**Alice**

by **[petrailus](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1087780&page=submissions)**

I'm a 45 year old divorced college professor. I'm tenured, and have been teaching for nearly forever. I teach history. It's a subject that most of my students take because they must. They consider it the lesser of evils. We once had a history major, but it got canceled when the president realized that we were only graduating two or three people each year. That's also when they got rid of the other full time history professor.  
  
I actually enjoy my job. It's boring at times, but I can more or less do what I want. I don't have to spend a lot of energy preparing for class. History doesn't change very much and neither do the interpretations that we bring to the lower level courses. I try to stay well read and interested, but it's entirely for my own benefit. Mostly my days are quite routine and predictable.  
  
My wife left me almost ten years ago. I foolishly had an affair with a woman I met at a conference. I deceived myself into believing we would live happily ever after. Alas, it turned out that she was married too. It was really rather pathetic.  
  
When I'm not teaching or reading in the library, I enjoy concerts, gardening, photography, and hiking. I try to keep myself in good shape with regular work outs. I use the college's gym, much to the amusement of my students. They kid me about my gut or my legs but the truth is that I'm in better shape than many of them.  
  
This particular semester started more or less like any other. I greeted the students in my usual, routine way, and handed out all the usual, routine paperwork. Everything unfolded exactly as it has before. I've taught my classes so many times that I could probably do it in my sleep.  
  
It was about four weeks into the semester when I got an email message from one of my freshman American History students named Alice. "I could use a little help with the reading assignment," she wrote. "I have some questions about it." I often get email from students so there was nothing particularly odd about Alice's message. I wondered what kind of questions she had. I replied with an invitation to stop by my office later that afternoon.  
  
Alice arrived right on schedule. She was dressed very smartly, but conservatively. She had on a light blouse with dark pants and a dark jacket. The color of her jacket contrasted strikingly with her long, blond hair. I indicated a chair, and as she sat down she took out her glasses and her notes.  
  
Alice's work was steady, but not exceptional. She wasn't sure about some of the questions at the end of the reading, but she seemed to understand my explanations well enough. "I'm glad you came by," I said and she seemed pleased. "It's good to try and get these issues cleared up before class. It will make the discussion in class easier to follow and you'll get more out of it."  
  
She smiled. "I just wanted to come by and see your office anyway. I figured you'd have a very nice office."  
  
I laughed. "Well," I said with a wave of my arm. "What do you think?"  
  
"I like your pictures," she said getting up to take a closer look at them. "Did you take them?"  
  
"Yes, I did," I replied, feeling a bit of pride coming into my voice.  
  
We ended up spending a good fifteen minutes talking about photography. It turned out that she had done a little modeling and that she knew something about the technical side of that business too.  
  
"You'd make a lovely model," I told her. She smiled warmly.  
  
The next day, I received an email message from Alice thanking me for helping her and for spending time showing her my pictures. I replied saying that no thanks were necessary and that she should feel free to stop by my office any time.  
  
A couple of days later, while I was in the gym working out, I saw Alice running on one of the treadmills. She waved when she saw me and I returned her gesture before heading over to the weight machines. I was a little surprised to see her there since I had never seen her working out before. Yet people are always coming and going in the gym. There was nothing particularly unusual about that.  
  
As I worked out, I found myself stealing glances her way. She was extremely sexy in her skin tight leotard. She had a thin, lithe body with pert, teenage breasts. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail to expose well toned shoulders and arms. She had the treadmill up fairly high and was moving along at a rather good clip. I could see the sweat glistening on her brow. I could also see her erect nipples clearly outlined against the fabric of her leotard. I hadn't realized what a great body she had, and I found myself wondering what she looked like without that leotard.  
  
Later in class, I lectured on the political situation in the American colonies. I tried to relate the historic events to the current activities around the world. The discussion was fairly lively and I felt pleased. I also felt distracted by Alice in the back row. She didn't say anything but for some reason the image of her tight leotard stretched over her hard nipples kept coming to my mind. That night, at home in my bed, I masturbated to that image.  
  
The next day I found a message from Alice waiting for me in my electronic mailbox. "I noticed you watching me in the gym yesterday," was all it said.  
  
"Damn," I thought. I composed a careful reply. I didn't want to deny what was obviously true, but I also didn't want to get myself into trouble. I knew of faculty members who routinely preyed on their students for sexual favors, and that practice disgusted me. Besides, tenure or no, sexual harassment was taken very seriously by the college administration.  
  
"You are a very striking woman," I wrote after much deliberation, "and I'd be lying if I told you that I didn't notice you. However, I don't want you to think that I was trying to act inappropriately. I'm sorry if you felt uncomfortable, and I hope you will not feel uncomfortable with me in the future."  
  
Around noon that day, I got a reply from her that said, "I wasn't uncomfortable at all. Actually, I liked it. I noticed you too. You're a sexy man."  
  
Was she coming on to me there? After a a minute of reflection, I dragged her message to the trash can and forgot about it. But that night I thought again about her firm breasts bouncing suggestively as she jogged on the treadmill machine.  
  
The next day Alice wasn't in class. That struck me as a bit unusual. Hadn't she always been there before? I couldn't remember. I wondered what she might have been doing. Late that afternoon I got an email message from her. "I'm sorry I wasn't in class," she said. "I don't like missing your classes, but something came up. Can I stop by your office and find out what I missed?" I felt my hands shaking slightly as I composed my reply. "Calm down," I told myself.  
  
When she came to my office I gave her the reading assignment and a copy of my notes. I was very professional. "Thanks," she said as she packed the material into her notebook. Then, just as she was about to leave she added, "I want you to know, by the way, that I wasn't uncomfortable the other day in the gym."  
  
"I'm glad," I muttered with a nod.  
  
She looked at me for a long moment. "I like it when guys look at my body."  
  
"You have a nice body," I said without thinking.  
  
She smiled. "Maybe I'll see you in the gym again sometime!"  
  
"Maybe." I said.  
  
The next day I could hardly think straight. Part of me hoped that I would see her again in the gym. Part of me was just plain scared shitless by the idea. By the time I actually went for my workout, I felt as nervous as a teenager on his first date.  
  
When I didn't see her right away, I felt a mixture of relief and disappointment. Then I saw her. She was on one of the bench press machines on the other side of the room. She was wearing a different leotard; a black leotard that contrasted in an intensely sexy way with her blond hair and fair skin. My palms broke into a sweat but I tried to be casual and pretend that I didn't really see her.  
  
After she had done her sets on the bench press machine, she noticed me and waved. I smiled briefly in return, but my heart was pounding. Why was this woman having such a strong effect on me?  
  
As I worked out I watched Alice now and then out of the corner of my eye. Her leotard seemed to hug her sleek body like a second skin. I could see every contour of her breasts, buttocks, and hips clearly outlined. Once Alice caught me looking at her. She winked and I smiled before I discretely turned my attention back to my work. Then I noticed that Alice seemed to be going out of her way to position herself in my view. Sometimes she worked on the machine next to mine and sometimes she worked on the machine across the room. In every case I could see her just by looking up in a very natural and inconspicuous way.  
  
While I was working on the bicep machine, Alice decided to work on the bench press machine. She lay down on the bench and spread her legs slightly so that she could put her feet on the floor. From my vantage point, I got a clear view of her legs and crotch. I fancied that I could even see the slit between her legs outlined by her tight leotard. I decided to do an extra set on the bicep machine and when I got up I caught another wink from Alice.  
  
The next morning I found an email message in my mailbox from her.  
  
"Did you like looking at me?" she asked. "Are you going to come and look at me again?"  
  
"You were teasing me," I typed my reply. "And you are an exhibitionist! But yes, I will probably come and look at you again. Especially since you seem to enjoy it so much. I just need to be discrete."  
  
A couple of hours later, I got a reply.  
  
"I am an exhibitionist. Being looked at gets me hot. Don't worry, it will just be our little game. I don't want to ruin it by getting you in trouble."  
  
Shit. I wasn't sure where this was heading, but I was very sure that I shouldn't be playing this game with one of my students. Yet it was intensely exciting to think about Alice getting hot.  
  
Later in the afternoon I got another message from her. "Did you like my black leotard?" she said. "I picked it out hoping that you were going to be there. I have a couple of other ones that I can wear. You'll have to tell me which is your favorite."  
  
The next time I went to the gym, Alice was already there and seemed very much engrossed in her workout. I began my workout in the usual, routine way and didn't pay too much attention to her at first. She didn't bother to greet me, which felt appropriate and comfortable. Yet as before she seemed to position herself to make it easier for me to watch her without it being obvious that I was doing so.  
  
She was wearing a light blue leotard that seemed to be much higher on her hips than the black one. The fabric was slightly sparkly and that made her body seem to shimmer as she moved. I loved watching her breasts jostle beneath the fabric.  
  
"So what did you think?" she asked in email the next day.  
  
"Nice," I replied, "but then I think you would look nice in almost anything. You are very attractive. I admit that I still like the black one better. Did it get you hot knowing that I was watching you?" I asked.  
  
She replied in only about thirty minutes. "Yes I did get hot. Just knowing that you were there looking at me made me wet. I'm glad you think I'm attractive. I think you are attractive too."  
  
Class that day was uneventful. Alice was there, as usual, in the back. She was dressed in her usual, routine way. The discussion was lively and I managed to stay focused on my teaching very well. But that night I masturbated while thinking about Alice getting wet.  
  
The next time at the gym she had on a green leotard that seemed to be in the same style as the black one. It was a dark, forest green and it looked very nice. I could easily see her erect nipples through the fabric. The thought that I was arousing her by looking at her turned me on as well. I had trouble focusing on my workout.  
  
"I liked the green leotard better than the blue one I think," I wrote to her, "but I still like the black one the best." I paused and then typed, "I liked the green leotard because I could see your nipples through it."  
  
I didn't get a reply from her for quite some time. I started to worry. I didn't want to ruin our game by making her feel like so much meat in a meat market. Yet she had said she was an exhibitionist. After a few hours I started to worry that she was in the dean's office lodging a complaint about me. Finally, at the very end of the day I got a message from her. I anxiously opened it.  
  
"I have something special planned for tomorrow," was all she said.  
  
The next day I had trouble focusing on my classes. It seemed to me that the time for my workout would never come. Finally, I headed over to the gym at my usual time. I got changed and almost rushed up to the room with the machines. Luckily hardly anyone was there. Yet Alice was there. She saw me and we made brief eye contact, but she didn't seem to acknowledge me. She was wearing dark blue riding shorts and a cut-off tank top that exposed her muscular midriff from her navel up to the bottom part of her rib cage. Her top was really just a cloth draped over her breasts; it was completely open from below.  
  
When she moved toward one of the machines, her breasts jostled making it clear that she wasn't wearing a bra. When she got onto the pec machine, her top stretched back over her breasts and her very erect nipples poked through the thin fabric with astonishing clarity. I could even see her aureoles outlined against her top and I could follow every contour of her upturned, slightly pointed tits.  
  
I could hardly keep my eyes off of her, and I wasn't alone. I think every man in the room followed Alice as she moved from machine to machine. When she raised her arms to work the overhead bar, we all wondered if her top would ride up to expose her breasts entirely. When she lay down on the bench press we all wondered if we could catch the curve of her breasts peeking out from under the bottom of her top. When she jogged on the treadmill, we all watched her breasts shake and sway freely. She often closed her eyes for extended periods of time, and I knew she was doing that just to make it easier for the rest of us to stare.  
  
"You were very sexy today," I wrote to her before leaving that afternoon. "You have beautiful breasts and I loved watching them move under your clothes."  
  
In the morning when I arrived at work, there was a message from her. "I'm glad you liked my show," she replied. "I wanted to display myself to you, but all those other people were there so I couldn't. I still want to show myself to you. How can I do that?"  
  
I gulped. This game was starting to get intense and I wasn't sure how to handle it. I took a deep breath and wrote a simple, one line response. "Come to my office this afternoon at 5:00pm and we'll discuss it."  
  
It was difficult to concentrate on history. Then, when she didn't reply, I worried again that I had overstepped my bounds. Alice was in class in her usual, routine way, and I managed to get through class without embarrassing myself. I looked at her a few times as I lectured, but I couldn't read her expression.  
  
Finally the appointed time arrived. I seriously considered leaving at 5:00 like I usually do, but I waited. One minute, two minutes, three minutes passed and nobody came to my office door. The hallway was quiet and deserted.  
  
Then suddenly I heard a soft knock at the door, but the pounding of my heart seemed to almost drown it out. "Come in." I said. It was, of course, Alice. "Hello!" I said trying to muster as casual a tone as I could. I had no idea what to expect, but I knew that I had to treat this meeting as normally as I could.  
  
Alice did not reply. She quickly sat down on the chair opposite my desk. She looked at me. I looked at her. Our eyes meet and there was a tense silence. Then, she swiftly began unbuttoning her blouse. I swallowed and watched, hardly daring to move.  
  
She undid first one button, then another, then a third. With each button her blouse hung progressively more and more loosely on her shoulders. She closed her eyes, and then with a sudden, forceful gesture, she tore open her blouse exposing her delightful breasts to my eyes. There was nearly absolute silence in the room. Only the sound of her ragged breathing distracted me from the view.  
  
Her young breasts were small yet surprising full. Her nipples were bright pink and stood out fully erect. I was amazed at the size of her nipples; they were as large as pencil erasers and contrasted greatly with the daintiness of her breasts.  
  
She arched her back to thrust her breasts toward me, but she kept her eyes closed. I wanted so much to reach out and touch her or lick her, but I didn't move. How much time passed like that I couldn't tell. It seemed timeless. Finally---it might have been only a few seconds or maybe a few minutes---she closed her shirt and started buttoning it up again. She looked at me, holding my gaze, and making deep eye contact.  
  
"Thank you," she said softly. I nodded. And with that she left as suddenly as she had come. The stillness of the late afternoon enfolded me.  
  
The next day I had a message from Alice waiting for me in my mailbox. "Did you like that as much as I did?" she asked. I considered my response carefully. "You have an exquisite body, Alice, and I love looking at you as much as you seem to love showing off. I'm glad you want to show me your body. Will you show me more?"  
  
I didn't get any more messages from her that day. Instead I had to attend several faculty committee meetings of one sort of another. They were boring, of course. By the time I packed up my things to go home, I had almost forgotten about my dialog with Alice.  
  
However, the next day, I had a message waiting from her that got my attention. "What part would you like to see next?" she asked. It was a challenge, and I didn't want to let her down. Yet I was still worried about going too far. This game was getting very intense and I didn't want to make a mistake now. I paced around in my office for a few minutes before composing my reply. Then finally I sat down at my computer. "Show me your pussy," I wrote back.  
  
I got my reply by noon. "Do you want to see my pussy because you want to see how wet I become when you look at me and how hard my clit gets?"  
  
This was getting good. "You know I do," I wrote back. "Show me your wet pussy, Alice, and your hard clit. I want to see. Come to my office this afternoon at 5:00 and show me."  
  
It was a challenge to teach that afternoon with Alice in the back of the room. Her expression was bland, but whenever I looked at her, I found myself thinking---even if for just a fleeting instant---of her wet pussy. It was too much. Shortly after class, I got a message from Alice. I opened it with trembling hands. "I'll be there." was all it said.  
  
I worked out that afternoon to distract myself and to pass the time. I knew that I really needed to be grading some papers, but that wasn't going to be possible. I could hardly wait for the end of the day to come. As before, Alice was a bit late. But this time I knew she would come. "Yes?" I called out innocently when I heard her knock at my door. She came in wearing a nice blouse and a short skirt.  
  
"Hello." I said, but as before she was silent. Immediately she sat down in the other chair. She looked at me, making eye contact. I looked at her. There was no sound except our breathing.  
  
"Show me." I said softly.  
  
Suddenly she lifted up her legs slightly and spread open her knees. Then she pulled up her skirt to display herself to me. She wasn't wearing any underwear, and my eyes were greeted with a beautiful view of her exposed genitals. As I looked, she spread her knees even higher and wider to open herself to my gaze.  
  
A forest of light, blond hair sprouted in a thick triangle on her mound and spread down over her labia in a generous tangle. Her inner lips were unusually large and looked like the wild petals of a rare flower in full bloom---complete with an inviting fragrance. They glistened with her excitement, and it was obvious she was aroused.

At the top of her pussy, where the petals of her flower touched, I could plainly see her clitoris protruding anxiously from under its hood. It was a big, beautiful clitoris: hard, erect, and full of the promise of wild pleasure. I wanted to kiss it and lick it, but as before I didn't dare to move. Instead my eyes were drawn to her opening. I looked deeply inside of her, penetrating her with my gaze, until my sight got lost in the mysterious blackness within her. And out of that blackness poured an intense sexual heat; an animal energy that seemed to flow out of her pussy and fill the room.  
  
Again the moment was timeless. I watched her. She watched me watching her. Her face was flushed and her breathing was heavy. Her pupils were widely dilated. Her cunt glistened.  
  
"Very nice," I said with a hoarse whisper.  
  
She swallowed hard. I thought she was going to get up, but she didn't move. God only knows how long I stared at her... stared at her wet, open cunt, her engorged pussy lips, and her big clit. She had one of the most beautiful pussies I had ever seen.  
  
Then, suddenly, she straighted up and pushed her skirt back down. I sat back a bit. I hadn't even realized that I had been leaning forward. We made eye contact, but we didn't say a word. She stood up and quickly left.  
  
For a moment, I simply sat. Then I knelled down on the floor with my face near where her beautiful pussy had been. I inhaled deeply, smelling her, savoring her, and wishing that she was still there so that I could lick her. My cock was rock hard in my pants.  
  
I hurried home to jerk off.  
  
The next morning I had a series of faculty committee meetings to attend. The whole time I wondered if Alice had written to me and, if so, what she had said. When my meetings were finally over, I hurried to my office. I smiled when I saw a message from Alice in my mailbox. My cock started to harden even as I opened it. "Did you like what you saw?" she began. "I liked showing myself to you. My pussy was so hot afterward that I had to go back to my room and get myself off. Do you see what you do to me?"  
  
I wrote my reply right away. "I loved the way you showed yourself to me," I said. "You have a wonderful pussy and a lovely clit. I'm glad you were excited by my watching you. Did you have a good orgasm in your room afterward? Tell me all about it."  
  
It excited me to hear her talk dirty in email. I could hardly believe that this was the same woman who sat so quietly in the back of my history class every other day.  
  
It wasn't until after lunch that I heard from her again. I closed my office door to read her letter. I didn't want anyone coming in while there were certain words on my computer's screen!  
  
"I had an wonderful orgasm in my room last night," she began. I was so glad my roommate wasn't there. I think she must have gone to dinner. I was so excited, that I didn't even bother to take my clothes off. I just sat on the edge of my bed, hiked up my skirt the way I had for you, and did myself right then and there. I thought about you watching me. I wanted your eyes on me, staring, like you were before. As I stroked my clit, I imagined that you were there, right between my thighs, looking closely at my cunt."  
  
"I came in a rush," she continued. "I was so excited that it only took me a minute or two to climax. It felt so good that it made me moan. I wish you could have seen it. Would you like to watch me cum?"  
  
I was totally excited. My cock was straining in my pants and I knew I had to reply right away. She had me in her spell. "Yes," I wrote back. "I would love to see you cum. There is nothing more beautiful than a woman having an orgasm. I would love to watch you experiencing that pleasure. I would kneel down on the floor between your legs, just like you want, and watch you stroke your lovely clit and pussy. Spread your legs wide for me, Alice. I want to see. I want to see every twitch and shudder that your cunt makes when you cum!"  
  
I hesitated for a moment before pressing "Send." I wasn't worried anymore about her reacting badly to my message, but I was amazed that it had come to this. I hoped she found my words even half as arousing as I found hers.  
  
Much to my surprise, my lecture went fine. I was worried that I wouldn't be able to talk straight much less think straight, but it wasn't so. Alice was there, dressed in her routine, conservative clothes looking like her usual self. We made eye contact briefly at one point and I fancied that she winked a little, but perhaps I imagined that.  
  
After my class with Alice, I had another one to teach. When I got back from that, there was a message waiting for me.  
  
"5:00pm again. Your office. Tomorrow."  
  
The next day seemed to go quickly. I tried not to think about Alice; each time I did, my cock started to get hard in my pants. Would she really go through with it? I knew that she would. She was enjoying this as much as I was. Yet I wondered where it would all lead.  
  
The appointed time came. Alice was late -- later than usual. I almost thought she wasn't going to come at all. Yet at 5:13 I heard a soft knock on my office door.  
  
"Come in," I said.  
  
Alice opened the door. She was wearing a turtle neck sweater and jeans. I felt disappointed. She wasn't going to do it. She had come to tell me that we had gone far enough.  
  
As soon as the door closed, she turned toward me and smiled. "Watch me," she said softly. A silence filled the room as she moved her fingers down to her belt and began to unbuckle it. "Watch me touch myself." I swallowed hard and sat down in my chair. She stood before me, unzipping her pants. In moments she was pulling them down her legs and kicking them off her feet. She was not wearing any underwear and her blond curls formed a delightful tangle between her legs.  
  
"Watch me touch myself until I cum," she whispered.  
  
She sat down on the chair by my desk and spread her legs widely, opening herself up to me the way she had the other day. Then she lifted up her feet and put them on the seat of the chair, spreading herself open even more. I stared at her totally exposed pussy, already moist with her excitement. She thrust her hips forward at me, rocking them, inviting me to look at her completely. I could hardly believe how lewd she looked! I could see her labia spread open like a wildflower in bloom. I could see her clit protruding clearly out from under its hood, firm and proud. I wondered briefly if her genitals always looked like that. Was this woman horny all the time?  
  
"Watch me," she said in a soft but commanding voice. "Watch me touch myself until I cum."  
  
She started to run her fingers over her labia, massaging them. Then with one finger she began to rub her clit from side to side. She used a slow, slightly jerky motion. I watched with fascination as her little erection flicked from one side of her finger to the other. She closed her eyes for a moment to savor the sensations. She seemed so wanton---not bashful or timid at all. She stroked herself steadily. Her breathing was ragged and her pussy was wet.  
  
"Penetrate yourself with your finger," I said. "I want to see."  
  
She did as I asked, dipping a slender finger into her warm depths. I could see her pressing against her G-spot and she gasped softly as she did. When it came out, her finger was coated with her lubrication. Immediately she back to rub her clit with quick, steady strokes.  
  
"Yes, that's it," I said softly. "Play with that pussy! Make her cum!"  
  
"Come down between my legs," she replied breathlessly. "Like you said you would. I want you to be able to really see me."  
  
Almost as if in a dream, I got out of my chair and moved down to a kneeling position right in front of her. I moved toward her slowly, but steadily until my face was only about a foot from her crotch. The sight of her open, excited pussy filled my view and the smell of her filled my nostrils.  
  
"Oh yeah!" she gasped as she plunged a finger back inside of her body. "That's it! Watch me fuck myself! Oh God, yeah!" At first she used only one finger, but soon she joined it with another. In and out she moved them, her entire hand and lower arm joining in the motion. I glanced up to see her, wide-eyed, watching me watching her.  
  
"I'm fucking myself," she panted. "Do you see? Do you see how I do that?"  
  
"Yes," I said as I turned my attention back to the pornographic spectacle before me. "I see. I see you fucking your hot, soaking pussy with your fingers." Her cunt was wide open. It was a dark red color, and dripping with wetness. It was a gaping mouth trying to swallow her hand. She fucked herself vigorously, her hand moved back and forth rapidly as liquid sounds started coming from her excited pussy. Her clit had, if anything become larger and more pronounced than ever. It looked like a bead, almost, nestled in the folds of her skin.  
  
Suddenly, she shifted to stroking that big clit with rapid movements. "Watch me!" she moaned. "Ohhh, please watch me!" She spread her legs even more and her pussy started to dribble wetness as she stroked herself. The scent of sex was strong.  
  
"I'll watch you, Alice," I said. "I'll watch you play with that clit of yours until your pussy cums so hard you scream. Would you like that, Alice?  
  
"Oh yes!" she gasped, "I would like that!" Her finger was just a blur and her inner lips where totally spread and open. Her genitals looked like an exotic flower in bloom, dripping with fresh rain.  
  
"Then show me!" I said sternly.  
  
"Do you want to see!" she hissed as her finger continued working her clit steadily.  
  
"Yes!" I replied.  
  
"Do you want to see my pussy cum!!" she cried out rather loudly in her excitement.  
  
"Yes!!" I commanded.  
  
"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!!" she panted.   
  
Then, suddenly, my beautiful American History student threw back her head and orgasmed right there in my office right in front of my eyes. It was beautiful to behold. She pressed her hips upwards in a strong contraction, and a long, groaning yowl of raw animal pleasure poured out of her.  
  
"I'm watching you," I said intently. "I'm watching you cum." She began to grunt and her pussy twitched in ecstasy. I could actually see her orgasmic contractions! She rolled her head from side to side, as if she was drowning in pleasure while liquid flowed steadily from her quivering cunt and onto the chair. "Good girl!" I said enthusiastically. "Cum long and hard for me! I want to see. I want to see you cumming hard!"  
  
"Oh God, yes!" she moaned. "Watch me cum! Oh God, it feels so good!!"  
  
Finally her orgasm started to settle down and she slowed her stroking. I watched her cunt the entire time marveling in the power and beauty of her climax. "That was very beautiful," I said when she had finished. I sat back onto the floor while she idly stroked her pubic hair.  
  
"I liked it too," she said with a smile. "But now I've got to go." She stood up suddenly and quickly pulled her pants back on.  
  
"Are... are you okay?" I asked?  
  
She smiled. "Don't forget to check your mail later tonight!" she said. And then she was gone.  
  
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