**Chores Were Never So Fun**

by JW

Saturdays were chore days around the Wilson household and that usually entailed Katie having to clean her room and bathroom. Katie didn’t mind cleaning her room but she absolutely hated cleaning the bathroom. But it was a stipulation that came with getting the old master bedroom when her parents had the addition put on the house a few years ago.  
  
This particular day was a beautiful late spring day with a warm breeze blowing and a deep blue sky. Katie was in a particularly good mood because her parents went grocery shopping and her brother was off at some birthday party which meant she had the house to herself and she could turn up the volume on her IPAD. She opened her bedroom windows to let the breeze in (she loved the smell of the house in the spring). Katie saw Mr. Cooper mowing his yard a couple of houses down and across the street and, looking in the other direction, Max was leaping and chasing what looked to be a butterfly. Across the street, Katie saw a window being opened but she couldn’t make out by whom because the reflection of the upper window and dark color of the screen kept the person pretty well obscured.  
  
Katie started on her bedroom by making her bed, smoothing the sheets and fluffing the pillows, when her mind wandered off to the other night. She hadn’t taken one of her walks in a couple of days and she thought that maybe tonight would be a good time. She never figured out what it was that crawled on her and she wondered if the driver of the car still thinks about the view she must have given him or her. Katie decided to take a break from her walks until she figured out every little hiding nook and cranny outside of the ones she had already identified. She did not want the same thing happening again no matter how good it made her feel. Truth be told, when Katie returned home that night, she was more wet than she’d ever been and brought herself to her first explosive orgasm replaying the events.  
  
As she pleasured herself, she put herself in the driver’s seat and tried to imagine what was going through his or her mind. Was there excitement, shock, disbelief? Did they think she had a nice butt? She was proud of it after all. She didn’t care, she just kept rubbing and pinching and fingering; and then her mind turned to Billy. What if Billy was a passenger in the car? But that couldn’t be, it was too late on a school night. But what if he was?  
  
She remembered that the orgasm hit her with a force she had never known. Wave after wave of raw pleasure overcame her to the point of passing out. She just lay there in her bed trying to catch her breath and slow her breathing.  
  
“Why did Billy always have to ruin everything?” she thought as she was cleaning herself and her bed up.  
  
Now two days removed from that night she was thinking more clearly and her knees buckled.  
  
“What if Billy was the reason for what happened?” she thought to herself as she sat down from feeling faint.  
  
“What if I like Billy?” she felt nauseous  
  
“Oh god, that’s not happening. Nope no way!”. She scowled.  
  
And, as if on cue “Honk! Outta the way loser!”  
  
Billy’s voice pierced her head like a pin to a balloon. Katie came back to reality to see Billy riding his skateboard down the road yelling at kid and adult alike.  
  
All Katie could do was to give a “Hmmph” of discontent and go back to her cleaning.  
As she was clearing off her dresser to dust it, she glanced in the mirror which was opposite the front window. Outside, she saw kids playing, the occasional car go by, and Mr. Cooper washing his lawn mower. That old familiar tingle was making itself known between Katie’s legs.  
  
Before she knew it, Katie was slipping her t-shirt over her head. She hadn’t really gotten dressed for the day so there she was, topless in her bedroom with only her blue terry cloth shorts between her and full nakedness. She just stood there and looked at her reflection. Her breasts, complete with tan lines, were even more accentuated in the daylight. She glanced over her shoulder in the mirror to watch the activity outside. She wondered if she could be seen but if the fact that she couldn’t quite make out the person across the street earlier were any measure, then probably not.  
  
She went about dusting her dresser and the rest of her furniture topless. The freedom of her bare breasts combined with the breeze coming through the window not only affected her nipples but she could feel tingles on every surface of her bare skin. It’s like she was tuned in to every nerve, every pore, and every individual hair on her body. The result was a sensory overload that nearly caused her to walk into a wall.  
  
“HONK” came the familiar cry.  
  
“Ughhh, that stupid, annoying sound” Katie said to no one in particular.  
  
“How could I ever, ever, ever, even minutely think that I like that dork” she professed.  
  
Katie’s mind was saying one thing but, yet again, her body was doing another. Katie had moved to stand squarely in front of the open window, not too close but not too far away as Billy skated by. When Katy realized what she had done “accidentally”, she threw her arms over her chest and backed away. Thankfully, Billy never turned to look her way so nothing was seen, if there was anything to be seen through the darkened screen.  
  
“Jesus, what’s gotten in to me?” she asked herself with a tone of disgust.  
  
Katie dropped her arms, and finished dusting completely topless. She decided that no matter the situation with Billy, the feeling she got by baring her breasts was worth the risk of being spotted; although in the back of her mind she knew that the possibility was slim at best.  
  
Her next task was to put the laundry away her mom had left in the laundry basket on the dryer. Because she had to go across the house to the laundry room, she decided to put her shirt back on until she reasoned against it.  
  
“No one is home, why bother right?” Stating the case for staying topless.  
  
“As a matter of fact…” and with that thought off came her shorts.  
  
Katie was now completely naked walking out of her room towards the laundry room.  
  
Katie purposefully accentuated the sway of her butt and stood on her tip toes as she walked by the big picture window in the living room. There were no curtains or blinds so she was in clear view of the street in front and anyone who wanted to look, or was she? Katie figured that the window reflected the daylight just like across the street so no one would be the wiser that there was a naked girl walking around. In fact she was so confident that she did a little dance and some twerking on the coffee table that was in the middle of the living room. She smiled at the fun she was having but decided to get on with her chores as her parents wouldn’t be too much longer.  
  
Katie returned to her bedroom with the laundry basket and put it on her bed. She started taking out clothes and putting them away in her dresser or hanging them up. She was so completely comfortable walking around naked that she barely even felt that she was naked. Only when she stepped in to a beam of sunlight and felt it’s warmth on her skin did she feel naked.   
  
Finishing her task, Katie danced her way back to the laundry room with the empty basket and swapped it for the cleaning stuff she would need for the bathroom. On her way back, she stopped dead. Billy was sitting on the sidewalk directly across from her house doodling with a rock. She again turned to look square at him. She didn’t think anything or speak anything. She just stood there watching him and feeling the warmth of the sun on her body. Occasionally Billy would look up and look to either end of the street. Katie would flinch but her feet were rooted. It’s as if she dared herself to stay put and offer him a look at her naked flesh.  
  
Billy could swear he saw someone watching him through the window across the street but he didn’t want to look obvious and stare right at the window. Besides that was the house of Katie the loser. Billy had no interest in Katie and took pleasure in teasing her ever since Kindergarten. He couldn’t shake the feeling of being watched and decided to look down one end of the street and look out of the corner of his eye.  
  
Billy couldn’t fathom what he was looking at but he saw enough to know that the person in the window was Katie and those were tits. The sun was reflecting off the window so it wasn't a clear view but she was standing in a sunbeam which acted like a spotlight on her body and he could definitely make out the face and those tits.   
  
“Holy shit” Billy exclaimed to himself.  
  
He really wanted to look directly at her but he didn’t want to give away that he was looking at all. He tried to picture the rest of her but fixated on those tits. He also felt a hardening feeling under his boxers and was glad for his skateboard being in his lap. He heard the car from the opposite direction and turned to see it pulling into Katie’s driveway.  
  
“Oh crap” Katie thought while running for her bedroom.  
  
Katie hurriedly got dressed and started cleaning her bathroom.  
  
“Katie we’re home!” her mom announced.  
  
“And can you turn that music down please?” was the follow up.  
  
“Sure mom” Katie yelled back as she turned the music down.  
  
Katie continued to clean the bathroom as her emotions came awash with the “Billy factor”. She didn’t know what to think. She knew that she hated him; after all he had picked on her ever since Kindergarten.   
  
“Well, no matter. He hasn’t seen me naked and he won’t see me naked, ever!” she promised herself.  
  
Billy walked home the whole while thinking about Katie’s tits. He wondered when she got them; he had never noticed them before. And why was she standing topless in her house? His boner finally softened so he could drop his skateboard but his mind was still on Katie’s tits.  
  
Katie finished up the bathroom and put everything away including helping with the groceries. Once done, she was still determined to take another walk tonight and perhaps it would be time to walk by Billy’s house.