

Tit for Tat
by Aussiescribbler
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Tit for Tat

So I'm a compulsive hoarder. Sue me! It's my unit and if I want to step over piles of junk rather than feel the pain of separation involved in disposing of it that's my business.

Annette no doubt meant well when she asked why I didn't weed my possessions a little, but still it annoyed me.

Annette is my new neighbour. We live in a block of ten units in a quiet seaside suburb. A week after she moved in she knocked on my door and introduced herself. I'd seen her moving in and a couple of times since then. She was a brunette with an English rose complexion and a warm infectious smile. She also had massive breasts. Nothing grotesque mind you, but cantaloupe-size. Russ Meyer would have considered her to be talented. She liked to wear plaid shirts that were a little too small so that the buttons seemed in danger of popping off at any moment and she always kept the top buttons undone to show some creamy pale cleavage.

She wasn't one of those top-heavy girls either, her boobs were balanced with a big bum which filled out her tight jeans like an over-stuffed sofa. Whether she was walking towards me or walking away she was swinging something that made my cock swell warmly.

"Ooooh, brandy. I wouldn't say no," she said as she entered my cluttered lounge room and saw a bottle on the coffee table.

"Of course," I replied. "I'll get some glasses." And so I wove my way between stacks of comics, piles of VHS tapes and old pizza boxes as I headed for the kitchen.

"What a lot of junk!" exclaimed Annette as I handed her a glass. She was holding one of my comics, and surveying the piles on all sides.

"I collect things," I replied. "It's a hobby."

"It's a fire hazard is what it is," she told me. "Do you actually read these comics?"

"When I buy them I do," I responded, not sure why I should feel so defensive.

"And then you just leave them piled around gathering dust?" she asked. "They won't keep well if you don't put them in acid-proof bags."

"You sound like you collect comics yourself," I commented.

"No, but I sell them sometimes," she explained. "I make my money selling stuff on e-bay. I buy up odds and sods from deceased estates and auction them off on the net."

"You can live on that?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah," she replied. "It's time-consuming but there's good money in it. And it's exciting because you never know when you are going to hit the jackpot with a rare collector's item."

"Well," I said, "I don't think I could part with any of my stuff. Everything has memories."

"Including the pizza boxes?" she asked. "Sorry, don't mind me. I can be a bit rude at times. Really, it's your life. You do what you want."

Annette was something of a gardener and I would see her pruning the roses or picking weeds out of the strip of lawn between the two rows of units. Other times we would meet up at the letter box after the postie had been. Her face always lit up when she saw me. She smiled warmly, and her eyes twinkled as she exchanged small talk in an almost conspiratorially embracing manner. And she always seemed to stand just a little bit closer than I was entirely comfortable with. She had such an effusively affectionate manner that I felt as if, had she been a small dog, she would have been

humping my leg.

Don't get me wrong. This made me uncomfortable only because I was unused to getting this kind of response from a woman. If I'd been a small dog I would have wanted to hump her leg too. But I'm not the kind of guy women generally pay much attention to. Short and chubby, with too little hair on my head and too much everywhere else, I'm often compared to the actor Paul Giamatti. My ex-girlfriend said I was cute and cuddly, but you won't find guys like me as centrefolds in *Playgirl*.

The other thing that impressed me about Annette was her perfume. I don't know what brand it was, but it was genuinely intoxicating, a mix of musk and cinnamon and wildflowers.

With her smile and her smell and her boobs and her bum and her standing so close, I felt such an impulse just to grab her by the letterbox. But I was so unsure of myself after several years on my own. What if her warm, intimate manner with me was the way she was with everyone? I didn't want to embarrass myself by doing anything rash.

But then, one morning, I stumbled into the lounge room while eating from a bowl of cereal and noticed that something was different. Something was missing.

It took a while for me to realise what it was. It was my copy of the issue of *The Puzzler* in which he took on his arch enemy Sodoku Man. It had been on the top of the biggest pile of comics. Its absence was made all the more obvious because the issue underneath it was not coated in dust as the comics which topped the other piles were.

As I looked around I found that that was not all that was missing. A total of 23 comics, 5 vintage issues of *Playboy*, a collector's guide to Matchbox Cars and an autographed picture of David Hasselhoff were gone.

The crime rate in the district in which I live is not high, and our units are close together with front doors facing the central strip of lawn, so that any thief would run the risk of being observed. So many of us are in the habit of leaving our doors unlocked when we are asleep. Someone must have snuck in and stolen my stuff. But who?

Then I noticed it. The smell. The smell of Annette's perfume. Of course she should have been the first suspect, since she had knowledge and motive. But until I noticed the perfume I didn't think of her. I didn't want to think that she might steal from me. Maybe that was why she had been so friendly. Maybe she was just buttering me up to get access to my saleable items.

What was I going to do? Confront her? Yes. But I couldn't get her boobs and butt out of my mind. I wanted revenge for this invasion and theft, but I also wanted Annette.

Then it struck me like lightning. What's good for the gander is good for the goose. Tit for tat. If she could sneak into my unit and take something of mine, then that gave me permission to sneak into hers and steal something. But what? A pair of panties maybe. But that wasn't really what I wanted. I wanted her.

Maybe I should just go over there and walk in unannounced. If I was lucky, I might find her in a skimpy nightie or maybe I could walk into the bathroom while she was in the shower. I wasn't likely to be that lucky, but either way, I had an advantage over a sexy woman. She owed me. That couldn't be a bad thing.

I had right on my side. I was not going to be deterred from righting the wrong that had been done against me.

I walked up to her door, turned the knob and walked straight in.

"Oh, my God! I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to... I apologise... I'll go right now," I stammered when I saw that Annette was sitting stark naked on a recliner in her living room with her legs spread and pleasuring her dripping wet pussy with a Hitachi Magic Wand vibrator.

"Don't do that," she insisted. "Be sociable and stay. Make yourself comfortable. Take your clothes off."

"I beg your pardon?" I asked.

"No need to do that, you didn't do anything wrong," she told me. "You're always welcome to visit me. You're my favourite neighbour. Now get your gear off. You must feel over-dressed. You'll find that my central heating is very efficient. You won't be cold."

"O.K., if you insist," I mumbled, beginning to unbutton my shirt. As I undressed she continued to moan happily as she buzzed herself.

"If I were having a cup of tea, I'd do the neighbourly thing and offer you a cup," she told me.

"But I'm not, I'm having a wank. Can I offer you one?"

"A wank?" I asked.

"Yes, how do you like your wanks? A straight hand job, or do you like some tit with it?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, I like mine with plenty of tit," I replied. "Especially the thick creamy kind. None of that slimmer rubbish."

"Well, you're in luck," she enthused. "I have lashings of creamy tit for your wank."

By now I was naked. My cock was as hard as a rock and dribbling precum on the carpet.

"Dear, dear, you are a messy boy," she chuckled. "Now bring that thing here."

I came up close to her and she put down her wand and grasped my cock in her soft warm hand, slowly beginning to stroke it up and down.

"Is there anything else you like with your wank?" she enquired.

"Well, I am quite partial to sweet sticky buns," I told her.

"I've got plenty of honey in the kitchen," she informed me, "so that shouldn't be a problem. But you will have to have your sweet sticky buns after your wank, because I'm not a contortionist."

Then she let go of my cock and grasped one of my butt cheeks in each hand and pulled me to her chest so that my cock was between her big soft pale boobs. When I was in place she let go of me and pushed her boobs together around my cock. It felt heavenly. Her soft breasts were so silky against the hot hardness of my prick. As I stood there, leaning in to her, she drew her boobs up and down my cock. I thrust my pelvis to compliment the boob wank she was giving me. And as she moved her boobs up and down she kissed my chubby hairy belly and stuck her tongue in my navel.

All of the erotic energy that had been building in me since I met Annette was coming to a dizzying peak as I stood in her lounge room fucking her boobs. It wasn't long before I climaxed and my balls shot spurt after spurt of hot cum all over the upper slopes of her magnificent mammaries.

"You're not the only one who likes loads of cream with a wank," she grinned, bending forward to slurp and lick up all of the cum that was dribbling from my wilting cock. She then smeared the cum on her boobs down over her stiff pink nipples and sucked it off, first from one and then the other.

"Wasn't that better than a cup of tea?" she asked. "I'll go prepare your sweet sticky buns now." And she ran off to the kitchen.

When she returned she told me to sit down in the chair and then turned to face away from me. Her big pale wobbly arse was all coated in honey.

"No need to say grace," she insisted. "Just dig in."

I bent forward and began licking up all of the honey off of the big soft cheeks of her bottom.

"Mind if I stroke while you eat?" she asked politely.

"Not at all," I assured her.

And so, as I buried my face in the sweet goo all over her bottom, licking and dribbling and feeling the tickling sensation of honey dripping from the end of my nose, she began alternately playing with her stiff clit and sliding her fingers into her already half-wanked cunt.

By the time I was pulling apart her big cheeks and digging my tongue deep into her bum-hole to suck out the last vestiges of sweet honey, she was squealing her way through a body shaking orgasm.

Once our lust was sated we had a shower together to wash off all the sweat and cum. I don't think there was any honey left. I was pretty thorough licking that heavenly bottom of hers. The same bottom that rubbed all over my semi-erect prick when she had to bend down to pick up the soap.

Afterwards we sat around nude in the living room and chatted about all kinds of things.

"Yes, I did steal some of your tat and sell it on ebay," she confessed. "I didn't think you would notice. I was going to tell you later in hopes that it would teach you a lesson."

"I knew it was you because I could smell your perfume," I explained.

"Vanity. It'll get you every time," she sighed.

"I love your perfume though," I insisted. "Of all the people I know in the world, you're the one that looks best and the one that smells the best. And now I know you also feel the best."

"That's so sweet," she smiled. "I think we can be good neighbours. Feel free to drop in and hang out anytime. You're always welcome. Don't bother to knock. The only thing I insist on is total

nudity. That's the way I like to be, and it just doesn't seem right if someone's present who is still wearing sneakers, or a tie or one sock."

"I like to be nude with you," I told her, "because then you can see the physical evidence of how much you excite me."

"Yes, I can see that I have a little fan as well as a bigger one," she laughed.

"Hey, not so much of the little!" I exclaimed.

"He'll do," she giggled. "You know what they say, anything more than a mouthful is a waste."

"And just let me know if there is anything I can do to help you out in other ways," I said. "I really appreciate how you do the gardening. I have some skills as a handyman."

"Really? Like what?" she wanted to know.

"I'm quite good with electrical things," I told her.

"My electric blanket has stopped working," she informed me.

"Well, it's usually not a good idea to try to fix them," I warned her. "It's better to replace it."

"Could you replace it?" she asked.

"You mean buy you a new one?" I queried.

"No. I mean take its place," she insisted. "I'm really cold in bed at night, but with another body in there with me, I think I could be toasty warm. And you're friendlier than an old electric blanket."

"We could give it a go," I agreed.

"I know I'm asking a lot," she said. "I like to sleep a good eight hours each night. So I'd be asking you to take quite a bit of time out of your evening just to help me keep warm."

"Oh, that's O.K.," I insisted. "I wasn't doing anything else."

"And there are a couple of things I should warn you about," she added. "I have a tendency to talk in my sleep. My ex-boyfriend said I said some quite improper things while I was sleeping. Let's put it this way - I'm not exactly safe for work."

"That's not a problem," I told her. "I rarely do any work while in bed."

"And my other problem is insomnia," she confessed.

"That's no good," I sympathised.

"But there is a solution," she reassured me. "I always sleep soundly after strenuous exercise."

"That makes sense," I replied.

"It's just that there is only one kind of strenuous activity I've found that I can do in bed," she warned me. "I mean it's not that I don't know how to play chess, or charades, or tiddly winks. But they just aren't strenuous enough to really wear me out. Running would do it, but I can't do that in bed. So it always has to be the same thing. I suppose you can guess what that is."

"I've got a good idea," I admitted.

"You wouldn't mind helping me in that way?" she asked.

"It's only the neighbourly thing to do," I told her.

"You are so understanding," she replied, kissing the tip of my nose. "And I'm sure there will be things I can do for you. If you can think of anything, just let me know."

"Oh, I will," I assured her. "I will. I think we are going to be the best of neighbours."

The End

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