

The Commuter: Day 16

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Monday morning came too fucking soon. And for that matter, so did all the other work days this week. My biggest objection to working weekends, was there is no fucking weekend. I was however, feeling pretty damn good about how last Sunday's cumfest ended. I guess I showed you I smirked. Who do you think you're fucking with I chuckled to myself. Not once all week did you stand next to me as you had done for months prior. Instead, you sat across from me, licking your wounds I supposed, or sulking or pouting. Or worse yet I thought, you might have been planning your revenge. Who knew? All I knew, it was fun as hell teaching you a little lesson about control. Honestly, I was a bit bummed out to think you might not retaliate. Each morning and evening you walked past me as if I wasn't there. You sat across from me and never looked my direction, not once. It was as if I no longer existed in your world. A whole week went by and not one bit of effort on your part to get even. Oh well, sore loser. Saturday morning came too early again and I rolled out of bed for my second consecutive Saturday to work. I barely took the time to shower before I boarded the empty car as the sun broke the horizon. I gave very little thought to seeing you since you had started the cold shoulder treatment. I figured, party's over. It was fun while it lasted. Just like every other day, the train came to a hard stop and doors popped open at your stop. Then the smell of your sweet perfume flooded the car. Hmm , welcome aboard I said under my breath. I silently sighed, so you must work weekends too? Hmm . You took the seat opposite me as had become your recent custom. Just like every other day, you were dressed to the 9s and looked gorgeous. I felt that old familiar stir in my shorts as I studied your fine figure. Now that I had seen you naked, your clothes did little to stifle my imagination. As a suggestive salutation to welcome you, I gave my cock a few tugs and leaned back in my seat. I wiggled my way comfortablein the corner of the seat. Resting my head on the window behind me, I soon found myself nodding off. I was so tired I must have fallen into a deep slumber. Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of you running towards me. Your tits bouncing with each bounding step, as if it were a movie scene. I opened my arms wide to welcome you. But my left arm wouldn't close around you. Am I paralyzed in my dream I wondered. Crazy fucked up dream I said to myself. Then as I tried

to embrace you with my right arm, it seemed paralyzed too. For some odd reason, I could not bring my arms together. What the fuck kind of dream is this I wondered? My struggle became frantic and the sound of metal on metal banged through the empty car. I awoke suddenly to the realization that you had handcuffed me to the poles on either side of my seat. I struggled unsuccessfully to pull my hands free. Then it all hit me. I looked up to see you grinning broadly. You grabbed a handful of two day old stubble and patted my cheek. "So, did you enjoy your little nap?" you asked as you stood in front of me. "Kinda looks like I have a propensity for revenge huh." "Now that I have a captive audience so to speak, I guess I call all the shots." you said, shifting your weight from one leg to the other. You bent over at the waist, bracing yourself on the window frame on either side of my head, giving me a good look at your cleavage. It was the first time I gotten a close look at your eyes. God I thought, is there anything about this woman that isn't perfect? Your hazel eyes sparkled as you spoke to me. A beautiful shade of pink lipstick framed the perfect words your perfect lips spoke. How the fuck did I miss those beautiful eyes I questioned myself. Hm, I guessed I had been too busy noticing all the other perfect features you possessed. "Okay lady" I conceded, "you win this round. Unlock me and let's have some fun." "Let's? Did you say, let's?" you said with a sultry grin, "I'm having fun. Looks like you are the only one not having fun." You turned your back to me and reached behind, taking both ass cheeks in your hands and squeezed them tightly. Then you swatted each cheek hard, making a loud slapping noise. As your hips began to sway, you slowly worked your skirt above your stockings. You kept perfect time to the music only you could hear. Your head tilted back and your hands slid up your sides and loosened your long hair. You shook your head a few times to fluff it up. With hips gyrating in circles, you lifted your skirt to your waist in a crumpled ring of fabric. With your legs spread wide, you pumped your hips in a nice fucking motion. Each time you bent over, I got a nice view of the dainty wet curls that hugged your wet lips. As you danced you gave me all the free peeks I wanted. When you bent over, you made sure to run your fingers between your fleshy wet folds. Fingers coated with your nectar became delicious treats as you shared the sweetness with me. You were killing me and you knew it. Your fingers teased the both of us as they probed and rubbed all over you. I wanted desperately to yank my cock from its cotton prison and attack you with it. Instead, I sat there immobilized and squirming in my seat with a raging hard on ...and no one to give me a hand. By now, you were nearly naked. Writhing like a wild woman in heat. Your juices trickled down your thighs as you danced and pranced about. Each time you drew near to me, I was certain you would offer some relief. But time after time, I was wrong. Instead, you tormented me, and seemed damn happy to be doing it. As your arousal reached new levels, you straddled me, rubbing yourself all over me and smothered my face between your large tits. I could feel you rubbing your juices on the bulge in my shorts as you imitated a good fucking motion. Then you reached down and took hold of my cock. "Finally!" I sighed outloud as you stroked me several times through my shorts. "Lift your hips for me baby. you whispered in my ear before nibbling at it. "I'm going to give you a blow job you will never forget." "Suck my cock cunt." I sneered as I obliged. "It's all yours!" "Hmm, it's all mine is right!" you answered as your fingers slid inside the top elastic band. You yanked my shorts to my ankles and pushed my knees wide. I moaned as your nails left faint reds marks up and down my thighs.

"That feels great." You took my cock in both hands and played with it like a new toy. As your tongue darted over the bulbous head, your fingers worked it's length up and down. My balls seemed to fascinate you and you sucked each one as you fondled the other. I was like puddy in your hands. My cock disappeared down your throat as you began your mouth fucking. I had never felt such velvety lips. Holding the head of my cock in your hand, you licked up and down my shaft. "I'm gunna cum in your mouth slut!" I groaned. As you felt my cock readying to shoot it's hot load, you gripped my shaft at the base tightly. "NO, no, no... ooooooh no you don't! I will tell you when you can cum!" "You are a fucking cock tease bitch." I said, breathing hard. "I was ready to blow this all over your face, just the way you like it." You just looked at me and smiled as you took me in your mouth for a few more deep sucks. Then you placed a knee on either side of my hips and took my cock by the shaft. Using the head of my cock as your own personal lubricating tool, you smeared your juices from clit to anus before lowering yourself down on it. Your quivering lips held the head in place as you made small circles with your hips. "Do you like this?" you cooed as you began to engulf me. You eyes closed and you let our a deep moan as I stretched you wide. Then you began to rock on me. Without my hands free to distract you, you fucked me exactly like you wanted to be fucked. Hard and fast were my orders for the day. My pelvic thrusts met yours with equal force. As you ground yourself into a frenzy, you pulled me into your breasts with both hands full of my hair. It didn't take long for your body to begin it's parade of orgasms. In the blink of an eye, you lifted yourself off of me and squirted all over my stomach and chest. With your moans echoing loudly throughout the empty car, you lowered yourself again on my hard cock. You fucked me even harder this time. Your body was a quivering mass of hot flesh. "I'm going to cum in you bitch." I said in a low gravelly voice. "Yes! Cum in me! you begged, rubbing your titties in my face. "Suck my tits...HARD! Bite them dammit! Suck them! C'mon, fill my pussy with hot cum baby." you taunted as you fucked me as hard as your could. I rammed myself deep and hard into you as I felt myself ready to unload in you. Just as you felt the first surge pulse through my cock, you yanked it from your pussy and aimed my cock at my face. It was too late for me to stop it's assault as I shot a heavy stream across my own face and chest. The gooey globs dripped from my chin as you burst out laughing. "Damn you bitch!" I yelled. "That's it baby," you giggled as you pumped my pulsing cock harder. "I know you have more in there baby. Give it all to me." I couldn't stop and came a second time as you complimented me for giving so freely of myself. Like an ice cream cone on a hot day, my cum oozed over your hand as you drained the last drops I had to offer. You played with the sticky goo for a moment before you painted my chest with my own cum, wiping as much off of you as you could. You seemed childishly delighted to glue as many of my chest hairs together as possible. What you didn't wipe off, you eventually sucked from your fingers. "I really hate to waste so much good sperm so early in the morning, but I just couldn 't resist." you said, patting my unshaven cheek with your sticky hand. You took my face in both hands and kissed me deeply, almost like you meant it. A long lingering deep wet kiss that lasted forever, but not long enough. The warm wetness of your pussy caressed the length of my shaft. You sighed a long deep sigh as you rubbed your body against me one more time. That was almost believable I thought. With a long silent stare, you lifted yourself off of my lap and walked back to where you had neatly placed

your clothes. You actually attempted a civil conversation as you quickly dressed. Small talk rattled off your lips as you talked about whatever popped into your head. You finished tidying yourself up just as the train began to slow down. "I have to admit, that was really hot. The whole handcuff trick is a nice touch. Now uncuff me, I need to get dressed too. C'mon , let me free!" I demanded, rattling the cuffs against the poles. I protested louder but my words seemed to fall on deaf ears. The train came to a stop and you walked slowly towards the door. "Let me the fuck go!" I yelled, glaring at you. As you started to exit I heard you greet a group of women, "Good morning Sisters. Beautiful morning for a train ride don't you agree?" Then at the door's edge, you stopped and dropped your neatly folded hanky on my naked thigh and said with a smile, "Clean yourself up. You're a fucking mess."