipe the sweat from her face. My eyes moved across the gym and I landed on my husband Brian. He was lifting weights while he waited for his next client. I smiled. 2 years of marriage have been superb with him. He's very attentive, we have decent s*x, I just wish it was a little more adventurous, but he makes me feel loved.

"Your man is looking mighty ne," Jess said to me.

"That he is. Tomorrow is our third anniversary. I think I am ready to have a baby. So I will be telling him that. He's been begging me. He wants to be a daddy so badly."

"Oh, that's so great, Savvy. I think you two would make great parents. I saw you with Xander when John came and picked me up. Your eyes lit up when you saw him."

"He's a great kid, Jess. So cute and bubbly. He's always got a smile for me."

"He knows when a person is good. You're one of his favorite people."

I smiled at that. Xander was the cutest 9-month-old I have ever seen, with his curly red hair, and cute little freckles across his nose. He had a jovial giggle for me every time I saw him.

"Okay, well, today was your last session. Would you like to sign up for another 6 months, or are you condent enough now to continue with your tness journey on your own?"

"I think I am ready to do it on my own. You've given me a great workout routine, and have given me a phenomenal nutrition plan. I feel condent in my abilities," Jess said, proudly.

"Fantastic. Well, if you ever need any help, don't hesitate to ask," I said, giving her a hug. I always hate losing a client that I have grown attached to, but I felt proud when they gained the condence to do it on their own, because I helped with that.

We waved at each other as she left. I went to the gym oce and put her le in the black ling cabinet where I put all my nished clients. Brian came into the oce and smiled. He walked up to me and gave me a peck.

"Hey doll. Having a good day?" He asked me.

"I'm having a great day. I just nished with Jess. She's ready to start working out on her own. I feel really accomplished."

"Great job, babe. I have a client soon. But then nothing after. Do you want to grab something for dinner, or do we need to stop by the store to get stuff?"

"Let's go to Randy's. I'd love a chicken salad sandwich and some sweet potato fries," I said.

"Okay, are you done with clients for the day?"

"Yep. I'm going to wipe down some equipment, nish some paperwork, and then go take a quick shower."

"Alright, see you in two hours?"

"Yep, love you," I said.

"Love you too."

Two hours later, we were sitting at Randy's digging into our food. I watched Brian shovel steak and sweet potato fries into his mouth like his meal was going to disappear on him. I smiled. His brown hair had gotten long enough that he had it in a stubby ponytail. His brown eyes stared at me as I ate. I could see the love in his eyes. His chiseled jaw worked as he chewed. His lips glistened, and I couldn't help but stare at them. He was so good-looking. He had that boy next door look. Clean-shaven, ripped body. I could feel my hormones revving up.

"You're looking at me, like I'm your next meal," he smirked.

"Maybe, because when I get you home, I want to taste you," I said, huskily.

"Babe, f*ck you're giving me a hard on."

I bit my lower lip and looked at him through my eyelashes. I knew he loved it when I did that.

"F*ck, we need to get out of here."

He quickly paid the check. We practically ran out of the restaurant. He raced home, luckily it was only a fteen-minute drive. As we pulled onto our street, we saw a moving van. Its back end blocked our driveway, so we parked on the street. I was ready to run into the house so we could f*ck like rabbits, but when I looked at Brian, he had a curious look on his face as he looked next door. I followed where he was looking, and I saw a little girl in the yard playing with a hula-hoop. Brian started to walk over and I sighed. Guess we were meeting the new family moving in.

"Hi, that's a really cool hula-hoop," Brian said, as I stepped up next to him smiling as I saw how cute the little girl was. She had pigtail braids in her honey blonde hair. She had pretty blue eyes and a cupid bowed mouth. Her lips were so pink, they looked like she was wearing lipstick, but I knew it was all natural. She was way too young to be wearing makeup.

She stared at us with a small smile and waved a little.

"I'm not really supposed to talk to strangers," she whispered.

I smiled widely. She was adorable.

"Well, I'm Savanna, but you can call me Savvy, and this is my husband Brian, or Bri, if you like. We live next door. I bet we'll be seeing a lot of each other, so soon we won't be strangers."

"I guess you're right. I'm Emmy. Well, really it's Emily, but mommy calls me Emmy or baby. But I'm not a baby, I'm 7."

"Well, Emmy, what's your mommy and daddy's name?" Brian asked.

"Mommy's name is mommy. I don't have a daddy. Mommy said, he is a no good b*stard that doesn't know a good thing when he has it."

I stied my giggle and bit my lip hard. I looked at Brian knowing he was probably doing the same thing, but he wasn't suppressing a laugh. No, he looked sad. I knew why. He grew up in a single-parent home. His dad died when he was 9 and his mother raised him, never marrying again. She had a shrine in her house for her husband. She has told me numerous times, no man could ever compare to her late husband.

"Oh, well, where's your mommy now?" I asked.

"She's in the house. Mommy!" She yelled.

I looked at the front door and watched as a stunning blonde in a yellow tank top and short jean shorts walked out. She had the body of a p*rnstar, her breasts were huge, her body was t and tight and her legs went on for days. She was perfectly tanned. As she got closer, I saw she had bright blue eyes, and she smiled with blinding straight white teeth.

I've always been condent in my looks. I have wavy long black hair, whisky-colored brown eyes, light brown, awless skin, thanks to my spanish heritage, a tight t body from being a tness instructor, and my curves were in all the right places. My butt was round, high and rm, my breasts were a nice handful, at least that's what Brian tells me. But I always felt I was a little on the short side at 5'5, especially compared to the modelesque person in front of me. She was easily 5'10.

"Hi, I'm Sherry," she said, as she came towards us. She held out her hand towards Brian, when she greeted us.

"Hello, I'm Brian and this is my wife Savanna," Brain said, shaking her hand.

She looked at me and I saw she sized me up fast before holding her hand out to me. I gave her a polite smile and shook her hand.

"Hi, your daughter is adorable," I said to her.

"Thank you. I had her young, at 18. Her daddy decided he didn't want to be one, so he left us before she was born. Emmy and I have been on our own, and we prefer it that way. Don't we, sweetie?" She called out to Emmy.

"Yep, we don't need a no good b*stard with us."

"Oops," Sherry giggled. I smiled and looked at Brian. He was staring at Sherry, and it gave me an uneasy feeling in my chest.

"If you need any help with anything, all you have to do is ask, and I would be happy to help. If you need something xed, or maybe if you need help with Emmy, I'm sure Savvy would have no trouble watching her, right hon?" He asked, looking at me with an encouraging smile.

"Um, right. Yeah, sure no problem," I rambled.

"Oh, you two are the sweetest. How long have you been married?"

"Oh, not long, just two years," Brian said. Like we just met or something. I looked at him with furrowed brows.

"Oh, that's not long at all. Have you been together long?"

"We've been together for four years. Brian hired me at the gym he manages. We are personal tness instructors. We dated for almost a year before we got married. Tomorrow is our three-year anniversary, in fact," I said.

"Oh, well, that's so nice. I should be getting back to moving our stuff in."

"Do you need any help?" Brian asked.

What the f*ck? Weren't we about to have s*x?

"Oh, no. I'm almost done. Just a few more boxes. Then I have to return this van."

"Well, okay, it was nice to meet you," Brian said.

We waved and went into the house. I was about to put my arms around him so we could get back to having some s*xy time, but Brian went straight to the living room and sat down.

"I feel bad for her. Having to raise a child on her own. We'll have to befriend her, so she doesn't feel so alone."

"Um, okay," I said, confused.

"You don't know what it's like to have just one parent in the house. Yours are still together. I bet her and Emmy are lonely. We have to be there for them," he said, earnestly. He then got up and walked out the door.

What the h*ll just happened?