**A Very Naughty Girl – Again**

When my boyfriend and I had an argument, I had to catch the late night bus home. It was just one of those nights, I guess. My boyfriend and I were in town and for some stupid reason that only couples know why, we started to argue. I can’t even remember about what the argument was about now, it was that stupid. But argue we did, and I watched with some dismay as John left the nightclub in a huff. I honestly thought he would come back before it closed and so I stayed behind, had a few more gin and tonics and started to people watch from the balcony.

It was quite an amusing night watching people try and get off with one another. There was the obvious guys that didn’t have a chance in hell; not that they were drunk, they were just unbelievably crap at making advances. Most of the women on the dance floor just moved around and tried to avoid them at all cost.

Towards the end of the night, when the last but one song was playing, I watched a couple smooch . That should have been John and myself, I thought, as I watched them kissing while he grabbed a handful of very beautiful arse. I remember now, having to open my eyes and calm my breathing. I had put myself into her position and was feeling his imaginary hand on my bum, with his imaginary tongue down my throat. I really wanted John to be here right now.

I waited until the last song had faded from my senses and made my way to the door. I stumbled while walking down the stairs and started to think that perhaps I shouldn’t have had those last few gins.

Outside, the cold hit me.

I pulled my coat around me and started to look around. There was no sign of John. I walked through the streets and made my way to the bus stop. It was twelve fifteen in the early hours of the morning and I had to catch the last bus home. By now, I had figured that John was already home.

Walking through the rather empty streets I was feeling sad at not being with him, but also a little angry because he had left me here all alone. I walked with a little more urgency as I passed a few blokes walking in the other direction. I didn’t want them thinking that I was alone. Not here, not tonight. I walked as if I had somewhere to go, someone to meet.

I reached the bus stop and stood in the queue with another five people. They seemed like they were together. The doors opened and we all got on. After paying the bus driver, they occupied the seats at the front. I decided to walk to the back of the bus and sit in the middle of the back seat.

The engines started. I was sat with my arms wrapped around me to ward off the cold, my legs crossed and extending out in front of me. Non-stop chatter was coming from the other people at the front.

The bus driver finally closed the door and pulled out into the road. There was virtually no traffic to talk of and I eventually found myself on my way home. The drive was going to take about thirty minutes even with no traffic, most of that would be in the open countryside between my home and this excuse for a city.

I was looking out of the window as the bus bobbed along, but occasionally I would catch a glance in the direction of the people at the front. More than once I caught one guy looking in my direction. He was leaning over the seat talking to another guy behind him. His eyes averted my gaze as I looked in his direction. Then I would catch him again the next time I looked.

I found a smile cross my face and I pursed my lips in a knowing grin. I contemplated my next move. I kept telling myself to just sit there and look out of the window, but my inner self was urging me on and eventually my inner self got the better of me.

I raised myself in the seat to an upright position and while looking out of the window, I let my legs part slightly. I am not sure how much he could see, but I was wearing stockings held up by my suspender belt. I was hoping that he could see part way up my legs at least. After a while I crossed my legs and twisted my body to face the direction of the side windows, causing my skirt to slide up to my bum. My left arm stretched along the back of the seat to balance me. I knew for sure now that my stocking tops would be in full view. I eventually looked in his direction. This time he was a lot more sluggish detecting my gaze. His eyes were fixed on my legs and thighs. I must have looked at him for a full fifteen seconds before he detected me. He immediately moved to talk to his mate on the other side of the bus.

I smiled and reverted to looking out of the window again. I was awoken from a semi-trance by the sudden sound of a high pitched bell.

The bus was stopping.

It had only been travelling about five minutes and they were already up and walking to the doors. I found myself suddenly deprived of amusement as they left, though he was the last one off, and he did glance in my direction before leaving the bus. The doors closed and we were on our way again. From now on it would be countryside with just two stops punctuating the long ride, that was if anyone wanted to get on.

I eventually faced forward again. I was staring into space somewhere between the front of the bus and the steps immediately in front of me.

My mind wandered.

I started to think about the guy from the bus. How I caught him looking at my thighs, how he then stood up in front of his mates and walked towards me and how he slipped his hands up along my stockings to touch my bare thighs and with his other hand turned my face and kissed me. I melted with his touch and then how easily his tongue found the inside of my mouth. With our tongues dancing in unison, I soon felt his hands on my knickers and I heard him gasp as he caressed my soaking wet pussy. I was breathing heavily. I wanted to reach out to feel his cock.

The bus lurched around a corner and I was suddenly snapped back into reality. My eyes opened wide and I looked out of the window to see if I could recognise where I was, but I couldn’t. I then realised I was, actually breathing heavily. I snaked my hand up my own thighs and what I found even shocked me. My knickers were soaking wet. I had obviously had a wet day-dream or evening-dream in my case.

I then caught sight of the bus driver in his rear view mirror. I could see him clearly, from his waist to his hat. I stared at him for a long time. I waited until I caught him looking back at me, then I smiled. I waited some more until he glanced at me again. I knew that I now had his attention. If my boyfriend had actually been here we would have been in the corner of the seats, out of sight of the driver and I know for sure his hand would be caressing my pussy. I felt randy, horny and I craved sexual excitement.

I opened my legs slowly, inch by inch I let them drift further apart. All the while I concentrated my gaze on the driver’s mirror. There he was again, looking right at me. I smiled again; it was a half-hearted attempt to let him know it was alright to look. To be honest, I didn’t care whether he thought it was alright or not. I had already decided on the course of events.

I looked down onto my legs. All I could see was a skirt that had lifted up past my bum, two suspenders snaked over my thighs and onto my stockinged legs which were topped off nicely with a pair of high heeled black shoes. My legs were wide open.

When I caught him looking again, I let my hand drop to my pussy. My knickers were soaked. I caressed my pussy and drew a finger over my slit. Now I was breathing heavily, simply because I knew I was going to make myself orgasm. My eyes firmly fixed on the mirror and on his eyes. I kept the eye contact for as long as I caressed my slit. I could see that he was looking more at me than concentrating on the road ahead. I should have stopped, but there was no way that was going to happen. Not now.

Then the bus slowly came to a halt.

Fuck! I thought, someone was getting on. I put my legs together and tried to pull my skirt down in a covert manner. The bus waited a few seconds; ten at the most. The door never opened. Then the driver slowly pulled away. We seemed to be travelling on our journey much slower than normal.

I once again looked at the driver; he was looking back at me.

With my feet fully forward I pulled my skirt up to my bum again, slipped two fingers of each hand into my knickers and waited for eye contact again. In one swift move I extended my legs high into the air and pulled my knickers down my thighs, over my knees and while bending them for a moment, slipped my knickers off my feet. My legs immediately opened as my feet touched the floor.

His eyes never left the mirror. The bus was travelling at a crawling pace.

My hand once again found my pussy. This time I caressed it to start with and then I slipped a finger up inside me. It went in easily but caused me to let out a low gasp of pleasure. I pushed my finger in and out of my pussy as I watched his reaction in the mirror. He was glued to it. I found myself smiling at him, and then with a wicked grin on my face, I lifted my finger and sucked on it.

I licked it clean of my juices and then replaced it inside me. I gasped once more as it entered my body. A second finger quickly followed it inside. I was thrusting them in and out of my pussy. My eyes closed. It no longer mattered whether he was watching me or not, I needed to cum on my fingers.

With my fingers pushing inside me, I lifted my bum off the seat in a rocking motion. My left hand was caressing my thighs at the top of my stockings, I was loving every moment, every feeling, and every nerve was alive and pumping the pleasure directly into my brain.

When I opened my eyes I saw that the driver’s eyes were fixed on the mirror, how on Earth he never left the road was a fucking miracle but I would have done exactly the same thing in his position if a woman was sitting on the back seat masturbating to orgasm.

On the verge of an orgasm, I pulled my fingers free of my clutching pussy and started to circle them around my clit. Both fingers danced around my sensitive bud. I then dipped them back inside me for a quick fuck and then they were out again rubbing my clit. I was getting much, much closer now.

Suddenly I let out a scream. It was the start of my orgasm. I could feel it rise and with no-one else on the bus I let out the most satisfying cry of pleasure that had ever passed my lips. I was more than the word ‘horny’ could ever describe.

I let out another cry as my fingers swept rapidly over my clit. My arse was lifting off the seat to match the motion of my fingers and I was slowly slipping down the seat. My legs were slowly closing and my breathing was pushing my tits into the air with increasing regularity. Every outlay of air was accompanied by a scream of pleasure.

Finally I hit the wall. “Fuck! I‘m cumming…” I shouted loudly as my fingers rubbed my clit. As my orgasm broke over me, my hand slowly crept to my opening pussy. My arse pumped into the air, my thighs clenched my hand down onto my pussy, and I was gulping vast quantities of air into my lungs at the same time.

It took about a couple of minutes, but I eventually started to breath normally. I had sunk down into the chair during my exquisite orgasm and I was now lifting myself back up. My pussy was absolutely soaking wet. I slipped my finger along the puffy lips and a jolt of pleasure ripped through me again. My eyes closed but then opened again.

I could see, up ahead, the lights of my town. I was still breathing deliberately when I clocked the driver still looking at me and still driving slowly. I do know it took well over the thirty minutes to get home. I smiled again in the direction of the driver and leant over and pressed the button.

The bus slowly came to a halt at the next stop and I pulled my dress down over my thighs and made myself presentable. I giggled at the thought of me making myself presentable. I pocketed my knickers, it was pointless putting them back on now.

I find that the most awkward thing to do in these situations is to talk to someone afterwards. I know I had been extremely naughty, no downright dirty I would say on this occasion, but I still had to walk past the driver, acknowledge that he was there and that he had watched me. Then, with a smile on my face, I would probably thank him for driving me home!

I got up from my seat as the bus pulled to a stop. I walked down to the driver’s seated position.

“Sorry…” I said as I approached him smiling, “I have been a very naughty girl.”

My eyes widened as I looked into his cab and I must admit to letting out a small but audible gasp. Lying in his trousers was a pool of spunk. His cock jutted from his trouser area through his zipper and his cum was still pumping out and dribbling down the side of it. I had to admit, for a bloke about fifty years old, he was good looking and had a very reasonable sized cock. He was certainly a heavy cummer.

I leant into the driver’s cab and extended my hand out in the direction of his cock. I scooped up some spunk onto the end of two of my fingers and then I pulled away from him. I was grinning all the time, I couldn’t believe that while I was pleasuring myself and performing like a complete slut and exhibitionist, this guy, the driver, was wanking his cock while he watched me, and drove the bus at the same time.

“Looks like you have been very naughty too!” I exclaimed.

Leaving the bus, I put both my fingers into my mouth and sucked them clean. I blew him a kiss as I stepped off onto the pavement and started to walk away savouring his spunk as it slipped down my throat. I then jumped right back onto the bus. “Nearly forgot…” I said, “these are for you!” I exclaimed as I dropped my knickers in his lap.

I once again jumped off the bus and with my head held high, and a satisfying smile on my face I walked the short journey home. I really couldn’t give a fuck what excuse my boyfriend was about to come up with.