

A Little Strange

Dawson

It's Monday the 24th and the bus was late. I stood in the drizzling rain without an umbrella. There seemed to be a pattern forming.

Bus stop 24 had a shingle of a roof which didn't protect much of me from the rain. The bus came and I was soaked. I sat by the exit door but there was no doubt I would be late again. A woman got up and swaggered down the aisle of the bus as it moved.

"Hey, sit down lady. Ya hear me?" the driver bellowed out.

The woman ignored him. She came towards me, she sat down beside me, and then she mumbled something inaudible.

"Excuse me?" I asked and she giggled. "What did you say?"

"Wanna blow job, here, now?" She pressed her wet lips right up against my ear. Her breath was intoxicating and instinctively, I leaned my head towards her.

"I'm sorry, any other time I might say yes but I have an appointment." She opened up her rain coat and she was completely naked except for a jeweled navel ring. She was a goddess. She took my hand, placed it firmly on one of her breasts, and started to breathe heavily. I pulled away. "You shy or what?" She closed her raincoat. Finally, I could breathe again.

"Shy? No, I have an appointment. Want to come with me?" I said trying to convince her. "She looked into my eyes, smiled, unzipped my pants and went for the gold right then and there. I felt paralyzed. We passed my stop I realized I would be late, again.

One of the passengers turned and gave me a smirk. There was a heat, wetness and a suction I had never experienced. I backed up against the window in disbelief, pulled my pants up then grabbed the line to get off the bus. Funny thing though, she was still attached to my dick, dragging along like a human hose. I stopped and picked her up in my arms and was confused as to what to do next.

"Get the fuck off of me," I screamed. She stared back at me in delight.

"I have to go. I told you I have an appointment!" I ran as fast as I could. I went in still carrying this woman attached to cock. Everyone turned when I entered then stood up and cheered.

"Please, sit down and be quiet," the director advised. How do you explain this?"

"Yes sir, this is, well I don't know her name. She's a little strange I picked up on the bus on the way to the meeting and we're stuck." The woman lifted her head slightly and gave a wave of her hand.

"You're late, again" the man at the podium quipped. "Prepare yourselves." Perhaps this was the only way to cure my excessive sexual compulsions. Therapy certainly wasn't working. The hatchet fell and separated her from me, then me from my Johnson. Alas, no more meetings.