

## Part Two

It had been a long day for Morgan. All morning, she had hovered as much as she could near Jaycee's cubicle, pretending to see how his work was coming along. At first, she had peered over the partition, but she found it hid too much of her boobs from his eyes. The following times, she stood near the entrance, confident he couldn't resist leering at her naked form. How could he? To his eyes, she was naked, her clothes all but translucent. Almost nothing! Once, she caught him giving her tits a quick glance and felt a spike of heat surge between her thighs. He looked at her, red-faced and apologetic, but said nothing. She held his gaze, then glanced at her breasts, then back at him. It was all but the most brazen of invitations.

Still nothing.

Right after that, she had locked herself in the bathroom to masturbate frantically. The humiliation she felt at the thought of his hands groping her big boobs in the middle of the office did not dampen her arousal, quite the contrary. She imagined everyone gathering as he slipped his hands under her shirt and kneaded her fat tits. Everyone jeered at her like she was some cheap whore—which she was. Her pussy was wet as a sponge and her fingers slipped easily in and out of her superheated slit. Then she pictured Jaycee groping her from behind, pushing her tits almost up to her face, his hard-on nestled right between her butt cheeks. He would gently hump her, his fingers digging into the flesh of her glorious tits, whispering filthy suggestions in her ear.

She was rewarded with such a thunderous orgasm that she had to bite her fist to stop from screaming. She took a few minutes to recover, then to compose herself. She couldn't leave the bathroom looking like some cheap hooker, even though she felt like one. With some of the lust cleared from her mind, she felt a pang of deep shame at her predicament. The stalker was making her life a living hell and she was helpless to stop him. At first, she had tried, but her body obeyed his every instruction. Now, she knew better than to oppose him.

Jaycee came to her office mid-morning to drop off the fully edited McColm manuscript. She stood up, grabbed the manuscript, and dropped it onto her desk. It could wait. It was never an emergency, just an excuse to talk to him. Being so close to him but not being allowed to make the first move drove her wild. It drove her cunt wild. All she wanted to do was throw herself at him, rub her entire body against his, stroke his cock until it was hard as steel, then impale herself onto it. He didn't even need to be a stud. Her body was a raw nerve of sexual energy. Even a micropenis would get her off at this point.

She needed privacy. He wouldn't do anything—let alone her—in public.

"Come with me," she said, beckoning him with a finger.

She guided him to the locked stationery room, for which she had the key, then let him enter before her. She closed the door behind her and locked it. She faced him, hands behind her back, her huge tits jutting out. Jaycee's eyes nearly bulged.

"W-what are we doing here?" he asked, staring at her tits.

She stepped forward, her diamond-hard nipples mere inches from his chest. She felt sexy, oh so sexy! Just a touch from him and she'd be free from the stalker's curse, at least for today. She leaned to whisper into his ear.

“I’ve seen how you look at me,” she said. She was breathing heavily like she’d run a fast mile. “You should see what’s under this...”

She grabbed her tits from behind and held them up. To her eyes, it created a massive cleavage that threatened to spill from her blouse. To him...surely, that was all he needed to take action.

And act he did! He grabbed Morgan by the shoulders and gently pushed her against the door. *Yes! Yes! Finally!* Her brain and her pussy sang in unison. *Fuck me! Fuck my wet, sloppy cunt!* Jaycee grabbed her right hand and brought it to her lips. This wasn’t what she had in mind, but her aroused brain knew what to do. She licked her fingers, looking at him through half-lidded eyes. With his other hand, he lifted her pencil skirt, exposing the damp purple panties the stalker had given her. Without further prompting, she slipped her fingers inside her damp slit. She shuddered as she penetrated herself, feeling her rigid bud press against the palm of her hand.

“Oh, God,” she breathed. “Oh, fuck, Jaycee, I need you inside me...so bad!”

He moved her from the door and pushed her tits first against a wall. She rested her cheek on the flat surface, closing her eyes and relishing the waves of sexual heat crashing through her as she fingered herself. Oh, this felt so *insanely* good! He was looking at her. Touching her! Now all he needed to do was impale her slutty pussy, her filthy twat, and she’d be in heaven. With her spare hand, she pulled her skirt above her butt and lowered her panties.

But nothing happened. She heard a door close. With her hand still moving frantically between her thighs, she opened her eyes and saw that Jaycee was gone.

“No!” she said, feeling a surge of anger and humiliation blend with her lust. “Get back here! F-FUCK ME!”

How could he? How could he reject her?

“Ooh, fuuuuck,” she moaned.

How could she be turned on by so much humiliation? How could she imagine herself straddling his cock, her hips bucking wildly, her heavy tits bouncing with every thrust, when he’d actually walked out on her? Was rejection part of what turned her on? Oh, God, it was, wasn’t it?

There was no answer, only the sloppy sounds of her palm slapping her crotch as her fingers thrust in and out of her superheated pussy. She could stop, now. She should stop. She *wanted* to stop. But it seemed her need to cum was greater, and when the orgasm crashed through her, she collapsed on the floor, her legs and limbs flailing, her pussy squirting like a porn star. She hoped to God no one would catch her.

Miraculously, her raging climax went unnoticed. How long would she be this lucky? And how long before her stalker took things too far and ruined his life?

She hoped she’d never have to find out.