Night Bus to Montreal

by soulfull\_fish Â©

The bus ride started out innocently enough, but then most major events do.

If anyone really knew what was going to happen to them at the end of the

day, or night for that matter, would they board the bus, or would they

stay home? Would you drink that last glass of wine and stumble out into

the rain with only a knee length vinyl rain slicker to cover your nudity,

or would you lie in bed staring at the ceiling, listening to the rain on

the roof?

I'd probably do it all over again. More to the point, I probably will.

To understand me without reservation, I think there is something to make

clear here. I like to bring the devil out in a man. I don't consider

myself a slut, or a whore, or a...well, I do consider myself a naughty

girl. I've always had this talent, I can always attract the attention of

men. It doesn't matter that I'm just a simple librarian; long skirt, short

skirt, no skirt, jeans, shorts, cords, sweat pants... whatever. Men have

always looked. When I was young and not in control, men touched. It was

one of my uncles that told me that 'I made him do it' as he lay atop me

grunting and sweating. He wasn't so attractive; overweight, with breath

smelling of Coors. It wasn't very glamorous, as you can well imagine.

But it did make me think.

If I made him do this... if I could unknowingly make a grown married man

sneak about in the middle of the night and come to me while I was sleeping

in the room just next to the one he shared with his wife (my Auntie!)...

if I could make him slide his fingers inside of me while he thought I

slept... if I could make him want me and bite at my then small

breasts...if I could make a man risk all of that... What else could I do?

I'll tell you, there was a hobby for me. Oh I still read, and write, and

listen to the radio, I'm an educated woman and I have my job and my life.

However, there is nothing so exciting as feeling the trembling fingers or

stiff cock of a man that has been manipulated into thinking he is breaking

a sexual taboo, rule, or law. And men will be men.

Without further adieu, onto the bus ride.

I was sitting at the rear of the bus, it's mostly quieter there, and I

wasn't really in the mood to participate in bus banter with whoever was

still awake at this hour. It was the late bus on a long line from New York

to Montreal.

The man sitting next to me was a business suit, handsome in his own way,

youngish with dark thick hair and straight white teeth. He had been to

England recently on vacation, which gave us something to talk about. I had

lived most of my life in London and he had gone to Wales. Yanks don't know

the difference.

He had clutched his briefcase like it was the world to him at first.

However, after we had chatted idly and I had flirted coyly, for the first

couple hours in traffic, he leaned forward to set it on the floor. While

he was bent, looking out the window, pretending to be oblivious, I shifted

slightly so that the rain slicker I wore came open at the low hem and I

crossed my legs, revealing the bare of my calf, knee, and most of my

thigh. I could feel him looking, his breathing had shallowed.

I looked back at him smiling and made some innocent comment about the rain

and weather. Readjusting my coat, I pretended to be embarrassed that the

coat had parted. His face had gone red flush, though he smiled back and

nodded.

Hook, line, and sinker.

The bus had been more congested closer to the city, but as various stops

came up it had thinned a bit. Now that it was full dark and most of the

passengers asleep, the bus driver turned the overhead lights off. I yawned

and felt the coat halves part again, though not quite as far as before,

only up to my knee exposed. Once again, I could feel his eyes on my bare

flesh. I pretended to remain oblivious. I made a feeble joke about the

weak coffee I'd had before leaving work and shifted myself in the seat, as

if getting snuggy.

When feigning sleep and wanting to ensure you get felt up while you are

out, the trick is the lure. To lure properly, you must know how people

sleep; the breathing, the small soft noises. No one is likely to look for

R.E.M. when they would better like their hand up your skirt.

The second part of the lure, is exposure.

I could feel him watching me, it wasn't vanity, I could feel him. His eyes

on my face, so intent he might have burned a hole right through me. I let

out a soft sound of contentment and let my breathing fall deep and steady,

meditation has always been good for something. My head was against the

window, he had only my profile.

I had moved my bag some time ago so that it was between my feet, forcing

my legs slightly apart. Not two minutes passed, nothing but his breathing.

I made another small noise and slipped down in the seat a little, the coat

came apart, nearly to my hip. I heard him gasp and I nearly smiled, but I

didn't. I'm a good little bait.

There are three types of men: The first is the type of man with honor,

this type of man, who, in this situation would wake me or cover me or

ignore it altogether. The second is a man with honor who cannot resist

temptation, this man would avert his eyes slightly, but not cover me, or

he would make a failed attempt at covering me but make sure he touched me

in the process to satisfy the thrill. The third is the man who would not

cover, would not wake, but would slowly test his boundaries to know just

how much he could do to me before I woke.

When I felt his hand on the thigh closest to him, little more than a

feather of a touch, I knew he was the third. Testing the waters.

Delicious.

I could feel him twisting slowly in his seat, no one had the seat across

from ours, and as we were on the big bench seat across the back of the

bus, no one occupied the seats behind us. In front of us the nearest

resident was one seat up and snoring like a lumberjack.

The bus bounced and I arched my back slightly. Previously, I had taken the

liberty of freeing the top few buttons of the coat, and just tugging the

halves together. Now, splendidly, the coat came apart slightly, revealing

the long line of my throat and exposing a thin stripe of my bare breast to

him.

He didn't retrieve his hand from my thigh, instead his fingers edged downward slowly, into the crevice between my thighs, where there was nothing to protect me.

My stomach was tight with anticipation and I was already so hot and wet I wondered if I were now sitting in a puddle. I wished it weren't so public a place suddenly. If we were a bit more private, I'd have damned the subterfuge, climbed atop him, fucked his brains out and said 'Thank you very much, I'm off now.'

The bus lurched violently and I bounced suddenly, for the better, his knuckles bumped directly up against the well manicured curls of my womanhood.

"Jesus."

I heard him whisper, but he didn't withdraw his hand. Instead, leaning so closely I could hear the tremble in his breathing, he slid his other hand boldly into the top of the coat and cupped my breast, his thumb across the nipple. I knew very well my nipple was erect, I could feel the steely little nub against the cold of the vinyl, his hand was warm and moist from the humidity. He gave it a soft squeeze.

I moaned softly in my feigned sleep and turned towards him, letting my lips part, and sliding farther down in the seat. He froze momentarily, until my breathing evened again and then he laughed softly.

"Having a nice little fuck dream, Sleeping Beauty?" He whispered. I could feel his face close to mine, he licked my lips obscenely and I made another little noise of pleasure, still surely sleeping. He pinched the nipple roughly then, and still I slept. "Nice little titty."

He withdrew his hand from my breast and from my thigh. I almost opened my eyes with despair, but waited. He wasn't going anywhere. He was now convinced I was completely and certainly out. I could feel the wheels of his weasely little mind turning. 'Woman on a bus wearing nothing more than her overcoat, deserves a poke while she's asleep.'

I could feel him fumbling with the remaining buttons on the coat. He lifted the half that was easiest and gasped again as I was fully revealed to him.

Urgency and impatience building, I slumped farther into the seat and mumbled dreamily, before turning slightly and tossing one of my knees up across his lap. The coat fell open down my right side, my breast exposed along with a clean line of my slender body right to the top of my boot. I could feel him hard and hot against the back of my bare calf through his casual Dockers.

"Naughty little cunt." He muttered, his voice straining. Some men talked, some men just got along with it. Sometimes I liked it when they talked. He had a nice voice.

Now, the stranger wasted no time. Trembling fingers met my wetness with little resistance as I was gaping open to him. The first finger prodded curiously. A little at first and then deeper, the other knuckles nudging my clitoris roughly.

"So fucking wet."

I had always been a tight little one and gasped a little when he slid the second finger in along side its companion.

Again he froze. I almost laughed as I could feel him weighing the options over in his mind. What he would do if he were caught at this point, with a girl lying prostrate on her back asleep, in the back of a bus with his fingers up her cunt. I rolled my calf a little against his cock just to help him make up his mind.

The fingers slowly moved again and then were withdrawn. He pressed his whole fist, then, against my tight little opening, perhaps contemplating. I was a little horrified at this new turn and was disappointed that I'd have to innocently wake soon if he kept with this line of experimentation.

He removed his fist after a couple gentle tries and instead slid his body further beneath mine. There were a few moments of shifting. I felt something slightly heavy cover both of us, which I surmised was his jacket and then he took my hand.

My fingers met his erection half curled in the relaxed state that was supposed to accompany this sleep I was faking. He uncurled them enough that when positioned, his cock rested neatly in the curve of my hand.

"That's a good little slut."

I moaned softly in my "sleep" and turned a little tightening my grip as if in reflex and pulling a little.

He gasped again and cupped one of his hands over mine. He moved slightly and his other hand was back between my legs. He clawed lightly at my inner thighs while using my limp hand to masturbate himself.

Sliding my hand up and down on his cock with one hand, the other hand parted the lips that hid my clit. The cold air hit the little nub and all concerned, sending a rush of goose bumps down my thigh and across my stomach. He plucked the node of flesh with his fingers and massaged it between them until I was most tempted to writhe atop him. He pinched and twisted the sensitive little thing until I almost cried out.

As he moved my hand more quickly beneath his, he slipped his fingers inside of me once again. I came with a small whimper that didn't disrupt him in the least.

"Dirty...fucking...whore..." he panted.

In my "sleep" I bit my bottom lip as the speed of my hand and his increased. He ignored my spread legs altogether at once, jerking his hand away and crushing mine upon his cock. He tightened and was done. He wasn't concerned with me just then, and through slightly opened eyes, I could see he had used a tissue to catch the semen. Just as well. I didn't want the mess anyway.

He sat panting for a moment, and then looked down at me, lying half naked on the bus seat. I was still "sleeping" of course. He laughed softly and patted my breasts gently. Then, seemingily embarrassed, he reached to cover up his indiscretion, fumbling the buttons back into place and tying the belt neat as could be. Apparently being most kind and even gentlemanly, now, he slid away from me slightly and covered me with his long jacket.

The bus jarred again, on cue. I started and sat up slowly, glancing around sleepily. He looked a little alarmed. Looking at myself, lying across his lap, I pretended to be embarrassed, "I'm so sorry, I fell right asleep and took up the whole bloody seat!"

He smiled sheepishly, "It's no problem really. You seemed very tired."

"My, aren't you a chivalrous gent." I smiled sweetly and adjusted myself back into my own seat.

Reaching for my bag I sighed. "Are we almost to the Albany stop?"