

My Creepy Neighbor  
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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 shirt 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.”