

# The Night Train

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*Strangers on a train get acquainted.*

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One train service ran all night at the weekends, transporting to and from the city a motley crew of passengers comprising sweaty revellers and bleary eyed shift workers. Steve, one of the latter, was in good spirits after finishing his shift, and, once on board, he had successfully avoided the attentions of the angry drunks, whose stops had come and gone. The train was out in the pitch-dark boondocks now, the concentrated lights of the city well behind it, and only a few passengers remained.

One of Steve's fellow passengers was an interesting sight, indeed: she had clearly come from a club, her cheeks flushed and skin shiny with sweat. Her left leg (exposed bare all the way up to the thigh by a very short skirt) jiggled restlessly up and down as if she could still hear the beats. She sat on an aisle seat at the opposite side of the carriage from Steve, one row up and facing in his direction, and Steve found that he could steal glances at her reflection in the windows. When they passed through a tunnel the reflection was even clearer, and it was during one of these tunnel passes that she caught him looking.

Steve glanced away, and noticed in his peripheral vision that her leg had stopped bouncing. Then it resumed. Using the ruse of wanting to look out the other windows, Steve tried to get a better look at her. He found her looking directly at him, grinning, working on a piece of gum.

What happened next was so quick it was almost a blur: she stood up and took two long strides towards him, performed a one-eighty which pointed her ass in his face (her skirt swirled upwards and Steve's heart stopped at the glimpse of tanned, pert buttocks and a black thong), and parked herself on the seat next to him, her arms pressed against his. She brought her legs up and rested her heels on the seat in front. She looked at him as if to say, How d'ya like that?

Steve laughed self-consciously, his insides doing flips. "Hi," he said lamely.

She smelled of perfume, sweat and gum. She had shoulder-length, straight blonde hair, which she flicked behind her. Steve could see down her top, a flimsy, gold, low-cut number. She was braless. Her breasts were huge for someone so petite. She really was gorgeous; Steve wondered if she was a professional dancer. He also wondered if she had meant her skirt to fly up like that; from the way she was scrutinising him now, her big eyes looking up at him, he felt pretty sure she had. God, what have I lucked on here? Steve thought. Nothing like this had ever happened to him outside a dream.

The train rumbled through the dark countryside. Feeling compelled to break the silence, Steve said, "Just come from a club?"

She took out her chewing gum and stretched across Steve to stick it on the window. As her body leaned against him (her cleavage was in front of his face at one point), Steve stiffened down below, and his heart pounded. She sat back down and giggled. Is she high? Steve wondered.

"Just come from work?" she asked, ignoring his question. Steve nodded.

"Lisa," she said.

Steve looked at her. "Oh," he said. "Steve."

"Can I show you something?" she said, and stood up. She glanced up and down the carriage and turned her back to him. She lifted up the back of her gold top. There was a flowery tattoo on the small of her back, partly covered by her skirt. "You see it?"

"Mm," Steve managed to say, suddenly finding speech difficult. God, it was hot on this train.

She tugged down on the skirt and revealed the whole tattoo, which stopped at the top of her ass. She was looking round at him now, grinning again.

"I just got it this week," she said, fixing her skirt and sitting down again.

"It looks great," Steve said, and she beamed at him.

"Have you got any tattoos?" she asked.

"Me? No, I'm too boring for that," he said.

"What?" she said, putting her hand on his arm. She looked serious. "I'll bet you're not."

"Oh yeah, I am," he said, smiling.

"I don't like sitting next to boring men."

"Actually, thinking about it, I'm pretty exciting," he said quickly, and she laughed.

"I mean, if you were boring," she said, taking his hand and putting it on her thigh, "Then you'd take your hand away from me."

Steve looked across at her, then down at his hand on her thigh. He left it where it was, but he looked up nervously for any sign of the conductor. He could only see the heads of two passengers far up the carriage.

"And you wouldn't rub my leg."

He stroked her thigh, tanned and smooth.

"All the way up to the top," she said.

He went to the inside of her thigh, feeling her muscles shift in anticipation; he put his hand under her skirt and felt the silky fabric of her thong. His fingertips pressed her there. It felt hot and damp. She breathed heavily.

"A boring guy," she said softly, "would object if I did this." She reached across and unzipped his fly.

She swallowed and wet her lips. "A boring guy," she continued, shifting her body lower on the seat, "wouldn't put his fingers inside me."

His fingers trembled, only partly from the vibrations of the train. He pulled the thong aside and slipped his middle finger into her, amazed at how wet she was. She inhaled sharply. He added his index finger, and slid both fingers in and out quickly.

Lisa's hand, meanwhile, stole inside his trousers and freed his growing erection. His dick poked stiffly out from his trousers, becoming rigid to her touch. Awkwardly, while Steve continued to finger her pussy, she bent over and stuck out her tongue; saliva dribbled onto the head of his cock and ran down the thick veins of the shaft to his balls. She took his cock into her mouth fully, sucking hard on it. She sat up again and grabbed it, pumping her fist up and down the shaft. To Steve's delight she wasn't being gentle about it.

The train entered another tunnel, and it might not have been a coincidence that Lisa took that moment to stand up and hover over Steve's crotch, facing away from him. His cock was upright against the back of her skirt. She raised her ass and pulled her thong to one side; Steve pressed the head of his cock against her swollen lips and slowly, she sat all the way down his shaft to his balls. They moaned in tandem. She lifted herself up and down, her juices facilitating the action. Steve reached around her chest and cupped her breasts through her top; Lisa put her hands on his and squeezed them tighter.

Their rhythm sped up and she was practically bouncing on him now. He was ramming her body home with his hands on her hips, feeling exquisite pain as his balls were crushed with each movement. He had never wanted to fuck someone so hard in all his life.

(The door to the carriage slid open and the conductor appeared, but Steve and Lisa showed no awareness. He walked right past them pretending he had seen nothing. A veteran of the night train, he had seen it all before. Besides, he was chummy with the guy who logged the train's security camera footage.)

Lisa leaned into the seat in front, pointing her ass higher in the air. Steve stood up and hooked his thumb under her thong, pulling it across to one side. He slid his cock inside her again, loving how tight and slick she was. Her gave her his all, ramming his cock home all the way with each jolt. He lifted up her skirt to look at her ass while he worked it, his hands squeezing her cheeks. She moaned into the seat.

She rubbed her clit as best she could, but each thrust threw her off whack. To her delight he wasn't being gentle about it.

He could feel her backing into him as he worked her from behind, her ass cheeks cushioning the blows; her body shuddered with every thrust, each punctuated by a grunt of pleasure from both of them.

Sensing the end was near, she stood and faced him. "Come in my mouth," she said between gasps of breath. "Unless you're too boring."

Steve grinned and guided her onto the seat, pointing his cock at her face. He jerked himself off while she looked up at him, dimly aware that the train was slowing down. Lisa flicked the head of his penis with her tongue.

His eyes closed and he could feel it rushing out of him; come splashed her tongue and she opened her mouth wide to catch it. His cock pulsed and thick, white jets of semen squirted into the back of her

mouth. She moved forward and closed her mouth around the head. She was swirling the come around with her tongue, having to swallow to make room for more, marvelling that it kept coming. Steve wobbled on failing legs and leaned against the window for support. Lisa moved with him and swallowed the last of the come that dribbled out of him.

He collapsed into the seat and zipped up his trousers. Lisa stood up and adjusted her skirt and top.

"This is my stop," she said, dabbing the corner of her mouth with a tissue. Rather unsteadily, she left the train.

Steve, fucked dumb, tried to process what had just happened.

The train rolled onwards.