

Wild Thing

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I pressed seven on the control panel and stepped back to watch the lift door close. Just then I saw a brief flash of clothing and I quickly hit the door 'Open' button, and slowly the door re-opened. It was Anne.

My heart sank. She opened her mouth and smiled, revealing two rows of perfect small teeth: 'Joe - How lovely, thank you.'

She stepped into the lift and I asked: 'Which floor?' to which she giggled: 'All the way.' I gulped. I knew what floor she lived on and pressed three. She hadn't moved away from me and her smell was overpowering. My nose wrinkled, but at the same time I found the smell compellingly erotic and vaguely familiar. Her peach-coloured skin was streaked with dirt and she wore a filthy skimpy dress with no bra, so that the nipples on her firm breasts were clearly outlined.

I took a step back and looked at her. Her shoulder-length hair was fine, and as black as coal-dust, and it framed a pretty face with evenly-proportioned features, including a pert nose, high cheekbones, and the blackest eyes I'd ever seen.

So far I had managed to avoid ever being alone with her. A while back, like an unsuspecting lamb to the slaughter, I had gone with a friend to a party in her house, but had made a hasty retreat after only a few minutes. I had entered the main living room and halted in shock at the scene of absolute squalor. There was no furniture to speak of, except for a tatty armchair and a radiogram, and a small child was squatting in one corner relieving his bowels. I had stood still, unwilling to move unless I trod in something, and that was when I had first seen Anne. On that occasion others were present and I had managed to extricate myself by lying that I had to be somewhere else - Now I was caught

and could not get away.

She moved very close to me and ran her left hand down the front of my shirt, and I stood transfixed, looking into her almond-shaped eyes that were uncannily like those of pixies in a children's book. She kissed me full on the lips and unfastened enough shirt buttons so that her hand was now caressing my chest. She whispered: 'Do you like that?'

I couldn't speak: 'Er..'

Her right hand reached down to feel the distinct bulge still growing in my crotch and she gave a little laugh: 'You do, You *do* like that!'

The lift door opened at the 3rd floor, but instead of getting out, she kissed me again, and as the door closed once more upon us, she took my left hand and guided it under her dress. She wore no knickers and I could no longer help myself. I grasped the outer lips of her vagina between my thumb and fingers, rubbing them gently together. 'Ooooh' she cooed, and kissed me again, her tongue darting in and out of my mouth and round the inside of my lips. My right arm circled her slim body, and I felt her hand unzip my trousers and grasp my now fully-erect penis.

The lift door opened and we moved out into the empty landing. It suddenly hit me why I had found her overpowering smell familiar. The previous year I had visited the menagerie of Chipperfield's Circus - Anne smelled exactly like the huge Tigress I'd seen pacing back and forward in it's pitifully small cage.

Suddenly I was gripped with waves of revulsion, and tried to back away from her, but we ended up in the corner of the landing beside the cleaner's cupboard. Anne pushed me against the door and turned the handle so that I half-fell back into the roomy cupboard, and the door closed behind her. We were alone.

Her actions became frenzied and she ripped off my shirt, buttons flying, and undid my belt, pushing my pants and boxers down around my ankles. Her arms went round my neck and she jumped up, legs locked round my waist and I felt her warm wet vagina home in on me, landing so that it fully embraced me. Her face moved to mine and as we kissed, I could feel strong, stroking contractions moving up and down the length of my penis. I ripped apart the neckline of her flimsy dress and kissed both breasts, and I could

feel a low-pitched vibration in her throat, which grew in strength until it was almost a growl. Suddenly her head went back, her mouth fully opened and she screamed loud and long. As she screamed, she shook her head from side to side and I could feel her grip on me harder and harder until it became almost unbearable. I could wait no longer and let myself come, screaming in a delicious mixture of pain and ecstasy. I stood for a long time just holding her tight to me feeling that I wished to never let her go, and then she leaned back, holding on with one arm and stroked the side of my face. She said nothing, but the smile on her face was both gentle and loving. After a while she gently unlocked her legs and stood in front of me.

We looked at each other and I said: 'That was beautiful.'

She smiled and said quietly: 'Yes, it was - I've wanted you for a long, long time. Now what are you going to do?'

'I want to be with you again.' I said softly.

'And I with you, tomorrow.'

I let myself in with my key, dropped my school-bag in the hall and went into the kitchen to get some water. My sister was sat at the table reading, and as I turned with glass in hand, she looked up at me, her face contorting with disgust: 'What *is* that smell? You smell like a bloody feral cat. Where *have* you been?'

I laughed, and leaving her yelling: 'Well?', I climbed the stairs to my room.