

Whispered Words

Chapter 2

Quietly as she could, Hayley slipped out of the baby's room. Asleep at last, and not a moment too soon. Little Halbert sure did pick some terrible times to demand her attention.

She glanced down at the mess he'd made on her blouse.

That wouldn't do. Not at all. Not today.

She walked to her home's master bedroom, got a quick change of clothes. Her bulky nursing bra was fine, but the rest needed to be swapped out. Tossing aside the stained, dirty clothes she had on, Hayley searched through her wardrobe for something appropriate to wear.

In the end, she settled on a plain white tank top for her under-shirt, with a matching button-up blouse on top.

Neat and presentable, but not overly formal. It'd do the job!

She was heading downstairs, on her way to prepare some drinks and snacks for when her father arrived, when someone knocked on the front door.

Without hesitation, Hayley rushed to answer it. She checked her watch, shook her head. He was early today...

Except, when she opened the door and saw who was standing there, she realised she'd been mistaken. It wasn't her father arriving at her place early, it was her neighbour come to pay her a visit.

She smiled at the man.

"Hope you don't mind me popping over, Hayley," her neighbour said with a friendly smile of his own. "Do you mind if I come in?"

Hayley was opening her mouth, about to regretfully decline the man's request and inform him that she'd be having a guest over soon, when his lips parted again, eyes bright.

"It's a hot day, after all," he said, eyes locked onto hers. "I'm parched. Don't suppose you have anything for me to drink, do you?"

Hayley blinked, a wave of dizziness washing over her. She felt like she'd been spun around on the spot, all sense of balance lost. Her thoughts were jumbled, confused.

She shook her head to clear it.

What...

Oh. She was in the kitchen. And her neighbour was here too, watching her while he sipped from a glass of milk.

Of course! She'd invited him in, offered him a drink. It was a hot day, after all. He must've been parched! It was the neighbourly thing to do, letting him in and giving him something to drink.

She smiled, confusion vanishing.

"Well then," her neighbour said as he finished off his glass. "I should be heading back home. Thank you for the drink, Hayley. It was delicious."

"Nothing to thank me for," Hayley replied.

She led her friend back through the house, waved him goodbye as he headed out the door for home.

As she closed the door behind him, she checked her watch.

Her eyes widened when she saw the time.

No... No, that couldn't be right. Her neighbour couldn't have been over *that* long, surely. The watch must be broken. Or, more likely, Hayley was just mistaken. She *had* been tired lately, what with the baby.

She began walking away from the front door, off to go start preparing snacks, when the sound of knuckles rapping on wood stopped her. She turned around looked at the front door.

Had her neighbour forgotten something?

She walked to the door, opened it, saw her father standing there.

An older man with greying hair and a warm smile.

When he saw her, though, that smile wavered.

His eyes drifted down from her face to her chest, bulging at the sight they saw. A faint pinkness crept into his cheeks.

Hayley glanced down, confused.

Her mouth dropped open, eyes widening in horror.

Gone were her bra and tank top. All she had on above her waist was the white, button-up blouse. And even then, a few too many of the buttons were undone – exposing an obscene amount of cleavage.

Worse still, there were two damp patches – one over each hard, obvious nipple.

“Oh my god!” Hayley squealed, quickly covering herself with her arms. “I’m so sorry! I-”

How had this happened?!

Had her *neighbour* seen her like this?

Oh *god*.

“Man,” Hal said as I handed him a chilled beer, “you have no *idea* how fucked it is.”

“I’m sure I can guess,” I laughed, sitting down next to him.

“She’s so hott,” Hal groaned. “You’ve seen her! You know! She’s stunning. Sexy. She’s so damn *fine*. But that only makes it worse!”

I chuckled, took a swig of my own drink.

“When I was a kid,” Hal said, shaking his head, “my parents did this stupid thing to teach me responsibility. Every week, they’d hand me my allowance, then make me give half of it back to them. They’d put it in away in a savings jar that I’d only be allowed to have when I was ‘old enough’. And this is the exact same thing! That money should’ve been mine. I could look at it and I got to hold it, but I never do anything *with* it!”

“Sounds like they taught you an important lesson.”

“She won’t even give me head, man,” Hal said, shaking his head, eyes filled with so much sorrow you’d think someone had died. “Not even *head*. We haven’t had sex since she found out she was pregnant. It’s been almost a *year* since the last time I got laid.”

“Can’t relate,” I laughed, patting him on the shoulder. “I got my dick wet yesterday. And the day before. And the day before that...”

“Lucky bastard,” Hal grumbled.

“Come on,” I smiled at him. “It can’t be all bad.”

“It’s not bad,” Hal agreed with a sigh. “I love Hayley, don’t get me wrong. I love her more than anything else in the world. I’m happy, life is good ‘n’ all that. I just wish, you know, that she’d be willing to suck me off every now and then. Is that really so much to ask for?”

I sat on the sofa, leaning back with my arms stretched out on either side of me, enjoying the show.

Hayley stood a few feet in front of me, eyes hazy from my wicked whispers. Wearing a button-up blouse and a t-shirt underneath, a long skirt and a cooking apron. Her brunette hair was tied back in a ponytail and the sleeves of her blouse were rolled up.

I’d caught her, apparently, in the middle of baking some cookies.

A shame they’d have to be left to burn while their maker got busy with something far more important.

Her hands moved slowly behind her back, undid the apron that fitted her curves so snugly. She ducked her head, pulled the apron over her head and dropped it casually to the ground.

With nimble fingers, she began undoing the buttons of her blouse – one after the other. At first, only her collarbone was visible, a testament to how shy and reserved the woman was about her amazingly huge tits. But, soon enough, a slight bit of cleavage was on display – all that the t-shirt underneath would allow. As the last button came undone, Hayley moved her arms and shimmied her shoulders, let the blouse fall to the floor.

Her hands reached for the hem of her t-shirt next, gripping onto it and lifting it slowly over her head. As the fabric bunched up around her chest, she struggled slightly. The tight t-shirt caught on her ample bust, dragging her heavy tits with it as it came up. A moment later, it dropped to the ground next to her blouse, heavy tits pulled back down by gravity with a little bounce.

As her hands reached behind her back to undo her bra – a regular, old-fashioned bralette instead of the usual nursing bras Hayley usually wore – I stopped her.

“Keep the bra on,” I said, feeling the power in my words. “Pull your tits out but keep the bra on.”

Hayley froze in place, still as a statue.

When she moved again, it was to pull down the cups of her bra, hands grasping her mountainous melons and yanking them out into the open air.

Huge, round, blue veins visible under the pale skin. Her nipples large and swollen.

“Come over here,” I commanded. “Sit on my lap.”

She did as I bade her, walking over to the sofa and sitting down sideways on my lap.

I wasted no time in savouring Hayley's lovely nectar, leaning forward and wrapping my lips around one puffy nipple. My hands groped the tit, milking it, as I bit and nibbled and sucked. It took only seconds of my neighbour's milk to flow. And, hungrily, I drank it down.

Hayley gasped at the roughness with which I drained her, groaning and grunting when I sank my teeth into her soft skin.

Would her husband wonder where the marks had come from later?

Would he even be allowed to see his beautiful wife's bare chest?

When the milk in one breast began to flow slower, I moved on to the other – manhandling it without a care in the world. I drank long and deep, gulped down what felt like gallons of the stuff.

With the amount of milk she could produce, Hayley belonged on a farm!

Only when I'd had my fill did I allow the woman off my lap.

“No t-shirt,” I ordered her. “Put the blouse back on but leave the t-shirt where it is. Return to your normal self.”

The woman blinked at me as she was doing up the buttons of her blouse, eyes filled with confusion and embarrassment. I could only guess at her thoughts; why was she so scantily clad, what was going on, why did her nipples tingle and ache? But I enjoyed the sight of her trying to cover herself all the same.

“Wha-” Hayley said, stumbling slightly. “What's-”

“Relax,” I smiled, the whispered word echoing in my poor neighbour's mind. “You shouldn't cover yourself yet. You haven't greeted your guest properly yet.”

It was a little risky. Her husband would be home soon, and him walking in on us would be a pain to deal with. But seeing Hayley like this, innocent eyes wide as she tried to hide her body, was too tempting a sight to resist.

“Good hosts suck their guest's cock,” I reminded her, filling the words with my special power. “It'd be rude not to.”

“Yes,” Hayley said, eye glazing over. “That would be rude...”

“Come on over here, Hayley. Come suck my cock like a good neighbour should.”

She nodded her head, walked slowly over to me and climbed onto the sofa. She laid herself down, ass in the air and face hovering above my crotch. Not a shred of doubt or

hesitation as she opened up my jeans, fished out my hard cock and lowered her lips to it.

One of my hands slipped under Hayley's chest, began fondling and groping her tits one after the other. The other hand came to rest on the back of Hayley's head, slowly guiding her face and mouth along my cock's length.

Every time I squeezed or pinched the woman's nipples, I noticed, she gave a soft, cock-muffled moan.

She wasn't the best cock-sucker in the world. Not surprising, given her lack of experience. But she was dedicated. She did her best to properly greet her neighbour, I had to give her that. And those cock-sucking skills she was lacking would be obtained soon enough. I intended to give her plenty of practice on that front in the near future.

"That's it, Hayley," I whispered as she spluttered and gagged. "You're doing great. Just remember, good neighbours always swallow every drop. You want to be a good neighbour, don't you?"

Hayley murmured something – her affirmation, I assumed – but the exact words she was trying to speak were lost amongst the slobbering chokes and gagging. I patted her head, smiled down at her. My beautiful, sexy neighbour.

I'd make a sex-fiend out of her yet.

Hayley blinked, swayed slightly.

She looked around, saw her neighbour sitting on the sofa watching her. She felt her cheeks turn pick, though couldn't fathom why.

Her eyes widened in horror at the memory of her father seeing her basically naked, and she quickly looked down – terrified that she'd somehow ended up in a similar state of undress again. But no. She sighed a breath of relief when she saw she was fully clothed.

Apron, blouse, bra. Everything was there. And no embarrassing milk-patches to boot.

The only issue she had was one that couldn't be seen. Her bra, it was on in an uncomfortable position – the cups and straps digging into her skin, as if she'd put it on in a rush. As soon as her neighbour was gone, she'd have to adjust it and-

"Don't mind me," the man said with a charming smile.

Hayley blinked at him, nodded her head.

It was just a bra, after all. And she was totally covered. Wasn't like adjusting herself in front of him would be overly lewd or anything...

Blushing, she reached under her apron, over her blouse, grabbed her bra and wiggled her body and chest until the bra was in a more comfortable spot.

Her neighbour's eyes followed every jiggle and bounce.

"I'm sorry about that," she said to her guest, face red. "Is there anything I can get you? A snack, or something to drink maybe?"

"No, thank you," her neighbour said, a twinkle in his eye. He rose to his feet, bowed his head to her. "I think I've had my fill, for today at least. I'll definitely take you up on that offer tomorrow, though."

"Of course," Hayley smiled. It was always good to foster pleasant, sociable relationships with the neighbours. "Come over any time."

"Don't worry," the man grinned. "I will."