

The Touch of a Total Stranger

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The Touch Of A Total Stranger

Debbie was basically a normal girl. She was 19 and out on her own with her own job and a nice boyfriend to play with her nipples at the movies. Well, maybe not quite out on her own, since she still lived in her parents' basement with her very own TV and furniture.

Her hair was long and naturally red and she liked to wear high heels because they made her legs and her ass cheeks look so toned and young. Recently, she had gotten into the habit of not wearing panties to work because they made her feel too confined. She liked the freedom of letting the cool air run up her legs under her skirt and making her pussy nice and relaxed.

Sometimes when she ate her sandwich on the bench in the lunchroom, she "accidentally" allowed her knees to part far enough for the stock-boys to see her reddish pussy bush covering her tight pussy slit. It always made her wet when she was aware one or more of the boys were peeking between her legs to catch a glimpse of her pretty red bush. When she was overwhelmed with desire, she ran into the ladies room and friggd her pussy with her softly rounded lipstick applicator until her juices squirted out right in front of the toilet. Whenever she did this, she tried not make any sounds that would reveal she was deriving pleasure in a completely perverted manner.

Debbie was not a virgin any more ever since she allowed Dennis, her boyfriend to slide his cock into her pussy from behind while she sat sideways on a recent tour bus to the Capital. It was a very strange experience because Debbie found that she enjoyed it better not seeing her boyfriend's face. That way, she could imagine it to be almost anyone she wanted, like a movie star or even her

girlfriend Ellie's father, with his sausage of a cock.

Dennis had wanted to stick it up her ass as well, but she was not having any of that since her mama told her it was a terrible sin and not something decent girls took part in. Still, she let him rub it in her crack and she really loved it when he lost control and splashed his load right up against her tight little pucker hole. It was almost like having it back there but not giving in to the sinful deed itself.

She remembered her surprise when she walked in accidentally on Ellie's father taking a pee in the bathroom; she was really taken aback at the size of his huge thing.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Carillo, I had no idea you were already in here."

"That's OK kiddo. I can't stop if you don't mind."

Debbie stood there watching, not wanting to leave, and caught up in the close-up view of a super-sized cock.

"Yeah, it's pretty big, kiddo. I bet it's bigger than your boyfriend, right?"

She just nodded her head in agreement and came closer for a better look.

When Ellie's father saw her interest, he stroked his cock a couple of times and it grew at least 4 more inches right in front of her startled eyes.

"It's OK kiddo, you can touch it, it won't bite."

She knew Mr. Carillo was laughing at her but she didn't care. Debbie reached out and grabbed the huge cock with both hands and found that there was plenty of room left over even with both of the hands wrapped around the thick cock. With pure instinct, she began to stroke the cock and watched Mr. Carillo's eyes for his reaction. When she saw he was pleased with her ministrations, she even leaned down and kissed the tip just like she saw in the dirty movie her boyfriend had made her watch down in the basement.

The cock was jerking and twitching like a bucking bronco.

The touch of her tongue on the little slit forced Mr. Carillo to shoot his load even though he wanted to keep her head right where it was. After that incident, Debbie never hesitated to offer her lips to her friend's father at the slightest opportunity. The older man never asked her to bend over for him because he didn't think it was right with her being so young and all. Debbie was frustrated at his reluctance, but figured a cock in the mouth is better than no cock at all.

Debbie enjoyed the explorations of her boyfriend and the nice little secret get-togethers with Mr. Carillo, but she knew her favorite little perversion was when she was getting "groped" on the subway or the bus by unknown hands. It was the thing that made her heart race with anticipation and made

her pussy tingle with sheer delight.

She didn't care who it was or what they looked like. All she wanted was the touch of the unknown hands between her legs right on her pussy slit or digging deep into her heated crack. Sometimes she would get a sneaky feel from fingers cupping her boob or even tweaking her nipples. That always made her look around the subway train or the bus to make sure others were not watching her degradation. She really wanted her humiliation to be a private thing between her and the stranger.

When she was in a real tight jumble of arms and legs, she could not really tell who was playing with her tender female parts and that made it even more exciting. Her lack of underwear and the looseness of her clothing made it simple for the unknown groper to reach paydirt in her already wet pussy or right on her rear portal quickly and with little effort. She was certain she even had repeat gropers because she generally rode the same transit at the same times. She really liked it when the stranger made her feel extremely dirty with the treatment of her hidden holes. A hard rough entry into her dirt-hole tended to make her squirt her female juices right down onto the filthy floor of the train. At all times, Debbie contrived to keep her face blank from any expression no matter how depraved the groper treated her private parts. Sometimes she would stare blankly into the eyes of another passenger who could be the culprit wondering if he or she was the one taking unimaginable liberties with her hidden goodies.

She was beginning to think something was wrong with her because she was unable to have a satisfactory orgasm with either her boyfriend or even Mr. Carillo, but she often shuddered inside with the satisfying throes of convulsive release at the hands of an unknown stranger.

It was a hot summer morning when she found that she was crowded into a corner of the subway car by an unusually thick press of humanity.

She was standing sideways facing a petite older woman with close-cropped hair and very classy glasses that made her features look highly intelligent. A very young student in his late teens, probably 18 or 19 was holding her hip between his legs just like he was mounted on a horse. His long thick cock was standing up to attention and ran the entire length of her hip almost up to her bare waist. Debbie realized that if he was behind her, his cock would be running the entire length of her crack and the tip would be rubbing nicely on the small of her back. The press of the packed flesh was so tight that she was unable to turn to get his cock on her backside, the place where she loved the touch of a cock the most.

The train was having some difficulties this morning and she was thrown up against the petite female in front of her getting the benefit of crushed boobs and pulsating pussy mound grinding together like a lesbian free-for-all at some all-girl orgy. Even though Debbie was not inclined in that direction, or at least she didn't think she was inclined in that direction, the friction of the attractive woman's boobs against her belly was quite nice and she inhaled the fresh scent of flowers in the woman's shortly cut hairstyle. She noticed that the well-dressed female had her arm hanging down in front of her and that it was pressed between her slightly open legs with comfortable familiarity. Debbie made a point of spreading her legs a little wider to accommodate the slender arm in deeper right on her pussy mound.

She reached up and placed her hand on the woman's shoulder apologetically as if to steady her swaying body from the jerky motion of the train.

Just when Debbie was starting to get hot from the thick cock rubbing on her defenseless hip and the touch of the petite woman's arm between her legs, she felt the young boy's hands start to explore both cheeks of her ass with a shameless disregard for her personal privacy. In fact, the youth took advantage of the looseness of her clothing to slide one hand up underneath and explore her below the waist "goody locker" with a reckless abandon. His fingers entered her front and back with relative ease and she knew he would probe her until the spray of her female juices confirmed her perverted enjoyment of the humiliation she was forced to suffer in silence.

The depraved activities being perpetrated on her backside caused Debbie to move even closer to the nice-smelling female to her front. They were soon pussy-to-pussy and boob-to-boob. The motion of the train made it seem like they were engaging in heated copulation even while fully clothed. Debbie moved her hand on the woman's shoulder to the back of her neck and pulled her face right down to the top of her partially exposed breast. She could feel the glasses pressing into her boob and it made her insides melt like ice cream in the sun.

Meanwhile, the young man's hand under her skirt had risen right up to her pussy and he was sliding all four of his fingers right into her sopping wet pussy. He even took his unoccupied thumb and pressed it deep inside her pucker hole to make her his complete bitch. It was so delicious that Debbie sprayed his hand liberally with her "happy" juice and could not contain a little whimper of sheer delight.

The attractive older female was now rubbing her pussy mound all over Debbie's legs and she placed her hand on Debbie's bare mid-riff to test the heat of her soft skin. The skin-to-skin sensation made Debbie hump her pussy mound hard against the woman's slender arm. She held the delicate arm between her legs and squeezed as hard as she could. The result was a satisfying orgasm that made her pussy and anus quiver and clutch on the young man's finger much to his delight in his belief that he had her sensuous body all to his own private use.

The boy scurried away at the next stop. He was possibly fearful that Debbie would report him for taking advantage of her in the press of the crowd. She wanted to run after him and assure him she would never do any such thing and that she had enjoyed the entire episode.

When Debbie exited at her stop, the other woman got off the train also. They looked at each other and Debbie regretted in some inexplicable way that they were no longer strangers.

"How old are you, dear? My name is Constance or Connie for short. Would you like to join me for lunch? I know a quiet place that looks right out over the river and we can watch the ships go by."

Debbie was unsure of what to do. She didn't want to lose this beautiful woman as a stranger, but she found that her instinct was to get to know her better.

“Everyone calls me Debbie and I would love to meet you for lunch, Connie. I am almost 20 years old and I just love your perfume.”

They both decided on the time and the place and Debbie went into work with different thoughts on her mind. In fact, she forgot entirely to open her legs for the stock-boys, who were sorely disappointed.