Accepting an invitation

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On the third day of house sitting, I awoke to a nice surprise. After my neighbour, Daniel, had unexpectedly visited, I had decided to work on my make up and mannerisms. After a day of walking in heels, I had perfected my sexy walk as well as getting my make up just right. I was feeling in the mood to show off my new found skills so was excited to see a note waiting by the front door. It was from Daniel. It said that his wife and daughter would be out all day and he would like me to come over for coffee. It was addressed to Jessica. How could I refuse!

Having thoroughly explored the closets, I already knew what I wanted to wear. I had found some retro style nylon stockings with seams and used this as my inspiration. I showered briefly and set my hair in big 50's style curls as I got ready. A tight fitting black pencil skirt and red satin blouse, high heels, a red silk and lace basque with matching panties and of course the stockings. With my smokey eye shadow and bright red lips I felt I had nailed the retro look with just the sexiest of twists. I even found a little clutch purse to match the shoes. I applied a touch of perfume and headed for the door.

I was pleased for the practice I had put in with walking as I made the brief stroll next door. In broad day light I may have looked over dressed, but the few people who saw me would never have guessed about the extra something a girl like me has in her sexy little thong. I rang Daniel's door bell and he answered quickly, inviting me in and showing me through to his conservatory at the rear of the house.

He seemed quite nervous this time and his nerves only seemed to excite me more. He made small talk, offering me coffee and such. I declined his offers and responded with an air of arrogance to his banal questioning. This seemed to put him more on edge. I reached in to my purse and brought out a cigarette. He bumbled around and produced a lighter, igniting my cigarette with a shaking hand. I took a deep breath.

"Do you think I'm sexy, Daniel?" He seemed a little startled, "Did you enjoy the other night?"

"....Yes," his response was barely audible.

"I'd like you to take me to your bedroom," I said, squashing the cigarette out.

With that, he lead me through his house and to the master bedroom. I told him to sit on the bed as I looked around the room. I glanced over the clothes in the wardrobes and drawers, noticing his wife's clothes were very plain. White cotton panties, functional bras, long dresses and jeans. As I looked I came across a lone bag in the bottom of the wardrobe. I recognised the label as a very high end lingerie brand. Taking a peek inside I could see that all the items still had their labels attached.

"Did you buy this for your wife, Daniel?" He nodded silently. "Awww but she hasn't worn it for you?" Again in silence he shook his head.

I began unpacking the bag and laying it's contents on the bed. A soft pink lace bra, pink lace suspender belt and a tiny matching pink lace thong along with a pair of white lace top stockings.

"This is some very sexy lingerie, Daniel. It's a shame to let it sit unworn."

I took Daniel's hand and pulled him to his feet. Standing close to him I unbuttoned his shirt and let it fall to the ground. Next I tugged at his jeans, pulling them to the ground along with his boxers. His cock seemed to spring loose as I stripped him completely naked. Taking it gently in my hand I began to stroke his long firm shaft. With my other hand I gently undid the top two buttons of my satin blouse, just enough to reveal the soft lace cups of my basque.

I pushed him back on to the bed and picked up the bra from the bed beside him. Toying with it I pulled the label from the garment before he had a chance to protest. I held it out to him.

"Put this on." He tried to argue, "Put this on, or I will still be here when your wife comes home."

He hurriedly took the bra from me and slid his arms through the straps. I helped with the clasps as he struggled helplessly. I did the same for the suspender belt before rolling the stockings up his legs. Finally, I made him stand as pulled the panties into place. I took a step back and regarded him. The fit was far from perfect, he didn't have the same slender build as me and his cock was hard as it stretched the fine fabric of those tiny pink panties.

"It's a shame your wife won't wear it as I think she'd look very sexy."

I reached out and began stroking his cock through the soft lace. I had barely wrapped my fingers around his cock, when I felt his body tense as he moaned loudly. His cock twitched as he filled the tiny panties with his cum. As his cock finished twitching I could see his embarrassment as I continued to massage his still hard cock, spreading his cum over him. I pushed him back on to the bed and began to ease that tight pencil skirt up over my hips.

Reaching down, I freed my cock from my sexy little panties, stroking it gently as I got hard. Daniel had pulled his panties aside and was stroking his still hard and cum covered cock. I moved on top of him, straddling his hips. I began grinding my arse down onto his hard cock, not taking him inside me but using my soft ass cheeks to wank his cock. As I did this I stroked my hard cock. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. Skirt up, stockinged legs straddling this guy, panties aside, blouse open... I never felt sexier as I brought myself to orgasm, shooting my hot cum over Daniel's chest and face.

I stayed straddling Daniel as my erection subsided.

"You might want to come up with a good story for your wife as to why her lingerie has been worn and is covered in cum," I smiled down at him. "Call me again, if you're free."

And with that, I left him to clean up.