Wank Fiction

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I peek around the door jamb at you.

There you are, tapping away at your keyboard, writing, writing, writing. I hate to disturb you, because I know how important your work is, but... I can't help myself. A mouth-pursing smile creases my eyes, and I feel the twinkle in them that you've created so many times burst to life in my view.

I'm feeling naughty, lad. And very, very wiggly. And you have no idea what's going to happen. But I do...

I silently creep up, stooping low, behind you, avoiding the one creaking panel in the laminated floor. You haven't heard me yet, and I know you can't see me in the reflection on the screen.

I am inches way from you, and should I stop holding my breath, you would feel my hot need for you sliding down your neck.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tapping...

I can't hold my breath any more, and I can't hold my passion for you either. I hold my face just behind yours, and using the best sultry voice I can, I speak softly.

"You make me so hot."

You jump, hands flying off the keyboard, shoulders pushing backwards.

"Holy shit!" you breathily laugh.

"Shut up," I tell you, my mouth almost touching your wonderful left ear. "Don't speak, don't say anything. You're mine, and I want to play."

Slowly, I breathe out moist tendrils of my breath into the centre of your beloved ear. People often don't think of ears as being sexy, but yours are. I love the soft, smooth lines and folds, a weathered seashell of your skin, that listens for my step down the hall, or delights in the vibrations of the moans you call forth from me. I love the few little hairs that peek out, because they are yours. Some people trim them, but I've never been conventional. They make me think of the whispered forest my desires must traverse to find your heart, and I love them for the joy they bring me on the other side. When I hold my ear to yours, I can feel the rhythm of your blood pounding through my own ear.

You can feel my scalding heat upon your skin, and gently, delicately, I trace the outside edge of your ear from where it meets your head, up and over, and down until I reach your lobe. Softly, I nibble the innocent piece of flesh between my teeth, pursing my lips over sometimes to suckingly pull it gently. And in between, I speak to you.

"I want you so much. I've been waiting and all you can do is tap..."

Nibble...

"Tap..."

Suck...

"Tap..."

I bite a little harder, making you gasp with fear that somehow I might be more ferocious. You know better, of course.

"I want to play with you, lad, and I'm going to. Sexy stories be damned, I'm writing my own with your body."

I move my head down, still not touching you with my hands, even though I ache to do so. I blow cold down the side of your neck, and steam-breathe back up. As I lower again, I kiss in little flutters, little licks here and there in a trailing path until I reach where your neck and wonderful shoulders meet.

I place my mouth full on, kissing with my lips, pushing with my tongue, as if it's your mouth I'm in. And

I suck your flesh until the blood begins to rush towards my teeth, wanting to be devoured through the shell of your being.

I slide my right hand across you, from the top of your left shoulder, to your right, sliding it down until my little arm can reach no further, and then slipping it underneath yours to place my palm on your ribs. I bring my left arm under the other side, so that all you can feel is your chest tightly encased in my little arms, and my mouth and breath on your skin.

I turn my face sideways so I speak across your throat.

"Do you want me? Do you want to feel my hands all over you? If I lay myself down on this desk with my legs open wide, would you fuck me hard and deep? Would you slide your throbbing cock into my aching, slippery pussy and make me come in fountains of starbursts?"

You groan, and I love you for it.

I bite softly into your neck, the blood beginning to simmer. I can taste your heat, and your temperature is rising by fast degrees. I slide my hands over your torso as well as I can manage, blowing cold and breathing hot just below your jaw.

I love that place where your jaw meets your neck, the lines where toughened skin begins to sag just a tiny bit, but where the corners of your jaw still stand proud and firm. I love the vulnerability of your skin below the arrogance of bone, trying hard to cover the softness with ever-growing bristles. But you don't fool me. I know your secrets, and I want them. I want to play with them, and treasure them, and make you mine.

I know you are smiling, but I cannot see it right now. My hands are sliding over you, wending their way up the inside of your t-shirt onto your bare flesh. You can feel my hot breath on your throat still, and my fingers and palms sucking shallow hills of skin wherever they might find them. They graze over your hardening nipples, and trace round the contours of your ribs, squeezing you from under your arms, down to your waist, and back again.

"I know what you want," I tell you. "I can't see from here, but I know your cock is throbbing and hard for me, isn't it?"

You don't speak, like I told you. I smile sleepily, but with danger in my muscles.

"You wish I would scoot round you, kneel myself down and suck you, don't you?"

I hear you exhale, and you push your head back and your hips out.

"Oh no, lad, no. I'm not going to suck you. I won't suck you hard and deep with my pussy dripping and ready for you to enter me. But I know you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

I keep biting you, tiny little razors of desire prickling your neck, my breath flooding your skin with molten lust.

I move my face around to your right side, my right arm reaching down to your crotch. I can feel your hardness and heat through your trousers. I don't dare spoil the moment by giggling that my arms are too short to undo your zip without moving in front of you.

"Open your zip, and get that hard cock out for me."

Your hands instantly try to, fumbling and trembling. I let you suffer the agony of how long it takes you. It's amazing, the effect I have on you. It humbles me to the point of tears, but I cannot let you know. I'm trying to be all temptressy. I suspect you know I'm struggling, but shut up. I almost have your cock in my hands and I'm not afraid to stroke it.

My hand is hovering just over you, feeling the heat from your length.

"Do you know, I'm completely naked? I'm stood behind you, completely naked."

You suck in your breath.

I move both my arms behind you, and stand up straight. I grab my boobs, and put them either side of your neck, squishing them against you. I keep trying not to giggle, and I know you're trying not to as well, with two huge orbs of naked flesh massaging your neck. I know you like that, because your muscles get so tense when you're writing.

"Can you feel these two huge breasts on either side of your neck? How would it feel to have your cock sliding between them? If I were to spit onto your head and rub it in with them? Would you spurt me ropes of cum that I could scrape off and lick from my hand? Would you like to see that? Me, dripping with your spunk and looking deep into your eyes, whispering your name?"

You're breathing sporadically now, trying to keep control, but struggling.

"It makes me wet to hear you breathe like that. I wonder how wet I am..."

I drop my naked breasts from your neck and put my hand between my legs.

"Oh, lad. I'm so wet. My fingers just slid between my swollen pussy lips without even needing to push. Mmmmm..."

I stand behind you again, pushing my breasts against you, and I slide my wet fingers across your cheek, leaving a smear of sweetness towards your lips. I know you can smell my scent hanging in the air like honey smoke. I touch your lips with my wet fingers, and draw them back as you try to suck on them.

"Naughty! No sucking, lad. Just smell my wet fingers. That's my pussy juice, and it's your fault I'm so wet. What are you going to do about it, as I'm stood here naked? Are you going to throw me over your lap and spank me for teasing you? Would you rather I lie before you on the desk so you can lick me out and fuck me with your fingers? Mmmm... I'd love that, to feel your fingers squelching inside me and feel your tongue flickering over my clit. Would you like that?"

My boobs are pressed hard against you, my left hand under your shirt and feeling your stomach, so close to your cock, but not touching it, and my right hand just under your nose so you can smell me.

I move my hand away, sliding it into my hole, and then tucking my shoulder under yours, my right cheek pressed against your side. My left hand roams where it can over your back and underarm.

"Look at my hand. It's covered in me. Do you know what I'm going to do with this? I'm going to smear it all over your cock."

And I lower my hand onto your heated head, the palm just sitting there. I slide my hand over until just my forefinger is circling your little hole.

"Oh, you're ready for me. Mmmm... Wonderful. Your pre-cum is delicious. I'd like to use my tongue to lick that off."

I alternate the tip of my forefinger and middle finger to dance little steps over that little hole of yours.

"Feel my fingertips? I wish that was my tongue..."

And I begin to circle in spirals over your head and around your rim, just letting your feel the lightest of touches.

"If I was kneeling before you now, I'd like to suck just your head and swirl my tongue around it until

you're screaming at me to take you in further."

I slide my forefinger from the base of your shaft, up slowly, trailing our mixed juices up you. I know you love that. Then I use my forefinger and middle finger to patter tiny steps up again, and when I reach that special little place where your shaft meets your head, I rub feather-light with one finger tip.

"If that were my tongue, would you be begging me for more? Aching to thrust into my hot, panting mouth? Would you want to fuck my mouth with my tongue lashing up and down your twitching length?"

I quickly remove my hand, slide it between my legs again, and grab you with my whole hand at your base.

"Can you feel my juice all over me? You did that. You made my pussy wet so that it's dripping down my leg. I might make you lick my wetness from the floor later as I finger your asshole. Would you like that?"

I begin to slowly, but firmly, pump your cock with my strong little hand.

"Feel that? Imagine my pussy clamping on you like this, squeezing you with everything I have and more, as you squeeze my naked breasts and suck my hard nipples. My legs are open for you right now, all you have to do is say. But I know you won't, because I told you not to. Good lad."

I pump you harder now, feeling your hips begin to thrust with me, rising so you get my hand as far down your shaft as it can go, beginning to slap your flesh gently, and then lowering so just your throbbing head is squeezed in my palm.

"Oh, you do like that. Thrusting into me like you're pounding my pussy, and withdrawing so only your head is just between my lips, ready for another plunge into the hot, sweltering darkness. Oh, I want you. My tunnel is aching to squeeze you dry, lad."

I'm pounding you hard now, almost painfully, but I know you need it, want it, crave it.

"Would you prefer me to slide around with my big ass in your face and lower myself onto you? Do you want to pound me from behind and grab my cheeks like you could grab the moon with your words and fuck the nation with your sentences? Do you want to see your whole length pumping in and out of me, my juices dripping all over you as I scream your name? Do you want to hold onto these large hips as I thrust, sliding you in and out as I bounce my ass in your face and fuck your steaming cock with everything I have? Do you wish I was fingering and cupping your balls, rolling them round in

hand between my legs as you fuck me to Heaven and back?"

You're almost screaming with the agony and the ecstasy now, hips well off the chair and sliding back on the wheels if I don't hold you tight round the waist as I hand-fuck you tightly with my other arm.

"Just fuck my pussy as hard as you can in your mind, lad, and I will clamp down on you and squeeze everything I can out of you."

I begin to add in a little twist of your shaft here and there to change the tension on you, but you thrust so hard it's difficult.

"Cum for me, scream my name and I will take it deep into me and fuck it deeper. Oh god, I'm desperate for your spunk all over my ass, just fucking spray it all over me so I can lick and suck you up..."

And you suddenly freeze, hips high in the air, an agonised sound of release and joy bursting raggedly from your mouth, and I know you are spurting out those ropes of cum for me, just as I wanted. You heave with orgasm, no control over your trembling body, wracked with spasms and uncontrollable gasping.

I hold you tightly in my naked arms, one arm around your waist, and the other still holding tightly onto the base of your cock, milking every vestige of spunk you can produce. I feel the scalding wetness dripping over my hand, and I smile as I wonder how much you spattered on the computer. I'll clean it up for you later, but right now, all that exists in the world is you and I, your cock in my hand, and my name in your mouth.

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