

The Commuter: Days 17-18

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I have never done anal, please be gentle.

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That was a close call I said to myself. That could have turned out so much worse I laughed. My emotions seemed trapped between revenge and relief. I rubbed the red marks on my wrists as I thought about my next move. The train jerking to a stop reminded me this was my stop. As I stood to exit the train, the slow moving parade of chattering Sisters moved ahead of me through the door. The beautiful young Sister that had helped me, lagged behind her group a few steps. She stepped directly in front of me, blocking my exit. As she looked at me with a sparkle in her eyes, a single tear rolled down her cheek. She gave me a long look, then brushed her hand between my legs, copping one last feel. As she held her loose grip on me, she handed me a folded piece of paper. It simply stated, 'In case of emergency, call Sister Rose Mary ', and a number. "Try to stay out of trouble." she said smiling, fluttering her eyelashes. "But, don't try too hard." We shared a brief laugh as she turned and walked away. I had never even had a fantasy about a Nun, let alone an experience like what had just happened. It was pretty hot I thought. I would have loved to introduce her to a new habit. Instead of going into the office, I walked around downtown for a couple of hours, thinking, plotting my next move. My thoughts flipped back and forth from the commuter who had so skillfully owned me, to the beautiful Sister who came to my rescue. Something... I have to come up with something better than the cuffs deal you used. But what? Day 17 As the morning fog began to lift, I trudged towards the train. I wouldn't be working today, Sunday, if you hadn't completely wrecked my head yesterday. Thanks to you, another weekend goes by and no real time off. I plopped down in my seat and waited for the train to get going. As I looked around the empty car, taped to the partition dividing my seat from the outside door, I noticed an envelope. Hmm , I thought as I held the note to my nose. "This fragrance smells familiar." I said in a whisper. Somewhere between assuming the note was for me, and just being plain old nosey , I opened the envelope to see what was inside. "To my most worthy nemesis, I sincerely apologize for leaving you in such a lurch yesterday. Honestly, I was prepared to uncuff you. But when your temper flared, it was just too tempting to leave you to your own devices. Forgive me. Furthermore, you seemed very upset at being caught so completely off guard. Was it the

way I was leaving you so vulnerable to the world that got you so worked up, or was it having your own cum shot in your face that did it? BTW, I want my cuffs back. xoxo " My blood boiled all over again. I wadded up the note and hurled it across the empty car. It bounced to a rest under the seat you usually sat it. "Fuck you!" I said. "You'll get your fucking cuffs back alright." Day 18 As I stepped onto the train, I was surprised to see you already aboard. Our eyes met without so much as a smile or greeting of any kind. We studied each other as if searching for a chink in the armour, or a weakness to exploit. First one to blink loses, I reminded myself. I sat down and watched you. Soon, you disappeared from view as commuters began to file in, ending our stare down . Just as well. I'll leave it for another day. Stop after stop, the car emptied, as riders began exiting the train for their destinations. Yet, you and I remained seated long after our normal stops, catching each others' stares between the shuffling of passengers. I fumbled with the cuffs to make sure they were in my jacket pocket. At last, all the riders left the train except you and me. 'All passengers exit now. This car is offline for service.' played several times through the speakers. After sitting idle for several minutes, the train rolled another half a mile into the service yard before stopping. The amber SERVICE light on the car flashed on and off, telling us the car would be out of commission for a while. I leaned forward, resting my elbows on my knees, then looked at you. "Looks like you are stuck with me lady." I said coldly. "Really?" you answered, barely moving your perfectly painted lips. "Is that a threat... or a promise?" We sat there in silence for what seemed an eternity. Finally, you stood and walked towards me. You stopped just inches from me, just like the first time we fucked on the train. "So, what is 'stuck with you' supposed to mean mister? Is this where I'm supposed to quake with fear?" you sneered. You turned to walk away, but I grabbed you by the upper arm, spinning you around. My cock was raging hard, and I wanted you. I started to stand and you pushed at my shoulder, keeping me in my seat. I leaned back as you straddled one of my legs. You reached for the top of my head and grabbed a handful of my hair, pulling my face into your soft sweet smelling shear blouse. You twisted back and forth as you pushed your tits into my face as you held your grip on my head. I grabbed at your thighs and pushed your skirt to your waist. Before I could bury my face in your patch of fur, your fingers slid down your tummy and between your legs. Your legs buckled as fingers dug deep. As you withdrew your fingers, you spread the outer folds of your soft flesh, giving me a good look at your swollen clit . The smell of your musky scent taunted my nostrils. You pulled your fingers from your love nest and stuck the gooey treat in your mouth. The look on your eyes invited me to follow suit. Kicking your legs wider, I pulled your panties to the side and roughly entered you with two fingers. Your loud gasp told me I had found the right spot. I probed your insides like it was the first time I had ever felt a pussy. Rough and hard, just the way I knew you liked it. Your hips pushed back and forth against my hand as I finger fucked you hard. I licked at your pussy hair and clit as my fingers brought you to your first orgasm. As before, you showered me with your hot juices, soaking my shirt and slacks. This orgasm seemed more intense, and your flow was harder and longer. I smeared your cum up and down your inner thighs as your body writhed. We hurriedly stripped naked. My cock seemed longer and harder today than I can remember. I was turned on like never before. You had managed to expose my emotions like no other had been able to. You fell to your knees in front of me, grabbing for my cock as

if it could break your fall. It was my turn to have a handful of your hair. I pulled at it hard, forcing my cock deeper in your mouth than you were ready for. You gagged a time or two as I shoved it hard between your velvety lips of red. Your slender fingers wrapped around my girth, pumping me fast as you slurped at my head. Stopping briefly to look up at me, you took my entire length down your throat. Your head bobbed up and down on me, bringing me pleasure like never before. Pulling you by the hair, I lifted you to your feet. Saliva dripped from your lips. "Turn around and bend over." I ordered. "Why?" you asked, questioning my order. "Because I fucking said so. That's why!" reasserting my authority. As you reluctantly bent over my lap, I raised my hand to deliver the first blow. Parroting a line I often heard as a kid, I mocked, "This is going to hurt me more than it does you." The first loud crack to your ass cheek stung sharply. It felt good to share in the first sting of your spanking. "That wasn't so bad." you taunted. "Is this my punishment for leaving you stranded? Hmmm? If so, I guess your anger was all fabricated." The second slap landed perfectly, sounding like a lightning clap. "OUCH! That's too hard!" you protested. "Really? Too hard? I'm sorry. Here, have another!" Another loud pop echoed through the car. I spanked you until both cheeks were a hot pink color. It must have felt pretty good. Your inner thighs glistened as a small trickle of your juices puddled on the floor. Consumed by passion, I began finger fucking you as you lay across my lap. With your legs spread wide, your hips went wild, thrashing about. "You like having your cunt fingered hard slut?" I growled as I lowered my head near yours. "OH OH OH yessssssss, finger my pussy harder!" you begged. I forced a third finger in your tight hole as I ravaged your sweet little love hole. Pulling juice covered fingers from your pussy, I smeared hot juices between your cheeks and lubed up your asshole. Then I stuck my thumb in your bunghole as three fingers gripped your pussy. You bucked out of control until another wave of orgasms rocked you violently. You lay there trembling as my fingers still moved inside you, making you jerk spastically and moan uncontrollably. Your body was a wreck. With a handful of your beautiful mane, I pulled you off of my lap. I drug you towards the door of the car and pushed you against it so your naked tits were pressed firmly to the door window. "Gimme your hands!" I demanded as I reached for both wrists. Snap snap, now your hands were cuffed behind your back. "I'm returning your fucking cuffs sweetheart." I whispered in your ear. "Fuck me! FUCK ME NOW!" you panted, trying to catch your breath. "My body is on fire! Ohhhh gawwwwwd, fuck me please!" I grabbed both ass cheeks, spreading them and shoving my hardon between your legs. Your pussy was so wet, it found its target with ease. You gasp loudly in pain as my cock stretched you wide. I pushed hard on the first thrust, filling you completely. "OOOOUUUUAAAHHH" you moaned as you pushed down on my cock as I forced it in you. "FUCK MY PUSSY!" I slapped at your crimson cheeks as I pounded you hard against the train door. Your tits firmly pressed on the windows for all who happened by to see. We bucked wildly at each other and sounded like wild animals mating. Long hard powerful thrusts delivered my cock deep in your pussy, bouncing you off of the door. Loud moans and gruntsechoed off of the car walls. We both came in a frenzy of humping flesh and spewing fluids. With cum still oozing from my cock, I rubbed the head across your anus, pushing against its tightness. "I-I-I-I have never done anal. Please be careful. Don't hurt me." you pleaded. At that, you pushed yourself onto my cum soaked cock. You groaned as it slid easily past the first ring of

resistance, then all the way to the balls. Not sure of the feeling of a cock in your ass, you stood trembling for a few moments, adjusting your mind and body to the feel. Your body vibrated. Slowly you moved your hips one direction then the other. Even though I held both hips, I gave you the freedom to get comfortable. "I can feel the blood pulsing in your cock." you said with a surprised voice. "Everytime you squeeze your muscles, I feel you twitch inside me." You relaxed and began moving me in and out of you. Soon, you warmed to the idea of getting fucked in the ass. "This feels so different. I'm not sure how to describe the feeling. I like it I think, but don't know yet." you grunted between thrusts. "I want you to really fuck my ass baby. Fuck it like it's my pussy. Cum in my ass. I want the whole fucking experience!" you moaned as you began rocking back and forth on me. I grabbed both hips tightly and began pushing harder and faster in you. My balls slapping at your pussy with each hard thrust. I pulled at your hair, arching your back as I drove harder inside your tight bunghole. We both groaned with primal pleasure as our bodies melded together in sweaty flesh. "You're gunna cum! I can feel it! I can feel your cock ready to explode in me!" you exclaimed excitedly. "Fuck me harder! Fuck my ass baby. Cum in my ass baby!" you panted eagerly as our pace quickened. I felt the orgasm begin deep in my loins and knew it would be strong. I pistoned harder and faster in you. With a powerful surge, I unloaded all of my anger and delivered a long spurt of hot cum inside you. Cum dripped from you with each hard thrust. Your asshole cinched tightly around my cock, refusing to release it. Your body shook hard as it tightened completely. Your juices splattered against the door. I stood behind you, admiring the graceful beautiful lines of your toned backside. Your hair was a sweaty beautiful mess. Your whole body glistened with perspiration. I ran my hands up and down your back as if massaging you. My cock pulsed slowly inside you as I kept you pressed close to the door. My hands slipped between the glass and your body, taking hold of both tits. I massaged them firmly as you leaned your upper body into me. Your handcuffed hands played with my pubic hair as I rubbed your hard nipples. You turned your head to kiss me for the first time. Our lips and tongues greeted each others passionately. We moaned loudly into each other's mouths. I felt my cock losing it's hardness as it slipped from your body. My hands retraced the curves of your body as I gave your ass one more hard swat. I left you standing at the door, with hands cuffed behind your back and returned to my seat. Leaning my head back against the window I proudly boasted of my techniques, "That was the best sex ever." You looked at me and coolly replied, "Yeah, it was okay.", and walked passed me, heading back to sit on the other side of the car. At that moment I strongly considered throwing your clothes out the door and leaving your handcuffed naked ass on the car. You sat there with cuffs holding your hands behind you like it was no big deal. You sat swinging your legs open and shut, with juices slowly drying on each thigh. You are a fucking mess. I said under my breath. Looking down at myself, I added, and I'm a fucking mess too. Trepidation began to wash across your face as you watched me dress. I guessed you were wondering if I was going to return the favor and leave you handcuffed in the train. To your credit, you stayed calm, and did your best not to show your fear. As I combed my hair and finished dressing, I walked towards you. Our eyes glued on each others, as always. I reached down and pulled you to your feet by the hair. I looked deeply into your gorgeous eyes. With my hand behind your head, I leaned to kiss you. Your eyes maintained

their gaze as our lips met. You gently bit my lower lip. "Turn around." I said in a whisper. And I unlocked one of your hands. "Get dressed." I said before releasing you from my grip. Then I went back to my seat. I studied you as you took your sweet time dressing. You moved as if you had all the time in the world. Finally, after cleaning up the best you could do under the circumstances, you shook the wrinkles from your clothing, and checked your makeup and lipstick. You looked at me, smiled and announced that you were ready. We walked towards each other and met with bodies pressed against each other. I reached down and took your hand wearing the cuff and lifted your arm. Then slipped the other cuff around my wrist and closed it. I pushed the door open and we left the car. Then slipping my fingers between yours to hold your hand, I asked "Hungry?"