The Girl In The Red Floppy Hat

By GirlyWorld

Published on Lush Stories on 06 Aug 2011

Copyright 2010 - 2015 by fakeovers@yahoo.com. All rights reserved.

A young man is taught a lesson in observation.

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/the-girl-in-the-red-floppy-hat.aspx

She stood out from the crowd of a hundred or more passengers waiting to catch the night train from Paris to Barcelona. It wasn't so much that she was beautiful, even though she was, but more that she was wearing a big red floppy hat. She kept looking around nervously, fiddling with her suitcase and bags, apparently trying to find something. She looked desperately inside her tiny handbag. She seemed a bit lost, and I wanted to rescue her.

I was nineteen at the time. My parents were sending me to visit Aunt Beatrice, whom I hadn't seen for about ten years. She was no longer able to travel since her injury and had insisted that I spend a week with her during my summer vacation, stressing that "it would be a great experience to visit the city" and that "the young girls in Barcelona are very pretty." I didn't need more incentive than the thought of meeting pretty girls, and was pleased to see that at least one of those pretty girls was actually travelling from Paris.

Finally the girl found what she was looking for; pulling what appeared to be her ticket from a large wooly bag with wooden handles. She settled down, allowing me to observe her more closely. She had an air of sophistication, like cultivated antiquation. She was about eighteen years-old, around 5ft8, with fair light-brown hair, a thin face with perfect complexion, a little turned-up nose and bright-red lips. Aside from the red floppy hat, she was wearing a flimsy ankle-length floral-patterned summer dress and white sandals. It was a look that could have easily come the 1960's, and yet it suited her very well. I was particularly impressed by the way her ample breasts stood out due to the strap of her bag which she had placed diagonally between them.

She showed the piece of paper to one of the guards, who pointed her toward the front of the train. Unsurprisingly, based on my observations, she had been standing at the wrong section of the train, and had been ushered to first class. I watched her as she picked up her bags, turned briefly toward me and caught my eye. Our mutual gaze probably lasted less than two seconds, but it was enough

for me to feel like I had been busted. She smiled to herself and walked away, while I observed her hips swaying gently as she made her way up the platform, disappearing into the crowd. I wondered why I was always attracted to the posh girls, the ones that were out of my league.

Moments later, the guards opened the train doors and allowed the passengers to board. I stepped in and found my way to the cabin which I would be sharing with three other guys. Two of them had already boarded. One was sitting down reading his newspaper whereas the other was arranging his suitcases. I put my suitcases in the storage locker, took out my book and started to read. The third man showed up shortly thereafter. He was one of the fattest guys I had ever seen, practically having to squeeze himself through the cabin door. I helped him haul one of his bags onto the top shelf in the locker room, after which he sat down next to the window and gazed outside. Aside from a brief “hello”, we didn’t speak to each other.

At around 7pm I started getting hungry, so I made my way along the train toward the dining carriage. I walked along the corridors and went through each set of sliding doors until I found what I thought to be the dining compartment. Well, it was a dining compartment, only it was first class. The tables were covered in white linen, decorated with porcelain vases containing small bouquets of roses. Apparently I had been walking along the train in the wrong direction, and was now about twelve carriages away from where I needed to be. The girl I had seen earlier was sitting alone at the second table along, minus her red floppy hat. She recognized me immediately and beckoned me toward her table, smiling. I hesitated for a second and then walked up to her.

“Do take a seat,” she said pointing at the place opposite her, “I’m Angela.”

She held out her hand for me to shake it.

“Hello,” I replied, taking her hand, “I’m Tom. Sorry, but I seem to be in the wrong place.”

“Oh, the story of my life!” she said dramatically, putting one hand to her forehead, “If only I could find my way. Please do sit down; you’re making me nervous just standing there.”

“Well, just for a moment,” I replied, “I’m supposed to be in the second class diner.”

“It’s not against the law to invite guests to dinner,” she laughed, “Besides, I hate dining alone.”

“Well, I’m not sure,” I continued, thinking of my financial situation, “I’m on a budget.”

“Don’t be silly!” she declared, “Mummy and Daddy will be more than happy to pay for you.”

“Oh, you’re parents are on board?” I asked without thinking, and then realized what she had meant.

She laughed when she saw that the coin had dropped, and handed me the menu. Luckily her parents were going to pay because I could hardly have afforded the starters, let alone a full meal. I had intended on buying a sandwich and a beer. I looked over the menu and settled for a veal cutlet in tomato sauce, and would drink whatever she was having, which turned out to be a glass of red wine.

We made our introductions and explained why we were on the train. Angela was from Oxford in the UK, and was travelling across Europe for her economics studies. She had been working as a trainee in a French company, and was now moving to Barcelona for six months to finish her apprenticeship. Even though she was travelling alone, her parents kept close tabs on her whereabouts and they wanted a full report of her activities every day by phone. She had to call them every evening at 9pm; otherwise her mother would have a panic attack. She said they were dull and boring, but at least they supported her financially.

“Do you enjoy staring at helpless girls?” Angela asked out of the blue while we ate ice cream for dessert.

“Not particularly,” I answered, wondering where she was going with that statement. Of course, I knew that she had caught my stare earlier, but surely that wasn’t cause for alarm.

“I saw you earlier,” she continued, “You were eying me up.”

“I wasn’t *eying you up*!” I answered, blushing, “I just noticed you, that’s all.”

“You seemed to be having a pretty long hard look for someone who *just noticed.*”

“I swear!” I blurted, “I caught your eye while looking around, and that’s all.”

“Oh sure, we looked directly at each other for a moment,” she continued, “But I’m talking about the five minutes before that. You were standing on the platform, fixated on me. I can always tell when there’s a man looking at me, you know. I have male onlooker radar. I wonder what was going on in your head; but perhaps I’ll never know. I enjoyed having dinner with you, Tom.”

With that last comment, she stood up and held out her hand as formally as she had introduced

herself. I too stood up and shook her hand. I wanted to speak more with her, to get to know her better, but I knew that if she had noticed me ogling her on the platform, she had probably also noticed me observing her beautiful breasts in her clingy summer dress all during the dinner. I suddenly felt like a dirty old man, having been caught out by my delightful prey.

“I hope you have a pleasant trip.” Angela said, smiling, “And thank you for the chat.”

As I walked away, she sat back down at the dining table. I looked around and saw her holding up her wine glass, pouring the entire remaining contents down her throat in one big gulp. She smiled and waved at me, as though waving me away. It was clear to me that I had outstayed my welcome, and that she had just used me for company during her meal.

While I walked back along the corridors to my compartment, I felt sad and excited. I was sad that our encounter was over, but excited at having spent a short while in the presence of an interesting and very pretty girl. I hoped to see her again, perhaps in Barcelona, only the chances were slim because we hadn’t exchanged any details and therefore there was no easy means of getting back in touch.

After reading my book for about thirty more minutes, one of the guys asked if we would mind converting the cabin into sleeping quarters. It was a bit early for my liking, but we all agreed and then spent the next twenty minutes lifting the furniture into position, creating four single-person beds perpendicular to the carriage. I lay in one of the lower bunks reading for a while longer, while the fat guy snored heavily in the one adjacent to mine. I knew I was going to have a hard time sleeping. Between thinking of Angela and hearing the guy next to me snorting like a pig, my mind was too active.

At about 11:30pm I got up and snuck out into the hallway, closing the door quietly behind me. Even with the door closed I could still hear the fat man snoring, so I moved a little way along the carriage, slid down one of the windows and breathed in the fresh night air as the train hurtled along at high speed through the countryside. I watched the moonlight shining on the crops in the fields, catching the occasional glimpse of a farmhouse, or car headlights winding their way across the country roads.

“So, we meet again.” she said loudly from behind me.

“Geez, you almost gave me a heart attack.” I gasped, turning toward her.

She was now wearing a long quilted bathrobe and slippers, as though she might be at home.

“What are you up to?” she asked.

I explained about the fat guy, but omitted to tell her that she had been on my mind. I then asked her the same question in return.

“I was looking for you.” She said, laughing.

“Really?” I asked.

“No, not really,” she said, “You’re a dirty little pervert. Why would I be looking for a guy who’s been staring at me like a piece of meat?”

She flicked her hair back in the same dramatic fashion as I had seen earlier. I was happy it was dark, so she couldn’t see me going bright red.

“I’m sorry,” I started to say, “I didn’t mean…”

“What are you going to do about it?” she asked, taking a step toward me.

“About what?” I asked.

“About being a pervert and finding a place to sleep in peace.” She said, practically whispering.

My heart started pounding like crazy, and my cock started swelling in my pants. Angela was turning me on big time. She edged toward me again and I took a step back. She moved forward again and I stepped back again. Within a couple more steps I was in the corner of the carriage with her blocking my way.

“Please!” I pleaded, “I would really like…”

“Like to put your dirty little perverted hand in here?” she whispered again, unbuttoning the top of her dressing gown, exposing her cleavage. She took my right hand and pulled it up to her large breasts, slipping it inside her gown. “Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“But” I started.

“You’ve already fondled me with your eyes, you filthy letch. Show me what you were thinking.”

My cock was straining, pre-cum dripping from the tip. I took her soft breast in my hand and rubbed

her gently, feeling the weight in my hands and then teasing her nipple with my forefinger. She let out a small moan as I did this.

“Use both hands.” she gasped, “Don’t hold back. I want to know what my dirty-minded friend is capable of.”

I slipped my other hand in the front of her dressing gown and played with both breasts, teasing my hands over them, excited by their fullness. Her nipples were erect, standing out firmly.

“Lick them, my little pig.” She ordered, “I bet you already visually licked them earlier.”

I had never been ordered around like this by a girl, and yet it was a huge turn-on. Earlier I had just felt embarrassed at her having noticed me observing her, but now I was almost cumming in my pants at her telling me what a filthy sexual animal I was. I lapped away, licking and sucking her wonderful titties, oblivious to the world around me.

“Did you gently bite my nipples?” she whispered in my ear.

“Yes, I did” I answered, obliging her by teasing her nipple between my teeth, simultaneously flicking it with my tongue. I moved from breast to breast, playing with each one in turn.

She let out a gasp and shuddered, then opened the bottom of her gown.

“I bet you slipped your grubby hands between my thighs.” She said.

I reached down with one hand and felt the softness of the skin on her upper thigh. I rubbed my hand over her smooth skin, then reached behind her and caressed her exquisitely rounded bottom. After a few moments, she reached down and firmly pulled my right hand toward her pussy.

“See how much better it is for real?” she said, “I bet you can’t experience that in your mind.”

“No!” I gasped, feeling the juicy fleshiness of her shaved pussy.

I ran my fingers over her pussy lips and teased her clitoris. She was just as beautiful to the touch as she was to see. I loved the soft silky feeling of her tight pussy as I pushed a finger gently inside her. She pushed me down by my shoulders, until I was face to face with her glistening peach.

“Lick me!” she whispered, “I want to feel your perverted tongue all over me.”

I didn’t need any further encouragement. I crouched down and darted my tongue in and out of her pussy lips, flicking her clitoris and enjoying the sweet musky smell of her sex. She writhed about, standing above me, fucking my tongue with her pussy almost as much as I was able to lick her. Her stomach muscles tensed up as she came to orgasm, allowing me to swallow her juices.

“Quick! Fuck me, you dirty little scumbag.” She cried, tearing her dressing gown open wide and pressing her lithe young body into me, her firm breasts pressing hard against my chest.

She pulled away at the belt on my pants, and within seconds my cock was springing forth out of my underpants. She grabbed it firmly and pulled it toward her, rubbing the head against her pussy lips. I bent down a bit while she straddled me, and within seconds I was fully inside her, feeling the walls of her vagina closing tightly around my rock hard shaft. I held her around the waist as we moved rhythmically, swaying to the movement of the train.

She looked at me intensely, her light-green eyes shining brightly as she kissed me while we fucked. We slid our tongues over one another, hardly able to get enough of one another’s passion. We held on tightly to each other, allowing the train’s motion to guide our bodies. Within less than a minute, my balls tightened up, and I could feel her body reacting to what was about to happen. My knees started to tremble, as did hers. The explosion of sperm shot out from my groin, filling her and causing her to cum at the same time. We trembled, hanging on for a moment, and then fell in a heap on the floor.

It was at that point that we both realized that we were in a public place, and that we could be caught; perhaps even fined for indecent behavior. We got up off the floor and pulled ourselves together, just in time. As soon as she had finished doing the last button on her dressing gown, the carriage door opened and one of the train guards walked past.

Once he was out of earshot, she leaned over and whispered to me.

“I might have a place in my first class cabin for a raunchy little pervert like you. Follow me.”

We went silently back to her cabin to finish the night together.