

RIDING THE BUS...DRIVER

By christyd52

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Taking a bus can be delightful sometime

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CHRISTY

I have always prided myself on being a very resourceful person, but like most people now days I cannot live without my wheels. So when my car broke down about two weeks ago I was not a happy camper.

The thought of having to take the bus everywhere did not appeal to me at all. The thought of sitting around for twenty minutes for a bus to come was not my idea of fun.

All that changed one day when I had to catch a bus to get across town for a very important meeting. When I got to the bus stop, the bus that I needed to get on had already arrive, but there was no sight of the bus driver. I waited a few minutes before I knocked on the door to see if anyone was on the bus.

Well about a minute later, when the doors open there stood this tall fine brother that on first sight could make any woman's juices flow. I stepped on the bus, and when I went to put my fare in the fare box, the bus driver for some reason would not let me pay. He insisted that the trip would be on him.

As I took my seat, I thought nothing of the fact that there was no one else on the bus except for the driver and myself. The bus driver told me that he was on a break and that he would be sitting in the back relaxing. That was fine with me; I could use a little extra time to get my head together before my meeting.

Well about five minutes later, I heard the sounds of moaning coming from the back, when I looked around there my bus driver was sitting there with his pants open and his dick in hand whacking off. Now I know most women would have been in a real huff about this, however not me. I see nothing

wrong in getting off where ever or when ever the need arise. I know there have been times sitting at my desk at some boring ass job that I have slipped a finger or two up my slid to relive the stress.

The thought of going and helping a brother out flashed through my mind. As I said the brother was not bad looking, so I looked to see if there was anyone waiting to get on the bus, no one was around and that is when I made my move.

I slowly got up from my seat and walked to the back of the bus. The brother was so into beating his meat that he did not even know I was there until he opened his eyes and saw me standing in front of him, I know I scared the shit out of him. Once he saw me standing there he quickly, start to zip up his pants and offer an explanation.

"Oh Miss I'm so sorry, but I was just trying to release some stress." he said as a look of complete embarrassment over took his face.

I give him a sweet sexy smile that assured him he has nothing to be sorry for, then I sat down beside him and asked if there was anything I could do to lend a helping hand.

He looked at me with those cold black eyes as he pushed me back onto the back seat of the number 26 southbound bus. Hiking up my skirt and pulling my panties to the side my bus driver started eating my pussy as is it were to be his last meal on earth.

While I laid there having my pussy ravaged by a man whom I had never seen before that day the thought flashed through my mind, if he was this good of a pussy eater, then what must it is like to fuck him. I did not have to wait long to find out. Just as the thought, lift my brain the man picked me up and sat me down on the biggest bonier I had ever seen... I think it must have been the biggest dick that I had ever ridden, I mean I have ridden some big dicks in my day; but this guy was not only big but he was meaty as well. We must have been fucking a few minutes when we heard a knock on the door. We were on a public bus I could see that there were people wanted to get on, but it did not seem to matter to either one of us.

"There are people waiting to get on." I said as he kept pumping my pussy.

I don't care they can wait." he said as he groaned and pumped my pussy even harder then before. We were both on the edge of coming and coming hard.

"Oh baby that's it baby that's it. Ride that big dick," he said as we both came at the same time.

We had no time to waste as we quickly put ourselves back together. I took my seat as if nothing had happened, as the bus driver opened the door to receive passengers. As he continued on his route the bus driver would glance at me through his rear view mirror, and I knew just what he was thinking, that this would not be the last time that I would be riding the bus... driver.