



"I can't even breathe
right now. This
really touched
me."

Ligature Marks

M. J. Lance

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by M. J. Lance

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MIDNIGHT TRAIN

A row of scrawny maples rustled in the bitter cold wind, a wind which had long since numbed Sarah's fingers and made her wish she'd worn something more than a skirt.

Eventually, Sarah thought, I'll have to grow up and actually start wearing practical clothing like a sensible woman.

Somehow she doubted she'd ever start doing the sensible thing if she hadn't started doing it already.

The seemingly ever-present blanket of clouds blocked out the light of the moon and would have cast the train platform in utter darkness were it not for dim glow of a single street light. Sarah waited for the blue line train which would take her westward; home.

It was fetish night at the local swingers' club and Sarah had the bruises on her ass to prove it. Her only regret was that the last westbound train came a full two hours before the party would end, and so she was forced to leave it early and return to her anaesthetic life, the life of a secretary in a drab office with an even drabber employer.

Sarah blew into her cupped hands and then rubbed them together. Her legs felt like ice cubes. She took a break from rubbing her hands together to rub them on her thighs instead, but no amount of friction she could summon was enough to offset the biting cold.

Invisibility was Sarah's secret curse. In school she had not once been asked to answer a question in front of the class, and she quietly accepted her passing grades, thankful to skate through with minimal discomfort. But that invisibility had followed her into adulthood, and now she was passed up for promotions and exciting new job offers on a regular basis. All she could think about was that she was turning thirty next month. Shouldn't she have a career that excited her by now?

“Do you know—” Sarah jumped at the sound of this stranger's voice. She'd been so caught up in her own misery—both at the cold, and at her largely uneventful aging—that she hadn't even noticed anyone walk up. “—when the next train is scheduled?” he finished.

Sarah turned around to face him. Short-cropped dark hair and an angular jaw framed ever-so-slightly chapped lips and piercing green eyes. Those eyes scanned her from head to toe, pausing mid-thigh where her skirt gave way to bare leg.

“You look bloody miserable, miss. And I apologize if I gave you a fright.”

He was *so* British! His thick English accent immediately conjured up in Sarah’s mind images of the Doctor zipping from planet to planet and defeating the last of the Daleks for the umpteen zillionth time with nothing but a sonic screwdriver and a little elbow grease.

She smiled.

Accents always made her smile.

Plus, he was attractive—in a lanky, only-Sarah-could-find-this-attractive kind of way. Sarah couldn’t help but be drawn to the outliers of male beauty. Her art degree was the cause, she was sure. *Good enough to appreciate scrawny men, but not good enough to get more than a secretarial position at mediocre law firm*, she thought.

She retrieved her phone from her skirt pocket with little trouble, but it took three tries to hit the power button with her stiff fingers, just to get the time. 11:59.

“It should have been here three minutes ago,” she sighed.

“Bollocks.”

She smiled even wider at his choice of British profanity. If he threw in a few “wankers” or “arseholes,” she might have to fuck him right here on the platform. *Damn accents and their hypnotic power*, she quipped to herself.

Then the rails started to hiss with the sound of the approaching train, vibrating like some giant guitar strings bent on playing a lullaby. The train peeked its lights around the corner and decelerated toward the platform, coming to a stop in front of Sarah and the stranger.

“This is a westbound blue line train...” came the recorded announcement from the train.

“This’ll be us, then,” said the stranger. He motioned for Sarah to board first.

Onboard the train, Sarah nabbed one of the inward-facing seats in the middle of the car. Even though there were

dozens of empty seats at this time of night, the Englishman sat down right beside her. She hoped he hadn't noticed her wincing as she sat down; the bruises on her ass a pleasantly painful reminder of the paddling she'd gotten tonight. She smiled. Fetish nights provided her one of those rare opportunities to be in an exceptionally good mood.

“Here, take this,” he said, draping his gray, woolen peacoat over her scantily clad legs.

“I really shouldn't—”

“No, really, you must,” he insisted, cutting off her protest. “You're practically glacial.” His hand pinned the coat firmly to her lap until he was sure she wouldn't resist. “That's much bloody better.”

Sarah looked down at the floor of the train, noting the shoe print captured in the chewing gum stuck there. She just wasn't used to people being so forward in these parts. Mostly, she was just surprised that someone was paying her any attention outside of the club. As the train entered the tunnel,

Sarah finally worked up the courage to talk to her benefactor.

“So, um, where are you from?” she asked, turning to look toward him.

The Englishman looked her in the eyes for a small eternity, searching for something, before he finally answered.

“I was born in Liverpool and grew up Cardiff, but the last few years before I came to the States I’d spent working in London.”

He just stared at her again for a moment before smiling a coy smile, lips barely upturned. “But you don’t really want to know all that, do you?”

He smiled and slipped his hand under the coat, resting it on the inside of her thigh. She inhaled sharply and placed her hand on his through the coat. “What are you—”

“Shh.” He leaned close and whispered so that no one else could hear, “I saw you at the club. I know what a fucking whore you are.” He licked her earlobe and sat back in his seat.

Sarah’s head was spinning. She knew his intentions were sexual—the way he smiled at her, and the way his hand

went straight to her inner thigh, left no room for doubt. But this was so different from the insulated club environment where affirmative consent was the *de facto* standard. Her brain was telling her to say no, that while it was a hot fantasy, it should stay just that: a fantasy. Her body, on the other hand—quivering, quickening her breath—wanted nothing more than for her to give in to his wanton sexuality.

Sarah looked around the train to see if anyone else was watching. There was an old man in the back reading a newspaper, and a greasy-haired woman, feet propped up on a seat, fast asleep. *We practically have the train to ourselves*, she thought, trying to justify the deed she was contemplating.

The Englishman didn't wait for Sarah to convince herself; he just started rubbing her thigh. Sarah's reaction came involuntarily. Her clit throbbed with anticipation. She bit her lip and thrust her hips toward his hand.

“Settle down,” he said sternly, like a parent to a over-excited child, smiling all the while. Sarah couldn't help herself.

In the battle between her mind and her body, her body had won. That a complete stranger could do this to her in public, could want her too badly to wait—neither for permission, nor to be behind closed doors—made her so hot.

“Please, just touch me,” she whispered.

“You don’t even know who I am,” he replied.

“I don’t want to know,” she gasped.

Hearing that made the Englishman smile even wider, revealing his pearly white teeth.

With his thumb, he traced circles around her clit through her underwear. As they left the tunnel the lights in the train flickered, causing Sarah to scan the train once again and make sure none of the other passengers were paying attention. Still nothing. She closed her eyes and focused on the Englishman’s touch, rocking her hips ever so slightly, which reminded her of the bruises on her ass all the more. Her hard nipples showed through her thin cotton shirt.

At the next stop, some twenty-something in a beanie and headphones got on the train and sat a few seats down facing toward them. He made eye contact with Sarah briefly, and then looked away. Sarah's heart was racing. *Did he know what they were doing?* She gripped the peacoat tighter, hoping it veiled what they were doing underneath.

The Englishman wasn't bothered by the potential audience. He slipped his middle finger into the leg hole of her panties and pulled them aside, granting himself full access to her wet pussy.

“I don't know if we should—”

He hushed her again. Sarah trembled as much from the excitement of public debauchery as from the feel of his fingers tracing the lips of her pussy. He rubbed her slit with his middle finger, too, but didn't put it inside her, as much as she wanted him to.

Being so exposed to him reignited the fight between her body and mind. She wanted his touch so much more now, but

she was also that much more certain that they would be caught.

That thought excited and terrified her at the same time.

She gritted her teeth and dug the fingernails of her free hand into his arm while the other hand held the coat in place.

“Don’t stop,” she whispered.

The twenty-something in headphones was clearly watching now, trying to figure out if he was seeing what he thought he was seeing. Sarah could see that he had an erection, and that excited her all the more. He looked away briefly when he saw that Sarah was looking at him, but he couldn’t avert his gaze from the spectacle unfolding before him for very long. He crossed his legs to try and conceal his hard-on.

If this is what being caught felt like, Sarah didn’t mind being caught.

The Englishman put two of his fingers inside her. He couldn’t get them very deep because of the angle, but it still made Sarah shudder with pleasure. He slid his fingers in and out of her, slowly, but with meaning.

Sarah was panting like a bitch in heat, and she certainly felt like an animal, begging for the physical pleasures wrought by a perfect stranger in public. Still, the feeling didn't altogether displease her. She locked eyes with the twenty-something, daring him to watch. He pulled on the denim at his crotch, again trying to hide his throbbing cock.

“Move the coat,” commanded the Englishman.

“What?” asked Sarah, surprised by the order she'd received.

“Your little friend over there is clearly trying to enjoy the show. Move the coat so he can watch.”

Sarah hesitated only briefly, already turned on by the twenty-something guessing at what was going on under that gray veil. She slid the coat off of her lap and placed it on the seat between herself and the Englishman, exposing her wet pussy to the kid in the headphones, and to anyone else who happened to look their way. She thrust her hips toward his fingers, rubbing her hands up and down the Englishman's arm.

In that moment, she wanted nothing more than to come while they watched her. For the first time she felt powerful in her sexuality; in the way should could compel a stranger to touch her in the most taboo of ways.

The twenty-something's jaw dropped, and he slid off his headphones, placing them around his neck. "Jesus..."

The Englishman withdrew his fingers and used the heel of his hand to pull back the hood, unveiling her clit. Pressing his finger to it with all the force of a gentle breeze, he rubbed, and that rubbing caused Sarah's legs to shake in pleasure.

Sarah knew she was close. The tendrils of an orgasm were beginning to unfurl throughout her body and her breaths were coming short and quick. She was surprised that it had even taken this long—she had always secretly fantasized about being taken by a stranger, and the anticipation was killing her.

"Hey! You can't do that on here," came the voice of the train's operator over the speaker. They were on the one stretch of track between cities that was bound on one side by woods,

and on the other by open field. The operator must have just briefly looked up at the security monitor, and on a nearly empty train, had no trouble picking out their now-overt sex act.

Sarah's heart raced even faster. The one thing she had feared all along had come true. They were caught.

“Shit,” said Sarah. *Now what do we do?*

The train began to slow as it approached the next station. Someone would be coming to find them. The Englishman picked up his coat with a calm appearance; Sarah adjusted her panties and straightened her skirt, frustrated that she wasn't able to come before they were interrupted.

“Looks like we're going to have a bit of a run,” said the Englishman, smiling.

Sarah looked at her phone. 12:27. *A good time to run, I suppose.*

“Please use caution while crossing tracks,” warned the train in its dull, recorded, monotone monologue.

As the doors to the train slid open, the Englishman grabbed Sarah's arm and yanked her out of her seat. Sarah grabbed the arm of the twenty-something as they ran toward the open door, the Englishman still tugging on her other arm.

"Come with me," she said. His cock was still visibly throbbing in his pants. "I'll make it worth it," she cooed.

"We've got to go, deary, unless you want to deal with the law," said the Englishman.

The twenty-something looked at his watch, biting his lip, and then looked at Sarah. He shook his head in disbelief, not knowing why he was listening to his dick, but he got up and followed after them anyway.

The three of them took off, south, across the eastbound tracks and toward a narrow footbridge on the opposite side of the transit center. Transit security had been notified, no doubt, but it would take time for them to get here. These wayward sexpots would be long gone before then.

Across the footbridge, Sarah pulled the twenty-something back behind a department store at the edge of the strip mall they'd escaped to, the Englishman following close behind.

“You like watching me?” she asked, panting, and pushing the twenty-something up against the cold, cement exterior of the store.

“Well, you do know how to put on a show, apparently,” he admitted, trying to catch his breath.

She kissed his neck while her hand wandered down toward his erect penis. She grabbed him, through the denim, and pressed herself up against him, her free hand pulling his hair. She stroked his cock through his jeans and made a point to let him feel her hard nipples against his body.

“I'm Jack, by the way,” he said.

“Don't talk,” she said. “I just want your cock.” Sarah looked back at the Englishman and smiled while she unzipped

Jack's pants. She wanted the Englishman to really know what a good little whore she was.

“Now, there's the whore,” said the Englishman, smiling back.

Any reservations she'd had earlier had completely dissolved. The sexual frustration she'd endured on account of being interrupted had invoked an overwhelming hunger to please and be pleased. She didn't know what she'd do if she didn't come, but she had no intention of finding out.

Sarah reached into Jack's pants and searched for a button holding closed the gap in his boxers. She didn't find one, so she grasped for his dick and pulled it out into the chilly, early-morning air. It was rock hard after watching Sarah and the Englishman on the train, and then subsequently enduring Sarah's teasing.

Sarah squatted down to look at her prize. She could actually feel the blood pulsing into his cock with each heartbeat. She opened her mouth wide and put the head of his

dick just inside without touching it, teasing him with the possibility, teasing him with the warmth of her breath.

“Oh, God,” he cried. “Do it.”

Sarah traced the corona with the tip of her tongue. She felt sexy knowing that these two strangers wanted to use her body and parade her around as their little sex puppet. Sure, she'd had sex at the swingers' club, and she'd been publicly flogged, but that was polite in comparison. To feel the need of complete strangers to have her, and to want to be used by them, was, for her, the ultimate gratification.

She plunged Jack's cock deep into her throat, trying to stave off her gag reflex. It was warm, and salty with sweat, and the pulsing was even more noticeable against her sensitive tongue. He let out an audible gasp as her warm, wet mouth engulfed him.

She couldn't breathe deeply enough through her nose, so she had to come up for air. She took the opportunity to undo his pants and pull them down around his knees, fully exposing

his cock. She lifted it and licked from ballsack to tip, and then went back down to suck on his balls. Sarah balanced herself with one hand on his thigh while the other hand stroked his dick, her tongue flirting with his balls.

Sarah stood and lifted her skirt, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and sliding them down. For a moment she just stood there, staring Jack in the eyes, stroking his cock with one hand, and rubbing her slit with the other. Her breasts were heaving under the force of her breath.

She looked back at the Englishman and bit her lip coyly. He came up behind her and picked her panties up off the ground, sticking them in his back pocket.

“I’ll decide when you get those back,” he whispered in her ear.

She rubbed her ass up against his crotch, wincing at the rediscovery of her bruises. He slapped her ass, which caused her to let out a guttural grunt. His hand on the back of her neck,

he forced her to bend down, her face level with Jack's cock and her ass up in the air.

“Open your mouth,” he ordered.

She obeyed willingly.

The Englishman pushed her down on to Jack's cock, deep, and with urgency. She could feel Jack's balls on her chin, and hear his breathing coming fast and irregular.

The Englishman let up, and she was able to lift herself up off of Jack's cock, gasping for air. She caught her breath and went back down of her own accord, placing a hand on each of Jack's asscheeks, and encouraging him to thrust into her gaping mouth.

On the first few thrusts Sarah felt like she was going to choke, but as his rhythm became familiar to her, the feeling subsided.

And then she heard the Englishman unzip his pants and felt him push up her skirt. He rubbed the head of his cock against her pussy, wetting it with her juices. All the while, Jack

continued to thrust his cock into her open mouth, roughly; treating it like just some fuckhole that was to be used for his own gratification.

Use me, Jack. Fuck my pretty little face. Let me know what a good little whore I am, she thought.

The Englishman pressed himself inside her. His thrusts were slow and calculated compared to Jack's, but each one brought his bony hips into contact with her bruised ass. She wanted to yell out in pain, but she was muffled by Jack's cock.

Jack grabbed her by the hair so that he could more forcefully shove his cock down her throat. She knew that he was close. She no longer felt his balls slapping up against her chin with each thrust, and knew that they must be preparing to unleash a spray of spunk into her awaiting mouth.

The Englishman pressed his thumb to Sarah's asshole as he thrust, causing Sarah to shudder at this new stimulation.

Then Jack pulled her mouth down hard on his cock, holding it there. She was gagging and tried to pull away, but he

held her firmly. For once her mind and body switched places, her mind knowing that she was okay, but her body thinking she was dying.

“I’m coming,” Jack cried out. “I’m coming.”

Sarah felt him shudder against her face, and even felt his hand shudder against the back of her head. His whole body convulsed for the pleasures of her mouth, and hot spunk shot into her throat.

And all at once he was done. He pulled his cock out of her mouth, panting. She coughed once, reflexively, and then licked come off the tip of Jack’s cock.

The Englishman, too, pulled out.

Goddamn it! thought Sarah. *I need to come.*

She stood up straight, turned to look the Englishman in the eye, and began to rub her clit furiously.

The Englishman slapped her forearm, hard. “Stop that,” he demanded.

“But I need to come,” whined Sarah.

“You will,” said the Englishman. “When I decide.”

She didn't care anymore. She ached to come. Her clit was swollen and throbbed at her defiant touch.

The Englishman grabbed both of her bruised asscheeks and squeezed hard, causing Sarah to scream out in pain. Her eyes watered.

Sarah wanted to defy him. She wanted to continue playing with herself until she came, out behind a department store, with two strangers watching. But everything the Englishman had done to this point had been calculated. The way that he got on the train with her, and the way he brought her to the edge of orgasm without pushing her over. She had the strangest feeling, like he knew her body better than she did. She imagined that when he *did* decide to make her come, it would be one of the most intense orgasms she'd ever had. But could she trust him to fulfill that promise?

She dropped her hand and let out a sigh of defeat.

“Panties,” she demanded, somehow expecting that the Englishman would give them back.

“Nope,” he said. “You’re coming home with me.”

She closed her eyes and shook her head in disbelief.

Really, she should have known. On the train, he had made sure they got caught exactly when he wanted them to: at his stop. It was as if the cello had suddenly turned around and started playing the cellist while her legs were still wrapped around it.

He grabbed her arm at the elbow and pulled her back in the direction of the footbridge. Jack was still standing there with his pants around his knees, his cock only partly flaccid.

“Um, goodbye?” he said.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



First of all, I'd just like to thank all of you for reading this selection from *Ligature Marks*. I really appreciate your readership.

My interest in erotica started at a young age, apparently, when a drawing of a classmate in

the nude prompted a parent-teacher conference. This was in the first grade, by the way. Oops!

I have, however, been writing just as long, and writing soon became my primary means of artistic expression. That passion has ultimately culminated in a Bachelor's of Art in Creative Writing with a minor in Philosophy. After a stint as a technical writer for one of the major tech giants, I'm more than happy to return to my creative roots.

GET IN TOUCH



**This has been a free
preview of “Midnight
Train”, from the erotic
story collection
Ligature Marks by M.
J. Lance.**

For more information about the release of *Ligature Marks*, and to enter to win a **FREE COPY**, please visit <http://sites.google.com/site/mjlanceerotica>

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