Cum in my pyjamas

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My hunky new neighbour is in the right place at the right time

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I was still in my pyjamas when he knocked on the door to my apartment. I've been up an hour and well, it's a Sunday and I forgot all about him.

There he was with his little bag of tools and in his mess about clothes, come to fix my water pressure. It's so handy having someone like him for a neighbour, I'm hopeless when it comes to things like that.

"Hello, come in."

These pyjamas, the ones with the pink teddies were made for someone a bit less buxom than me. His eyes don't know where to look, face - boobs - face - boobs. He's got that look of ambiguity, that's saying I'm a gentleman, but…

It's OK, I'll let him off. He's doing me a favour, after all.

"Can I get you a coffee? I just got a fresh pot on."

Fiddling with his bag of wrenches and so on, choosing the right one, but he can't take his eyes off me! Does my bum look big in these 'jamas?

He takes a sip of coffee and then he's under my sink. Hmmm... that gives me the opportunity to look at his bare stomach and that cute row of hairs on hair on his abs.

Clunk, knock, bang, wrench, bang.

"Are you all right under there?!"

I thought he just had to turn a tap or something. Still what do I know!

Can I try the water now?

“Ooh yes, that’s much better!”

He stands up and looks pleased with himself.

“Ah thanks so much.”

Do I offer him a biscuit? Don’t suppose I should insult him, by offering a fiver.

“I’ve got a Bourbon Cream, if you would like one.”

No, OK.

“Have a top up of coffee then.”

Why does his eyes keep looking down there. I look down and oh frig! A button’s come undone. I think I’m flashing my Lucy! Because my pyjama bottoms are a bit tight, it’s quite noticeable. He’s seen my landing strip and everything.

He’s spotted that I’ve spotted that he’s seen my pubes. Now there’s that awkward moment when I’m wondering whether to laugh it off, politely excuse myself to rearrange things or just brazenly carry on like a slut. That’s easy. I’ll go with the latter. I’m not easy, but I’m definitely a slut and in a funny way it’s a bit of a turn on.

“So what would you normally be doing on a Sunday?”

I nonchalantly fiddle with my pyjama top as he tries to answer, sip coffee and mentally undress me all at the same time. Oops silly me, a button comes undone. Now he can see my cleavage too. He’s suddenly hopping from foot to foot, standing awkwardly and holding his coffee… shielding his semi on!

I think I’m giving off those mixed messages somewhere between ‘come and get it’ and ‘oi watch it matey!’ We do that all the time. It’s called girl power. I know what he’s thinking. It’s his lucky day or I’m just a prick teaser. Maybe I’ll let him wonder a bit longer. Undoing another button would be a bit too obvious. I know…

“I think I’ll have a biscuit. Sure you don’t want one?”

I lean over to reach the biscuit barrel, which has found its way behind the microwave. That should give him a nice view of my bum. Ummm… Custard Cream or Bourbon? Don't rush it Danny. I turn round and he's gone a bit red and there's a definite bulge in those working trousers, with the big pockets. And that's definitely not a Phillip's Screwdriver!

He tries to concentrate on the story he's telling me, as I separate the two halves of the sweet biscuit and lick the side with the cream on. He pauses. He seems to have lost his train of thought.

"Go on, I'm listening."

Maybe I will undo that next button.

Is it me, or is he breathing a bit heavy. A fit man like him too.

"Would you like a glass of water?"

There you go. I look up at him with my sweetest blonde look. Then I move his hand away. A girl likes to see what she's responsible for. Maybe just give the outline of his erection a little stroke. Hmmm… nice.

Ah, so he wasn't quite fully hard. Time to up the stakes I think.

I take his right hand and guide it into my pyjama jacket. The next button pops open and his warm palm slides down and takes a handful of boob. Soft, firm but mainly soft. My nipples go from slightly puffy to bullet hard in the blink of an eye. His hand moves across and he caresses the other breast. If nothing else he knows how to fondle boobs.

While his hand is still helping itself to my E cups, I find the zip on his trousers and relieve the pressure on his wad. Then I undo the top button and reveal his red boxers and that thick pipe of hard cock that's pressed against his belly. It's actually poking out of the top, so I can almost see his eye winking at me. He pulls me towards him and puts both hands on my bum, squeezing the cheeks firmly. Ooh I like that.

My hands roll the waistband of his boxers down and I stroke him with both hands, as his slip further down, feeling my pussy through my jama bottoms. Wow he's so fucking hard, it's like an iron bar with lovely veins and everything. That thick head appears as his loose foreskin peels away. I stand next to him and stroke his cock gently while I undo the other button that's retaining my last vestige of modesty.

I spit on my hand and wank his rock hard dick as his fingers explore the front of my pyjamas. He caresses my boobs again, tweaking my firm nipples and then he strokes my soft, toned stomach, tickling my naval. It draws a few giggles and I squirm a bit. But he carries on. His throbbing hard on feels so good in my tiny hand, I can barely close my fingers around the shaft and then he's in my pussy. His index finger strokes in and out of my swollen, silky smooth labia, which are beginning to deposit little beads of moisture on his fingers.

Oooh that's good! He's good! Stroking my clit with his thumb, while his fingers go deeper into my pussy. I'm so wet - he's so hard and we both begin to groan in our own way. His gruff and manly, mine soft little mews of pleasure.

"Yes, keep doing that!"

I rub his cock faster and slaver a load of spit onto his cock making it wet and shiny, as the head becomes a darker shade of pink and it feels ready to burst! His fingers are now concentrating on my soaking wet pussy as he thrusts three of them in and out of me. I'm gasping, but I wank him faster and faster. His groans are growing louder and I'm just.. Just so close.. I'm…

"Ooooooooh shit! Yes yes!!! YES!!!!!!!! Ooooooooooh!"

I'm breathing hard, my body shaking, but he's still not cum. I get my breath back and I turn round to face him, drawing my finger nails down his chest and then I slip to my knees and take his cock into my mouth and lick it gently, massaging his smooth balls with my right hand. I wonder if I should let him cum in my mouth, but I have a better idea. My 'jamas need washing, so I stroke him with him in my mouth and just before I sense he's reaching his climax I stand up and hold my pyjamas open and aim his cock into them.

"I want you to cum in my pyjamas!"

He gets the message and looks at me, his eyes filled with his final throes of pleasure and wanks himself until he shoots rope after rope of hot cum down the from of my pyjamas.

"Aaaaaaaaoooorghhhh… aaaaaaaaaah…. Fuck!"

My pubes are instantly soaked with his spunk and the rest goes all down the cotton. My jimjams are filled with a beautiful sticky warmth as more and more cum spills from his nob. He kisses me on the cheek and then rubs the front, massaging in the cummy mess. His face is red and beads of perspiration have formed on his brow. Most of all, he looks like a man properly sated.

“Thanks for fixing my tap thingy by the way!”

He smiles and does himself up.

OK, so he missed rugby practice for me, but I think it was worth it!