**Subways Can be Fun**

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I work in Washington DC which has an immaculate subway system. I have about a 40-minute commute into town and 40 minutes back out every day. The trains are always stuffed for the last 30 minutes or so into town and first 30 minutes coming back out. I had been riding the subway for about three months when warm weather came and women started wearing skirts on the subway. I would usually move to the back since I was riding almost the entire distance the subway travels.

One day I noticed a girl in a light cotton short skirt standing beside the seats with one hand holding a pole and one hand on the back of a seat. Everyone was packed in very tight. A guy was in the seat right next to her. Right after the subway started moving I noticed the man took the back of his hand and rubbed the outside of her leg. I thought it was an accident at first, but then his hand moved to the back of her leg and rubbed lightly again. I expected the young women to brush his hand away or move, but she did not move. The man then moved his hand to the inside of her legs just above her knees and rubbed his hand slowly up and down touching the inside of both legs. It was so erotic to see a man touching the women in open sight on the subway. I looked around and the way everybody is packed in nobody even noticed except me. The man slowly caressed the inside of her legs up and down. His hand moved gradually upward until it disappeared underneath her skirt. He moved up until he had to have been touching her panties. The young women moved which startled me because I was watching with so much erotic energy.

I thought she was going to move away, but instead she moved her right leg back and apart a little more. He kept his hand under her skirt for the next four or five minutes or so until she suddenly pulled her legs together. He slid his hand out and a minute later she got off at the next stop. That whole scenario was so erotic and unbelievable. After that time, I started looking carefully and noticed that a number of women with light cotton skirts would position themselves by the seats with men in them. I also noticed that sometimes a girl would wait a couple of stops and then move to a different seat with a man sitting in them. Over the next month I saw over a dozen girls get felt up that same way. I could not believe that girls were actually letting guys touch them on the subway. It seemed as though it was almost a game to pass the long commute. I also noticed that when a guy touched a girl's leg on the out side and she did not want to be touched she would immediately move. If a guy rubbed the side of her leg and then moved to the back of her leg, she would always let them run their hand up underneath their skirt. Over that month I never saw a girl get upset or make a big scene. If they did not want touched, they would move quickly after the first "accidental" touch by the man in the seat.

I got so intrigued by this whole erotic scene. It seemed like a kind of harmless way to pass the time of the commute. I work for a small 6-person firm and never see anyone I know on the subway. I was so tempted to see what would happen if I sat in one of the seats by the isle. One day I sat down and the commute was uneventful. The third day I sat down for the commute, a young women with a light cotton skirt stood right beside me. I was so nervous with a ton of thoughts going through my head trying to decide if I could actually touch a strange women's leg. Two stops later I had enough nerve worked up and moved my hand over and gently bumped the outside of her leg. To my amazement, she did not move at all. I was instantly excited, but just moved my hand slowly up and down. I moved my hand to the back of her knee and she did not move away. I then moved my hand between her legs and again she did not move. I slowly moved my hand up between her legs until I was close to her vagina.

I moved a little higher until I felt a soft pair of silk panties. They were already soaking wet. I could not believe that this stranger would let me touch the most private area on her body. I slowly caressed her whole vagina and then concentrated on her inner lips, which were pronounced. After a little while she shifted to give me greater access. I then concentrated on her clit and after a minute or so she clamped her legs together and I pull my hand back. I had given her an orgasm. The only other person I had done that with was my wife because we were both virgins when we got married. I can definitely say that this instantly made my commute far more interesting. Over the next 2 months I had caressed 11 different women. One woman twice and two of the girls were not wearing panties at all.

A week later, my wife came down and met me at my office for a late lunch. When she arrived I saw that she was wearing a light sundress that was about 3-4 inches above her knees in length. She went shopping a little around the mall and met me for the ride home. When we got on the subway I took her to the back and had her stand beside the chairs. I took her hands and wrapped the around me and I stood in front of her. I so hoped that the gentleman in the seat would try to caress her legs but did not know whether he would with me there. I knew he was a guy that had run his hand under a girls skirt before. I turned back and kissed her a couple of times. The guy looked up at me and I smiled back. I don't know if he took that as a positive sign, but when I looked back I thought he had moved his hand to touch her legs. She went to move and I held her arms tight around me. A few minutes later she moved one of her legs outside of my legs, which would have given him complete access to her.

She continued to hold me tight until I felt her tense up all over and she moved her legs back together. I could not believe that she let another man touch her like that and that he had brought her to orgasm with me right there. Her face was flush when we got off a couple of stops later. I have almost talked to her about it, but I think she would be embarrassed. She has started to come to the office for lunch every Friday and she always wears a light sundress like she did that day. I do not get to travel back with her most days so I was curious if she stood in the back of the metro. I followed her and got in the car behind her with out her seeing me. She stood in the isle in the back of the train but I would not see below her shoulders. I have asked her not to wear panties when she comes to see me on Fridays. She now has made it a point to flash her pubic hair at me when she closes the door to my enclosed office. Our sex life has been super charged over the last couple of months since all this began. It seems like every married couple would like to add just a little bit of innocent excitement to keep their sex lives energized. Too bad fall is on its way.