TV Repair Man

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DISCLAIMER: Story is merely fantasy and completely fictional. So please do not believe this happened to me or ask me questions about it, thinking it is true. I am writing from the first person perspective simply because it is a fantasy and it's just more fun that way;)

About a month ago my TV broke and it is kinda big and expensive, so I decided to have it fixed rather than buy a new one. I first checked online and found out the problem was a known defect and the manufacturer's service tech would replace the part for free. Unfortunately when I called, I found out they couldn't come out on a weekend and I would have to take a day off.

I woke up to an empty house when the day came as my wife had left quietly for work. Knowing the TV guy wasn't due to arrive until the afternoon and having an empty house until then, I decided to slip on a pair of panties and relax while reading some lush stories.

I proceeded to take a nice, long, hot shower. I was really taking the time to slowly lather my entire body exploring myself very sensually with my hands. Once I was totally relaxed and refreshed, I went to my stash in the basement. After careful deliberation, I chose a red lacey tanga, some black thigh highs with lace at the top, and some black heels. Being very excited about having some play time I had to dress right there in the basement. Sliding those panties up and having them softly caress my rock hard cock, as well as gently riding up my ass, I knew I was in for a good time.

After I finished getting dressed, I did my best sexy saunter all the way up stairs into the computer room. I brought up Lush and started browsing, switching between stories and profiles while rubbing myself through the panties. Then my phone rang.

"Hey, it's the TV repair guy. I had a couple cancellations this morning, so I'm a little early if that's alright…."

"Uh… yeah sure, what time you thinking?" I replied.

"I'm actually sitting around the corner, so if you're home… now?"

“Okay, I’ll meet you at the door in a minute”

I immediately was making my way to the bedroom as quick as I could to cover myself up. I barely made it through the bedroom door when I managed to slip my heels off kicking them towards the bed. I quickly grabbed my pajama pants and just as I slid them up, the doorbell rang. I hurried to throw a T shirt on, slip into my slippers, and headed for the door. Being on the shorter side for a guy, my pajama pants are all pretty long and when combined with the slippers, totally hid my stocking covered feet.

I opened the door to find a young, goateed, Asian guy wearing a polo shirt, jeans, and a bag of tools. I welcomed him in, introduced myself, and brought him to the TV. I explained the problem again and told him I would be in the computer room if he needed me.

I went back into the computer room, trying to settle my racing heart beat after that fire drill. Soon enough I was back on my stool greedily reading stories as I was still really horny, making sure to copy the stories into word in case he walked into the room unexpectedly. And of course, knowing I was interacting with the TV repair guy wearing some hidden sexy items only added to my enjoyment.

After I got through a few stories, I heard a knock on the door frame and a throat being cleared. I turned around to find a slightly nervous and slightly blushing repair man in the doorway to the room. His awkwardness was a little puzzling, but I thought nothing of it.

“So… um… I replaced the defective part, but I did find another part that is going to fail pretty soon. It’s pretty fried…”

“Wow, okay. Is that covered as well?”

“Well… ah… no. It’s about $400… I can do it now, one of the cancellations needed that same part, so I have it in the truck.”

I just kinda looked down, I really didn’t want to dump that much money into a TV which clearly has a few problems, but I didn’t want to by a new one either.

“Is there some cheap fix, I can get by with for now?”

“Sorry, but no.”

Then he started to fidget nervously, looking at the floor.

“… If the money is a problem… I might have an idea…”

“What?” I replied.

“Well when I first came to the door, I couldn’t help but notice something sticking out of the back of you’re pants…”

I was now nervous and embarrassed, but curious as to why this clearly shy guy would mention such a thing. He went on.

“Maybe… you could show me a little more of that and we could work something out…?”

Both shocked and excited by his proposition, I couldn’t even verbalize a response. So I just stood up, took off my shirt, stepped out of my slippers, and turned around. I took a deep breath and slowly peeled down my pants, making sure to bend over giving him a great view. When I stood back up and turned around, I found him smiling, with a slight bulge in his jeans. I decided to go with it, I was rock hard and excited. I slid over to him sexily as his eyes followed me. Getting nice and close to him, I softly caressed his bulge and whispered in his ear.

“How about you go and finish fixing that TV, and when you’re done… we’ll see what we can do about this…” As I gave him a playful tug.

He quickly went back to work.

Now I was charged up, I have never had any experience with a guy before. I had noidea what to do, so I decided to wing it. I ran back to the bedroom, put my heels back on, and sat on the bed with my legs crossed knowing he would pass by on his way to the computer room.

Soon enough I heard him coming down the hall. He almost walked past me, but stopped short and stepped in the door. I decided it was my time to be a seductress, so I went to work. Standing up I sauntered over to him, only stopping after getting right in front of him, gazing into his eyes the entire time. Once again caressing the bulge in his pants, I whispered in his ear very confidently.

“Are you ready for this?”

He couldn’t respond other than to nod yes. I slowly dropped to my knees, still gazing up at him. I made quick work of his jeans, dropping them to the floor. Seeing his cock sticking up in his underwear, only made me hotter and more excited. Running my hands up the back of his legs and caressing his ass, I leaned forward breathing some warm breath onto his erection. Then as I rubbed it

on my lips, tasting his precum through his underwear, I slipped my fingers into his waistband and slowly peeled down his underwear, springing free a smallish 5 in cock.

So there I was, face to face with a cock for the first time. My heart was racing, all thoughts cleared from my mind, pure adrenaline pumping though my body as I kneel there admiring his small piece, the tip glistening with precum. I closed my eyes and slid him into my mouth, slowly and passionately as he let out a long moan. It was not hard taking him all the way in due to his size, in fact, my nose was gently nestling in his neatly trimmed pubic hair.

I could tell he was enjoying it due to his moans and heavy breathing as I slowly pumped his cock in and out of my virgin mouth. Knowing he was enjoying only made me more confident. I began playing with his balls with one hand, while the other was stroking my own cock through my panties. And as I rubbed myself, I couldn't help by to quicken my pace, hungrily devouring his pole.

I knew he wasn't going to last long, I could feel his cock swelling in my mouth. And after a few more sloppy strokes in my hot, wet mouth, I felt his body tense. He let out a deep long moan as he shot his load down the back of my throat. I managed to take it all gagging slightly, as it was my first time, only allowing a small dribble to escape down my chin. The sensation of his hot load hitting the back of my throat was more than enough to send me over the edge. Rubbing myself through my panties, I blew what felt like the biggest load of my life.

I made sure to completely clean him off before allowing his limp used cock to slide out of my mouth and hang freely. I then stood, turned, and walked to the bed making sure to work my hips and ass to the best of my ability. I returned to my sitting position on the bed, crossed my legs, and smiled at him with his cum still running down my chin.

Unfortunately this shy guy was one and done. He looked at me, bushed, and quickly pulled up his pants. He stammered and stuttered his way back through the doorway.

"Al…allllll.... uh... all set."

Still feeling emboldened, I followed him to the front door and asked for his card in case I need something else fixed. He nervously reached in his pocket and gave me a business card, then departed.

I walked over to the couch, sat down quite pleased with myself, thinking "what can I break….?"