

Cleaning Up

A short story by Night Hawk
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I had been separated from my wife for six months when I first met Cindy.

The separation was friendly - no hassles or fights - we had just drifted apart during the last ten years and one day decided that we didn't have much in common anymore. She was the proverbial socialite, while I was a confirmed workaholic.

I had rented an apartment downtown, close to my office, and I enjoyed the freedom of returning to work at night whenever I wanted. This was a novel experience for me.

The office where I work is nearly deserted at night. Except for a skeleton crew to monitor the computers, the only people in the building were the security guards and the cleaning staff.

Cindy was one of the cleaning staff.

Before I moved into town and was able to return in the evenings, I was totally unaware that we even had people in to clean the offices. I knew that they were done on a regular basis, but it shows how little attention I pay to details.

About three months ago, I stayed later than planned, trying to finish up a report I was working on. I was busy typing when I was interrupted by a knock on the door. There stood Cindy.

She was wearing one of those elasticized tube tops that was stretched very tightly over a mammoth set of boobs. I distinctly remember being able to see her nipples trying to poke through the fabric. I lowered my gaze so as not to appear to be staring, only to find my eyes looking directly at her crotch! I thought this girl had to be in agony wearing shorts that tight.

I could tell that she wasn't wearing underwear because not only wasn't there any room, but if she had been wearing panties, I wouldn't have been able to make out the various parts of her vulva.

I got an instant hard-on!

"Excuse me Mr. C.," she said, "do you mind if I clean up while you're still working?" I said of course not. What I didn't say was that I was not going to stand up right now anyway for fear that my cock might break in two! I asked her how she knew my name, and as she hauled in her cleaning supplies, she just pointed to the nameplate on my office door. I tried to get my mind back to work as Cindy proceeded to vacuum and dust my office, but damn that was hard to do.

I hadn't had sex in a long time. I had thought up till now that I just wasn't interested in sex anymore. Even thoughts of it hadn't excited me greatly recently, but there I was with a raging erection, drooling over a short girl with dark blonde hair, who I

guessed to be about 22 years old.

I thought that I had better leave, hard-on, or no hard-on, because every time she bent over, I wanted to reach out and grab a hold of her nice tight ass! I said good night and headed out. It was only after I got outside that I remembered I had left my briefcase in the office. I stood in the parking lot for a few minutes contemplating whether I should go back and get it, when I chanced to look up to my office and see that the lights were still on but that something was blocking the window. This made me curious enough to go back in.

On the ride up in the elevator, I was wracking my brain, trying to think of what I had in my office that would block my full-length windows. I got off the elevator and noticed that the cleaning crew had moved on to another floor. I made my way to my office and stopped dead in my tracks just inside the doorway. My big leather executive's chair had been rolled over to face the window, and over top of the chair I could see a tussle of blonde hair. I knew it was Cindy because the shorts she'd been wearing were laying on the floor, as well as her top! I grabbed a hold of my cock, which was threatening to explode and quietly stepped into the office.

Cindy had placed my reclining chair in such a way that she could place a leg over each of the armrests, and damn near put her pussy against the glass. I could hear her low moans becoming groans as, as in fascination, I watched her reflection in the window.

Her one hand was busy pulling on her hard, pink nipples while her other hand was doing a dance number inside her cunt! She had three fingers firmly planted deep inside her while she used her thumb to pound against her clit. For a second I considered just quietly leaving the room again and going to the washroom to beat off when she opened her eyes, spotted me, and screamed, "I'm cumming!"

I stood there for a moment waiting for her breathing to return to normal and then proceeded to lecture her on how illegal and potentially dangerous her actions had been. She stopped me from continuing my speech by pointing out the fact that I was still holding onto my own cock.

"Come on Mr. C.," she said, "why don't you take it out and beat it!" I started to say that I couldn't possibly do anything like that when she leaned towards me and undid my fly. As much as I might have been afraid of getting caught, my cock had already made up its own mind. She pulled on it, it sprang free, and my pants dropped to my knees.

She started rubbing my foreskin back and forth across my engorged cock head, using her thumb to tease the underside of it. With her other hand she hefted my bloated nuts and gently kneaded them. I didn't care any longer that I was standing in front of a window eight stories up, all I wanted now was to let loose with my seed!

Cindy sensed that I was nearing climax and pushed one finger into my groin just behind my bag then held her mouth open to catch the torrent of seed, which was just

starting to fly! She held her head back just far enough so that I could watch her catch it on her tongue. God, I had never cum so hard in my entire life, nor had I ever shot so much. I thought that I would never stop climaxing. The seed kept on flying out, stroke after stroke, until my knees got weak, and my head started to feel giddy.

Cindy leaned forward and swallowed my whole cock, sucking it in right to its root. She kept on sucking while her fingernails stroked my ass cheeks and the inside of my thighs. The pleasure finally got to be too much for me, and I slid down to the carpeted floor.

Cindy gave me about five minutes to recuperate, then knelt over my head lowering her blonde bush and pink lower lips to my mouth. "You see what you've done Mr. C.?" she asked. "You've made me all wet again, now you'll just have to clean me up."

I didn't need a whole lot of convincing. I just searched with my tongue until I found her little love button, sucked on it till she sprayed my face with her sweet cunt juices, and then I licked her vagina nice and clean! I tried to talk her into coming to my apartment that night, but she said that she still had a lot more cleaning to do. Then she added she was free the next day if I wanted to take her out.

I picked her up the following day and was pleased to see her wearing a dress coat. I told her about the plans I had made for the evening - fancy restaurant, the theater - when she turned to me and said, "I'm not a show-piece date George, I'm happy to eat just about anywhere, and I don't care much for 'theaters,' though I do like to go to the movies."

She suggested that we go for a walk in the park, so I parked the car and asked her if she wanted to leave her coat in the car. "Are you serious George?" she asked. "I can't leave my coat in the car, I'd be arrested for running through the park naked!"

I figured that she was joking, but the very thought of her luscious body completely nude under her coat was enough to give me a hard swelling in my groin. I kept asking her if she was just teasing me or if she was really a flasher. She just laughed and wouldn't give me an answer.

"Do you like that idea George? Would you like me to flash you?"

We stopped underneath a tree and embraced. I kissed her feverishly. She told me to undo her coat. Cindy put her hands in her coat pockets, and as I started to undo her buttons, she held her coat close to her body. When I had all of her buttons undone she said, "When I open my coat, you step inside and I'll close it tight behind you." I did as she said, but when she opened her coat, I had to pause for a second to look. All she was wearing was a pair of nylons held up with a garter belt.

I quickly undid my fly and started to rub my cock head against her pubic patch.

"Remember George," she said, "if you make a mess, you'll have to clean it up." I thought about that for a minute. The thought of tasting my own cum didn't really appeal to me. I asked her if she meant right then or later at my place. She said of course not

right then and there, as that would be a little too obvious, but that she did not want to go back to my place because the night was still young.

By now my swollen balls were just aching for release. I kissed her hard and grunted my consent to clean her up. Cindy raised herself up on her toes and told me to help myself in. I did so gladly. It was like I had slipped my rod into a steel glove. God, was she tight and hot! Her cunt muscles did all the work for me as they contracted and pulled on my cock until I erupted and blew a load of hot seed deep inside her! We stayed like that until my cock shrunk in size and just slipped out of her clutches.

“I’m hot now, George, let’s go some place where you can cool me off!” she said.

We headed over to the public washrooms where she checked to see if anybody was in the ladies. No one was, so she pulled on my hand and dragged me into one of the stalls.

Cindy stood on the seat of the toilet and spread her legs as wide as she could. She used one hand to hold herself steady and the other one she used to part her pink nether lips. I had never tasted my own seed before, but I hastened to lower my head and start slurping away at her now gooey, sticky, gash! I was happily surprised with the taste of our combined juices. I remembered her sweet nectar from the night before; now there was just a little more spice in it. Kind of like putting a little salt on an apple!

Cindy climaxed quickly and ground her snatch into my face as she went for yet another cum. By now I was hard as a rock again so she suggested that we change places. With quick deft strokes she licked her own juicy residue off my prick then proceeded to slurp on my cock as if it were a Popsicle. Even though I had cum just a few minutes before, it wasn’t too long before her ministrations made me shoot another load of cum down her throat. After that we quickly buttoned up and ran back to the car where we spent the next half hour happily licking each other’s juices from our faces.

Cindy never did come up to my apartment, although I did go out with her many times over the next few months. She flashed me in stores and jacked me off in movie houses and under restaurant tables. Reminding me that I would have to clean her up afterwards was her favorite line. The most exciting time that I remember was also the last time with Cindy.

We had taken a drive out of the city and turned off onto one of the service roads. We kept on driving until we found a secluded spot right beside the main highway! There we took turns sucking and licking each other to climax lying on the roof of the car while the other stood on the road. We fucked with me standing, and Cindy laying on the hood and her feet locked on the bumper, and with me lying on the hood while Cindy straddled my cock! I figured that the people speeding past us on the highway wouldn’t even notice us on the side road. One person did though, and when his red roof lights turned on, we decided to move along pronto!

That episode scared some sense into me, and I told Cindy that as much fun as I

was having, a man in my position couldn't afford to keep on taking this kind of risk. A little risk, yes, but with each passing week Cindy wanted to get bolder.

We kissed goodbye that night, and I wished her well with her life. I hope she found a nice young man who could afford to take the chances.

As for me, my life has quieted down a lot. My wife and I are talking about getting back together. I discovered that I do need something in my life other than work, and my wife wants me to come home.

We started dating again like we did before we got married. Things are starting to look promising. Last night we went to a theater, and about half way through the show, I snuggled her real tight and fingered her clit till she came with a groan. She was really amazed at herself for having such an intense climax. I didn't have to ask her to jack me off; she eagerly started that on her own. After I climaxed I told her that we should go and clean up. She look confused so I told her I would show her how.

We headed downtown to my office where we cleaned each other in front of the window. She really got a charge out of fucking on top of my desk in front of the big windows eight stories above the city. Just before I took her home she asked when we could do it again!

Like I said, things are looking promising indeed!

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