

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 what he could.

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

So 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.

And my creepy 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 sleeping 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.

"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. "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 standing in front of him as 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 onhand if my neighbor needed anything. Besides, something told me that inviting him over to help and then immediately abandoning him wouldn't be particularly well-received.

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, to be honest, it was bigger than any cock I'd seen in my life. Again, I want to be clear: we're talking single digits. Low single digits, at 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...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 small, fat neighbor had a large, thick cock.

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 *thick*. 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 thick, 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 my boyfriend'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?

He'd 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?

Caleb and I...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 showing off.

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 came 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.