**Coming Like a Freight Train**

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The fields and trees rush by your window as you watch them from the passenger seat. It's dusk after a clear, sunny, short-sleeve spring day. The sun just set over a hill behind you. There will be enough light to see for another hour.

You're wearing what you were told to wear: heels, a light summer dress, nothing else. Your panties and bras are stuffed in your purse.

You wonder where we're going, what's going to happen, but you don't say anything. You watch me, my eyes on the road ahead, my right hand over the top of the steering wheel. You notice the forearm muscles in my rolled-up shirt sleeve. I glance over at you, and you smile, and notice your long smooth legs. When you see my eyes go there, you smile again, but differently. You scoot a little closer and casually drop your left hand on the inside of my knee and begin to slide your hand up my leg.

You hear my deep breath, and you feel it, too. You're intensely awake and excited in an adventurous-dangerous way, and you're also getting more turned on by the minute. You like sitting in the passenger seat and letting someone else drive for once. Plus it feels like a warm summer night. You're relaxed and comfortable, and your feet are warm. It's hard to get in the mood for sex when your feet are cold.

You're in the mood for sex, and you get even more in the mood the more you think about it. Also, you feel sexy. You know you look good in your sexy little dress. You saw my eyes when you walked over to my car at our meeting spot, a WalMart parking lot. The wind from the car window is blowing under and up your dress against your skin, and you almost feel goose bumps, but you stop them just in time. Your legs are so smooth right now. You run your fingertips lightly up your inner-thighs. You're so smooth everywhere right now.

You glance over and see the effect -- the fabric of my jeans, stretched and tightened around my thighs -- of your hand gliding up and down the inside of my leg, just above my knee. You readjust yourself slightly, and you move your hand a little farther up my thigh and feel the swollen head of my cock. You smile and bite your lower lip, thinking: He's ready, too.

Your fingers stretch out and scratch and pull the denim stretched over the head of my cock, now swollen to the size of a billiard ball. You are looking out at the single-lane road we're on and wonder: Am I exaggerating? Is his cock halfway down his thigh? You glance over to look, and you decide you're not exaggerating... and your thoughts shift as you hear and feel the slowing of the engine, and you see me searching for a road and then braking and turning right onto a barely-paved road with nothing but tall pine trees on both sides. We drive for 2 miles, but it feels a lot farther. The road ends in a dirt parking lot with a small building, no lights on, no cars or trucks anywhere. But I am driving toward a large structure. Actually it's just a roof, a large corrugated-metal covering. Beneath the roof are stacks and stacks of lumber on wood pallets resting on bluestone gravel. There's a street light on one corner of the building by the parking lot. I stop the car on the other side and park, leaving the windows open.

You want so badly to ask where we are, what we're doing, but you are trusting that I have planned something different. Your mind thinks back in a rush to one of our last conversations, a text chat about all the different ways we like sex, getting each other horny. But I'd asked specifically about exhibitionism, voyeurism, public sex, the combination of sex and risk taking. You admitted that the thought of it excited you but you're too scared to follow through with it. Maybe if you were visiting some other place where no one would ever know you. You have family in the area. I told you I felt the same way. It would be exciting but also crazy and dangerous and kind of stupid... unless...

Your instinct tells you that this pile of wood has something to do with that chat. You lean forward and step out of the car and close the door, leaving your panties and bra behind. You see me waiting for you, the desire in my eyes and body. You come over and put your hands on my chest. My large hands are on your back and waist just above your ass. You like my broad chest. You like my height. You like that you need to look up to kiss my lips. You look up.

Two minutes later, you have one hand on my ass and one hand on my cock. My right hand is on your perfectly formed ass and my left hand is behind your shoulder, and my lips are on your neck. You turn your head to expose more of it to me because neck kisses feel so good. You are definitely wet now. And you have nothing underneath to stop it. And then you feel the coolness of a gentle night breeze on your ass as I lift the back of your dress with my right wrist and place my hand directly on your ass, feeling every inch of it and moving down below to the inside of your thigh and then up, higher, and higher.

Slowly we pull away from each other, and look at each other and smile softly. We both want to get right back at it. There's so much intensity and desire and want and need.

I lead you away by the hand. We walk under the metal roof between the stacks of wood to the other side of the structure. There's nothing there except a gravel ditch with a chain link fence at the bottom and a railroad track on the other side of the ditch. Nothing but evergreen forest on the other side. No lights, no sounds anywhere.

We stop and make out again. God I want you. I have to take you right now, I say. You nod your head up and down. Your hands, put them high against this beam.

You do as you're told and place the palms of your hands high against the smooth, cool metal beam that holds one corner of the metal awning. You spread your legs and instinctively pop out your ass. You look perfect, your sleek legs rising from your fuck-me heels to your big shapely sexy ass.

You imagine, I am being taken by a stranger. Rugged, quiet, tall, with strong arms and muscular legs, and a hard cock that's so thick I can barely put my hand around it.

You feel the night air on all of your ass and realize I've flipped the bottom of your dress up. The dress rests on the top shelf of your popped-out, gorgeous, smooth, bubble ass. I've wondered before if I could put a drink on it. Now I know your top shelf can hold up a dress.

You feel my dick under you, sliding against your thighs and pressed up against your slick pussy and over your clit and up in front of you. You're still wet, and my cock slides against your wetness, getting wetter and slicker itself. You feel a long flesh pipe sliding back and forth up and down. It feels so good when it glances over your asshole. You feel the blood going to your clit. Your clit wants pressure and attention and relief. You need it. You want it.

Put it in. Give it to me. Fuck me.

You've said the words out loud, outside, in public. You can't believe you said the words. You also can't believe how good it felt when you said the words. You sense that there is no one anywhere near us, and you realize you suddenly don't care what you say or how you sound.

Fuck me hard. Fuck me with your big cock.

You can't see, but I have a huge grin on my face. As if my dick couldn't get any harder or more swollen or bigger than it is, my cock seems to expand with your naughty words in the air. You feel my swollen head bumping into your pussy and lips and thighs. You bring down a hand and take hold of the shaft and guide the direction of my cock. My fingers gently stroke the edges of your pussy and just slightly spread your lips just as my knob, now the size of a wild apple, pushes its way through and into you.

I am pushing still. My hands fall back and then land on your ass. My fingers spread out over your ass. You've placed your hand back up on the beam to brace yourself, as if a storm is coming. You sense me bending my knees to get low and then coming up, aiming up, and rising up. You feel several slow successively deeper strokes. My cock is wet and slick from end to end. You are primed.

We pick it up.

I bend my strong muscular legs and rise up with some force delivering a hard thrust and thwack against your ass and a deep feeling inside, at the end of you, against all your inside walls. You moan.

I go back and drop low again, and then up and in, and... thwack. You don't know why, but your pussy responds to the loud smacking sound -- the slam of my abdomen against your ass. You moan and respond with each long, deep, hard strike. You hear me grunt. You notice my left hand is holding and rubbing the nipple of one of your massive tits. You don't even know when I pulled the top of your dress down.

You turn your head a little and notice my shirt is undone, my chest is wet with sweat, my jeans are wrapped around my knees. It turns you on to see me like that, and your pussy feels pressure in spots that seem to connect with your clit, and your clit sends waves of pleasure to your brain. And you feel so fucking bold and naughty.

You hear me moaning and you think you might even feel my cock starting to throb in you. Oh fuck, that puts you over the top. You feel an orgasm coming like a train.

And then you hear something else -- it's the sound of a train coming like a train. It's unmistakable. The whoosh of the wind and the rumble of the tracks and the horn a mile away and closing in.

But you haven't tensed. You haven't budged. If anything, you've gone the other way.

You realize that I am standing as still as a statue, my knees bent, my cock extending upward and outward like a flagpole over a New York hotel entrance. And you are swinging your ass on it. You bring your ass up and around and drop it down on my cock, first in a half-speed motion and then in a full-speed twerk-fuck.

And your motion and the animalistic aggression of your fucking is getting you off, just as a huge orgasm is building in me. You can't stop now because you are cumming and cumming hard, and the orgasm is coming from your fucking chest and through your heart and stomach and extending all over your body. All the energy arrives, stored up, at the deepest end of your pussy, and with the next drop, my dick hits and fills the end of you, and you explode. You moan so loud. Maybe you yelled. You don't know. You'll never know -- because suddenly, it's here. The wind hits us first. It blows my shirt wide open and damn near blows your dress off. The Amtrak train rushes through. Faces in the window can be seen by us, and the two of us, furiously fucking away, can be seen by them. You're facing the beam. They see your glorious ass. They see your sexy body in motion. They see your ass swinging around and dropping down and backing up on (to them) some guy's huge dick. Women on the train see your ass and body and your motion and boldness, and they instantly envy you. Men on the train will pleasure themselves thinking about the flash of a memory they thought they saw. They'll remember just enough to think about you later. Dozens of them will fantasize about having you. And they're not even sure what they saw. Strangely, on the train, no one says anything. Realization arrived in their minds after the image was gone.

After two enormous simultaneous orgasms, we needed to rest. We were spent. I sat on a stack of 2-by-4s and you sat next to me. I leaned back against a slightly higher stack of wood, and you leaned back against me. We stared at the stars, silent, thinking about what we'd done. You smiled, and I smiled.

No one on the train was ever confident or secure enough to say what they thought they saw out of their west-side windows 16 miles south of DC by a remote lumber yard in a wooded area against the still-blue, darkening dusk sky at 89 miles per hour.