

# Strangers On A Train

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*An adventure on a train ride*

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Sitting on the train, reading some steamy romance novel, minding my own business. I would occasionally look out the window as the Hudson River passed by, before immersing myself in the next sex scene splayed out on the pages in front of me. I was letting my imagination get the better of me, as my panties moistened with each turning page. I crossed my legs, squeezing my lips together. Oooh! That felt good! "Ardsley On Hudson! Next station stop is Ardsley!" the conductor bellowed from the far end of the car. I looked out the window as the train slowed to a stop. Several people were standing on the platform, looking bored, but this is the life of a commuter. Long periods of travel into the city and back again, to make a living but still have a lawn to mow and live the American dream. A house in the 'burbs', 2.4 kids, a mini-van, and a workaholic husband. Just what every girl wants. Right? I returned to my book and was just getting back into it when a voice above me said, "Is this seat taken?" I looked up to see a tall, gorgeous hunk standing in the aisle. His piercing blue eyes echoing his question. "Oh, no! Its not taken." I replied, still staring into those azure treasures that seemed to be boring into my head. Doffing his sports coat, he swung into the seat, falling against me as the train lurched. His broad shoulders brushing against mine as the train picked up momentum, sending a jolt through me that made me ever so slightly wet. "Sorry!" he said, flashing damn near perfect teeth at me. "No problem!" I replied getting back to my trashy romance novel. A few moments later, he asked, "What are you reading?" Ordinarily, I might get annoyed at some stranger invading my personal space and making inane conversation just to fill the air with noise, but there was something about this guy that disarmed me. Was it his wavy, dark, full head of hair? His perfect abs that were accentuated by an obviously tailored shirt. 'I must be reading too many of this silly books' I thought to myself. Flipping the book closed, I answered. "Just a girly book. Pablum for the mind!" He looked at the illustration on the cover. It showed a well endowed, nearly naked female draped over a bare-chested cross between Arnold Schwarzenegger and Matt Damon. "And that's you on the cover, right?" he chuckled. I smiled back, thinking 'How the hell did he know that?', but I replied, "She doesn't look a bit like me!" "You're better looking than she is, anyway." he said, his perfect teeth gleaming. "So what's it about?" "The usual!" I said, "Self assured female falls under the spell of the perfect male specimen. Gets rescued by him, and they live happily ever after." "You forgot the part about the incredible sex, where she orgasms at his mere touch." he adds. "Have you read this book

too?" a answer back, a little laugh in my voice. "This particular book? No! But I've read enough to know the formula." He patted my knee as he spoke. I felt the warmth of his hand on my bare knee. It sent another jolt through my body ending in my pussy. I thought briefly of telling him to get his hands off, but it felt so good. I don't know why, but I uncrossed my legs. His hand never moved from my knee. I re-opened my book, re-reading a steamy passage for the umpteenth time, which wasn't helping my state of arousal any. Then I swear I felt his hand inch up my thigh. I looked down where it rested, then shifted my gaze to his face. He was facing forward, but his eyes shifted toward me, then his hand, and back to me. He smiled ever so slightly. Now was the time to object if I was going to, but I didn't. Something about him and his bold hand had me mesmerized. Here I was, in a public place, a strangers hand creeping up my leg, and all I could do was try to keep from hyperventilating. Back to my book again. The gentle swaying of the railroad car making it impossible to tell for certain if his hand was sliding ever so slightly upward. I looked down at his hand again, noticing that his little finger had disappeared beneath the hem of my skirt. I glanced up at his face. He was looking directly at me now. So much for subtlety, I thought. But I was enjoying this! A stranger on a train, his hand on my thigh! Deliciously naughty! Almost edgy! What would mother think, I pondered. She'd be appalled! Nice girls don't do this sort of thing. At least not in public. I felt his hand move under my skirt. I looked him in the eye, smiled, and opened my legs a little wider, letting him know that I wanted this as much as he did. The train rolled northward, the car swaying, the click-click of the wheels on the tracks almost hypnotic in its monotony. But his hand didn't move. At least not as much as I anticipated. I'd figured that once I signaled my approval, he would move in for the 'kill'. Instead, his fingers caressed my thigh moving almost imperceptibly higher. I wanted to tell him 'go ahead' but his gaze told me to keep silent. So I sat there, book forgotten, staring into my lap, feeling his hand slip ever higher on my thigh. My panties were no longer just damp. I could feel the moisture weep from my now inflamed pussy, wicking into the silken fabric. Agonizing minutes later, I felt the tips of his fingers graze over my soaked panties. A slight moan escaped my lips. My eyes met his again and wordlessly they told me "Shhh!" With his free hand, he draped his coat over our laps as his fingers danced over the front panel of my underwear. I closed my eyes as I scrunched down in the seat, wanting more contact between us. By now his hand was cupping my panty clad mons, my legs splayed farther apart to afford him easier access. His middle finger sliding up and down between my wet silk covered lips. Almost involuntarily, I rolled my hips. A voice screamed inside my head, "Fuck me!" My mind racing, wondering when he would breach my last defense, as if I could stop him! As if I wanted to stop him! I felt his fingers curl around my panties, pulling them aside. Closing my eyes again, I eagerly waited for his fingers to invade my womanhood. He did not disappoint me! His middle finger traced the line of my lips from bottom to top before barely slipping in between. I scrunched down further, wanting to feel his digit deep inside. He shook his head slightly, telling me no! My eyes searched his, silently pleading for release, but to no avail. He slowly introduced his finger inside. I could feel every centimeter of it as it slipped deeper and deeper into my most private place. I let out a deep breath, darting a glance at his handsome face, his mesmerizing eyes. Her smiled! I smiled back! Then I felt a second finger insinuate itself through the entrance to my well oiled cunt until it, too, was as deep

inside me as it could go. A sharp intake of breath indicated my surprise. His smile widened! Was it at the pleasure I was deriving from this almost perverse act? Or was it a smile of triumph that he had conquered me without so much as a mild protest? At this point, I didn't care. I just wanted his fingers to bring me to a needed release. His fingers were effortlessly sliding in and out, in and out, almost in sync with the music from the rails and wheels. My hips were rolling in tune with his fingers as my need increased with each stroke. I could feel a climax building slowly within. Suddenly, with his fingers deep inside me, he flexed them both. Somewhere between a stroke and a scratch against the spongy front wall of my cloying cunt. He hit my g-spot! I gasped! From surprise as much as pleasure! I couldn't help it! It felt so good! Disapproval clouded his eyes. I felt like a child, scolded for doing something very, very wrong. Then he smiled again and rolled his fingers inside me, sending another jolt through me, this time emanating from my very core. I began rolling my hips in time with the curling of his fingers. I was sooo close! Another jolt! This time from his thumb, caressing my swollen clit! His eyes were smiling at me now even as his lips pursed and an almost silent "Shhhh!" blew across the short distance between us. I felt the muscles of my cunt clasp and unclasp his fingers as he continued curling his fingers and circling my clit. I bit my lower lip as wave after wave of orgasm washed over me. I could feel my face flush as I scrunched my eyes closed. Working feverishly to not scream out in ecstasy. My efforts to not let go seemed to stretch out my climax, making it last far, far longer than normal. He pulled his fingers out, not bothering to reposition my panties. He looked at the honey soaked digits for a moment, then popped his middle finger into his mouth, sucking all of the sweet salty liquid from it. He then offered me the other one, slipping it slowly between my lips, letting me taste the fruits of his labor. The conductor's cry of "Sleepy Hollow! Next station stop, Sleepy Hollow" brought us out of our self imposed hypnosis. The stranger rose, gathered his jacket, and leaned over. He kissed my ear and whispered, "Next time....no panties" He wheeled around, walked to the rear of the car, and left.