The Masked Man

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It had been quite an argument. Laura, Gina and Wendy had all rounded on me over Gina's ex boyfriend. "Alicia, you are a slag," Laura had begun, "you know she's still sweet on him, how could you?" Then the others raged in on me, the music in the nightclub adding to the pounding they were giving me.

I didn't get chance to explain. *So what*, they saw me kissing him just before we all met up. He said he fancied me and I fancied him but that was it. There had been no previous meetings, no sex, just kissing. There was nothing else apart from him slipping his hand up my dress and me feeling him through his jeans, and yes I did like it and yes, he was as hard as iron! But that was it. We both agreed to wait and see. The others just didn't want to know. They insisted I must have slept with him and I was suddenly an outcast, my girlfriends who I had known for years just blanked me out so I stormed out into the summer evening half light.

I had been in a trance, storming off in the direction of my flat, head whirling with the catty accusations of my so called friends, especially Gina who had been spitting pure venom. It was a route I had travelled many times, not a great distance from town through the park to my place then suddenly I checked myself. I'd forgotten about the wooded bit, the narrow footpath between the park and the edge of my estate where my flat was. It was always daylight when I did this journey and normally I would have taken a taxi at night. I stopped dead in my tracks to take stock. I was right in the middle of it, halfway along the path with thick trees and bushes on both sides and it was getting dark. 'How could I have been so stupid', I thought reproaching myself for being so engrossed in my thoughts. I set off again, this time much quicker but hampered by four inch stilettos on a stony path. I could feel my vulnerability growing, and I was feeling suddenly cold with little on except a flimsy dress, way too short and a little cardigan around my shoulders, and then *he* was there!

I squealed as undergrowth rustled, heavy footsteps scraped the path then what appeared to be a giant, all in black blocking my path. "Please don't hurt me," I pleaded squealing the first thing that came into my head. He didn't speak. In the half-light I could see he was wearing a black ski-mask covering everything except for his mouth and eyes, boring into me like lasers. I had stopped dead and shook with fright as the man towered over me. I could actually hear my heart beating like a drum, the hair on the back of my neck tingling with fear, legs trembling at what was to come. He was easily over

six foot, much taller than me. I nearly fainted but decided I just had to try to control myself. I shook back my long brown hair in an effort to muster some credibility. “What do you want?” I shouted feebly, trying to put some authority into it but failing miserably. “What are you going to do to me?” suddenly sounding defeated. Still he didn’t speak or even move. There was no way I was able to run away, he had trainers on and I had my summer sandals with heels that still didn’t give me any great height. I felt no choice but to resign to my fate and state the obvious. “You’re going to rape me, aren’t you?” Why did I say that? Was I stalling for time? I looked around me, nothing but trees and darkness and not a soul in sight. How loud could I scream? I thought, then, how much use would that be. Time had suddenly stopped still.

I tried to imagine the face behind the mask. He seemed youngish judging by his body. Tall, lean and very obviously muscular. Oddly I could only imagine a fairly handsome guy inside it. I felt as if I had offered myself up to him, if he was going to rape me then there would be little I could do about it without putting myself at risk of some injury. Then he spoke. “You can go,” he said, his voice wavering but not threatening.

Did I hear him right? I began to resume my journey and he stepped aside to give me free access to the path. Was this a trick? Would he attack me from behind? I decided to confront him. “I don’t believe you,” I shrieked. I didn’t mean to shriek but that was the only voice I had. “I think you *are* going to hurt me.”

“No,” he said simply. “You can go. I’m sorry I frightened you. It was stupid of me now please go.”

Strangely I did believe him. I walked past him, the musky scent of him heavy in the dank air. I was going to run, run like mad but something made me turn around. Was he really going to let me go? It was obvious I was his for the taking. He stood there, by the path, still and not attempting to follow me.

His eyes glared at me in the semi darkness. “Don’t be afraid,” he said, his voice now much more even. “Do you want me to walk you to safety? There is still a long way to go.”

This was weird. I knew I should have run, but I didn’t. My courage was returning although still fragile but I felt I needed some explanation. “You were going to rape me, weren’t you?” I shouted.

“Maybe.” Then checking himself. “No, I very much doubt it.” he said simply.

“Why?” I asked lamely. “Why jump out at me?”

“No sensible reason,” he said softly. “You are very pretty so why not?” He shrugged unconvincingly.

He studied me intently before adding. “I had a fight with my mates over a girl. She wasn’t worth it so I wanted some sort of revenge. I’m sorry, it was stupid. Now please go. I’ll follow some distance behind you to make sure you’re safe.”

What was wrong with me? Why am I still here, I thought. I should get away quickly. “Were you going to take me into the bushes?” Why on earth did I ask him that? Go, go now.

“Yes.”

“That’s not very nice is it? A bit rough don’t you think?” What am I saying? Go, go, go.

“I found an old mattress, it’s hidden over there,” he said pointing into the dense woodland.

“What were you going to do to me?” *What!* Why did I say that? I wasn’t cold anymore, I also realised I wasn’t frightened either. Excited, yes that was it. I was *excited!* The initial shock had gone.

“Put you on your knees and make you suck my cock before fucking the crap out of you,” he said frankly. There was no threat in his voice, just the facts.

“Show me where,” I said suddenly not even aware I was going to say it. Did I say it, maybe I just thought it.

“Over here,” he answered pointing the way.

Oh my God. I did say it. Okay, now is the time to say goodbye. Goodbye masked man. Run, run, run. “I can’t go through that in these shoes. How were you going to get me there?”

“Carry you of course,” his voice now husky.

Oh God. Now I know it’s time to go. Quickly *now* before he changes his mind. “You’d better carry me then,” I trilled. No. No I couldn’t have said that. He was coming towards me. Run. Run *now!*.

I was rooted to the spot as he swiftly placed both hands on my waist and hoisted me from the floor, my high heels performing a vertical take-off, then he lobbed me over his shoulder like a sack of corn. What had I done! I was inert over his massive shoulder then I felt his hand across the tops of my thighs holding me in place, my dress, what there was of it had ridden up over my bottom and the cool of the dark woodland surrounded my bare upper thighs. My hair had slumped over the back of my head and pointed towards the undergrowth as did my arms, dangling helplessly as he swathed through it to his lair. Now there was no going back, I was his, he knew it and so did I, my stomach

churned with anticipation although I knew what he was going to do to me, he had told me! God, how did I get myself into this? He slid me from his shoulder, sliding me down his front, my dress riding right up to my breasts, his hands following it as he steadied me onto the mattress he had placed behind a clump of wild bushes. I tottered unsteadily on my spiky heels for a moment then attempted to pull down my dress but it was too late, he had feasted on my white knickers, tiny and insignificant as they were (who wants a VPL?). Shaking my hair back into place I tried to regain some composure, after all I had *asked* him to bring me here!

“What happens now?” I gasped, still trying to get myself together after my strange journey through the woods. For the first time I noticed the full moon illuminating the small clearing between the trees.

He smiled behind the mask, his mouth stretching the opening wide showing a nice set of even white teeth. ”Now you go down on your knees and suck my cock.”

I *did* ask. And he had already given me his intended itinerary. “What was the plan if I refused. You didn’t expect me to just go down on you without some kind of protest surely.”

He smiled again, eyes glinting in the silvery glow from the moon. “I really didn’t expect to do anything,” he said. “It was just a fantasy. I got it all set up just to act it out, I didn’t expect anyone to be coming down the path at this time of night. Then there you were and I just jumped out. I still don’t expect you to do as I want. You’re not the girl I have a problem with so I’ll carry you back to the path if you wish.”

That’s it then. All sorted, just get him to get me back onto the path and get back home. No harm done. It’s been a thrill but this is as far as it goes. “You must have had some kind of plan to force me to do as you want.” There I go again, what’s wrong with me? “I mean, were you going to threaten me with a weapon of some sort?” *Alicia! Stupid girl, stupid, stupid girl*.

He looked surprised at the suggestion. Even through the mask I could tell he was uneasy about going any further. “No, of course not.” Then falteringly, “ If you must know, I was going to take to that stump over there, put you over my knee and spank you until you accepted my authority.”

I was stunned. He had planned to *spank me!* I’m twenty-two, not twelve. No man has ever spanked me, not then and certainly not now. “Well I’m refusing to do as you want. So now what?” Alicia! Alicia, what are you doing? My mind was whirling with excitement and danger. Yes danger. This was a totally weird situation and I was playing up to it. *Encouraging it!*

Now he was stunned. He didn’t speak for a full minute which seemed much longer. “I’ll have no choice but to spank you.” *‘Of course you do’ I thought, but please, please go ahead*. “Give me your

hand.” I did and he led me the short distance to the stump. I didn’t struggle, why would I? He won’t really spank me. Will he? He was in role-play, I was in role-play. We’ll stop it in a moment. I’ll tell him to stop it right now.

“If you want me to suck your cock you had better give me a good spanking,” I declared from nowhere. ‘Tell him to stop Alicia. Tell him to stop *right now!* My brain was urging me to stop it but my pussy was saying something entirely different. “All I ask is that you do not pull down my knickers.” *WHAT!* Alicia, what is the point in that, they are so tiny they practically don’t exist!

Oh dear. He is pulling me to him. Now he’s sitting on the stump and I am going forward, forward, toppling, a huge hand steadying me onto his lap. The smell of lush foliage filling my nostrils and a hand sliding up the back of my dress, lifting it over my bottom. *SLAPPP! ... SLAPPP! ...SLAPPP!...*

My first ever spanking. Oooooh! Oooowch! Oooooh! His knees beneath my tummy are rock hard and his hand is stinging me slap after slap. I’m ready, yes I’m ready to *obey*. Do I tell him or will he know? He’s not stopping, my bottom is getting really hot now and I’m ready. Command me to suck your cock. Order me to my knees. Do with me what you want. He’s stopped. Did I want him to? I’m on fire from different directions. He’s stopped spanking me and I’m being propelled back onto my feet. I want to rub my bottom but my hands don’t work and I stand in front of him, arms limp by my side. He leads me back to the mattress.

“Now you will suck my cock. Down on your knees right now.” I obey without question. This is crazy, the mattress is damp and slightly squidgy against my knees. He unzips his jeans and out jumps the biggest erection I have ever seen, his hand arrives behind my head, gathering my hair, clenching it and forcing me forward onto his cock. Wow, I can’t believe I’m doing this. It’s crazy but HOT.

I’m sucking him like a whore. My nipples feel even harder than his cock if that’s possible and my pussy even hotter than my just spanked bottom, I reach up and curl my hand around his shaft with length to spare for my other hand if I’d wanted to, he’s massive and much too big for my throat. I’m thinking ‘Alicia, get him off, suck him, wank him hard, make him cum then he won’t have anything to fuck you with and that will be that. I’m looking up at him again, his eyes still glinting in the light from the huge silver disk high in the clear night sky. I slip his erection from my wet lips. “Don’t cum until you’ve fucked me,” I say in a voice I don’t even recognise.

The masked man uses my hair, still clenched in his fist to propel me backwards onto the mattress, I’m unfurling my legs from behind me as I go, stilettos digging in trying to stop my progress but he has me on my back and he’s following me down, on top of me. God, he’s going to fuck me *at last!* The mattress smells musty and the back of my dress is getting damp, his hand has left my hair and my head is back as far as it can go. His hand is now snaking up between my legs, warm and tingling, and

I can’t believe I’m doing this. My dress was no protection and now his fingers are against the crotch of my tiny knickers pulling them aside then I gasp as he touches my clit, working his finger between my pussy lips then into me. Oh, this shouldn’t be happening. I’m automatically spreading my thighs as far as they will go and he’s between them his hooded head between my legs his fingers easing my knickers further out of the way. His warm, soft tongue is probing the upper part of my pussy, easing between the lips and entering me as far as he can, working it in and out, the rough woollen mask rubbing the inside of my outstretched thighs. His head is moving up me now, my dress in a bow wave in front of him coming up towards my breasts bringing his erection to meet my pussy. Then his cock nuzzles my clit probing around seeking my opening then he’s in, just the ‘head’ by the feel of it. Oooooh! Ooooooow! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me! Oohh! God. Was I thinking these things or singing them out loud, I couldn’t tell my head was all over the place. He’s coming in deeper now, right up to my love button totally filling my tunnel, to and fro, to and fro he’s into his stride now and I’m arching my back beneath his half supported weight, spreading my legs as wide as I can to get him into me as far as is possible. I can see my legs are almost vertical either side of his shoulders, my strappy stilettos silhouetted against the magnificent silver moon. My masked man has all the length he needs to play me slowly and I know I’m about to orgasm, hoarse squeals are coming from deep within me and low groans from him and suddenly everything is bursting, my pussy, my head, his cock. Now he’s out, spurting hot cream up my front and I’m getting his scent, musky and hot, urgent and yet controlled. Oddly I hope he can smell my perfume over the dank mattress. Then he’s off me and helping me up, my little dress dropping back into place, hair everywhere, then my legs leave the mattress and I’m back across his shoulder heading back to the path.

Neither of us spoke as he guided me along the now pitch dark path to the safety of the main road. He watches me as I cross over then I turn to acknowledge him and he’s not there. My masked man has gone, who knows where and I know I’ll never meet him again!