

My Late Commute

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A later journey home, a new experience.

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As the train drew into the platform, I couldn't help notice I felt a little peculiar. Something strange had come over me and it was hard to describe. Perhaps it was working late, then having to catch the train out of the rush hour and knowing that I would have an empty apartment waiting for me when I got back? It felt most strange.

On stepping onto the train and through the doors of the carriage, I was struck by the emptiness. I was used to travelling this line when the train was full. It felt almost eerie, and I couldn't quite work out whether I liked it or not. As I looked for somewhere to sit, I was greeted by the sight of at least twenty empty seats. All were inviting, comfortable and would allow me at the kind of personal space that regular commuters fantasised about. However, as I walked to the corner of the carriage, impulsively, I found myself sitting down immediately next to someone and breaking all the unwritten rules about how to arrange yourself on a partially empty train. I couldn't explain why, but now I assume it was a basic, raw instinct.

Next to me was a man, or should I say, young man, probably around nineteen or twenty years of age. He was moderately good looking, with dark, short, cropped hair and quite chiselled features. His eyes were closed, but from his complexion, I imagined that they were big and brown. As he lay relaxed and dozing, I scanned him top to toe, and deduced that he must have just been to the gym and was on his way home. He was wearing a old sports t-shirt, jog pants and battered white trainers. Furthermore, his skin was glistening with a faint layer of moisture, no doubt from his earlier efforts working out. As I sat next to him, I wondered if he was aware of my presence. Did he realise I was there? As I drew breath, I could smell his sweat. He smelt good and I found myself excited by the situation I had put myself in. In an almost involuntary action, I moved my hand out of my personal space and into this young guy's.

Gently, I placed my hand on his crotch, and felt for his cock. At the same time, my eyes were fixated on his face to see what the reaction would be. It was wrong, I know, probably criminal, but my basic

primal urge had got the better of me. For a split second, nothing. But then, his defined, quite feminine lips started to curl up at the sides and the eye closest to me opened slightly. Taking in what he saw, his acknowledging smile grew. Then, in an acceptance of what I had started, and what I assumed to be an invitation to continue, he closed his eyes, pushed his back into his seat into an even more relaxed position, opening his body position slightly, giving me easier access to his now semi-erect cock.

Initially, I rubbed him with a cupped hand. His cock was a nice size, but nothing that would earn him a role in a porn film. He gasped slightly as he became fully engorged and strained at the woollen material of his joggers. Subtly, I readjusted my position and slipped my hand inside. Underneath, he was naked, and I now had full access to him. The one thing that really struck me was how hot it was. Gently, taking care to ensure that his foreskin was completely pulled back, I started to stroke my fingers across the glands on the head of his cock. Although he said nothing, the gentle motion that he was making with his pelvis gave away the fact that he was enjoying my attention. Very quickly, I noticed that the very tip of his cock was a little moist, and when I used my thumb to investigate, I realised that his pre-cum had already started to find its way to my hand. As I held his cock, I used my thumb to spread it all around the head.

After what seemed like only a minute or two, my focus was broken by the announcement of the train driver that the next station, my stop, was approaching. I knew I had to act fast if I was to ensure this young man wouldn't forget his evening workout, so I started to speed up my rhythmic wanking action and added some rotation into my wrist to really start to get things moving. As the train started to slow down, I felt a hand on my knee which gripped me tightly. Without opening his eyes, the expression on the young man's face changed from one of relaxing pleasure, to one of expectant gratification. Seeing this, I tightened my grip slightly and put extra pressure on the head of his cock. Almost instantaneously, I felt a warm jet of his cum on my hand and fingers, followed by another. As his final ejaculation hit my hand, the train ground to a halt, and I moved my now sticky hand from his joggers. As I got up, I noticed he was now looking me in the eyes with a confused but satisfied look in his eyes. As I started to walk away, he looked like he was about to say something, but not wanting to spoil the illicitness of the moment, I put one of my cleaner fingers to my lips and indicated to him that words were not necessary.

As the train pulled away from the station, I saw the young man who I had just wanked off on the train staring into space, no doubt wondering what had just happened to him. As I stood watching, I suddenly became aware that I could feel a throbbing between my legs and that I was very, very aroused. Pulling my handbag over my shoulder I made for my apartment. I had business to attend to.