**Kate and the Underground Upskirter**

by**[Nonanonym](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3169080&page=submissions)**

Kate looked up from her phone and rolled her eyes. "Typical!" she thought, trying not to glare at the man opposite her on the tube, sunk into the seat and his eyes fixed just below her waist. This dress was probably too short to sit down on the tube without some pervert trying to look up it. They were normally a little more subtle than this guy, but it was still gross.

"Do you mind?" She spat, hoping to catch the man off-guard and provoke some shame in him.

Grinning assuredly, he replied "Not in the slightest, it's a good view."

Kate gawped at him, not expecting this level of sheer confidence, even as other people sat around them. He was continuing to stare up her dress, and was now nodding in appreciation, biting his lip.

"Oh my god, you're such a pervert!" her response came immediately, eyebrows raised.

"Oh my god, you like it." he replied, his voice mocking.

Kate was stunned, she'd "called out" creeps before, and they'd always been cowed immediately, but this guy seemed to be amused by the situation, his eyes remaining firmly fixed on her pale, exposed legs.

"How about you pull those knickers aside, blondie?" she was stunned, this was the complete opposite of what she was expecting to hear. Worse, he was looking at here with eyebrows raised, daring her to disobey the instruction.

"Ugh!" she scoffed, turning her head away from him in disgust, even as his words echoed in her mind. She stole another glance over at him, unable to tear herself away from his utter disrespect for her privacy.

There was something about the cocky smile he was now wearing that stung her, the way he was still staring at her legs, even as she'd crossed them. The train trundled on for a few moments as Kate stewed, before he spoke again. "Go on, pull those lovely purple knickers aside and let me see."

His voice was clear and calm, but somehow the other passengers were managing to completely ignore his invasive instructions. Kate's blood was boiling, how dare he treat her this way! But at the same time, there was a certain something invading her mind, telling her that it might be fun, just a brief flash at this total stranger, enjoy a brief thrill and get off the train, never to see him again. Subconsciously, her hand ran down and over her leg, toying with the hem of the skirt.

She daren't look up at him, to take in her assailant. If she saw his reaction, it would break the spell and she'd realise that she was being stupid. Instead she just quickly slipped her hand up under the front of her skirt, and tugged on the cotton of her underwear, feeling it slip away, replaced with the warm air of the tube train. Holding it aside for a short moment, she breathed a deep, calming breath, before letting go.

"Well, it's good to see you're a natural blonde" came his voice again, and she looked up to see the dark-haired man, grinning from ear to ear. He was probably in his late forties, easily twice her age. Somehow this had made the invasion all the more fascinating.

Kate felt her pale skin flush red, spreading from the base of her throat up to her high, rounded cheekbones. She could feel his brown eyes drilling into her and started to feel ashamed of what she'd just done.

"I'm getting off here," he spoke, his voice remaining that same controlling, level tone. "Come with me and we can have some real fun, fanny flasher."

Obviously she wasn't going.

She knew that would be a terrible idea.

Kate knew not to do something stupid like that.

Which was a bit of a problem, because she was walking to train doors with him, his arm slipping around her. For the first time Kate noticed how tall this man was, she was barely two inches over five feet tall, and this guy was comfortably past six three. He towered over her, but his hand still rested easily on her hip when he put it around her.

He was well built too, Kate had wanted to be a ballet dancer in a previous life, before realising exactly how few people made it through any type of conservatory and made a living at dance. As a result, even after discovering the wondrous world of cakes, her body was lithe and toned. This man had the powerful build of a lifelong labourer, his body thick with relaxed muscle. Nothing about him spoke of the gym, but he could likely give a lot of bodybuilders a run for their money.

He lead her quickly up and out of the station, the only time she found herself out of his reach was when they passed through the barriers and he stood outside, impatiently waiting for her to exit the station. Once outside he lead her rapidly out into the street, his hands steering her across the street and into a darkened side street between two imposing buildings.

Kate's voice cracked as she nervously spoke "You live down here?"

He laughed softly "No, I want to see if you're worth taking home before I order a taxi." He replied, remaining his intense, blunt self. Kate felt herself weaken, she was pretty sure what he was planning and she was absolutely not expecting to be okay with it.

As they reached a nearby he turned her around, gazing into his piercing brown eyes.

"Have you been drinking?" He demanded of her.

"N-no I haven't" Kate replied honestly, she'd been on her way to meet with friends when the night had taken this course.

"And do you want me to fuck you. Right here?" He nodded at her answer and followed up swiftly.

"I-" she hesitated for the slightest moment and he cut across her.

"If you don't, we're done here. I'll call you a cab." He spoke firmly and plainly, giving her a clear choice.

"Yes, please." Kate found herself saying, she knew she wanted him, any of the previous doubt evaporating. The moment she gave permission, his hands were on her, turning her around and pushing her forwards over the bin, pulling the back of her skirt up and exposing her perky, rounded backside.

His hands worked under the crotch of her knickers and pulled hard on them, dragging them down to mid thigh, and a sharp slap spread her legs. She head the unfastening of a zipper and then felt the pressure of a thick cock against her wet, swollen snatch. His direct, confident treatment of her had worked wonders in arousing her, playing havoc with her subconscious since the moment she first noticed him staring, and now that he had got her in this position, her body was absolutely ready to welcome him inside of her.

With a crude thrust he entered her tight snatch and sunk his dick comfortably deep within her, pausing for a moment to let her catch her breath, her walls amplifying the rapid pulse of his throbbing member through her entire body. His breath was steady, calm, and his hands pushed Kate's hips against the cold metal of the bin, making her push back.

"Oh, you're a sweet thing, fuck..." he groaned, beginning to push his hips forward, deeper inside of her. Kate had imagined that she'd already taken his full length, and the unexpected additional length made her gasp out with a ragged squealappreciating the size and girth of this strangers cock.

No sooner than she'd grown used to his length than he began to withdraw it, her tight lips dragging down his hardness, reluctant to surrender it. Just as Kate felt the bulbous flare of his clock head leaving her body, he sunk back inside, a single slow-motion thrust offering her a preview of things to come.

"Ready?" He asked, his fingers squeezing into her soft flesh as she moaned lewdly, forgetting how publicly she was being fucked. Taking that as permission, he began to piston inside of her, picking up a steady and fast pace, each thrust giving her almost his entire length. The sensation of being so full and every deep stroke stimulated her, her eyes closing in pleasure, letting her self drift off into bliss, moaning down against the dirty surface.

That pleasure was interrupted a short moment later when his thick cock popped free of her snatch and shuddered, spraying a few thick ropes of hot cum over her inner thighs. He playfully slapped her bottom and leaned over her, his body heavily pressing down on hers, taking a moment to rest.

"Pull those knickers up, and come with me. That's only the start of what I've got planned for you, little slut."

Kate wanted to protest, that wasn't who she was at all, but she also couldn't disagree that letting a stranger fuck you from behind in an alleyway was hardly the most prudish of choices she could have made.

He was playing with his phone as she stood up, pulled her underwear back into place and straightened up. Turning to her he let her know that the car would be with them shortly, and let her lean against him whilst they waited for it silently.

The car pulled up and he opened the door for her, allowing her to climb into the back.

"So gentlemanly." she commented, impressed.

"It's for the view" he replied, reaching out to squeeze her arse as she passed. He followed after her and confirmed the destination to the driver. He then turned to Kate and placed his hand high up her thigh.

"Well then my sweet, how often do you let older men pick you up on the tube? From what I've seen of you, it's not very often." He whispered in her ear, his stubble teasing against her ear, making her skin goose-pimple. As he questioned her, one hand cupped her left breast, squeezing and kneading, the other taking her hand and placing it on his lap, letting her find his hefty bulge.

Kate squeezed playfully on his shaft and he groaned, his face pushing against hers, turning her to make eye contact, then dropping his gaze to her lips a moment. Her breath caught a second as he leaned in and pressed his lips against hers. Lifting himself up, he leant over her and their kiss became furious, his tongue invading her mouth as her lips parted to welcome him. His free hand gripped on the back of her head.

Kate kissed back with equal passion, squeezing and stroking the thick handful of cock through his jeans, writhing under his hands, lost in this unplanned, unexpected pleasure. His hands worked over her body expertly, tormenting and pleasuring her body .

She had no idea how long the taxi ride had lasted, but it came to a sudden stop and he broke away from their kiss, letting her go as he thanked the driver and got out. It took a moment for Kate to compose herself enough to get out of the car and head over to the front door.

"You're not coming in like that." He said, matter-of-factly, leaning against the wall of the house. Kate's blank stare was so obvious that he immediately followed up. "I'm not interested in wasting time getting you out of that outfit. Strip off, right here, and we can get started."

Kate blinked back her shock, there was absolutely no way she was going to be stripping naked on what was virtually the street. Even as she dismissed it out of hand, her mind began to race again, rationalising; it wasn't like this was a busy street, she was hardly stood in a streetlight, actually the small front garden probably offered quite a bit of privacy, and how long would it be? She'd strip, he'd open the door and they'd go right back to having fun. She'd be stupid not to, really.

She reached up and behind herself to take a grip on the zipper fastening her dress, undoing it and letting it fall to the concrete beneath her feet, gasping as cool air engulfed her body; suddenly very aware that she was stood outside in just her underwear. She slipped the straps of her bra off and let it drop down off her small, perky breasts - anything more than a handful was a waste, she remembered hearing - and unclasped it, dropping it on top of the dress.

Looking up at her suitor, Kate smiled awkwardly, she knew he'd already seen her crotch, and in better light, but for some reason the thin purple cotton of her knickers felt like a much bigger barrier than they had before. Smirking, the older man quickly robbed her of that protection, with his usual barbed words.

"Come on fanny flasher, I know you've got a little nest under there." He cajoled her, and he was right, Kate kept a neatly trimmed triangle of blonde pubic hair which ran down over the lips of her slot. She hooked her thumbs into the knickers and slipped them down a little, exposing her fuzzy mound, looking sheepishly up.

"That's the spirit, off they come!" He reached out and gave them a playful tug, dropping her knickers to mid thigh. Kate let go and let them drop down to join the rest of her clothes on the floor.

"What a brave girl you are!" He said approvingly, looking over Kate's naked body as she shifted her stance to cover her crotch, and dignity, with a hand, her other arm crooked over her chest. "One last thing though, why don't you just pop everything through the letterbox, then we'll know where to find it later."

Kate felt herself blushing harder again, she'd been pink since the moment she left the tube with this man, but the darker reds had been coming and going in waves as he groped, teased and exhibited her. This felt like such a cruel request, what if this wasn't his home, what if this was some strange plan to rob her? She thought back to the alleyway and to the taxi, realising how many opportunities he'd had to hurt or mistreat her, and how he'd always acted for their mutual pleasure instead. Despite of the circumstance of their meeting, she trusted him.

She bent over, picking up the small pile of clothing, and yelped as a large hand cracked over her backside. As she straightened up, he smiled sheepishly, as though he could hardly be blamed for spanking her. She pushed the letterbox open with a thumb and bundled her clothing through onto the floor inside his house, then turned to look at him.

He was patting down his pockets, his face the picture of shock.

"I... I think I've lost my keys" he confessed.

Kate felt like she'd been plunged into ice as he spoke.

She was naked. Outside a stranger's house.

She didn't know where she was.

Now he was telling her that he couldn't get inside.

"Hold on, hold on. I'll find them. I have to!" He said, reassuring her despite his panic. "Let me just make it easier..."

He flicked a switch and the porch light came on, suddenly the concealment that Kate had been relying on to make her exhibitionism acceptable had gone, and been replaced with stage lighting.

She must be visible to every single one of these houses, and to any passers by.

Her eyes scanned the street for any sign of movement, terrified.

A minute or so passed like an ice age, before he grinned at her, reaching back into one of his four pockets and pulling out a set of house keys.

Kate felt like she'd once again fallen into a bath of ice water, her heart skipping a beat as the adrenaline coursed through her body - shocked at how easily he was able to toy with her emotions.

"Oh, my mistake, I did have them." He smirked, having clearly enjoyed her sudden moment of panic.

Swiftly he unlocked the door and stepped inside, delaying Kate's entrance and return to privacy for just a moment longer. As she entered his home, Kate's mind was racing with possibilities of what this man was going to do with her, what she had let herself in for. This complete stranger had drawn her in, and was taking her sexuality down paths she never expected to encounter.

He reached over her shoulder, pushing the door closed and Kate found herself in close proximity to his body, incredibly aware that despite his proximity to her, and her state of complete undress, he hadn't laid a single finger on her. Somehow this felt unfair, despite the original nature of their meeting, she deserved his attention, his hands on her body. Kate knew how she was going to earn that attention back, gazing up into his eyes, her own blue eyes sparkling as she leaned back against the door and sunk to her knees.

She held his gaze as he smiled in appreciation, wordlessly unzipping his jeans, letting his stiffened cock spring free from his underwear.

Despite having felt it inside of her, and the twenty minutes she had spent groping it in the taxi, Kate had failed to properly estimate the size of her lover's cock. As it sprung free from his boxers, she gasped in surprise, a sound complimented by a fleshy slap as it made contact with her cheek.

It was easily the biggest cock she'd seen outside of porn, and not for a lack of trying. She'd always preferred a filling sensation from a boyfriend, but he had them all beat. Pushed up against the door,, his cock easily pressed against her face.

Kate leaned in closer, letting the thick, heavy cock push up and over her soft face, enjoying the heavy heat and scent of his cock, smearing up and over her face until the swollen head rested at her hairline, whilst her lips grazed at his low hanging, full balls.

"Oh, fuck" she moaned, appreciating the sheer size of his hefty cock. Preparing himself to welcome it deep into her mouth. She parted her lips, letting her soft pink tongue glide up and along the length of his shaft, her breathing quickening as she tasted herself on his powerful cock, reaching the flared transition up onto his cock head.

Kate parted her scarlet lips just enough to welcome his cock, letting it push on her lips a little bit as her mouth engulfed it, her soft tongue playing over the head as closed her lips, forming a seal around him. She began to suck on his cock, welcoming it deeper inside of her mouth, feeling the swollen, throbbing head press against her throat, her mouth filled by his cock.

Kate's eyes closed as she felt his hands settling into her short blonde hair, pulling her deeper. She relaxed herself and allowed his steel-hard cock to push into her throat, her eyes beginning to water.

It felt like it took forever for him to sink his entire length into her mouth and throat, until her nose was nestled into his coarse black pubic hair, and his balls pressed onto her chin. Her eyes were watering, mascara smearing out of place, and she could feel her throat spawning, clenching and releasing on his invading cock, as he filled her throat. But still her tongue played over what little shaft she could reach, and was still trying her best to suck.

Groaning in appreciation, his forearms were tense, pulling her as deep as possible into his lap. Kate choked hard and he relaxed his grip, letting her fall back a little fighting for hair as she bumped her head slightly on the front door behind her. He didn't let her fully escape her cock, and Kate honestly couldn't say that she wanted to let it out of her mouth. As soon as her lungs had filled with air again, she tightened her lips and began to suck, flickering her tongue over the point where his head met the shaft, his foreskin peeled back.

He moaned in appreciation, "Oh fuck, you're a cocksucking showoff too?" holding her hair tightly, not yet starting to thrust.

Kate's lips curled into a smile, distorted by the fat cock filling her mouth, she knew that she could suck a mean dick, and had every intention of sharing those skills. She moaned in appreciation, ensuring that the vibrations were sent up through his cock, triggering further moans on his behalf, making his cock jump in her mouth. As it twitched and lunged deeper into her mouth she leaned up and in, engulfing his cock and showing him that she didn't need help to take his shaft deep in her throat.

He took her opening her throat as an invitation and thrust his cock forwards, meeting her head as it came down, and began to fuck her face, the room filling with the wet and sloppy sounds of worshipful oral sex. His cock pumping deep inside of her, and Kate making sure that each thrust was well appreciated and went as deep as possible, his balls slapping against her face.

After a few moments of fucking Kate's beautiful face, he paused, his cock buried inside her throat once more. After two heartbeats, he pushed her back against the door and freed his cock from her face, the shining purple head slick with drool and precum as he pointed it at her face.

Understanding instinctively, Kate opened her mouth in a smile, her hand coming up to stroke his cock, hoping to aim the oncoming blast. Unfortunately for her, he slapped her hand away, and she let it fall limply by her side. He'd barely stroked it three more times when his balls tightened and he splattered her face with first one, then two further thick ropes of cum, landing in her hair, on her forehead and over her cheek on either side of her nose. He grunted in deep appreciation of his orgasm and stroked twice more, a final, weaker shot launching and landing on her tongue and chin. Kate grinned, licked her lips and swallowed what little cum she could, noisily, briefly savouring the bitter flavour.

"Did I do okay" She asked playfully as he looked down at her cumdrenched face. Her body was burning with arousal, and she was desperate to experience his approval.

"Come upstairs and I'll tell you." He replied, almost managing to sound impassive, despite the stupid grin he was wearing. Kate got the feeling that this blowjob hadn't been part of his plan for her, which was good, she didn't like the idea of him having such complete control.

He bent over her, almost leaning over to kiss her, before tossing a cloth at her "Clean your face off, and come join me upstairs, as soon as you'd like." He instructed her.

As he walked off, Kate wiped the streaks of cum up from over her face, cleaning herself off completely, wiping up stained makeup and semen equally, then tossed the towel to one side and dashed up the stairs, headed to the open door and smiling when she saw him lying on the bed, stark naked and rock hard.

"You made it then? What are you waiting for?" He commented, standing up to walk over and pull her into a close embrace, their bare skin pressed against each other, his cock hard and throbbing against her stomach, the head reaching her sternum. He ran his hand through her hair and leant down, his lips meeting hers and kissing deeply. She felt his big, strong hands stroking down her, until they rested on her backside, squeezing and groping.

Without warning he lifted her up, and she wrapped her legs around his waist, suddenly kissing down instead of up, and feeling that thick shaft pressed against her entrance again. Her kiss grew harder and faster, anticipating that any moment he would sink her down onto that incredible, insatiable cock. She could barely tolerate waiting, her hips rocking back and forth, grinding on the very tip of his cock, teasing herself.

He leant forward, and she felt his balance fail, letting them crash onto the bed, landing on her back. She gasped, kissing up against him as he pinned her down and pushed forwards, sinking his cock into her tight, wet, eager snatch.

"Oh fuck, you've got the absolute best cunt" He groaned, as he sunk every last inch of his shaft inside of her, deeper than the last time he'd fucked. Kate realised now that he'd been holding back, teasing and testing her. She rolled her hips up, welcoming him deeper as he began his thrusting, ploughing her.

Her eyes were only half open as she looked up at him, his hands on her shoulder, pushing her into the mattress as sweat beaded on his forehead and he slammed into her roughly, his fat cock filling her brutally. She felt her snatch clamp down around him, and the deep, intense rush of an orgasm building inside of her, her body quaking. She knew he could feel her coming, but he didn't even break pace, just steadily fucking her deeply as her body convulsed and gushed beneath him.

No sooner than her orgasm subsided than she could feel a second brewing, deeper and more intense than the first, but still he kept pace, fucking her deep, hard and steadily, his cock throbbing inside of her as it pressed on all sides, her tight lips dragging as it withdrew. She moaned and writhed in appreciated as he drove it deep inside of her.

"Fuck, that's so good" she moaned, pressing her forehead against his, feeling intense, animalistic sweat drip from his skin onto hers, lifting her face to kiss, and then bite his lower lip as he growled, fucking her relentlessly, deeply.

"Tell me, are you on the pill?" He growled, gazing deep into her pale blue eyes as his cock thrust in and out of her, slowing his pace. His cock throbbed intensely inside her, that second orgasm almost there, and she opened her mouth to reply

"Ye-" she started, but he cut her off, with an intense growl of "I don't care."

His cock throbbed and his face contorted by an intense, powerful orgasm. She felt rope after rope of hot, thick cum squirt deep inside her, filling her tight snatch with his seed. It was too much and she lost herself into the crashing waves of an intense orgasm. His sticky semen had flooded her, and it felt so good, her body quivering with the intensity of their simultaneous orgasms. It felt like their bodies were spurring each other to further, more intense heights of pleasure, his cock pumping inside of her.

Moments later it was over, he was spent and lying next to her, his fingertips playing over her pale skin as she lay, lost in that same hazy bliss, enjoying the sensation of his seed slowly drooling from inside of her, and nuzzling into his chest hair. His arms around her felt so strong, and she felt so safe, so amazingly lucky.

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Kate opened her eyes slowly, her body aching but warmed by the afterglow of last night's adventures. She looked over and saw her dark handsome lover, and grinned. He was still asleep and she knew exactly what he'd want in the morning. She shuffled closer, pressing her naked body against his, and slipped a hand underneath the bedsheets, tracing down his strong torso until she found that thick, hefty cock. She closed her hand around it and began to slowly stroke, looking adoringly at his face, waiting for him to stir and wake.

It didn't take long before he smiled and opened his eyes, meeting her lust-filled gaze with his own.

"Didn't you get enough last night?" His words were softer than last night, and Kate felt proud of herself, she'd outlasted the pervert.

"Well, I thought you'd like a little something before breakfast..." she purred, leaning in close, hoping for another of his deep, passionate kissed, stopping dead when she was met with his hand on her sternum, pushing her away.

"You've had enough, why don't you stop slutting the place up and fuck off?" He said, his tone cold.

Kate was stunned, she dropped his dick and climbed out of bed. "Are you serious, after everything we did last night?"

"I fucked some slut from the tube. It's not like it meant anything. Get out of my house."

Kate was furious, she slammed the bedroom door, storming out of the room naked, and down the stairs to pick up her clothes by the front door.

She yanked up those fateful knickers, the ones which had sparked the entire event, and then grabbed her dress, flapping it to remove the worst of the creases.

Which is when she saw it.

When she realised.

When she'd been given a cloth to clean off her face, he'd handed her her own dress.

She'd enthusiastically cleaned his thick spunk with her black dress. All over the front of it, from the neckline all the way down to the waist it was smeared with what was unmistakably dried cum.

The was no way that he hadn't planned that humiliation, that he hadn't set out to make sure that she was going to face an absolutely humiliating journey home. Kate should have felt so small, so degraded and used, but all it did was send a rush through her body, from her cunt, spreading outwards.

She pulled on her shoes, and slipped out of the door, onto the street, making a mental note of the street number. She might not know his name, but she knew where he lived, and this wasn't going to be her only time visiting.

But how little would she wear next time?