

Daytime Drama III

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Fresh from a cleansing shower, her brief respite from the onset of yet another day is broken by the sound of her children's early morning voices - sleepy and not yet possessing the tone of neediness that will creep in as the day wears on - and crankiness as the day draws to a close. Hmm, is she hearing her children's voices or her husband's? Currently, her only escape are those times when all is wiped from her mind and she is enjoying the selfishness of pleasuring herself - spread eagle on her bed with her favorite toys prodding every orifice, the body oil gently being rubbed on her nipples and breasts as she fantasizes about the missing passion!

Hubby is gone - off to work with hardly a notice beyond the grunting and grumbling something about it being his late night due to the end of month something or other. Kids are off to the relative safety of school - and she crawls into her cage of dirty dishes and a messy house, but at least her body is clean and fresh and she feels awake and alert. No television today, the drama sucks the life from her so she finds a radio station playing some soft jazz and heads towards the kitchen sink when the doorbell rings - 'shit!', solicitors first thing in the morning - can't they wait until people wake up. She glances at the clock and it's nearly 9:30am.

She is still in her robe, no bra or panties underneath - 'what the hell' she thinks as she turns the knob and opens the door. Thankfully there won't be any early morning solicitation as she sees the apartment manager and asks - can I help you? He's a nice guy, always kidding around and laughing - not the goofy, stupid kind of guy, but a genuinely witty person with a great sense of humor, and almost always a subtle sexual edge to his wit which more than a few times enticed her to participate in the banter, but she knows once she starts there will be no turning back. He's tall and average build, not her type physically, but attractive and appealing in an unspoken kind of way he looks at her, through her, like he can see what she is missing, like he knows what she does when no one is around.

She apologizes for being in her robe and he quickly responds - never apologize for being beautiful since you have no control over it - and with that knowing smile he looks directly into her eyes and glances ever so briefly towards the slight opening in her robe with a genuine interest in what lies beneath. - I had stopped by yesterday, but didn't get a response so I figured I come by a little earlier today to catch you. We've had some plumbing issues with other tenants so we decided to do a complete check of all the plumbing in the complex and fix anything needing fixing - do you have anything needing attention? Plumbing wise? - The temptation to respond the way her body wanted to respond was almost irresistible, but instead said - we don't have any leaks, but you are welcome to check everything for yourself if you like? - Yes, I would like that very much - he said with that flirtatious grin, - by the way I'm Mike. I'll start with the kitchen and work my way upstairs to the master bathroom. It shouldn't take more than an hour and I'll let you get back to whatever a beautiful woman does by herself during the day. - She couldn't resist any longer and responded - not as much as I would like, that's for sure. - He smiled devilishly and bent down to check beneath her sink of dirty dishes.

As he rose from beneath the sink she could see his eyes admiring her legs and she knew his mind had proceeded beyond the edge of her robe - she felt a tingling between her legs - he looked at her with a barely detectable desire, trying to determine her receptiveness to more direct advances, but she didn't give him much to work with. He checked the downstairs bathroom and as he passed her in the doorway he gently put his hand on her arm, just at the elbow where the robe sleeve ended and slid his hand ever so slightly further up her arm, enjoying the feel of it as he said - excuse me, which way to the master bathroom? - His hand felt good against her and he instantly knew by the look in her face and the slight hesitation in her response. - Upstairs to the left. Don't mind the mess, I haven't had a chance to clean it after my shower. -

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He took a barely perceptible breath through his nose as though smelling her in passing and said "no problem, a mess is sometimes just what remains of a moment of pleasure, or many moments of pleasure depending on the type of mess" to which he smiled more broadly. As he walked up the stairs her mind couldn't help but notice him more closely and start to wonder what kind of lover he might be: gentle and caring, taking his time to please her? Fast and selfish only caring of his pleasure? Or hard and deliberate, raw and animalistic, pounding and driving himself inside her with such power and force that she loses control and orgasms in mere moments or "looks like you're in great shape" his words interrupting her fantasy. When she looks at him he is clearly undressing her with his eyes and mind: she wants him to tear her robe from her aching body and force her to the floor and fuck the yearning from deep inside her: what is it about him that makes her this horny?

Downstairs he writes up a work order and says "you have some minor issues that need to be fixed before they become big issues. Sometimes little things accumulate over a period of time and the pressure builds, and builds, until something gives and you end up with a major gusher and those can be bad: for good I guess, depending on the type of gusher and how much pressure has built up" all the while smiling and fucking her with his eyes. She is leaning against the sink when he hands her the work order: he presses slightly against her as he hands her the copy of the work order and says "the sooner the pressure is relieved the better." She can feel the hardness of his cock through her robe, pressing against her pussy: she is surprised and aroused at this boldness, but before she could succumb to him or repel his advance his back is to her and closing the door as he leaves: she wonders if he will masturbate as ferociously as she will when he is alone as she is now... succumbing to her passion on the kitchen floor.

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