

Lusting While Dusting
by Aussiescribbler
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Lusting While Dusting

I'd been working for Clobber-Free Cleaners for only two weeks when I met up with Dora. Most of the women I worked for just quietly watched me as I cleaned their house naked. Afterwards they might make me a cup of tea and we'd have a friendly chat. With Dora it was different, she took an evil glee in having a defenceless naked man at her mercy. I felt like a mouse being played with by a tiger cub.

I should have seen the warning signs on my first visit when I noticed an enormous purple vibrator sitting on the television in the lounge room looking for all the world like a decorative ornament. I lifted it gingerly to dust the top of the set. It felt a little sticky.

"Oh, how embarrassing!" cried Dora. "I forgot I left that there." She grabbed it out of my hand, standing uncomfortably close as she did so. "There was a George Clooney movie on the telly last night," she added with a wink.

There are no hard and fast rules about how we are to speak to the customers. The only rules are that there should be no physical contact more intimate than a handshake. Personally, I think it lends an air of class to come on a little posh, so I always refer to my clients as "madame".

"I don't think you should really be doing that, madame," I said, on my second visit, when Dora came up behind me and began to gently stroke my right thigh while fondling my left buttock and nibbling my left ear lobe.

"I don't think you really mind," she teased. "If you did you would tell me to stop. You wouldn't be all 'I don't think you should really be doing that'." She actually did quite a good impersonation of my manner, I have to give her that.

"I'm sure madame is just trying to be affectionate," I replied, "but my only interest is in upholding the reputation of Clobber-Free Cleaners by doing the most thorough job I can in removing dirt and grime from your domicile."

"I really don't think that that is your only interest," she responded, "or else your cock wouldn't be standing out all big and stiff and dripping pre-cum all over my bedside stand."

"Oh, I am sorry ma'am," I spluttered, grabbing a Kleenex to wipe up the mess. I looked down at my stiff cock and muttered "Traitor!" under my breath.

"I like your cock," said Dora. "He's on my side."

Luckily I was nearly finished for the day, so I was able to escape before things could get really unethical.

From that time on I never knew what Dora might do next and the erotic tension was so strong that my cock would be erect before I even came through the door and stripped off and would stay that way the whole time. On the up side, it did give me somewhere to hang my dust cloth. But when Dora caught me doing the vacuuming with the skirting board attachment stuck over my dick for later use she yelled at me for not being fully nude.

Of course she would take the opportunity to parade around in all kinds of skimpy clothes, bending over front ways so I could see her cleavage and bending over the other way so I could see the ripe curve of her butt.

Then one day, just as I was coming out of the bathroom after cleaning it, she appeared in a skimpy towelling robe and pushed past me, accidentally on purpose brushing my cock with the back of her hand, and started to run a bath.

"Come in here, will you?" she called out a couple of minutes later.

When I entered the bathroom I saw that she was sitting naked in the tub covered in soap. She had a stern look on her face.

"You left a smudge on the mirror," she said, pointing at it. "Clean it off now."

As I ran a cloth over the mirror, I watched her reflection. She'd slid her right hand down between her legs and was clearly masturbating.

"You're watching me, aren't you?" she teased. "Well, I don't care what you think. It's my pussy and I'll wash it as fast as I like."

"It is my opinion," I said, turning towards her, "that madame is a dirty little slut."

"Well, you are under contract to clean everything in my flat," she smiled. "I have a dirty cunt that needs cleaning and it looks like you have just the perfect utensil to do the job."

She reached over the edge of the tub and grabbed my cock with her soapy hand and tried to pull me into the bath with her, but it slipped through her sudsy fingers. "Oh, bugger me," she cursed.

"Madame will have to make up her mind which service she wants first," I laughed.

In response, Dora stood up and pulled her creamy wet bum cheeks apart to display the rosebud that lay between them. "Clean this with your tongue!" she giggled.

"Just don't tell the agency about this," I told her, as I stepped over the side of the tub and took her in my arms.

"Because you'd get fired?" she asked.

"No," I said, giving her a playful smack on the ass. "Because all the guys will want to work for you."

The End

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