

The Commuter: Day 1

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Your sudden gasp made several people standing next to us turn and look.

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Like clock work, you entered the last door of the last car every day to catch the 5:30 PM train out of the city to the 'burbs'. Just like every other day, you panned the room and glanced casually in my direction and made your way to stand by the door next to the seat I always occupied. You seemed oblivious to everything around you, including me. Your expressions seldom changed, even when your glance towards me lingered beyond the normal half second. I often wondered what went through the mind of a well refined, nicely built, good looking, expensive jewellery adorned, wonderful smelling rich bitch like you. Like you, I am a creature of habit, doing the same boring things day after day, like some kind of trained animal. I wear a nice business suit, white shirt and silk tie to the same office, and do the same routine things five days a week. My job dictates my attire, yet I embrace it. My salt and pepper hair is thick and nicely groomed, and, for several years now, I have sported a trimmed mustache and goatee to match. I detest the sardine-like conditions that go hand and hand with commuter travel, but tolerate them. As with every rush hour commute, the car was packed elbow to elbow, with barely room to turn around. Everyone fidgeted a bit, settling into their own personal space for the 28-minute commute out of town. The jockeying for position edged you towards me. To be more accurate, you were standing between my feet. I could wrap my arms around your waist you were so close. Even the train's warning whistle did little to prevent the sudden jolt of the cars moving forward, redefining everyone's personal space. Now you stood squarely between my legs, your legs nearly touching my crotch. A second forward jolt caught you off balance, practically knocking you off of your five-inch heels. Instinctively, I reached to stop your fall, but my hands landed in very private areas of your body. You looked at me with a startled look that was somewhere between not believing that you had stumbled, and not believing that I had my hands on your body. You mumbled something. I could not tell if it was a thank you for saving your ass, or if you were cussing me in a different language. You straightened your self upright, spreading your feet apart to secure your stance. Then you bent over slightly at the waist, and using both hands, lifted your skirt, exposing your stocking tops and giving me a view down your low cut blouse. You slipped your fingers inside the tops and pulled

them tight, fingertips circling your thighs to make certain all was in order. It was then that I got my first whiff of your muskiness as it mixed with your perfume. Was that brief show my 'thank you', I wondered to myself? My mind teased me further, reminding me of how soft and smooth your muscular legs felt when my hand had slipped between them. Your firm ass cheek felt good in my hand, too. I only tried to keep you from falling, I kept saying to myself. Even though I only had you in my hands for a second or two, my hands did not lie about how good you felt. My growing erection confirmed the truth. I removed my sunglasses and slid them in my inside jacket pocket. You glanced sideways at me, then opened your overcoat to cool off a bit. That is when I noticed your sheer blouse and white lacy bra. Your breasts were at my eye level. From my side view of you, your nipples poked proudly against the fabric. Those hard nipples must love the feel of that fabric, I said to myself. You caught me staring, but instead of covering up, you returned my stare for a few moments before looking away. We clipped along, rocking and getting bumped about by the ages old cars. For the most part, our bodies instinctively remembered and expected every rough patch of track from town to the rural station. My mind kept telling me your stare was an invitation. Only one way to find out if that was an invitation or not. I slowly slid my hand around your thigh, fingers stopping between your legs. I squeezed your thigh roughly, and watched your face for any change of expression, but you ignored my hand. I squeezed your thigh harder, forcing your legs wider apart. Again, no change in expression. I ran my hand up and down your leg slowly a few times, testing your limits. The third time my hand neared your panties, your eyes closed and your grip tightened on the pole by my seat. I moved my hand higher up your thigh, my knuckles brushing against the damp spot on your panties. Your knees buckled slightly as I pressed them between your lips. There was my invitation: signed, sealed and delivered. As I studied your face for any sign of disapproval, I ran my fingers back and forth on the sides of your panties, pressing your swollen lips together. It was then that I felt your soft curly hairs peeking out each side. I squeezed your lips around your hard clit and a faint moan slipped from your lips. As my fingers and knuckles ground against your pussy, I pushed my thumb against your thin panties, pressing them against your bunghole. Slowly, I worked my fingers until your hips moved in unison with my hand. Your panties were soaked. Your body jerked and rocked as I became more aggressive in my forceful probes. I held my fingers pressed against you, letting you pleasure yourself with them. You bit your lower lip and you smiled for the first time as your hips began to shake. I unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock, stroking it as I played with your pussy. You took notice, but your concentration was selfishly focused on the immense pleasure you were receiving from a total stranger. I pulled your panties to the side, and ran my fingers back and forth along your wet slit before forcing two of them inside you. Your sudden gasp made several people close to us turn their heads. Your eyes glazed over as my fingers dug deep in you. Thrusting deep and hard in you made it more difficult for you to hide your emotions. You gripped the pole next to my seat and grabbed the top of my shoulder with the other hand to steady yourself. I could feel your pussy contracting around my fingers and knew you were about to cum. For the first time, your eyes locked on mine as you ground yourself on my fingers and hand. I watched your eyes roll upward and your lips form the word fuck, as your body shuttered hard. Your thighs squeezed my hand tightly as you

came, sending a stream of your juices down your legs, puddling on the floor. You stared at my throbbing cock as I continued to stroke it. "Pull my panties off!" were the first words you spoke to me. I slipped them down your legs and you stepped out of them. You turned away from me, lifted your coat and skirt, then sat down squarely on my throbbing cock. I sank easily between your soft, wet lips and you immediately began to grind against me. You pulled your coat around you to hide my hands groping at your heaving tits. You leaned your head back on my shoulder as I fucked you. The rocking motion of the train provided even more motion for us. The crowd of people just a few feet away, ignored us completely as we worked towards our mutual satisfaction. "Fuck me!" you moaned into my ear with a whisper. You played with your pussy and my cock as I pistoned in and out of you. Convinced you were about to cum again, I thrust harder and deeper, pulling hard at your hips. I felt my load of sperm start its journey and knew I could not stop it now even if I wanted to. My sticky hot cum surged through me and splashed violently inside your pussy with long hard spurts as I deposited my seed. You immediately let out a deep groan as you came, soaking my pants. We sat there for a moment as your muscles worked the last of my cum from my cock. As the train came to a stop, people all around us began crowding towards the exit next to us. They were too preoccupied with their own lives to notice the woman still slowly grinding herself on a stranger's cock as they passed within inches of us. Even if they had noticed, I don't think any of them gave a damn. "This is your stop," I said, pushing you off of me with a hand to the middle of your back. You spun around and stood there in front of me, in disbelief at my way of concluding our encounter. As cum dripped down both of your legs, you slapped me and quickly exited the train as the doors opened. "See you tomorrow," I said under my breath as I tucked myself back in and zipped up my pants.