A bus ride to remember

By artist123

Published on Lush Stories on 23 Jun 2012

Destination unknown.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/a-bus-ride-to-remember.aspx

She was sitting there, on the other side of the bus, with that short skirt and tantalizingly tight shirt. She knew I was watching. She could almost see the lust in my eyes, even though she never once acknowledged my existence. I could see her adjust her hair and expose her delicious, almost edible neck to me. My cock forgot what it felt like to not be hard, as it continuously throbbed. I had to keep my bag firmly over it to avoid completely confessing my perversion. This routine would continue everyday, with her dragging her fingers across her body... Slowly dragging her skirt higher up and letting her hand disappear towards the inside of her milky thighs.

It was a Thursday afternoon, on the way home, when things escalated. She came onto the bus, looking disgruntled and almost upset. But then, for the first time, she saw me, the explicit concern and barely concealed lust in my eyes. She smirked slightly, almost curtseyed to her unwavering audience (me) and began to gently bite and suck on her lower lip. Then her eyes drifted so quickly to the tent in my trousers, it felt like it never happened.

She walked slowly, her hips swinging seductively and she lowered herself divinely onto the seat. Her legs spread wider this time and as the bus lumbered forward, she sank deeper into the seat and almost angled herself towards me. Still ignoring me, she raised one toned leg onto the seat and I could stare directly at... Not her underwear or thong, but at her pussy! My jaw dropped and appreciating the response she got, she pulled her skirt up, but covered her pussy with the palm of her hand.... Her left hand began unbuttoning her shirt and she slipped it inside her bra and shut her eyes as she began playing with her breasts.

I couldn't resist. My hand began to grab at my cock and she licked her lips, spurring me on. Then, without warning, she began to trace circles around her pussy. I inadvertently leant forward and she gently slapped her pussy. Then she slapped it again. She began to slide her middle finger in and out of her pussy while her left hand continued enjoying her breasts. She leaned forward and stared straight at me, inviting me and when I began to respond by leaning further in, she looked away and increased the speed and pressure on her pussy.

I could almost smell her sex.

I yearned to taste her and have her straddle me. I yearned to devour that pussy, as she sucked on my cock. A cock that wanted to worship her beautiful, now very wet pussy. A faint line began glistening down her inner thigh. If someone had looked at me, I would have seemed like a malnourished starving child, desperate for the main course that sat across from me. I couldn't handle it any more, but I didn't have a choice. Just as I began to reach forward to touch her thigh, the bus stopped and as if nothing ever happened, she stood up and showed me only a glimpse of her edible ass. She began walking away. My cock was straining and fighting my trousers. Then she stopped, patted her ass, looked over her shoulder and walked away.

Without a second thought I ran out after her not even attempting to preserve my dignity...

To be continued...