The Back Of The Bus

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“I knew you’d be mine the moment I saw you,”

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I burst through the doors to the bus station and sprinted to the ticket counter. I checked the schedules: only ten minutes until the 1:30 departure. I stopped at the first ticket window.

"One way to Toronto please!" I managed to pant out.

"39.50 ma'am," the old woman behind the glass said flatly. I dug out a couple of twenties, took my ticket and ran without waiting for change.

I sprinted up to platform 11 and onto the idling bus. I immediately headed for the back. I enjoyed the privacy especially at night time. As I worked my way back I realized I was the only passenger. Which was just as well because at the same time I realized that my skirt was partially tucked into my pink cotton panties. I snapped my head back and noticed the driver staring at me. He coughed loudly and returned his gaze to the windshield.

I threw my bags into the over head compartment and untucked my skirt. I plopped down into the window seat. I looked out just in time to see a tall well built man dashing for the bus door. *I guess I won't be the only one tonight*, I thought, slightly disappointed. The man clamored onto the bus. He too made his way to the back, panting. I brushed my long curly hair back from my face as he looked in my direction. He was gorgeous. Taller than I had first thought, about 6"4 maybe, with full head of brown hair. He looked to be in his late thirties. I gave him a small smile and turned to gaze back out the window. Out the corner of my eye I could seem him getting closer to where I was sitting. *Good*, I thought, *sit close to me*. He finally stopped beside me.

"Is this seat taken?" I heard his deep voice say. I hadn't expected him to sit *right* beside me!

"Nope, it's all yours," I smiled. My heart pounded in my ears. I was going to sit next to this strange

man for the next five hours. The thought made my pussy tingle. He sat down brushing his leg against mine. He leaned toward me and slipped off his jacket. His cologne was intoxicating.

“I’m Allen,” he said, smiling.

“Nicole,” I replied. I slowly crossed one leg over the other allowing my skirt to ride up. I watched as his eyes flickered toward to movement.

“Um, well, have you taken this bus before?” Allen shuddered, forcing his eyes to meet mine once again.

“Only once before. It’s a good five hour drive if we don’t run into any major traffic.” *So we have lots of time*, I added silently.

“Oh, I didn’t know it was such a long ride,” he shifted in his seat brushing my leg again.

“Well, I have a novel if you’d like to read it. I normally nod off on long trips,” I handed him my book. I flashed him a smile. “Wake me if he stops for coffee,” I leaned my seat back and spread my legs out a bit to get comfortable. I knew from this angle he could probably see down my blouse. I heard a small gasp escape his lips. I tried to pretend I didn’t notice. I wanted him to keep looking.

After a short while I could feel him move closer to me. I suspected it was to get a better look down my blouse. I moaned slightly and leaned toward the window. I arched my back allowing my bum to press against his leg. I felt his jeans against my bare leg and noticed my skirt had ridden up quite far. I steadied my breathing hoping he would think I was asleep.

I didn’t have to wait long. After a few minutes I could feel my skirt being lifted up. Allen’s breathing quickened. His fingers lightly brushed my panties. I held back a shiver. I could feel the wet spot on my panties getting bigger. It took everything I had to resist shoving my hands between my legs to relieve my aching pussy.

I felt Allen carefully slip my panties to the side. He caressed my bare cheek. I felt his hand quiver slightly. I let another small moan escape my lips hoping it would reassure him. He lightly cupped my cheek in his hand, slowly applying more pressure. He worked his fingers around to my crack and stroked it from bottom to top. I gasped involuntarily. I hoped it wouldn’t give me away. It only seemed to encourage his naughty groping. He pressed his thumb to my virgin asshole testing the opening. I squirmed. I hadn’t thought *this* was where he would start...

Allen suddenly dropped two fingers under me in search of my pussy. He expertly found his target and

plunged both of them in a far as they could go. Before I could think I groaned loudly. I leaned forward onto my forearms lifting my bum into the air. I was sopping wet. My juices trickled down his fingers, covering his hand.

“I knew you’d be mine the moment I saw you,” Allen cooed into my ear. All I could do was moan in response.

He began thrusting his fingers in and out of me, slow but hard. He allowed his thumb to press hard against my asshole with each thrust. Allen eventually abandoned his seat and hovered over my back. Retrieving his fingers from my pussy, he forced them into my mouth.

“You see how wet you are? I could smell you when I sat down,” he breathed heavily.

Allen lowered himself behind me. I could feel his hot breath tickle my pussy. He breathed in deeply a few times. *Is he smelling my cunt?* I thought. The idea made me even more horny. It made me feel so dirty and exposed.

After breathing in my sex for what felt like minutes, Allen drove his face hard into my pussy. He put his hands on either side of my waist and pulled me back hard. He rubbed his face back and forth, up and down, coating himself in my juices. He opened his mouth wide and sucked hard. His tongue finally poked out of his mouth and lapped up my juices. He started at my hole and worked his way down in circles to my clit. By this point I was grinding his face hard and moaning at will. I was beyond caring if the bus driver heard us.

Allen finally ripped his face from my pussy and crouched over my back. I heard him furiously unbuckling his belt. He leaned forward and grabbed a fist full of my hair. He pulled my head back hard.

“I know what you really need,” Allen grunted in my ear. I felt the thick head of his cock enter my tight cunt. With one hard thrust he filled me entirely. He held himself deep inside me causing me to squirm. I needed more. Finally, he withdrew and began slamming into me, grunting with each stride. I could feel the pressure of an orgasm building. Allen seemed to notice because he picked up his pace. I couldn’t take it anymore. The orgasm hit me so hard I yelped out with pleasure.

Allen wasn’t anywhere near done. Once I finished thrashing he removed his cock. He spun me around and pushed me onto my seat.

“Open,” he growled.

My jaw dropped open obediently. He grabbed me by the hair once again and thrust his cock into my mouth. It was soaked with my juices. I had never tasted myself so strong before. Allen began wildly slamming my face down forcing me to take in all of him. He was so big I started to gag. After a few thrusts I felt his dick pulse and hot liquid hit the back of my throat. I swallowed quickly making sure I got all of it. Allen collapsed forward pinning me to the seat. I continued to suck his cock until after he was soft.

After a while, the bus began to slow. We made a few wide turns and then came to a stop. *Coffee break*, I thought. Allen finally pulled himself off of me and and slipped on his jacket. Without a second glance, he casually made his way to the front of the bus. I started to follow him, not knowing what else to do. I stopped when Allen clapped the bus driver on the back.

“She’s all warmed up for you, Norm,” he chuckled, getting off the bus. The driver closed the doors behind him and turned to me. His eyes scanned my body until finally resting on my ruffled skirt.

I suppose I have to get to Toronto somehow, I thought, as I wiggled out of my skirt for him.