

The commuter train

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Mutual Masturbation on the train

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Lucky me as I was able to get out of work early and catch the early afternoon train home. Not nearly as crowded as normal. I enjoy a row of seats to myself. As the train departs, I look up from my book to see a very cute red head has sat down in the row across from me. I check her out from head to toe as she types into her cell phone. She has beautiful strawberry blonde hair, milky white skin, and great profile. Her breasts are large and I notice them slightly shake with the train's movements. I try to get back to my book, but I can't help but continue to steal glances as her breasts shake with the vibrations of the train along the tracks. My cock starts to notice the vibration as well and starts to grow. Shortly it is straining against my pants and I need to adjust myself for comfort. As I do, I notice she looking my way and noticed as I tugs at the lump in my pants. I flush with red as I notice that she just caught me adjusting my hard on. She gives me a sly smile and goes back to her phone. I want to crawl into a hole with embarrassment. At the same time, she did not seem appalled that I had a hard on. I look over and she still has a smile on her face. She's probably texting a friend about the creep on the train I think to myself. A minute later, I steal another look and she has put her phone down and is looking my way. There is still a noticeable bulge in pants and I see her stare move from the window behind me to my crotch. I decide to offer a better look and again tug at my pants as I hold my book in front of me pretending to read. Her eyes never move from pants. I decide to keep my hand there and rub it a bit. After about 20 seconds of this, that feel like forever to me, I look over at her. She notices me looking her way and breaks her trance of looking at my bulge to smile at me. Now it is her turn to shift in her seat. She moves to place her back against the window and lifts a leg onto the seat. Her loose fitting shorts are too long for me to see anything, but the curve of her legs are beautiful. She moves her hand slowly down from her knee to her thigh and over shorts and what would be her pussy underneath. This is too much for me and I rub harder on cock over my pants. Our eyes are locked on each other hands as we both rub faster. Just then the conductor comes through yelling for the next stop. We both pause as others leave their seats to head for the exit. As the crowd exits and the train continues its trip I notice that our car is relatively empty with no one near our row for a good 20 feet

in either direction. She is first back to her crotch and she slides her shorts up so that she can get close to her mound. I catch a glimpse of blue nondescript underwear that she proceeds to pull to the side. I see no hair, but I do see the red of her vulva. I rub my hand on more through pants and want to touch my cock, but am afraid to get caught. As I look up to my new friend's eyes she is looking straight at me. As if she can read my mind, she shakes her head up and down. I slowly unzip my pants. She is watching and her nod increases, encouraging me to continue. My cock pops free of my pants and I see her entire body heave as she takes a deep breath. This seems to encourage her and she brings her second hand to her shorts to pull them and the underwear aside. I can see her pussy glisten as she continues rubbing harder and harder in her clit. I tug away as my hand on as I feel the pressure build in my balls. She continues to rub as I pull at my cock. I feel the cum start to rise from my balls. I sit forward a bit and my cum flies in two bursts from my cock on to the seat back and onto the floor. I can tell this turns on my new friend even more as she tenses and then slumps against the window. Suddenly the reality hits that I am on the commuter train with my cock in my hand. I shake off the remaining cum and put my cock away. My friend pulls her shorts down and gives me the same demure smile I got when she first saw me adjust myself. Seconds later the conductor comes in shouting for the next stop. She rises, grabs her bag, gives me a wink and walks off the train without a word. I look for her every time I get on the train, but I have never again come across my train friend.