

“THE AIR CONDITIONER TECHNICIAN”

From www.eroticiaracconti.it write by Camilla Devrai

Monday morning. July 27th. Unbearable heat already at 9 o'clock. It's 30 degrees.

The technician is arriving at 9:30.

I'm in the shower when I hear the intercom ringing.

I run out and say, “Yes?”

“The technician for the air conditioner”

“Yes. Top floor. I'll leave the door open”

I run to my room, dripping water on the floor.

“Shit. This so early.”

I am a mess. Hair is wringing wet.

Walk-in closet. I put on a cream dress with braids over the breasts. It has mid-thigh pleats.

In a rush I put on cream wedges with a platform and laces to tie at the ankle.

“Am I allowed in?”

“You are welcome”, I answer.

And with the wedges undone I go to the living room.

“Good morning, ma'am. I am Alfonso”

“Hello, please call me Camilla”

“Yes, of course”

Tall and hairless. Prominent belly. Jeans and white shirt. Maybe 60 years old or so.

He is looking at me, eyes wide-open.

“So then, here is the conditioner, it does not blow out cold air. And here it is blazing hot.”

He looks down at my breasts and says he's got it.

“Excellent. I'll make some coffee. Are you happy Alfonso?”

“Maybe. The AC motor is outside right?”

“Go... do what you must.”

He goes to the terrace while I make the coffee.

My hair is wet. And while I put the mocha on the stove I realize that my dress is practically transparent. That is, my breasts are visible under the wet dress and my nipples are stiff.

“Oh fuck,” I think. I'm practically showing off the goods.

He's outside doing AC stuff. Me on the phone with work...

I look out on the terrace and say “The coffee is ready. It's in the cup on the table. The sugar is next to it. I'm getting ready for work”

“Thank you Mrs..... eeehhmmmm Camilla”

His eyes on my chest.

I turn around and go to my room.

I walk into the walk-in closet, take off the dress and use it to dry myself.

I select the hazel dress. It has lace at the neck that leaves both shoulders and arms bare.

It has the zip at the back and pleats at the knee. I open the drawer and grab a white thong and bra set.

I put on the underwear and then the dress leaving the zip open.

From the shoe rack I take perforated ankle boots with 5-inch stiletto heel, and put them on.

I leave the closet, tie my hair in a ponytail and sit in the chair.

The pearl necklace and the pearl earrings.

I go to the bathroom and put on my makeup. Just a little eye-liner and pale red lipstick.

I get my coffee and... I spill it on my dress.

“What an asshole I am,” I scream.

From outside he shouts, “What's going on?”

“Look at this.... I spilt coffee all over myself. I'm an idiot.”

“For so little? I get dirty every day...”

I laugh and he laughs with me.

“Sorry I’m changing...”

“Please go ahead, I’m practically done here.”

My room. I take off the dress and throw it down pissed off like a hyena.

I’m left with the underwear and heels...

I enter the closet and get at least five dresses which I lay on the bed on the way out.

I try on the blue one, then take it off.

Then I don the black one. But that is not suitable for the office.

I take it off. And then I put on the one with cream side stripes on a white background. Tight at the knee with a small slit at the right leg.

Also, this has a round neck but with the shoulders uncovered.

I look in the mirror and I see Alfonso peeking through the French window.

I turn a blind eye...

I enter the living room...

“Are you all right?”

“Yes I’m done. It was a clogged filter, I changed it”, he answered

“Well done. I’ll get sorted then I’ll be right with you.”

I go to my room. Then the bathroom then back to my room and I put on my watch and diamond ring.

Just as I finish readying myself, my thong feels uncomfortable.

So I lift my dress over my tummy and pull up the thong. In the mirror, I see him looking from outside the door, and his hand inside his pants.

I drop the dress and go into the living room... he goes out and I follow on to the terrace....

“Did you like the show?”

“Oh my God, I’m sorry Camilla....” he says, still with his hand in his pants.

I laugh then I get serious.

“Alfonso listen....”

I sit on the sofa on the terrace lifting up my dress to the groin with my legs are crossed...

“How much do I owe you for the work?”

He: “it’s 50 euros for the call out and 40 for the labour.”

“Eh... but I see that your... hand is.... busy.” I laugh. He looks at me.

I get up from the sofa.

“Listen... I only have 20 euros...but we can come to an arrangement...” and while saying this I stick my hand inside his pants. I can feel the small, erect, wet penis, its tip throbbing.

“What do you think, Alfonso?”

The palm of my hand in his trousers is wet. The small, erect penis is hot and his glans is sticky.

“Y...yes”

“Good. Sit on the chair and drop your trousers and pants”

I take my hand out and look at it. The palm is smeared with a whitish sticky liquid.

He drops his pants and sits down. His erect penis is modest. The white liquid drips from his foreskin.

I’m standing in front of him. I take off my dress and put it on the table. I am in a thong, bra and heels.

“I’ll give you 10 minutes of my mouth. Not a minute more. And you must be polite”

I take a seat cushion and put it on the floor.

I’m on my knees. My hand grabs his penis.

I open my mouth and stick out my tongue looking him in the eye. I lick his foreskin. The salty taste of sperm.

I take his penis in my mouth. My nose pressing down on his lower abdomen. I get the taste of cum in my mouth and Alfonso’s penis throbs on my palate. And while my mouth is full of Alfonso’s penis he screaming “cuuuuummmmm” and I feel a squirt of cum pervading my

throat. Holding only the glans in my mouth I swallow at least 5 squirts of sperm that make me cough.

But I keep his glans in my mouth even when he's done ejaculating all his hot, salty liquid. What swallowing.

As ever, with the glans between my lips his member now softens and I continue to suck his cum.

I stand up, the taste of cum in my mouth.

"We're good now, you and me, right? I mean, I don't owe you anything..."

"Yes. Right." While his foreskin still leaks out sperm I lick it away and swallow it.

Air conditioner fixed. And it only cost me a blow job with cum swallowing and three minutes of my time. I saved 90 euros.

P.S. That man has mellow, pleasant, and tasty sperm.