**A Beautiful Stranger**

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**Monday:**
It was a sweltering evening in Manhattan. Sarah felt like a sardine, riding the packed and humid subway to her small, uptown apartment. Pressed up against a pole by countless bodies, she could feel the sweat acting like a glue between her skin and clothes. This was the ride she had come to expect on her commute home. Sarah was the newest (and youngest) advertising consultant at her firm, recently moving from a small town in Virginia. Even before moving to the big city, Sarah had dreamed of romantic dates with the bachelors of New York City. Instead, her nights were filled endlessly with work, providing little time for relationships or even casual hookups.

The train came to a stop at the 59th Street station. The metallic car, dominated by tourists, nearly emptied. With room to finally breath, Sarah took a seat in what she dubbed her car. She always entered the last car of the 8:30PM train from work. She typically found this car to have the least amount of people after the 59th Street stop. She sat back and crossed her legs, feeling the sweat between them as she adjusted her gray skirt. The arms of her white, button-up blouse were now sheer with sweat. Sarah rolled up her sleeves, hoping it would provide relief from the heat. Her slender arms glistened with sweat, appearing like tanning oil on her olive skin. She reached back and pulled her shoulder length, dark chocolate, hair into a pony tail, feeling a rush of stale air on her neck. The train pulled out of the station and Sarah took notice of a man who sat down across from her. Framed by her bold eyelashes, her deep brown eyes looked him up and down. He had a sculpted body and the bluest eyes she had ever seen. Now that is a beautiful man, she though. It was not a word she typically used to describe men, but there was no other way to put his features into words. Her eyes lingered on his athletic build before the heat wave returned her thoughts to the air conditioning at home.

As the train neared her stop, Sarah leaned forward with her purse in her lap. The beautiful man had his eyes fixated on her chest. Since moving to New York, she became used to men regularly staring at her breasts. She was not surprised as they were above average size and naturally perky. She watched his eyes move to her slender legs, appearing as though he was ready to devour her. She shifted in her seat and his eyes grew wide with anticipation. The train jerked to a stop and she quickly exited the car. What a pig, she thought. Trying to see up my skirt!

For the rest of the evening, Sarah could not shake the thought of someone objectifying her so much. Normally this would not bother her as she was immensely proud of her body. She took the time to eat right, exercise often, and wear stylish clothes. To Sarah, a gaze in her direction was merely a compliment to all her hard work. The man's fixation on seeing up her skirt was crossing over from flattering to appalling. She humored herself for a moment and tried to image what would have happened if her legs did open enough for the man to see. He would only have seen my panties. She rolled her eyes. He was probably hoping I wasn't even wearing them. Sarah finished her work for the evening in bed and tried to put the man out of her head.

**Tuesday:**
Sarah was exhausted from a stressful day at work and was dreading her evening full of take-home work. On the subway ride home, Sarah was in a heat induced daze until the lurching of the train brought her back to reality as it left the 59th Street station. Her eyes landed on the man from the day before, who was again, sitting across from her. She looked at him with disgust and disapproval. The man's blue eyes caught Sarah's gaze and she quickly looked away. She had reaffirmed that he was very attractive, which baffled her. Why would someone so good looking need to act like a creep, she though. She couldn't believe he was on her car at the same time, two days in a row. Watching him, she adjusted her skirt just to see how he would react. His eyes darted to her knees. She chuckled to herself as she knew he wouldn't be seeing anything.

Sarah shifted her legs a few times during the final stops of her ride simply to mess with the man. When the train reached her stop, she slowly stood up and exited, watching as his gaze never left her body. As she walked the remaining blocks to her apartment she could only imagine what would happen if she did accidentally open her legs, or even undo a button on her blouse. Sarah laughed to herself as she imaged his jaw dropping at the sight of her perfectly hairless pussy. Too bad for him, it will never happen!

Sarah's evening was filled with the final edits of a big proposal she had been working on for almost a month. It was nearly 12:00AM and she figured she would try to get off before going to bed in an attempt to relax. Due to work, she had not had sex in months and had not even masturbated in weeks. She was over due for some kind of sexual release. After an almost 30 minute attempt, she was no where close to having an orgasm. The man from the subway kept creeping into her mind, turning her off. Defeated, Sarah fell asleep among the sea of paperwork that was her bed.

**Wednesday:**
Sarah awoke a bit later than usual. She quickly ate breakfast, took a shower and completed her morning beauty routine. Dressing for work, she realized she had forgotten to do laundry the previous night. Tuesdays were her laundry nights, and her final presentation had distracted her. She found her least favorite blouse and buttoned it up over her last clean bra. Digging thought the depths of her closet she found a forgotten black skirt. Sarah scoured her apartment, looking for a clean pair of panties, but had no luck. She thought about using an old pair she had worn earlier but could not justify re-wearing anything after sweating in the intense heat. She had her big presentation today and did not want to feel disgusting. Fuck it, she thought. It's so damn hot, I'll probably be more comfortable this way. Sarah grabbed her things and headed for the door.

Despite a rough start to her morning, Sarah's presentation went better than she could have ever expected. It was her first victory with her big city job and there were already talks about promoting her. She walked to the subway that evening with almost a skip in her step, despite her high heels. She stepped onto her car with the typical standing room only. She felt so good, she couldn't have cared less about the crowd.

The stop at the 59th Street station provided Sarah with a seat. Upon sitting, she quickly remembered that she had planned on entering a different train car to avoid the man, especially because she didn't have panties today. She was so focused on her successful presentation, it had slipped her mind to enter a different car. As the train sat in the station, she watched to see who entered the car. Sure enough, the man entered. His eyes scanned the car and locked onto Sarah. He shot directly for the seat across from her as the doors closed. Before the train could even leave the station, his eyes were all over Sarah's body. She was having such a good day she decided to simply taunt the man for her own amusement. Sarah uncrossed her legs, still keeping them firmly together. She figured she could shift her legs to only get his hopes up for the entire ride.

Sarah looked down the car and saw only a few people who were either sleeping or engrossed in their phones. The thought of quickly opening her legs jokingly popped her mind. It would be hilarious to see his reaction, she thought. I bet his jaw would hit the floor. I mean, I do have an pretty good body! The notion of giving the man a harmless peek, stuck and echoed in her mind. The hairs on her arms stood on end and she felt a slight rush in her chest as the idea uncontrollably grew from within.He has no way of knowing who I am. I could always ride the train at a different time tomorrow.

Sarah opened her legs a single inch, nowhere near enough for the man to see. His eyes grew as he desperately tried to get a peek. Sarah's heart picked up its pace.At least he is good looking, she thought. With a swift movement and a deep breath, she opened her legs just enough for only him to see. A sudden rush of adrenaline surged through her veins. With her pulse racing, she felt chills shoot down her spine and arms. There was now a tingle in her pussy as she was absolutely sure he could see. The intoxicating, natural high dared her to hold her legs open. She could clearly see that an erection had formed in the mans pants. Sarah could not help but smile as she basked in the heat of the moment. The train came to a stop, and she quickly realized it was hers. She closed her legs, stood up and ran out of the train car smiling, feeling like a giddy girl.

Sarah replayed what had happened in her head while doing laundry that night. She could not believe the electrifying rush she had felt. The more she thought about it the more it turned her on. Once home, Sarah tried getting off while thinking about what she did on the subway ride. Despite being very aroused and using a few toys, she could not climax. Frustrated, Sarah went to her nightstand drawer and put her toys away, coming across one she forgot she had owned. It was a vibrating egg that was controlled with a wireless remote. Sarah smiled. She had an idea for tomorrow's commute.

**Thursday:**
Sarah sat at work all day only able to think about her commute home. She stared out the window from her desk, watching pigeons flutter by while counting the passing minutes. She desperately needed release and it looked like the only way to get it was to have an orgasm discreetly, aided by the rush from showing her self to the man on the train. When the time finally came, she slipped into the bathroom, removed her panties and bra and stuffed them into her purse. She thought she might try to give him a peek down her blouse today as well. She inserted the vibrating egg into her pussy. It slipped in with ease as she was already wet with anticipation. At the subway, she found her usual car and took a seat. I actually hope he shows up today, she thought. Sarah was filled with excitement as the train pulled into the 59th Street station. She reached into her purse and discreetly held the wireless remote for the vibrating egg. Eagerly staring at the doors, she felt her heart leap into her throat as she saw the man enter the car. She wasted no time. Sarah pressed the button and the egg instantly kicked on. The man sat down across from her, looking like he was expecting a show.

Sarah looked down the car and saw a few people at the other end, oblivious to her or the man. She sat back and slowly spread her legs enough for only the him to see. She saw his eyes lock on to her pussy and she felt the waves exhilaration wash over her body. With her hand in her purse, she increase the vibrating speed of the egg, feeling it push on her g-spot. The train stopped at the next station and Sarah confirmed the handful of riders on the other end took no notice of her actions. She was ready to push herself over the edge. When the doors closed, she undid the top two buttons on her blouse, allowing a dangerous amount of cleavage to show. Sarah saw his erection pulse though his pants. Her pussy tingled as his eyes continued to focus on her. She reached for the remote but as the train lurched through a turn, she lost her grip and it fell out of her purse on to the subway floor. The man's eyes followed the pink remote as it slid to his feet.

The man reached down and picked the remote up off the floor. Sarah sat there frozen. Without saying a word, he turned the speed up to the highest level. Sarah felt the egg erupt within her causing her entire body to tremble. He stood up with a glaring erection in his pants. The man kneeled down between her open legs as she sat there. She felt a warm flush as he lightly ran a single finger from the bottom of her slit all the way up to her clit. She saw a string of her juices stretch between his finger and her pussy as he pulled his hand away. Her entire body was engulfed with a tingling sensation. She had never been so turned on in her life. He reached up and slid his hand into her blouse, feeling each of her beautiful breast as they now begged to be touched. Her nipple reached out to greet his fingers. He finished unbuttoning her blouse, and pulled it down over her shoulders, fully exposing her to the train car. She felt all her nerves come alive, swearing her heart was a jackhammer. This was the first time she had ever been naked in public.

The egg, ringing like a bell on her g-spot, left Sarah completely incapable of of conscious movement. The man stood and pulled his pants down to his knees, revealing his solid cock which pointed at her like a blood hound's nose. Sarah's eyes sparkled as she marveled at its perfection. Kneeling, he aligned with her pussy. She stared at him, eyes wide, her body begging to be ravished. He grabbed the top of her thighs, spread her legs wide, and leaned into her. She felt her pussy swallow him as he expanded to fill her every inch. With each thrust, the vibrating egg was pushed hard against her g-spot. Her legs quivered uncontrollably.

The train car stopped. Sarah looked down the car. The passages had now become onlookers. Her heart throbbed as more adrenaline pierced her system. Her skin felt like it was warm and cold at the same time. Her body was now fully exposed to the onlookers as she was pounded against the hard seat. Her breasts swayed for the world to see while her pussy drooled juices down her thighs. The number of people who had seen her naked in her life nearly tripled in an instant. As the doors closed and the train started to move, Sarah realized she had missed her stop.

Sarah involuntarily thrusted towards the man each time his cock pushed to its full depth. Her body could not get enough of him. She didn't understand why, but catching glances of her onlookers only exited her more. Her entire body was now a roaring fire as the vibrating egg sent radiating surges through her body. The intensity she felt grew with each new bystander that joined the train car.

Sarah could feel the orgasm she craved approaching. Her alluring breasts shook with her body as each thrust slammed her hard against the back of her seat. Her dark hair clung to her sweaty body and her toes instinctively curled with the waves of pleasure shooting through her. The uncontrollable movements of her hips and the buzzing of the egg detonated a massive wave of ecstasy deep from within. The walls of her pussy convulsed. Sarah's back arched, accentuating her nipples, as she shook like an electric current was running though her body.. "Oh, God yes, yes, yes, yes!" she screamed in the car, as wave after wave of pleasure swallowed her entire body giving her the sweet release she craved. Her heart pounded in her ears while her whole body vibrated and glowed. Her chest heaving, she could feel the man's cock throb. Her body twitched with the echoings of her orgasm while he swelled within her. With a powerful push, she felt his liquid warmth pulse inside, followed by him pulling out. The egg continued to cause her body to twitch and her legs to shutter as she was still throbbing from her orgasm. The man pulled up his pants while the train came to a stop. All of the passengers awkwardly left the train in a hurry now that they were finished. The man turned and left without a word. Sarah didn't know what to think. She slowly sat up and reached for the vibrator's remote, left of the seat beside her, and turned it off. She could feel the man's warm deposits running down the inside of her legs. She quickly buttoned up her blouse and pulled her skirt down to its normal length, still breathing heavily. It took Sarah three more stops to fully regain composure before she was able to switch directions and head back home.

Sarah sat at home in disbelief. A complete stranger, who she had not exchanged a single word with, gave her the most unforgettable experience. Orgasms were always a very private ordeal for her, but she had just shared one with every person on that train. The most powerful orgasm of her life was a public ordeal. Sarah had never felt so alive. No other man or toy had ever come close to giving her what she just felt. She could not imagine how to ever recreate that feeling one her own. Looking back on her past sexual experience, Sarah realized how bland they really were compared to today. She fell asleep that night with a glowing smile on her face.

**Friday:**
Sarah awoke feeling extremely satisfied and rested. Her day at work was one of her most unproductive. She constantly replayed what had happened over and over, becoming more turned on each time. Her plan, on the the ride home, was to talk to the man. She needed to know more about him. She felt the need to thank him. The hours dragged on as she had to wait to grab the 8:30PM train. When the time finally came, she slipped into the bathroom and removed her panties and bra. Just incase it happens again, she thought. I hope... I need it to happen again. Sarah slipped in her vibrating egg. Today, she would simply hand him the remote.

Sarah stepped onto the hot crowded train and stood pressed up against the wall of the car. A man's elbow brushed against her breast each time the car moved, exciting her even more. Reaching the 59th Street station, the car emptied and she took the seat that cradled her the day before. She eagerly looked towards the door waiting, feeling like time was in slow motion. With every second that passed she could feel the hunger between her legs growing. The doors cruelly closed and the train sped away. Sarah frantically tried to look out the window but did not see the man. He had not missed an opportunity to see her all week and now he was no where to be found. Sarah had a terrible sinking feeling in her chest.

The train pulled into Sarah's stop and she slowly stood up feeling defeated. She held onto the center pole, as she waited for the doors to open. When they did, she stood there frozen, unable to leave the car. Before she could bring herself to exit the train, the doors closed and the train pulled out of her station. Sarah stood there, swaying with the movement of the car. She took a deep breath and unbuttoned the first two buttons of her blouse. Reaching into her purse, she turned on the vibrating egg. She walked to the middle of the train car and sat across from a young, professional looking man.