**Taking Tina for a Circle Ride**

by [DarkSide](https://www.lushstories.com/darkside)

*Matt decides that Tina needs to be taken for a ride, but will she go?*

“There’s a package for you on the dining table,” shouted Tina.   
  
I was upstairs checking my emails on the computer. I finished what I needed to do and rushed down to get the package. Tina was in the lounge watching TV as usual. She seemed to spend a lot of time watching TV these days.  
  
I picked up the package. “What’s on?” I asked.  
  
“X-Factor,” she replied without looking up at me.  
  
“We’re going out,” I said, firmly.  
  
“Really,” she replied, again without looking up at me.   
  
I walked to the TV and switched it off. There was a barrage of abuse but I stood my ground. I grabbed her hand and yanked her up from the sofa. “Come upstairs with me, we’re getting you ready to go out,” I told her.  
  
She reluctantly followed me upstairs. I opened her wardrobe and looked inside. “Right,” I said as I looked at the contents. “What do we have that’s suitable.”  
  
Tina was a very slim and attractive woman. Her breasts were nicely shaped and ample for her size. She had a lovely slim figure with long, dark black hair and brown eyes. Anything she wore looked nice on her; but I always liked her in yellow. Tina had a wonderful figure-hugging dress that was coloured yellow; low cut at the back with a tie wrap around the waist. It looked amazing when she wore it with black stockings. I looked at the yellow dress hanging in the wardrobe but decided not to choose that one.   
  
Next, I grabbed her black slinky top which she always wore with black leggings. No, I thought, no leggings tonight.   
  
I looked at Tina, “strip off,” I said, “we need to find something that we can wear.”  
  
“We,“ she retorted.  
  
I smiled at her and started to contemplate her attire as she started to strip. I roughly knew what I wanted her to wear underneath, but I was struggling over the topping.  
  
I finally pulled out a nice black suspender belt with some stockings. “Here, put these on for starters,” I told her.  
  
Tina looked at me. She was naked. Actually, she was fucking gorgeous and naked. The only adornment was an abstract ornament on a silver necklace that hung around her neck. It nestled nicely between her breasts.   
  
Tina slipped the suspender belt around her waist and clipped it together. She rolled the stockings over her legs and pulled them up as far as they would go. Next she clipped them into the suspenders.  
  
I reached inside the wardrobe and pulled out some black high heeled shoes. Nothing too high as I knew she would be doing some walking at least.  
  
As Tina donned the shoes I could sense a change in her, she was becoming more self-aware; more sexually charged. Her attire so far was highly erotic. She stood there semi-naked.   
  
“What knickers shall I wear?” she asked.  
  
I glanced at her out of the corner of my eye and then returned my gaze to the shelves and wardrobe. “Hang on!” I said. I rushed downstairs and grabbed her thigh-length black woollen coat from the cloak cupboard. I rushed back upstairs.   
  
“I like these knickers,” she said as I entered the room.  
  
I took the knickers and threw them back in the wardrobe. I put the coat on the bed and reached for my package. “You’re wearing these,” I told her.  
  
I unwrapped a small package and removed the box, inside were two butterfly shaped rings, both in silver. I handed them to Tina. She looked at them dumbfounded. “What are they?” she asked.   
  
“They’re called nipple huggers,” I replied. I took one of Tina’s nipples in my hand and flicked at it; it became hard in no time at all. I then took the ring and then closed it around her nipple; squeezing it tightly onto her nipple. The butterfly adornment hung nicely over her breasts. I repeated the action with the other nipple hugger.   
  
“Doesn’t it look nice?” I asked.  
  
Tina took a long breath inwards, and then nodded. “Yes,” she said, “they look lovely.”  
  
I could see she was now becoming excited.   
  
“What’s next?” she asked.  
  
I looked at her. “The coat, then that’s it.”  
  
Tina looked at me, put the coat on and did the front buttons up. You wouldn’t have known she was naked underneath.   
  
“Come on, lets go,” I told her.  
  
“Where?” she asked.  
  
“London,” I replied, “we have a tube or two to catch.”  
  
“You’re joking,” she replied, “you’re not expecting me to walk out of the door and travel to London looking like this are you!”  
  
I looked at her and smiled. “You are,” I said, “and you’re going to do whatever I say. You know how much you’ve been wanting to do something naughty; something wild and erotic. Well, the time is now!” I exclaimed.  
  
She looked at me. She didn’t know what to say. She followed me out of the house as I left. We walked to the station and caught the train into London.  
  
We got off the train at Blackfriars and I headed for the nearest bar.  
  
“After you,” I said as I motioned Tina into the bar with my hand. We stood at the bar and sipped a drink.   
  
“You must be hot in that coat,” I said, “why don’t you take it off.” The words were loud enough for the chap next to me to turn around and look; firstly at me and then at Tina. She looked at me and smiled. She then looked at the guy next to her and explained that she couldn’t take it off as she was naked underneath. He looked hard at her, and tried to look down the front of the coat to see if she was telling the truth. The coat hugged her too close for him to get a good view and so he turned back to his mates and presumably told them the story.  
  
When a seat became free at the corner of the room I rushed into it letting Tina follow me. She eventually caught up and sat down next to me.   
  
“My nipples are on fire,” she finally told me.   
  
“How’s that?” I asked.  
  
“The clamps, they’re making them stick out and the constant rubbing on this woollen coat is making me so fucking excited.”  
  
“Anything else making you excited?” I asked.  
  
“No fucking knickers, and no clothes,” she replied. I nodded. I smiled at her while watching her look at the people in the room. I wanted to be inside her mind; what was she thinking right now?  
  
I placed my hand on her coat near her upper thigh. I leant into her to whisper something but slid my hand between the two buttons. My finger caught her hairless pussy and I slipped it between her lips a few times. I never said a word as I watched the look on her face. Tina clenched her muscles in her groin. I could feel her respond to my fingering. She bit her lower lip. She eventually held my hand and removed it from the coat.   
  
“What’s wrong?” I asked.  
  
“Nothing,” she replied, “that bloke is watching us. He has been since we sat here.”  
  
I could see he was opposite where we were sitting. “Open your legs,” I told Tina.  
  
She looked at me as if I had said something stupid. “Open them…now!” I insisted.   
  
She looked at me again and then Tina slowly opened her thighs. She looked directly towards the guy at the bar and smiled at him. We both could see he was straining to look up her coat; from that distance though he would have been lucky to see anything.  
  
I left Tina for a while and went to the loo. When I got back Tina was chatting to the guy from her seated position. I made polite conversation with him until Tina and I eventually decided to leave.   
  
“Where are we going?” she asked.  
  
“Catching the tube to Victoria station,” I told her.  
  
It was late at night. Sometimes the tube is full and sometimes it’s empty. It’s pure luck which way it swings. We arrived at the underground and caught the circle line tube to Victoria. I deliberately rushed Tina onto the platform and the train. The train was partially full. We went past Mansion House, Canon Street, then Monument; people left and got on the train at each stop.   
  
“We’re going the wrong way,” said Tina. It had taken her a few stops to realise we had got on the eastbound rather than the westbound tube for Victoria.   
  
“It’s the circle line, we’ll get there,” I told her.  
  
She shook her head in disbelief that I had made a fundamental mistake. Truth is, I hadn’t. I knew exactly what I was doing. By the time we reached Liverpool Street, the carriage had one person sitting opposite us. He was old, well in his fifties perhaps; old enough to be Tina’s father.   
  
I whispered in Tina’s ear. “Undo your buttons and let your coat fall open.”  
  
Her mouth opened and she gasped; almost silently but not quite. The guy opposite us looked up over his book and then returned to reading it.  
  
I smiled as Tina started to undress. She unbuttoned the whole coat and then grasped each side of it and parted the two halves so that her breasts were free and visible. She looked so horny with the clamps around her nipples and her tits looked fantastic. The coat fell apart and she sat there with her legs crossed.  
  
She coughed.  
  
The man looked up and did a double take. He obviously couldn’t believe his eyes as he just stared at this beautiful vision before him.  
  
Tina smiled at him. She lifted her hand and tweaked her nipple for him; making it stand out even more. She had lovely sized nipples at the best of times.  
  
Tina never once looked at me. She kept her concentration on the guy opposite her all the time. Without warning Tina uncrossed her legs and opened them for him. She quickly closed them and pulled the coat over her body as the train pulled into Euston Square. I noticed a few people much further up the train leave and one woman got on. She sat much further up the carriage; almost out of sight.  
  
Tina had the full attention of the guy. He was watching her, and the people around him, wondering whether he would get another show. As the train pulled away, Tina opened her coat and thighs for a second showing.  
  
The guy watched her. I could see his hard on developing as she looked at him. Tina let her hand drop to her thigh and she stroked it. As it reached her pussy she slipped a finger inside. Tina leant forward a little; her breasts fell forward and the butterfly adornment dangled in free air. “Take your cock out and give it a good wank, old man,” she said.  
  
I thought that was a particularly rude thing to say but he never hesitated. He unzipped his trousers and grabbed at his cock. It sprung free of his trousers and he started pulling at it. He glanced up the carriage to see whether anyone else was watching.  
  
I had never seen Tina take control of such a situation before. I thought she was being particularly obedient when I told her to do things but I was now having second thoughts.   
  
The train had already stopped at Great Portland Street and was now heading for Baker Street.   
  
I watched as Tina got up and sat next to the man; blocking anyone’s view of the man’s cock. She opened her legs and took his hand and placed it on her thighs. She leant over him, reaching out to take his cock in her hand. “Here, let me do that for you,” she told him.  
  
The man started to moan, he watched her pump her hand over his cock and just as he was about to cum he realised that he could do what he wanted; he started to feel her pussy.  
  
Tina was so absorbed with tossing him off that she never noticed the train stop at Edgware Road. Luckily no-one got on either. Suddenly Tina’s right hand was a mess of white liquid that just kept erupting from the end of his cock. “Oh! My,” said Tina, “such a mess. You had better clear that up quickly.”  
  
The man suddenly realised we were slowing down and pulling into Paddington station. He grabbed a handkerchief from his jacket pocket and started to wipe up the mess as best he could. He stuffed his cock back into his trousers and pulled the zip up. As the doors were opening he leapt from the chair and headed for the platform. He just about made it, but I could see his trousers were a mess as he ran away from the train.  
  
Tina smiled at me shrugged and licked the remnants of his spunk from her hand. She was such a naughty tart.  
  
She eventually got up and sat next to me. She looked at the window opposite her to where the man sat with a smile on her face.  
  
I was as horny as fuck by the time we left the station. I wanted to fuck Tina there and then – on the train.  
  
I was about to get my cock out when I noticed a girl walking down the train. She was heading straight for us. Tina drew the coat around her and we sat in silence.  
  
The girl sat opposite us in the very seat that the man was sitting earlier. She had short blonde hair and she was quite slim. Her breasts were small and she had the brightest red lipstick on that I had ever seen. A silver stud poked out from her nose.  
  
“Can anybody see?” asked the girl.  
  
We looked at each other, Tina then looked back at her smiling as she did so. Tina repeated her actions and opened her coat and thighs for the girl.  
  
“Fucking wonderful nipples,” declared the girl. “You’re so fucking hot, what’s your name?” She asked.  
  
“Tina, and yours?”  
  
“Melissa,” she replied.  
  
Tina licked her lips and then produced the most erotic pout I had ever seen. She was egging the girl onwards. Teasing her.  
  
Bayswater station came and went as the two of them faced each other off.  
  
Melissa sat on the edge of the seat and Tina seemed to know exactly what would happen next. Tina opened her legs and leant back in the seat. Melissa was off her seat and was soon kneeling on the floor of the train with her hands on Tina’s knees. They slipped up her thighs and Melissa pushed them further apart.   
  
I watched as Melissa’s mouth, quickly followed by her tongue, contacted Tina’s pussy. A loud moan emanated from Tina’s mouth. Her hands clasped behind Melissa’s head as she pulled her inwards onto her cunt.  
  
High Street Kensington came and went. The two of them seemed oblivious to anything that was going on around them. Melissa was in the zone and licking Tina’s open pussy. Her tongue pushed inside and eventually she clamped down on her clit and flicked at it.  
  
Tina’s moans became much louder. Her breathing was a loud, guttural grunt with a lot of sucking in of air. Tina pushed her cunt into Melissa’s mouth. With her clit covered and her hands behind Melissa’s head, Tina let out an Earth shattering scream as her orgasm shot through her. Expletives filled the air. She held Melissa tight to her as she climbed down from her sexual high; eventually releasing Melissa as the train pulled into Gloucester Road station.   
  
By the time we reached South Kensington, Melissa and Tina had exchanged numbers. As she got up to leave, Melissa kissed Tina on the lips, sharing Tina’s juices that covered her face. Melissa got off at South Kensington; with a wave the train pulled out on its way to Victoria and Melissa bounced down the platform, smiling.  
  
“That was fucking awesome,” Tina declared as the train whizzed into the tunnel. I pulled at her coat and buried my head in her tits. I sucked on her nipples and felt them get larger. I wanted Tina so fucking badly.  
  
The train eventually arrived at Victoria. Tina did her coat up and we left the tube for the mainline station. Victoria was much busier; even at that time of night. I watched Tina as she unbuttoned the top two buttons of her coat and strutted around the station. A ‘look at me’ sign in red posted all over her. Those that did take their time to look were rewarded with a glimpse of naked breast and occasionally the butterfly adornment shone out from the coat; you had to be quick to catch it though.  
  
We stepped onto the train, heading South, out of London. Tina started unbuttoning her coat before we even left the station. We sat down and she immediately started to caress me; grabbing for my cock and trying to release it. I had never seen her in this state before. She was horny as fuck and wanted it. I wanted it too, and I knew we were both going to get it before we would leave the train.  
  
I never bothered to tell Tina that all these trains are equipped with CCTV cameras. I guess I should have, but then I guess there is some guard or official sitting at a desk, somewhere in an office, masturbating over her antics and exhibitionism throughout that night.