**Ellie's Erotic Exploration**

by**[TheMadSonneteer](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1374542&page=submissions)**©

**Ellie's Erotic Exploration Ch. 01**

The Friday evening train was crowded – as usual. Eleanor stood, feet shoulder-width apart, with one hand on the center pole, the other clutching her tablet. Her eyes locked on the screen as she read an erotic short story; unwinding on her way home. Until recently, she would have never dared to peruse such fare on the subway, but she'd finally relented reasoning that in New York City everyone minds their own business. And, even if they did notice, they wouldn't care.  
  
With few friends in town, she had no weekend plans beyond getting to her apartment, stripping as she walked to the bathroom, and climbing into a hot shower. If past experience were any guide, she'd proceed to make herself cum several times. It wasn't much, but it was a routine, and she enjoyed it.  
  
Stops passed, more people squeezed into the car, and bodies crushed against her. Instinctively, she glanced down to make sure her backpack remained between her sneaker-clad feet – her work heels were nestled inside the bag. As she returned to the story, a faint wisp of familiar cologne wafted to her nostrils. Despite the relative anonymity of a big city, one could not help but recognize the same faces, aromas, and accoutrements when being around them every day.  
  
Thinking it might be Brian – a name she'd invented for a handsome man she often saw, and admired. She tried to pivot, but her shoulder bumped into someone's chest. Without turning her head, she offered a mumbled apology, and resumed thinking about her Mr. Right. She guessed him to be about 10 years older than her 30. Easily 6'3", he possessed a solid, muscular build. He kept his dark-brown hair cut short, and his mouth was partially hidden by a trimmed goatee. She often rubbed off while thinking of "Brian" dominating her with his size and will.  
  
The train lurched into a curve, and the person behind leaned against her. He – it must be a man she thought – was significantly taller than her petite 5'7", and certainly heavier. A hand brushed her left hip, then moved away. Having lost count of the times she'd been groped – accidently or not – by fellow commuters, she didn't react. In some weird way, she relished the human contact – however brief.  
  
Relocating her place in the story, she continued reading. She tended to prefer writers who went beyond the usual "wham, bam, thank you ma'am" of most erotica. Her favorites included an actual plot, even an arc that ran through several pieces. The female protagonist had just found herself in the position of surrendering to passion, or walking away – and though Ellie was sure which the woman would choose – the tale had drawn her in.  
  
She scanned the text, and the train heaved again, jostling the passengers. A hand landed on her ass. It remained for a long moment – certainly more than incidental contact – then fell away. Ellie shook her head, but didn't turn to search for the offender.  
  
Someone was getting a cheap thrill, she thought.  
  
The ride smoothed out, and the car rocked back and forth gently. Ellie managed to skim another dozen lines before the hand returned, lingering this time. Fingers splayed wide, it cupped her left cheek. Unlike the previous contact, it did not retreat; as if waiting for an objection. Ellie raised her head, about to protest, when it shifted, sliding over her crack, and drifting downward.  
  
For a moment, panic swept through her, but her voice caught in her throat. She quickly realized that she wasn't afraid. Despite the very real danger of harm, or scandal, there was no trace of fear in her. Rather, she was intrigued, even excited, by the risk; captivated by the sheer obscenity.  
  
The days were growing shorter, and the weather had begun to change – though it wasn't yet cold enough to require a heavy jacket. Ellie rejoiced because it meant she could get away with wearing shorter skirts by layering them over leggings or tights which provided warmth. Today's selection – snug, bright red cotton – barely reached past mid-thigh. Her black and red tights were thin, and she could feel the heat of the large hand as it slipped between her legs just below the hem of her skirt.  
  
Involuntarily, Ellie rose onto her tip-toes as the fingers slid upward. She forced herself to breathe, and waited, thinking they'd abandon her any second. Instead, they crept higher, brushing her pussy through the pink cotton thong she wore. For an inexplicable instant, her brain fixated on the fact that she'd chosen matching underwear this morning. The thought disappeared as the fingers wiggled back and forth roughly, and pleasure raced through her senses.  
  
Ellie's head tilted back, but she caught herself, looked around surreptitiously, and willed herself to concentrate on the tablet; trying to act as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening. Her mind raced. She knew she should run away, or say something; whirl around; confront the pervert, and put a stop to this. But, she didn't. In fact, her left foot edged outward another inch; further spreading her legs, allowing him greater access to her wetness. The bold intruder didn't hesitate; his forefinger found her clit, and the thumb nestled against her asshole.  
  
"Oh, God," she sighed, almost silently.  
  
An idea floated through the fog of bliss shrouding her brain. She often used the reflection in the subway car window to stay safe; regularly checking behind her, without seeming to be doing so. Now, trying to identify her molester, she lifted her hazel eyes. Finding her view blocked by the mass of people, she leaned left and right in search of a gap. Spotting her bottle-blonde ponytail – she'd put up her shoulder-length hair before leaving the office – she tried to focus on those around her.  
  
A man stood close. She thought it could be "Brian," though light, the angle, and dirt distorted the view; not allowing enough detail to make out his face. He was wearing a suit, and she thought he had a beard. Her breathing quickened as the fingers manipulated her button. Her mouth dropped open, and she lowered her head, hoping if anyone glanced in her direction they'd assume she was reading. Her entire body quivered as she tightened her grip on the pole.  
  
Her assailant increased the speed and force of his efforts. Ellie struggled to remain standing as her knees threatened to buckle. Awash in ecstasy, her mind tried to challenge the insanity of the situation. Intellect screamed that she was standing in a subway car, being fingered by some anonymous deviant she couldn't even see. In stark contrast, her libido relished the delicious vulgarity of what was happening. She arched her hips slightly, pushing back toward her unidentified partner.  
  
"Yessss," she hissed through gritted teeth.  
  
The familiar ache growing between her legs announced an approaching orgasm. For a fleeting coherent moment, Ellie worried her unsteady legs might collapse. But, then she imagined she could hear the squishing sound coming from her damp panties, and any chance at rational thought was lost. Her body tensed, like a spring wound tighter and tighter. Lids shut firmly, she fought to suppress a cry as the tidal wave of rapture slammed into her. The release rocked her; she shuddered, her manicured nails clawing at the metal.  
  
As she came, Ellie abandoned any pretense of reading. Her left hand fell, and she almost dropped her tablet as she trembled. Thankfully, the other passengers – all but one, of course – remained immersed in their individual bubbles of ignorance. She'd seen people – always men – masturbating, and others doing even worse things in public, and though horrified, she'd shrugged and muttered, but done nothing more than scoot away. Usually, at least. Admittedly, on more than one occasion, she'd remained close enough to watch the men shoot their cum. Now, however, if anyone on the train knew what was happening – what was being done to her – they didn't show it.  
  
Ellie wasn't considering all this as she came. Her entire consciousness had shrunk to the feeling of those thick fingers rubbing her holes. The violation didn't cease. He had to know she'd cum, but his fingers relentlessly worked her flesh through the fabric of her underwear and tights. Twisting her neck, she peeked over her shoulder.  
  
"Brian" stood behind her. He wasn't looking at her; seemingly engrossed in a folded copy of the Times. The fingers continued moving, but Mr. Right gave no indication he realized she existed, and the motion of the train made it impossible to tell if his other hand was involved in anything more mischievous than playing pocket pinball.  
  
She came again, thighs clenching, trapping his hand for a second, before he yanked it free. Ellie couldn't prevent the rapid departure as she gasped for air, trying to restrain the glorious energy ripping through her. Her body shook, and she quashed a moan...or thought she did.  
  
The electric current of euphoria diminished gradually, and Ellie's eyes re-opened fully. A few feet away, an older woman stood, examining her face.  
  
"Are you OK, dear?" she asked, quietly.  
  
Ellie blushed.  
  
"Allergies," she stammered. "I think someone's perfume is making my allergies act up."  
  
The woman nodded and tsk-tsked as the train slowed to enter Ellie's station.  
  
"Well, not the worst thing you can smell down here," she whispered with a wink.  
  
"This is my stop," Ellie said, as the doors opened. "Fresh air will clear it up."  
  
Grabbing her pack, she gave a small wave, and, her cheeks still crimson, exited the car on uncertain legs. She managed to avoid staggering across the platform, though climbing the stairs to the darkened street required great effort, and she pulled herself upward by grasping the railing.  
  
"I can do this," she said, trying to assure herself.  
  
Her panties and tights were soaked, and she felt a chill as the wind blew up her skirt. The sensation increased her excitement – not that she needed help on that account. Ellie was as horny as she'd ever been in her life. Cumming twice, in public, by the hand of a stranger, had ignited a fire. Every movement made her underwear rub against her, and she was already on the verge of exploding again.  
  
Taking small steps, and making her way around the crowds on the sidewalk, it took Ellie nearly 10 minutes to reach her building. She greeted the doorman as she breezed past, too embarrassed to even look at him, and let out a thankful sigh when the elevator door opened immediately. Doing discreet Kegel exercises, she rode upward. Glancing at the small smoke-colored bubble in the ceiling of the lift, she resisted the urge to touch herself.  
  
"I've showed off enough for one day," she murmured, with smirk.  
  
Arriving at her apartment, she set down her things, then spun to close and lock the door. Without further delay, she leaned against the heavy wood. Her hands sped to her crotch, and she rubbed herself several times. Her mouth fell open and she let out the moan she'd been suppressing. The sound reverberated along the hallway leading to her living room. Before her cry died away, her hands crawled under the skirt, and inside her panties – the right in front, the left behind. Fingers entered both holes simultaneously, and her body jerked violently.  
  
"Fuuuuck," she grunted fiercely as she came.  
  
Her knees almost gave out as the orgasm exploded through her senses. Ellie didn't cease her efforts, forcing her fingers even deeper, and grinding her clit against the heel of her palm.  
  
"Yes," she howled. "That's it!"  
  
Ellie's vocalizations grew louder, and her breath labored, as she twitched.  
  
"Don't stop, Brian," she begged. "Please, don't stop."  
  
Her cheek pressed against the door, she came again. This time, she lost the battle with gravity. Her knees bent and she slid downward. Gingerly, she pulled her fingers from her holes, and lowered herself to the floor, lying on her stomach. Bringing her right hand to her mouth, she stuck out her tongue and tasted her juices. She licked her fingers clean as she recovered, letting her heart rate and breathing return to normal.  
  
The lull didn't last long. Ellie rolled onto her side. Her thoughts turned to the bag of tricks in her nightstand. For a while, she debated; trying to decide between falling asleep there in the entranceway, and getting up to drag herself to the bedroom. The heat between her legs determined her course of action.  
  
With great effort, she rose, picked up her belongings, and trudged toward the bedroom. Without turning on the lights, she toed off her shoes, unzipped the skirt, and pushed it, her tights, and panties to her ankles. Kicking away the garments, Ellie unbuttoned the blouse, let it slip over her shoulders, and tossed it to the bed.  
  
Reaching behind, she unhooked her bra, freeing her perky 32B breasts. Ellie let it fall to the floor, and exhaled – a long satisfied sigh. Now naked, she sauntered over to the window. The curtains were open and she gazed out at the lights of The City. A crazy notion entered her brain. Smiling, she stepped forward, touching her hard nipples to the pane. Surprised by the cold, she gasped and retreated a bit, but then giggled, and forced herself back to the glass.  
  
Ellie enjoyed the feeling for a few moments, then pulled away, and padded off to the bathroom. Leaning in the dark-marble shower stall, she turned the single handle, and watched water flow from the showerhead. After adjusting the temperature, she closed the door, lit several candles around the room, then returned to her bedside. Opening the top drawer of her nightstand, she grabbed her silver bullet vibrator. Ellie stopped, catching sight of the suction cup on the base of her blood-red jelly dildo. She considered the phallus for a moment, then lifted it. The shaft was eight inches long, and slightly more than an inch in diameter. Before closing the drawer, she scooped up a bottle of lubricant.  
  
"Party time," she sang out, performing an impromptu dance on the way back to the bathroom.  
  
As steam rose toward the ceiling, Ellie tugged the door, and placed her toys on the narrow tile ledge surrounding the stall. She tested the water with her fingers. Satisfied, she stepped in, letting the spray pelt her skin. It cascaded over her torrid flesh as she wet her hair. A small moan passed her lips, and she remained nearly motionless for several minutes, letting her muscles relax.  
  
Her tension washed away, Ellie grabbed the dildo, smacking the bottom down on the tile at the back of the tub. It stuck securely. The shaft lolled over, and she took a moment to admire it. Lifting the lube, she flipped open the top, and squeezed, creating rivulets of goo which oozed down the red latex. Before closing the lid, she drizzled some of the viscous liquid on the fingers of her right hand.  
  
Twisting slightly, she reached back to rub them between the cheeks of her ass, then delicately poked one into her hole, slipping it in and out several times before removing it. Taking hold of the toy, she held it steady and scooted backward until it touched her cheeks. Guiding it deliberately, she squatted, and the end pressed against her asshole. Her eyes screwed shut as she lowered herself, letting the tip enter her.  
  
"Oh, God," she gasped as her sphincter closed around the head.  
  
She paused for a few moments, enjoying the feeling; painful and pleasurable at the same time. Ellie began slowly moving up and down, riding the dildo; each time taking a little more; gradually impaling herself on the toy; wiggling her hips, until she'd worked the entire length into her rectum. By the time her taint rested on the fake balls, she was gasping for breath. Her chest heaved, and legs trembled.  
  
"I knew I could do it, baby," she cooed, her head hanging forward.  
  
Squinting, she examined the vibrator.  
  
"Three's cum-pany," she declared.  
  
Grinning at the pun, Ellie picked up the shiny device, turned the base, and it began to hum softly. She dragged it over her erect nipples, then descended, crossing her abdomen. Though she expected the imminent stimulation, when it touched her clit, she came, shuddering as lightning bolts of pleasure ripped through every nerve. A guttural sob escaped Ellie's throat, echoing off the glass, and she nearly doubled over; blindly clawing for the stainless steel safety bar to steady herself.  
  
"More," she pleaded, breathlessly.  
  
Her hands shaking, she nudged the vibe inside herself. The action extended her delirium, and she pushed it deeper, relishing the feeling of having both holes filled so completely.  
  
"Shiiiiiit," she stuttered. "I'm cumming again."  
  
In truth, Ellie couldn't be sure if she were actually climaxing again, or if she was experiencing one continuing, intense orgasm. Of course, in her current state, she didn't care. Her convulsions intensified, and she released the vibe to place her hand on the glass. Closing her legs, she tried to hold the buzzing toy inside her, increasing the ecstasy coursing through her.  
  
She mumbled a stream of incoherent words as she wilted, her fingers leaving trails on the clouded glass as they slid downward. Her knees parted, and the vibrator inexorably slipped from her cunt, falling to the tile at the bottom of the stall. Weakly, she pulled herself upward, allowing the dildo to exit her anus. She let out a small yelp when it left her.  
  
For a moment, she crouched, clutching the safety bar. Then, sensing her legs lacked the strength to stand, she cautiously sank to the floor. Intoxicated, she lost track of how long she laid there, the hot water raining down on her while she twitched; aftershocks still rocking her exhausted body. Gradually, she recovered; her breathing and heart rate slowed. A thought formed in her cum-drunk mind.  
  
"If I have a heart attack here, they'll find me naked, in the shower, with sex toys," she muttered.  
  
She laughed out loud.  
  
"At least they'll know I went with a smile on my face," she offered the misty air.  
  
Without looking, she stretched an arm upward, seeking the water knob. Finding it, at last, she twisted, and the spray died away.  
  
"Well, that's a start," she said, mocking her own effort.  
  
Ellie lost track of time as she remained on the wet floor. Finally gathering the will to get up, she stepped from the stall, and dried herself. After thoroughly wringing out her hair, she wrapped a fresh towel around her head. Naked otherwise, she cleaned her toys before taking baby steps back to the bedroom.  
  
Dropping the dildo, vibrator, and lube into the drawer, Ellie decided she needed to sleep. Sans pajamas, or even underwear, Ellie crawled under the covers. Her mind refused to quiet down. Instead, it focused on Brian, and the events on the train. And, what might happen Monday. The possibilities excited her, and she felt a growing tingle between her legs.  
  
"No," she groaned in the darkness. "Bad pussy! Down girl."  
  
It didn't help.

**Ellie's Erotic Exploration Ch. 02**

Monday, Eleanor awoke early – the sky in the East had barely begun to lighten. Remaining under the covers, she stretched, deliberately lengthening from fingertips to toes. Physically, she was exhausted, but her mind raced with visions of what the day – especially her commute home – might hold.  
  
Memories of her subway ride the previous Friday evening flooded her brain. She'd been groped by an anonymous hand in the crowd. Rather than becoming angry, or feeling shame, Ellie found herself electrified. The rough probing of her assailant made her cum twice as she stood surrounded by a throng of oblivious passengers, and during the ensuing weekend, she'd made herself cum at least a dozen times while thinking about it.  
  
As her body stirred, she debated whether she should get off again, or save it. Reluctantly, she decided to wait. Rising, she took a shower, and prepared for work.  
  
Her outfit resembled the one she'd worn Friday – a short, loose black skirt; thin, white cotton leggings over a red lace thong, and a maroon silk blouse covering her matching demi-bra. The nipples of her perky 32B breasts poked out above the lace, brushing against the material of her top. Standing in front of the mirror, she arranged her shoulder-length, bottle blonde hair in a ponytail. Stepping closer, Ellie stared into her own soft hazel eyes.  
  
"How am I going to make it through this?" she asked in a whisper, as her fingers patted her hips.  
  
Forcing herself to turn away, she sat on the edge of the bed, and donned her sneakers. She stuffed a "sensible" pair of heels in her backpack, pulled on a jacket, switched off the lights, and began her trek to the office. After stopping to pick up coffee, a bagel, and The New York Times, she trotted down the stairs to the subway station.  
  
Boarding her usual car, she sat in her usual seat – marveling at the ease of finding one on the morning train versus the impossibility of doing so later in the day – she glanced at the usual people, then proceeded to eat, drink, and enlighten herself. Despite these diversions, Ellie again reflected on what had happened during her last ride. Although she didn't expect anything to happen this morning, her imagination blazed.  
  
The hours seemed to drag by. She found it difficult to concentrate on anything but the clock. At last, quitting time approached, and she freshened up in the ladies room. Returning to her desk, she grabbed her things, and noticed lights on in the boss's office. The vertical blinds were closed – as always.  
  
Ellie had yet to meet the executive. She'd been working at this firm for three years, and not once had she even run into him in the hallway. Her colleagues – the few who claimed to have interacted with him – described him as meticulous and driven, but definitely not a "people" person; preferring to designate that part of the business to others.  
  
She wasn't complaining. Ellie was amply compensated for her labor, had the best benefits package amongst her small group of friends, and despite the rumored disconnect at the very top – unlike many companies that talked a good game – Bartleby & Partners truly took care of their employees. Ellie found the teamwork and dedication refreshing. Right now, however, it was the last thing on her mind.  
  
Every part of her wanted to sprint to the subway, still she willed herself to walk. Standing on the platform, she glanced around, searching for Brian – the name she'd given the tall, dark, handsome man she'd never spoken to, but whom she fantasized about, and who she was sure had fingered her.  
  
Though she couldn't see him, she didn't worry. He always seemed to end up near her. Her pussy tingled, and she focused on her newspaper, trying to divert her attention. Of late, she'd taken to reading erotic short stories via her tablet during the trip home. She didn't dare do so today; afraid that in her current state of excitement, she might explode; shattering into a million unsatisfied fragments.  
  
Upon boarding, she weaved through the crowd, taking her place, standing near a safety pole in the middle of the car. Spreading her legs, she placed her bag at her feet, and watched as bodies crammed in. The doors closed, cutting off several individuals whose trip home just became that much longer, and the train began moving. As they left the station, entering dark tunnel, Ellie could feel the wetness between her legs, and the electricity coursing through her body. She waited...  
  
Ellie trudged into her apartment. She couldn't help feeling disappointed. Nothing had happened on the train. Nothing! Not even, it seemed, the usual amount of inadvertent contact arising from the jostling of the ride. She moped around, and watched re-runs of The Big Bang Theory until bedtime.  
  
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday followed the same pattern. She dressed in a similar outfit, counted the minutes at work, and stood in the same place, on the same train car. Then spent the evening watching television until she fell asleep.  
  
Homeward bound on Thursday, she'd tried bumping into Brian as he stood near her – pretending to have lost her balance as the car lurched. She smiled; brashly going so far as to wink at him. He steadied her with one hand – giving a polite nod – before returning to the copy of Esquire he held in the other. Discouraged, she went back to the article she'd been reading.  
  
Friday, Ellie awoke with a faint glimmer of hope. She clung to it.  
  
"Maybe today," she mumbled, standing in the shower.  
  
Like those before it, the day limped along. After lunch, Ellie watched the clock. Her work finished, she had nothing to draw her attention from the bank of digital displays – each synchronized to the time in one of a dozen cities around the world – mounted above the windows of the boss's office. Almost hypnotized, she watched the bright red numbers change as seconds ticked by – every one stubbornly clinging to its fleeting illusory existence. One by one, Ellie's associates left, finding ways to begin their weekends early. Coming back from the ladies room, she noticed the boss's lights were out.  
  
"Last man standing," she lamented.  
  
She collected her belongings, doused the desk lamp, and left. As the elevator descended, her mood began to brighten. She set a brisk pace on her walk to the subway station; her confidence rising as she went. Bouncing down the stairs to the platform, she saw her train arriving.  
  
"Perfect timing," she rejoiced.  
  
Stepping aboard, Ellie occupied her usual spot in the crowded car, and took out her tablet. She felt people bustling behind her, trying to find seats, or a decent place to stand. She clenched the post, holding fast. As they began moving, a hand – large, warm, and strong – cupped the left cheek of her ass.  
  
Her breath caught in her throat. For a moment, she tensed, then commanded herself to relax. Not tentative like the previous week, he – it had to be a man, she thought – squeezed hard, kneading her flesh, then quickly slid his fingers down to the hem of her skirt. Her feet spread another inch, as if with a mind of their own, and he slid under and then upward. Already throbbing, she couldn't suppress a low moan when he brushed her pussy through the tights and panties.  
  
Discreetly, Ellie angled left and right, trying to see the window, hoping to identify the intruder by using the reflection there, but a mass of humanity blocked her view. His movement halted, perhaps thinking her efforts were an attempt to escape. She wiggled her ass, signaling for him to continue. He began massaging her clit, while his thumb pressed against her asshole.  
  
Fighting to control her breathing, Ellie closed her eyes – abandoning any pretense of reading her tablet. She felt like her entire being was vibrating, and struggled to avoid losing her balance. His manipulation grew more aggressive, threatening to push Ellie into the woman standing ahead of her.  
  
During the week, her anger and frustration had grown unceasingly; like a powder keg, the danger built exponentially each time she considered that she might never again experience the euphoria she had the previous Friday. This violation provided the spark she desired. Ellie came; her body shuddering as the orgasm ripped through every nerve.  
  
Despite efforts to control herself, she whimpered, and her knees gave out. She caught herself; her last ounce of strength enabling her to maintain a hold on the bar, and somehow remain standing. The euphoria coursing through her took nearly two minutes to reach a point where rational thought could resume.  
  
Opening her eyes – sure she'd find every person on the train staring at her – she discovered those surrounding her engrossed in their own detached worlds...precisely as they had been before her climax. Drained, she braced herself against the metal support.  
  
Brian had not ceased his assault; persisting as Ellie tried to recover. She wouldn't have the chance to do so. Her own body betrayed her. She trembled, and her hips swayed, causing the fingers to grind against her pussy. She tried to rock with the motion of the train, biting her bottom lip; desperate to stay quiet.  
  
The pressure on her asshole increased. She thought – almost hoped – his thumb might tear through the fabric and penetrate her. Rising onto her tip-toes, she gulped for air. Ecstasy washed over her once more, drowning her senses. Her lithe frame convulsed as she came; an eruption of bliss blasting through her.  
  
"Fuck," she hissed, not quite silently, as she relaxed.  
  
Several people around her turned. Ellie, flushed, a sheen of sweat on her face, shrugged and mouthed "sorry." It didn't matter. Briefly distracted, they promptly proceeded with their own business. She was still quivering when the hand abandoned her. Slowly, her wits revived. Ellie's gaze rose, and she noticed her stop approaching. Resisting the urge to whirl around, she bent, stuffed the tablet in her pack, and then rearranged her skirt. When the doors parted, she concentrated on not staggering out of the car.  
  
Ellie reached the stairs leading up to the street, and steeled herself for the climb. As she took the first step, someone tapped her shoulder. Half expecting to see Brian, she spun quickly.  
  
"This is for you," a young man – perhaps 16 – said, holding out a small gift-wrapped package.  
  
"I'm sorry," Ellie said, confused.  
  
"The guy on the train asked me to give this to you," he said.  
  
"What guy?" she asked, relieved to know this wasn't the person who'd made her cum.  
  
"Some guy on the train," he said. "Gave me 20 bucks to make sure you got it."  
  
"What did he look like?" she prodded.  
  
"I don't know," the kid responded. "Tall, I guess."  
  
"Tall?" she repeated. "That's it?"  
  
"I gotta go," he told her, wandering away.  
  
"Uh...thanks," she said to his receding back.  
  
For several moments, Ellie gazed at the parcel in her hands. She yearned to rip away the paper and learn its contents, but resisted. Finally, she became aware of the commuters pushing past her, and pulled herself up the stairs. Torn, she made her way home. At her apartment, she plopped herself down on the couch, and contemplated the bright red wrapping. Her brain whirled with possibilities. When she could no longer withstand the temptation, Ellie opened it.  
  
Inside, she found a carved mahogany jewelry box. Beautiful to be sure, though not exactly what she had expected. Lifting the lid revealed a piece of paper with a phone number, but no name, and a time – 10:00pm – written on it. Beneath that, lay a small, stainless steel butt plug with a ruby crystal base, and a bottle of water-based lubricant.  
  
"Presumptive fucker," Ellie said, out loud.  
  
Removing the bauble, she ran her fingers along the cold metal, caressing it.  
  
"Well," she scoffed, "it's not the biggest thing that's ever been in there."  
  
The dildo she'd played with the previous weekend was thicker than this tapered shape's broadest point. The memory brought a smile to her face, and intensified the heat between her legs.  
  
There was no thought of not calling...until 9:59. Ellie sat on her bed, wearing only a thigh-length, pink silk robe. After dialing, her thumb hovered over the send button. Doubt invaded her fevered brain, and she tossed the phone aside.  
  
"I'm about to call a guy who molested me on a subway car," she nearly shouted. "I must be crazy!"  
  
The bedside clock clicked to 10:00. Ellie shook her head dismissively. At 10:01, she relented, and scooped up the device. Impulsively, she punched in the number. After the seventh ring, she feared her call would go to voice mail.  
  
What would that mean? she pondered. Busy? Changed his mind?  
  
She would not leave a message. Of that she was positive. Ellie was about to hang up when he answered.  
  
"Is this my little subway slut?" a deep voice asked, without greeting.  
  
"My name is Ellie," she said, after a moment's hesitation.  
  
"Hello, Ellie," he replied. "I'm Ed."  
  
Not Brian, she thought, disappointed.  
  
"Ed?" she questioned, sounding disjointed.  
  
"Yes?" he said more than asked.  
  
"Oh...nothing," she stammered.  
  
"You're late," he pointed out. "I said 10:00."  
  
"I'm sorry," she said.  
  
Why did I just apologize to him? she wondered silently.  
  
"Did you receive my gift?" he asked.  
  
"I did," she assured him. "Thank you."  
  
"Have you put it in yet?" he continued.  
  
"No," Ellie admitted. "I didn't..."  
  
"Do it now," he interrupted. "Please."  
  
She suspected the "please" was only added to make it sound slightly less like an order.  
  
"I..." she began.  
  
"Right now," he said, enunciating each word firmly.  
  
No "please" this time.  
  
"OK," she yielded.  
  
"What are you wearing?" he asked.  
  
Ellie described her garment.  
  
"Take it off, and get on your hands and knees," he said.  
  
She complied, hastily.  
  
"Put me on speaker so you can use both hands," he directed.  
  
As she did so, Ellie found herself strangely exhilarated. While she'd always been submissive sexually, she'd never been a Submissive – never surrendering completely. Now, though, she was following the dictates of a stranger on the phone.  
  
"Is your pussy wet?" he asked.  
  
"Yes," she purred. "I've been thinking about the train."  
  
"So have I," he told her.  
  
"Are you hard?" she inquired.  
  
"Extremely," he said.  
  
Ellie flipped open the lube, and reached back. Squeezing, she felt a cool stream of the viscous liquid ooze down the crack of her ass.  
  
"Tell me what you're doing," he said.  
  
As she narrated for Ed, Ellie massaged her hole; circling carefully to spread the slippery goo thoroughly.  
  
"I wish I could see your cock," she said.  
  
"You will," he promised her.  
  
After dribbling a few drops of fluid on the plug, she let the bottle fall to the bed, and placed the blunted point of the toy against her orifice. Delicately nudging it forward, she let out a small cry.  
  
"Do it," Ed coaxed.  
  
"It's going in," she announced. "Fuck; it's stretching me."  
  
"Keep pushing," he insisted, listening to Ellie steadily work the chromed trinket into her ass.  
  
Anxiously, she continued pressing, until the widest part passed her sphincter, and the remaining length sank into her.  
  
"Shit," she swore, before clapping her free hand over her mouth, afraid the neighbors might hear.  
  
Ellie tried to relax, allowing her anus to adjust.  
  
"Is it in?" he asked.  
  
"Yes," she panted.  
  
"Show me," he said.  
  
"What?" she groused. "How?"  
  
"Take a picture," he directed.  
  
After some uncertainty, she fumbled with her tablet, figuring taking a photo with it would be easier than doing so with her phone while also talking on it. She managed to aim the camera and set the timer, then spread her cheeks to show off his gift. It took another minute to send the file. Ed emitted a groan, letting Ellie know the instant it arrived.  
  
"Like it?" she asked, needlessly.  
  
"Yes," he said, his voice ragged.  
  
"You sound excited," she observed.  
  
"I am," he admitted.  
  
"Are you stroking your cock?" she asked.  
  
"Mmmm, hmmm," he said.  
  
"Cum for me," she encouraged, her own arousal growing.  
  
"Not yet," he told her.  
  
"Why?" she solicited.  
  
"Ladies first," he said. "I want to hear you. I can't on the train."  
  
"I wanted to scream," she laughed. "But, we'd probably get arrested."  
  
"Go to the window, and make yourself cum," he ordered. "Set up your gadget to take more pictures."  
  
"You want me to show off?" she questioned.  
  
"Yes," he said. "Like a good little exhibitionist."  
  
Slipping off the bed, she moved tentatively – unused to the sensation of the plug wedged between her cheeks. Though neither said it, both understood she wouldn't be able to stand, speak on the phone, touch herself, and take pictures simultaneously. Placing the tablet on a chair, she set the delay, allowing her time to pose. Framed by the casement, she snapped half a dozen additional photos and obediently sent them to Ed.  
  
He voiced his appreciation for each shot, then instructed Ellie to proceed. She felt almost intoxicated as she approached the glass, and gazed out at the city beyond. Taking note of the lights in the apartments facing hers, she could only guess at how many people might see her. Dismissing this, she leaned forward, flattening her chest against the surface. Squealing, she quickly retreated.  
  
"Cold?" he asked, chuckling.  
  
"May I lie on the bed?" she asked, rubbing her nipples, then realized she'd just asked his permission.  
  
"No," he said. "Nobody will see you there."  
  
"What if I pull the chair over?" she suggested.  
  
It took several moments for him to respond.  
  
"That would be acceptable," he said, coolly.  
  
Ellie walked the heavy, upholstered seat into position, then grabbed her silver bullet vibrator. Rotating the base, she turned it on. Sitting with her ass on the edge of the cushion, she spread her legs; lifting them to rest her feet on the narrow sill. When she touched the quivering tool to her slick lips, the stimulation caused her body to jerk involuntarily.  
  
"Fuuuck," she murmured. "I'm not going to last long."  
  
Her breathing quickened as she slid the toy up and down; gently teasing herself.  
  
"You sound so good," he said.  
  
Moving the tip to her clit, Ellie made small circles around her nub. Beads of sweat formed on her flesh, and she began writhing; rocking her hips left and right as the oscillations surged through her body.  
  
"I'm gonna cum," she moaned.  
  
"Not yet," he commanded.  
  
"What?" she asked, bewildered. "I thought..."  
  
"Don't cum yet," he scolded.  
  
"Please," she whined.  
  
"Wait," he said.  
  
"I need to," Ellie begged.  
  
"What do I get?" he asked.  
  
"You get to hear me," she offered. "And, I sent pictures."  
  
"More," he said, brusquely.  
  
"What do you want?" she asked, on the verge of bliss.  
  
"What will you do for me?" he challenged.  
  
"Anything," she whimpered. "Anything you want."  
  
"Come meet me," he said.  
  
"Of course," she blurted. "I want to see your face when you make me cum."  
  
"Tonight," he said.  
  
"Absolutely," she quaked. "Right fucking now."  
  
"Well, I think you'd better cum before you come," he commented.  
  
"Yessss," she hissed.  
  
"Do it, Ellie," he growled.  
  
In truth, at that second Ed's consent became irrelevant; it was impossible for Ellie to hold out any longer. The plug; the vibrator; his voice; his control of her; the subway; the pictures; the obscenity of what she was doing in front of the window; it all worked on her like a spring being wound tighter and tighter; the tension building until it snapped.  
  
The orgasm thundered through her senses; her body heaved violently, and she cried out even as she gasped for air. The sound echoed off the walls of her bedroom. All concerns about her neighbors hearing were lost in the throes of ecstasy. Ellie kept going; continuing to pleasure herself; climaxing again before the first maelstrom had dissipated.  
  
Ellie lost track of time as her body twitched; convulsing over and over until she collapsed. Her tension melted away, and she went limp in the chair. Gradually, reason crept back into her delirious brain, and she realized she'd dropped the phone. Exhausted and grumbling, she retrieved it.

Are you still there?" she asked, wearily. "I'm sorry."  
  
"Come here and make it up to me," he returned.  
  
"Where?" she asked.