**My Cleaning Lady Ch. 01**

by[Many Feathers](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=512605&page=submissions)©

The fact I was having to move back into the house I had once lived in was bad enough. But having rented it now for the past five years ever since my mother had passed away made it even more difficult in doing so. It wasn't in the best of shapes to say the least. A messy divorce left me with no choice but to do so. Luckily, or unluckily for me, however you wanted to look at it, the last tenants had left over a month prior to this. I'd been looking for someone else to rent out to when the proverbial shit hit the fan. Not like I hadn't seen it coming, but as they say, timing is everything.

And the last thing I really want to be doing at this point, was having to clean, restore and make the old place livable again. Not to mention the fact...I was once more living in the same home I had left so many years ago. Not that there weren't fond memories of growing up there as a kid, there were plenty of those. But it's an odd sensation to go back to something when you've already convinced yourself you never would.

With everything that needed doing to make it not only presentable, but livable...I took a week off from work in order to set things straight again. Most of the major needed repairs I knew I could do easily enough myself, and thus save even more money. But it was the more simple things that also needed doing that I detested having to do. And that had soured my mood even more so. Dust bunnies everywhere, stained carpets, doors that hadn't been washed or cleaned in god knows how long. The list went on and on. I was already toying with the idea of hiring someone to come in and do that kind of work, while I finished up on the major stuff, when a solution literally fell into my lap.

I had in fact moved out over ten, maybe twelve years ago. And though I certainly had come over periodically to visit with mom, those visits had remained basically just that, visits with her. The old neighborhood as I had called it, was almost a thing of the past. Sure mom stayed in touch with many of them, one or two even close friends. But friends I had once known, or kids growing up...like me, by now had all moved away. They now had families of their own, more kids and grandkids, so I had pretty much lost track of anyone who looked familiar to me, or who I might have known long ago when growing up here. And that was when I bumped into Valerie. Or rather, when she literally bumped into me.

And I'll be perfectly honest. At first, I didn't even recognize her, though she certainly recognized, or at least knew who I was perhaps. Mainly because she'd noticed me moving back into the old home. The last time I remember seeing Valerie. She was eight years old.

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I had gone over to the local grocery store where I proceeded to buy up just about every cleaning supply imaginable. Those were things I hadn't exactly packed up and moved with me when I separated from my soon to be ex-wife. Another reason for my sour and surely mood as the wake-up call on just how expensive this was going to be hung from a very long tape in my back pocket, with little or no food on the list itself. I was throwing several sacks of this stuff in the back of my car, turned to roll my now empty shopping cart into a nearby stall for empty ones when Valerie's still half-full shopping cart came rolling towards me. She had just then turned after loading a bag into the back of her car, just in time to see her cart rolling away as she began giving chase to it. I stopped it, with my own empty cart before it could slam into the side of my car, scowling at her for a moment, though not really meaning to. Like I said, I was in a bit of a shitty mood anyway.

Her smile was disarming as she approached, apologizing for the errant cart. Immediately shaming me into apologizing to her myself, though more for the look I'd given her more than anything else. That...and the fact she was damn cute. Don't get me wrong, she wasn't a looker by any means. Cute in the sense that she was attractive enough, especially wearing the somewhat skimpy outfit she was currently wearing. Short shorts, a tight fitting tank top that hugged her more than ample breasts. She was the kind of a girl that you'd describe as having some meat on her, without being fat. Hair long, worn in a ponytail, with little if any makeup on, save for some moderate eye-shadow and lip-gloss. An average, but still cute looking girl with what I felt was her best feature, even beyond her large tits, as being an amazing smile.

"Sorry about that," she continued smiling...looking at me as I merely smiled back, apologizing myself, though now she smiled even broader, which was a bit unnerving at first. "You don't remember me do you?" She asked.

Wild thoughts filled my head. I never laid claim to being a saint, and with the problems I'd been having in my marriage for quite some time now, I'd eventually gone outside of that for some much needed satisfaction. Something the ex had been doing for far longer than I had. Still...even having been with a few somewhat younger women, I certainly couldn't remember being with anyone quite this young. So after carefully checking my memory banks to ensure I hadn't hooked up with her during some sort of mind-numbing stupor, I looked at her more closely. A faint recognition just there below the surface.

"Ok, you got me. I think I do know you somehow, but I honestly don't remember from where."

She laughed at that. "Well, I think the last time we even spoke to one another, I was maybe eight years old," she informed me. "I'm Valerie...your neighbor? I'm Jocelyn's daughter."

"Oh my god! You're Joycelyn's kid?" I asked, regretting I had said that the moment I did.

"Not so much a kid anymore," she said only slightly frowning at me now, simultaneously turning in profile so I could better see her voluptuous body, though I had already noticed that. Her smile immediately returned as she turned facing me once again. "I'm eighteen now, just graduated this year."

"Yeah, you're not," I observed, looking at her, and once again regretting the way I just had, my eyes automatically taking her all in again, though I'd done so in simply trying to see her then, as opposed to the way I was seeing her now. I know that it didn't come off that way however, especially the way she smiled at me, almost wickedly. Which in turn, made me blush.

"Thank you," she said demurely, but again her eyes held a mischievous twinkle in them that made me feel like a prepubescent kid again. Thankfully, she was wise enough to suddenly change the subject before the drool fell from the corner of my mouth. "Looks like you bought out the store," she noticed. "Obviously...you've got a lot of cleaning to do."

"Unfortunately, yes. I was even considering hiring someone to do the general cleaning for me...you don't know anyone who'd be interested in doing that do you?"

"Really? You're serious?"

I hadn't meant her...but I could now see she was interested. And then suddenly I was.

"Yes...really," I answered. "Why...you interested?"

"I clean all the time," she laughed. "Ever since mom hurt her back, I do most of that at home, but unfortunately, I don't really get paid for doing it either. So sure...hell yes, if you're offering...I'm interested."

And just like that...I had a cleaning...girl.

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Val, as she actually preferred being called, told me she'd meet me back at the house in about an hour. I warned her that one of my still unfinished projects was the swamp cooler, which apparently hadn't been working for quite some time now. Only ten in the morning, it was already hot, promising to be a rather humid day. Without any kind of a breeze, even with all the windows in the house open, I knew we'd both be sweating profusely before the day was done.

"Thanks for the warning," she'd told me. "I'll come dressed and prepared for it."

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I was almost embarrassed to have her come in. The place was a mess besides being dirty. I'd unpacked very little, seeing no point in doing that until I had actually cleaned the rooms before putting things away. Almost every room had a stack or pile of boxes in it. Even the little furniture I had, or had recently purchased wasn't due to be delivered until I'd managed to make room for it, or at least clean.

"Oh well," I thought as I managed to sort out the various cleaning supplies. "It's not like I'm entertaining guests," I realized, though the picture now running around inside my head was of Val's supple looking body, which was already giving rise to something in my own shorts. Dressed lightly myself, already feeling the stickiness of the heat as I began carting in some lumber in order to begin replacing pantry shelves, I heard a knock on the back door. "Come on in!" I called out as I turned facing the screen door as Val opened it coming into the kitchen. She had indeed come dressed and prepared for the heat perhaps, but if I'd thought what she'd been wearing earlier was provocative, what she had on now was downright sexy. Not sexy in the sense of meaning to be, it just was. She wore a pair of red lightweight cut off sweat pants that had been cut almost too short as I saw it. The matching top, had likewise been cut off very short, just covering her breasts, leaving a great deal of her midriff exposed. I knew without even having to look, that should she lean over even a little, I'd be looking at a hell of a lot more than what I was seeing now.

"Might as well start in here," she said breaking my revelry as I just then realized I was almost staring without saying anything. "After I finish in the kitchen, I'll move to the bathroom," she informed me. "Those are usually the two rooms that need it most in my experience."

"Ok," I stammered. "Most everything you'll need is sorted out on the table there," I stood pointing feeling like an idiot, especially as I could still feel the stirring in my groin, almost afraid to look in the event it was starting to become noticeable. "I'll be working in the pantry here, replacing and fixing the shelves while you're doing that. Just let me know if you need help with anything," I offered as she walked over and began selecting the items she'd be using.

"Same here," she responded back. "If you need me to help you lift, or hold onto anything, just ask."

Oh the thoughts I was having after she said that, purposely turning to begin working on the shelves before she could see the new blush in my face, not to mention the now very obvious bulge in my shorts.

I quickly managed to busy myself outside cutting and measuring the new shelves for the pantry, bringing those in, spotting Val standing on an almost too short step ladder as she finished wiping and cleaning out the top shelves in the cupboards.

"I'm not sure that's very safe," I said worriedly as she appeared to be balancing herself precariously on the ladder as she wiped down the shelves.

"Almost done with these," she responded back without looking. "But you're probably right. Would you mind steadying the ladder for a moment more so I can finish this last one?"

I hurriedly walked over, grabbing the ladder to hold it in place as she leaned forward once more. Sure enough, as I'd suspected earlier, I could see easily up the front of her cut off sweatshirt. And though she was in fact wearing a very modest white bra, even seeing that was incredibly sexy. Her full breasts obviously contained, yet straining against it as she stood there wiping the shelves. I found myself imagining what they'd look like unencumbered, while she continued wiping down the cupboards, the image of that playing around inside my head when I realized she'd finished, had turned and was now looking at me.

Worse than that though. I realized then she'd spoken my name once already.

"Mark?" She asked again. "I'm done if you wouldn't mind helping me down."

"Oh...yeah, sure," I said holding up my hand towards her as she reached for it. Unfortunately in doing that, I'd destabilized the balance on the ladder, and her sudden shift in weight caused it to suddenly lean to one side. In a flash, she literally jumped, the ladder falling off to the side as she careened into my chest, just barely catching her.

And there we stood. Val had in fact jumped, wrapping her legs around my waist, her arms now encircling my neck as I caught her, my hands now firmly cupping her twin ass cheeks, the look of surprise in both of our faces for a moment, and then laughter as we both realized how close she'd come from possibly hurting herself, the relief of her safely suspended there in my arms.

"Wow...that was close," she grinned, finally unwrapping her legs and sliding down my torso until she settled back onto the floor again. The problem with that was, I felt her full breasts sliding across my chest. And I also felt her as she slid past my obviously rock hard cock. And though neither one of us mentioned either, I could see the sudden heat in her face every bit as much as I knew, she was seeing in mine.

"At least that's done," she stated stepping away. "And next time, I'll know better," she grinned further. Which is also when she happened to glance down briefly, before turning back towards the kitchen table to retrieve some additional cleaning supplies. "Guess it's time to head up to the bathroom next," as she smiled again, grabbing the mop and bucket, paper towels and Windex. Only when she had turned the corner disappearing into the hallway headed upstairs did I dare turn to look down at myself.

"Fuck!" I said silently. There was no fucking way she could have missed seeing what I now saw myself. I was slightly worried and concerned, she'd think me to be some sort of a pervert at this point, and find some excuse to leave and never come back. I wouldn't have blamed her had she done that. Shaking my head instead, I went back to work, finishing the shelves in the pantry, checking off one more item from my things to do list.

And then I noticed, the next thing on my list just happened to be the replacement of the doorframe in the upstairs bathroom. I had noticed that almost the moment I'd begun moving things in. For some unexplained reason, it appeared as though someone had at some point actually tried kicking in the bathroom door. I could only wonder at the circumstances that had brought that about. The bottom hinge completely splintered so that the door hung at an odd angle, not closing properly, and putting a strain on the upper hinge so that it too had bent beginning to pull away from the door. I'd already removed the entire door, planning to reframe the side piece before re-hanging it with new hinges. Grabbing my tools, the piece of wood I'd need, I soon headed upstairs.

The last thing I expected to see as I entered my still cluttered bedroom, was Valerie sitting on the toilet, just then wiping herself, and standing.

"Oh god! I'm sorry...the door!" I stammered quickly averting my eyes, embarrassed as hell.

"Don't be," she said flushing, only then reaching down to pull up her shorts. "Only peeing," she said as though it was perfectly normal for me to have seen her doing that. Though her answer was in itself curious, as though maybe I might have expected to see her doing something else. In the few seconds of time all this took place however, my mind had already registered the fact her pussy was entirely bare. When she'd stood, not even bothering to cover herself, I had seen that before averting my eyes. But I had also noticed almost simultaneously as she then reached down pulling her sweat-shorts back up, that she hadn't been wearing any panties either.

"That was...or rather is, my next fix it project," I explained looking at the door, which I'd set aside against the wall. Val washed her hands in the sink, turned looking not at all embarrassed at my having caught her taking a pee, and offered her help. "Need me to hold it for you while you screw?" She asked. Once again I was at a loss for words here. Was that a double meaning in some way? Though her face certainly didn't show it to be, looking completely serious here as I walked over finally setting my tools down which I'd been holding there like an idiot.

"Eventually, maybe," I said instead taking the piece of wood I'd already premeasured and cut. "I need to frame this piece in first, and then glue it. So probably won't be ready for the door until tomorrow at the earliest. In the meantime, there is another bathroom downstairs where the door does close." She laughed at that.

"Don't worry about me," she stated easily. "If you haven't noticed by now, I'm not exactly shy or modest. So unless it bothers you, it doesn't bother me. In fact, I was just about to ask you if it would bother you if I were to take my top off. There's very little ventilation in here, and the bathroom is really causing me to sweat."

"No, of course not. As long as you're comfortable," I replied sheepishly trying not to grin like a fool here. After all, she was wearing a bra, and from what I'd seen, it was more encompassing than a lot of bikini tops I'd seen. Why the thought of that came with any significance at it actually being a "bra" seemed rather silly under the circumstances, even as she smiled that damn smile again, reaching down, and in one swift motion pulling it over her head.

The problem was. She wasn't wearing the bra now.

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Once again I found myself staring at her. "Ah...weren't you wearing..."

"A bra?" She finished for me. "Earlier, yes. But as sticky hot as it is up here, I took it off. I hate having sticky tits. Drives me nuts," she added to that. Only then did I see her white bra hanging over the empty shower rod over the bathtub. "Hope this doesn't bother you," she then said with that all too familiar smile on her face once again. "But like I said, I'm not very modest, and prefer being comfortable while I work."

"Oh...it bothers me," I thought to myself, and then said..."Not at all. Whatever makes you the most comfortable is fine with me."

We both returned to working, though I found myself stealing periodic glances her way more often than not. I simply couldn't help myself. I can't explain it, don't even know why...but there's just something about watching a woman work, especially naked, or even partially so that seems to do it for me. As I secured the new frame to the door, I'd glance over and down at Val as she knelt over the tub, scrubbing it. The way her full breasts dangled over the edge of the tub. The way they'd wobble and bounce a bit with each and every arm stroke, not to mention the fact, that I likewise got periodic glimpses of her well rounded ass cheeks as they made an appearance through the openings of her rather baggy shorts. The knowledge there too now, that she wasn't wearing any panties either, making it hard for me to not imagine what it would be like, and feel like, to be slipping my cock in and out of that sweet, hot tight pussy of hers. Something I knew that would never happen of course. But it was sure as hell fun thinking about it as I stood there framing in the door. Val finished the bathroom, which now looked spotlessly clean. Impressed with her work, I told her so.

"Listen, why don't we both take a break?" I suggested. "I know I could use it. How about something cold to drink?"

"Beer?" She asked. I know she'd spotted the case of that which I had put in the trunk earlier.

"Sure," I said. She might have only been eighteen, but I figured one beer wouldn't hurt.

"Cool, I'll just finish mopping the floor here while you go for them." I nodded my head in agreement with that, and headed back down to the kitchen to grab us some beers. By the time I returned, she had finished. But once again, Val had caught me in a bit of a compromising circumstance. Taking a seat on the floor, she had done so by a particular stack of boxes, one of which contained a few magazines I'd decided to bring along with me. When I walked in with the beers, she sat thumbing through one of them. The title on the magazine she held in her hand said it all. BIG NATURAL TITS.

I had never been a real fan of those typical men's magazines showing beautiful women with gorgeous near perfect bodies. Most of those were doctored up and airbrushed anyway. Not to mention the fact, that most women appearing in those had fake looking tits these days too. I'd never been a fan of that, especially when my own wife had gone out and had hers done. I'd relented only because she really did have small boobs, and had stressed that she'd feel better about herself if she could increase her bust size just a little. I was thinking a cup size perhaps. Needless to say, I wasn't happy to discover she'd gone from a small B, to a triple DDD when I went into to see her as she recovered from surgery. It was just one more wedge driven between us. And don't get me wrong here either. I don't mind looking at, or enjoying a big set of tits, just as long as they don't look like balloons that have been attached to a woman's body. My soon to be ex-wife's did.

Val looked up accepting the beer I handed to her, though she continued to thumb through the magazine.

"Interesting," she commented sipping her beer.

I didn't dare say anything, though I managed to park myself across from her sipping my own beer. Thankfully at least, my dick had gone flaccid again, but it wouldn't remain that way for very long as I sat there looking at her, so it was a necessary evil to likewise sit down before I embarrassed myself...again.

She looked up at me at that moment actually holding the magazine up as she did, pointing at a particular photo of a slightly older looking woman, once again large breasted, and just slightly saggy, though I actually found the woman to be very attractive...more importantly, totally and completely real and natural.

"You think she's sexy?" Val asked.

"In fact I do." I responded honestly. "Which is why I prefer buying those kind of magazines over any others. I like natural, normal looking women."

"With big tits," Val giggled.

"They don't have to be big," I chortled back. "Just real...natural, or at least reasonably," I added. Even if they aren't, if they look real, and feel real, I'm good with that. It's the balloon's I take issue with."

Val put the book down, looking down at herself now, which of course drew my attention. "Never have liked the way my own boobs look," she said. "I think they're too big...and too saggy, especially for someone my age. All the girls I hung around with had much nicer looking breasts, I've always been self conscious about the way mine look."

"You could have fooled me," I thought, but said instead, "I like the way yours look. I think they're very, very attractive in fact."

Val's breasts were at least a natural double D, and well rounded in a teardrop shape perhaps as they rested against her chest. And she had fairly large areolas as well, not overly so...but about the size of small coffee cup in circumference perhaps, and a dark tan color. Her nipples in fact stood stiff off her breasts now, though whether that was from excitement, or being simply exposed, I didn't dare hazard a guess. But they were obviously thick, thimble sized perhaps, and stood a good inch off her areola.

"Yeah?" She asked once more looking down at herself, and then shocked me a little as she cupped them, hefting each one of them in her hands. "Not too droopy? Too saggy?"

"I prefer it when they don't pass the pencil test," I actually laughed.

"Pencil test?"

"Yeah, you know...when you can't place a pencil beneath them and hold it there."

She laughed upon hearing that. "Never heard that before. But yeah, you're right, I'm guessing mine wouldn't," she mused, and then reached over suddenly, startling me a bit as I had no idea what, or why she was doing this. Until she had grabbed the pencil I actually had resting over my ear, which I'd been using earlier to measure with. "Like this?" She now asked, lifting one breast, placing the pencil beneath it, letting go. Sure enough, the pencil stayed in place.

"Yeah...just like that," I said admiring her breasts openly, finding it oddly erotic that she was doing this for one thing, and that we were just sitting here like we were, sharing a beer and discussing tits with one another.

"What about my nipples? Not too big?" She now placed the pencil over the top of one of them. I was surprised when she let go, and saw it balanced perfectly as it rested there.

"I'd say...pretty damn near perfect Val. Trust me...you've got nice looking boobs. And I don't mind telling you, I am enjoying, sitting here being able to look at them."

"Yeah, I sort of noticed that earlier," she said winking at me. And then asked. "So...is there like a pencil test for guys too?"

"Pencil test?"

"Yeah...you know, like being able to balance one on your dick when it's hard? Like it was...earlier?"

I felt my face turning crimson again, though laughed trying to ease the sudden discomfort I was feeling. Not to mention shifting as I sat, likewise trying not to draw attention to my now very hard, very stiff member.

"I take it you noticed. Sorry about that."

"Don't be. I actually found it quite flattering that you got aroused looking at me. Even before doing this," she said once more cupping her breasts, and even pulling on each one of her nipples, making them thicker and longer than they had been. "I will say this...though I don't exactly care for the way my tits looked, they always have been sensitive, and I've even managed to have a few orgasms just playing with them and nothing else."

"You can?" I asked incredulously, not even realizing I'd said that out loud, nor the way it must have obviously sounded to her when I did.

"Yeah. Would you like to see me do it?"

Now I really was speechless. But I heard myself saying, "Ah huh..."

Val giggled excitedly, and began caressing and playing with her own breasts, all the while looking at me. The way she rolled and pinched her nipples, pulling on them, tugging...letting go, and then grabbing them again was one of the hottest things I had ever seen. If I hadn't been hard before, I certainly was now. But I didn't dare breathe, say a word...in fear that she would suddenly wake up and realize what she was doing. When her eyes took on a sort of glassy, faraway look, I knew she was getting close. And to be honest, so was I. Without doing anything to myself. It was as though I was masturbating through osmosis, watching her sensing her pleasure, feeling it in a way as she drew closer and closer towards climax.

"Ahh, ohh...yesss!" She hissed, her eyes growing wider now, her "cummy-face" as I secretly called it whenever I saw a woman having an orgasm. She had one too. A good one. Her face all screwed up now in ecstasy and pleasure. Her face suddenly flushing, as was her breasts as the rush of blood spread across her skin like a wildfire out of control. I could feel the seepage of my own lust leaking from my prick-tip, no doubt soiling my shorts, wishing now that I could come this way, needing to, wanting to. She finally sighed, sitting back up and straight again, though gingerly, lightly still fingering her nipples. "That was nice. Did you like seeing that?" She asked.

I nodded my head, my throat dry. "That...was fucking hot," I finally answered. She giggled again. "And you really came? Just from touching your breasts?"

"Yeah I did. Not as big of an orgasm as I do have when I actually masturbate, but it still was."

"Damn," I said again smiling leaning back against the stack of boxes, though partially trying to adjust my hard straining erection now in doing that. Unfortunately, I think she was well aware of why I was now shifting about as her eyes lowered in that direction.

"So...since you obviously enjoyed seeing that, how about doing something for me?"

"Like what?" I asked hesitant, almost fearful of where this might be going.

"Show me your cock."

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Now I really did feel like a dirty old man. The fact that I was actually sitting here in front of her ready, willing, and able to expose myself to her told me that. Never mind the fact she was sitting here topless in front of me, she was after all, only topless. A far sight as I saw it from actually taking my cock out and showing it to her. And though she was eighteen, I was still twelve years older than she was, and definitely feeling like a bit of a pervert at the moment.

"Please?" She now added seeing my hesitation. Unfortunately, I was thinking with my dick now instead of my head, standing...already unzipping my shorts, soon after peeling those down my legs along with my briefs simultaneously. My hard prick even caught on the waistband momentarily, suddenly freed, and then slapping against my stomach as I allowed my shorts to now drop down around my ankles. "Nice," she almost sighed...hearing the slap of my prick and seeing it now as it stood fully at attention in front of her.

I've never considered myself to be much above average, but even looking down at myself now, I'm not sure I've ever seen it harder, or more purple in color as it was now. Throbbing even, along with a big fat droplet of pre-cum drool now forming, and soon stringing out from the tip reaching towards the floor.

"Fuck your hard!" She exclaimed looking at me...or at it rather, her eyes seemingly glued to my cock. "It looks like it's going to explode any second now!"

She had no idea how close to the truth she was in saying that either. My balls were so tight, I felt sure that had I touched myself, I'd be spewing juice all over the place. Feeling like I'd granted her request at least, the rationalization of all this had me thinking somewhat clearly again as I bent over, preparing to pull my shorts back up.

"Oh no...don't do that!" She implored me. "Not now...not as hard as it is. Make it cum for me Mark. I want to watch it, watch it spurt. I know you're dying to. So please Mark...please. Stroke it, and make it come for me. Pretty please?"

I think I would have withstood even that, had she now not done what she did. Faster than I could even comprehend it, she rose up, lifting her ass off the floor just enough, and in one fell swoop, took her very short, sweatpants off. I watched as she sent them flying with the kick of her foot. Her legs now obscenely spread, hands and fingers already down between them. I stood staring at the delicate pink folds of her cunt, the sight of glistening moisture readily evident.

"God I am SO fucking horny!" She spat as she sat fingering herself. "Stroke it for me Mark, stroke it. Jerk it off, make it cum for me, while I make myself cum for you again."

I knew in an instant. I was done for.

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Watching Val as she unabashedly sat there finger-fucking herself was too much for me to withstand. I'm not sure I even realized I had taken hold of my own cock until I felt myself actually stroking it, working it up and down. And as I'd already surmised, a few more strokes in doing that, I'd be shooting cream out everywhere.

"Oh yeah...yeah, that's it, stroke it baby, make it shoot, make it cum really, really hard for me!"

I was standing at least five, maybe six feet away from her when I felt the first massive rope of semen leap from my cock. Incredibly, the first one hitting her squarely between the breasts, though I hadn't actually meant to do that. Val squealed in surprise and excitement, watching as the second one likewise reached her, falling just a bit shorter, mostly landing down in her lap, drenching her hand and fingers as she continued to now pummel her cunt with them furiously. She cried out, her orgasm upon her, joining mine as I continued to pump out several additional streamers of spunk until my legs could no longer support me. I collapsed back to the floor, looking on, seeing the trail of cum streaks staining the floor between the two of us.

"You made a mess," she laughed. "A really nice one," she giggled loudly, reaching out with her finger to then run it through once such trail, feeling the stickiness between her fingers. She was certainly right about that. I had indeed made a mess of things, and wondered if I hadn't made an even bigger one in having done this.

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At her request, we finished cleaning and putting things away in the bedroom before calling it a day. Naked. Neither one of us bothering to dress again after that, though she said she preferred doing so in the nude. Not only because of the heat, but because it gave her energy in doing it, and in seeing me naked while she did. I have to admit, it did seem to make the work go a lot faster and easier, though it took me a while to get used to working that way. Not to mention seeing her that way the entire time. Interestingly enough though, it worked. As tired as we both were after a rather strenuous day of cleaning and repairs, I was more than ready to sit down and relax.

"So, feel like ordering in a pizza or something? Maybe watch a movie together?" She asked.

I hadn't really planned on making an evening out of it, but it was obvious she felt like sticking around for a while yet. And to be honest, I didn't mind. She was fun to look at for one thing, and for another, even though we'd done what we'd done earlier, I had already sorted out in my mind at least...it was sort of innocent naughty fun. And that nothing more had come from it, no pun intended.

"Sure, any place in particular that you like?"

Excited, she called in the order. "They'll be here in about twenty minutes."

"Better get dressed then," I stated already looking for my clothes along with my wallet.

"I'm not ready to do that yet," she answered. "But I am ready for another beer. Want one?"

Oddly enough, my living room was about the only room that was in any a semblance of order. Figuring I needed someplace to sit and relax after a day's work, I'd pretty much cleaned that up myself before putting things to order. As such, I did have the TV and DVD player set up, along with my personal collection of movies. And being the new bachelor that I was, I had also categorized, and actually displayed my X-rated movies, though I hadn't planned on having company any time soon when I did that. Especially not someone like Val who now knelt looking through them.

"Ah...I'm not sure those are the kind of movies we were talking about watching earlier," I informed her, feeling slightly embarrassed now that I actually had displayed them as she even then pulled another one out, looking at the title and description.

She ignored my comment as well. "Only seen one other naughty movie," she said looking at another one. "Ever seen Deep Throat?" She asked. I had, and admitted so, an oldie but a goodie for the times. "This one looks interesting though, can we watch this one? Please?"

I looked at the title. Although why I was even considering her request escaped me for the moment. Maybe it was the fact that out of all my X-rated movies, this one was one of the mildest, based on the content and subject matter at least. It was more voyeuristic and exhibionistic than anything else. And after what we'd done earlier...it wasn't as though this would be any worse than that. Mostly, it was about a couple who played games watching one another in the apartment complex they lived in, which over time got more and more elaborate as the movie went on. They didn't even get together until the very end. And even that part of the movie was more suggestive than actually explicit. Maybe it was because of that I finally relented. I figured if I was actually going to let her watch one while we ate our pizza, this would be the lesser of many evils.

I had gone into the kitchen to wash my hands, grab a couple more beers when the doorbell rang.

"Shit!" I called out. Realizing the pizza guy was here. Which is when I then heard.

"I got it!"

"Shit!" I called out once again, though this time racing back into the living room. By the time I had however, Val was already standing in the open door. Completely and totally nude as she actually accepted the pizza from the guy.

"Just a second, I'll get your money," she said smiling, though I stayed far enough inside the room that I couldn't see him. Already my mind going a hundred miles an hour as to what the pizza guy must be thinking. Val turned walking over towards me as I stood there stupidly, only then fishing out my wallet. "It's eighteen seventy five," she said grinning from ear to ear. For the moment at least, all I could do was shake my head at her as I handed her a twenty, and as she handed me the pizza box. I then attempted to hand her a couple of extra bucks to that for a tip. She laughed.

"I think I've already tipped him well enough," she grinned once more, and then headed back to the open door where the young kid stood waiting for her.

She handed him the money, stood for a moment more in the open doorway, and then stepped back finally closing it.

"Always wanted to do that," she grinned looking at me as she came back inside.

I had to laugh. Maybe I had never delivered pizza, but I had gone door-to-door selling magazines when I was a lot younger, and never once had anyone opened the door even halfway naked in the year I had done that. Though I had friends who made wild claims saying they had. And now, here I was on the other side, realizing that this young kid may go racing back to lay this story on his friends. I wondered how many of those would believe him.

"Five will get you ten, the next time I order pizza from them, there will be a car load of pizza guys showing up to deliver it."

"Well if you decide to, just call me and have me come over then. I'd hate for them to show up and be disappointed," she giggled back. "That really was exhilarating though. Especially the way he stood there blushing, trying NOT to look at me, but stealing glances at me anyway. It was kinda cute too. Too bad he really wasn't."

"Yeah...too bad," I thought. "Good for me," though I then wondered why I found myself thinking that.

"Anyway...I'll get some paper towels for the pizza. Why don't you start the movie and then we'll sit down and enjoy it together," Val continued as I watched her head back into the kitchen. My eyes glued to her cute little ass the entire time.

"What the hell am I doing?" I then thought to myself as I actually inserted the movie into the DVD player. I had the feeling that the night was far from over with yet.

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It was interesting to note here. Seeing the movie the second time was far more erotic than it had been the first time. Obviously because I was sitting there watching it with an attractive (naked) eighteen year old for one thing. But also because I was watching her almost more than the movie. Just seeing the intensity on her face, the obvious flushed arousal as she ooh'ed and ahh'ed throughout most of it. Sitting on her side of the "L" shaped couch, also afforded me the luxury of periodically catching her. There were times when her hand just dropped down between her legs, and though not quite openly masturbating, she was at times actually fondling and touching herself, not even realizing that she was perhaps. But of course I'd also caught myself doing the same. It was almost automatic at times, likewise getting involved, interested in a particular scene, or in her...and finding my hand wrapped around my dick for a moment. A few times I caught her looking over at me too, always that damndable smile on her face. A knowing look at spoke volumes, as though she wanted to say or mention something, and then didn't...as though waiting.

When the movie finally ended, I thought I was going to burst, and was now anxiously waiting for her to call it a night and go home, so that I could finish jerking myself off again. And though I had done so earlier in front of her obviously, I felt that now to be one of those "once in a blue moon" experiences, and not likely to be repeated here any time soon.

Boy was I wrong.

When she actually stood up, picking up her empty beer bottle, I initially thought she was gathering things up, straightening up in preparation for leaving.

"Don't worry about doing that. I'll clean up first thing in the..." I never finished. Val walked over carrying her empty bottle with her, and promptly sat down on the ottoman sitting in front of me. I looked at her with the last words frozen inside my mouth, taken by surprise for one thing, and not entirely sure of what it was she was doing for another. Until she grinned. And as she grinned, she looked at me, or rather at my stiff hard dick, which I just happened to have my hand wrapped around at the moment.

"Yeah, do it again for me Mark...while I watch you," she said. And then spread her own legs, moving the empty beer bottle down between them, slowly and teasingly entering the neck of the bottle inside herself as I sat there looking on.

There was something wickedly decadent about seeing her doing this. I'd never seen anyone do that for one thing. And now watching her as she did, as she obviously drew pleasure from it, slipping the bottle inside her until she couldn't push it in any further. She partially withdrew it, pushed it in again, and then held it there, grinding it against herself.

"God that feels nasty," she mused lustily. "But so is watching you, holding your dick. Now...stroke it for me. Let me see you play with it. And don't just pump it up and down either Mark. Play with it the way you like to do when you're all alone and thinking really naughty, dirty thoughts. I want to see you play with it when you're doing it that way. Like the way you're seeing me playing with myself now, using this bottle. Though I'd be glad to fuck my pussy for you with anything you'd like to see me using. I like to try different stuff all the time. Bottles work ok...like this one, though there's a lot of other stuff I actually prefer using."

I was so fucking hard I thought I was going to go off again any moment. Just listening to her as she spoke, as she played with herself, fucking herself with the bottle, and now imagining all sorts of lewd, evil wicked things going inside her.

I couldn't believe I was actually doing this for her...in front of her. But just sitting there hearing her, listening to her was really turning me on. Unlike anyone ever had before. She was so fucking wet, the sounds her pussy was making as she fucked herself with the bottle, and the entire time, talking to me, urging me on. I'd always been titillated by a woman's willingness to talk dirty to me on occasion, but in all this time...it was never like this. It was almost second nature to her the way I saw it. And because she was, I actually found myself toying with my own dick in ways I would never have done in front of anyone else. I enjoyed pulling on the head of my prick, just teasing the tip with my fingers, which she seemed to take a great deal of joy and delight in watching me do.

"Fuck that's hot," she literally purred. "I like seeing you do that. You like hearing how wet my pussy is? Can you hear that Mark? Can you hear how messy wet I'm getting? All that girl cream my cunt's making for you? Watching you? Watching the way you're sitting there playing with that nice hard fucking dick of yours?"

"Ah huh..." I managed to answer, content to just sit there and listen to her, watch her as she continued to play spin the bottle in her pussy.

"You gonna squirt all over my tits for me baby? When you cum? Drench them both for me? Mark my tits with your gooey, slimy semen? Let me feel your hot nasty spunk spraying all over these big fat, floppy tits?" She now asked picking them up in her hands, holding them together, and even somehow managing to press her nipples so that they were actually rubbing against one another. And all the while with that fucking beer bottle sticking out of her cunt. It was just too fucking hot.

"Oh god. I'm gonna lose it babe!" I said, face already starting to grimace here. "I am so...fucking close!"

"Then do it baby! Do it!" She said still holding onto one of her tits, though her hand went back down to the bottle as she started to ram it in and out of herself with a lot more force now. Trying to time her climax to mine perhaps, though I fought the urge to release myself, trying to let her catch up to me maybe. Though I needn't have worried. She just looked into my eyes, let me see her "cummy face" and came. I exploded as well. Looking down, seeing the first massive spurt of my cock as the cum flew from the tip, arching high into the air, and then raining down on her as she sat there...still cumming, still working that beer bottle in and out of her cunt. And all the while crying out.

"Squirt baby squirt! That's it... spunk me, squirt me, splash me, cum me...cum me...cum me!"

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We had actually gotten dressed after that. I had watched her put her top back on, over her cum-covered tits. She'd made a point out of leaving them that way, cum-splattered and smeared as she almost gingerly put her sweat top back on, leaving her bra as I realized, to continue to hang over the shower rod in the upstairs bathroom. I laughed when she actually carried our empty beer bottles into the kitchen, tossing them into the trash, including the one she'd just used on herself. I was half-tempted to take it out again, and if nothing else, just smell it after she'd gone.

OK...so I did do that.

"So, what time tomorrow do you think?" She asked just before stepping outside onto the porch.

"Whenever you'd like," I told her. "You don't have to make it early though if you don't wish. It is Sunday, so if you want to sleep in a little, go ahead. I usually do sleep in a little on Sunday's myself."

"Well, we'll get a lot more done before it gets hot again. But even if you're not up yet when I come over, there's still things I can do that won't require your help. Do you have an extra key you can give me so I can let myself in?"

I laughed. "Don't tell anyone, but I rarely lock my back door. I'm a light sleeper anyway. But there's certainly nothing here worth stealing yet either."

"Ok, will see you in the morning then," she said walking over and actually standing up on tiptoe enough to kiss my cheek. "I'll have the coffee on and waiting for you," she added to that, giving me another kiss. "And Mark?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you for a really wonderful day. It sure made working a whole lot more fun and easier." And with that, Val stepped outside and disappeared.

I certainly had to agree with her on that point. It had done that. Though I was still feeling a little guilty about allowing myself to let things go as far as they did. Even as I argued with myself all the way upstairs, where I now sat and blew up the air mattress I'd be sleeping on for a while. I was already hoping that we'd spend another day of naked cleaning and repairing together.

In the morning, I wouldn't be disappointed either. But the surprises that lay ahead were only just the beginning.

**My Cleaning Lady Ch. 02**

It was the smell of freshly brewed coffee that actually woke me up. Had it not been for that, I know I would have slept for a much longer period of time. But upon smelling it, I knew almost immediately, that Val had already arrived. Rolling out of bed, I stumbled into the still open bathroom and hurriedly took a pee. Surprisingly, it felt cool, the heat from the day not yet making its appearance. Throwing on a short bathrobe with nothing on underneath as I always slept in the nude, I made my way downstairs. Having to pass through the living room on my way into the kitchen, I was still taken by surprise as I entered. She was currently dusting, as well as humming quietly to herself. And all she had on was a pair of small miniature headphones, along with what appeared to be a black thong. Frankly, I was surprised she was wearing that much considering the day before. I was about to grab her attention, making her aware of my presence, but then reconsidered. As I mentioned previously, there was just something about watching her work, in the nude, or at least nearly so, that I found quite stimulating.

But that wasn't the only thing stimulating that was going on here either. As I stood in the doorway of the hall leading towards the kitchen, I not only felt myself starting to become aroused watching her, but I could see what appeared to be obvious pleasure spreading across her face.

"What the hell?" I thought to myself. As she stood now leaning over the coffee table, which she'd been dusting with a feather duster, though god only knows where that came from, she suddenly paused. I watched as she placed her free hand down on the table for additional support, her eyes closed. The song she'd been humming to, suddenly stopping, and what now became obvious to me as a long, low pleasured growl escaping her lips instead. I arched my eyebrows curiously, and stepped further into the hallway lest she take notice of my standing there watching her. So far she remained completely unaware of my presence. Whatever had just happed seem to pass as she stood up straight once again, though her hand immediately slipped down the front of the tiny black thong she had on, making adjustments. "To what?" I asked myself once again.

"Good morning," she suddenly said turning towards me with a smile on her face. "So...did you enjoy the show?"

Fool that I was. She'd known I'd been standing there the whole time obviously. And even more obvious as I stood there, my prick poking out through the opening of my short bathrobe. She saw it immediately, and grinned. "Seems to me that you did," she chuckled further. And then said, "Coffee break, yes?"

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I followed her cute little bare ass into my spotlessly clean kitchen. She had already washed and put away every glass, dish or pan that I owned. Not only that, she had even almost magically cleaned my coffee pot out, which now gleamed just as brightly as everything else did. I half wondered if the coffee would even taste the same.

"Second shelf there on your right," she informed me. "Though if you don't want them there, you can certainly move them to another spot."

I opened the cupboard. The few mugs I did have were all neatly stacked side-by-side, handles all facing in the same direction. I took two of them down and began filling our cups as she pulled a piece of paper towel off the roll, folding it, and then placing it down in front of her. I thought of course she was doing so for the cups as I had no saucers for them, but that wasn't her intention as I quickly discovered.

"Ah...mind if I ask? Ah...in there, by the coffee table, were you..."

"Having an orgasm?" She laughed. "Yes...I was," as she then showed me what the paper towel was for. Reaching down into her tiny thong again, and a second later retrieving what appeared to be some sort of small silver looking gadget in the shape of a tiny egg. She placed that down on the paper towel. "I borrowed this from mom," she blushed. "Thought I'd try it. Turns out it's a pretty nasty little toy," she added to that. "Doesn't really give you a BIG orgasm, but it certainly tickles you into wanting another one."

I damn near spilled my coffee, quickly setting the cups down in front of us, though it was her hand reaching out, grabbing my rock hard dick, that was once again poking out through the folds in my almost too short bathrobe that caused that.

"I don't normally take my coffee with cream, but I'm certainly entertaining the thought," she had then stated.

"You...you actually borrowed that from your mother? From... Jocelyn?" I stammered.

"Well, borrowed meaning she doesn't know I took it, yes," she laughed at that. "But I know for a fact she hasn't used this in a very long time. I even had to replace the battery in it for one thing. But she's since graduated onto bigger and better things."

Suddenly I had a whole new list of images swirling around inside my head, though I was also now slightly paranoid, worried that Jocelyn might in fact discover it gone, and start to question it. Without even voicing my concern, Val seemed to sense it, seeing it in my face.

"Don't worry. It wasn't even with the rest of her naughty stuff. Like I said, she hasn't even used it in a while. And besides, she wouldn't do anything until dad leaves for his bowling league later on this afternoon anyway. That's when she usually does it, if she's even going to."

"Good god!" I was now thinking. "Like mother, like daughter?" I wondered. Though the sensation of her hand still holding onto my prick reminded me of the fact that we'd just crossed a new line in the sand here.

"There, nice and hard again," she stated smiling at her handy work. "It was starting to go down some, and I wanted to make sure it didn't, not until you've given me some cream to go with my coffee at least."

"You are kidding right?" I asked her.

"Well, maybe a little. I didn't mean for you to literally squirt into my coffee cup, though as I sit here thinking about that, I bet it would look sort of interesting. But no. I'd just like to watch you cum again, squirt on my tits again for me maybe before we start getting busy again. So...you up for giving me another nice hot messy load?"

I nodded my head. Hating to admit what she was so easily able to do to me, she smiled seductively, and then pulled her chair over closer to mine.

"Just relax, try and enjoy your coffee while I'm doing this. I want to play with it for a bit first, before letting you actually come on me. And then after that, I'll probably be ready for another one myself, while I work..." she said winking. "Especially since I know you enjoy watching me do that so much."

"Fuck!" I sighed pleasurably, and then sat back, watching her as she leaned over and began doing things to my cock that I never even thought about doing. Needless to say, my coffee turned cold, but my prick certainly didn't. I swear she was half Indian, or at least I began to wonder if she wasn't trying to somehow start a fire the way she spread her hands, walking them up and down my shaft as though trying to do that. It felt heavenly, and I even felt the heat from the friction she created, though she continued to spit quite frequently, keeping me lubed that way. It was decadent, seeing and hearing her do that. The squishy slick sounds she made as she continued to spit, soon adding my own natural juice to the mix, which became almost frothy as she fondled and stroked my cock the way that she was.

"God this is fun!" She quipped obviously delighted with her handy work. "Your cock is so fucking hard too! And purple as hell! How's that feel anyway? You like what I'm doing to it?" She asked, never once looking away from it, staring at it, as though expecting it to erupt any moment now, which indeed, it soon would be.

I'm not sure the sounds I was making at the moment were even intelligible. Not only was the sensation of what she was doing to me with her hands amazing, but so was the visual of her as she did that. Spinning and twisting my cock, which is about the only way I can even begin to explain it as she masturbated me, all the while seeing those nice soft fleshy tits of hers gyrating and bouncing against one another simply added to that. It was as though she had turned into this one girl/woman nasty band. The, "squish, squish, squish," sounds she was making, followed up by the almost obscene, yet highly erotic sound of her breasts actually slapping one another as she purposely bounced. That flesh slapping flesh sound, reminding me of other fun ways in creating that. And then her soft added chant, which I had just realized she was making, accompanying the rest of it, as she just spoke the one syllable word, "Ah," over and over and over again, in between the "squish, squish, squish, and the flap, slap, flap sounds." I'd even begun joining in, not realizing that I had until my balls took over. Joining her with an, "Oh, oh...oh," presentation.

It had gotten to the point, that I actually found myself sitting there singing along with the beat, a tune forming inside my head as I actually sang it to myself. "Flap, slap, squish, squish, oh what a relief it is, Flap, Slap, squish, squish..." and so on. That is...right up until the moment my balls turned inside out.

"That's it baby, that's it!" She finally spoke, bringing climax to the decadent symphony we'd been performing together. Ribbon after ribbon of white-hot juicy spunk once again leaping from the tip of my cock in a fountaneous upheaval of magnificent proportions. "Wow! Fucking wow!" She exclaimed once again, the first and second spurts actually flying up and well over her shoulder, missing her altogether. Hitting somewhere well back behind her on the kitchen floor. Quickly adjusting her aim, the next several landing and splashing against her, right where she wanted them too. Perfect bull-tits' eyes as it were, semen thickly coating each one of her magnificent saucer sized areolas and hard extended thimble-sized nipples. They were soon equally drenched, though even then she leaned forward now pressing her cum-covered tits directly against my cock, still milking it, still somehow managing to smear the very last droplets of this amazing climax against herself. Finally letting go of me as I tried desperately to make the stars quit spinning. She proceeded to toy and pull on her tits then, using my own cream to further pleasure and tease herself with. And then sure enough, just as I'd seen her doing before, once more climaxing in that unique special little way of hers just by flicking and pulling on her own nipples.

"Whew! That was nice! Did you enjoy that? I certainly did," she grinned, and then suddenly reached down, slipping a finger inside her pussy, withdrawing it, and then tasting herself. God...I wanted some of that!

"Fuck!" I mewled sitting there watching her.

"Wanna taste?" She asked slipping her hand down once again, pulling it away, a filament of her sticky girl cream clinging to it like the beginnings of a spiders web as she held it up, pressing her finger tips together, pulling them apart and then seeing the strand of her precious pussy cream splitting off into even more strands of her silly string, girl juice.

I was nodding my head like a kid in a candy store being asked if he wanted one of everything.

"Then finish your cold coffee," she grinned mischievously, and finish hanging your door in the bathroom. Maybe after that, I'll let you have a taste," she winked at me. And before I could even respond to that, she stood. Quickly grabbing her silver egg, stuffing it back down between her legs again, and then heading off. I downed my coffee in one gulp, walked over and placed it in the sink along with hers. I stood there shaking my head, looking down at my somewhat flaccid member, and wiped the drool from the corner of my mouth.

It was going to be another long hot...interesting day. And it was starting to get warm temperature wise too.

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An hour later I had finished the door, now swinging properly again, not to mention closing. Upon doing that, I went in search of Val, wondering what she'd been up to for the past hour. I found her downstairs in the laundry room. She had washed and folded every article of clothing I had. Since I didn't yet have a bedroom set, which wouldn't be delivered until sometime during the week, Val had made do with a long banquet table. She had spread everything out, sorting it all into neat tidy little stacks. At the moment, she was sitting on the edge of the washer. I also noticed, she was no longer wearing her tiny black thong either. And...she had one of my magazines in hand as she sat there reading it as I came wandering down.

"Last load is in now," she informed me. Along with the washer just then starting to head into the spin cycle, I could also hear the dryer still doing its thing. "Oh good! You're just in time!" She giggled seconds later.

"For what?" I asked.

"For this," she leered at me, putting the dirty magazine down she'd been thumbing through, and edging herself over to the edge of the washer as it began to hum itself into the high-speed spin cycle.

"Jesus H!" I said once more shaking my head in wonder at her. This girl seemed to be insatiable, not to mention creative when it came to the myriad of ways she seemed to have in giving herself an orgasm. She was now riding the washer, almost fucking the corner of it in a way as it spun, rocking just enough as she rode it to actually derive some pleasure out of doing that. And for the umpteenth time that day, I found myself standing there with another raging hard on. The fact I had actually gotten used to working naked came as no surprise to me now, nor that I was again becoming aroused as I was. Val was becoming an addiction to me, one that was beginning to worry me just a little. But so far, I was being as cautious as I could, and yet allowing myself the pleasure of watching her, and seeing what she did next, or next would be doing to me. How much further I'd allow that, or that she might...remained to be seen.

I was a little surprised when she didn't appear to actually climax this time, once more jumping off as the machine finally began slowing down.

"Oh," she giggled, a bit of flush in her cheeks. "Already came twice that way...don't want to wear it out you know? We still have half a day ahead of us yet. And the best is yet to come!"

"Oh god..lord help me," I told myself. Which is when she suddenly seemed to be hearing, listening at something. With a squeal and a giggle, she raced into the adjoining room. One that was mostly storage there in the basement, but which I knew faced the driveway carport of her place. I quickly joined her, and sure enough, saw her standing there looking out the basement window across the way.

"Oh goodie! Daddy's just leaving!" She squealed excitedly again, and then started to run off.

"Hey! Where are you going in such a hurry?" I asked.

"Be right back!" She exclaimed. "Don't go anywhere!" And then she dashed off up the stairs. I heard the screen door open, and then slam shut again moments later.

"Naked?" I asked myself. And then wandered back upstairs myself, wondering what the hell was going on now. Or about to.

It wasn't long before I found out.

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I had a three-sided window there in my kitchen, forming itself around a little alcove where my kitchen table sat. It afforded me the luxury of standing there looking over into her yard without really being seen. And good thing, as I was still naked of course, though no longer sporting the erection I once had. Five minutes, and then ten passed, with no sign of her. I was starting to get nervous, worried that something had happened, or that she'd been found out, seen running around in her cute little birthday suit. A few minutes more passed, and then suddenly this blur, realizing it was her as she came around from the back side of her house. I watched in amazement as she cleared the short fence like an Olympian, jumping it easily, though once more enjoying the titillating spectacle as her breasts bounced, wobbled, and flopped wildly about as she did all that. In seconds, she had reached the back door, rushing in, a wild look in her eyes...excitement.

"Come on...wait until you see this!" She almost shouted at me.

"Come on where?" I asked looking down at myself. "You don't seriously mean..."

"Don't worry. No one can see us. Too many large trees for one thing, besides the fence. We'll be perfectly safe, now come on!"

Even so I hesitated. She dropped her finger down between her legs again. Giving her pussy a swipe as though running a credit card, holding it up towards me. "You want some of this? The come on...trust me."

Like the idiot I was, especially around her, I found myself stepping outside my back door, following her as she once more raced across the yard, though this time using the small gate that existed between them. I didn't dare be so foolish as to attempt to jump the fence myself, even though I was fairly certain I could do so. Already I was reading the headlines inside my head as I dared not tempt fate.

"Man is robbed of family jewels, found naked and bleeding to death in the neighbor's yard."

Prudence dictated caution here. Which was ironic, as I was now running behind this eighteen-year-old nymph also in my birthday suit. And though nervous as hell, I likewise felt exhilarated. Finally catching up to Val on the backside of her house. Glancing worriedly about, I was at least relieved to see she was right about anyone seeing us. From where we stood at the moment, the large trees running along the backside of the property, effectively kept anyone from actually seeing us. Even so, that didn't hold true for her mother inside the house.

"What are we doing?" I asked breathlessly, trying to whisper, though the excitement in my voice still sounded like it was too loud.

"You'll see," she grinned as she then lifted one end of a nearby bench seat that was normally used for the picnic table. "Help me with this," she stood staring at me. Against my better judgment, I picked up the other end as we hurriedly moved it a few feet beneath a window that was situated a bit higher than the rest.

Val climbed up onto the bench seat once more peering in through the window. She giggled, and then looked down at me, motioning for me to step up and join her. "There's a mirror on the wall, you'll need to look in towards that," she stated. I was still hesitant however, and not at all too keen about being a Peeping Tom. No matter how tempted I might be to see whatever it was she was trying to show me.

"Don't worry, she won't be able to see you. I know. Because I've done this before. Almost a hundred percent of the time after daddy leaves, she'll go back into her bedroom, close and lock the door. The second time I noticed her doing this, I got curious. And ever since then, like I said...most of the time she does that. Just like today. Which I was waiting to see as I hid outside on the patio, waiting to see if she'd walk back into her room. She did. Now come on, step up here and join me. And like I said, look into the mirror."

I stepped up, but I was still worried. "Won't she be able to see us in the mirror too?" I asked, not yet daring to look in.

"No," she giggled again. "It's too high for her to see into, as long as she's laying down anyway. So unless she suddenly stands up for some reason, we're still safe."

I actually dared to peek in. Even then not looking into the mirror yet. But because of the shape and design of the room, all I could see was the end of the bed itself, and two feet, which appeared to be spread just a little. I then scanned for the mirror Val had told me about, quickly finding it, and in doing so...catching the image of Val's mother, Jocelyn...laying down on her bed. At the moment, she didn't really appear to be doing much of anything, perhaps just resting as I saw it, even though all she had on at the moment was a pair of bikini briefs and nothing else. I had a quick flashback to when I was still a kid growing up. Jocelyn wasn't that much older than I was, having had Val late in life, and quite unexpectedly. She had even a few times sat for my folks when they had gone out for the evening. And I of course had held a minor secret crush for her at the time. I had even recalled trying to spy on her once or twice after it was time to send me to bed, hoping to catch her doing something...anything, but never with any luck. And now...here she was, a bit older perhaps, but nevertheless, her breasts clearly revealed as I stood there on bench seat peering in on her.

"She taking a nap?" I questioned.

"No...watch," Val giggled again. "It's actually quite interesting. I'm not sure what she's thinking when she does all this, but whatever it is...she's obviously aroused and turned on by it. Always the same too basically. And don't worry, it's not like I have this thing for my mother, I don't think about doing anything with her, or to her. Its just sort of exciting watching her is all, which I'm sure you'll soon see what I mean."

I looked back into the room again, though more specifically the mirror this time. I saw now that Jocelyn was actually pulling on her nipples with her fingers, and quite firmly this time. Pulling hard enough she'd stretched them into almost a cone-like shape, letting go, and then doing it again. A few moments of that, and then she surprised me even further, slapping them...each one independently, and hard too!

"Damn!" I exclaimed, though immediately ducking down again, fearful I might have been heard.

Val laughed. "The windows are double-pained. Short of a siren, it's virtually impossible to hear anything." I stood up, looking inside again, seeing her as she continued to slap her own breasts, which now began to look reddened and angry. To my surprise, my very flaccid cock throbbed just a bit, alerting me to the fact I was becoming aroused by this rather macabre scene taking place. One that I had no business watching, feeling more and more like a real pervert myself by the second. Especially standing outside her bedroom window, without a stitch on, slowly getting an erection. If anyone did see us, or catch us...I was screwed.

It was fucking exciting.

It was then that I noticed she had reached over towards her nightstand. Grabbing something off it, I was curious.

"Like I said," Val paused looking in, though I now felt her hand reaching over, wrapping itself around my slowly stiffening member. "This is where she really gets wild." I didn't dare look away now, even though I was tempted to look down and see what Val's hand was doing to my dick. Whatever it was that Jocelyn held in her hand, she seemed to slip it beneath the waistband of her bikini briefs. I watched her poke against the material with it, a small bulge forming, and then suddenly, she broke through.

"What the hell's she doing? And what is that anyway? A knife?"

"Yeah, a little one," Val confirmed. "You'd be surprised how many pairs of panties she's actually ruined doing this."

I stood mesmerized, watching as Val's mother literally cut away an opening through her panties, now tearing an even wider hole open with her hands, effectively shredding them apart. Hidden beneath her pillow, she now brought forth what was clearly obvious, as a very real looking, almost life-like dildo, in the shape of an enormous penis, complete with cock and balls. As though struggling with it, she then rammed it into herself. I could see her mouth opening, knowing full well she was crying out, though I honestly couldn't hear her. At least that brought me comfort in realizing if I couldn't hear her, she certainly couldn't hear us very well either.

When Jocelyn suddenly rolled over however, I nearly toppled off the bench we were standing on in a panic.

This time Val really did laugh, and loudly too. Maybe she wasn't worried about being heard through the windows, but I sure as hell was. "Keep watching! Keep watching! She's getting to the good part now!" I was pretty much at wits end here, the ups and downs of arousal, excitement, fear and paranoia playing havoc with my emotions. But excitement and curiosity won out however, with the help of Val's hand of course. I peered inside once again, Val's mom now on her tummy, though she had placed her knees beneath her. Of interest however, which I had obviously missed, was the fact she had torn away one entire side of her panties. One leg entirely free from them now, though the rest of her torn, shredded garment seemed wrapped in tatters about her other leg. Once again she reached beneath her pillow, and this time produced what appeared to be a slim, though wicked looking vibrator. She quickly coated it in what appeared to be some sort of lubricant, and then reached around behind herself. It didn't take long to guess where she intended to put that one, especially as she was now basically sitting on the fake cock, which was still buried to the hilt inside her pussy.

"Keep watching," Val instructed as she slithered down my torso. Before I knew what she was up to, I felt her mouth suddenly surround and envelope my now very hard cock. "Not me...mom!" She exclaimed once again, obviously looking up towards me as I momentarily looked down at her. I stood there looking in through the window, watching Val's mother as she obviously knelt there fucking herself in the cunt and the ass simultaneously, all the while Val sucking my prick, doing heavenly things to it, that nearly buckled my knees.

"Oh my god!" I couldn't help saying. It was almost too much. Too long since I'd even had a nice blow job for one thing, but for another, to be given one now standing on a bench, outside, peering in through my neighbor's window...watching her masturbating. Well fuck...my entire body was suddenly on sensory overload here.

Jocelyn was thrashing about wildly now, and then suddenly flipped like a gymnast onto her back again. This time I didn't duck, or even flinch. Had I done that, Val would have most likely bitten my cock off. As it was, I could only stand there staring. Val's mother suddenly yanked the prick out of her cunt, literally tossing it. And as she did, a stream of liquid suddenly exploded from her pussy, not just once, but several times, easily shooting several feet across the bed hitting the floor.

"Oh...my...god!" I cried out upon seeing that, and simultaneously felt my own cock's release, not even attempting to warn Val of it, not even really aware that I was until it was happening. I simply succumbed to the unbelievable ecstasy I was now feeling as torrents of my nectar filled Val's still hungrily sucking mouth. I finally pried my eyes open, only then ducking well below the window, fearful now that her mother had likewise climaxed, she might be more aware of her surroundings, and hence anyone peering in.

Even then, my mind didn't register what I was seeing as it looked almost silly. Val's cheeks bulging..as though holding her breath. She looked up at me, and then with both hands on either side of her cheeks, she pressed them in. It was like watching someone popping a gigantic, really nasty looking pimple. As soon as she did that, all the cum she'd been holding in her mouth came flying out, flying everywhere at once, coating me...her, and half the wall we were standing in front of now.

"Cool huh?" She grinned.

Once more I just stood there staring at her, no intelligible response coming to mind.

"So...did you see mom cum? See her squirt? Wild isn't it?"

That was an understatement...but then again. So was Val. "You're crazy...you know that?"

She winked, dribbled some more cum from the corners of her mouth allowing it to drip down onto those magnificent tits of hers, though there was plenty of spunk still clinging to them from the pimple pop she'd just emulated.

"Come on. Help me put the bench back before mom sees us out here."

That was enough to shrivel my dick in a hurry, though it was also all the prompting I needed to do that too. In a flash, we were back through the gate and into my house once again, though it still took me a while to calm down even after managing to do that.

"Well...where do you want to go from here?" Val asked as she picked up her bucket of cleaning supplies.

And I found myself asking the very same question.

**My Cleaning Lady Ch. 03**

Though the house was pretty much clean, the majority of the rooms I actually planned on using, now spotless, Val was determined to finish cleaning every room. Heading downstairs to the only partially finished basement, I soon after followed her down. One of the projects on my "things to do list" was in fact finishing some repair work down there that had been neglected for years now.

Just before his death, my father had in fact framed in one room that he had intended on using for a much larger den and family recreation room. All that got done was putting up some sheet rock, which had never been painted. On the opposite side of one wall, it had been the intent to establish a small guest bedroom, but sheet rock had never been hung in that room, so it remained framed is about all. Now it was merely storage for a bunch of needless odds and ends. After dad's death, mom saw no point in finishing what he'd begun as the house was big enough for her as it was. And since she had no intention of ever moving, or selling the place, she saw no point in having it finished either. Now however, it was back on the list again. If anything, finishing the basement would enhance the sale price of the house should I soon decide to sell it as opposed to living here. Something I still hadn't as yet decided. Either way, it still needed to be done.

Val has just finished scrubbing down the laundry room, coming out just as I entered the still as yet unfinished storage room. Just before I had moved out, most of my belongings I had stored down here on a temporary basis. As I began moving out, pushing things aside and such, I had inadvertently punched a hole through the dry wall. It wasn't a big one, but in all these years it had remained unrepaired. I had decided to patch it from the unfinished side, as it would be less noticeable on the other side of the wall when it came to actually painting it.

I stood looking at the small hole trying to decide which was the best way to approach this when Val saddled up beside me. She had that look in her eyes again.

"You planning on fixing that?"

"Yeah I am...why?"

"Don't do it yet...I want to see something first," she asked. I looked at her inquisitively. Taking my hand in hers, she led me from that room into the adjoining room where we once again stood in front of the small hole. She stood back eying me and the hole respectively, smiling. "Make your dick hard," she said simply.

"What? Why?"

"Because I want you to stick it through the hole there. I think it's the perfect height."

"Yeah right," I laughed thinking she was simply pulling my leg here, but that damned look in her eyes said otherwise.

"Haven't you ever heard of a whorey hole?" She asked.

"I think they're called glory holes, not whorey holes," I corrected.

"Whatever. I still want you to do that. I think it would be fun, and even you might find it interesting, not knowing what it is I'm about to do to you."

"I think the whole point of a whorey hole," I paused, though continuing rather than correcting myself. "Is that you're not supposed to know the person on the other side of the wall. Obviously I would, as you would."

"Oh come on. Don't be a spoilsport. It could be fun. And I promise I will make it worth your while!"

I was determined to put my foot down on this one, and refuse. The thought of actually sticking my prick through the dry wall seemed absurd, and utterly ridicules. I am sure the look on my face said as much, even before I began to speak. Which is when Val started playing with her breasts, one hand slithering down between her legs as she simultaneously began touching herself that way too.

"This make you horny?" She asked. "Watching me, playing with myself? Or even better...feeling my tits wrapped around that nasty hard cock of yours, stroking it with them?"

Just the thought of that made me shiver. That was something she hadn't done, nor had my ex-wife much cared for it either. So it had remained for me one of those silly, yet hot erotic fantasies that I enjoyed feeling for whatever reason.

"So if I actually stick my dick through that hole, you're saying you'll titty-fuck me?"

"Amongst other things...yes," she grinned, knowing damn good and well I was going to now.

I still felt silly. Yet on the other hand, knowing that I was about to have my cock sandwiched between Val's soft pliant breasts had caused it to stiffen almost immediately. And though I wouldn't actually see her doing it, which is part of what I liked, the odd realization that I would still feel it, and thus be forced to try and envision it, suddenly seemed rather appealing. And besides, if I did this now. I was willing to bet she'd let me do it again another time while I WAS watching. With only a single sheet of sheet rock separating the two rooms, this wouldn't be all that difficult. And surprisingly enough, stepping up to it, I was at the perfect height, just as Val had already surmised. Even so, I still felt stupid hugging the wall as I stepped up to it, sliding my dick through the hole which was just big enough to allow me to do so without rubbing it against the actual sheetrock.

"Fucking hot!" She squealed watching as I did that, and then ran from the room into the adjoining one.

I stood there with my face pressing against the dry wall. Already my once hard dick was beginning to grow a bit flaccid. And then suddenly...it felt like heaven on the other side of the wall!

I could hear her clearly and easily from my side. "That looks really, really nasty!" She giggled. "I love the way your hard cock looks sticking through the hole here!" I could feel her soft flesh encompassing my shaft, imaging what it must have looked like from her side, feeling it on mine. Her twin slopes surrounding, pressing, and beginning to move up and down my shaft, causing me to buckle in the knees just a bit, even shaking as I stood there.

"You like that huh?" She laughed once again, as I now heard her spit, and then felt it as she added some welcome lubrication to the titty-fuck she was giving me. Though it wasn't long before I was producing some lubrication of my own, which I now felt as she pressed one of her hard tipped nipples against the head of my leaking cock, smearing that around.

I felt her suddenly pull away however, thinking she had satisfied her curiosity, though surprised to find myself wishing she hadn't stopped yet. And though no-where's near close to actually climaxing, the thought of spurting off through the wall seemed just decadent enough for me to want to do it.

And then I felt something else.

It was another warm, wet...delicious sensation. And I knew then she had sucked my cock into her mouth again. Or thought she had for a moment as she spoke, making me realize that wasn't physically possible. "Oh god...that's good!" She moaned loudly and deeply on her side of the wall. "You like that baby?" She cooed wantonly. "You like the way my pussy feels sliding up and down your horny hard cock?"

Jesus! I was fucking her! I actually had my dick inside this young woman's cunt. Talk about a delicious, unexpected surprise here! But it was frustrating as well too. On the one hand, I was ready to climb through that little hole in the wall just so I could see it, see my prick sliding in and out of what now felt unbelievably pleasurable. And yet...the way she was pumping me, moving up and down, back and forth, and even side to side as I stood there straining against the wall, was something I didn't want her to stop doing either.

"Yes! Yes! Oh fuck yes baby!" I cried out trying to somehow force even more of myself through that damn hole, though I needn't have worried as Val ground herself against me, ensuring that as much as I could put inside her was, save for the inch or so of the damn fucking whorey hole separating the two of us.

"Can't cum in me baby," she called back towards me. "Not that it's not safe, because it is. But I want to watch you squirt through the wall," she explained. "So tell me baby...tell me when your hard, hot naughty cock can't take it anymore, so I can watch you cum...free hand."

Val continued to grind against me for a moment more until I felt her pussy liquefy, and knew damn good and well she was having a nice little orgasm of her own. That...followed up by her deep shallow moans of pleasure that rang out like music to my ears. It was all I could take, hearing that, feeling her slick, slippery pussy as it squished wickedly around my now very saturated prick.

"Fuck! I'm gonna cum!" I actually screamed, not caring even if the neighbors heard me at this point. Almost immediately, she extricated herself from me of course, timing the moment almost perfectly. I now felt only the coolness of the air in the next room, made more so by the liquid moisture clinging to my now bare prick, which she'd left there. I felt the first massive, powerful squirt explode from the tip of my cock, followed by another, and another as I stood there pressing against the wall. On the other side, the squeals of delight as Val stood watching me, seeing my cock throb, dance, spurt...throb again, spurting again, over and over and over. Even I was amazed at the number of spunk spurts my prick seemed to be tossing into the next room.

"That was amazing baby! You should see the floor!" She giggled aloud. "I'm gonna need the mop again!"

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At her urging, I left the hole in the wall unrepaired. She told me she wanted to try it again at least one more time before I actually fixed it. Though thankfully, not today. Which in a weird sense, told me that there'd be more fucking at some point. Though I honestly hoped now, the next time we did, I'd be actually watching it.

By now it was early evening and we'd again managed to accomplish a lot in a relatively short period of time. And...we were both starving too, though I'd already tossed out the idea of ordering pizza again. She almost seemed disappointed when I told her that. Almost.

"How about burgers then?" She asked anxiously. I was actually in the mood for that. It just so happened that there was an obscure little burger joint less than a mile away. One that I'd always enjoyed going to. Unlike most of the chain restaurants, these guys knew how to charbroil and burger, and even went so far as to give you a side dish filled with fresh condiments on the side that you could place on your burger yourself. Not to mention home cut fries that were the best I'd ever tasted from any place.

"Sounds good to me too," I told her. "So you'd better get dressed..."

I quickly threw on a tee shirt and a pair of shorts, meeting Val at the door. Once more, she stood there wearing the same cut off outfit she'd first worn when she came over. Breasts barely covered, and even without looking to check, I was fairly sure she wasn't wearing a bra this time. There was still one hanging up in my bathroom, so I was pretty sure she hadn't bothered wearing another one when she came over this morning. We soon jumped in my car and headed off down the street. As always, the place was busy so we had to wait for a moment in line, even after placing our order. As we sat there, three cars ahead of us, and several behind now, Val smiled. That wicked gleam in her eye again.

"Oh no!" I actually said, even as she leaned over towards me, hands already groping at my fly. "Not here...no way."

"Just until we pull up to get the order," she said. "Come on Mark, let me play with your dick. You know you want me to."

God help me I did. "Ok, but just until it's our turn, then you have to behave yourself. Promise me...no trying to fondle my cock in front of the clerk at the window...ok?"

She frowned.

"Ok?"

"Ok...promise." But her eyes said otherwise.

Admittedly, it was deliciously nasty sitting there in the front seat of my car, Val playfully stroking my cock, which she'd freed. I glanced a couple of times in the rearview mirror, wondering if the people behind me were curious about what was going on. They appeared to be, especially as Val wasn't exactly making it too secret that she was doing something. Soon however the car in front of us finally got their order. Reluctantly, I pushed her hand away, though giving in to her request to leave my cock sticking out. I knew that the order clerk wouldn't be able to see anything, so I wasn't too nervous about doing that. "You promised," I reminded her as she sat back in her own seat finally, though still frowning at me...sort of.

"Twelve eighty-five," the young kid at the window told me as I handed over a ten and a five to him. He handed me back the change. "It'll be just a minute," he added to that, closing the window and headed off to finish preparing our order. I looked over at Val again, but she was indeed behaving herself. Though still smiling in that way that she did that told you she was up to something. "Here comes our order," she said looking at the window. I turned, the young kid just then opening the window, a drink in each hand. He leaned out just a bit, preparing to hand them to me, and damn near poured them through the window into my lap.

"What the hell?" I asked just managing to grab them, looking at him...glaring because of his inept ability to handle such an easy task. And then I saw his eyes, and knew almost immediately. I turned. Val was sitting there with her boobs showing. She'd pulled her top up just enough to reveal them, which she was only then pulling down again. Now I glared at her.

Of course, she was grinning at me. "I went to school with him," she stated. "Even tried asking me out once, until I heard he'd already spread the rumor that I'd already fucked him. Needless to say, I didn't show up for the date, and soon after let it be known to him that whatever chance he thought he might actually have in taking me out ever again...he'd just blown. Saw this as the perfect opportunity to show him what he missed out on."

I couldn't help myself. I actually laughed, just as he came back to the window again with the rest of our order. "Play with my cock," I said simply...quickly, just before he opened the window again. I saw the flash of wild surprise in her eyes, as she simultaneously lifted her shirt over her tits again, and grabbed for my dick. I lifted up in my seat, as though struggling to accept the bag he now tried handing to me. His eyes popped open wide, seeing not only her tits again, but also clearly seeing my hard cock with her hand wrapped around it. Only she then did one even better. She leaned all the way over, sucking it into her mouth as I took the bag, placing it on the other side of her, turned and smiled at him. "Thank you," I said. And then put the car into gear. We drove off, dinner in hand, and me being treated to a rather nice blow job all the way home.

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I was almost...almost glad when Val went home. It had been a long hectic day, and I was nearing exhaustion. The good news was that the house was pretty much clean. I still had a few major projects to finish working on which would keep me plenty busy during the rest of the week that I had off. Fixing the air conditioning now at the top of the list, though I had assured Val I'd leave off doing anything about patching the hole in the drywall until such time as we'd tried that out again. Oddly, I wasn't sure when that would even be. Val had already informed me that she had plans for a good deal of the day, so the likelihood of even seeing her was remote. I certainly didn't have any expectations. And like I said, she had pretty much finished doing everything I had hired her on to do. About the only thing we had discussed was her coming over on Saturday's to do some general cleaning after this. And even that wouldn't continue for much longer than a month or two, when she would eventually head of to the University several hours away and start attending classes there.

It had been an interesting experience for me, in more ways than one. But it was clearly obvious it wouldn't continue on for much longer either. With no expectations of actually seeing Val the following day, I busied myself about the house, making several trips out to the hardware stores to gather up the additional materials I'd need. I had just finished hanging up my new shower curtain, (though I left Val's bra right where it was a as nice little memento for the time being) and sorted out the new bath towels and bath mats I had just purchased, when I heard the screen door open and close, and then Val calling out to me from below.

"Mark? You busy?" She called out.

"Up here!" I answered back, letting her know where I was. I fully expected then to hear the sound of her footsteps coming up the stairs towards the bedroom. But I heard nothing. Nothing at all. Curious, I wandered back down the stairs looking for her. Entering the kitchen, I stopped shaking my head, though smiling as I did that. I saw a pile of her clothes neatly folded and placed on the kitchen table. There was also a small hand written note, which she had folded with my name on it.

"I got you a little something," she had written. "Which is partially what I was out doing today. Meet me down stairs at the whorey hole, and I'll show you what it is. P.S. Take of your clothes first though, and then meet me."

I was surprised at how happy I was that she had showed up. But I didn't need to undress either. Maybe I'd been hoping she would pop in, and as such...I'd been doing a few odd jobs that I could still do indoors...naked. I grinned as I immediately headed downstairs.

"Val?" I called reaching the bottom of the stairs.

"In here," she greeted, quickly adding. "But close your eyes before you come in," she informed me. I did so, stepping towards the door, and then closing them as I entered. Almost immediately she was behind me. I then felt something silky soft suddenly being tied around my head, some sort of a blindfold as it appeared. "No peeking," she giggled excitedly. "Thought this might make things even more interesting." After securing my blindfold and ensuring that I couldn't see anything, she once again led me towards the hole in the wall. I was already fairly erect just in anticipation of what was to come. She giggled upon seeing that too. "Nice to see you're as aroused as I am." I felt her hand on my dick making it even harder as she guided me through the hole. "Now...give me your hands," she asked, which I did, and then felt her secure them behind my back with a pair of what had to be fuzzy fur handcuffs.

"You gotta be kidding me," I half complained, though allowing her this indulgence as she secured my hands behind my back.

"Trust me, you're gonna love this," she now added. After checking my blindfold once more, ensuring I couldn't see, and that it wouldn't slip off, she likewise checked the handcuffs again. "Not too tight?"

"No...they're fine."

"Ok, wait here," she laughed, and then I heard the pitter-patter of her footsteps leading out of the room and into the short hallway. I my mind's eye, I could already see her as she approached the hole my dick was sticking through on her side.

Moments later I felt the warmth of her soft mouth enveloping my prick. I felt the tingles as they traveled up and down my spine the way her tongue flickered over my glands, the swipes of her tongue back and forth, and then her pursed lips once more drawing me in, all the way down my rock hard shaft. The slow teasing pull as she drew me out again, and then down again. I moaned deeply, pressing myself even more fully against the wall.

"You like that huh? Feel good does it?" She asked, and only then did I feel her hands cupping my ass, one lowering down between my legs to gently cup and begin fondling my balls.

"What the fuck?" I exclaimed starting to pull away, but I now felt a hand on my shaft gripping me firmly on the other side, Val...standing behind me, now pressing herself against me that way, effectively pinning me.

"Don't freak," she said soothingly. "I thought you might enjoy this naughty little surprise I planned for you. It's was hot, seeing your reactions on this side, but I thought you might try and bolt when you discovered what I was up to."

"Who?" I stammered, the hand on the other side still holding me, though I again felt the person's mouth slowly sucking on the tip of my prick again, causing my knees to buckle slightly.

"That's part of the fun...you don't get to know. But no worries, nothing to be alarmed or concerned with. Trust me," she said again, though her reassurance did little if anything to make me feel better. Only the teasing pleasurable sensations I continued to feel eased my fears some. "Now relax, and enjoy it."

What choice did I have? On the other side of the wall, whoever it was...had a firm grip on my cock, and not about to let go of it either. Behind me, Val pressed, the sensation of her breasts digging furrows into my back, not to mention her hand still lightly gripping my balls at the moment. Thus, I was literally in no position to attempt to do anything, but enjoy it. And as I finally calmed down from the initial shock and surprise, I began doing just that, though my mind of course was going a hundred miles an hour, wondering who it was she'd enlisted into helping her do this. A thousand possibilities entered my mind. But fuck it felt good as I finally gave myself over to it.

"So tell me...what's she doing now?"

One slight concern...and mystery solved.

"She's...she's, sucking it, no...now, now she's licking it at the moment. Licking the head, slowly...ah, no, fast now."

"Keep going," she urged as I felt her hands reach around me now, finger tips caressing and tickling at the base of my shaft where she could reach, no more than an inch or so separating Val and the other woman as the two of them worked in unison, pleasuring me. "What's she doing now?"

"Ah fuck...stroking, stroking my shaft, and...and just sucking, just lightly sucking the tip of my prick now. Oh god...oh fuck, that's...that's good!" I moaned desperately. Though so did Val's fingers as she now guided them down through the crack of my ass, one hand back on my balls again, fingers dancing, teasing...threatening. I was shaking uncontrollably now, the sensations exquisite, rapturous and exciting.

"And now?" She asked moments later. "Do you feel her tight hot pussy yet?"

"Yessssssss!" I hissed, for it was precisely then that I was. The obvious difference in sensation unique. The sudden surrounding of even sweeter, softer, slick flesh now gathering in the tip of my cock, as though holding it. And then the slow almost torturous pleasure as the woman's cunt slowly drew my cock in until I was hilted inside her fully. I felt the grind of her pussy against me, the heat of it as it pulsated and contracted about my shaft before moving away again.

"God, this really is fucking hot, seeing it from this side," she sighed herself, the sounds of her own slippery pussy being worked now, her fingers obviously dancing within. "But I need to taste and feel you too," she stated. "So be a good boy, and don't try moving away or doing anything," she warned me. I could only stand there still feeling my cock being fucked as she left the room, joining her unknown companion. I again heard footsteps, but not before feeling Val's mouth as it took over sucking and tickling my shaft. Though she continued to speak to me through the wall.

"Just think Mark," she spoke to me from her side. "At the moment, I'm licking another woman's pussy juice off your stiff prick. How's that grab you? Turn you on that I am?" Just then I felt soft hands once more caressing my ass, cupping it, squeezing it, and likewise traveling down between my legs, finger tips just grazing my now very tight ball sack. I groaned through the wall, my cheek hard pressed against it.

"Hmm, that sounds naughty from this side. I take it you like what she's doing to you?"

I groaned again in answer to that. Just as I felt Val's pussy likewise slithering over and down my shaft.

"Just remember baby...no coming inside me. Want to see that again...actually, we both do. So if you reach the point where you just can't handle it any more, make sure you say something ok?"

"Ok..." I just barely managed, though nearly losing it anyway as I now felt a tongue on my ass, exploring me there in the most unexpected and delightful of ways. "Holy shit!" I flinched, and then sighed pleasurably again, stars already beginning to form as my knees buckled.

"You better get in here!" Val called out to her unnamed accomplice. "I have a feeling he's not going to last much longer."

I felt oddly alone, in a very strange way, the sound of bare feet once again making their way out of the room, joining Val on the other side of the wall. But then I felt heaven again, as two sets of lips and tongues began to dance and explore me simultaneously. If I could have crawled through that hole in the wall, I would have. One mouth nibbling, or licking...the other sucking, and then tongue-flicking. On and on it went, back and forth at times, and then at times I felt and sensed as mouths came together, almost kissing, my steel prick sandwiched in between.

And then it was there. I actually fought it, strained to keep myself from spurting, pressed against the wall as I was, even holding my breath to some extent, trying to delay the urge...the inevitable, all to no avail.

"Oh fuck! FUCK!" I screamed out loud, alerting them that I was about to explode. I continued to feel two differing hands on my cock. But the stroke was almost maddening. Just a very slow torturous pull up...and then down. It seemed like an eternity even then, but then suddenly the electric shock deep down inside my balls. The fiery surge of release. The mind blinding eruption of exquisite pleasure. The intensity of my ejaculate traveling up my shaft, almost as slowly as the hands that continued to stroke me. I could even see it, imagine it as it happened. The mutual combined giggles of delight now on the other side of the wall. The first time I could partially distinguish the sound of another woman's voice, though no words were spoken.

"Oh my god! Look at that! Look at that! Come baby, come. That's it! Squirt it baby, squirt it! Keep going baby, that's it...that's it, oh yeah baby...squirt baby. Squirt!"

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Val had briefly poked her head inside the door where I had slithered down the wall, now sitting bare-assed naked on the floor. "I'll be right back," she said with her patented giggle, and then I listened as two pairs of feet hurriedly ran up the steps into the kitchen area. I could hear low voices speaking, but couldn't make sense out of anything being said, nor could I even begin to imagine from any of that who the girl was who'd been with her. I then heard the screen door open and closing, followed by just one pair of footsteps coming back down again.

She came over immediately, undoing my handcuffs first. By now my hands were aching, but I was in an even bigger hurry for her to pull the blindfold off. When she did, I was surprised to see that she had dressed again.

"Sorry, can't stay to play. I promised mom I'd get the grocery shopping done and pick up something for dinner tonight. Hope you don't mind, sure had a good time though," she said kissing me on the cheek, and then turning heading back towards the door again. She stopped however, looking back at me. And then at the wall again. "I do hope you'll leave it like that for a bit. You never know." And with that, she was gone.

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I didn't see Val until the following afternoon. By then, I'd managed to finally fix the air conditioning. At least now I could sit comfortably naked without sweating. But even more interesting, Val had turned me into a morning person. I'd get up, have a coffee and get busy on my projects. It was amazing. By noon I had usually accomplished everything I'd set out to do. Val would bring lunch, or make it, and then we would. She had even come up with a new game for us to enjoy. "Fuck in every room," she'd simply called it. So we started out that very day doing it on the kitchen counter, and then on the kitchen table. And though it really wasn't two rooms, Val said it still counted, so we managed to cross two rooms off our list that day.

We had made it about half way through every room in the house (not counting the closets thank god) saving the downstairs for the weekend, where I was honestly in hopes of perhaps another repeat performance with her and her still unknown friend. When she didn't come over Saturday at all, I was actually starting to get worried, though at least she called me way late in the afternoon, telling me she'd explain everything on Sunday to me, when she did come over. I could tell by the tone in her voice that something was up.

Even more so when she came over late Sunday morning, and didn't even take her clothes off the moment she came in like she usually did. Unfortunately, I had...sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee with a woody. But seeing the expression on her face, that hope and thought went immediately out the window.

"What's up?" I asked worriedly now, wondering if we'd been found out or something. But it wasn't us that had been found out.

"Mom kicked dad out of the house," she began. "I warned her, even told her...but she didn't believe me. Come to find out, dad wasn't even in a bowling league. Mom discovered last week that the league he claimed to be bowling on, finished up two weeks ago. She finally confronted him with it last night. And of course, he finally confessed after lying about it for a while even then. Finally said he wouldn't see the woman any more...yada, yada, yada. But mom had already decided that enough was enough...so she kicked him out."

"Damn Val. I'm sorry to hear that," I told her, though greatly relieved it didn't have anything to do with us, though it certainly had affected us as she obviously didn't appear to be in the mood for doing anything. And naturally, I felt a bit awkward and sheepish sitting there like I was, even though I no longer had an erection at least.

"Yeah, and not so much them splitting up that worries me. I mean I've honestly been expecting it to happen a lot sooner than it did to be perfectly honest about it. What's bothering me the most though, is I'll be going off to school here before too long. Which means...mom will be home all alone. And though she says her backs a lot better, it still bothers her some. And I'm worried about her doing something, and throwing her back out again."

"Tell you what Val. You tell your mom, if she needs help doing anything, just to let me know, and I'll come over and do it for her. Either before work, or the moment I get home. How's that sound?"

Val's face lit up in relief. "Really? You'll do that? You'll keep an eye out on mom for me so I don't have to worry?"

"I promise...I will," I assured her. The moment I said that, she reached down, pulling the tank top she had on up and over her head.

"So...how about we start out in the bathroom today?" She grinned wickedly. It was nice seeing that look in her eyes again for one thing. And my cock thought that too as it immediately began to stiffen again. "Only, let's do it all over the place in there," she added to that. "I want to show you what I like doing with the shower massage you have for starters. After that, I want to sit in your lap and fuck you on the toilet seat. Then...I want to sit on the counter while you fuck me there, so we can also watch ourselves in the mirror while we're doing it."

I was hard as a rock as I followed her cute naked ass up the stairs. She laughed, seeing her bra still draped over the shower rod in the bathroom. "I like that," she said. "Sort of makes me feel at home here."

"Glad you do. And trust me, it's not going anywhere either, not until you take it that is." She kissed me then. Deeply, passionately, lovingly. Different than she ever had before, and I kissed her back, just as passionately. I was then treated to quite a show, watching her as she pleasured herself in the shower, holding the vibrating shower massage against her pussy until she came that way. After that joining me on the toilet seat, not even bothering to dry off, just jumping on, sliding down, where we fucked until I finally stood up, picking her up, still impaled on my shaft. I then carried her over to the vanity counter, sitting her down on that where we proceeded to fuck our brains out, all the while looking over at ourselves in the mirror as we did.

It was the first time she let me come inside her. It was the first time we actually made love, although it was still in a rather strange spot. But then...that was Val. Nothing with her was considered normal, nor too depraved either really.

We managed to get through every room in the house easily. And many more than once. We'd even enjoyed the "whorey-hole" again as I now called it, though we didn't have anyone join us again for that one. I'd pretty much decided that was a onetime thing, which was fine too as it had worried me a little as to who her friend had been, and if word might eventually circulate about that.

We spent the last night we really had together, making love all night long. And though I knew she'd be back every couple of months or so to see her mom, and me...it was proving to be very difficult. Val had indeed made me feel alive again, better about myself. Not to mention I was looking better too. All that exercise...

For the first time in a long time as Saturday drew near. I knew I'd be doing my own house cleaning for a change. With Val away at school now, I was missing her even more. The weekends now boring. Boring as hell. Though in her honor, I didn't bother getting dressed either, purposely staying naked as I geared up for doing the more mundane house cleaning chores at least. Along with the laundry. I was just carting the hamper down from upstairs when I heard a knock on my back screen door.

"Crap!" I said to myself, wondering who it might be for one, half startled by hearing the all too familiar knock to begin with. But then realizing I was naked, and thus opened the inner door peering around it, looking outside.

I think my mouth fell open.

"Hi. Val told me you would probably appreciate a little help with the housecleaning." Jocelyn stood there with a feather duster in her hand. It was all she had...on. "May I come...in?" she had paused...grinning.

Now where had I seen THAT look before?

"Ah...sure," I said stepping back inviting her in. She smiled upon seeing me.

"I take it you were about to do the laundry?" I nearly fell over the hamper, which I had sat down beside me as I turned to let her fully into the house before any other noisy neighbors saw her...or me. I nodded my head as I regained my balance. "Good place to start then...down stairs," she winked.

She might have been older, but Jocelyn had a fine looking ass herself. I picked up the hamper following.

"I do hope you didn't get around to fixing the hole yet."

I know I nearly tripped, quickly recovering though. "Ah no...not yet. And no intentions of ever doing so either."

"Good," she said simply...and walked down stairs.

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There's a mirror now that hangs over the hole. Maybe it hangs just a little lower than normal, but it serves a purpose. Several actually. It's a finished den now too, nice and comfy where I spend most of my evenings, or rather Jocelyn and I do anyway. And if you're wondering. Yes. Val still comes to visit. Though aside from an occasional experience at the Whorey-hole, my relations remain separate with the two of them.

And oh yeah, before I forget. Val's bra still hangs over the shower rod in my bathroom.

Along with her mothers.

It feels homey here again.

-End-