

The Girl Living on the Floor Above

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Something woke me up in the middle of the night. I looked around, then focused my eyes on the clock. 1:13 a.m. My first reaction was to curse, which I accompanied with a yawn. A noise from above had wakened me. I didn't know why I was so sure, but I was. A nice looking girl named Jessica lives in the flat above me. She is 21. I closed my eyes, trying not to think about anything, ready to fall asleep again. A moan came from above. There was a seductive tinge in it, pain and pleasure mixed together. For all I knew she was single, but obviously I was wrong. I heard shuffling, then another, more persistent moan. The moan quickly turned into a series of quiet gasps, which started to fray my nerves. I heard something heavy dropping with a crash. "They are getting wild", I thought to myself. I was getting sleepy, imagining Jessica being fucked by her boyfriend. "Sam, can you hear me?" Jessica's urgent voice came from above. My name! Startled, I sat up in bed, unable to grasp what was happening. Was it a dream or reality? "I need you, Sam," she intoned passionately. My drowsiness evaporated instantly. I dressed as fast as I could, wondering if it was some kind of joke. I knocked warily on Jessica's door. "Come in, it's open," she cried out impatiently. It was almost dark inside; the only light coming from her reading lamp. She was in bed, lying on her side, staring at me. "I heard you calling my name so....," I said nervously. "Sorry for waking you up." "No problem." Illuminated by the light from the lamp, her angelic face was nicely framed by her shoulder length blond hair. Closing her eyes, she parted her lips and moaned softly. My feet drew me closer. She was dressed in a blue T-shirt which swelled gently over her breasts. It barely covered her upper thighs. "I thought that maybe you would..." she started, and then blushed slightly. "I am just as embarrassed as you are." She smiled and looked at the floor, her fingertips toying with a stray lock of hair. "The point is that I ...need some help," she said. "What can I do for you?" "My cat tripped me while I was going to the bathroom in the dark. It could have been funny if I hadn't hurt my ankle." she explained. As if on cue, her cat meowed. A fat Siamese, for what I could see was sprawled in the corner. "Shut up, Sophie!" Jessica said, then looked at me and added, "I need some painkillers. In the bathroom, just above the sink. " I stole a look at Jessica's feet, clad in white socks, then brought the pills and a glass of water. "Maybe I should call a doctor," I said, watching her take the pills. She graciously bent her head while dinking. Her neck was long and slender. "I hope my ankle will get better by tomorrow. If not, then I will have to see a doctor. Sam, can you help me go to the bathroom. I don't want to wet myself. This stupid ankle of mine..." "Of course." She sat up in bed, swinging her legs over the side. When her feet touched the floor, a soft whine escaped her lips and her left cheek started to twitch. I

came closer, offering my hand to help her up. The palm of her small hand felt like silk, somehow inhumanly soft. Slowly, she got up, putting all her weight on her right leg. Trying to keep her left foot off the floor, she swayed, then grabbed my shoulder for support. I slid my arm around her waist, our eyes meeting for a second. "Can you put weight on your ankle?" I asked. Jessica shook her head, leaned on me and hopped on her good foot. With her left arm around my neck, her body pressed against mine, I felt my emotions surge. She moaned again. We clumsily made our way to the bathroom. She was emitting soft moans all the time. Noises that were driving me crazy, that urged me to do something. She was so helpless, so sweet and tender. I was ashamed that I wanted to have sex with her. She had called me because she needed help. She was suffering badly, and the idiot in me was thinking about sex. "Thank you so much, Sam!" she said, and managed a smile, "I could have never done it without you." "You're welcome," I said shyly. She drew away from me and leaned on the doorjamb. My hands felt oppressively empty without her. As I was musing upon this, she hopped in and closed the door behind her. I helped her back to her bed, this time holding her more tightly. The symphony of moans continued. She seemed to feel comfortable with me, or maybe she wasn't paying attention to me because of the pain in her ankle. "Thank you," she said, and pecked me on the cheek before slumping down on her bed. "Let me see your ankle," I said. "Nope," she shook her head, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "Why not?" "I think I know what you want to see." Her hands slid under the hem of her t-shirt, stayed there for a second, and then pulled it up slowly, revealing a lack of panties and something more. I was impressed with what she had shown me, especially her wet pussy, but at the same time, I felt cheated. All this damsel-in-distress crap was a lie. Her ankle wasn't injured. She had lied to me, plain and simple. "I have to go," I said dryly and turned to leave. Her hand shot up and grabbed mine. "Don't! It is not what it..." she started. "Oh, come on! I am not an idiot," I cried out, and harshly pulled my hand free. Jessica dropped on the sideboard, nearly falling off the bed. Her left foot hit the floor. The scream that ensued nearly pierced my ear-drums. Her face contorted with pain, and her eyes bulged grotesquely. She was clutching her ankle, trembling all over. Gradually, her scream transformed into sobs. I took a tentative step toward her, then awkwardly kneeled beside her. She slapped me in the face, hard. I blinked, surprised how strong her hand was. "I am so sorry. I thought..." I said guiltily. "Get out! Now!" she hissed. I looked up at her, seeking her eyes. She was staring at her ankle, still clutching it in her hands, whimpering. I reached out and unclasped her trembling fingers. "What are you doing?" she asked confusedly, the anger gone from her voice. "I'm trying to help you." She just hummed, but didn't stop me as I took off her sock. Despite my caution, even the gentlest touch seemed to be causing her pain. Her anklebones were barely visible under the swelling, and there was a big, crescent-shaped bruise on the side of her foot. "Do you have any bandages here?" I asked. "No." "I will be back in a minute," I said, and hurried back to my apartment. "I don't think I need anything from you," I heard her saying. When I returned with the bandages, she looked at me and sighed with resignation. I kneeled and started wrapping her ankle. Her foot was small, almost childlike, with nice, dainty toes. "Have you ever done that before?" she asked. "No." I applied the bandage, making sure it wasn't too tight. "How does it feel?" I asked. Jessica curled up her toes, hesitated for a second, then said, "It's fine". Then, I brought all the ice

from the fridge and put it on her ankle. She winced and smiled. "Do you feel better now?" "Yes, thank you. You better get some sleep. I think I can manage by myself" "Are you sure?" "Yep." I helped her prop her ankle on a pillow, then went to the front door. "Call me if you need something," I said, and left. *** I could not bring myself to sleep. Every time I came close to dozing off, her face appeared before me. Distorted by pain, but still beautiful. I imagined her tiny figure huddled in her bed, her eyes wet with tears. Something thumped upstairs and I jumped up in bed. It was 4:00 a.m. While I was putting my clothes on, I tried to figure out why I was so upset. Nothing really important had happened. I knocked on the door before entering. Jessica was in her bed, lying motionless. I hesitated for a moment, then whispered, "Are you awake?" "No, I am sleeping," she whispered, imitating me. "I heard something falling and..." "The remote control slipped from my hand. Sorry for disturbing you." "How is your ankle?" "The swelling is getting worse." "I will take you to the hospital," I said. "Don't worry, I will be fine." "Get dressed!" I said firmly. "Will you bring me my clogs, please? In the wardrobe. Actually, I need only the right one." When I brought the shoe, she was wiggling into her skirt, trying not to move her ankle too much. Her face was reddened from exertion, or maybe pain. "Do you need a hand?" "I need an ankle," she said, gasping." A minute later, I helped her stand up, then wrapped my arm around her waist, holding her firmly. "Are you ready?" I asked. She suddenly went limp in my hands, her head dropping to one side. Her eyelids fluttered helplessly and I gripped her tighter. "Jessica!" I cried out. She blinked with surprise, then managed to steady herself. "I am a bit dizzy," she said weakly. I lifted her up and carried her to the front door. In my hurry, I didn't notice the cat. I almost got tripped up so I had to kick it aside. "You are driving me mad, Sophie," Jessica said to the cat, then slipped her hand under my shirt, her cool fingers rubbing my chest gently. I took a deep breath and said, "I don't think this is a good idea." "We can do it right now," she said and pressed her hot lips on my neck. "What's the matter with you?" "Don't you understand yet? The pain makes me hot," she said calmly, but I felt that she was very tense. "This is not the right moment. You are hurt. We have to go to the hospital." "Later," she said and rubbed my crotch, staring at me intently. Instinctively, I pressed against her, feeling the soft firmness of her breasts. "Oh, that's much better," she moaned in my ear. I lowered her to the floor, trying not to bang her injured ankle against something. My hands slid up her thighs, pushing her skirt up, feeling her firm bottom. She arched her back, and squeezed against me. "You can get hurt," I said hoarsely, but continued doing what I needed to. "I am already hurt," she said, unbuttoning my pants, "hey, my swelling is nothing compared to yours. Are you hurt too?" I didn't manage to respond with a witty remark so I just caressed her vagina. Obviously, she found my response amusing because she giggled. I pulled back to look at her. Beautiful, hungry eyes; sensitive, quivering lips; pert breasts; and these silky thighs, twitching invitingly. Jessica moved her right leg aside, giving me a better view. Her left one was resting stiffly on the floor, her injured ankle resembling a sausage. She followed my eyes and smiled, "I'm fine." The sight of her thighs was irresistible. I drew myself closer. Her fingers dug into my back as she pressed against me. Her body felt incredibly sensual, inhumanly tender. My penis slowly found its way inside her tightness, and my lips started to explore her face. She moaned with every thrust, her lips parting seductively. There was as much pleasure as pain in these moans. I was causing her pain,

whether she liked it or not. Her injured ankle had to stay immobile, but we just could not stop. I lifted her left leg, resting it on my shoulder. Her heel brushed gently against my cheek, and a pleasant leathery smell reached my nose. "My ankle feels much better now," Jessica said and thrust her bottom up to meet me. *** I brought Jessica to the hospital around 6 a.m. She was placed in a wheelchair and was briefly examined by a sleepy doctor. He mumbled something, and then took her to the X-ray room. Some time later, she was wheeled out. "You better go now, or you will be late for work," she said and winked at me. "I would rather stay with you." "Sam, I am a big girl. We can meet later." "What's the problem?" I asked and looked down at her ankle. "It's not clear yet, but I think I will live." I kissed her temple, then turned around and made my way out of the hospital. *** When I came back from work, I hurried upstairs to see if Jessica was at home. She wasn't. I was about to head for the hospital, when someone knocked on the door. Jessica was standing outside, smiling shyly. She was leaning on a pair of elbow crutches, and her left leg was in plaster. "Wow!" I exclaimed. "Can I come in, or crippled girls aren't welcome here? I moved aside to make room for her. She went in, clumsily maneuvering on her crutches. "Your ankle is..." "Fucked up," she finished my sentence. "Oh, I am so sorry!" "Shit happens," she said matter-of-factly, and headed for the couch. The cast extended from the base of her toes to mid-thigh, and kept her knee slightly bent. "Does it hurt much?" She cast a mischievous glance over her shoulder, and stuck out her little pink tongue. "With your help, I will survive," she said, and turned stiffly around to sit on the couch. "I will do my best to save you. No kidding, Is it broken?" "They told me that I had broken my talus bone. I didn't even know I had such a thing." Her arms started trembling from the effort as she was easing onto the couch. I helped her prop her casted leg on a stool, and tickled her cute little toes. They looked nice sticking out of the cast. "How long you have to be in plaster?" "8 weeks or more. How horrible! Who's going to take care of me?" "I would like to volunteer." "Very kind of you," she said and patted my shoulder. I could not help noticing that the cast was nicely moulded around the sole of her foot. "Six." "What?" "The size of my feet." "Charming!" "But trapped in plaster," she said and wiggled her toes. "Poor little tootsie!" I said and started massaging her thigh, just above the cast. "Why should I have to break an ankle to be noticed by you?" My hand froze on her thigh, and I stared at her face. "Hey, don't be so serious," she said, her eyes twinkling merrily, "Let's have some sex!" The End