**Lily Ch. 01**

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**Chapter 01 - Lily Takes A Train**

It was a beautiful evening, the end of one of those perfect days that make you feel as if summer will go on forever. The heat of the day had gone and the sultry afternoon haze had given way to cooler, more pleasant air. I was standing at the railway station in Duisburg, waiting for my train. A fellow student had invited me to her sleep-over birthday party and as we only had one car between us at home, I thought I'd take the train. I knew it would be on time. This was Germany, after all, the country famous for its punctuality, though having lived here for four years, I knew just how much of a myth that could be.

There weren't many people on the platform, which was no great surprise. It was 8 o'clock on Saturday evening and more people would be coming into the city than leaving it, as I was. As I glanced around, I noticed a man leaning against the railings at the top of the stairway, but didn't pay him much attention. OK, to be honest, my eyes did linger for a few seconds. He looked a lot like my boyfriend, actually. Dark, what the Germans called "sudlich" or "southern". He could have been Turkish, perhaps, or Croatian. Maybe Italian or Albanian. You get the idea, I'm sure. I guessed he was in his early to mid thirties. He was of medium height and average build, nothing out of the ordinary, really. Except for the fact that he was wearing a trench coat which struck me as odd. Surely it was far too warm for a trench coat?

The train arrived and I got into the carriage, chose a window seat near the door and hoisted my overnight bag up onto the rack. The carriage was almost empty, especially once everyone who was heading into town had left. I was settling down in my seat when I looked up to see the man in the trench coat approaching.

"Does this train stop at Krefeld?" he asked.

"Yes, it does," I answered and was a little taken aback when he nodded, then sat down in the seat opposite me. He could have chosen just about any seat in the carriage, so I wondered why he had selected this one. I shrugged inwardly and gave it no further thought as I turned to look out of the window. It was getting darker now, though it would still be a couple of hours before the night really closed in. That was something I loved about the summer, the long, long days.

The train started up and we moved out of the station, passing between the tall buildings that were built so close to the railway lines that they looked as if they were blocking the way until the train got close enough and they parted like the teeth on a zip. We gradually picked up speed as we left the city behind us and the train took on a steady, slightly rocking rhythm upon reaching its cruising velocity. Through the window I watched the scenery morph from the greys and browns of the city to the prettier colours of the countryside.

The door at the far end of the carriage swooshed open and hissed shut.

"Fahrkarten, bitte!" It was the conductor coming through to check our tickets. With hardly anyone in the carriage but us, it didn't take him long and he soon passed into the next compartment. I sat back to enjoy the rest of the short ride.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the man opposite me fidgeting and fussing with his clothing, though not enough to make me take any real notice. Then I heard him sigh, almost cough even. He began rocking back and forth, slowly at first, and his breath caught more than once, forcing him to clear his throat. A soft moan escaped his lips and I stole a look at his reflection in the window.

I could see his cock!

"Oh my god!" I thought, staring at him reflected in the glass. He had pulled the belt of his trench tight so that it held his penis in place and as he rocked the belt afforded him what must have been a pleasant massage judging by the noises he was making. He raised his eyes to look at me across from him, but I was still gazing out of the window, or so it appeared. I didn't dare look directly at him. What the hell was he thinking? His hands were on his thighs and if it hadn't been for the purple head of his cock poking out from beneath his belt, there would have been nothing unusual about him. I wanted to laugh. This was ridiculous. When I first heard the moans, I thought he was ill. Now I was watching him give himself a belt job!

His eyes met mine in the glass. He didn't smile or speak. He merely nodded once at my mirror image and kept rocking.

Something shot through me like a bolt of electricity. I had been brought up to be so prim and proper and yet there was a warmth building in my abdomen and I could feel moisture at the top of my thighs. Why was this making me wet? Shouldn't I be disgusted? Shouldn't I get up and sit somewhere else? Move to another carriage? Report him? It would be too cute to say I was transfixed. I still had my free will and it told me to stay right there and see what would happen!

The man's reflection nodded again.

What was he trying to say? That I should touch him? No way! Yet something had me in its grasp. Curiosity? Perhaps. Lust? Oh, come on! What then? The thrill of taboo? Ah, now we were getting closer. It was, as the Germans said: Das gehört sich nicht für ein braves Mädchen. In other words, good girls don't do that sort of thing.

My hands were folded in my lap. Very ladylike. A good girl. But if I was thinking these thoughts, then I wasn't a good girl, was I? Perhaps I had never really been a good girl.

The reflection nodded again and grunted quietly.

Now I understood. He was encouraging me. He knew I'd seen what he was doing and if I hadn't moved seats yet, I must be .... what? Interested? Willing? All I knew was I wanted to keep watching. And if I was receiving his signals correctly, he wanted to watch me, too.

I had never done anything like this before and hadn't the faintest idea what I was supposed to do.

"Go with what feels good," said a voice inside my head.

I shifted my hands slightly and let my thumb move slowly back and forth. Through the thin fabric of my summer skirt I gave myself the gentlest of caresses. The skirt was one of my favourites. I had made it myself. It was soft viscose, yellow with a white flower design and its cut allowed it to flow as I walked. When I sat, it draped around my curves. It slid easily over my skin as I pulled it up very slowly, inch by inch, till first my shin, then my knee came into view.

Reflection sighed and rocked with more purpose now.

My fingers caressed my knee as I watched in the window. I couldn't see my own reflection below my waist, the angle wasn't right. But he could. His eyes were directed at my reflected hand and he followed my fingers along the inside of my thigh. The skin there is sensitive and smooth. It begged to be caressed and I complied. I breathed in deeply through my nose and let out an almost inaudible sigh. This must have been what the voice meant because it most definitely felt good. It also felt very daring.

Before I knew what I was doing, I reached under my skirt with both hands and slipped my panties off my hips and down my legs. One quick movement and they were over my feet and stuffed into the woven bag on the seat beside me.

Reflection almost smiled in approval. Another nod.

Sitting back on the seat I placed my left foot on the small ledge that ran the length of the carriage. It was the casing where the heating elements were housed. The fabric of my skirt slid down my raised thigh to my groin and I looked at Reflection for a sign, though I knew full well what he wanted.

He nodded again. Twice this time.

The cool viscose stroked my skin like a lover's breath. I shuddered as I pushed the material aside, hesitating, reluctant to show this stranger what he wanted to see. Reflection was very still now, waiting, anticipating. His tongue came out to moisten his lips. He was like a gourmet who has just been served a delicacy.

Inside my head, the voices fought for the upper hand.

"Just do it, for goodness' sake!"

"Are you crazy? What if he rapes you?"

"This is so hot and you really want it."

"What the hell do you think you're doing? You must be out of your tiny little mind."

"What are you waiting for? You know you want to."

"What would your mother think?"

"You'll kick yourself if you don't do this. You'll regret it for the rest of your life."

I wanted this. Badly. I pushed my skirt up to my hips and spread my legs brazenly, turning towards the window to ensure that Reflection could see. He gasped and resumed his rocking. I liked to shave my pussy for my boyfriend and Reflection had a front row view. Especially when I reached down and parted my lips with my left hand so he could see my clit. I knew I was pink and glistening with arousal. My right index finger found my clit and began rubbing and caressing, very gently at first. I reached lower and gathered some of my wetness so that my fingertip would slip easily over the hard bud that was beginning to swell nicely.

Reflection took his hands from his thighs and impatiently unbuckled the belt of his coat. In the window I saw his cock bob free and stand proud. It was an impressive erection and I almost looked at the real thing, but something made me keep my eyes on the glass. Reflection's hand grasped his shaft and his fingers began to mould and knead his cock. The purple glans looked like it was about to burst, it was so taut. He drew the foreskin over it and made his fist into a cup so that the head hit his thumb and forefinger instead of peeking out the end. He was still rocking, though the real motion was now in his forearm.

My fingers picked up his rhythm. I slid forward on the seat, pushing my pelvis towards him.

"Such a hussy!" scolded one of the voices in my head.

"Such a hussy!" praised the other one.

The middle finger of my left hand slid into me, my natural lubrication granting it easy entry. Two, three fucking motions, then I removed my finger and brought it up to my lips. My nostrils took in the heady scent as my tongue came out to taste. Reflection watched in the window, his eyes widening with delight. I tasted good. I moaned to let him know.

His breath was coming faster now. I returned my finger to my cunt and began to fuck myself with a steady rhythm that matched the movements I saw reflected in the glass. My swollen clit slid back and forth under my fingers and I could feel the little centre bud - my own little glans - hard and sensitive as I massaged it.

Reflection's face reddened. His lips were pressed together tightly till they almost disappeared. His fist was moving furiously. It reminded me of a piston and if I hadn't been so engrossed in what my body was doing, I would have laughed.

As it was, I held my breath as the first sweet spasm of ecstasy caught me off guard. Reflection jerked once, twice and mirrored in the window I saw a jet spurt from his cock. I hadn't noticed him do it, but he must have taken a handkerchief from his pocket at some point. He held it now over his penis as it spewed the rest of his cum.

He was breathing hard as he watched my hands in the window. I was almost there. My legs began to tremble and I couldn't help but let out a moan. Not a word, just a sound that began deep in my chest and crept up my throat. My fingers coaxed my orgasm from me, rubbing, fucking, rubbing, fucking. I felt the walls of my cunt contract and knew I was ready. I wanted to cry out but common sense prevailed and I held my breath. Then it hit me. Wave after wave coursed through me making me writhe, forcing the breath from me. My fingers didn't stop until the final spasm had passed. Panting, exhausted, I pulled my finger from my cunt and licked the juice from it, making sure I got every drop.

We were pulling into Krefeld station. The entire journey had taken sixteen minutes. Reflection stood, stuffed himself back into his jeans and zipped his fly. Without looking back, he said, "Wiedersehen," and made to leave.

"Warten Sie!" I called after him. "Wait!" He stopped and turned back towards me.

I reached into my bag and grabbed my panties. "Vielen Dank," I said as I pressed them into his hand. His eyes met mine. They were brown and if I were into that sort of thing, I'd have said they were full of eastern promise. He smiled for the first time, nodded his head once more and said, "Bis zum nächsten Mal, Gnädigste." "Till next time, Ma'am."

Andrea was waiting for me outside the station. She stood beside her bright green Volkswagen Beetle, the stereotypical student vehicle. "Lily!" she called. "Lily! Over here!"

I forced myself to breathe steadily in order to regain my composure as I walked the few yards to meet her. She held open her arms to hug me.

"Hey, it's great to see you," she said. "We've got to get moving. Klaus has tapped the keg already and everyone is dying to meet you. Did you have a good trip over?"