**Bus Diversion**

**by [welshman](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=37925&page=submissions)**

If you are unfamiliar with the type of public transport the story is set, it is a bus where the front seats are sideways, facing each other across the aisle.

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**MONDAY**

I haven't seen her before. I certainly would have noticed if she was on the bus. She's sitting straight across from me, just a few feet away. Tho I try she won't make eye contact. Besides she's a lot younger than I am, I don't expect she'd be interested in anything I could imagine propositioning her with. But she is pleasant enough to look at; it will make the journey pass a lot quicker with this eye candy. But she doesn't seem interested in flirting, won't even stick out her tongue at me even tho I am obviously eyeing her up, and seems quite shy if anything. I don't seem to be unsettling her in the least, quite engrossed in her iPod it seems but I'll swear she's paying attention to me on the sly. For a quarter of an hour or so I enjoy the view inside the bus rather than the same old streets outside, now alas she's getting off, quite a few stops before mine. That was quite enjoyable; I hope she's here tomorrow.

*I noticed him straight away; he looked like a real nice gentleman, even sat across from him even tho there were plenty of other seats. I don't know what came over me; the excitement of the first day at my new job must have gone to my head! I hope he'll be there tomorrow, I liked the way he kept looking at me tho I gave him no encouragement, he's old enough to be... well, you know. I'm blushing now. He was admiring me rather than staring. I could tell by the expression on his face, he had a faint smile as he eyed me up, as if he liked what he saw. Of course, I wasn't looking at him doing it! A girl can tell tho, when she's being appreciated. Does no harm do it?*

**TUESDAY**

Here she is here again. Same stop, must be going somewhere regularly, I certainly hope so, I can ogle her every day. Unless she gets fed up with me eying her up and sits somewhere else, or heaven forbid, takes another route. She gives me the briefest of glances, a quick upturn of her head tells me she thinks I'm mistaken if I think she is scrutinizing me. She was, tho rather coolly, shyness is so beguiling, much more pleasant than an in your face loudmouth. Her dress is rather nice. Her thighs are fabulous. Today's dress is short I can look at her wonderful young thighs all the while. She doesn't cross her legs much; if she did, I might catch a glimpse of the treat that her thighs lead to. I suppose that would be too much to hope for. Her long pale thighs are stimulating enough; even the idea that she might let them slip open is enough to make my heart pound and interest an erection.

*I thought I'd wear a short dress today just in case he was there again, give him something interesting to look at. He was. Course I sat in the same place cos he was in his same seat. Ogled my legs something awful he did! Gave me quite a buzz. Aren't I naughty. I bet he wished I didn't keep my thighs so close together... might not next time, I'm getting all hot and bothered just thinking about what I might show him.*

**WEDNESDAY**

Oh yes, I am pleased to say that she now seems to be as regular on this bus as I am, she sure is a delight. Very blond, a cute face with hair in a fringe just above her eyes. About eighteen to twenty I would guess. I haven't seen much of her breasts but they're certainly perceptible within her top. Her skin is so perfect, scarcely a blemish anywhere I can see, quite pale, a pearlescent lustre would be apt, absolutely enchanting. She has sat down in her usual place; at least she hasn't decided to sit somewhere else. Perhaps she enjoys my gaze. Her gorgeous legs are crossed this time, in the same dress as yesterday. As usual she is looking anywhere except at me. At the view outside mostly, but I could tell her my view is much better.

Oh my, she uncrosses her legs and gives me a view alright, right up to her white cotton knickers. Just for a second I thought she hadn't any but there was no telling line, hairy or otherwise just a white covered mound where her briefly parted thighs ended. Her legs are crossed again, the opposite way. I'm absorbed to see if she is going to do it again, if only when she'll have to leave, which is some minutes away yet. Just the sight of her youthful thighs across each other, so nearby, a touchable distance I could simply reach across to feel the enticing skin... she uncrosses, almost in slow-motion, a deliberate show! She just opened her thighs for me, transient but deliberate, knowing I would see her crotch. Her knickers are dank and clinging onto her mound, moulded onto the now obvious crack. She is aroused; all manner of perception hits me all at once.

I briefly study her face but she gives no acknowledgement, except she opens up again. This time not re-crossing but sitting with them apart, quite apart actually. I can see past the curve of her inner thighs, being shaken by the bus's movement, her knickers are sticky on their mound, well doused by the undoubted thrill she is having. And I'm certain it isn't the bumpy bus ride that's wetting her. Unfortunately her stop has arrived and off she goes without even a glance at me, but I see she is flushed, nice to see. The briefest of thoughts to follow is correctly dismissed; our pleasure is only to be found on this bus.

*Well, as usual I sat down near him, crossed my legs to get his attention. My nice n' long thigh got his notice. Before I did anything I felt his eyes on me looking all over. Tho I don't look at him, I can still see him from the corner of my eye, all over me he was, gave me such a stir between my legs, and with me knowing what I intended of course, been wet since I was stood at the bus stop, well, since I got up this morning really. Been thinking about what I was going to do for my gentleman, stirred me up something severe. He's on my tits ... looking at them I mean! Might do something about that soon, but got something else planned. So I did it.

I can't tell you how seriously thrilling it was! I showed him, I opened my legs and showed him! He must think I'm a real tart. My heart was going to burst but I did it again. I could feel it all sticky on me. My 'nicks must have been see-through with the soaking they had. I could feel the effect on him, he must been hard seeing me. I'm pretty sure he could see proper. I mean my skirt was short and my legs parted. I'm sure he did, I could just feel his reaction \*blush\* just in case, I' left them open the rest of the way. Just a little more apart. I could get used to it, how it made me feel. Having to go see to myself in the toilet at work before I start. That's why I bring a fresh pair in me bag. Not just a pretty face you know!*

**THURSDAY**

The bus ride to work is becoming quite a trip. A lovely young miscreant to entertain me; arouse me. Erections are a problem when I reach my stop. Nevertheless, well worth it, even the slight stain, is not noticeable really. Oh SHIT! Some bugger has sat in her seat. Where did he come from, I haven't seen him before, I hope he's not going to be a regular. This is where she gets on. At least it will be interesting to see how she reacts, will she acknowledge me, or her disappointment, or what? She gives him a disapproving look to say the least, but she doesn't look at me at all. She has gone along the bus to sit, got her back to me, all I can see is her striking blond hair. A quarter of an hour later, she gets off rather hurriedly.

*FUCKING FAT BASTARD! Who the hell was that on my seat! Because of him I've been grouchy all day. My boss even had to have a word with me. Well talk about frustration! I just couldn't see to anything this morning. Not in the mood! I just hope he's not there tomorrow. I might even tell him to fuck off out of my place! I want to show myself off to my gentleman friend!*

**FRIDAY**

So far so good, he's not here today, and I don't want to wait until next week to be entertained again by my lovely young companion. Here she is, I hope she reverts to sitting there again. Of course she does. My my, is that a bra she's not wearing. A shirt today, some buttons undone, I don't think she's wearing a bra, the shameless hussy. A different skirt too. This should be interesting. Straight away, she is showing me she has red silk knickers. Blatantly red, inside the brief white skirt she is holding open with parted knees. Very thin silk, something interesting going on under there, looks like her inner labia folded inside the smooth fabric, she's pouting at me. I cannot see, she's leaning forward to adjust her shoe. I can see down her shirt, between her breasts, unfortunately her nipples are too close to the fabric. Her breasts jiggle on her knees as she does something to her shoe.

She has straightened up; I can see the red silk covering her pouting mound again. What?! She has a hand in there. It's her hand. It looks like she has a hand in a pocket but it's straight through to her crotch. She is fingering it. A single fingertip drawing along her labia... juice is bubbling through as her finger presses; she must be so turned on. I'm glancing at her face... quite expressionless, she's good as this. More fingers, they rub over the silk I can almost feel the sensation myself, I'm hard achingly so. The sodden silk is oozing as she plays with herself, her fingers must be coated.

I think her stop is coming up. Yes, she takes her hand out of her 'pocket'. She's looking around? I do too, no one has noticed girl... oh, she's just cupped her breast with the playful hand and she's rubbing juice onto the nipple... I cannot see the nipple, just her movement, but she takes her hand out and politely shoves her shirt out of the way so I can see her rigid nipple glistening as if kissed. It is tightly puckered; she is suddenly wary and covers up. Her stop is here and she disembarks with a pleasing jiggle I can see with difficulty through the bus's interior.

*Well I never! The things some people get up to on a bus! Yes me. I tried to get my tits out well sort of, he seen my nipple cos I showed it him after I'd covered it with goo from a very wet pussy. Showed him that too, I fingered myself over my fancy silk nicks, legs apart, they were drenched! I could have cum too if I did it a bit longer, but I had to get off the bus at me stop. I thought someone else saw but I was wrong. My gentleman is getting steamed up something awful watching me if you know what I mean. He had a HUGE bulge. I don't know what he did with it but I had quite an imagining when I got to work. I can't be doing without seeing to myself after my bus ride to work. Ain't I slutty all a sudden! Going to be even worse on Monday.*

**2nd MONDAY**

I'm anxious to see if she has ended her displays, perhaps she no longer needs to take this bus; a one week wonder. No, she is here. Again she has dispensed with a bra. A loose green, vest I'd call it, adorns her apple breasts. It has scoop sides; a tantalizing curve of breast flashes me as she sits. I can make out the nipples on parade pointing at me accusingly. As the bus gets underway it judders, she is sitting on her seat intentionally exaggerating the jolt to bounce her tits.

Only I notice, the bus is sparsely occupied. She takes every opportunity to jiggle them. The dance she has them performing is enough to accelerate my erection. I have just noticed it is the same skirt as Friday, the one with holes in the pockets. My heart is thumping, sensational; I can see she is not wearing any knickers either. Delicate fair fuzz flows over her mound, the crack moist and parted, deep pink folds visible, in blossom this warm spring day. I hope to see her hand explore there but she wants to tease me in another way. She is leaning forward, her vest drops in front of her blatantly presenting her magnificent breasts. Both nipples as inflexible as my cock. Her chest and face blush, due to a sexual rush I confidently presume. She is fiddling with her shoe, leaning further forward to facilitate my viewing. Now she is rubbing her shoe. Apparently something on it, whatever, her breasts are in rapid motion. She has finished cleaning her shoe and sits knees parted, her fabulous thighs direct my eyes to her exposed crotch.

Why has this bus been stationary for so long? There seems to be a jam. Very unusual for this road and time of day. I look back at the entertainment and she too is looking ahead of the bus to see what the hold up is, except her hand is now where I hoped it would wonder to. Still looking out front, she has a fidgeting finger inserted. Her face tries not to betray her pleasure but is having difficulty. A lip bit, breathing heavy, breasts heaving. Back at her mound, now she has two fingers busy, enthusiastically drawing circles around a smooth pink swelling emerged since I last looked. I'm in danger of either a heart attack or ejaculation, probably both, as I watch this lovely young woman masturbating on a bus. The fingers pause and dive deep then to resume vigorously. She is trying to look nonchalant; I would have thought if she is brazen enough to exhibit herself to me this intimately, she could as least acknowledge my participation in her escapade.

My legs part, my huge erection obvious within my trousers for her to note if she's interested. She is, staring at my cock her fingers stop. She's having an orgasm. Rigid in her seat she clamps her thighs onto her buried hand and trembles, her face a strained grimace, no exclamation of her pleasure is allowed out of her mouth, her body is contorted in its burden of concealment. For many seconds she is thus. Finally, an exclamation blurts out, belatedly followed by a rolling cough. She manages to uncoil just as the bus resumes its journey.

She is flushed and blissful, still breathing carelessly, a little glance to me too, a moderate smile. My, we are getting out of our shell aren't we! Tranquillity infuses for what is left of her journey. Her legs are still parted enough for me to attest to the copious wetness play has endowed her. I assume she has somewhere to freshen up before she needs do whatever the purpose of this bus ride is. I will need some refreshing myself; I need relief from her performance before I can do anything else today. We are both going to be a little late to work today. What will she get up to tomorrow!

*I'm shocked! I don't believe what I did! I did it but I don't believe it. First I got my tits out for him, well I might as well have. I wore the top I usually wear with something under, but not today. Revealing it was, I mean I felt naked getting on that bus. So exciting tho. He saw them good and proper he did, I made sure of that. Flaunted them as if I were a stripper or something. That made me SO hot; I don't know what's happened to sweet little old me. It must be his fault of course his randy eyes all over me. Like they were touching me in places he oughtn't to but he's such a gentleman he wouldn't would he so I had to, didn't I. Just had to.

After I showed him my tits I got nervous I was overdoing it what with having no nicks on again. I still showed my pussy to him it must have been in a right state all wet I were and gaping... then the bus stopped, and something unbelievable happened I didn't wait to see to myself, I saw to myself right there on the bus! I could see there was a jam and me hand just went where it were needed and did it. Playing with myself I were, first one finger then two, inside, outside everywhere around my soaking pussy. Then I saw him his giant hard-on, that were enough, I cum something awful. Best I ever had I'd say I strained not to let on but I cum so much, I think only my gentleman knew, I saw he knew, might have smiled at him too. He were hard all the time till I had to get off, the bus I mean. And then there's tomorrow, I don't know what'll happen, I might even...*