

Go Greyhound!

I've always worked in high technology fields, and usually in jobs that could kindly be described as "fast-paced". When I was younger, it wasn't a problem; hell, I even thrived in such situations. But as I got older, the frantic pace and pressures involved began to stress me more and more. It finally got to the point that a bleeding ulcer caused me to pass out at work one day.

That was enough to get me a paid leave of absence for several months to not only let the physical issues recede, but try to find a way to minimize the chances of anything like it happening again.

With plenty of time on my hands, I decided to visit some of the friends that I'd kept in touch with after we'd all graduated college. They were scattered all over the country; since I've never liked flying, and trains didn't go to most of the places they lived, I was taking the relaxed route of traveling by bus. No, not the fastest or most luxurious way of getting between two points, but definitely relaxing.

I was on one of the few long legs of the journey, and was facing a section of the trip that was going to involve an overnight ride between a couple of points. Even though it looked like it was going to be a light load, I was still surprised to discover that there were only a half-dozen or so of us making the trip: an older couple, a couple of younger people traveling alone, myself, and a woman with her daughter. I couldn't help noticing the latter two in the waiting area; I figured the mother to be in her early to mid thirties, but she looked (and carried herself) as though she was much older. The daughter was attractive enough, but had a look around her eyes that made me think she was fifteen-going-on-thirty.

When the bus loaded, we all picked seats that left us plenty of breathing room—even though my nearest neighbor was four rows ahead and on the opposite side of the bus, I still wasn't more than halfway back. The mother and daughter were in the same row, but on opposite sides of the bus.

The bus got on the road just as the sun was setting, and it wasn't long before we were steadily moving through the darkness. We'd made a few obligatory stops, and were well into the long stretch shortly after midnight; my closest neighbor had left their reading light on, but that was the only illumination as everybody but me slept. Or so I thought, anyway.

I was staring out into the darkness when I felt someone take the aisle seat next to me. I turned to see that it was the youngest member of our crew, who quietly announced "I can't sleep, and I'm bored."

Slightly annoyed at having my reverie interrupted, and not caring for her attitude, I asked "So what do you want ME to do about it?"

Looking me in the eyes, she answered "I was kinda hoping we could fuck. I'm always a little sleepy afterward."

I was more than a little surprised by that, and practically demanded "You're what, sixteen? Why would I want to take that kind of chance with jailbait that doesn't know what the hell is going on?", hoping she'd get hurt or offended and go away.

Instead, she lifted the hem of the short skirt she was wearing and revealed the incredibly brief panties she had on before covering them with her hand. As she started rubbing her mons, she answered "I won't be 'sweet sixteen' for a couple more months, and me and my boyfriend have been fucking for over a year, already. I'm even on the Pill. So, you wanna fuck, or not? It looks nice and dark and quiet all the

way in the back, and I can be real quiet when I cum..."

With that, she lifted the bottom of the T-shirt she was wearing and tucked it under her arms, revealing a truly incredible pair of tits: larger than I'd thought they were, they were nicely rounded, and obviously firm as could be. Each was capped with a light brown areola roughly an inch across, and sported a quarter-inch long nipple slightly bigger around than a pencil. With one hand in her crotch, she used the other to begin stroking and massaging one breast and teasing its nipple; as I watched, both nipples grew a bit longer as her areolas began to pucker out from the surrounding flesh.

Neither of us said anything for the next few minutes as she continued to stimulate herself. The few times that I was able to drag my eyes up to her face, she was completely unabashed about what she was doing. I was beginning to detect the aroma of her arousal and could see what looked like a developing wet spot in her panties when she broke the silence by asking "So, you wanna fuck me, or not?"

By that point, I'd have had to have a hell of a lot more self-control and High Moral Fiber than I did to refuse her... so I didn't: "Yeah, I can do that. Go on back, and I'll be there in a second."

She gave me a knowing smile before pulling her shirt and skirt back down, then getting up and heading for the back of the bus. I got up a few seconds later, and in the process of moving to the aisle, contrived to get my mostly-erect cock into a more comfortable position. After looking around and seeing that everyone else seemed to be asleep, I casually made my way to where I could see her sitting on the very last seat against the back wall of the bus. When I got there, I was surprised to see that not only had she pulled her shirt up under her arms again, but she had her skirt up around her waist and removed her panties to show me that her pussy mound was completely shaved.

As I got close to her, she softly asked "Would you eat my pussy, first? I *really* like that, but my boyfriend doesn't like to do it very often" before moving one foot to the seat next to her and opening herself to my inspection.

Even in the dim light, I could see that her clitoris was already starting to erect, and that her soft, thin labia were beginning to extend and separate. As I watched, she reached between her thighs and ran the end of one finger between them; when it reappeared, I could see that it was glistening faintly.

"Sure, I'd like that", I answered, before moving to my knees in front of her. That close to her, the musky/sweet odor of her was unmistakable... and made my mouth water in anticipation. I put my hands on the insides of her smooth thighs and held them apart as I lowered my head and stuck my tongue out so I could use it to follow the same path her finger had taken. I was surprised to discover that her oils were a bit thicker than I'd ever experienced before, but that certainly didn't detract from how delicious they were. I was more than happy to continue my efforts to both collect as much of her nectar as I could and stimulate her into producing more of them.

During the next few minutes, she began making soft noises of pleasure and arousal as I orally assaulted her wet opening, dark vaginal lips, and exposed clitoris. My ministrations were interrupted when she pushed my head back a little bit so she could tell me "I'd like it if you wanted to play with my tits, too; believe me, I'll be *glad* to keep my legs open for you!"

It was an invitation I was delighted to accept, and I soon had my hands on the large firm mounds she was making available to me. After resuming my efforts between her thighs, I started investigating the warm orbs under my touch. As I'd thought, they were incredibly firm despite their size and felt like slightly-old marshmallows when I gently squeezed them. Smooth and warm, they overfilled my hands

nicely. When I began mapping their peaks, I was pleased to discover that I could feel how her areolas were puckered and that her nipples had gotten longer and were wonderfully hard. I had a **fine** time playing with her mammaries while I used my mouth and tongue and lips farther down her body.

As it turned out, she wasn't joking about "*really* liking" it when she was eaten: it didn't take as long as I would have liked for her to find the pleasure and release of an orgasm from what I was doing. Still, as she softly gasped and shuddered, I had the pleasure of lapping up the oils that were pushed out of her pussy as her opening clenched in time with her release underneath my tongue.

With the end of her climax, she relaxed against the back of the seat again and quietly said "GOD, my boyfriend **never** made me feel that good doing that to me!" between pants as she got her breath back.

A minute later, she gave me a lecherous grin and said "Now I get to find out how much better it feels when you fuck me!"

She started to move her legs together, so I got up off my knees and moved so we could swap positions. While I was standing in front of her, she didn't hesitate to reach out and unfasten my pants and pull my zipper down before pulling pants and my underwear down around my ankles. I barely had time to sit down before she leaned forward and took my semi-erect cock in her mouth. That was when I learned that coital sex wasn't the *only* thing she was experienced with.

To my infinite pleasure, she had cocksucking skills well beyond her years; it took only a couple of minutes for her to get me completely hard. Once she'd gotten that much accomplished, she seemed content with simply demonstrating her talents while not over-stimulating me for several more. Finally, though, she pulled her warm mouth off of me, leaving a film of saliva behind. After standing up, she turned around and got the bottom of her skirt tucked into the waistband so that nearly all of her lovely rounded ass was exposed. Satisfied with her arrangements, she squatted down slightly and reached between her thighs to take hold of my hard member; holding it in position, she lowered herself far enough to get the head wedged against the entrance to her womanhood and began settling herself onto me. She was young and still inexperienced enough that her pussy was more than a little snug around me as she impaled herself on my erection. But she was also quite wet, and obviously eager to make it happen, since it took her only a single slow motion to get her firm ass settled against my thighs... accompanied by a soft groan of pleasure.

After a moment, she told me "I really like fucking, but you're the first grown man I've ever been with, and you're enough bigger than my boyfriend that this feels *great*!" before starting to move herself up and down—in slow, small movements at first, but quickly escalating her efforts.

It took only a few minutes of her bouncing herself on my lap before she had a small orgasm; once it had passed, she quickly resumed her efforts while I continued to enjoy the treats of her teats.

A few minutes later, she had another small climax, and after it was over she started moving on me again. I could tell that she was starting to get a little tired, so I moved my hands to her hips and applied a slight pressure until she held still so I could begin thrusting up into her. We continued like that until she had a third and somewhat stronger orgasm while I continued to slide my hard cock in and out of her hot, slick sheath. I was getting close to my own release when she suddenly stuck her fist in her mouth... immediately followed by her starting another orgasm that was plainly stronger than anything previous. The feel of her hot, tight pussy clenching around me as her body spasmed was all I needed to all but pound myself into her a couple of times before trying to stuff my entire body into her just ahead

of the first wad of cum rocketing out of me. When that happened, she squealed softly as her pussy tightened around me even more. The end of my climax matched pretty closely with hers, and she stayed pressed against my thighs as I sat back down on the bus seat. I continued to idly play with her tits as the two of us got our breath and senses back. Only when my cock had shrunk enough that it was close to slipping out of her did she break the silence by telling me "Jeez, I didn't know it could be like that. I mean, I cum better when I feel a guy shooting inside me, but whenever it's me and my boyfriend, he cums when I do. I've never had that many orgasms from a guy fucking me just once!"

A few moments later, she apologetically told me "I'd like to stay here like this longer, but I don't want to feel all leaky and squishy when I have to go sit with my mom again... so I better go into the bathroom and let your cum drain out of me first. Sorry."

I gave her nipples a little tweek before answering "It's okay, I can understand that. I think now BOTH of us can get some sleep."

She laughed softly and said "I guess!" Standing up, she quickly cupped a hand at her crotch and after giving me a surprisingly shy smile, took the few steps to the bathroom. Once I heard it latch, I used the tail of my shirt to wipe off most of the combined fluids on my dick, then pulled my underwear and pants back up. Standing, I got my pants fastened again, then made my way back to my seat. A short time later, I heard the bathroom door open; as she walked by me, she turned her head to give me a pleased smile before returning to her own seat. Despite my mind replaying what had just gone on, I somehow fell asleep some time after that.

I was awakened by the feel of my cock being encased by something warm and wet while something incredibly limber danced around on it. Opening my eyes, I saw that she was in the seat next to me again—at least, the part of her that wasn't necessary to letting her suck my cock back to life. Seeing that I was awake, she released me from between her lips long enough to tell me "I woke up a little bit ago, and realized that you only got to cum once while I had so many nice orgasms... so I came back here to even things up a little bit", with a mischievous smile.

A check of my watch and mental review of the schedule told me that we were still well over an hour from our last stop; looking around, I saw that not only was it still dark outside, but that everyone else appeared to be still asleep. Looking down at her, I just smiled and answered "Thanks, I appreciate that!", making her smile before enveloping my growing manhood with her mouth again.

With no additional activities in mind, she didn't have any reason not to give me the best blowjob she could—which **far** outstrips anything I'd experienced before or since. She must have taken a good twenty minutes (AFTER she got me hard!) before letting me spray her tonsils with jism (and not much ahead of me being reduced to begging her to LET me cum). She eagerly swallowed every drop of semen, and went on to milk my cock with her lips and tongue to make sure she had it all before licking me clean and sitting up again. Then, to my amusement, she daintily put my cock back and got me zipped up again before telling me "You might not believe this, but I probably liked that almost as much as you did."

"Oh, I think I believe it just FINE", I answered, making her smile.

Then, without saying a word, she got up and went back to where she'd been; when the bus reached our stop and we'd all gotten off, she didn't act any differently than she had when the journey had started. She and her mother had to change over to a different route while I needed to continue for a couple more

stops. After they were gone, I discovered something in my jacket pocket: the panties she'd been wearing when she first sat next to me. With them was a note that said "So you'll remember me as good as I'll remember you." When I checked, they still had the unique scent of her on them. I've still got them today, tucked away in a bag, and I can *still* make out her aroma.

Since that time, I've used the bus system whenever I could... both for the memories that it brings back, and in the hope that I'll get to experience something like that again.