**Going Too Far On The Train**

by[MaryJ](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=398140&page=submissions)©

After the children had left the kitchen, I started to clean up the dinner dishes as my husband began to tell me about the story he heard during lunch. One of his office buddies had quite an adventure on the subway the other day. My husband works in Washington, DC and takes the train daily from Baltimore to Union Station and then the subway downtown. He’s told me in the past how crowded the subway cars are, and that he has seen several men positioning themselves around women so they could press up against them. He even saw one guy actually grope a woman’s ass. All she did was give him a dirty look and move away. I guess you guys do this all the time and the women just get used to it.   
  
This new story however, was so outrageous they apparently talked about it all day. My husband couldn’t believe this guy was actually telling the truth. His buddy told them he was sitting in the corner of the subway car when this woman in a short dress with nothing on underneath started to give this guy a hand job and then let him screw her right there in front of everyone.   
  
Now being a 32-year-old housewife, I don’t get the chance to dress sexy like I did in my single days, but I do whenever the opportunity arises. When I go to the mall I like to wear a short skirt, 4” heels and a tight sweaters. As I walk about the men stare at my legs and I love the attention. It really turns me on when I feel a man’s eyes on my legs and body. I’ve heard men talking to each other admiring my 36-25-38, 5’8” frame. I even give them a little flash now and then by bending over to pick something up, or sit at a bench then slowly re-cross my legs as men walk by.  
  
After thinking about the earlier stories my husband had told me, I decided that I’d take a ride on the subway and experience this for myself. I went to the mall and picked out a sundress that I thought you men would enjoy. It was short with a plunging neckline and a drawstring that laced down the back. The yellow cotton material was thin and had a floral design. I tried it on and it fit perfectly through my chest and waist but was extremely short. I usually buy tall clothing, but I figured since it was my legs I wanted to show off, this dress would be perfect. I also loved the way it fit tightly against my breasts and actually pushed them up and out since I wasn’t going to be wearing a bra. My large auburn nipples were just barely visible through the floral pattern.  
  
The day finally came and that afternoon I put on the dress, white sling backs with a 4” heel, and coated my long, tanned, legs with baby oil. I walked around in front of my full-length mirror admiring myself. The bottom of the dress swayed back and forth and would sometimes swing all the way up so you could see the bottom of my ass cheeks. I chickened out a little and put on some sheer white panties. I got in my car and drove to the nearby AMTRAC station and took the late afternoon train to Union station. Once there, I could strut my stuff in front of as many men as I could find.   
  
It was about four in the afternoon when I reached the station, and rush hour had just started. I began to walk around and the men would follow close behind. I especially drew a crowd every time I rode up the escalators. You know what? All men are voyeurs, and they were really enjoying the show (so was I). I was getting more and more excited and finally got up enough nerve to get on the subway packed full of commuters. But first I went into the ladies' room to remove my panties.  
  
I waited for a nearly full train to arrive and got on. Several men offered me their seats but I wanted to ride standing up. The men sitting near me looked up my dress as much as they could. It was fun watching them look away when I glanced their way, trying to hide the fact that they were enjoying the free show. Some of the men packed around me and would lightly touch my legs and ass. One even reached up and brushed my now hard nipple as he took a pen out of his vest pocket. During the hour and a half I rode the subway, these are the two men that I’ll never forget.  
  
  
I picked a car that was being boarded by a group of men and was already very crowded. I positioned myself within this group and rode standing up holding onto the handrail with one hand and clutching my purse in the other. At the first stop I ‘accidentally’ lost my balance and fell into the man facing me. I placed my hand on his shoulder to brace myself and he put one of his hands on my side to steady me. I apologized and he said it was his pleasure. At the next stop I did it again and pressed my whole body against his. This time he put his arm around me and held me close to him for a few seconds. I said I must be clumsy today and he said it must be his lucky day. I could feel him pressing his pelvis against mine, and his cock starting to get hard.  
  
I couldn’t believe I was having such an effect on this guy. I pushed away slightly and he released my waist. I then dropped my handbag and he immediately knelt down to pick it up. As he started to come back up I lifted the front of my dress. He froze when he realized I was naked under my dress. He hesitated long enough for me to spread my legs a little and push my pussy towards his face.   
  
As he stood up he ran his free hand up my entire leg and onto my exposed pussy. I thanked him for getting my purse and he thanked me for the view. He still had his hand on my pussy as the train started to slow. He put his other hand under the back of my dress and started to caress my baby soft ass as he began to finger my neatly trimmed pussy. I started to get nervous and ran off as soon as the train stopped. As I worked my way to the door at least two more sets of hands grabbed me under my dress. I had to sit down for about ten minutes until my head stopped spinning.  
  
I decided to take one last trip back to Union Station and be as bold as I could. I positioned myself in front of a handsome, well-dressed man reading a newspaper near the back of the car. He didn’t notice me at first and just kept his face buried in the news. On a bumpy curve I began to press up against his paper and then fell into him. At first he looked up in anger, but he quickly smiled when he saw me. I apologized and he started to go back to reading his paper. As he started to lift his paper back up I leaned forward to make sure the bottom of my dress would get caught on the top of it. When he lifted the paper, up came the front of my dress. He couldn’t see what he had done but the guy sitting next to him eyes got as big as saucers. Soon, he noticed something was going on and moved his paper to the side.   
  
He was now staring straight at my light brown bush. I let him have a good look before slowly running my hand down the front of my dress. He looked up at me and I gave him a little wink. He folded his paper in half and held it up to block the view of the guy next to him and the other people on the car. Now no one could see between him and me. I grabbed the bar over his head and leaned toward him. He methodically began to run his free hand up and down my thighs and then finally over and around my pussy. He placed the palm of his hand on the top of my pubic bone with his fingers on my stomach.   
  
He then slowly inserted his thumb between my pouting pussy lips. He began to open and close his hand, squeezing my pussy and messaging my clit. It felt so good, and I was so wet from flashing all day that it made a squishing sound. At the next stop he removed his hand from my pulsating cunt, stood up and led me into the corner of the car. He stood with his back to the corner and I stood facing him. He took my handbag and placed it on the seat next to us, and then placed my hand on the front of his pants. The car was still packed and a wall of people surrounded us. I just stared into his piercing blue eyes and started to lower his zipper.   
  
His warm smile told me to keep going. I reached into his boxer shorts and found the wet sticky tip of his rock hard cock. I ran my hand around the tip of his meat for a few seconds and then worked it out of his pants. My concentration was broken for a moment as I felt someone else running his hands up and down my thighs from behind. It seems I had another interested party. I turned around, grabbed the overhead bar with both of my hands and positioned myself in front of his exposed ramrod. With my arms raised high in the air I knew the bottom of my dress would be up past the top of my thighs. He worked his cock between my partially spread legs as he reached around my hips and spread open my love hole.   
  
He was just large enough for the head of his cock to reach my waiting pussy but not long enough to fully penetrate me. I couldn’t believe I was doing this. By now everyone around us knew what was going on, but I was too out of control to stop. I was acting like a bitch in heat. I wanted it now and I didn’t care who or how many were watching. He held one arm around my waist to keep me pressed against him, and cupped my dripping cunt with the other to hold is pumping cock tip in. My dress was now up around my waist, and I could feel the car's cool air all over my naked ass, stomach and thighs. I stood up as straight as I could to keep him from fully entering me because I didn’t want another man’s cum invading my husband’s territory.   
  
Within moments I felt the warm tingling feeling of an impending explosive orgasm building in my ravaged cunt. His cock head was working back and forth across my swollen clit and the feel and pressure of his hand was driving me over the edge. I closed my eyes and gave in to the most explosive orgasm I’ve ever had. My mouth opened I began to moan as my leg muscles spasmed uncontrollably. The guy sitting down really got into the act and started to run his hand up and down my thighs again. My knees were getting so weak I couldn’t stand up straight any longer and gave in to his thrusting member. He pulled me back into him and thrust his manhood into me a good 3 to 4 inches. I was his and he knew it.   
  
It only took a couple of stokes before he fired his hot load into my waiting whore hole. I could feel every spurt of his hot cum as he fired into me with four deep pumps. He held me tight for a few seconds and then gently released me from his grip. As his cock slipped out of me I opened my eyes and became flushed with embarrassment when I saw all those people looking at me. The man sitting down reached for my pussy, but I slapped his hand and quickly sat down into the corner of the car.   
  
My partner turned toward me as he placed his member back into his pants. He leaned down and whispered in my ear that he will never forget me. I just looked down at the floor not saying a word. He got off at the next stop, and I had to ride for a few more minutes before we arrived at Union Station. I knew everyone was still staring at me, and talking about the dirty thing I just did. I just sat there ashamed as his cum dripped out of me and onto the seat.   
  
“Mary-Jane, Mary-Jane are you listening to me”, my husband said to me as I returned from my daydream.   
  
“Yes dear, I hear you. What did you say?”   
  
He continued, “Chuck said that he even ran his own hands up and down her thighs as she came right there in front of everyone. Can you believe that.”   
  
“No dear I can’t, and do you still have that picture of me on you desk at work?