

My Creepy Neighbor
by Pan and BurroGirl18
Chapter 1

So I was home alone.

I was doing dishes in panties and a shirt. No bra - not because my life is a porno movie or anything, just because I don't wear a bra when I'm home by myself. My tits are big enough that I have to wear them every other hour of the day, so I guess I just like the freedom.

A weird noise came from the sink and a second later, water began gushing everywhere. I figure a pipe must have exploded. The alternative was that a small cult had formed under my sink and summoned some kind of water demon...either way, I knew this wasn't something I could handle by myself.

In a panic, I tried to turn off the faucet, but it didn't do anything. My kitchen was flooding - if I couldn't do something about it, I knew it'd soon be the entire flat. Then, I dunno, the building. The city.

The world.

Maybe this was what happened to Noah. One burst pipe later, he's building an ark and trying to save whatever he could.

Freaking out, I did the only thing I could do. Not something I wanted to, believe me, but... desperate measures, y'know?

My neighbor is the maintenance guy for the building. Whatever image you have in your mind, it's probably pretty close. Pudgy little white guy. Balding, greasy, shorter than me...just, like, zero percent attractive. He could probably get work as Danny Devito's body double.

He was also a creep. Whenever he saw me, he'd stop and stare. No, more than stare...leer. Ogle.

He'd check me out, and wouldn't even be subtle about it.

But this was an emergency, so I ran into the corridor without hesitating and knocked on his thick metal door.

It wasn't until he was standing in front of me that I realized what I'd done. My grey top was wet enough to become slightly see-through. It wasn't like, wet t-shirt competition bad, but you could definitely see the outlines of my breasts if you were looking.

My neighbor was looking.

So I was standing in front of him in an uncomfortably wet t-shirt, which his eyes were firmly affixed to. He looked like he'd just woken up, which was weird enough in itself. Who's still asleep in the middle of the afternoon?

He was wearing basically a gross mirror image of my own outfit: a stained grey wifebeater and a pair of boxer shorts. They looked like they were tented slightly, not that I was looking.

Trust me, the last thing I wanted was to look...down there.

Ew. I was grossed out just thinking about it.

"Whaddya want?" he asked suspiciously.

"You've got to help me!" I wailed, panicked. "My sink's just exploded - I don't know what to do!"

You know how when you hear your voice on tape, you're suddenly aware of your weird speech patterns or the pitch of your voice? Watching my neighbor listen to me talk was sort of like that. I'm half-Italian, so I talk with my hands a lot, especially when I'm excited. As my arms flapped around nervously, a smirk appeared on my neighbor's face, and I realized my tits were bouncing around my soaked shirt.

I swear I didn't want to, but my eyes involuntarily flicked down to my neighbor's boxer shorts.

Yeah. He was definitely enjoying the view. And from the look of it, God had made up for his looks and stature with a whole other type of gift. The tent I thought I'd saw wasn't like the kind you go camping in as a kid. It was closer to the kind of tent that houses an entire circus.

"No problem," he drawled. "What is it, Friday? I'll come by and look at it Wednesday."

"No!" I exclaimed. "You don't understand – my flat is almost completely underwater!"

He glanced at his watch. "Fine. Tuesday morning."

As the metal door began to swing closed, I grabbed it, and stared at him.

"Please," I begged. "*Please*. I need your help."

His eyes narrowed, his nose scrunched up, and I tried not to gag as he let out a large belch. To my horror, I could tell exactly what he'd had for lunch that day.

"Fine, girly," he said with a sneer. "But you're going to owe me for this."

"Of course," I said gratefully. I could hear the vulnerability in my voice. "I really appreciate it."

"Say it," he grunted, tilting his head to the side. I froze.

"I really, really appreciate it," I repeated.

"No," he said, looking at me like I was an idiot. "Say that you owe me for this."

"I, um. I owe you for this?"

My reply seemed to satisfy him, because with a nod he grabbed a box of tools and followed me into the apartment.

"Thank you," I gushed, knowing he was probably staring at my ass. "You have no idea how grateful I am for this. My boyfriend goes away for one week, and..."

I gestured at the water in the entrance to my apartment. We weren't even in the kitchen yet.

In response, my neighbor just grunted.

"I don't know what I'd do without you," I continued.

As we stepped into the kitchen, I was relieved to find that it wasn't as bad as I was expecting. The floor was wet and water was still leaking out, but it was no longer openly gushing. I'd been expecting it to be like a cartoon - water up to the ceiling, goldfish swimming around our heads.

"I was just doing the dishes," I feebly explained.

"Sure you were," my neighbor muttered with a roll of his eyes. "Women..."

Normally I'd fight back against such open misogyny, but...well, at the first sign of trouble, I'd needed a man to rescue me. I wasn't exactly presenting a shining example of feminism.

With an annoyed sigh, he knelt in the puddle on my kitchen floor, and got to work. It only took a few moments for the flow of water to stop, but his outfit got just as soaked as mine in the process.

I knew I should go and put on some more clothing, but I wanted to be there if he needed anything. Besides, something told me that inviting him over to help and then immediately abandoning him wouldn't go down well.

As I watched my creepy neighbor repair the mess I'd made, he got on his back, and I noticed that his half-erect cock was poking out of his ratty cotton boxers.

Not that I'm exactly an expert, but...well, I'm going to be honest. It was bigger than any cock I'd seen in my life. Like, *much* bigger.

Again, just to be clear: we're talking single digits. I've barely seen half a dozen, if even that. But I still couldn't help but be impressed. It was so...thick. Like a can of energy drink.

And it was only half hard.

I was more grossed out than I was impressed, to be clear. Like, that was the very last thing I wanted to see on a Friday afternoon. I'd been planning on getting the apartment cleaned up and catching up on the new Marvel show, not inviting the troglodyte who lived next door over and then looking at his half-erect cock.

Not that I was looking, of course. It was just, y'know. There.

Right where my eyes happened to be directed in that moment.

I considered saying something, but he was clearly occupied with the sink. Besides, what could I possibly say. "Hey mister, your cock's out."?

So we just stood in silence. Him fixing the sink, and me staring at his half-hard cock.

Not that I was staring.

Or if I was, it was just because of how repulsive it was. Like how you can't look at a trainwreck, you know? There's probably a word for it, or a subreddit. [r/sogrossicantlookaway](#) or whatever.

Ew. It was really gross.

And so, so thick.

My neighbor continued to tinker, but he must have messed up, because another burst of water suddenly shot out with force, hitting my right in the chest.

I squealed in shock, and my neighbor laughed.

"Jesus, girly," he said with a low chuckle. "Calm your tits. It's just water."

I glanced down – my shirt was now soaking wet. My areola and left nipple were now clearly visible...and even worse, the unexpected splash of cold water had made my nipples harden.

"Ugh," I said with a flounce, before taking a deep breath to calm down. "Sorry. It just surprised me."

Looking back at my neighbor, I saw that his eyes were firmly affixed to my soaking wet chest. I wanted to object, but...well, I'd just spent the last ten minutes staring at his cock.

Not that I'd been staring.

"Well, get it together," he said, continuing to leer at my partially-visible breast. "At least one of dem tits ain't calm."

Oh, god. He must have thought I was aroused.

I couldn't help myself. I glanced down at his boxers.

I'd thought his cock was big when it was a semi, but the sight of my chest had caused his erection to thicken, and...well, "big" didn't do it justice.

My fat neighbor had an even fatter cock. If it hadn't been attached to such a gross individual, it would've been a real thing of beauty.

I returned my eyes to his face. He was still staring at my rock-hard nipple (hard because of the cold, of course). I covered my chest with my arms, and my face began to burn red.

My creepy neighbor had seen my tits. He'd seen my tits, and must've thought that I was turned on.

"The water's really cold," I mumbled.

"Uh huh," he said dismissively. "Sure thing, lady."

As he turned his attention back to the pipe, I turned my attention back to...well, his pipe.

Not that I was looking. It was just so *big*. Probably explained why he was such a grump. He was so squat and ugly, and even if he *could* get a woman back to his place, his cock was so oversized, there was no way anyone could take it.

He probably couldn't even get decent head. I spent a moment trying to work out how much of his cock I could have taken into my mouth before shaking my head, realizing what I was thinking about.

Caleb had only been gone two days, and here I was, checking out my ugly neighbor.

The water slowed to a trickle once more, and he sat up, leaning against the wall in frustration. "You really made a mess of this one, woman."

"I'm so sorry," I said, quickly moving my eyes to his face, hoping he wouldn't realize where I'd been staring, what I'd been imagining.

Not that I'd been imagining anything.

"Can you fix it?"

"I can try," he said. "But this is going to take a while. Why don'tcha make yourself useful and get me a beer?"

"Umm, sure." This must have been what he meant when he'd said that I owed him. Even if he was a repulsive, misogynist pig...he was fixing the pipe for me for free.

I could only find one beer in the fridge: an expensive craft beer that Caleb's best friend had gotten him as a present. I hesitated briefly, but I knew I didn't really have a choice. The only alternative was to leave the house to buy beer, and who knew what my neighbor would do if I left him alone?

Masturbate with my lingerie, or some other creepy shit. I shuddered as a vivid image entered my mind, my neighbor wrapping a pair of my panties around his long, thick cock, and running them up and down until he came all over them.

I gave him the beer.

"Damn," he said with a whistle. "You a fancy bitch."

He cracked the beer open and took a large gulp, his eyes running up and down my body as he did. I couldn't decide which would upset my boyfriend more - the speed at which my neighbor was drinking his twenty-dollar beer, or the way he was just openly checking me out.

It wasn't until he was halfway through the beer that I remembered how wet my shirt was, and crossed my arms across my chest once more.

"You got another?" he said, letting out another belch.

"No," I said. "That's the only beer we had."

"Dunno if I've ever had such a fancy beer. Feels like I need a normal one to wash it down."

"Well, I'm sorry, but that's all we have."

He grunted, took another swig, then lay down to work on the pipes again. His cock stayed inside his boxers this time, though I could still see the outline.

Not that I was looking.

"So," he said as his tools went to work on the pipes. "Your boyfriend's outta town?"

"Uh, yeah," I said, shifting uncomfortably. Maybe I shouldn't have told him that. I should have said that he was coming back any minute, right?

But he was doing me a favor, and...I mean, it wasn't like I didn't know where he lived. "Singapore," I continued. "Work stuff."

"Girl like you, you'd think he'd be nervous about leaving her alone for too long."

I licked my lips as his cock pulsed. Probably because I was thirsty. All this beer, and water...yeah, I must've been really thirsty.

"I'm probably more nervous than he is," I replied honestly. "I barely leave the house. He's out having business meetings with beautiful Asian women. And the stories you hear sometimes...companies hiring prostitutes to entertain their business partners."

I blinked twice. Okay, so there was being honest, and then there was acting like someone was your a therapist.

“...but Caleb would never take advantage of that,” I finished firmly.

“All guys cheat,” my neighbor said with a snort. “All women, too.”

“Agree to disagree,” I said politely, not wanting to get in an argument.

He sat up, and gulped down the last of the beer. It wasn't until he'd been staring for almost a minute that I realized my hands had dropped to my side again. God, what was wrong with me tonight?

“So,” he said with a grin. “Does that mean no more late-night shows?”

“What do you mean?” I asked, confused.

“Oh,” he moaned. “Oh! Oh! OH!”

My face turned red as I realized that my creepy neighbor was doing a passable impersonation of my orgasm. Oh, god. Am I so loud that the neighbors can hear me?

How many nights has this man spent on the other side of the wall, listening to my moans, stroking that huge cock?

Look, I've always had a big sex drive. It's something I used to be really embarrassed about. Like, women aren't meant to be like that, right? Men are meant to want sex, and women are meant to pretend they have a headache or whatever.

Well, I'm a woman who wants sex. A lot of it.

And from conversations I'd had with my girlfriends, it sounded like I was lucky to have found a man who could keep up with me. It was a nightly thing for me and Caleb. That's why I was so nervous about him going away – by the time he came back, I would be practically climbing the walls.

I knew he must feel the same way. But he'd never cheat on me. No matter what my neighbor said.

“Um...I...uh...”

He just stared at me as I stammered my way through a reply. “The walls are really thin in this building, huh?”

“You don't hear me complaining,” he replied with a chuckle, before laying down to resume work on the pipe.

The repositioning brought his cock back into view, and I couldn't help but stare at it. He was hard as a rock, presumably at the thought of my loud trysts with Caleb.

Was this what it looked like when he listened to us having sex? Listening to what he was cursed to never had?

Was this what it looked like as he stroked it, getting off to the sound of my orgasm.

I shook my head. Caleb had only been gone two days – what the hell was wrong with me?

“You got any snacks?” my neighbor grunted, and I rolled my eyes and started looking through the cupboard. I found a packet of cashews on the top shelf, and stood on my toes to get it.

The sound of a wolf-whistle made me realize that my neighbor had stopped working, and I turned to see that he was flagrantly staring at my ass.

“Stop it,” I said. “I'm trying to get something for you.”

“I guess I was wrong,” he said, as I managed to grab the tin.

“Wrong about what?”

“Looks like I got a show after all,” he said with a crude grin. My face turned red again. He must've thought I was deliberately displaying my body for his pleasure.

For his cock.

His eyes dropped down to my chest, and I realized I'd again failed to cover myself back up. I crossed my arms, not sure if I was more annoyed at my neighbor or myself.

"I should go change," I said.

"C'mon, girly," he said with a sigh. "I'm missin' my daughter's soccer game to help you with this. Least you can do is gimme something to look at."

I handed him the cashews, and he threw a few in his mouth, chewing them with his mouth open.

"You have a daughter?" I said, wrinkling my nose, trying to imagine how big someone would have to be to fit a cock like that inside them. I tried to hide a smile as I imagined Harry Potter's Madame Maxime taking my neighbor to bed.

"Uh huh," my neighbor said, his eyes moving up and down my long legs. "Little Bray... leen. Her team made the finals today, and I promised I'd be there. But someone had to go and blow up her sink."

"I...I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"I told you I was busy, but you said it was an emergency."

"It *was* an emergency," I protested, but my neighbor just rolled his eyes in response.

"Uh huh," he grunted. "Sure it was."

"Listen, now that the, uh, emergency is over, I can call a professional. If you like, really have to go."

I didn't know how much that would cost, but hey. What was the point of Caleb's international trips if we couldn't afford to fix plumbing emergencies?

"It's fine," he said, waving a hand dismissively. "The basketball game has probably finished by now, and I'm almost done. You'll just have to make it up to me."

"Basketball? Didn't you say it was soccer?"

"Yeah," my neighbor replied glibly. "She's a busy girl."

He made a few more adjustments, and then sat up and shot me a dirty look.

"So, what're ya going to do to thank me? I'm basically yer knight in shining armor, and all."

Figures, I told myself. *No one works for free*. "Umm...I mean, I have some cash on me."

"You reckon cash is going to make up for missing my daughter's big game?"

My eyes widened with embarrassment. "No," I replied quickly. "I just thought..."

He interrupted me with a snort. "I don't think you did, missy."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you."

"Well, you did." Tightening a bolt, my neighbor sat up, his eyes flickering across my body once more. I felt a surprisingly-strong urge to check out his cock, but managed to refrain. The last thing I wanted to do was insult him even more. "But I'll tell ya what – you let me see dem titties of yours, we can call it even."

My eyes widened, and my fists clenched. "What??"

Any remorse I had for offending the man disappeared in an instant, replaced by anger.

"C'mon lady," he said with a shrug. "It's not like that top's hiding much anyway."

I glanced down, annoyed that he was right. Damn it! Why did I keep lowering my arms? I couldn't believe I was giving this pig the satisfaction of seeing my...

Crossing my arms, I glared at the handyman. He continued, unabashed. "Lemme have a proper look, and I won't tell the landlord about how you broke your sink, then come bargin' into my house on my day off and insisted I take care of it for you."

Of course this pervert didn't want money. He wanted to see me naked.

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" I said, shooting him my fiercest glare. To my disappointment, it didn't seem to have much of an effect.

He shrugged again. "You owe me. You said it yourself."

"Yeah," I replied. "And I got you a beer. I'm not going to...I'm not going to show you my body."

"Bit late for that," he muttered, and I shot him a glare. "Look, missy. The landlord doesn't much like it when the tenants disrespect my boundaries. There's a web portal for repairs, and it's a breach of your lease to try to bypass it. Let me guess – your boyfriend normally takes care of all that for you?"

"Yes," I said, feeling a pit start to form in my stomach. "He's very handy."

In fact, he'd told me about the web portal once. In the moment, with the water gushing out of the pipe, I'd just...completely forgotten.

"I'll bet he is," my neighbor said with a grin. Don't ask me how, but I could tell he was remembering the sound of Caleb and I making love.

"Look," I said, trying to regain control of the situation. "You've been very nice for coming here and everything. But...this is, uh, clearly inappropriate."

Speaking of inappropriate, I glanced down at his cock. So thick. So much bigger than Caleb's.

"Fine," he said, leaning back and making a few quick adjustments to the sink. "But I'm gonna remember this the next time you come asking for a favor."

With that, he stood up. "That oughta hold until you can get someone else in," he said. "Thanks for the beer."

As soon as my neighbor left, I leaned against the door in relief. I knew he was probably going to be going back to his apartment and stroking his huge cock, remembering the image of my soaking wet t-shirt.

I felt like shit, but was so glad it was over.

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Chapter 2

After my neighbor left, I felt so repulsed and violated. For the rest of the evening, I couldn't shake the thought that he'd seen my breasts through my wet shirt, along with my hard nipples. That he'd been listening to me having sex for the five months I'd been living with Caleb.

My neighbor had probably been jerking that fat cock of his, cumming all over his hairy stomach and dirty wifebeater...

Those stains had definitely looked suspicious. Far too light for the kind of oil stains I'd expect a handyman to have.

Ugh.

"At least the sink's working now," I muttered to myself, trying to calm down. But no matter what I did, I couldn't help but think he'd taken something from me. Part of my privacy that I was never getting back. That image of my almost-naked body would be in his mind forever.

The sounds of me in my most intimate state would never be erased from his memory.

Caleb called that night, and I told him everything. Well, not *everything*.

I didn't mention the half-hour I'd spent staring at our neighbor's cock, for one.

Not that I was staring.

But I told him about the sink exploding, about the creepy neighbor. I told him that he'd been mad I hadn't gone through the web portal, and that I'd given him a beer.

Fortunately, Caleb was really chill about the whole thing. He told me that our neighbor was probably just yanking my chain, and that our landlord wasn't going to evict us just because I'd gone next door for help. He wasn't even mad about the beer.

My boyfriend has always been the more reasonable one of us. Not that I'm *unreasonable*, of course. Just...y'know, we balance each other out.

He told me not to worry about calling in a plumber. He was going to be back in a few days, and I think I already mentioned: Caleb's pretty handy. As long as I stayed away from it until he got back, my boyfriend was confident he'd be able to implement a permanent fix.

I felt so much better after talking to him. It really reminded me how lucky I am, and I slowly dozed off in bed, less worried about what had gone down earlier.

I couldn't wait for Caleb to get back.

Around one in the morning, I woke up with an insatiable thirst. I stumbled out of bed, half-asleep, and into the kitchen. I grabbed an empty glass, and turned on the faucet to get some water.

As soon as I did, a huge rumble came from under the sink.

I jumped back, expecting it to blow up in my face, but the noise stopped. A few drops of water dripped into the sink...I tentatively approached it, turning the tap off, then back on.

Nothing.

Just as I was thanking the stars that I didn't have to go next door again, the whole thing suddenly popped, and a huge splash of water hit me in the face and chest.

"Fuck!!!"

God damn it. I knew I should have called a real plumber when my neighbor had fixed the original leak. What was I meant to do?? At one in the fucking morning, not even my creepy neighbor would be up to check it out for me...

Or would he?

After all, he'd still been asleep in the middle of the afternoon. He might have been lazy, but

he wasn't a literal sloth. If he was sleeping then, maybe he'd be awake now...

No, I told myself. I couldn't. Not after what had happened earlier.

Not after what he'd asked me to do.

I looked down at the sink hopelessly. The water pressure was even stronger than the last time – at this rate, it wouldn't just flood my apartment, it'd spill down to my neighbor downstairs as well.

Rushing to my laptop, I tried to find the web portal that Caleb had told me about. I searched through my emails, increasingly aware of the water filling our kitchen. My eyes turned to the heavens with gratitude when I finally found it, in a link he'd sent me a few weeks after I'd moved in.

"...fuck."

It needed a username and password. One that Caleb hadn't included in the email. I could call him, but it was the middle of the day in Singapore – he'd be at his conference, not in the hotel room he'd called me from the previous night. I'd have to get them to page him, he'd have to make his way to the phone, possibly leaving a meeting, and by the time he was done...

Letting out a sigh of frustration, I closed the tab and knocked on my neighbor's door.

He was still wearing the same wifebeater and boxer shorts. A leer slowly appeared on his face as his eyes scanned up and down my body, and I could see his cock beginning to tent his underwear.

"Hello missy," he said in a grunt. I could smell alcohol on his breath – more than the craft beer I'd given him earlier. "Come to apologize?"

"Yes," I replied immediately. I didn't have time to fight him. "Please. I'm sorry. It exploded again. I need your help."

My voice was coming out as a frantic whine, and I felt completely humiliated. His eyebrows raised slightly at the news.

"And whaddya want me to do about it?"

"Whatever you did earlier. *Please.*"

The desperation in my voice made him grin, and I felt my face going red.

"Well," he replied slowly, clearly enjoying the power he had over me. "You know my price."

"What?" I answered, even though I knew exactly what he was talking about.

I dunno, maybe I'd hoped he'd forgotten.

The entire time we'd been at his door, it felt like my neighbor's eyes had never once left my tits. I hadn't even thought to throw on a different shirt before rushing over.

I knew exactly what he wanted, but I couldn't give it to him. I couldn't. Deep down, I hoped he was going to say something else. Because if he wanted me to do...that...

I just couldn't. I wouldn't be able to live with myself. And I certainly couldn't do that to Caleb.

Surely he'd rather I pull him out of his conference, than...do that.

Right?

"You interrupt me watching porn, I wanna be compensated for it."

I suddenly noticed the sound of a porno tape, echoing out into the hall from my neighbor's apartment. It sounded like a breathy blonde faking an orgasm.

I couldn't help myself. My eyes flicked down to his boxer shorts.

There it was. The tent.

Forcing my eyes back to my neighbor's face, I realized he was still speaking. "First you

make me miss my daughter's recital, now you come by in the middle of the night – the first time I've had to myself all day. I'm just sayin', you betta make it worth my while.”

I tried to suppress a shudder as I realized what he must have been doing. Sitting in his apartment, wrapping a hand around the huge cock I'd been thinking about all afternoon, pumping it as he watched porn.

...not that I'd been thinking about it.

That was probably all he did in a day. Fix stuff around the building and masturbate.

The woman in the porn moaned again, and I found myself wondering if she looked like me.

I closed my eyes. I had to focus.

“Didn't I make it worth your while last time?” I asked, forcing a polite smile to my face. If I wanted him to fix my pipes, I had to hide my revulsion. “Remember? The...show?”

I was wearing a wet shirt and black-lace panties. My shirt was even more wet than the one I'd been wearing during his last visit, and I suddenly realized both my nipples were clearly visible.

And hard as rocks. Because of the cold water, of course.

“Okay girly,” he said, after taking a minute to drink in the sight of me. His voice was thick with desire, and I had to fight the impulse to cover my chest up with my arms. “I'll help ya.”

“Thank you,” I said, with a sigh of relief. “Seriously, I...-”

“But this time,” he interrupted. “No weaseling out of it. This time, I want payment up front.”

I froze. It suddenly felt like the hallway walls were closing in. “Up front?” I asked, timidly. He sniggered at the question.

“Front. That's right. But if you want to throw in the back as well, I'll take it.”

I felt stick to my stomach, but...helpless.

What were my options here, really? I could go back into the apartment, try to work out which conference center my boyfriend was at, call them, try to get someone who spoke English, convince them to do a call-out over the PA, wait for my boyfriend to get to the phone so I could get the password for the damn web portal...and by the time he did, I'd probably be up to my boobs in water, and have completely ruined his day.

Or I could just flash my stupid neighbor. I mean, at this point, it was hardly anything he hadn't already seen. My shirt was so wet, he could've identified my boobs in a line-up.

He'd pop into my apartment, fix the leak, and I would just never tell Caleb about any of it.

“Fine,” I said, my voice a quiet squeak. To think...I'd almost called a plumber, but my boyfriend had talked me out of it. Fuck! I should've told him about the neighbor's demand. Maybe then he would've flown straight back.

He could never find out about this. “Fine,” I said again, and reached down to grab the sides of my shirt.

“Wait,” my neighbor said, his eyes widening slightly. His reaction gave me a glimmer of hope – like maybe he hadn't been serious, had never expected me to call his bluff.

But then his face darkened with lust, and my heart sank.

“Let's do it where I normally enjoy looking at sluts,” he said, gesturing into his apartment.

“No way,” I said. “We don't have time. My apartment will be underwater in a minute.”

“Technically I'm off-duty until morning,” my neighbor replied with a shrug. “I don't gotta help you at all if I don't wanna.”

I had no intention of stepping into his disgusting dungeon of an apartment. What's the rule? Never go to a second location? Who knew what he'd do – tie me up and keep me there as a sex

slave?

“Please,” I begged. “Please. I’ll take my top off, just come fix the sink.”

“Oh yeah?” he replied with a grin. “It might take a while...”

His response threw me, until I realized he must have just been emphasizing how long it would take. To make me feel guilty, I guess.

Like the guilt of making him do his job could even compare to how bad I’d feel for betraying my boyfriend like this.

“I know,” I replied desperately.

“Kay,” he said, picking up his toolbox and making his way towards my apartment. “Fine by me.”

I followed him, confused. He hadn’t even asked me to...to show him my boobs.

Had he taken mercy on me after all? Maybe all he’d wanted was to prove his warped view on life, that all women were cheaters. Besides, he’d pretty much seen it all.

I breathed a sigh of relief. He was going to fix my sink, and I wouldn’t even have to flash him. Maybe this was karma’s way of restoring the balance after exploding my pipes in the first place.

And then as we stepped into the kitchen, my neighbor turned to me and brought me straight back down to earth.

“Okay slut,” he said with a leer. “Shirt off.”

No, he didn’t just bring me back down to earth. He sucked me down into hell – somewhere he seemed quite comfortable, but I most certainly was not.

“But...I...”

He rolled his eyes, repeating my stammering words in a mocking tone. “But...I...c’mon, slut. Don’t try to pull that crap with me again. This is why I demanded payment up front this time.”

“Don’t call me slut,” I murmured, my head spinning.

“I call ‘em like I see ‘em.”

“Shirt off,” he said, moving one hand into his filthy boxer shorts.

“And please don’t touch yourself,” I added quietly.

“Whatever you say, slut,” he said, letting go of his hard cock and leering at me expectantly. The outline of his erection was still visible. I stared at it for a moment as I tried to adjust to the situation I’d gotten myself into.

It’s okay, I told myself. You can do this. Just one quick flash. It’s nothing he hasn’t already seen...and Caleb never has to know.

With a deep breath, I reached down and grabbed the sides of my shirt, starting to roll it up. It was so wet and sticky that it wasn’t an easy process.

I closed my eyes as my shift lifted, allowing my breasts to drop free. I didn’t want to see the satisfied look on his face.

How had it come to this?

My blush deepened at the sound of my neighbor’s gasp of arousal. Even though my eyes were tightly shut, I could mentally see his huge cock throbbing at the sight of my bare breasts, exposed.

Exposed for him.

“All the way off,” he ordered hoarsely.

“What?” I replied, opening my eyes. Despite my instruction, his hand was back in his boxers again. Touching his cock.

Touching his huge, hard cock.

“Shirt off,” he growled. “That was the deal.”

I wasn't sure if it was a power move, or if my neighbor had a thing for...shoulders? But I had agreed to take my shirt off for him, so I did.

I took a deep breath as I stood in front of my neighbor, completely topless. Every instinct in my body was telling me to cover up, that this was wrong, that only my boyfriend should see me like this...but I forced myself to stand completely still as he stared at me, his lustful eyes drinking in the sight of my huge tits. My hard nipples. The blush that had spread down to my chest.

“Okay,” I said, after what felt like an eternity had passed. “That's enough.”

I started to put my shirt back on, when my neighbor surprised me with an objection.

“Nuh-uh,” he said warningly. “That wasn't the deal.”

“What? I said I'd show you my...I'd show you...”

“You said you'd keep ya shirt off while I fixed ya pipe,” he replied smugly. “Pipe ain't fixed.”

My mouth fell open.

“No!” I objected. “I...the...”

“I can pack up and head straight back inna my apartment,” he said with a shrug. “No skin off my back.”

“But I've already...”

I fell silent. Damn it! Was that what I'd agreed to?

“I didn't mean it like that,” I replied feebly. “I just meant...”

“What? You'd show me ya tits and I'd work for ya for free? Sorry princess, life don't work like that.”

I bit back a complaint about him calling me princess. It was better than 'slut'.

“Fine,” I said, as I noticed the water still dribbling at the pipe. “But make it quick!”

“Uh huh,” he said. “Sure I will.”

I felt so awkward as I stood in front of my neighbor, wearing nothing but a pair of black panties. I'd never been this naked around someone I wasn't dating. I'd never been this naked around someone so old, so repulsive.

Worst of all, I knew my neighbor would never forget this. Every time he saw me from now on, this would be the image in his head. Me, completely topless.

It would probably replace porn as my number one jerk-off fantasy.

Fuck! What if he told my boyfriend?

“Get me a beer,” my neighbor grunted. The flow of water had stopped.

“There's no beer left,” I reminded him. “You drank the last one.”

His clothes were as soaked as my panties...because I'd gotten water on them, of course. Specifically the front.

My neighbor threw me a scowl, but it softened slightly as his eyes were drawn to my tits.

“I have wine,” I added abruptly. “And whiskey.”

Why did I tell him that? I didn't want him to drink our expensive whiskey. It had been another gift my boyfriend had gotten.

“Whiskey,” he barked. “On the rocks.”

Fuck.

“That means with ice,” he added, interpreting my hesitance as confusion.

“I know,” I said, rolling my eyes. I opened the cupboard and fetched the bottle. A blue label

Johnnie Walker.

I was already regretting my offer.

As I bent over to get some ice cubes from the fridge, I knew my neighbor could see my breasts hanging. Swinging slightly. My nipples, hard as rocks.

Because the fridge was cold.

With a frown, I handed the repulsive man the expensive drink. He drank the glass in a single gulp.

“You should smile more,” he grunted. I rolled my eyes, then threw him a fake smile.

God I hated this man.

He continued working for several more minutes before standing up. His soaking wet boxers were clinging to the outline of his enormous erection, and his wifebeater was completely drenched.

Probably the first time it had been washed in months.

“There ya go,” he said with a sniff. “That oughta hold for tonight. I can come by tomorrow to fix it properly.”

“For free?” I said, looking at him skeptically.

“Well,” he said, leering at my exposed tits. “For the right price. Tomorrow’s my weekend. Man needs a day off. But if you...-”

“I’ll pass,” I interrupted. “Thank you, though.”

I knew that this was never happening again. Never should have happened the first time. *You’d better take a good look at this body*, I told myself, *because you’re not going to see it any more.*

“Okay, missy,” he said with a shrug. “It’d be sweet of you to thank me for helping you tonight though.”

“Thank you?” I scoffed. “I think you got a pretty sweet deal here.”

I gestured to my mostly-naked body, and then the empty glass of whiskey. In response, my neighbor surprised me again with a loud guffaw, his yellowed teeth showing as he laughed. “Don’t act like you didn’t like it.”

His eyes flicked down to my erect nipples. I crossed my arms, hiding them. “Don’t flatter yourself.”

“C’mon, toots. I did you a favor here. One nice thanks and we’ll call it square, 'kay?”

I couldn’t believe it. This guy thought I was turned on by him.

Ew.

“Fine,” I said reluctantly. “I can pour you a farewell drink.”

“Whiskey,” he grinned. “Neat. Served with a smile.”

I made a mental note to book an appointment with an eye doctor; I was rolling them so much, I felt like I was at serious risk of eye-strain. Grabbing the bottle, I poured him a second glass.

Then, I impulsively grabbed another glass, and poured a drink for myself. I figured that after this crazy night, I needed it.

When I turned around, my disgusting neighbor was pawing his hard-on once more. I handed him the glass, and forced another smile...this one was slightly more genuine. Probably because I knew I was finally going to be rid of him forever.

“Finish this,” I said, “and then you can finish *that* at home.”

I gestured to his erection, pretty happy with my wit. But just like the expensive drinks, it was completely wasted on him.

“Uh huh,” he said, and we chugged our whiskey simultaneously.

He put his glass down and slowly got to his feet, like he was thinking about something.

Probably for the first time ever, I thought cheekily.

“Thanks,” I said to him, allowing a note of sincerity into my voice. Now that I was finally going to be rid of him, I felt like I could appreciate what he’d done. My apartment floor was still sodden, but at least the pipe was fixed.

“Yeah yeah yeah,” he said dismissively.

“No, seriously,” I said, pushing my arms together. His eyes flicked down, and I realized that I’d just pressed my exposed breasts together for him. “I, uh…”

“Any time,” he said with a grin, his words directed more at my tits than my face.

I closed the door behind him, and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Bye, pervert,” I muttered.

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I heard a bellow of frustration from the hallway. Crap! Had he heard me?

Moments later, there was a furious rapping at my door.

Just to be sure, I checked the peephole. I didn’t want to answer the door to a stranger while I was almost completely nude.

Yup, still my neighbor. Still, the fact that he’d seen me once didn’t mean I was just going to let him leer at my body anytime.

Opening the door a crack, I peeked out. “Forget something?”

“Locked my damn key in my damn apartment,” he replied, pushing my door open and marching back in, toolbox in hand. “Looks like you’ve got company this evening.”