**Club Eve**

by[DPWestley](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2631575&page=submissions)©

I found myself on the subway again. I don't always remember actually making the decision to go out and find a venue where people can see me, and this was one of those times. Many times I do remember putting myself in the right situation. I carefully plan out my outfit, whether to wear panties or a bra, whether to dress seductively or go with the whole Plain-Jane look to see their surprise when I start to expose myself, start to rub myself, sometimes even get off. Either way, when I realize I'm in the right place and the mood strikes, I get excited.

I hadn't planned ahead this time, but that hardly ever stopped me. I was wearing one of my nicer business outfits; an off-white camisole top under a suit jacket. The matching skirt was cut to a modest knee length, and I had pale gray stockings on, though today there was neither bra nor panties. I'm not sure what triggers the desire to do the things I do, to enjoy myself in front of others. It does turn me on to think the people who watch get some sort of secret pleasure from my actions, though they're still shackled by society's norms.

Today, it was a couple sitting across from me. They didn't appear to be married, but certainly together. She was a pretty, though mousey, little blonde. She had potential, I could see, but she was way too uptight to let her sexuality out. Her boyfriend was really cute, and seemed to care for her, hanging on to her every word, holding her hand, being truly attentive by all indications. At first there were passengers in-between us, and he hadn't seemed to notice me, but at the next stop, enough people had disembarked to leave him a clear view.

When the inevitable glance from him met my stare, I gave him a sly grin. He seemed a bit taken aback, and diverted his eyes, as most people did. I don't quite understand the social dynamic that urges people not to really look at each other, but I see it again and again. My refusal to play by their rules makes me feel powerful, and so I continued to stare at him, until he couldn't avoid me any longer.

This time, he was a bit more inquisitive, his eyes traveling over me in earnest. I licked my lips and shifted in my seat as I met his gaze. He quickly checked his girlfriend to see if she had noticed. A man was still standing between her and me, so she hadn't appeared to have seen anything. He looked back at me and gave me a little smile. I bit my lower lip and ran my hands casually down my thighs to rest them on my knees just below my hemline.

His eyes, of course, followed my hands and I parted my thighs just a bit, promising much more than he could see just yet. His girlfriend said something, and he nodded and grunted absently at the right moments, clearly focused on me by now. I slid one hand languidly up my thigh and popped the lower button on my jacket. I followed up with the other hand, sliding it up to pop the top button. My power over him was complete and total at this point.

I pretended to yawn, stretching my arms out in front of me, and then raising them over my head as I arched my back and thrust out my tits. The suit jacket parted and my erect nipples slid gloriously against the soft fabric of my camisole. His eyes were glued to my tits as I finished the stretch. I rested my hands in my lap and breathed deeply as he watched, feeling my pussy getting wet with the power I was wielding.

I could see his erection growing in his pants, and he gave his girlfriend another glance, but her attention must have been somewhere else. His eyes came back to mine, and I gave him my most seductive smile and a wink. His cock twitched in his pants and he was forced to cross his legs and adjust his crotch, lest his tent become truly noticeable.

I slowly slid one hand from my lap up under my camisole, caressing my flat tummy just above the waist of my skirt. Now he was licking his lips. Without a glance to any of the other passengers who may have been watching my show, I moved my hand up and cupped my breast under the silky camisole. His eyes were bulging now, and one of his hands had fallen into his lap. Nobody else would have noticed, but I could see he was surreptitiously stroking his hard cock through his pants.

The next stop came, and the man that had been between the blonde and me had moved, letting her finally see me, as I eye-fucked her boyfriend. As the train pulled out, she looked around at the new vista and saw me tweaking my nipple with one hand. I pursed my lips at her in a kiss, and she immediately looked at her boyfriend who was rubbing his cock through his pants. Her eyes flared and she looked back and forth between the two of us for a few seconds, before throwing an elbow into his ribs.

I opened my legs as much as my skirt would allow, and even as he was dodging and dealing with mousey girl, he couldn't help but look at my wet pussy. His eyes were locked on my snatch as he was slapped and assaulted by his girlfriend. I quickly moved my other hand between my legs and ran a finger up my wet slit as I leaned forward to stand. I stood as many did for the next stop, and he stood as well, eyes still locked with mine. His girlfriend finally gave up and stormed off down to the next car as the train slowed into the station.

I slowly moved my wet fingers up into my mouth and tasted my honey as I gazed into his very soul. I could feel his unbridled desire rising up in him as he fought all the natural impulses to take me and fuck me like I deserved. The slightest touch from him, or anybody for that matter, would have sent me over the edge into a powerful orgasm, but his societal chains held him in place.

The train stopped and he was able to tear himself away. I could see him chasing after the girl as she quickly walked her tight ass away. It's not worth it, dude. He was cute, and he could do better. I suddenly felt a presence behind me, and felt a hard cock press into my hip. I quickly inhaled and, without looking back, shifted and ground my ass into that pressure.

"Mmmm, nice," came a deep, masculine voice. "That was quite a show you put on there."

"I can see you liked it," I said, rotating my hips against his erection. "You like to watch, don't you?"

"I do," he replied. "But not nearly as much as you like to show off, I think."

The man backed away a step, and I turned to look at him. He was tall and handsome, maybe in his late thirties. He had a really nice suit on, and looked far too cultured to be resigned to the subway. He closed the distance again, moving a hand up to squeeze one of my tits as he stared down into my eyes. I nearly came on the spot, and I could see his enjoyment at my arousal.

I was vaguely aware that we were now gaining quite a bit of attention from the other passengers in our car, but I couldn't have cared less at that point; I would have bent over and had him take me right in front of all of them.

"I think you've done this before," he said, as he rolled my nipple through my camisole. My knees were trembling and I was close to an orgasm. I could feel my pussy juices starting to get my thighs damp.

"Mm-hmm," I managed. His hand moved to my other breast and I moaned, my eyes losing focus.

"I could tell," he whispered, moving in closer. I craned my neck up, expecting him to kiss me, but he stayed just out of reach. I reached down and stroked his erection through his pants. A business card appeared in front of my eyes and I backed up, confused now at what was happening. I was still ramped up and not quite thinking straight.

"What the hell is that," I asked him.

"Take it," he replied, flicking it in front of me. "You won't be disappointed."

I took the card and read it. It was much simpler than most business cards, having only a phone number and a stylized logo that spelled out EVE. By the time I looked back up, he was stepping off the train and walking away. I quickly followed him, hoping he was going to help me finish what I had started.

"Hey! Hey, what is this?" He ignored me and turned toward the men's room on the nearly vacant station platform. He glanced sideways at me and gave me a sly grin. I was not only horny, but insatiably curious now. He entered the restroom and vanished from sight. I glanced around and only saw a handful of people who had not taken the train, and quickly decided to risk it.

I entered the men's room and, as I turned the corner into the room, he grabbed me and pinned me against the wall. I let out a small whimper and tried to look back over my shoulder at him, but his body was pressing mine into the wall and a hand had my head immobilized. The mystery man ground his cock into one ass cheek as I squirmed.

"You looking for something in here, Miss?" His other hand was working up and down one thigh and grabbing my ass. I dropped my hands from the wall and reached back to find his cock.

"I think I found it," I purred at him. He wasn't hurting me, nor was he stopping me as I again stroked his cock through his pants.

"And just what are you gonna do with that," he asked in a husky voice. He was pulling the hem of my skirt up and exposing the flesh above my stockings.

"I was hoping to get it rammed into me for a little while." He had gotten my skirt up so that my naked ass was exposed. He still had my head pinned; my check pressed against the cool tiles, but was no longer grinding into me as I worked my hands along his shaft. I was able to spread my legs a little and thrust my ass out. His hand worked down my ass and found my wet slit.

"You mean in here," he asked as he teased two fingers over my pussy lips. All I could manage was a moaning kind of reply as I rocked my hips against the pressure of his fingers. He stepped back out of reach of my groping hands and I could see him looking down at my ass.

"Show me where you want it," he ordered. "Beg for it." My hands reached back and I spread my cheeks apart, opening my wet folds.

"Please," I whined. "Please ram your cock in my pussy. I want it so bad." I heard his zipper come down as he moved closer, and then felt the warm, firm tip sliding up and down in my juices. He released my head and shoved his cock into me.

"Oh, fuck yes," I shouted. My hands flew forward against the wall, and I bent over further. He let me get settled and then began to slam his thick cock into me. It couldn't have been more than a minute before I had my first orgasm. He grabbed my hips and held me steady as I moaned my pleasure.

I heard voices and footsteps. Looking toward the door, a pair of young men came into the restroom laughing and joking. They were mostly past us before one of them noticed.

"Oh, damn!" The other caught his gaze and looked back at the mystery man pumping in and out of me.

"Damn, dude," he said. They both looked at me as they backed toward the urinals, I guess to make sure I wasn't getting raped. I winked and gave them a shit-eating grin before my second orgasm crashed over me, forcing my eyes closed.

"Freaky shit, man. Freaky shit," one of them said. After a minute I heard them flush, wash up, and leave snickering and muttering.

Mystery man was speeding up, sliding in and out of my wet pussy as I moaned. His breathing was getting ragged and his hands flexed on my hips as he got closer to his climax. I reached one hand down to my clit and rubbed furiously, trying to orgasm one more time before he finished.

"Don't stop," I begged him. "Don't stop, I'm cumming!" His cock thrust into me as I rolled through my third orgasm of the brief interlude. In all my exhibitionist escapades, I had never been as turned on I was now. And it had never become anonymous sex. I moaned and whimpered as he pumped away.

"I'm close," he panted between heavy breaths. I could feel his grip on my hips tightening, but I wanted to taste his seed. I pulled away and knelt on the floor, grabbing his slick cock and stroking it in front of my open mouth as I looked up at him. He looked down briefly before his eyes shut and he threw his head back and grunted at his release. I took him into my mouth as his load sprayed into me. His masculine scent mingled with the taste of my juices and his cum. I milked him and swallowed, gently suckling and licking him clean as we both recovered from our exertions.

"Well," he said. "I can see that you're going to be a welcome member at the club." He zipped up and went over to the sink as I pulled my skirt back down and checked my outfit.

"What club," I asked. "Is that what this card is about?" He was washing his hands and straightening up, just smiling at me in the mirror. "What's Eve?" He finished, turned around and reached into his suit, pulling out a pen.

"Exhibitionist and Voyeur's Enclave," he said. "Write this down; I want to be seen." I took the pen and jotted down the phrase. "Call the number when you're ready for more. Tell them you want to be seen, and they'll get you the rest of the way."

"So, what," I asked. "Some people watch and others show. Is that it?"

"Pretty much," he replied. "I hope to see you there soon." He turned and headed out of the restroom.

"Wait," I called out, following in his wake. "What's your name?" He didn't even turn around, merely yelled back over his shoulder.

"Come find out."