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Just One of Those Things

(FDom FF bd sad cons Nosex)

by

Satyr

(address withheld)

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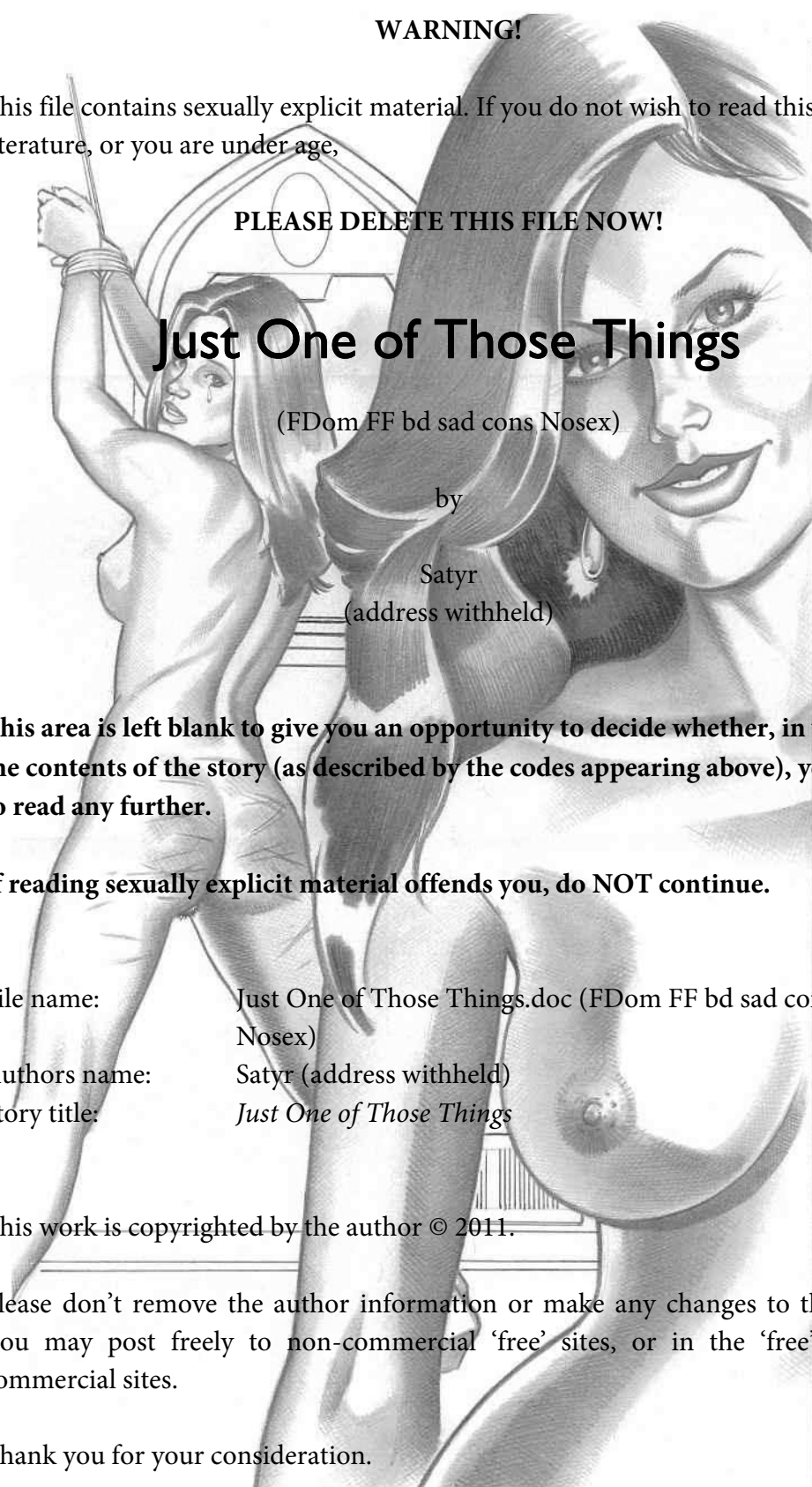
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Just One of Those Things...

By
Satyr

MY HEELS CLICK clacked on the deserted stone stair. It was late. It was raining. I was tired. I fumbled in my trouser pocket for my key, holding my soaking raincoat back with my forearm; feeling the wetness of the material.

‘One more landing to go,’ I thought, staring upwards.

The door to my left clicked suddenly and swung open. I glanced at the lit rectangle, as you do, and stopped suddenly at the tableau framed by the doorway; my jaw dropping.

Whether the door opened by accident, or by design, I’ll never know.

The girl who lived in the flat below mine sashayed towards the door. Her long brown hair was loose to her shoulders. She was beautifully made up. Save for a pair of skimpy black knickers and glossy black heels, she was as naked as the day she was born. Her full breasts rolled invitingly as she walked; the teats forming hard, erect red points. In her hand she held a plain black riding crop.

Over her shoulder I saw another girl who stood naked on her tiptoes; legs braced wide, her hands tied high above her. Her long blonde hair was loose and her tear-stained face turned towards me. Her alabaster skin glowed with sweat. Savage red welts criss-crossed her trim buttocks and upper thighs.

She didn’t make a sound.

There was nothing in her glance that implored or asked for rescue; the contrary perhaps. It was a haughty, proud look. She looked away and stood silent, waiting; her flanks heaving.

My neighbour reached the door. Her nipples were like little thumbs standing proud of the swollen aureolae. She was close enough for me to see that the hairs on her forearms were erect. I could smell her perfume. She smiled and dropped me a deep wink.

The door closed with a gentle *click* and silence descended again, except for the sound of my breathing.