**Plumber Calls**

by**[Tree101](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3353658&page=submissions)**©

Peter was sat in his van, on a quiet street of terraced houses. He always arrived 5 minutes early to any job to ensure that he was not late. 15 years of experience had taught him punctuality and honesty was key. He ensured that he completed any job in the cheapest and quickest way possible.   
  
Peter was in his late 30's and a medium build. He was a good plumber and had always been flush with work due to the great feedback he got. This job had been booked online and he did not know much about it. One minute before the appointment, he went up to the red front door and knocked.   
  
He heard footsteps approaching and the door opened to an attractive lady in her early 30's. She was wearing a blue summer dress that came mid way up her thighs and was covered in small white flowers. The dress was not low cut but gave a great view of her ample breasts. She was slim but not skinny and had her dark hair tied up behind her.   
  
'Hi, I'm hannah. Thank god you are here. I've been without water for nearly a week now.' She went on to explain that the boiler and heating had been making strange noises and, when looking at it, had found two leaks. One under the sink and the other on a radiator. At that point she had turned off all the water and booked the plumber to come out.   
  
'Can you show me all the radiators and where the leaks are and then I'll have a look and see where we are at?' He asked.   
  
Peter was not a man of many words and liked to work efficiently.   
  
'No worries,' hannah responded and she proceeded to show him all the rooms on the ground floor, pointing out the radiators as they went.   
  
As they went upstairs, Peter made sure he gave her enough distance to go up before him so he would not see up her skirt.   
  
When they got up there, she showed him the radiator in the spare bedroom and then took him into the bathroom and pointed out the leaking sink.   
  
'Which is the leaking radiator?' He asked.   
  
'It's the one in my bedroom down the hall,' she responded pointing down the hall to where they could see another bedroom. From the bathroom you could see the end of her bed and, past that on the wall, was the radiator. There was a reasonably sized gap between the end of the bed and a wall where a chest of drawers stood.   
  
Hannah started to head towards the bedroom and Peter followed. As she was passing near the end of the bed, she stopped half way down and used her foot to slide what looked like a pot just under the bed. Peter could easily guess what this was and said nothing. He was sure she must have been embarrassed to have left this out and did not want to make her any more uncomfortable.   
  
Hannah reached the radiator and bent over to pick up a towel that she had wrapped around the base of the pipe. As she bent, Peter could not help but notice her skirt rise slightly up the back of her thighs almost to her bottom. He caught himself looking and quickly diverted his eyes.   
  
Hannah stood to the side so he could get to the pipes.   
  
'Ok, I'll have a quick look at this one and then make a start in the bathroom,' Peter said bending down to the floor. It was clearly leaking from the valve and just needed changing over.  
  
He turned to explain this to Hannah and, as he did, could see the pot under the bed. His suspicions were confirmed and he could clearly see the yellow liquid inside. This was a common thing for people when they had been without water in their toilet for a while. The fuss of going out every time you need to pee quickly becomes a nuisance.   
  
'Right then, let's take a look at the bathroom first,' Peter said as he got back up to his feet. He followed Hannah back through to the bathroom. It was a small room with the sink on the left wall and the bath on the right. On the back was the toilet and tucked into the corner was a cupboard.   
  
Peter went over and sat on the floor to the left of the sink and put his hand up and felt for the leak.   
  
'First thing we need to do is turn the water back on. Do you know where the tap is?' Peter asked.   
  
'Yeah, no worries. I'll turn it on. It can be a bit of a pain to get to,' Hannah replied.   
  
She went over to the cupboard and opened the door. She knelt down so her back was facing Peter.   
  
'It's tucked right back in the far corner. There are a few pipes you need to get your hand round to find it. It can be a bit tricky.' As she spoke, she leant forward bending over into the cupboard and stretching her arms underneath it. The back of her skirt rose up to expose her smooth pale thighs. She lent in further and the dress rose more. From Peter's position on the floor, he could now, not only see the top of her thighs, but the curve of her ass and the bottoms of a pure white pair of panties. His eyes looked away and then back to this beautiful sight. She continued to fumble into in the back of the cupboard and Peter continued to watch. Trying to position herself to gain access to the tap, she spread her leg slightly, giving a view between her legs to the bottom of her underwear.   
  
Peter could already feel his penis twitching and was relieved to hear the sound of the water flooding back into the system.   
  
'Got it!' she exclaimed as she pulled herself back out of the cupboard and to a kneeling position. 'I told you it wasn't easy.'   
  
Peter said nothing but lay onto his side so that he could look up at the pipe and locate the leak. Hannah took herself to opposite the sink and sat on the edge of he bath. From Peter's low angle, if he looked, he could just see up the top of Hannah's skirt. As he continued to feel the pipes, he tried to keep his eyes away from her crotch but they kept on being drawn back there.   
  
Hannah had picked up a nail file from the side and started to file a nail. Clearly concentrating on what she was doing, her legs parted by a few inches. She had clearly lost any awareness of Peter's presence or position and this increased his view of her underwear beneath her skirt.   
  
Peter put his eyes back up under the sink and located where the water was slowly beading out. It would be a simple job to fix.   
  
Peter's eyes returned to Hannah and he was about to explain when he realised her legs now sat about ten inches apart. She was still concentrating on her file but she was now spread enough to clearly see the whiteness of her pants that hid her pussy from his view. Again, he felt his penis stirring. Not knowing what else to do, he went back to the leak and again located the area he would need to change feeling the water now escaping from the pipe on his fingers. As he did so, he was aware out of his periphery, that her legs had moved. His eyes darted back to them. She now sat with her legs spread over a foot apart at the knee. He could see the tendons on her inner thighs disappearing under her underwear. He could tell she was well shaven as there was no hair to be seen. The white pants perfectly covered her lips and all he could think about was what it would be like to run his finger down her thigh.   
  
His hand remained under the sink and appeared busy but his eyes did not move from her crotch. He had had a sneaky glimpse at other customers before but never to this extent. She seemed totally unaware of what she was doing. By this point, Peter had a full erection and knew if he was not careful she might see it. He also realised that he had not done anything or said anything in a little while, as he was so preoccupied with what he could see between her legs.   
  
He decided to roll over and stand up. Quickly facing away from her so she would not see the bulge in his tracksuit bottoms. When he was up, he said, 'I'll make a start on the leak after I've grabbed my tools from the car. I'll just need the water turned back off.' With that he walked out of the room. By the time he got to the stairs, he had tucked his hard cock into the waist band of his trousers so it was more hidden. It was about halfway down the stairs that he heard her opening the cupboard door to turn off the water. He instantly realised he had missed a great opportunity for a re-show and thought about going back up but knew better of it. It had been interesting while it lasted...   
  
When he got to his van, he started to collect all the things he would need together in his kit bag. By the time he was finished, his hard on had gone and he was ready to go back up and fix the leaks.   
  
He reached the top of the stairs and realised Hannah was now in the bedroom. She seemed to be sorting laundry into piles on her bed. Peter felt slight relief but also disappointment that this saga seemed to be over and he headed back in to fix the pipe.   
  
He went about his work, as normal and quickly had the old pipe out and the new one cut ready to be welded into position. He was working on auto pilot because all he could think about was the spread legs of his customer and the amazing view of her underwear. His hands deftly started to weld the new pipe into position although he paid no real attention to what he was doing. Instead, he was imagining those legs spreading out in front of him.   
  
Within 10 minutes the new pipe was in and he had been pretty much unaware of doing any of it, having had his mind so preoccupied. He now just needed to test it. Suddenly, realising that he did have the chance of another look.   
  
He called out to Hannah, 'would you be able to come and turn the water on... I need to be under here to check for a leak?' he lied knowing it was not needed.   
  
'No worries,' hannah responded with a smile, leaving her washing and returning with slight upturned lips.   
  
He remained lying on the floor with his head next to the left hand side of her sink. From this position he was as low as he could be and at the perfect angle to see the white pants again when she bent over. She stepped over where he was lying and went straight to the cupboard. She knelt down in front of it and Peter prepared himself by remaining low to the ground.   
  
She bent over and reached into the bottom of the cupboard. As she did so, she pushed her bottom into the air slightly and arched her back down. This gave the result of the dress sliding down her back to reveal her full arse out on show.   
  
What shocked Peter however, was the fact that he was not greeted by a full view of her white pants but instead a very fine pale blue thong. Instantly, the blood started to rush back into his penis and his eyes could not move. His hand instantly went to move to his cock but he checked himself.   
  
'Almost got it,' she said as she leant into the cupboard spreading her legs further.   
  
'Urrr... hang on a second,' Peter desperately stalled. 'Let me just make sure I'm ready.' He did nothing to do so, but instead stared at her arse spread for him to see. The thong barely covered her arsehole and he could see the pink outline of where it lay hidden. Her spread legs gave a view between her thighs, to where the small piece of fabric covered her pussy. Her whole arse and thighs were fully on view and tantalisingly close.   
  
Peter realised that he could not stay in this position and so instructed her to turn the tap. He heard the system refill as she did so. After it was back on, Peter watched her ass as she backed out of the cupboard and knelt back up. He could not quite believe what had just happened. Why was she no longer wearing the same underwear? Was she doing this all deliberately? Did she want him to see? All these thoughts raced through his head in a single moment and he had to find out.   
  
His cock was now rock solid and he was desperate to get another look.   
  
'Right,' he said, 'time to test this tap.'  
  
An idea suddenly struck him. Again he did not need any help but he thought this might be a good opportunity to spy another glimpse.   
  
'Would you be able to help me out with the next part?' He asked her. "I need you to run the tap when I ask.'  
  
No problem,' she responded standing and moving over to the sink.   
  
Peter was on his back with his head on the left side of the basins pedestal. From where he was, he could see up under the sink to the pipes. Hannah was stood just to the right of the sink and far enough away that from his position, he could only see her thighs. This, he thought, would be the test. He started to look up at his work, knowing already that it would be fine. He put his hands up into the underside and felt the seal.   
  
'Ok, run the tap for a few seconds and then turn it off' he instructed. She responded dutifully and Peter checked the work. As suspected, it was all fine.   
  
'Now can you try the hot tap?' He asked. Without any real need, she came further around the sink towards him. She stood with her legs parted so that he could see up her skirt again at the pale thong . She seemed to have moved so that he would get a better look.   
  
'And again,' he said. She complied and as she turned the tap she parted her legs slightly further. Her feet were now over a foot apart and Peter could now see the cloth covering her pussy much more clearly.   
  
'Perfect, now I just need to check the other side,' Peter lied. Hannah stepped back to the right of the sink into a small space between the sink, the toilet and a small cabinet. Peter positioned his head over to the other side so that his head was already at the bottom of her feet. Rather than move to the left of him, she remained where she was.  
  
As she found space to stand around him, she opened her legs over a foot apart. She started to run the taps again. While she ran the first, she bent her right knee and went up onto that foot's tiptoe. This opened her legs up wide at the top. Peter was able to see her inner thighs clearly, he followed them up with his eyes to the blue thong that was covering her. As he stared, she leaned onto her raised foot, spreading her legs further. He was able to see the small piece of fabric disappearing between her arse cheeks. He focussed his stare onto where her pussy sat beneath the cloth.   
  
Desperate to try and extend this for as long as possible, he reached for his torch pretending he was not able to see properly. He placed the torch between his teeth and shone it up under the sink. All the time, his eyes remained focussed up her skirt at her beautiful legs and underwear. Peter could feel his cock throbbing with longing to reach out and touch her, run his hands up her thighs and into her underwear. Without concentrating on what he was doing, the torch slipped from his teeth and the light tipped to point at the wall.   
  
'Would you like me to hold that?' She offered.   
  
'Thanks,' Peter responded, handing the torch up to her. After she had taken it, she held it so that it pointed in roughly the direction it needed to go.   
  
Peter moved his body towards her to get a better angle and bumped into her foot.   
  
'Hang on,' she said and with that lifted her left foot over his chest so she stood with her feet straddling him. She then held the torch again toward the underside of the sink. Peter's eyes did not even pretend to look anywhere other than up her skirt. She was not even running the taps now and he did not it request it. Instead, he just stared up at her as she parted her legs for him.   
  
After a minute, she again bent her right knee and went onto its tiptoe, spreading her legs further. The view was intoxicating to Peter and he felt compelled to push it further.   
  
'Would you be able to hold the torch any lower and shine it up into the bottom of the basin?' he asked.  
  
The response he got could not have been any better. She came off of her tiptoe and proceeded to bend both her knees so she dropped to a crouched position, her knees as far apart as they could go balancing on her feet. Her legs were spread so wide, Peter could see the fullest view of her yet. He could see the tendons on her thighs, the sides of her arse hole covered by its thin piece of cloth and, most tantalising of all, the lips of her pussy where one side of her underwear had slipped in between them.   
  
She continued to shine the torch up into the bottom of the basin and as she did so, she stretched her legs further and further apart trying to give him the best view possible. Peter had no doubt in his mind now, this was for him to see and he was loving it.   
  
Peter's cock was now standing proud in his jogging bottoms. A clear sign of his enjoyment. He could see her legs beginning to quiver slightly having to hold herself up while opening her legs so completely.   
  
In a slight daze of confusion and delight, Peter mumbled 'all looks good down here. I'll make a start on the next one now.' Hannah stood back up and stepped over him so that her legs were back together. Peter instinctively brought his knees up so his erection was covered. When she she was out of the way, he sat up, very conscious that she might see that he was hard. He immediately went forward onto his knees and leaned into the cupboard to turn off the water so he could go and finish the job. Hannah stood behind him. He turned, and said to her that he would go into the bedroom and fix the leak on the valve.   
  
As he spoke, Hannah had started to jiggle a little. She seemed to be suddenly bouncing around. Peter stood up and started to head to the bedroom, ensuring he kept his back to her as much as possible, as he passed, so she would not see his bulge.   
  
He walked towards the bedroom, with his tools in hand, and Hannah followed behind him. While walking, he put his hand in his pocket and once again pushed his still erect penis up under his waste band out of sight. Walking into the room, he placed his tools by the end of the bed, about six foot away from where he would need them. He was already thinking about how he could use this to have another look at her. He then continued towards the radiator, again spotting the pot under the bed.   
  
Peter sat down and turned to see hannah follow him in. She stood next to his tools and again as she stood there started to jiggle on the spot.   
  
Any idea how much longer you are going to be?' She asked, while also moving her hand down to her groin and holding it there. It was clear to Peter what she was getting at. His eyes darted to the pot that he could see, no more than three feet away from him.   
  
'Hard to say', he responded, 'if you are needing to ... do something that requires water it could be a bit of a while'.   
  
Her face grimaced slightly at his response and her jiggling increased, her hand holding the bottom of her skirt.   
  
Whispering, as if there was some secret between them, he said, 'if you're needing a pee, I would not wait.'  
  
And with that, she stopped moving.   
  
'Ok... if you are sure,' she responded with a slight air of relief on her face but also with a touch of a smile.   
  
She walked the few steps towards him and slid out the pot to between the bed and the wall. Instead of picking it up as he had assumed she would, she stood back up. Her hands went to either side of her dress and she lifted it up with her thumbs that then tucked them into the sides of her knickers. Looking at Peter straight in the eye, she slid her underwear to the floor and then stepped out of it. Peter stared directly at her now exposed crotch as she stood back up in front of him. She had a small patch of hair that was neatly trimmed.   
  
Taking another step forward, she put a leg either side of the already slightly full pot. Holding her skirt up in one hand and taking a hold of the bed frame with the other she bent her legs and slowly went into a crouched position. Peter watched as her legs spread apart, parting her lips slightly. Her exposed pussy was pink and already slightly wet looking. Peter, from his low position, could just see the start of her arse hole. Her skirt sat at the top of her hips and she used the hand that had held it to slightly part her lips, between her index and middle fingers. Peter's eyes stared at slit and the exhilaration rushed through his body. For a second, nothing happened and both of them looked down to her private area. Then a small trickle started to flow out which quickly turned into a steady flow of yellow urine. The noise of the pee hitting the liquid in the bowl further heightened Peter's arousal and both of them raised their heads and their eyes met. For the first time, acknowledging the intimacy between them. Peter's eyes returned to her and he watched as she spread her lips and peed. Much to his disappointment, the flow started to slow and she removed her hand. Doing this, made the last of her pee run down her thigh to her arse cheek. There for a moment, it hung and then dropped off into the pot.

Hannah then gave a couple of little bounces and the last few drops fell off of her. She stood back up and then used her foot to push the whole lot back under the bed. Part of Peter would love to have reciprocated the show for her but he knew in his current state of arousal that would be impossible. Hannah did not then pick up her underwear and put it back on but instead sat down on the floor with her knees bent and the soles of her feet together. This spread her crotch apart and gave him a fantastic view of her hole.   
  
'I feel much better now. Do you need your tools over there?' She asked as if nothing had just happened.   
  
Peter was taken aback and was not sure if he was going to be able to concentrate on the job now.   
  
'Urm... yeah... can you pass me the blue box from the bag and the towel... thanks?' He mumbled to her.   
  
She immediately flipped over onto her hands and knees and leant over to his bag. This gave a good view of her arse but her legs remained closed so her cheeks did not part to give him a view of her arse hole or pussy. When she found them, she turned back around and passed him what he had asked for. She then returned to her previous position with her legs spread and her feet together.   
  
In a stupor, Peter went about fixing the valve. At every opportunity, his eyes would leave his work and look back at her pink lips and small patch of hair. She just sat and watched him work. It was only a few minutes before he needed something else from his bag.   
  
'Can you find me the can of wd40? It's probably near the bottom', he said hoping she might need to search a little. She obediently flipped onto her front and returned to her hands and knees. This time, with her legs slightly further apart. He could now just see the opening of her arse.   
  
'Could you also grab me the 60mm wrench? You will need to go through the bunch of them.' He added hoping that she would remain in that position. Instead, she lifted a knee and spread them further apart. This opened up her arse and thighs more, revealing her arsehole and through to her delicate lips. He heard her find the bunch of wrenches and she placed them on the floor in front of her. With her legs still spread she went down onto her forearms and started to search through them for the correct one. She arched her back down and pushed backward with her rear, spreading her cheeks further. Peter's eyes were trained on her arse hole. She continued to search but started to pucker and then push out her beautiful pink hole while leaning back on her knees. Peter's dick felt like it was about to explode and his hand reached down and touched his bulge. He rubbed it slowly as he stared at her ring moving as she contorted it.   
  
'Found it,' she said, once again flipping over onto her front and passing it to him. She did not go back to her sitting position but instead went onto her back leaning up onto her elbows with her knees bent and as far apart as possible. Peter stared down at her parted legs and she watched as he looked at her open flesh. He let out a slight groan and then reluctantly sprayed the wd40 on the joint of the valve and placed the wrench on it. He applied some pressure to tighten the valve and as he did so his eyes darted back to her spread openness in front of him. She pushed her legs further apart and started to gently move her hips up and down. All the time, parting her lips and opening her arse cheeks to show her hole. Within a moment, Peter was done and he made a decision to show her his enjoyment. He abruptly stood up so he was right above her, pushing his groin out over where she was lying below him. She looked up and could not miss the tent he had in his trousers. His penis pointing directly out into the room. He looked down at the protruding bulge and could see a very small wet patch where the end of his penis sat. His pre-cum had managed to soak into the soft grey material of his tracksuit bottoms.   
  
'I'm all done here, so all I need to do now, is check the other one and show you my... work,' he declared with more confidence than was normal of him.   
  
Hannah closed her legs and stood up. Peter walked passed her and to his tool bag where he once again removed his torch. He walked towards the bathroom and immediately lay down on the floor with his head to the left of the pedestal. He was barely close enough to look behind it and had made sure that his head remained far enough away so he would be able to get a good look at her. Hannah stepped over him to the other side of the sink. As she did so, he caught a glimpse up her skirt to her exposed pussy.   
  
'Can you run the tap for a couple of seconds then turn it off again?' He asked with no real interest in the result.   
  
Rather than just turning the tap on, she stepped over his head so once again she had a foot either side of his shoulders. Her legs spread open for him and his eyes looked directly up into her slit. He could see her wetness even from here. He heard the tap turn on. He did not even try and look at what was happening underneath the sink. His eyes were held firmly on the sight above him. Hannah bent one knee and again applied her weight to her right leg spreading her pussy wider. As she did this, she turned off the tap again. Peter was totally uninterested in the sink now and only wanted to get her holes and clit closer to him.   
  
'Can you hold the torch for me, nice and low again?' He asked as he held it up to her. She took it and bent down slightly, holding the torch toward the sink. Her wet pussy came closer to him. He had given up all pretence of looking at the sink and used his feet to pull himself further away from the sink and place his face more directly under her crotch.   
  
'Can you hold it a bit lower?' He asked, talking about the torch but meaning her.   
  
She obliged and came further down, bringer her pussy to within a few inches of his face. She moved forward onto her tiptoes edging it again slightly closer. Peter was now so close to it that he could smell her wetness and very slowly he lifted his head up so his nose was less than a centimetre away. He inhaled deeply sending a rush of adrenaline through his body and straight to his rock hard cock. He opened his mouth and very gently extended his tongue. She ever so slightly lowered further and his tongue met her lips. Instantly, she gave out a little moan. She rolled her hips back so that his outstretched tongue slip along her slit up to where her swollen clit sat. When he felt it with the tip of his tongue, he raised his head further and pushed more of his tongue onto her wetness. She then rolled her hips forward so he now ran it back down to her lips to her open vagina. He pushed his tongue inside of her and licked deeply into her cunt. She moaned again as she put pressure onto his face. Over the next few moments she rolled her hips guiding his tongue all over her pussy. He needed no encouragement to explore every part of her.   
  
Her small moans continued and he continued his teasing. She leant forward further bringing her pussy past his mouth and above his nose. His lips now sat below her arse and he lifted his head again so his cheeks touched hers and pushed out his tongue so it found the little pink star. He flicked it back and forth as she spread further and rolled her hips down so as to push it closer and further onto him. He continued to lick her ring and rhythmically moved back and forth.   
  
After a few moments of this, Peter spoke, 'would you like to have a look under the sink?' he asked, 'see the job I have done for you? Probably easiest on your hands and knees.'   
  
Hannah knelt up and lifted her knee over him. He moved out of the way and Hannah instantly got down on her knees resting her weight onto her forearms and spreading her legs wide. Peter seized this opportunity and placed his hand between her legs, using his fingers to find his way into her cunt. As he found it and slipped two fingers inside of her, she pushed back against him and his fingers slid deeper inside. She then started to rock forward and backward so his fingers slid in and out of her warm wetness. With one hand inside her, Peter used the other hand to pull his trousers and underwear down revealing his hard dick. He fumbled in his wallet and found a condom, using his teeth to open it.   
  
Continuing to finger her as she rocked back and forth he placed the condom on his dick and rolled it down. When it was on, he withdrew his fingers from her and positioned himself between her legs. She arched her back down beckoning him to enter her. He used his hand to guide the tip of his cock into her vagina and she pushed slowly against it so it slid in, filling her. Gently, as he knew he was almost ready to burst already, he started to thrust his dick in and out of her. He used his other hand to push her dress further up revealing her back. With each thrust she would respond by pushing back, forcing his dick as deep as possible into her.   
  
He ran is hand down her back and as he got closer to her arse she lowered herself further and arched her back more, pushing her arse towards him. Leaning on only her right forearm, she placed her left hand on her butt cheek and pulled it apart. Peter could now clearly see her arse hole and below his penis sliding in and out of her cunt. Placing his hand on the base of her spine, he used his thumb to touch her hole. She immediately gave out a deep low groan groan of ecstasy. He again ran his hand up her back and then back down, this time bringing his thumb back down to her arse hole. She groaned deeply again, arching her back further and using her hand to spread her cheeks further. Peter put his thumb up and into his mouth, making it wet with his spit. Then immediately returning it to her arse hole. As he continued to thrust his penis in and out of her, he used the very tip of his thumb to tickle her tight sphincter. He applied slight pressure against her hole and she again responded with a deep low moan, this time pushing her butt back towards him. On the next thrust with his penis, he applied more pressure with his thumb and this time she pushed harder against him, causing the tip of his thumb to enter into her arse. Again she groaned. This time he did not remove it but instead , with each thrust pushed it further in and out, so he rhythmically fucked both her holes. She continued to moan and push against his thumb starting to move her rear round in small circular motions.   
  
Peter knew he was getting close and by the sounds of it, Hannah was too. He knew he needed to seize this opportunity. He slowly removed his thumb and penis simultaneously and, before she could protest, he put his face between her outstretched arse. His tongue quickly finding the place his thumb had just been. He flicked his tongue against it a few times and Hannah moaned again. He pushed the tip against her ring and she responded by pushing back. His tongue pushed into her already slightly stretched arse and he moved it around soaking her hole with his tongue. After a few moments of this, he knelt back up and placed the tip of his penis against her hole and waited for only a second before Hannah pushed back hard against it. The tip of his dick sank into her tight ring. He thrust again as she pushed back and he slid deeper inside her. He started to thrust in and out again, as she pushed against each thrust. Now he was in her, she removed her hand from her butt cheek and instead brought it around in front of her to her clit. She rubbed herself as Peter fucked her arse.   
  
Within a minute, Hannah's low groans started to get faster and higher in pitch. Peter increased the speed in which he slid in and out of her. He knew he was close but she was about to go. He thrust harder and it sent a wave of pleasure through both of them. She let out a series of loud moans and tightened up her pussy and hole as she started to come. This had the effect of squeezing Peter's dick and his moans grew. Thrust after thrust into her brought them closer. Hannah let out a shrill scream and clenched both her fists, pushing back against his dick, cumming harder than she could remember. Peter was very close now and thrust three more times, long hard deep thrusts. Just as he passed the point of no return he pulled his dick out ripping off the condom. He grappled his cock in his hand and looking at her ass hole gave a hard pump shooting his thick white cum over her ring and cheeks. With a couple more squeezes he shot two more steams onto her.   
  
Both of them were panting hard and were out of breath. Peter lent back away from her. For a few moments they just stayed in that same position. Hannah's arse was covered in Peter's cum and he could see it running down between her checks.   
  
Suddenly, life seemed to return to her and she rose up to her feet. not acknowledging Peter, she stood up and let her dress fall back over her wet and spunk covered behind. He could see it soak into the material as she walked away and into the bedroom. Peter watched, and as he did so, pulled his tracksuit bottoms back up to cover his limping dick.   
  
Hannah reached the bed and picked up the original white pants she was wearing when they first met. She slipped them on and then turned and headed back to the bathroom. As she did so, Peter stood up to meet her.   
  
'Thanks for all the work you have done today,' she said, 'I'm sure I have another few plumbing jobs. Can I call you in a couple of days and arrange a time? I'll then pay you for both jobs together.'  
  
Stunned peter responded 'no problem'.  
  
'Fantastic! Are you ok to show yourself out?' And with that she was gone…