**Subway Show**

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Maybe it was the heat. All day, Micah and I had been bickering. It started when he saw what I was wearing, which really wasn't a big deal. Emphasis on "big." My dress was short, and the top, which was two triangle cups, left the center of my chest and the sides of my breasts bare. Hey, it was over a hundred degrees outside!   
  
Here's the other thing: notice how I said "the center of my chest" and not "my cleavage"? Well, that's because I don't have any. All through high school I was a beanpole. Barely an A cup, no curves, ass flat as a board. Now that I'm 23, I've finally—finally!—filled out a little bit, but I'm still only a 30B, and my butt, although it's round now, is still pretty little. It's not the kind of figure men usually drool over, so I didn't think I'd be getting any unwanted attention. Or wanted attention, for that matter.  
  
"This doesn't even show as much skin as a bathing suit," I told Micah.  
  
"It's not a bathing suit, though," he grumbled.  
  
"Well, that's not a shirt," I sniped back at him. He had on a black ribbed tank top, and to be honest, he looked pretty hot, his biceps and pecs showing the fruits of his labor at the gym. But no way was I letting him get away with criticizing the way I dress! Like I said: It. Was. Hot.  
  
Just to spite him, I flashed my pearly whites at the guy who held the door open for us as we approached the record store. As we walked in, Micah pulled my thick, dark hair, which I had up in a ponytail. That always turns me on. Bastard. I turned to glare at him before heading to the folk music section, while he went to look at the classic rock.  
  
After the heat outside, getting into the air-conditioned store felt like stepping into a nice cold pool. My nipples were almost instantly hard, and they pressed against the fabric of my dress. Normally that might have made me feel a little embarrassed, but I was in a defiant mood, and liked how proudly they stuck out, like they were trying to poke right through my top.   
  
When I got to the records I wanted to look at, I spun around quickly so the skirt of my dress flew up. I hoped Micah was watching. Deliberately, I leaned over the row, and started to flip through albums, making my little tits fall forward, my big nipples pushing right to the edge of the fabric. Licking my lips, I pursed my mouth up like I was reading the titles to myself. When you're not a magnet for men's eyes, you learn to work with what you've got.  
  
I risked a peek up. Micah was watching me and scowling. An older guy, maybe in his 50s, with salt and pepper hair and broad shoulders, was watching me, too, with a totally different expression on his face. I angled my body so he had a better look. I wondered if my areolas were starting to peek out. Maybe even a hard nipple had slipped out of my dress. I didn't let myself look. There was wetness between my legs. Was that sweat? Or pussy juice? Without thinking, I rubbed my thighs together. I swear I could feel every thread in my thong rubbing against my tender skin. I had to take a deep breath.  
  
"You ready to go?"   
  
I jumped. "Jesus, Micah! You scared me." I turned to look at him.  
  
"Sorry," he said, smirking.  
  
"We just got here," I pointed out.  
  
"The vinyl would probably melt before got back," he said blandly.  
  
I rolled my eyes. "No, it wouldn't, but whatever."  
  
We decided to take the subway across town to watch a movie. Lucky for us, there was a breeze off the lake that day, which always cools the tunnels down. If only we had air conditioning in our apartment! We'd been too hot to fuck the past couple of nights. I'm sure that didn't help with our moods.   
  
"Your nipples are hard again, Jessie," Micah said as we waited for our train. I saw a man a little ways down the platform glance over. Had he heard? I kind of hoped so.  
  
I lifted my chest and looked down at them. "Gee, I guess they are," I said innocently.   
  
He put his arm around me and rested his hand on my hip, tracing the shape of my hipbone.   
  
"Your tits almost popped out of your dress back there," he said, his lips tickling my ear. "Everyone was watching you." I wished he had said it louder, so the man could hear. I wondered if he was looking.  
  
Our train pulled up with a whoosh and a gentle breeze. My dress flew up and I felt wind tickle my ass and thighs. Immediately I grew damper between the legs.  
  
"Good," I said to Micah, and strutted into a car, swiveling my hips. He hurried to catch up.   
  
I didn't get why he'd moved so fast until I sat down. I took a sudden breath. He'd snuck his hand onto my seat, and his fingers were pressing against my swollen lips. I took a quick look around. There were maybe fifteen people in the car, mostly men. Most of them seemed pretty drunk. They wore the local team's caps and teeshirts, so I figured they must have been coming from the baseball game.  
  
Micah slid his finger along the edge of my panties, pushing them into my slit so my labia were bare. I took another loud breath, maybe loud enough to make someone look over. I knew I should stop him, but it was just so hot—and I wasn't thinking about the weather this time! There I was in front of all those people... practically naked... practically ready to explode.   
  
His finger came to rest on top of my thong, right over my clit. And that was it. The bastard didn't rub. He didn't move his hand at all. He pressed just hard enough that I couldn't ignore it. I rotated my hips a little, but that just made things worse. I took my lip between my teeth and moaned. I saw a couple guys hear me and glance over, making the blood in my pussy pound.  
  
"Slut," Micah said, not very quietly. I hissed, but I was more excited than angry.   
  
Micah pulled his hand out from under my bottom. Before I could decide to be relieved or disappointed, I felt his fingers grasp the back of my dress. They were slick with my wetness. The smell of my pussy wafted into the air.   
  
"Take a deep breath and shove those titties out," he said, softly this time.  
  
It was like I was under a spell. I just did it. At first I didn't get what he was doing, but then I felt the front of my dress scrape against my hard, sensitive nipples as they popped free of the fabric cups. He left it like that, so the tips were just peeping out the edges of the dress. More guys glanced over. I looked down, my face flaming, but I made no move to cover myself up. I could feel their eyes on me.   
  
That touch was as hot as if they had been lapping me with their tongues.  
  
"Everyone's watching you," Micah said.  
  
I shivered in pleasure. "Me?"  
  
"Yeah, you," he said.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because you're a hot slut. They all want to see those tight tits and your fat pussy lips."  
  
"Oh," I half-said, half-moaned.  
  
"You want to show them more? You want them to think about you tonight while they stroke their cocks or fuck their wives?"  
  
"Yeah," I whispered.  
  
Micah pushed his arm around my waist, making my upper body tilt forward and shoving my boobs out even more. He pressed his hand against my pubic bone and curled his fingers over my clit. Anyone who looked could see what he was doing now. And people were looking. Looking at my hard nipples, my breasts, my tight thighs.   
  
"Spread your legs wide," Micah ordered.  
  
I inched my knees apart and leaned forward, trying to get more pressure from his fingers.  
  
"All the way," he said.  
  
Heart throbbing, I opened my legs as far as they would go. Rewarding me, he ran his big finger up and down over my clit. My head tilted back, and I moaned.  
  
"Yeah," I heard one of the guys watching say appreciatively. I snuck a look. They'd mostly stopped talking and were just looking at me now. Even the women.   
  
"I bet you want to fuck all these guys," Micah whispered in my ear.   
  
"No," I protested, trying to rub myself on his fingers.  
  
"They might expect it now," he said, "you're acting like such a cheap whore."  
  
I gasped as I ground myself on his hand.   
  
"If you don't want to get fucked by every dick on the subway, you better put on a good show," he said. "Can you do that? Can you put on a good show like a good girl?"  
  
"Yes," I gasped. His hand was just teasing me, not letting me get enough friction to cum.  
  
"You have to do just what I say," he said. "If you do a good job, maybe I'll even fuck you. I'll blow my load in your tight pussy and you can walk down the street with my cum dripping down your legs so everyone will know what a slut you are."  
  
I could only moan.  
  
"Stand up," he ordered.  
  
Reluctant to leave his fingers, I stood. Every eye was on me. I'd never felt so hot in my life.  
  
"Go to that pole," Micah said. I stepped over to it. "Now pull the top of your dress the rest of the way off your tits so these guys have a good view."  
  
Trembling, I peeled the fabric from my damp skin. Someone whistled appreciatively.  
  
"See if you can get those tiny tits to jump," he said. "Don't cover the nips. We want to see them."   
  
Eagerly, I pressed them upward. It made them look fuller, even giving them cleavage. I started to jiggle them up and down.  
  
"Now try and wrap them around that pole," he said.  
  
The cold steel felt amazing on my flushed skin. I had to push my breasts together hard to even come close to "wrapping" the pole, and it made my nipples stick out like they were begging to be sucked on. I moved my hips closer, but Micah stopped me.  
  
"You don't get to hump yourself on that pole yet, you horny slut. Just show these guys how you like to fuck my dick with those while you blow me."   
  
I squatted up and down to rub the pole between my tits.  
  
"That looks a little rough," Micah said. "You better spit on your boobs."  
  
I hesitated.  
  
"Do it," he said.  
  
I licked my lips and worked up some saliva and spit it onto my cleavage. God, that was so dirty. So nasty. So hot.   
  
"Hold your nipples between your fingers and your thumb," Micah said. "Now jiggle those tits up and down by the nips."  
  
I groaned while I did what he said. It ached in the best possible way. I felt my pussy get even wetter.  
  
"Hot damn," someone said.  
  
"Shit," I heard another voice mutter. I swear I heard the sound of a zipper go down.  
  
"Come here," Micah ordered. Was he finally going to fuck me? I stood in front of him with my tits out, my nipples puffy from being teased. He reached out and lifted up my dress at the sides. He took hold of my thong and raised it up, stretching it so the fabric pressed hard against my swollen lips. The outer lips were still outside the crotch of the panties, on display to everyone. I moaned and rocked my hips, humping my own underwear.  
  
He smirked at me, then he yanked my underwear off. The crotch stuck to my wet hole before finally peeling away. Looking down, I saw my own wetness trailing down my thighs. I stepped out of my underwear.  
  
"Lift your dress up to your waist," he ordered.   
  
I felt the air caress my bareness. I thought I saw a couple of hands furtively rubbing crotches. But I was quickly distracted by what Micah did next. He stepped behind me. I thought for sure he was going to fuck me. Instead, he turned me to face the crowd.   
  
With one hand between my legs, he spread my pussy lips open, putting my naked center on view. I tilted my pelvis back so they could get a good look. I wanted to be fucked so bad I felt my entrance clench and relax on nothing, like my cunt was winking at everyone.   
  
"Now that everyone has seen your slut cunt," he said, "you can cum. Go to the other side of the pole, turn around and spread your ass cheeks."  
  
I walked back to the pole, swiveling my hips. I couldn't believe what I was about to do. I bent over and reached back. I grabbed my ass and spread it, swaying a little so everyone could get a good look.  
  
"Back up to that pole, Jessie. Press your little asshole right up on it."  
  
I gasped as I felt how cold it was. This was so dirty. So nasty.  
  
"Now take your fat pussy lips and spread them open so we can see them grip that pole."  
  
My fingers were trembling as I spread my vulva wide open. I couldn't help rubbing up and down, leaving my wetness all along the metal. I heard a few muttered comments and a girl's giggle.  
  
"Bet you wish that was my cock, don't you?"  
  
"Yeeeees," I groaned.  
  
"Bend over even farther, until your clit touches the pole."  
  
I did it. "Fuck," I said. Between my legs, I could see all the guys watching me. One of them was opening stroking his cock now. I imagined his hot cum landing on my naked skin.  
  
"Fuck yourself until you cum, slut," Micah said. "And tell us how it feels."  
  
"It feels so good," I whined, frantically rubbing my clit and pussy against the hard metal. "It's so dirty. Everyone can see my swollen cunt and my big swollen nipples. I'm so nasty and hot. I just can't help it. I'm making this pole so wet and slippery, and I'm making the whole car smell like my hot pussy. Oh, oh my god, oh, OH, OH! FUCK!" I screamed as I came. I fell to my knees, thrusting my naked cunt out at the other passengers.  
  
They broke out in cheers.  
  
"You're right, Jess," Micah said with mock concern. "You did get that pole wet. You better lick it clean. If you do a good job, maybe I'll let you lick mine."  
  
I didn't even hesitate. I turned around and licked wildly at my own juices, sucking and slurping to get all my cream.  
  
"What do you think, guys?" Micah asked. "Did she do a good job? Should I let this slut have my cock?"  
  
"Hell yeah," I heard someone say, among other voices in agreement.  
  
"All right," Micah said with a sigh, acting like he wasn't as turned on as I was. He made me get on my hands and knees on the seat. I heard the sound of his zipper and the snap of the elastic on his underwear. I couldn't help bobbing my hips back and forth, humping the air. He saw and laughed, smacking my ass.  
  
The guys were silent. I guessed they'd just seen Micah's thick 8-inch uncut cock. Yeah, there's a reason I put up with the guy.   
  
He teased me with the head, just running it along my soaked slit, hardly pressing inside me at all. I groaned in frustration, but he must have been pretty worked up, too, because soon he drove his entire length inside me, harder and faster than he'd ever given it to me before. I'd never been this wet before. Unable to form words, I shrieked.  
  
Micah grabbed my ponytail and pulled my head back, pounding into my hot snatch. In the darkness of the tunnel, I saw our faint reflection in the window: him behind me, almost totally clothed, me with my tits swinging free, my ass thrust up to take him, the meager fabric of my dress bunched around my waist. Behind us, the group watched. They watched his cock jam in and out of my tight, sloppy cunt.  
  
I turned my head to look at them.  
  
"You like that, slut?" Micah asked. "You like them watching you take this hard cock?"  
  
"Yeah," I whimpered.  
  
"What a whore," he said. His balls slapped obscenely against my thighs.   
  
"Yes," I said. "I'm a whore. I'm a fucking filthy whore with a hot slut cunt and you're filling it up with your hard cock. Oh god." He fucked me harder as I talked, stretching me as much as I could take and more.  
  
He bent over and reached his hand between my legs to rub on my clit, still drilling into me.  
  
"Oh fuck. Oh fuck. You're going to make my slut cunt cum on your hard dick MicaaAAAAAAH!" I screamed. My hips bucked up and down and he pounded, pounded, pounded so fast I thought our skin would ignite.  
  
"Oh fuck, you slut," he groaned. "Uh, uh, uh!" He crammed his dick all the way inside me, pulling my hips back tight against his crotch. My orgasm rolled on and on. I realized I was moaning and babbling. He held himself inside me as he emptied his nuts. I groaned, clenching and releasing my pussy muscles.   
  
The men cheered again, whooping, clapping, commenting loudly to each other. Weakly, I stirred and smiled boldly at them. Finally, I was the hot girl. The one they all had a hard on for. The one they all wanted to fuck.  
  
Micah pulled out of me. I felt cum slide down my thighs. He wiped his wet dick off on my upturned ass. Pulling my dress down, he covered me up, and helped me to stand and get the top of my dress back on.  
  
"Let's get you home and get you cleaned up," he said, wrapping his arm around my shoulders. He put his lips close to my ear. "If you're too tired to walk, I can give you a piggyback ride. But that dress is so short, everyone will see your wet, used pussy."  
  
I grinned and playfully punched him in the side. "You'd like that," I taunted.  
  
"Not as much as you would," he growled.  
  
I snuggled into his side. I couldn't argue with that.