

The Maid

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My first story please feel free to leave a comment if you like it or think it's a little long thanks

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I led a very busy and active work life and found it very difficult to keep up with the daily chores around my apartment. So I decided to hire someone to come in and clean for a couple of hours a day. I did the usual phonebook walk, looking for potential candidates. I even checked out the Internet, found a promising company and arranged for them to come over for an interview that evening. There was a knock on the door. "Just a minute!" I yelled from the kitchen, as the kettle just finished boiling. I went to the door and opened it and standing there was an attractive woman, well dressed with blond hair, blue eyes and a stunning figure. I invited her in and I introduced myself. She handed me her business card and told me that her name was Sabrina. We had coffee in the kitchen while we discussed my needs. She was very well spoken and had a pretty smile, with a dimple in her chin. After we had discussed which days my cleaner would be required and a tour of the apartment, we agreed the terms. Sabrina told me that the name of the lady who would be doing my cleaning for the foreseeable future and what time I could expect her. I had a late night at the office and so I decided to work from home the next day, that way I could do as much or as little as I wanted, as far as work was concerned. It was 7.30am and I was staring out of my apartment window, sipping my coffee and looking over a misty London. It had been a warm night and looking at the sunrise, it promised to be a lovely hot summer's day. I finished my coffee and went for a shower, before having breakfast. I turned the shower on to warm up, before I stepped in. As I climbed into the shower, I put my hands on the wall in front of me and let the hot water just fall over my head for a while. It felt great, soothing like it was washing the pressures of work away and almost made me feel like not doing anything at all. I had no one to answer to, only myself, after all I was my own boss. After my shower, I got dried and dressed and waited for Sabrina to arrive. There was a knock at the door. It was Sabrina and with her was the lady who would be looking after my apartment. She was an older woman, in her sixties. Sabrina introduced her as, Pat. I remember her perfume was a little on the strong side. We went over her duties and I gave her a tour of the apartment. We agreed that Pat would start the next day. I gave her a key to my apartment and they left. The next day, I paid no attention to the woman as she entered the room, except that her perfume smelled different today, this caused me to look up and in front of me was a stunning looking woman, with a great body. She was wearing a maid's outfit, with a hem that allowed an ample view of her legs and her breasts were held tightly within the top which was

cut to push her breasts up, exposing the tops of them to me. Looking at her, I felt my cock start to harden in my pants. "Where's Pat?" I asked. "She's sick today, sir. I'm her niece, Lois. She asked me to fill in for her. I hope you don't mind?" "No, I don't mind but I have to stay here while you work. Please try not to disturb me," I said. I was thinking that what I would really like was to fuck her instead of working. It was a good thing I was behind the desk, as my cock was hard and straining against the fabric of my pants. "I won't bother you, sir," she said, as she started to clean the room. There was a large wall-to-wall book case directly in front of my desk and with a smile, I said, "There is a lot of dust on the bookcase. Please make sure you clean all of the books. You can use the ladder to reach the top." I knew she would have to stretch to reach the top shelf and I started to look forward to seeing her arse, as she stretched out while cleaning. Her dress was too short to cover her while she was up there. She moved over to the bookcase and as she walked, I noticed how slim her legs were. It looked like she used them a lot. "You have very nice legs, do you run?" "No, sir. I lift weights for exercise. I do a couple of different things for my legs but my favorite exercise is squatting with weights on my shoulders, this helps me keep my legs in shape. I'm glad you think they're nice" Rose knew how great her legs looked and she also thought of how good squatting was for her, especially if there was a hot cock for her to squat down on. Should she tell him that? "No," she thought. He was not paying her to tell him what she liked. He was paying her and he wanted her to clean the bookcase, not fuck him. She started cleaning the middle shelves first and as I wasn't working, I started to watch her. My hand was under the desk, rubbing my cock, as I wondered what she was wearing underneath her dress. I thought of the stories I had read of maids as I was growing up. Was she wearing panties? Did she have a suspender belt on? I hoped she was wearing white stockings rather than tights. I imagined that they would be stockings, attached to a suspender belt and I also hoped for thin white silk panties; thin enough that I would be able to see the outline of her pussy. Looking up, I noticed that she was cleaning some of the higher shelves now and as she reached up, her dress moved up, exposing her arse. She was wearing a suspender belt and underneath it was a pair of panties that left most of her shapely arse uncovered! The site of her almost made me cum, as I let out a slow moan. I quickly coughed and moved some papers on my desk to cover my sounds. I wondered if she'd heard me and since she kept on working, I didn't think so. Each time she lifted her arms, she could feel the cheeks of her arse being exposed and the panties she had on barely covered her. They disappeared between the crack of her sexy little arse cheeks and did not reappear again until they came to her pussy. Right then, although they were very wet she knew that I was hard and that my hand had been under the desk ever since she entered the room. There was a mirror in the corner and I didn't know that she could see me in it. She had seen me looking at her, as she lifted her arms and she saw me shift in my seat. I wondered if she imagined how hard my cock had gotten while looking at her. "Sir, I'm ready to clean the top shelves now. Could you hold the ladder for me, as I'm afraid it might fall..." "I'm a little busy right now, can you wait a few minutes? I have to finish this letter." I thought to myself, "I can't let her see me this way." I asked, "Would you please get me a cup of coffee?" "At least that will get her out of the room for a minute," I thought to myself. "Damn," she thought, as she left the room. She was getting very horny thinking of him, while she was

waiting for the water to boil. She lifted her dress and slid her hand down inside her panties. She was very wet and the feeling of the wet silk was cooling on the top of her hand. The heat from her wet pussy felt very good. She slid a finger down across her clit and buried it in her hot wet pussy. She leaned back against the wall and lifted her leg onto a chair, to allow her finger to slide deeper into her. She closed her eyes and imagined him fucking her, as her finger slid in and out of her hot pussy. She was almost ready to cum when the kettle began to whistle, forcing her to stop. If she did not turn it off, someone else might come in and find her like this. She wouldn't mind if it was him, but she didn't know who else was in the house. "Thank god she left the room!" I thought, as I got up. I had to undo my pants to move my cock around. Looking at her had made me so hard that my cock had become jammed in the folds of my pants. I walked around the room breathing slowly trying to will my cock to soften and just as it started to get a little softer, she came back into the room. "Here is your coffee, sir. There is sugar and cream on the tray." As she thought of the type of cream she would really like right now, she asked, "Is there anything else I can get for you?" "No," I said nervously, picking up the coffee. "You can carry on cleaning." She was looking at the bulge of my cock and she knew exactly what she wanted to clean. "Will you hold the ladder while I do the top shelves?" She asked again. "There's no way he can evade me now," she thought. "OK," I said, "But the ladder slants out too far, I will have to stand in front of it while you are on it." Moving to the ladder, I placed myself between it and the bookcase and I held it. As she started to climb I thought that she would only go up two or three steps and place her stomach directly in front of my face but I was pleasantly surprised when she kept climbing, until her pussy was directly in front of me. As she reached up, her dress rose, exposing her pussy to me. I could see that she was very wet. She was so close to my face that I could smell the sweet fragrance of her pussy and I had trouble holding the ladder steady, as my cock created a tent in my pants. I had to fuck this woman. She looked down and saw what was happening to me. "Are you all right, sir? Is there anything I can do for you?" She asked, again knowing the answer already. She moved her pussy closer to my face, as she asked, "Would you like to taste my pussy?" "Yes," I responded. I could think of nothing else to say "Don't move until I tell you to," she said, "And if you do everything I say, you can fuck me. If you don't, I will leave and you will have to take care of your hard on in your own way. Is that understood?" "I will do whatever you tell me, if you will let me fuck you" I said and while I stood there, looking at her pussy, she reached down and pulled her panties up forcing them between the lips of her hot wet pussy. With her hand, she slowly stroked the piece of silk hidden within the soft folds, parting them each time her fingers moved up and down. She was so wet, the juices seemed to be dripping out of her pussy. "Take your cock out of your pants and play with it," she told me. She warned me not to cum and as I started to unzip my pants and take my cock in my hand, she looked down at me. As I slowly stroked the hot shaft of meat, she watched the head of my cock, as it disappeared each time my hand moved the loose skin over it. She wondered how long he could keep it up before he came. Watching him made her wetter and her finger found its way behind the folds of her panties and into her pussy. She was finger fucking herself right in front of me. She made sure her finger was covered with her hot pussy juice and taking her finger out, she placed it in front of me. "Would you like to taste it?" She asked, offering her finger to

me. "Please," I whispered, as I opened my mouth to accept her finger and closed my lips around it. I tasted the sweet juice from her pussy I moved my mouth back and forth taking her finger in and then releasing it. I timed the movements to the stroking of my cock. I was losing it, forgetting where I was. My hand was moving faster and faster on my cock, pumping it, making it bigger, as I continued to suck on her finger. She didn't stop me, but she had planned not to let me cum. She was going to stop me before I lost control, but watching me was turning her on more and more. While I was sucking on her finger, she moved her other hand to her pussy, burying two fingers within her. She rested against the ladder, finger fucking herself, as she watched me. she was so hot, she knew it would not take long for her to cum and watching me would only make her cum quicker. Looking down on me, she could see that the head of my cock was pulsing with each stroke. There were already drops of cum clinging to the small slit and my breathing was becoming fast and erratic, as my hand pumped my shaft faster and faster. "I'm cumming," I said, as the white liquid squirted out of my cock, pushed by the uncontrolled contractions within my body. The sight of me cumming was all she needed to drive her past the point of no return. Her fingers were moving faster now, burying themselves deep inside her hot pussy with each stroke. She grabbed the ladder to keep from falling, just as her body was rocked by an orgasm. It took a moment for her to recover. She knew she was just starting. I had not moved from under the ladder. I just stood there, looking at her pussy which was dripping with her cum. I had let go of my cock, which was still semi-hard. She slid her panties down her legs and stepped out of them, without getting off the ladder. Then, she lifted her right leg up one rung on the ladder to create enough room for what she had in mind. "Put your head up here, in front of my pussy," she said. The ladder was wide enough to allow me to rest against it and I was able to slide my head up between her legs, stopping with my mouth directly in front of her wet pussy, which was glistening with her love juice. Her scent overwhelmed me. If I had still been stroking my cock, I would have cum just smelling her pussy. "Do you want to eat my pussy?" She asked me. "Would you like to fuck me with your tongue and make me cum on your face?" I sighed, "Yes." She moved her hips forward, pinning me against the ladder and placing her pussy directly over my mouth. "Use your tongue to make me cum," she said. Her pussy completely covered my mouth. I could only breath through my nose. Each breath filled me with the smell of her, it made it harder for me to control my cock and even though she told me not to, I wasn't sure I could keep myself from cumming. My cock was so hard, straining for release and I realised that my hand was stroking it again, involuntarily bringing me closer to the moment when my cum would shoot from my hot shaft. She knew how close I was to cumming, but really didn't care. The fact that I was trying to fight it was all that what was important to her. She thought that I was the type of man who thought he was always in control but she was controlling me now. The mirrors in the room allowed her to see the proof of my manhood. My cock was very hard, she could see it twitching in my hand. She saw how red it had got when I squeezed it, trying not to cum. I defy any man to control himself with a pussy so close to his face. She felt my tongue parting the lips of her pussy, finding its way inside her. She spread her legs as far as she could, to allow me deeper access to her hot pussy. "Move your tongue faster, make me cum," she said. Her pussy was completely covering my mouth. I could only breath through my nose which caused me to take quicker

shorter breaths, as my tongue darted in and out of her pussy. My hot breath fell directly on her clit, exciting her even more. She moved her hips slightly, not enough to release me, just enough to let my mouth slide up and down her pussy. Her movements caused my nose to slide between the soft folds of her pussy, rubbing her clit each time it did. My tongue had not stopped moving. She was so wet that her juice was flowing out of her and directly into my mouth. She felt it each time, as I stopped to swallow and each time I did, my lips closed, creating a suction on her pussy. She was close to cumming now. She was enjoying the feeling of my tongue inside her. It was just long enough to reach inside her pussy and touch one of the most sensitive locations in her body. I couldn't believe what she was doing she was moving her body, completely covering my face. I had to time my breathing to hers. I felt her clit sliding across my nose each time I breathed. I was completely overcome with the scent of her pussy. It was like inhaling pure sex. Each time my tongue entered her pussy, a feeling started in my groin, a tingling that spread across my balls, as the twitching of my cock increased. My tongue was moving faster now, ramming itself deeper into her pussy. She was on the verge of cumming. She had to fight the demands her body was making and her orgasm had started from all parts of her body, building and concentrating all the feelings of pleasure in the one point, near her pussy. The orgasm was intense and swift, as she crushed her pussy against my mouth, against my still moving tongue releasing her cum to me as wave after wave of ecstasy crashed through her body. After the orgasm stopped and her breathing had returned to normal, she lifted her pussy from my face and stepped down to the floor. "Don't move!" She told me. "I have a surprise for you." She reached up and undid the buttons on my shirt, kissing my chest and biting on my nipples, as she did so. She had me lean forward so that she could remove the shirt. Next, she removed my pants, exposing the full length of my cock to her and as she reached into the small pockets on her dress, she removed four straps and using these, she tied my hands and then my feet, to the ladder. Making sure I was comfortable, she knelt in front of me and took my cock in her hands. It was soft now and covered with my cum. She gently squeezed the soft flesh between her fingers, stroking it lightly as she did and my cock started to respond to her touch, twitching. As she felt it begin to grow for her, she placed the tip of it against her lips and slid her tongue out to meet it. Turning her head sideways, she slid her tongue along the entire length of my shaft and under my balls. By now I was very hard and as she cupped my balls in her hand, she took each one in her mouth and sucked on them very gently. This caused me to let out a very soft moan, confirming the pleasure she was giving me. She moved her mouth back up my hot shaft, while she continued to play with my balls. Even though I had just cum, my cock was jumping up and down each time her lips touched it. She was sure that I was very close to cumming again this time. She would have my cock in her mouth and when the cock juice squirted from me, she would play with me as long as she could, prolonging the pleasure I was feeling. She felt how wet her pussy was, as she reached down to play with herself. She only needed one hand to play with my cock and parting her lips, she took only part of my cock head in her mouth. She ran her tongue around it and slipped it between the small slit at the end of my cock. Her sucking caused my cock to grow harder in her mouth and I could feel the veins pumping, making me harder for her and as she slid her fingers inside her wet pussy once more, she began moving them back and forth

across the entire length of her pussy, starting at her clit, slipping in between the pink folds of skin leading to the hot receptive hole, between her legs. She buried her fingers deep inside her wet pussy, wishing there was a way she could prolong the feeling of something sliding into her. When she could go no further, she started to slide them out, putting pressure against the top of the rippling walls as she did so. She continued to move her hand, as her fingers came out of her pussy, tracing back up along the folds of her pussy lips, until she felt the hardness of her clit. She spread her fingers slightly, allowing it to slide between them. She couldn't decide what felt better, something rubbing her clit or something sliding in and out of her pussy. She was glad she did not have to settle for one or the other right now, as she knew she could have both. She turned her attention back to my cock. She knew I was close to cumming and that I was trying to fuck her mouth, but she bit down gently on the head of my cock, causing me to stop. She was letting me know that she was in control and that she would make me cum when she was ready and not before. She said, "Your cock tastes so good in my mouth," as she moved her head forward slowly, taking my entire length in her mouth. She was glad she had learned how to let a cock slide down her throat, without causing her to gag. She knew how wonderful the tightness of her throat felt on my cock. She could feel the head, as it throbbed in her mouth and opening her mouth further, she extended her tongue and licked down between my balls. I was ready to cum. I wondered if she could feel the contraction within my body each time the full length of my cock was in her mouth, but she had one more surprise left for me. She knew I would cum when I felt what she was going to do to me as she reached up and rubbed my balls and letting her fingers slide along the under side of my cock knowing that my cum would soon follow this path as it shot from me. She felt my cock move violently in her mouth, knowing I was very close to cumming. She started moving in and out of me, timing her movements to both her lips on my cock and her fingers fucking her pussy and she felt me cumming, even before the cum entered her mouth. She felt it with her fingers as it traveled along the inside of my thick throbbing cock following the trail she had traced with her fingers along the underside of my cock a few minutes earlier and my cum filled her mouth. As she fought to keep my cock in her mouth, while swallowing my cum, she kept sucking on me. Her fingers had not stopped playing with her pussy. She was waiting for me to finish before she allowed her pussy to contract tightly around her fingers and as the flood gates of her body opened releasing her own juices, she was overcome with an orgasm of her own. When her body stopped shaking, she stood up and released me and I took her into my arms and kissed her hard on the mouth. Turning her around, I bent her over the desk and slid my stiff cock inside her hot wet pussy. My hands were massaging her large firm tits, as I was fucking her from behind and my hot length was filling her pussy. I slowly moved my hands down her body and soon my fingers found her pussy. I could feel her body tremble and tense up, at the same time she let out a loud moan, as her body erupted into an orgasm once more. I pushed harder into her with my fingers and my cock. As I did so, my own body gave way to an orgasm. It was like there was an earthquake, except the only thing that was shaking and trembling was our bodies, as we climaxed together. "I hope you enjoyed that, sir," she said, as she picked up her panties and retrieved the straps she had used to bind me. "I liked it very much," I said. Not many couples try role play to spice up their sex lives but you will be surprised

by the vast array of different ideas you can come up with. Your only limit is your own imagination. And you don't always have to have sex at home. We where in town last week and in full view of everyone, I had raised her short skirt up enough for me to unzip my flies. Before I knew it, I was fucking my wife from behind, while looking out over the Thames, but that's a whole different story...