A Pleasant Surprise

As the escalators rose higher, I carefully adjusted my bag, and watched the other commuters hurry past me, I was always watchful at this point, just before entering the main concourse of the station, as I didn’t want to bump into my neighbour who I’d have to speak to for the rest of my thirty minute journey home. He tended to waffle on and on, and all I like to do was read a book, listen to my iPod or look at the view.

By view of course, I meant all the women, who were dressing in clothes which showed a lot of skin, as the summer was turning into a real scorcher.

A woman in a black cotton dress with a white floral print zoomed past me as I got to the top of the escalator. My head couldn’t stop itself turning and before I knew it I had given her the once over.

She had two inch high heels on, black, showing off her bronzed legs which clearly she focused on at the gym. Just above her knees her dress started, but as she marched past me, the slit up one of her legs exposed more of her strong legs. She was wearing a bra unfortunately, but otherwise had a curvy figure. I’m not good with bra sizes, but I would have guessed a C cup. Moving upwards her shoulder length black hair framed her face, as she glanced in my direction. Her green eyes flashed, and she frowned slightly as she realized I was eyeing her.

Then she was past me in the rush of people. The crowd closed behind her just before I could look at her butt, but watching her move I thought she didn’t seem too upset. She must see guys like me all the time.

I moved to my new area which I had chosen to avoid my neighbour and to scan the crowds for any attractive women. I couldn’t see my neighbour where he normally waited. Somehow I had avoided him for a week or so, so possibly he had changed the train he took.

Looking up at the boards, I saw that my train had just arrived as expected. I waited one or two minutes, enjoying the views around me, than threading my way to my platform I made my way to my train. “Here comes a typical journey home”, I thought.

I got to the carriage and waited for the doors to open, glancing inside as people were getting off I noticed a girl, maybe 18 or so. She was well developed to say the least as she was wearing a white cotton top, with a black edge,  it was unbuttoned too far for anyone who was modest, but in this heat that was clearly not on her mind. I caught a good view of her mildly tanned skin, which bounced as she moved past me, out of the carriage. Unfortunately it was undone just high enough that you couldn’t see her nipple.

“That would have made my day”, I thought.

 As she walked off with a group of people I realised I needed to be more circumspect, as the older woman in the group had glared at me.

Then it happened.

Just before I could board a girl rushed up, pulling a suitcase with an airport label still attached.

She had long blonde hair, just past her shoulder, cut straight, and was wearing a figure hugging white top which clearly showed off two lovely breasts, hidden unfortunately beneath it. She was dressed for the weather, as she had a short pale blue dress on, which covered about half her thighs, from which her gorgeous legs ran down to some brown strap on sandals.

My pleasant surprise had arrived.

She bent down and lifted her suitcase up into the carriage as I watched, completely unaware I was there. As she did so her top moved forward and I could clearly see her lovely rounded breasts.

“Clearly today was a good day” I thought to myself.

I followed her onto the carriage and waited standing right behind her as she started to lift her bag onto the carriage rack.

She was short, maybe 5 foot 6 or so; so was stretching to put it in, as she twisted to get a better angle her top lifted up and I was shown her smooth bronze stomach, a centimetre or so more and I would have seen the bottom of her breasts.

“Do that again.” I muttered to myself, never intending to say it aloud.

She looked around, her blue eyes flicked round to nail me.

“Excuse me, what did you say?” she said in an eastern European accent, as she put her suitcase back on the floor.

Somehow I lost my normal British reserve, and said it again, “Do that again”, louder this time.

She looked at me and smiled, her full red lips getting a reaction from me.

Then looking at me all the while, she bent down, letting her top move forward, giving me an eyeful of her soft rounded breasts, she then grasped her suitcase by its handle and stretched out, directly in front of me, trying to put it in the rack above her head. She was still too short, or her suitcase too big, so she took a step up and stood on the chair giving me a view up her skirt all the way up to just beneath her tight butt. As she pushed it into the rack I stared, and realised I couldn’t see any sign of panties; maybe she was wearing a thong.

Glancing over her shoulder she laughed as she saw me looking, than hopping off the seat, she shifted into the window seat on the right hand side at the back of the carriage, my favourite seat as you can only have one person next to you, so you have some privacy.

Then to my astonishment, she patted the seat next to her.

“Here big boy,” She purred, as she stared at my crotch. I realised I had a raging hard-on.

I sat down where she’d indicated flabbergasted, this sort of thing does not happen to me.

I was stunned and just sat there, my rucksack on my lap, my eyes flicking around. They kept on moving down her legs, from the top of her dress which was quite high now,  across her legs, crossed over, to her knees and down, she clearly shaved  or waxed them, and suntanned regularly, a beach babe practically.

I glanced up, and she was smiling at me, slowly licking her lips.

 “What have I got myself into” I wondered.

Looking down again, I tried to take a peak between her legs, but as I l did so, she placed her bag there, right where her short dress met her long smooth legs. It was one of those gym bags with a slipknot.

Then I heard a voice say, “Dan, fancy seeing you here!”

I groaned. It was my neighbour, he was going to talk to me, while all l wanted to do was focus on the delicious creature next to me.

I looked up, smiled at him, and said “Hi, how was your day?”

Then I felt her take my hand, and move it to her leg, right by the bag.  I almost came I was so surprised.

Her leg was soft, smooth and warm. I just couldn’t believe it. Realising she wanted this I slowly began to run my hand up and down her thigh feeling her warm flesh.

I was so focused on this dream I almost missed that my neighbour had said something to me, so I replied, “Sorry, I’m not feeling well, had a horrible day in fact, do you mind if I catch a quick nap?”

He replied “No problem,” looking at me slightly oddly.

I was amazed that had worked.

So I leaned back, my rucksack still blocking his view of my lovely girl, and carried on feeling her velvety thigh.

I turned my head to look at the girl, as I semi closed my eyes while I felt her up. She had opened her bag, and was busy getting an iPod out, with ear pieces, all the while she plugged them in she watched me, with her tongue slowly keeping her red lips moist.

The train filled up, and unbelievably my neighbour found someone else to talk to, so I continued my exploration, running my hands and fingers from the top of the girl’s blue cotton dress to her knee, feeling her thigh. I had a huge erection, but luckily my bag hid it.

My hand had moved back to trace the girl’s skin by her skirt when the train gave a jolt, and I felt a hot hand cover mine. Looking up, I saw her looking straight into my eyes.

“Under.” She whispered, as she pressed my hand up, under her dress.

“Who was I to say no?” I thought to myself.

 So I slowly, carefully inched my hand under her skirt. Making sure no one could see what we were doing.

I moved higher and higher, my hand was now under her skirt completely, when I felt her abdomen.

I looked at her more closely, she was humming to herself quietly her eyes closed. She was clearly confident, knew exactly what she wanted, and was willing to let me explore. My eyes took in her body again. I could see the round curves of her breasts now from where I was sitting, her nipples where erect, and looked hard, probably dark brown from the way the colour behind her top had changed.  She was obviously loving what I was doing.

My hand carried on touching her, feeling her leg, and now the bottom of her abdomen, the grove where her leg joined was perfectly smooth. Then I realised something else.

She wasn’t wearing any underwear.

My fingers moved slowly in, edging between her legs. She was smooth. She had either been waxed today, or quite recently. I didn’t know how much more of this I could take.

As my fingers moved lower towards her pussy she began to move, so I stopped.

She slipped down in her chair and uncrossed her legs, bunching her skirt up higher, giving me an even better view of her long bronze legs. I could almost see her cunt and I could definitely see right down her top which had been skewed so I could almost see her left nipple; I was getting an amazing view of her tits.

“She so wanted me to carry on!” I knew.

I started moving my fingers again, lower... lower and lower.

Then I felt a small mound, pushing my fingers lower over it, she shivered and groaned slightly.

“That was her clit.” I thought.

I brushed it again with my fingertip, which made her body tense ever so slightly.

I moved my hand lower, one finger on either side of her slit, one finger running down it, pushing in gently. As I did, I could feel her heat through my fingertips. Glancing up at her I could see she was biting her lip.

 I ran my fingers back up, then slowly down feeling her moist cunt gradually getting wetter. Each time I did it, I edged my middle finger in deeper, on the second time it was in about a centimetre, on the fourth, I looked at her face, which was slowly going red as she got more and more excited.

I could see her jaw muscles where clenched, so I thought she might be close to cumming. I knew I was. So I stopped moving my fingers, all the while I kept watching her face, with her full lips, slowly blushing checks, and cute nose.

Her eyes opened, and looking right at me, it almost looked liked she was going to kiss me, then she noticed where she was. She blushed more.

“Please more?” she said slightly too loudly.

I noticed the girl sitting in front of us, with her back to us, twist slightly, as if she was trying to hear more.

Smiling at this radiant beauty I had in my control, I ran my fingers over her clit again, harder this time and rough, I pushed them deep down her slit, feeling her wetness slip between by fingers, then as I pushed my hand down, spreading her lips open with two fingers, I pushed the other one deep into her cunt.

Her entire body shook as my finger entered her, and an involuntary groan pushed out between her red lips.

Her cunt was tight, wet and pulsing with heat. I wondered what my cock would feel like hammering in and out of her, and knew not only would I love it, but that I’d cum in about 10 seconds, so I tried to distract myself.

“Like that?” I whispered.

“Yessss.” She answered through clenched teeth, again a bit too loud.

The girl in front of us clearly heard that, over the rumbling of the train, the murmur of the other passengers, and the roar of the other passing trains. She twisted around, and I saw her eyes widen.

I knew why. Not only was she staring at a women getting finger fucked, as she could see my hand buried beneath this beauties skirt, but she also saw me and recognised me.

It was my daughter’s best friend. I had often imagined fucking her, but this was better than any dream I could have about her.

“Oh boy, I’m in a heap of trouble now that I’d be caught, “ I groaned,  “well she was getting quite a show, and I was enjoying this too much to stop. “

Luckily my slut hadn’t noticed, as her eyes were shut while she enjoyed my finger fucking her.

Just then there was a jolt from the train, and it came to a stop. I stopped my fingers caressing and fucking, as I waited for people to get off.

The carriage emptied somewhat, and lucky for me, my neighbour got off, with a nod.

“He must have gone to do some shopping,” I thought, as this is where the supermarket was.

 There was no one next to us now.

As the train started off again, I saw that my daughter’s friend, Tiffany, had moved seats, and was now seated so she could look between the two seats in front of me, pretty much perfect positioning to look up my sluts dress. Luckily she was the only one close to us.

I leaned close to her, as I continued finger fucking her, my cock as hard as it had ever been as it strained in my trousers, and whispered in her ear, ”Spread your legs.”

She immediately spread them wide, so one was pushing against my leg; the other was against the side of the carriage.

I shoved another finger into her, and again could feel her wet cunt squeeze it as I moved my fingers in and out, twisting them and curling them, wondering if I could find her g-spot.

Her hands where now holding tight against her seat, and the carriage side, she bit her lip, her face bright red, and eyes tight shut as she allowed herself to be fucked by a stranger.

I could see she was again close to cumming, she was gradually holding tighter and tighter, and her body was moving in time to my fingers, pushing up as I pushed them in, up and in, up and in, so I tried, to slow things down, as I didn’t want this to end.

I leaned over with my other hand, as I slowly decreased the thrusting of my fingers, and reached over to her gym-bag and put it on the floor, then I pushed her skirt way up, so I could see her bronze legs and gorgeous cunt. She was smooth shaved, her lips were full and sticking out, and her clit was asking to be sucked, but the best bit was her dripping cunt. She was dripping juice onto her dress as I finger fucked her.

Looking forward I could see Tiffany’s eyes which were staring at me and this horny women who was practically cumming, she was also going slightly red, and her nipples were hard I noticed.

 I carried on fucking her for a minute or so, then as I saw her fingers holding her seat go white, I knew she was going to cum hard, I didn’t want her to scream and attract any more attention, so leaning over quickly I kissed her hard, pushing my body against hers, feeling her tits, her hot cunt and her body shudder as her body bucked and twisted as my lips locked against hers, my two fingers pushed deep into her as her cunt clenched and squeezed over and over.

I couldn’t stop myself either, and as we kissed I blasted hot sticky cum into my pants. My slut touching me all over; clearly knew I had just had an orgasm too. Over and over my cock shuddered as I ejected load after load, soaking my trousers.

As her body and mine shivered against each other I enjoyed the feeling of her soft lips, her tongue twining with mine as I sucked it. We kissed for over a minute; then the train gave another jolt and I knew we were stopping for another station.

I moved back to my seat, and noticed Tiffany still staring, licking her lips, as her eyes flicked from my crotch to the girls spread cunt next to me. I realised my bag had fallen to the floor and she could see my hard cock clearly outlined under my trousers. She would probably also have seen it shudder, and all of us could see the wet stain.

My slut began to push down her skirt, over her cum soaked cunt.

Just then an old couple came through the inter-leading carriage door; we all froze, caught in the act.

Luckily for us they bumbled passed us, and before she could lower her dress covering her wet cunt, I moved my hand back down and stopped her.

She looked at me, with a-just-had-an-orgasm look, but I shook my head, and glanced at Tiffany.

My slut followed my eyes and went redder, if that was possible, embarrassed all of a sudden as she saw Tiffany staring at her dripping cunt framed by her spread legs.

Then the train jolted and we were off again.

I moved my hand back to her dripping cunt, and started running my fingers around her sensitive clit, down her wet cunt.

She clearly didn’t mind too much, as with a quick look at Tiffany, she closed her eyes and went back to the position she was in.

I looked around, as I wanted to do something else.

The carriage was empty now except for the two of us, and Tiffany.

“Perfect!” I thought.

My slut was grinding her cunt into my hand again, lifting it off the chair to push up hard when I moved away.

Using my other hand, I managed to distract Tiffany from the cunt that was moving up and down mere feet from her face.

She looked at me as I waved my phone in the air, which I had taken out of my pocket, miming taking a picture.

Tiffany nodded to me, reaching forward she took it, pressed a few buttons and began taking pictures. Luckily I had purchased one of those mobiles which didn’t make a sound when you took a picture, nor did it use a flash.

I moved back to ensure that I wasn’t in any of her shots, and also to get a better position to finger fuck my slut.

With my right hand, I leaned over, slipped it under her top and began groping her. She moaned and carried on trying to fuck my fingers. Then I pinched one of her nipples and her hips bucked towards my hand.

I moved my hand up so Tiffany could get some good shots of the girls dripping pussy, while I played with her tits in the process pulling her top aside so Tiffany could get some clear pictures of her hard nipples and tits too.

From my new position I could look at her, as I fucked her, which I had been unable to do previously.

I could tell she was gorgeous twenty something, her face was glowing with sweat beading her forehead, her breathing hard, with her red lips parted I could just see her white teeth, her eyes shut she looked like an angel in ecstasy. Her top was pushed aside so I could see her tits which were slightly above average in size, maybe a 34 D, but she had nipples which pushed out about a centimetre. Nicely brown they had large auroras surrounding them. I almost bent down to suck and nibble on them.

Further down her dress was still pulled up high, and her butt was still pushing up into my hand, as I teased her. She was lifting it clean off her seat as she tried to impale her cunt on my fingers, all the while holding herself up with her arms.

I could tell by her huge smile that she knew what I was doing but didn’t mind.

Past her head I noticed that we were getting closer to the end of the line, our stop obviously.

I leaned over again, this time bending lower, until my hot mouth enclosed around one of her nipples. I began sucking, licking and biting it.

Her hips immediately bucked up, with a mini orgasm, but instead of teasing her  I shoved my hand down pushing against her cunt with all my fingers, in no time at all 3 of my fingers were buried in her, as deep as they could go.

She grunted a word out loud, but I didn’t stop there.

I immediately began twisting and curling my fingers, hunting for her g-spot.

I sucked her tit for possibly a minute, then seeing her body begin to tense up and hearing her breathing growing faster, I pulled my head back, careful that I wasn’t exposed to the camera, as I did this her entire body stiffened, and I knew I had found her g-spot which had continued to pound her while I sucked her tit.

All my fingers moved to concentrate on that one area, drumming on it, pushing on it, as I twisted and pounded my fingers in and out of her wet cunt. She was incredibly tight for 3 fingers at once, and I know she would remember this in the morning, but right not she was wet enough that my 3 fingers could just make it inside.

She began moaning, and grunting her hips pushing her body up to meet my fingers each time.

“Oh fuck, right there, mmmmmmmmmmmmm, don’t stop, please don’t stop.” She moaned.

I did it again and again, each time her grunts got louder.

“Please please, please don’t stop!” she begged.

Then as I shoved my fingers in again, the train jolted, and my thumb brushed against her clit, her body spasmed as she came, pussy juice soaking my hand, and her body writhing in her chair, she screamed,

“FUCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCK!!!!”

And then the train stopped, and she bit her lip as my fingers still in her, caused another orgasm.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM” I heard as she ground her teeth, trying not to scream again.

I pushed my thumb against her clit, as my fingers worked in and out of her one last time.

She exclaimed, “OH GOD!” before shutting her mouth tight.

Her body and legs clenched over my hand as her body shook, and shook.

Finally her eyes opened, she looked at me, and looking completely embarrassed she started to tidy herself up. Everyone was getting off, she tucked her tits in, pulled her dress down, and pushed her hair back from her flushed face.

“I’m sorry,” she said finally in a gorgeous eastern European accent, “I don’t know what came over me. Please forget about this.”

I smiled, and replied, “I’m sorry, but I’ll NEVER forget about this.”

She returned to her bright red colour, perhaps she really was a shy girl under a very, very erotically charged exterior.

I noticed see she was still having mini-orgasms, as she kept on holding her legs together as they quivered every now and then.

 “Would you like me to get your bag down miss?” I asked, knowing full well that I would not let her go that easily.

She nodded, unable to speak I think. So I stood up, and got it down, noticing that Tiffany was waiting for me outside the carriage.

I carried her bag off the carriage, then as she got down, I leaned over to her and whispered, “Thank you.”

She smiled, quite shyly, then, she walked off, pulling her suitcase with her gym-bag swung over a shoulder.

Tiffany and I were the last ones on the platform, so we watched her walk in front of us, her dress clearly soaked wet with her pussy juice.

Tiffany looked at me; her faced flushed, and said, “Mr Jackson, please can I sit next to you next time?” Then she handed me back my camera.

I laughed, as she went even redder, then quickly I took a step forward, and before she could move away, my hand whipped round, and I slipped it under her dress, she shivered but didn’t move away.

She was wet too, my fingers found.

“Anytime Tiffany anytime” I grinned.

Then she took a step closer, almost pressing against me, and said, “You know who that is don’t you?”

“Who?” I asked.

“It’s YOUR new au pair!” she replied, starting to laugh.

I went bright red this time, before finally replying, “Well aren’t we going to have fun this year Tiffany. You want to help don’t you?”

“Of course Sir” Tiffany answered, as my hand gently squeezed her cunt.