

Taken On A Train - Custom Story Contest Winner #1

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Blindfold and handcuffed on a packed subway train.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/taken-on-a-train-custom-story-contest.aspx>

Notes: This is the first winning entry from my custom erotic fiction contest. Given that I was aiming for flash fiction (1000 words or less), I did miss the mark coming out at a little over 1300 words. Still, I think you will enjoy the result. Disclaimer: This contest is a personal contest supported solely by Vita and is in no way associated with Lush Stories other than their gracious hosting of the results. For more information on the contest or to submit an entry, see: Original entry by: Cheltenham Location: A busy subway. People are bustling about, packed in shoulder to shoulder and they are naive to what is happening close by. Three items: A leather jacket, a scarf and handcuffs. Sex of one of the characters: A twenty something woman. Three descriptive words: brunette, flawless, discreet. Like every other day, I board the subway at the first stop. Even then, the train is crowded, but by the third stop, we are packed in like sardines. I'm wearing a simple white blouse with a colorful scarf around the collar, dark grey skirt suit, black hose and black, patent leather, three-inch heel pumps, little different from what dozens of other businesswomen on the train are wearing. In spite of that, I stand out from the crowd. My hair is like a cascade of liquid chocolate falling in waves almost to my ass. I'm not a classical high-cheeked beauty, but my softer, heart-shaped face has occasionally been compared favorably to Scarlett Johansson. My eyes are a piercing green, startling framed by my dark hair. My skin is the color of fresh cream, smooth and blemish free. I have long legs, a nicely curved ass, and a well-defined waist. My breasts are a good size on my frame, enough to show decent cleavage, but not so large as to sag without a bra which is good because if, on the surface, I appear the average businesswoman, underneath I am not. The hose are actually stockings, held up by garters attached to a tightly laced, under-bust corset. My bare breasts project over the corset, my pale pink nipples just barely visible beneath the thin fabric of my blouse. My panties are split on either side of my crotch, leaving my pussy bare and accessible. Just after the fourth stop, my breath catches as I feel warm hands on my hips, strong and masculine. Just below my ass I can feel what must be at least a nine inch cock pressing hard against me. I am instantly wet and I feel a hand go to my collar and remove my scarf then tie it around my eyes, leaving me unable to see. Robbed of my sight, I switch to other senses, feeling the heavy weight of a long coat brushing my sides. I smell the musky scent of leather and I imagine a long leather coat that he is using to shield his actions from

prying eyes. Next, there is cold metal around my wrist where I hold on to the pole in front of me. My other arm is grabbed roughly and it too is cuffed, binding me to the pole. Now his hands go to work in earnest, one unbuttons my blouse enough for him to graze my left nipple with his calloused hand, making it pucker up despite the heat of so many bodies pressed into this subway car. Another rough hand slides up my leg and under my skirt, unerringly seeking out my pussy. I hear him gasp as he finds me exposed and already wet for him. His hand slides between my slippery folds and I stifle a moan as he brushes my clit, then pulls his finger down my slit and slips a thick finger easily inside me. I want to moan and scream in pleasure as one finger is joined by a second and then a third, but I know I mustn't. I bite down on my lip to keep from crying out as he tweaks and pinches my nipple. Suddenly, his fingers pull out of me and I suppress a protest. Then, so whisper soft that I might not have heard it normally, had I been able to rely on my sight, I catch the sound of a zipper sliding down. Quickly, his cock head is against my lips and a jolt of the train causes him to thrust sharply inside me, taking my breath away as his huge dick splits me in half. I feel so utterly full as he pauses for a moment before starting a long, slow withdrawal followed by another sharp jab inside. He repeats this for awhile, and the combination of slow, sucking friction against my tight pussy followed by the quick stretching brings me a pleasure so intense that it is on the borderline of pain. He seems to sense that I am close and starts to pick up the pace; obviously trying to fuck me without letting on what he is doing. Luckily the train is shaking enough to disguise his thrusts as shifting his weight due to the train's motion. Both his hands are inside my blouse now and I wonder why no one seems to notice. I am so close to orgasm; then he pinches both nipples hard and twists them a bit. The jolt that goes through me is electric and I shudder against him, my pussy convulsing around his cock. My back arches in pleasure, pressing me back against his firm chest. I have to bite my tongue to keep from screaming out. As my orgasm subsides, he pulls out of me and I realize that he hasn't come himself. I feel his dick slide upwards towards my little rosebud. I shudder at the thought of his monster cock in my ass, but at the same time I relish the thought. He removes his hands from my blouse and uses them to guide my hips as he slowly pushes his monster past the tight ring of muscle around my anus. I loosen up for him as much as I can, but it still hurts a bit as he stretches me open. He pauses for a moment for me to get used to it before he begins to ever so gently push in the rest of the way. If I thought I felt full before, it is nothing to the tight, almost painful fullness as he starts pumping into me. Before long, he is using his hands to alternately push me away and then pull me onto his cock. I lean forward, letting him get deep inside me, and my rock hard nipples brush up against the person in front of me. It's a woman, I can smell her perfume and I can hear her breath get faster as my big hard nipples rub against her back. Soon I realize I'm rapidly approaching another orgasm and I whisper into her ear. "Oh God, I'm going to come." I hear a soft grunt and I feel him blast his load into my ass, jet after jet of hot, gooey cum. At the same moment my own orgasm hits me. "Oh God, oh fuck, oh..." I whisper to the lady in front of me. I convulse again, pressing myself tighter against her even as my thrusting ass buries his cock deep inside me. My knees are weak and I can barely stand. Only being sandwiched between them keeps me upright. Finally, his cock withdraws and I feel the metal at my right wrist fall away, followed quickly by the left. A small piece of card stock is pressed into my now

free right hand. As I reach to pull off the blindfold, I feel the train stop and hear the doors open. By the time I register the scene around me, I spot only a flash of a long, black, leather coat disappearing into the crowd on the platform. The press of new bodies, rushing in to replace those departing, prevents me from following. I look at the piece of paper, a business card. The front holds a woman's name and the usual business information. On the back is a private cell number and the words, "Call me, please!" in an elegant script. I slip the card into my purse. My thighs and stocking tops are damp and sticky with my juices and occasionally a glob of hot cum escapes my ass making me feel especially naughty. As I finally step out onto the platform at my destination, I hear a familiar voice calling my name. I turn to see my boyfriend. "Hey babe, sorry I couldn't get to you in the press. I know this is a fantasy you really want to play out. Shall we try again next week?" "Sure," I say, smiling broadly. "I have a few new ideas too. First, I think you should buy a long, leather coat..."