**The Fix**

**by [ttragula](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=338713&page=submissions)©**

Peter knocked on the door to his neighbor Liz's apartment. She had been having problems with her computer for weeks. All that time with no access to porn was starting to drive her a little stir crazy. When she mentioned her troubles to Peter, he immediately offered to take a look. Peter was generally good with his hands, had a knack for computers, and could certainly sympathize with her predicament. They had always been flirtatious with one another, but never more than that.

When Liz answered the door, Peter smiled as he took in the whole picture. She was standing, framed by a window behind her, wearing a thin cotton plaid skirt which came to just above her knees. The skirt was slightly transparent against the light of the window so that Peter could just make out the outline of her legs through the thin material. On top, she wore a tight-fitting, low-cut black camisole with spaghetti shoulder straps. As far as Peter could tell, she wasn't wearing a bra. The black top matched her shoulder-length black hair and was a strong contrast to her pale skin.

Liz greeted him and gave him a hug hello. "Yep, definitely no bra." Peter thought to himself as he subtly felt for a strap.

Peter entered the apartment and followed Liz into her living room. As he walked behind her, he admired the way the thin skirt clung to her ass, and he wondered if she was wearing any underwear either. Maybe just a small thong. She showed him to her laptop sitting on the floor tethered to the power outlet by a short cord. After accepting the beer Liz offered, Peter sat down on the floor and got to work. Liz paced around her living room for a few minutes and then walked over to her couch and sat down. She wanted to chat, but she also wanted her computer to be fixed, so she chose not to distract Peter from his task.

Liz shifted around on the couch trying to get comfortable. She finally came to rest sitting facing Peter, but sideways on the couch with her back against one arm rest and both feet up on the seat. Liz spaced out for a bit, thinking about her day and what she was planning to make for dinner.

Suddenly she realized that in all her movement, her skirt had ridden up very high. In fact, she wasn't wearing any panties, and her skirt had shifted until she was almost completely exposed. Her heart skipped a beat as she looked up at Peter to see whether he had noticed.

She was relieved to see that he was still sitting with his back partially to her, looking intently at the screen, apparently unaware of her near exposure. Seeing that he was still very absorbed in his task, she relaxed.

Then a very dirty thought crossed her mind.

Instead of fixing her skirt, she pulled it up further in front, totally exposing herself to anyone who might be looking. Peter's back was still turned. With her eyes on Peter, she drew her knees up and put her elbows on her upraised knees. She began gently stroking her left breast with the back of her right hand. She grabbed the nipple between her knuckles and gave it a little pinch, causing her to let out a slight gasp.

Peter still didn't react and continued looking at the computer. Liz began to wonder how he could possibly stay so focused.

She moved her right hand to her right breast and reached up with her left hand to grab the left. She continued softly stroking nipples between the thumb and first finger of each hand. She loved playing with tits, especially her own. She continued alternately stroking and pinching her nipples until they were standing out a full half-inch. She started to feel a burning need for more. Peter shifted in his seated position on the floor, and she froze. Her heart raced, fearing she might be caught, but Peter remained facing away with his eyes glued on the screen, never looking up.

Liz began to wonder how much further she could take this. How much could she get away with?

Ignoring the part of her screaming "stop!" she dropped her right hand to her lap. She lowered her left leg to the floor, leaving her right foot up on the couch, opening herself wide to her unaware audience. With the heal of her right hand on her right thigh, she slowly ran her middle finger upwards across her pussy lips.

When she reached her clit, she inhaled sharply at the electric shock. Still, Peter remained crouched over the computer, still focused.

Grinning to herself, Liz continued. Slowly. Quietly. Rubbing circles over her clit, working hard to control her breathing so Peter wouldn't notice, bringing herself ever closer to release. She so wanted to cum, but she kept telling herself that she couldn't possibly get away with that without Peter noticing. Liz had never been able to cum silently, and as turned on as she was at that moment, she knew this was going to be a loud one.

Nonetheless, she pressed on.

As she continued her circles and strokes with her right hand, she kneaded both of her breasts with her left hand on top of her shirt, alternating from left to right and back. She was increasingly aware of how close she was getting. She kept telling herself she needed to stop, but her hands were acting with a will of their own now.

Then, just as she began calculating excuses for the orgasmic scream she was about to let out, Peter started to sit up and turn around. Liz reflexively spun around in her seat so both feet were together on the floor, dropper her hands to her lap and pulling her skirt down to cover up all in one motion.

Did he notice? Did he see anything? If he did, he didn't show it. Her heart was pounding in her ears and she could feel her own pulse in her throbbing clit.

"Mind if I use your restroom?" Peter asked.

"No, not at all. You know where it is." Liz responded, her voice quaking.

Peter got up and slowly headed for the restroom. He walked in and closed the door. As soon as the door latched, Liz immediately resumed her jilling, hoping to satisfy her need before he came back out. Head leaned back, eyes closed, left hand under her shirt, right hand furiously rubbing, stroking, plunging into her pussy, driving towards the orgasm she'd been putting off for so long.

Then she heard the bathroom door close again. She snapped her head forward and opened her eyes to see Peter standing in the doorway. Stark naked. His hard cock was pointing straight at her from across the room.

Liz sat up. All thoughts of cumming left her mind for the moment, as she tried to wrap her head around this new development.

Peter wrapped his right hand around his cock and started slowly stroking it.

"I saw your little performance there. Very nice."

"In fact, I saw the whole thing. From the moment you hiked up your skirt.

"I guess you didn't realize it, but the screen on your computer is very reflective. Practically a mirror."

Still stroking, Peter started walking towards Liz who was still lying on the couch with her skirt hiked up and her motionless right hand on her pussy, covered in her juices.

"I thought about letting you cum, and waiting to hear how you explained it. But then I decided: 'Why let her have all the fun?'"

Peter now stood in front of Liz, his cock at her eye level. His right hand still wrapped around it and sliding up and down its length.

"Now it's your turn to watch."

Peter started stroking a little faster. He reached down with his left hand and cupped his hairless balls. Gently squeezing and rubbing them while steadily stroking his cock.

"Go ahead. You can join in."

Not sure of his meaning, Liz started leaning forward, thinking about and wrapping her mouth around the cock in front of her. She imagined swallowing it whole and the sensation of it filling her mouth and pushing against the back of her throat. Her pussy tingled at the thought.

The tingling sensation reminded her of what she had been up to a moment ago. She returned to her reclined position and re-started her own self-loving ministrations. She reached her right hand under her skirt, and found that magic spot again. The spaghetti straps of her camisole had long since fallen off her shoulders. She pulled the top of it down with her left hand, exposing both of her beautifully round, perfect hand-full sized tits. She pinched her left nipple hard, wincing and moaning out at the pain. Her chest and cleavage glistened with sweat.

Liz continued to rub her clit while watching Peter's four-pack stomach muscles flex as he stroked himself. They looked into each others' eyes as they both continued masturbating together for what seemed an eternity. Then Liz could see in Peter's eyes that he was now very close to cumming.

"Cum on my tits." She whispered as her own orgasm drew close.

Peter leaned forward, pointing his cock at her exposed tits. He let out a loud half-grunt, half-groan as he started to cum. Part of the first shot hit her lips and chin and throat, the rest spilling down over her tits. The second shot hit her breast bone square between her tits. As she felt the hot cum hit her and run down between her tits, she started to cum herself, letting out an animalistic soprano scream. Peter's third shot hit the top of her right breast and dripped down over her nipple as she felt another wave of her orgasm wash over her. A few more drops of cum dribbled onto her stomach and her black shirt still bunched around her waist. Liz's orgasm seemed to last forever as she continued cumming and moaning with her mouth wide open. Spent, but still completely hard, Peter shuddered as the last drops of cum left his cock. His knees buckled and he lost his balance, falling forward. He weakly attempted to catch himself on the back of the couch, but missed. Peter's cock slid straight into Liz's mouth, still open from her moaning, and slid deep down her throat in one thrust. Still cumming, and with wide eyes, Liz moaned through his cock. Realizing what he'd done, Peter started to pull back, but Liz grabbed his ass with her left hand and held him there. She continued stroking herself as her orgasm began to subside, but she continued moaning as loud as ever with her mouth full of cock. Peter threw his head back and groaned at the amazing sensations caused by the vibration of her moans. Peter and Liz were both surprised when he suddenly came again, shooting a load of cum down her throat.

Spent and exhausted, they both fell back onto the couch.

When she finally caught her breath, Liz asked, "So, how's my computer?"

"Oh, yeah, I fixed it in the first ten minutes I was here."