

Paul's Cleaning Lady

(By: SoapyLisa2000)

Paul's cleaning lady/secretary's uniform part III

This Paul McCartney talking to his naughty little sex toy who is me. you opened the door to your flat to me you were wearing your cleaning lady's outfit and you had a very naughty smile on your face. I suspected that mischief was afoot.

"No, no, no!" I said, in exasperation. "That will never do. Even to go clothes shopping you can't wear that! Take it off immediately!"

"Yes, sir," you replied, unzipping it and letting it fall to the floor.

"It looks like we may be some time!" I yelled out the door to my chauffeur. "You can turn the engine off. No, don't worry.... There's plenty of time, the plane doesn't leave until 3.00 this afternoon."

When I turned back to you I saw that you were wearing black satin panties and bra and a black garter belt.

"O.K.," I grumbled. "I can see that you have tried. But you really haven't any clothes sense, have you? Black on black clashes. I really should get Stella to have a word with you. I'm sure you could learn to dress fashionably. But for now I'm just going to have to spank you to make sure that you remember not to make this mistake again."

I ordered you to lay down over my lap, and slowly pulled your tight black satin panties down over the soft cheeks of your bottom.

"Be careful, sir," you pouted, "don't spank me too hard."

"I'll spank you as hard as I like," I pointed out, beginning with a loud slap on each of your cheeks.

"Oh, sir, I can feel your cock getting stiff and uncomfortable for you," you whimpered. "Would you like me to suck it for you."

"You can't get out of your spanking that easily," I informed you. "There will be plenty of time for you to suck my cock when I am finished."

I continued spanking you until my hand got tired.

"Now let's go up to your bedroom and see if we can't find something reasonable for you to wear for our shopping expedition," I suggested.

You didn't bother to pull your panties up as you walked ahead of me up the stairs, but wiggled your naked bottom provocatively. I leant forward and kissed you on one cheek and felt the warmth from the spanking I had just given you. Your casual disregard for decency just made me desperate to fuck you.

"Take everything off," I ordered when we got into your bedroom, "and we'll

look for something appropriate."

You stripped naked and then opened the door of your cupboard and we looked inside. Plenty of pairs of trainers and a few t-shirts, but nothing that seemed very appropriate. As we looked I reached down and tickled your clit and played absent-mindedly with your wet pussy lips.

"Well, I don't know what we are going to do," I said. "But all I can think about is fucking you, so we had better get that out of the way so that I can think straight again."

With that I stripped off my clothes and took you in my arms. My cock was standing stiff and tall and you stroked it reverently as I pushed you back onto the bed.

"So this is the bed where you curl up at night and masturbate as you dream about being fucked by me," I said.

"Yes, master, every night I masturbate myself to orgasm after orgasm thinking about your lovely big cock and how I can earn the privilege of being fucked by it," you moaned. "I lay back and finger my hot pussy until the pussy juice spurts from my cunt all over the sheets."

As you raved on in a delirium of horniness I spread your legs wide and rammed my hard prick deep into your enveloping pussy. Your juices squelched and dripped as I slid my cock home over and over. Then with one final thrust we both climaxed simultaneously and lay panting as the sweat dripped from our satiated bodies.

"I think we need a shower now," I pointed out.

Once under the water we took our time soaping each other's bodies all over. I dropped the soap on purpose and ordered you to pick it up. As you bent down from the waist you pushed your bum into my crotch.

"Stay just like that," I ordered. "Hold onto your ankles."

"Yes, sir," you replied.

I teased you by pushing the head of my once again stiff cock right against your tightly clenched soapy anus as if I was about to fuck you up the ass with my soapy erection. But instead I stood back and slid a couple of soapy fingers into your pussy and rubbed you off to a quivering orgasm.

When I had washed some of the soap off of my stiff cock you knelt down on the floor of the shower and began licking and kissing it all over. Finally you sucked it deep into your mouth and bobbed up and down until I shot a load of cum all over the roof of your mouth.

Once you had dried me and then yourself with a big fluffy bath towel we went back to your clothes cupboard. I pulled out a long coat that buttoned up the front.

"This will do," I said.

"That and what else?" you asked.

"This and nothing," I replied. "Apart from your shoes. You'll just have to make sure to keep it tightly done up to make sure that nobody sees that you are naked underneath."

To be continued....