A Phallus Bride ch-2

It was Saturday morning and mom and I had just returned from meeting with the train authorities. Between us, we were carrying three rather large boxes – one filled with skirts; one filled with blouses and one filled with jackets. This number of uniforms would allow me to wear a clean uniform every day and still have one left over to start the next week. We put the boxes in my room and then sat down to have a refreshing drink of lemonade.

“Mom do you think there is much of a chance that I will end up like Amaya?”

“No. In fact, I think that is highly unlikely. I have acquainted you with most of what you should expect so there shouldn’t be too many surprises. I think that Amaya’s mother failed to introduce her daughter to the rigors of becoming a train rider. So the poor girl was suddenly faced with a situation that she hadn’t expected and could not handle.

Honey, by now, you should know that you and I are two of a kind. We are the type of female who needs sex almost as much as we need food and water. And furthermore, we are not the kind of female who, ‘gives herself’ to some male so that he may fuck her. We fuck to achieve the deep physical pleasure in our body that goes with sexual intercourse – not as a means of pleasing our partner! That our partner achieves pleasure, too, is not a concern of ours. Because of this attitude, we are eager to have sexual relations with men, women and beasts of the forest! We give nothing to our partner except access to our body and we take nothing from him except the use – for our pleasure – of his sexual organ.

All you have to do is to realize that every passenger will know why you are there and you will also know why you are there so board the train, assume a position by your choice of passenger and wait. All of the initiative is left to the passenger. Once the passenger begins to make use of you -- enjoy!”

On Monday, I completed my first tour as a train rider. I had returned to our home as was my usual routine and I was anxiously waiting for mom to get home from the office. When I heard her open the door, I ran up to her and threw my arms around her shoulders.

“Am I to conclude from this feverish welcome that your day did not go too well?”

“No mom. I am just so very glad to see you.”

“Well stop dithering about and tell me all that happened to you today.”

I released my grasp upon mom’s shoulders and backed off a foot or so.

“Well, I walked to the station as I have always done and took up a position on the platform about where I thought the female car would stop. Mom, it felt so …well, odd to be standing there with no panties on - especially when a train would roar through the station. Then a blast of air would hit me and a lot of the breeze would blow up under my skirt. The first time that happened, it really felt funny.”

“But then you got used to that happening and it didn’t feel too bad in fact, I bet it felt pretty exciting.”

I looked at mom and, for the first time, wondered just how she would know things like this.

“Surely that wasn’t the only thing that happened?”

“No. Of course not but I wasn’t all that enthusiastic about this train stuff. Part of me wanted to turn around and run like hell for home. And another part of me ---well that part was brimming over with excitement because of what I might meet on the train. Luckily, I was just deciding to run home when my train pulled in and I sort of let myself be carried along with the other passengers.

As we were boarding, I picked out the person who I thought of as, ‘my passenger’ and I followed her to where she finally seated herself. She was at least fifty years old and used a cane to help her walk. I ---well rather stupidly as it turned out –thought to myself, ‘just how much trouble could a female of that age cause me?’

I took my stance to the right of her seat and just at the back of the next seat in front of hers. As they told me, I fought the temptation to look down at what my target was doing. If I had, I might still have left that train for she was busily unscrewing the metal tip of her cane!

The doors closed and we were underway. At once, I felt the tip of that cane coming up under my skirt! Then she began exerting an upward pressure and my skirt was slowly and insidiously raised above my buttocks. Mom, there was a sudden intake of many breaths as the others got a look at my naked butt!”

“How did that make you feel?”

“I’m a little ashamed to admit it, but I wanted to prance around so that everybody could look at my naked ass! Again, true to my instructions I didn’t, of course.”

“What did she do then?”

“She put the cane down and then pushed her hand up between my legs and began rubbing my pussy!”

“Like this?”

I stared into mom’s eyes and saw what I thought was a look of desire as her hand stroked the length of my pussy lips. I was so surprised and excited that I could not answer her. Finally, I choked out an answer, “Yes just like that only she was behind me!”

I felt mom push her crotch up against me and without any hesitation, I knew what she was asking me to do. In one swift motion, I swept my hand under her business skirt and placed my full palm directly upon her hairy cunt! The two of us stood for many minutes in this position – each of us stimulating the sexual urge of the other. For the first time in my life, I saw my mother as a mature female who wanted and needed a sexual release.

“Have you ever felt a grown woman’s enlarged clit before?” I shook my head. “Well then, feel mine!”

Amongst all of the hair that decorated her cunt, I felt a small, firm protuberance. It was just like a small boy’s cock and mom began breathing very heavily as I stoked it so I knew that this was a very sensitive spot on a woman’s body.

Mom spoke in a choking voice, “Go on with your description of what happened today.”

“As I said, the old lady was rubbing my cunt and I was getting as excited as hell when she abruptly stuck two or three of her fingers into my cunt! Mom I could hardly stand still as she began pumping those fingers in and out of my cunt!”

“Then?”

“Disaster struck. I felt my come beginning to rise in my belly and I knew I was not far from coming when – without any warning – the damn train pulled into the next station and my passenger jerked her fingers out of me and rose in order to get off of the train! Mom she left me standing there trying to regain my breath and completely unsatisfied!”

“Well honey that sometimes happens even to the best of us.”

As I digested mom’s statement, a flash of inspiration hit me. “Mom do you ride the trains?”

“Yes sweetie I do. I have ridden the trains and offered my body to one and all since my twelfth birthday. It is part of what has kept us going after your father was killed - that, and my immense desire for sex. Honey, you must realize that we – you and me – are different beings from the vast majority of women. Most women think of sex as them ‘giving’ themselves to a man – preferably their husband. You and I are totally different from that class of woman for we are female animals and we take sex wherever, whenever and with anyone who presents themselves to us! Frankly, I find riding the trains both exciting and fulfilling. Having a complete stranger push his cock into me excites me beyond measure. To have that done to one’s self in public when most females are looking on with an eager desire to trade places with me is exciting in the extreme!

Now put your thumb in my ass and the rest of your fingers in my cunt. Please continue with your description of your day as a rider. It is a little difficult to speak with your fingers fucking me, but I truly want to know what happened to you today. Did you ever come?”

“Yes on my second passenger-trip. She was much younger than the first and - when I offered myself – she promptly thrust most of her hand into my cunt. I was still rather excited from my first encounter so it was only a few minutes of stimulation before I began coming. Mom I’m afraid I broke one of the rules of train riding. When my orgasm tore through me, I could not in any way remain quiet. I began moaning and then I screamed as the full force of my coming hit me!”

“What did the other passengers do?”

“Mom they stood and cheered!”

“Did you come again during your travels?”

“Yes. It seemed to me that my first orgasm had, in some way, freed me and subsequent orgasms came often and rapidly. I had three on the way home tonight and I’m getting rather close now!”

“Well, since you are now a full-fledged train slut, stop this blather and fuck me. Fuck me hard!”

I looked up into Aiko’s eyes – funny, but now I thought of her as, ‘Aiko’ and not as, ‘mom’ – and I easily detected a grim, purposeful look that told me that this woman wanted and needed to be fucked. So I, in turn, said,

“Well bitch if you will only get down upon the floor and return the favor, I will fuck you until you plead for me to stop!”

And so our night began!

We fucked each other in every conceivable position and with every sex tool we had. We fucked with our fingers and our tongues and, even, with our toes. We were two rutting beasts intent upon our satisfaction. As we came, the one who had climaxed would then concentrate upon the one that was yet to come.

It was a lesson in sex for me and part of that lesson was a more complete understanding of an insatiable need and hunger for fucking – and I knew deep within my soul that I possessed just such a hunger.

When morning arrived, we were still intertwined in our last and final sexual position. Aiko awoke first and she shoved me off her body. That, in turn, awakened me. There was a mad dash for the bathroom and the shower which I lost. Later, after we were both now acceptable to modern society, we had a brief breakfast and parted company – each of us headed in a different direction in order to make a connection with our sexual conveyance. I knew that Aiko considered her train as a means of satisfying her sexual desires and, once I had really thought it over, I knew that I had the same ambition.

Standing upon that train platform my sex drive was so strong, that I had to fight valiantly to resist the temptation to lift my skirt and offer myself to one and all right there on the platform. Unlike the previous day, I rushed to board the train and selected as, ‘my passenger’ one of the youngest females in the herd. It was funny, but I thought of these dull, plodding females as cows that were there just for my fucking enjoyment. From that time on, I was never again hesitant about presenting myself for their amusement because I knew - in my heart and gut – that it was my amusement that I wanted and expected - and not theirs at all.

I developed my introduction technique on the first train of my second day and I never hesitated to employ it whenever I was on board as a sex tease.

Once, ‘my passenger’ was seated, I positioned myself directly alongside of her. Then, as if it were an accident, I let my book bag slip to the floor. In attempting to retrieve my bag, my arm would, ‘accidentally’ brush my skirt and thereby lifting it up to where my ass was completely revealed to her.

I was surprised at the number of females who immediately stuck one or two fingers into my ass. Only a very few passed up the opportunity I had offered them. The first time I used this ploy, I happened to be walking alongside, ‘my passenger’ as we departed the car. Without any prompting on my part, she volunteered,

“I have wanted to do that to another woman for a very long time. My boyfriend insists upon treating me in that way and I have always wondered what he saw in a filthy action like that. Now I know. From this time onward, I will be able to give myself to him in this fashion freely for now I know – from this episode - the subtle inner sensations that doing this gives him! I have just experienced them myself!”

This passenger was not the only one to offer her thoughts after a session with me on our train.