**A Rewarding Tease**

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**A Rewarding Tease Ch. 01**

It was beautiful sunny day. Claire could see the heat haze rising from the road like a shimmering gas cloud. The sun was beaming down on her legs, it's heat a welcome change to the usual cold and miserable British weather. Birds were chirping in the trees and the scent of freshly cut grass permeated the still air.  
  
Deciding to make the most of the tropical heat wave that had been predicted for the next couple of weeks, Claire had treated herself to a shopping trip. She was wearing the shortest denim skirt she could find, and a loose light blue cotton top. As always underwear was an optional accessory that she preferred to leave at home; even if it meant you could see her pert 18 year old breasts through the sheer fabric.  
  
Claire was not one to hide her assets. She had a body to die for and she knew it. Plus she loved nothing more than teasing men.  
  
Bored, she pulled her phone from her bag. As she leaned against the hot steel of the bus shelter she flicked through her messages. Nothing interesting there. She opened the Kindle app and continued reading the erotic novel she'd bought a few days ago.  
  
She'd been recommended a particularly dirty story, about a horny teenager who seduces her teacher's husband. When her teacher finds out she decides that the punishment should fit the crime and gives the teenager a lesson she'll not forget.  
  
The loud rattle of an ancient and struggling bus tore her from her imaginary world of smut back to reality.  
  
The bus screeched to a halt beside the stop, and the doors opened with a pleasing pneumatic hiss. Climbing aboard she couldn't help but notice the driver. A 30 something, with a beaming smile and dark hair flecked with the first few signs of grey. He had a thick rugged stubble and coarse black hair poking from the top of his crisp white shirt. She didn't go for older guys usually but she'd be more than happy to make an exception for this delicious dish of a man.  
  
He was making no attempt to hide his appreciation for her either, his sexy brown eyes wandering over every inch of her sun kissed body. She flashed him a knowing smile and waved her ticket.  
  
"Enjoy your ride." His voice was deep and gravelly, it sent a shiver down her spine and almost turned her legs to jelly.  
  
"And you!" She replied as she moved toward the back of the bus.  
  
He watched intently as her shapely round buttocks swung mesmerisingly up and down with every step she took. The tight contours of her derriere moved against her skirt as if perfectly choreographed. The bulging package pressed firmly against his jeans showed the driver certainly enjoyed what he saw.  
  
Claire sat in the middle most seat ensuring a clear view down the full length of the bus. With the drivers eyes fixed on her in the rear view mirror, she was pleased to see he didn't miss anything. It was always a turn on, knowing she was being watched by someone, every move being carefully selected to give the voyeur a reward for his interest.  
  
His eyes moved away, and with a lurch the bus moved off too. There weren't a lot of passengers on this morning. This route was never exactly packed; Claire was pleased to know she had the back of the bus to herself. With the nearest person being four or five rows forward she could have some fun with this hunk.  
  
She slipped her phone from her bag again and picked up where she'd left off. Hot scenes of depraved sexual taboos were once again unfolding in her hand, and she could feel the energy building between her legs with every tantalising sentence.  
  
She looked up to see the driver glancing in the mirror at her, he looked back to the road, and a few seconds later was eyeing her again. With the help of the erotic thoughts that had been fermenting in her mind, she just had to take this tease further. Slowly she placed her hand on her knee, sliding it teasingly up the tanned skin of her thigh.  
  
The briefest of checks on the road and he was back to watching her - yes she had his attention. She pretended not to notice, keeping her eyes on her phone. For a second she hesitated before parting her legs, her tiny skirt offering no resistance as it bunched below her hips.  
  
Her hand squeezed and kneaded at the soft teen flesh, gradually sliding further up her towards her naked sex. Leaving underwear at home turned out to be exactly the right idea today. Her gaze darted quickly towards the mirror again. They were stuck in traffic now, he could stare all he wanted.  
  
With her fingers gently brushing past the neatly trimmed hair covering her pussy, feelings of excitement tingled across her body.  
  
Claire looked around to make sure no one else was looking in her direction. Adrenaline was coursing through her, her heart racing. She pushed her hand down before pulling a finger back up slowly through her soaking slit. The drivers eyes were burning intently into her, engrossed in every movement she made. She bit her lip, now staring directly at the drivers reflection, sliding up and down between the soft wet folds in a a quiet and slow massaging motion. Her other hand started circling her clit, giving some much needed attention to her most sensitive of areas, feigning over dramatic orgasms for the pleasure of her new admirer.  
  
She propped a leg up onto the seat in front of her, spreading her lips and exposing the bright pink flesh of her almost dripping hole. Pushing a finger inside, she made a large O with her mouth, miming moan after moan as she fucked herself.  
  
She pulled her glistening finger to her mouth and evocatively wrapped her lips around it, sucking, licking, devouring and tasting her own juices as if it were a lollypop.  
  
The mood was suddenly shattered by the sound of a horn. A frustrated car driver had clearly noticed something the bus driver had been too preoccupied to realise — the traffic had cleared a while ago. Claire snapped her legs shut and the driver continued on his way.  
  
It wasn't long before the bus arrived at Claire's stop in town. Strutting down the aisle swinging her bag, she kept her eyes fixed on the mirror that had enabled so much fun. Walking passed the driver, she couldn't resist but blow him a kiss, and give her finger one last teasing suck before popping it from her mouth and hopping off the bus.  
  
Claire met with friends for lunch, and spent the day on the beach working to perfect the tan she could usually only get from a sun bed. As the evening drew on they went for drinks and a meal, discussing celebrity gossip and the boys at college; all the while the memory of the drivers eyes in that mirror flashed through her mind, 'What if they had been alone on the bus, dare she have taken it further?'.  
  
It was getting late, and she'd been drinking for half the day. The minty taste of the last Mojito was still dancing on her tongue when she decided to call it a night.  
  
She made her way to the bus stop as fast as she could - being intoxicated and wearing flip-flops were never a winning combination for speed. By now it was about 1am and if she missed the last bus of the evening it would be an expensive taxi fare home.  
  
The temperature had dropped as the evening had gone on, and now she was beginning to regret the skimpy skirt and impossibly thin top. The cool night air had turned her nipples to bullets, poking proudly through the revealing fabric.  
  
Just as she thought she must have gotten there too late and resolved herself to calling for a taxi the bus appeared. Despite its artificial lighting and empty seats, it looked like an invitingly warm refuge.  
  
When she climbed aboard, a primal lust took hold of her as the driver seated in the shadows of his cab gave her that familiar sexy grin, his brown piercing eyes looking back at her.  
  
"Hello again."

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"Hello yourself," the driver said. "Going all the way tonight are you?"  
  
"Oh I do hope so," Claire replied in a deep whispery voice.  
  
The driver didn't bother to check her ticket, there were far more interesting things for him to be inspecting.  
  
This time she took a seat closest to the front. There were no other passengers on the bus just yet, and if they could get the few miles out of town without picking up anymore then she could be sure it would stay that way.  
  
Streetlights flashed passed the windows, and drunks were stumbling around outside clubs. As they neared each bus stop, the driver seemed to put his foot down a little. She could bet he didn't want any other passengers either.  
  
Soon the flashing of lights stopped, as they made their way out of the busy nightlife of town and into the serene quiet of the countryside, his dark eyes played their familiar game, staring at her through the mirror.  
  
Tall hedges lined the road offering a little privacy for them both. She walked to the very front of the bus, swinging between the bright orange hand rails that lined the gangway.  
  
He glanced over to her, "Looks like it's just us tonight."  
  
"Looks like it is," she replied.  
  
With that he switched off the interior lights, the bus only lit now by the reflective glow of the buses bright high beams shining on the road.  
  
He laughed, his eyes still fixed ahead. "Don't worry, I can still see that fucking great body of yours. But other drivers will only see headlights and darkness."  
  
He glanced back to her, his wide grin sending a giddy excitement through her.  
  
Claire was already feeling incredibly horny, she had been all day. Now all she could think about was this beast's cock buried deep inside her.  
  
Putting a hand above and behind her head, she grabbed the pole she'd been leaning against like an expert stripper. Her other hand moved to the buttons of her top. One by one she began popping them open, her breasts pushing the light blue fabric aside as she went lower and lower.  
  
He glanced across at her perfect tits; they looked like they were being suspended by their nipples, some invisible force working to keep them pointing straight out for her.  
  
He took a hand off the wheel and massaged the bulge now stirring in his lap.  
  
"You like what you see?" Claire asked, closing the gap between them, and leaning over his drivers door. She whispered in his ear, "Allow me."  
  
The intoxicating scent of his aftershave filled her nostrils, pushing her desire deeper still. Reaching across, she rested her hand on his thigh, it was firm and muscular beneath her delicately small fingers.  
  
His penis was wonderfully outlined, pressing against the fabric of his trousers. She could see it getting harder and harder, snaking it's way further down his leg, with every twitch and throb. Within an instant it was a long, thick, shaft, desperate to be released from it's cage.  
  
A breath of anticipation escaped his lips as Claire moved her hand slowly up and over the shape of his generously sized member. She gave a squeeze and felt it respond in her hand, becoming more engorged by the second.  
  
She pulled the clasp of his trousers loose, and unzipped him. She could feel the heat from his groin as she pushed her hand beneath his boxers, grasping for his cock. She pulled it up and out of his underwear with one sweet movement, a treat she intended to do at least something with this evening.  
  
"My, you do have a delicious looking cock," she whispered, as she traced the swollen vein running from base to tip, "and such scrumptious balls to go with it."  
  
He turned to look at her, and opened his mouth to speak.  
  
Taking his shapely jaw in her hand, she turned his face back around. "Best keep your eyes on the road big boy".  
  
A smile crept across his face for a brief moment before he flicked his indicators. A few seconds later, the bus was turning into a sharp bend, Claire had to grab onto the back of his seat to keep from falling over, as she felt the bus skid a little on what seemed to be a dirt road.  
  
"Where the fuck are you going?" she asked, now a little alarmed and wondering what stupid situation she might have gotten herself into.  
  
"Relax, I thought I'd just get us off the main road for a bit. We can stop here and not have to worry about being seen," he winked.  
  
"Won't someone worry when you're late, or you don't arrive at the last stop?"  
  
A cheeky smile crossed his face again — he seemed to quite like that grin of his. "I'll just tell them the engine overheated again." He switched off the ignition, making sure to leave on a low light throughout the gangway of the bus.  
  
"So, are you still wanting this? Or are you just a little tease?" he stood up, his cock standing to glorious attention in front of him.  
  
Claire did still want it. She'd wanted it since she'd gotten on his bus that very morning. She was going to have it, and she was going to be sure to put him to good use. She opened the small door separating the two of them and dropped to her knees, kneeling with his penis just inches from her face.  
  
She wrapped her hands around his shaft again and looked up into his eyes. She was in full Lolita mode once again. "Like this?" she said innocently, enveloping him in her hot, wet mouth.  
  
Licking at his tip, and rolling her tongue around the curve of his head, she savoured the salty taste of pre-cum, before taking an extra inch or two.  
  
He groaned a low and reverberating groan that seemed to break the almost silence of the bus. He pushed his hips toward her, causing his cock to push deeper, sliding over her tongue.  
  
She put her hand behind his arse and pulled his trousers down with one swift tug. When she placed her hands on his firm buttocks he let out a satisfying, "Oh yes."  
  
She could feel him against the back of her throat now, wanting to push him deeper.  
  
Claire considered herself quite an expert at blowjobs. Overcoming her gag reflex was not always the easiest, but evening after evening spent practicing to take an entire cucumber down her throat had given her ample experience — not to mention a hell of a party trick.  
  
Opening her throat like a sword swallower, she started taking more and more of his shaft. Her hands were on his buttocks pulling him into her. His groaning was getting louder, occasionally muted for a moment as his breath caught in his throat.  
  
Before long her nose was pressing into his pubes and her chin was against his balls. She'd taken every inch, and could feel him throbbing and thrusting all the way down her throat. He pulled back a little causing copious amounts of saliva to be dragged into her mouth, spill from her lips, and dribble down over his balls. With her hand still on his arse she pulled him closer, causing him to slide back down her throat with a satisfying gurgle.  
  
The feeling of his cock inside her, and the control she had over him made her wet, leaving an already aching pussy in even more in need of attention.  
  
He started thrusting, in and out guided by her hands with every stroke. For the driver, her throat was a tight wet glove, constantly squeezing against him. The sensation of it was making him crazy, and the thought that this stranger had her entire throat filled with his meat made him crazier still.  
  
Claire pulled her head back for a moment drawing him out and into her mouth again, giving her a precious few seconds of oxygen before taking him back inside.  
  
He could feel himself getting nearer to the edge of release and continued frantically thrusting in and out, in and out, tighter and deeper, fucking her throat, all the time this girl wanting it, pulling him closer and closer.  
  
As he twitched inside her she could tell it was almost time. She started moving her head further back, again and again, pulling his cock out a little more each time, before instantly taking it all inside again.  
  
This new rhythm sent him over the edge, causing his cock to pulsate rapidly. Claire pulled against his buttocks as hard as she could, forcing his shaft all the way down her throat and holding him there. In a second he went silent and his body froze as spurt after spurt shot from him, slipping down her already prepared throat. His hand went to her hair as she tried to cough him up.  
  
Tears were streaming down her face from the act of holding her breath for so long. Slowly she pulled his softening shaft from her, feeling herself close instantly around the empty space it left behind.  
  
A trail of sticky cum followed him out, dripping from her red lips and landing on her chest. She put him back in her mouth and licked him clean, before glancing down at the pearlescent liquid nestled between her breasts.  
  
She looked back up at him, staring into his brown eyes whilst smearing his semen across her pert tits with her hand. It gave her body a sleek sheen.  
  
"Oh dear I am messy now," she said.  
  
"Your turn!" he exclaimed with a look of sexual hunger that made her pussy wetter in a heartbeat — she was sure it must be visibly dripping by now.  
  
In his urgency to finally remove his shirt, he broke a button. He gave up on the idea of undoing it and instead tore it from his body like a wild beast. Buttons were sent flying across the bus, pinging from seats and windows.  
  
He had a magnificent chest. His thick black pubes transitioned into a dark trail running up to his navel. Well defined abs were chiseled above it, leading to his gorgeously toned chest. A small amount of coarse black hair curled around his upper body before tapering off into broad and strong shoulders.  
  
He was quite the specimen.  
  
"My turn?" she asked, standing up.  
  
"Oh yes, it's time for me to do something for you," he said staring down at her. Claire loved the sound of that.  
  
In a second she was in his arms, being carried down the bus. Poles almost hit her head twice as he marched her down the gangway before sitting her on a large flat luggage wrack. The cool of the plastic shot through her arse and thighs, causing her to quiver with the sudden change in temperature.  
  
He dragged her tiny skirt from around her hips, throwing it somewhere behind him. He grabbed her legs and pulled her towards the edge of the rack, before spreading her legs wide.  
  
He looked down at her cleanly shaved and swollen pussy, letting out an animalistic groan like he was about to devour her.