# Discreet. (Stranger on a train)

## By Catnip

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*There might be a followup on this one. Editor: Durrasch*

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We had settled the deal earlier this week. He ordered the train tickets and sent mine to me. The purpose of it all was to have some fun and for me to earn a little bit of extra money; being a student, every bit helped. We had talked online for about two months and he didn't seem to be a creep, though he was twice my age, maybe more. He'd never told me his exact age.

The arrangement was that I'd get on board and he could do whatever he liked, as long as we didn't get caught. When I boarded he would already be in his seat and it was just for me to sit down.

I am confident with my looks today; I'd dressed myself up in high heeled black boots, stay ups and a short black skirt, and I had left the three top buttons on my short sleeved white shirt open, revealing my cleavage. My heart pounds as I wait for the train to arrive; it's late. Isn't that typical, I think to myself, lighting another cigarette and trying to calm down. What if he had missed the train, or if he had let the seat over to another person? I have no clue what he looks like.

The train arrives and I feel my cheeks flush with excitement as I board. Walking down the narrow aisle between rows of seats, I double check my ticket. Seat 47. Passing 75 now. Oh dear Lord, what have I gotten myself into? The train starts moving; no turning back now. No way of returning. We had discussed this. If I wanted to back out I could, no worries about it. We would just have a little chat, I would get off at the next station, and he'd pay my ticket home. But I don't want to turn back. I want to be able to tell my friends when we get older about my adventurous youth, and have them all in awe, make them regret that they'd never lived out their fantasies or tried dangerous things.

47. There it is. An older man is sitting in it. I'm positive it's him.

"Hello, I believe that is my seat," I say politely, as you do to a stranger who is obviously sitting in your spot.

He looks at me and smiles."Ah, I'm sorry. I will move over. Unless you want the window seat?"

"I'm fine with either." I reply.

He thinks for a moment and then smiles at me before switching seats. It is fairly empty in this car. I

unzip my jacket and take it off, lean over him, and put it on the hanger by the window, giving him a good peek down my shirt. He takes a deep breath and holds it, probably smelling my perfume.

“It's been lovely weather this week, don't you think?” He says as I sit down, brushing my skirt under me.

“Yes, it has.” I smile.

“I'm on my way to a boring conference. Good to have a lovely lady as company. Where are you headed, miss?”

“I'm going to visit a friend for the day. I'll be on the train to the very end.”

“I see. And what do you do for a living, miss?”

“I'm studying at the moment. Mostly languages. Extending my last year of study at the university.”

“What languages?”

“Reading some Japanese. I always wanted to go to Japan and see Akihabara.”

He nods at me and smiles, clearly not interested in talking about that sort of thing.

“Newly boarded?” A tall and handsome man about 35 years of age interrupts us.

“Yes, me.”

He takes my ticket and smiles at me.“Have a nice trip.”

“Thank you.”

As the man walks away I feel my seat partner put his knee closer against mine, gently letting his pinky run back and forth along my kneecap. I try my hardest to relax and not seem tense. He looks into my eyes, smiling. I nod back, parting my lips slightly. I look at his crotch and see a growing bulge. He isn't the best looking man, but he is interesting. His face is a bit plump. He has gray, almost white hair, still darker in places. He isn't skinny, but he isn’t really fat, either. He has that body older men usually get when living a good life with more good food than exercise.

His hand wanders over to my knee from his. I see the black in his eyes grow as he tenderly lets his hand slide up my thigh. I'm not really paying attention to what he says, but I manage to keep the conversation going. Something about how good it must be to be young and youthful. About all the fun things ahead.

In between two sentences, he squeezes in an order.“I remember when I went on a train the first time.

It was a steam locomotive. Put your hand on my thigh. I was so excited to go, but a bit scared. Do you remember the first time?”

I do as he asks and put my hand on his thigh. He's breathing a bit more heavily now.

“No, I have no memory of my first time on a train. I've used it very often. I think my mum must have taken me on the train when I was young.”

He chuckles and I realize that his mind had read my words in more than one way. I blush slightly. Not because I am embarrassed, but I know it will add to his pleasure with me acting a bit more innocent. I feel his hand move up along my leg and squeeze my thighs together. He grunts and let his fingers part my legs slightly, and he slides his hand upward. I'm sure he can feel the warmth from my pussy. He doesn't look at me; he looks around the train, keeping his part of the deal - us not getting caught.

I let my hand slide closer to his bulge, trying to make my movements seem a bit insecure. It's all part of the play. He takes ahold of my hand and steers it to his bulging cock, leaning over to me and quietly talking to my ear.

“Just rest your hand there until I hump it; then I want you to start rubbing it. For now just feel it grow.”

I nod at him; this is a fun game that I really enjoy. No one is looking. Everyone's sleeping or reading or watching movies. All we seem to have to worry about is that handsome tall man and the upcoming new passengers.

His hand moves up, stroking along my panties. He moves his fingers over the fabric and I can feel how they get damp from his light touch. The bulge under my hand twitches slightly, and I start to wonder about his size. How big could it be? How long? How was the girth? I still can't tell with it just gently pushing up against my relaxed palm, but I'm not allowed to move my hand. Not allowed to find out just yet. Was this his intention, to make my mind wander and make me more and more aroused?

He slides a finger under the edge of my panties and strokes my lips with the backside of his finger. I hear someone walking further down the car. He withdraws his hand and removes mine just before I look up and into the eyes of the tall handsome man from before. His name tag says his name is Erik. He smiles, once again, as me and my partner in crime take up our conversation, talking about whatever unnecessary things there are. About things that none of us have to think to have a conversation about.

“So since you are studying, maybe you get stiff from all that reading?”

He puts his finger to his nose, smells my pussy's scent, and grunts, pleased with himself.

“Yes. I suppose I do get a bit stale.”

"Lean forward and I will see if I can help you a little. We had a course last year from the company.

The ladies at work say I'm quite good.”

I lean forward like he asks and he begins to gently massage my neck. His massaging turns into caresses, making my skin tingle all along my body. His hands move down my neck, over my shoulders, and further down my back, feeling my breasts from the sides. My breathing thickens. I lean my head against the seat in front of me, my nipples getting teased by the fabric in my shirt as I am rocked slightly from his touch and the motion of the train. I'm not sure I can hold my composure much longer. My mind flashes back and forth between the younger and the older man. I feel one of his hands move along the outside of my thigh and in under my skirt while his other hand still is working on my back, over to my side, stroking along my firm breast.

He slides his hand up along my bum cheek, under my panties. This man really knows how to move his hands. He is firm but gentle, teasing and exploring with no hint of hesitation. My mind goes back to his cock swelling under my palm earlier and I put my hand on his knee to show what I want. He laughs a bit, but does not act.

The next station is announced and we sit back again. He nods at my jacket and I ask him to give it to me. I put it over my legs as I pull them up against my behind. He puts his hand in under, feeling his way between my smooth lips.

“I heard that they had some flooding down south.”

“Yes, a friend of mine told me it's more common than uncommon nowadays down there.”

“That does sound like hard times.”

“Better than too dry, I would say. I love dancing on soaked grass.”

I notice he’s having a hard time to keep from laughing, with his fingers dancing between my soaking wet pussy lips and silken hairy mound. He slides one of his fingers inside me. He's got thick fingers. I feel my pussy walls close around it. My thoughts are back to his cock. The train stops and causes his finger to slide deeper inside me. He holds it there. Not moving. The new passengers enter and take their seats.

Can they smell me? Can they notice what is going on under my jacket? I have to concentrate to not sigh or moan with pleasure. Erik passes us again, smiling at me. I look at him and the man with his finger stirring inside of me notices our eyes meet and pulls his finger out of me just to push two inside, making me catch my breath. I get a picture of me and Erik entwined and naked, him pressing deep inside of me, and I blush for real. Beside me I hear my stranger chuckle.

“Someone seems a bit interested in someone...”

“Oh, be fair. It's only a train flirt. It’s what makes the train trips so pleasant.”

“Oh really? I could have sworn someone just wanted to get...”

“Well, you might be right.”

“Going home today?”

“Most likely.”

“We'll see. Let me read your fortune in your palm.”

He removes his fingers from inside me and grabs my hand with his dry one, and draws lines with my juices on my palm. It tickles and turns me on even more to see his finger glisten in the sunlight.

“Ah... someone would like to give her number to a certain someone and maybe meet up with him later. Look closely on your palm, you might see it too.”

I look at my palm.

“Look closer.”

I move my hand closer to my face, taking in the sweet scent of my arousal. I wish I could taste it, but a woman seems to be following our conversation from the seat across the passageway, and I can't lick my hand just like that.

“Maybe...”

“Not maybe.”

“Maybe.”

He grins and picks up pen and paper from his portfolio, writes something, and as Erik passes the next time, he stops him, hands him the note, and asks him to please read it when he was out of the car. He then goes back to caressing my wetness with his hands. I wonder what is written on the note. Maybe he told Erik what he is doing to me. Maybe he had just asked for a bottle of water or maybe he had... who knows?

“You are curious about the note, lil' lady?”

“Yes, I am. May I be so bold as to ask?”

“Well. It's up to Erik to decide whether or not to let you know.”

I look around, but I don’t see him. Now I am getting nervous. Very nervous. But the fingers between my legs are causing me to think about more and more inappropriate things that could be written on

that note. I feel my juices run down my pussy to my cute little anus.

What is on that note? What had he written? Was it about me, was it?
Maybe he had described the way I embrace his fingers with my pussy.

“What do you think I wrote?”

“I don't have a clue. My mind is racing.”

I feel a quick sting in my tummy. That little cold and heartstopping sting you get when you think someone is reading your dirty thoughts.

“Maybe that you want to do things to him?” he suggested.

“I don’t know. Maybe?”

In a way I'm hoping he had, but at the same time I'm scared he might have. My mind is not working properly. There's no way he could do that to me, is there?

“Maybe something about him meeting you later, after his shift is over?”

I blush and notice how I squeeze his fingers even more tightly as I think about maybe having a rendezvous with Erik later on.

“You’d like that?”

“Maybe He is a good looking man.”

“Oh, so you'd rather have his company?”

He changes the pattern of his fingers’ motions and makes it hard for me to not sigh out loud. He takes my hand and puts it on his bulge again. It's not soft and growing anymore. Now it's hard, pulsating.

I can't hear any change in his voice as he speaks. He seems so calm, but I can feel the tension building up inside his chinos. He jerks his groin against my hand and I start rubbing it. It isn't very huge, I realise, though it is hard, really hard. I want to breathe in the smell of it. I want to feel his precum melting on my tongue. I want to suck it in all the way until I can feel his balls against the tip of my nose. I look at him.

He smiles at me and says, “Don't look so alarmed. I just suggested the man should take action and not just look, since you were most likely going to give him your number unless he gave you his first.”

I squeeze his hard cock and move my hand up and down along it.

“You wrote what?”

“Desire is easy to spot. Every man on this train would like to chat with you, but I'm the only one who's talking to you and I'm very lucky to be that man. But you are young and should take your chances with interesting people you meet.”

While saying that he circles my asshole with his wet fingers and teases my erect clit with his thumb. I can't help but to release a sigh. Eager to feel more, I'm almost forgetting about Erik. The stranger hasn’t forgotten about him, though, and makes sure I don't either.

“There are things you'd like to do to Erik, right?”

He is talking so quietly I almost have to hold my breath to hear him.

“Yes, I suppose,” I answer.

He presses his index finger against my hole and I relax, giving it free access to slide right in. I adjust to his thick finger as he slides his thumb down from my clit, between my moist lips. His thumb enters my cunt and he gently presses the thin wall between his fingers. He's moving so slowly in and out. I can feel everything. Warmth spreads all along my lower back and up over my breasts where my nipples tingle and point straight out from under the shirt.

“So, this Erik, what would you do to him if you had the chance?”

I’m quickly brought back to reality, realizing it’s for the best because I would have surely started to moan if he had kept going, without waking me from my haze of pleasure. I concentrate on his manhood again, moving my hand along it. How I want to unbutton his pants and feel him for real, but he stops me with his free hand.

“Now, tell me the things you would like to do with Erik. Or should I write him another note, more detailed?”

“I don't know...”

“You want him to move inside you like this?”

He gets more intense, moving his fingers in and out of my ass and pussy simultaneously, shaking my whole world.

“The train is coming to an end for us, miss. I think you should take a chance on him.”

Soon after he says that, Erik appears, stops by me, and begins to speak.

“Hello miss, I'm sorry for the wait but there were some other matters I had to attend to on my way

back here. Here's the phone.”

He hands me a cellphone, and the stranger keeps moving his fingers inside my holes. It feels like I am about to lose my cool.

“Is it your personal celly?”

“Yes, miss.”

“Thank you. I'll just send a text message, if that is okay?”

I look at the old man and can't help but smile at his plan. I send the message to myself, and as soon as I return Erik’s phone I pick up my own and write him a message: “I'd like to see you again. Are you busy after work?”

Five minutes later, just after the next stop is announced, I get my reply. “Wait outside the station I will take as short time as possible to finish up at the office.”

“I do not need a ticket home, it seems.”

“Oh well, I have a present for you anyway, miss. Thanks for the ride, it was a memorable one for me. I hope you didn't mind an old man's company.” He hands me a package of condoms with the payment for my service neatly tucked in under it.
I watch him disappear down the road. We most likely won’t meet again.

My panties are damp from the train ride. My ass is lubed and my heart pounding in my chest. I'm wanting more. I lean against a streetlamp and think to myself that this is going to be an interesting evening.