

I was just her window cleaner

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With Marie it was quite different

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I was just her window cleaner. If I had any feelings for Marie I had them right now. But I was only her window cleaner for God's sake. So what brought all this about that I could feel so intimate with a woman twice my age, who had no particular sexual attraction for me - having always been drawn to women my age? I shall tell you... Marie lived in a country cottage in Dartmoor, South Devon and managed a smallholding generally on her own, because her husband had long passed but occasionally she had help with the milking. Apart from that and despite she was not the young and energetic woman she once was, she maintained she was quite capable of doing the job. But why was I growing so concerned her welfare?, I was only her window cleaner as said. Well it's like this; Marie generously offered coffee and cake when I'd finished the windows, saying it was the least she could do because I took the trouble to drive over a couple of miles into the country to clean her windows, when before she could get no one to do the job. We soon found that we alike in our hunger for conversation and she had lots of stories to tell having grown up on a farm and being an only child. Her husband had been a Godsend and she had loved him dearly and was shattered when he died early of the dreaded cancer. They had two children, a boy and a girl who were tragically killed when a tractor reared backwards down a hill and crushed them both. She said Henry had always blamed himself for not paying attention but it was determined at the inquest into the children's deaths, that the new tractor had a brake disorder and there was nothing Henry could have done about that. "Despite that he continued to blame himself" Marie lamented "and he never quite got over it, he was never the same man again, definitely not the man I married, he lost all zest for life and everything. I sorely missed the tender loving care he had once given me - and I still do, very much so." She paused straying to hold back her tears, I said not to, just let her emotions go and she would feel better. She rested her head on my shoulder but then apologised saying she should not burden me with her problems, that I was a young guy with all of life before me and, that it was time I found myself a girl and settled down. And then she said she didn't know why she was telling me all these things anyway because I was just her window cleaner. Then I said it, heavens knows why but instinctively I replied that I would like to be much more than just her window cleaner. She lifted her head from my shoulder and, looking flushed dried away her tears with her handkerchief. Her smile - that smile was impelling and took me in from that moment in time. I knew then somehow I was falling for Marie big-time and I

think she knew it. We didn't say much more that afternoon except she mentioned later that I should be on my way, I must have other windows to clean. But I told her that I was ahead of myself anyway and they could wait until the morrow. She chuckled remarking that I was talking just like her mother used to in saying 'the morrow' instead of 'tomorrow' and it was to become a kind of joke. "It is lovely having you next to me, it has been such a long time since I have warmed to a man" she whispered and I grasped her hand, squeezed it to give her that certain comfort. Low and behold she returned the gesture and all of a sudden I felt a certain bonding with her I could never have envisaged a month come Sunday's. We spent the rest of the afternoon just sitting there, nothing more - I felt that would come later when the time was right - and I think she thought so too. I felt in her touch a certain warmth and deep held passion that she had probably held back for so long and that was bursting to be free. When eventually I left she said, looking quite sad -that it would be a long time before she was me again, because I only cleaned her windows monthly. I sensed her thoughts; "Well at this time of the year come autumn, them thar windows do get very dirty you know so I reckon I ought to come more often." "But I can't afford more than a month." ""Marie!" I replied looking straight into those wonderfully deep brown eyes; "just pay me with your kindness and your wonderful home made cake with coffee." He smile widened and I felt her charisma coming through. "Then that be the case" she said, here yes gleaming and her cheeks flushing, I reckon they'll need cleaning in a couple of days, I mean these farm places are not the cleanest of environments you know, with cows passing by every day for their milking, they kicks up a raucous dust they do and no mistake, so if you would be so kind Jim" "Tell you what, I will make it tomorrow then, be that alright, Marie?" Even the way she spoke was grabbing me so when I saw that responsive smile turn to a happy chuckle I just knew, come whether she was that much older then me or not, she was the woman for me. When day changed to evening and evening to night I was still thinking of Marie. Laying on my pillow come bedtime it was like she was there beside me, sharing my warmth and love and much more. Oh! How I longed for the love of a woman, much more than I had ever envisaged because of the way Jenny treated me five year back when she dumped me for another, and me absolutely besotted by her too, I vowed then never to bother again, that I was better on my own. But now, pressing my head into the pillow I knew the real score, that I had been kidding myself for so long. Marie had given me her mobile number. I just had a compulsion to phone and say goodnight. It was pure magic when she answered, her sleepy voice more sensual than ever. I simply knew I just had to be with her come hell or high water and I would be - tomorrow. "Goodnight Darling" I said like she was my long term partner. "See you tomorrow" she replied and I was soon in deep slumber. I wont event try to explain my dream, save to say I hoped it would come true in the morning... I treated myself to a good hearty breakfast rather than my usual cereal. I just somehow felt I needed that for the day ahead. But was I assuming too much of a mature and lovely woman? I thought it best just to let things flow with the natural course of things, that I mustn't rush it. I had never been in this situation with an older woman before. And then there was me telling myself that age doesn't come into it at all, it is the person that matters, no matter what age, how she looks, just the person she is and how you feel about that person and if you'd like it to be more than just a casual acquaintance or else. The 'or else' was more appealing. I made myself

believe that there is such a thing as love at first sight. Before, when I met Jenny and a couple of girls in my adolescence , it was as if the hormones were going berserk and the need for sexual gratification came first and foremost, it took me time to understand that with a woman it is emotion as well. With Marie it was quite different because I never even thought of sex, even when she cried on my shoulder and held my hand. And yet, as we talked I started to feel a certain something which later grew stronger. It was quite wonderful and I knew for the very first time I was getting the idea of realising what real loving is all about and that is precisely how I felt about Marie. Marie was so pleased to see me the following morning, I left my business van down the road so as not to create any scandal talk, thinking that Marie would be alright with that. I was wrong. She said that she would proudly tell anyone, including her neighbours about me. "It is no big deal anyway Pete, let them think what they like it doesn't matter to me, anyway perhaps I would like to see the look on their faces if they knew I was entertaining a hunk like you huh? But thanks for the thought anyway." Marie was some woman, how refreshing to know a woman with such an open attitude, all the time my feelings for her were growing. She'd greeted me with open arms and I guess she'd take time to look her best, for a forty-eight year old she still had the figure of a woman half her age and no kidding ; already I was starting to look at her in a different way and she knew it. Why? I could see the glint in her eye when she swirled that gorgeous dress for my approval, me telling her it looked very nice and was most becoming, and that was the truth, she looked good and very sexy in black stockings which really complimented those great legs. "Have you had breakfast" she queried and when I told her I had just had cereal and toast she retorted that was no good for a red blooded Englishman and there was a certain tone in her voice that sort of suggested she had in mind encounters of an intimate kind as she fixed me a full English with bacon, eggs, tomatoes and the lot - ahh! And the potato wedges which she must have known I enjoyed. She just sat there opposite me at the kitchen table, seeming to enjoy watching me eat. "I love to see a man eat and enjoy like you do, it sort of makes me feel good and warm and pleases the heartstrings. You are some guy Pete, you know that!" I returned that she wasn't so bad herself and that I really enjoyed being in her company again. "It is nice for me too, don't take this with the thought that I may be enticing you to enter into something serious but I am besotted by you." We had no need to talk much more at the table, we both knew how we felt about one another, that was very evident and afterwards, when she suggested should we watch the TV breakfast show together I agreed without hesitation. I loved the way she patted the space beside her on her blue leather sofa inviting me to join her - and that was so easy to do. In fact everything seemed to be happening so very smoothly like it was meant to be and there was no awkwardness even when she rested her head against my shoulder and grasped my hand rested on my right thigh. "You are so early, Pete. I guess you wanted that huh?" "To see you early, Marie?" "Yes, but do you know something, I felt that you would be early after telephoning me last night, That was such a lovely thing to do Pete, You don't know just how much that meant to me, having a guy say goodnight to me again, it was sort of like having you there next to me, like I was feeling the warmth of your body. It was lovely." She'd been honest with me about it being so good to have my company and what that does for her - that I felt I had to be as open with her. I told her how it was with my last girl friend and

how I had been put off even contemplating a new relationship after I had been hurt so much, so the culmination of all that was that I needed Marie as much as she me, so we were going into this together the balance being equal for the need of each other, to share something that is sincere and knowing we are suited. I guess we chatted on for quite a while until she paused and said it was coffee and biscuit time, and I felt so happy to be pampered just like my Mum used to do before she passed on, also with the dreaded 'C' like Marie's husband. So I knew and understood the pangs of losing one so near and dear. The coffee was good, just how I liked it; half and half and also the digestive biscuits which I loved to dunk. This brought on a big chuckle from Marie and she was quick to tell me that is what her hubby liked to do, and how she scorned him when he left the biscuits dunked for a little too long and it all crumbled into the fluid. After the refreshment Marie asked me what I would like to do, that she didn't want to think I might get bored. I told her that I was very happy just to be sitting with her and enjoying TV. She smiled so happily and told me I was the most wonderful man she had known for an awful long time and was fortunate to have someone like me want to talk, being as she was that much older. I said to forget age. Let us just enjoy each other come what may, it is what we think about each other that matters surely? She was aware of the age difference and I thought that just maybe she was holding herself back on that account, but I did not want to push her into anything but took it upon myself to kiss her on the lips twice, and then on the forehead. Her reaction was perfect, she closed her eyes and whispered "more please" so how could I refuse? We kissed sensitively and I felt her hand, still clasped with mine, gently shudder like she wanted to do something else. But I still didn't want to push it, instead I chose to be very gentle, Maybe if I just try a little gentle persuasion, and see what the body language was. We kissed some more, it was more of a passionate nature and I felt the deep warmth of her passion flowing through the kiss, In the mode of the kiss I still held her hand clasped in mine over my right thigh, I felt so warm and excited as I very slowly moved her hand with mine over the breach of my swelling there, brought on by the very deep and intimate kissing. Just in case she may be repulsed I sort of moved my hand away, making it look like it was a sort of accident, so that she had the option to remove it. I held my breath in anticipation, feeling the warmth of her hand there, hoping she would relent and do something magic with that hand still positioned in the same place and unmoving. The kiss didn't stop at that point so the fact that she hadn't removed her hand endeared me just to relax and enjoy the moment, and whatever that moment would lead to. She paused and whispered to excuse her for being slow, but it had been a long time and that she wanted to believe it was happening. "Is it, Pete. Is it really happening, and may I go further?" Those delicious words whispered into my ear were indeed a joy to behold and this was the right time to show her my blessing by moving my hand down and inside her blouse, beneath her bra and so slowly caressing and squeezing her right breast. I looked into her eyes as I felt her very first touch, stroking, then gently squeezing as I felt myself grow in the capacity of her hand still over my chinos. It was magic, it was heaven on earth as our passion grew trapping no more hesitations, just letting ourselves go to the tune of passion and wanting and - all at once, everything seemed to be exploding and I was so indulged by what she was doing and what I was enjoying of her. I guess we were both likewise in a frenzy of unrestrained passion and love. During the mutual feeling and

touching we were both still fully clothed and then Marie stopped, stood up and I wondered if that was it - that perhaps I had gone too far invading her most intimate parts in a way which was so blatant. But she had also taken heed of me which made me feel a real man again and I wanted more and more and... She stood there, looking down at me. I knew I was still very hard and bulging. Her face was flushed bright red and she looked really gorgeous standing there with her bra shoulder strap hanging down. Catching her breath she said; "perhaps we ought to retire to the bedroom" - and then I knew there was a heaven.. It was all, so very perfect somehow. When we had both taken turns in slowly undressing each other, occasionally pausing to take in the sheer sexuality of the moment, she looked absolutely gorgeous in her sheer silk black and red laced panties and suspenders to match, fastened to those sensuous black fishnet stockings which did her a real treat. I took time to unfasten each suspender clip and enjoy a close up view of her sexuality and could not resist the temptation to kiss her there, through her silk s, feeling the tease of silk against my lips until I felt her moisten there delightfully, and I knew then she wanted me full package, she having completely undressed me and enjoying an oral worth in such slow beautiful time, which gave me the blue light to do likewise, It took just a second to remove those panties and take in the beauty of a woman like Marie in full bloom, it was right to press my face into her there and taste her moistness, soon we were both blissfully enjoying the most wonderful and intimate lovers can enjoy of each other and it was so lovely to enjoy each other like that in the beautiful sixty nine position as Marie ravished me with no holds barred. How I held back I shall never know, the wonderful sensations of what Marie was doing and enjoying her enjoying me. I discovered that this woman knew what she wanted and I felt so fortunate to have had the opportunity to provide that, As we finally indulged in the most wonderful and building act of bonding I was in my element hearing her compliments about my manhood and how she wanted it more and more and forever. The sublime passion shared that morning was absolutely magnificent and I returned home much later feeling a new man. But not for long because the very next day, after our passion had once again been fulfilled with a few more thrills thrown in, now minus the inhibitions of the first time mode - as we entered into the wonderful world of discovery, Marie asked if I would like to move in with her. "But I'm just your window cleaner" I said "No more, I have promoted you with flying colours, But you can still clean my windows because I love to see that body move so subtly Pete" "So now it all comes out" I laughed and do you know what she said? I will let you use your imagination