

Merry Clitoris

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A drunken voyage home takes an interesting twist....

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Struggling to walk home from the vast amount of free alcohol drunk at his works end of year Christmas party, Gary staggers gradually. Throughout the night, Gary had made himself look the fool with his attempts to sweet talk his female work colleges. With the amount of alcohol that was in his blood stream, he was past acknowledging that he was going home alone. He had taken a route along the esplanade on the beachfront.

The dimly lit street had a gloomy feel from the street lights. Gary walked down a widened footpath which was quiet and empty. The walk home would usually be a twenty minute walk, however, due to Gary's drunk staggering walk it would most probably be thirty five to forty minutes until he reached home. Fifteen minutes into the trek, Gary begins to straighten up and picks up the pace of his walking. Suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, he is hit with an urge to piss. Although the street was dark with no one around, Gary still feels the need to find a private place to pee.

With caution, he walks into the yard quietly to take a piss. He finds a spot in the yard and releases the tension. The relief felt is huge. After zipping up his fly and realizing in how dehydrated he is. An idea is thought up to drink from the outside tap or hose in order to help rehydrate. He quietly steps around the side of the house and finds a tap. By using his hand as a mediator between the tap and his mouth, he consumes two litres of water.

Gary turns off the tap and stands up slowly, feeling one hundred and ten percent better. He slowly looks around the dark yard spotting that a bedroom light is still on. Assuming that it is roughly between three thirty and four and numbered by curiosity, he walks over to the window to see who is there.

He looks through the bedroom window and sees a girl laying face down across her bed on her stomach reading. Gary is stunned, she is gorgeous. She appears to be in her early twenties, honey blonde hair wearing nothing but a skimpy purple and black laced negligee. Her figure is shown by the way the satin clings to her body. An overwhelming amount of lust is thrown over Gary as he looks at

her perfect tanned legs and back. He slowly and quietly tries to get a little more comfortable and visible place near her window to see her from. Fearful in making a noise, nonetheless, the girl is so into her book, that her whole world at that time is entwined in the story before her. Many images flicker through Gary's mind as he fantasizes imagining different ways in how this could progress to a physical confrontation, to the point in where his desire to be with her is so overwhelming he is fired up with nothing but sex on his mind.

Thousands of different sexual thoughts cycle through Gary's mind as he is entranced by her beauty, he looks over his shoulder quickly and feels more and more drawn to her body. Watching her in the midst of her world gets his blood pumping, causing him to be harder than ever. With his conscience telling him on the wrong morality of the situation, his own momentum of fanaticism holds him anchored, peering through the window. He pushes down his swollen muscle aiming to sooth the tension. As he looks at her more and more, he slides his hand in his pants cradling his tool of pleasure.

While watching her with eyes like a hawk, she closes her book and rolls onto her back looking up to the ceiling. She gets off her bed slowly and walks across the room, grabbing her glass to have a drink. After placing the glass back down on her chest of drawers she walks back across the room back to her bed. Laid stretched out on her bed and looking up at the ceiling, Gary realizes he is stroking himself without knowing, almost as if his hand had taken over. He feels such an urge to come and is so sensitively aroused that the point of no return is coming closer. Lying on her bed on her back with her perfect firm breasts displayed is encouraging Gary to continue. When he notices her slowly running her hands through her hair- almost sexually. A haunting thought hits his mind of her next intent, seeing in where this is going and focuses every urge and thought that she follows through with it.

He holds back on touching himself and is intrigued. As he stops it's as if the fire of lust is thrown to her. She slowly and sensuously runs her hands down the side of her waist and hips as if pushing a fire of passion down to her most sensitive area of pleasure. He stares at her frozen, entranced by the vision before him of her building arousal. As her breathing increases, each breath deepens, he watches in how she is touching herself thinking it's beautiful and continues to masturbate, watching her run her hands up from her waist up to her breasts cupping them in her hands. With her heart thumping with passion, she softly squeezes her breasts touching them in the exact way she likes them touched. She gently tugs on her nipples and runs her hands back down to her legs. Gary can see her nipples are erect through her silky outfit. She runs her hands down to her thighs caressing them softly and runs her hands up her inner thighs and lifts her skimpy, lacy dress to continue to touch herself. Although she is side on to Gary's vision, how she is laying and the way her body is reacting to her touch looks perfect.

Suddenly, she sits up lifting her feet up onto the bed. By leaning back and resting her weight on a supporting arm she lubricates herself and rubs on her clit. With her eyes closed and head sunk back her breathing increases and her heart beats faster and faster anticipating the release as she feels the pleasure build through the rotation of her fingers. Gary is outside pleasuring himself also, and at a fast pace. Although no physical contact, he tries to synchronise the tempo in how he is touching himself at the same speed as her actions holding the thought of still establishing a sexual connection.

The intensity builds as her clit becomes more and more sensitive to her touch. Gary is close, the pressure is building and the long wait has made the build so much more intense. By watching her breathing and the way she is moving he can see she is close. The explosive waves of pleasure come crashing over her as she throws herself back on the bed. At the same time Gary releases and by the tease before and him trying to hold the blast back, the feeling of his squirt is even stronger. Gary watches her slowly descend from the clouds of pleasure seeing her eyes lit up from satisfaction.

The hype then drops and Gary's conscience kicks back in. Just about to leave, he refrains to watch her slowly rise from her bed and stand in her room. Some kind of sense causes her to look up. She spots Gary's white eyes at the window. Both frozen in fear, the complete shock leaves them both paralysed. The moment is broken by her scream. Gary tries to bolt from the yard but trips over some pots lashing as far from the scene as possible fuelled by adrenaline. While running full pelt, he breaks out in laughter looking forward to sharing the story with his friends. At the same time, all shaken up and scared the girl realises that he has gone and closes her curtains and lies back on her bed. She replays the event in her head and smiles to herself thinking 'Merry Clitoris.'

From this day on she always closes her curtains at night.