The Stalker - Part 2

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Well a girl should always get what a girl wants. Now who could possibly disagree with that?

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The Stalker (Part 2) – A Masturbatory Interlude

I'm trying to walk away but it's so difficult. I'm placing one foot in front of the other; toe to heel with perfect 6" gaps, my head is raised and my eyes fixed forward but my mind is entrapped by the soft eyed temptation that pants nosily behind my stiff back. I've become entangled by the cleverness of my own designs and the wantonness of my pussy.

I step onwards; walking through treacle like air, my heels catching in every crack of this crazy paving, the bones in my ankles rattling like die before the roll. My calves are jelly, my thighs liquid and with every step the weight of my burning desire causes them to buckle beneath me.

I stop; breathless, panting, my tiny bosom heaving like some latter day Jane Austen heroine. I can taste his flesh in my mouth, smell his sex on my fingers, and see the wondrous image of his slender young cock pulsing needily in my mind. Slowly I turn and face my tormentor.

I owe you an apology, dear reader, for I have been a little economical with the truth. I have drawn you pretty pictures with soft words and smooth flesh, but I am not to be trusted. I am a charlatan, a fakir, a peddler of half-truths and downright lies. Like a leashed puppy I have led you through a web of misdirection your eyes fixated by my slender silhouette, your nostrils filled with the heady aroma of my sex and your mind captivated by the throbbing in your groin.

The truth is that I know this man/boy and he is no stalker. His only crime is one of innocence. Every day he climbs aboard my carriage and trails along behind me to the office block where we both work. Every day he teases me with his doe-eyes, soft lips and Bambi-like gracelessness. At lunchtime he

sits laughing and joking with colleagues whilst I peer above my packaged Panini hoping for a glance, a smile, a waved hand and a tender word.

I have become quite smitten. Nightly I have dreamt of the taste of his lips, the soft touch of his fingers running lightly across my skin, the lap of his tongue between my legs and the hard thrust of his manhood sliding between my petal-like lips to fill my yearning pussy. Each morning I awake sheathed in sweat, trapped amongst my bedding, my body unfulfilled and my mind hoping that today he will step across the Underground carriage and thrust his tongue deep into my parted mouth. He has made me wait too long and my need is too great. I will not be the little woman sitting nervously awaiting his call. I have collared his cock, labelled it as mine and I want to taste its sweet cum before once again having to fill my mouth with faux Italian bread.

I stride back to him, my eyes fixed on his throbbing cock, my mouth filling with saliva, juices dribbling down my inner thigh and soaking the tops of my stockings. Like the good boy I want him to be, he waits; reddened, panting, his eyes hooded, his manhood protruding resplendently before him.

I step into him, push my body against his, allow my skirt to ride up my legs to reveal my naked shaven pussy, swollen labia and soft welcoming vagina. I slide my wetness across his cock head, feel him pulse against my clitoris, push my lips aside and then travel the length of my soaked pink slit. I wriggle forward; push my pubis into his, feel him perfectly positioned at the yawning entrance to my pussy ... a simple twitch of my hips and I could swallow him whole.

“Does it hurt?”

He stares at me disbelievingly. I stroke my hand across his cheek and slide my pelvis backwards luxuriating in the abrasion of his cock across my engorged clitoris.

“I can get it off for you. Would you like that? Would you like me to remove it for you?”

I bring my fingers to his mouth and run them across his bottom lip, feel him nod a reply as I glide once more down his length, soaking him with my juices, marking my territory with the smell of my pussy.

“I can do that for you.”

My words are coming in soft pants as my pelvis picks up tempo. My head is swimming as my smooth flesh rides his length, as his cock head twitches between my lips and my swollen clitoris vibrates against it. Palpitations ripple through my stomach and quiver through my pussy. If I was soaked before, I’m drenched now. Days, weeks and months of anticipation, tension, hope, need and desire poised ready to be fulfilled. But...

He’s holding his breath, watching my parted lips, waiting for the movement that will release the words *“fuck me”* into the morning air. My pelvis lurches backwards, every millimetre of his pussy soaked cock pulsing fervently against my clitoral nub, my body quivering deliciously on the edge of orgasm, waves of pleasure shuddering from between my legs and spreading outwards to make my whole body shake.

I’m on tiptoe; the head of his cock poised perfectly between the lips of my pussy. Every cell of my body is aching to feel his head pushing firmly against my cervix, screaming to have his pubis rub my clitoris raw, moaning with the desire to have his length and width sliding into my hot vagina where I can squeeze his swollen flesh until he shoots his cum deep into wanton, welcoming me.

“I need you to meet me; 10.15, ladies’ toilet, 3 rd floor. Meet me and I’ll release you.”

I step backwards, grasp his throbbing cock in my hand and find his eyes with mine.

And add, in my best little girl simper.

“Please.”

What a perfectly wonderful little prick tease I am.

His grunt could mean anything but I’ve already spun on my heel and with perfectly spaced steps I wiggle my pert bottom seductively and race down the road and out of sight.

Author’s Note

Yes, what a perfectly wonderful little prick tease I am; even if I do say so myself. But don’t worry, dear reader, for we will conclude this Act before the end of the week and I do promise you that both her seductively wiggling, pert bottom will be soaked with pussy juices and his tender young cock will spurt forth its thick cum.

After all, it is only 8.45am, there is a long day ahead and we have a 10.15 rendezvous in the ladies’ toilets to look forward to.

Thank you for reading. Please do vote, comment or write if you so desire.

Your humble servant,

Cum Girl x