“Remember, the second you make a sound, I’ll stop.” He whispered against her ear, tongue tracing the outline, his warm breath against her sensitive skin. She nodded, biting her lip, knowing her voice would betray her, and the mere opening of her mouth would unravel her.

They were sitting on the midnight bus that was speeding them towards the airport. She was sitting in the window seat, short skirt was high on her thighs, her knees were parted as far as they would given the restrictions of the seats. Her body was twisted away from the window, her head resting upon his shoulder. His left arm was wrapped around her, holding her close and stroking her side through her shirt, slowly inching it upwards and slipping his fingers under it. He heard her inhale sharply masking a gasp.

She was so sensitive to his touch; the slightest contact of his skin on hers was enough to make her melt. She pressed closer to him, and she felt him knead her flesh, pinching her hard and raking his nails roughly down her ribs to her hip. He knew her weaknesses, and he was playing on every single one of them. He brushed his fingers over the outline of her breasts, knowing exactly where her nipples were hidden, circling around them. She was still silent though he could feel how turned on she was. He could feel the heat radiating from her. Her breathing gave her away, and the deep dents her teeth were cutting in her lips. He slowly undid one button, then another, just enough to tease the flesh around her bra, squeezing gently, not giving her the satisfaction of the roughness she craved, He slowly lifted her left breast out of its cup, teasing her nipple, dipping his head to suck on it, a deep hard pull that sent electric-shocks right down into her core. He bit down hard, knowing it’s what she loved, and covered her again, “you know I love your moans, baby,” he whispered, “those sounds you make when I touch you … but I’m proud of you for being so quiet,” his left hand was still stroking her side, while his right hand inched lower to her thighs, gently brushing his fingers up and down the outside of her thigh, behind her knee and back again. She tried to spread her legs wider but he chided her, “don’t move unless I move you, understood?” she nodded, frustration and lust mixing in her eyes.

He continued the slow stroking of her thigh, only the outside, up to her hip and down to her knee, he gently raised her right leg up and draped it over his knee, and proceeded to stroke the inside of her thigh, up and down, inching closer to her dripping pussy but never touching it. He knew how wet she’d be, how ready she was for him. He could smell her scent as he kissed her cheek. She was trembling as he slowly touched the tip of his finger to her pussy, only along her outer lips, feeling how wet they were “moan softly,” he told her, knowing how desperate she was to make a sound. Her teeth let go of her lip, and her lips parted, gasping at the flood of sensations that were targeting her body, overloading her mind. Her soft, muted moans of “ahhhhh” were music to his ears; that was her submission, that was her total abandonment of will, that was her absolute trust in him. He dipped his fingers in deeper, “If I kiss you, don’t kiss me back, my Pet.” was his command, she nodded as she tilted her head up. He claimed her mouth, tongue against her lips, her teeth, her tongue, dipping into her. She held still knowing the reasons behind his command. He pushed a finger into her hole and stifled her moans with his mouth. He gripped, kneaded and dug his fingers into her side while he slowly added another finger inside her pumping them in and out. She was so wet; her juices coated his fingers and the insides of her thighs. Her scent was intoxicating and all he wanted was to bury inside her. He guided her hand to the bulge in his pants and shuddered at her touch. Their eyes locked, each knowing what the other was thinking. “We could,” she whispered, moaning as he plunged his fingers into her, “shhh, no talking,” he told her with a smile which made her grin in return. She undid his zip and held his dick in her hand, slowly stroking, her grip firm yet gentle. “dammit, Allie,” he said as his fingers attacked her clit, she bit her lip just in time to stifle the yelp at the sudden touch. He pumped his fingers out of her faster, and his thumb ground against her clit, she was losing control and fighting to maintain it, wanting to scream in ecstasy yet obeying his rules, no loud noises while in public. Her back arched, her lips sought his, and his bit her, pain and pleasure mixed and bubbled inside her, she couldn’t bear the tension, “cum for me baby,” he whispered against her lips, “right now.”

Her body trembled as she came, breathing heavy, her back arched, her ass practically off the seat. The sight of her battling control against the lack of it was amazing to watch. He stroked her pussy gently feeling her shudder and twitch until she opened her eyes and kissed him slowly, “thank you,” she whispered.

“My pleasure, Pet.” He answered, holding his fingers up to her mouth, she licked his fingers and sucked them clean, her pink tongue darting out to lick up her own juices. Her hand was still on his dick, and she whispered “your turn” as she stroked up and down. It felt like heaven, “I want you to cum in my mouth,” she told him as she licked her lips. “How do you figure we’d manage that?”

“Easy, when you’re close, get up and I’ll suck you off and swallow,”

“Get ready then,” he said, “and mind you don’t spill a drop,”

“Promise” she whispered as he stood up in front of her, ramming his dick down her throat. She sucked hungrily, tongue licking the underside, her fingers played with his balls and he buried his hands in her hair, pulling her head closer to him, making her swallow his whole length, feeling her trying to control her gag reflex, pumping in and out of her mouth until he came. He felt her throat working as she swallowed.

“Best bus trip ever,” she whispered as he sat back down next to her, putting his arm round her and pulling her close.

“Agreed,” he said kissing the top of her head as she wrapped her arms around him, her head against his chest as they both fell asleep.