

When I'm Cleaning Windows

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A fed up window cleaner finds a new motivation to go to work

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I swore volubly all the way from my place to Kev's. Everything in the world that morning was placed specifically to piss me off. My fellow motorists all seemed to be in some state of free-wheeling oblivion and every radio station I tried was blaring bubble gum pop and over cheerful adverts. My mood was not improved by a phone call from Kev himself. "Simon! Where are you mate? Its fucking 8:30 man! I'm doing you a favour hear. What are you playing at?"

"I'm driving" I snarled in to my mobile phone "and I'll get there faster if you fuck off." Pressing the red hang up button I put my foot down and leaned on the horn. "bloody Sunday driver!" I yelled at the blue mini in front of me "get moving nobhead!" I did a double take as a pretty dark haired girl grinned at me from the mini's driving seat and casually flipped me off. For good measure she stuck out a pink tongue and wiggled it at me in the mirror before slowly wetting her glossy lips. I felt my cock jump involuntarily and I growled.

15 minutes later I arrived at Kev's house in a thoroughly bad temper. His trim front garden and half built conservatory caught my eye and I had to admit that my brother-in-law was doing alright for himself, even if he was a first class Pratt. Who would think that a poxy little window cleaning round could grow in to such a lucrative business? Of course, Kev's window washing days were long gone now. he preferred to send others to his clients, bucket in hand, and then skim off a nice chunk of their profits. I took a deep breath and made up my mind to be civil at least. Till I found another steady job he was my only hope.

It was round 11 when I pulled up to the little house with the blue mini at the door. No doubt, it was the same car from this morning. It had the same weird crystal hanging in the side window. I glanced at the car and then walked to the front door with a shrug. As I spoke to the middle-aged woman who

opened it I found myself searching her face for a trace of the dark-haired girl who'd given me the finger. There was something about the eyes I thought, and the lips, full and ripe.

“and if you could give the back windows a going over I'd be grateful. The last chap forgot I'm afraid.” I nodded. The last chap indeed! I stomped round the house and set up my gear. “come on Si” I muttered darkly to myself “there's a good chap. Whistle while you work, service with a smile... stuck up bitch.”

I sloshed soapy water and rinsed, moving across all the lower windows before climbing my ladder to start the upper floor. That's when I saw her...

The little dark girl was facing me. Her shiny hair was wet and dripping from the shower and she wore nothing but a towel round her full hips. She was sitting on a bed opposite the window and the curtains were wide open. I gripped my ladder hard as I noticed that she was in the act of rubbing cream in to her big firm tits. My mouth almost watered at the sight of them. They were too big for her small frame but they were perfect. I watched her fingers massaging the flesh, her hands squeezing and rubbing while she sat there with her eyes closed. I watched her take one nipple between her fingers and pull on it. My cock stood to attention as I imagined how those amazing tits would feel in my bigger rougher hands, rubbing the cream in to her skin, leaving it slick. I thought of fastening my lips on that big hard nipple and suckling like an infant.

“Jesus.” I moaned and reached for my zip. My 8 inch hard-on sprung free of my jeans easily and throbbed in my hand as I leaned there against the house. I stroked slowly as I watched her. She dropped her head suddenly and sucked one of those glorious nipples in to her mouth. I could almost hear the sucking and then the slight pop as she released it.

Her slim fingers moved down on to her toned stomach. With one flick she threw the towel aside and dropped backward on to the bed. As she fell back her eyes fluttered open and she was looking right at me...

I was frozen on my ladder, my stiff cock in my hand and plainly visible to her above the sill of her window. I waited for the scream or the embarrassed exit but neither came. Instead she slid that wet pink tongue from between those lips and languidly raised one hand to me, middle finger extended.

I stared, spellbound as she dropped her hand to her flat stomach and ran it slowly down between her tanned thighs. Her legs parted and I got a clear view of her pussy, already wet and glistening. With a wicked smirk she took the finger she'd stuck up at me and slipped it slowly inside herself. I moaned and began to jerk my cock again but harder and faster this time. As she reached down to circle her clit with the fingers of her other hand I wished with all my heart that I could burry my face between her

legs and tease it with my tongue.

Her fingers were working faster now and I could swear I heard her soft moan through the glass separating us. She watched my hand on my thick hard cock as she played with herself and I realised she was matching her movements to mine. When I slowed and stroked gently so did she and when I picked up the pace she did likewise.

I began jerking my cock for all I was worth, imagining that my hand was that tight wet pussy or the ever so tempting mouth. I thought of bending the sassy little tart over her own bed and fucking her from behind while I wrapped my fingers in her long dark hair. She was writhing on the bed now, a light sheen on her naked body. I watched her big tits with their erect nipples bounce as she shoved two fingers in to that juicy pussy. She was working faster on her clit now, fingers sliding easily in her own silky wetness, sliding back and forth across that clit as she watched me.

I cupped my balls in my left hand as I pumped furiously with my right. I could feel the hot cum beginning to surge. The girl suddenly let out a cry that I heard clearly even from outside and jammed her fingers deep, holding them there as she bucked and thrashed wildly. I let out a low groan. Just as I thought I'd burst I saw her draw her fingers out of her pussy. She grinned and once more flipped me off, her fingers slick with her sweet creamy cum.

I came hard. So hard I almost fell off my ladder. Wave after wave after wave. It hit the glass and ran down on to the sill while the dark haired girl smirked at me from the other side.

“good thing I haven't cleaned this window yet.” I murmured to myself with a rye smile.