**The Subway Train Incident**

by[The Big Bopper](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=596456&page=submissions)©

**Kate's Story**  
  
The first time that I recall it happening to me was on a Tuesday evening in rush hour on the subway train that carried me daily back to my small apartment in the inner suburbs. Believe me, these subway rides were something to be experienced.  
  
I mean, I had read about and seen pictures of the Tokyo subway system where they employed pushers to get everybody in the doors of each carriage. Well, it wasn't quite that bad in our city, but it was nevertheless a tight squeeze and quite claustrophobic when the doors closed and you found yourself bumping into bodies all around you.  
  
I would ride with one hand above my head, hanging on to a strap from the ceiling of the carriage and usually my other hand closed over my handbag that hung from my shoulder. I was paranoid that if I took my hand off the handbag, one of the other passengers crushed around me could reach in and rob me. An awful thought to have about my fellow travelers, but I had been warned that this is what things are like in a big city. I didn't earn enough money to take the chance of losing some of it.  
  
On this particular day in the middle of summer, I was wearing a light summer cotton dress, dropping to around mid thigh. As the train gathered speed after picking up even more passengers at the last city stop, I suddenly became conscious that I was being groped. I could feel fingers lightly stroking the cheeks of my arse over the cotton dress. I tried to turn my head around in the cramped conditions of the carriage, but all the bodies were wedged so tightly that I could only see to one side.  
  
The fondling of the fingers continued unabated as I tried to determine how to handle the situation. Should I yell out at the top of my voice and above the roar of the train on the tracks, 'Get your hand off my arse!' Oh my God, I could hear some of my city-raised work colleagues doing that ... but to this country girl, I would be so embarrassed to draw that kind of attention to myself.  
  
I cringed and determined to try to wait it out until I got to my stop. Actually, as the fingers roamed across the lightly clothed cheeks of my arse, I decided that it wasn't too bad. Whoever the groper was, his finger strokes were not aggressive ... his touch was soft and gentle and seemed to be affectionate rather than intimidating. I found myself beginning to enjoy the experience. I tried to turn my head again, I still wanted to see the face of the person who was taking such liberties with my body.  
  
The first stop on this line is about 15 minutes from the City so I figured that I might have to endure this intimate touching for a max of quarter-of-an-hour. But then I felt the train slowing as sometimes happens on this line. Since there were no stops yet, there must be a red signal ahead. Looks like I would have to endure the 15 minutes of fondling just blew out a bit longer.  
  
My God, what was that? I just felt the skin of another human being on the back of my thighs. Those fingers had left my covered arse and were now just inside the bottom hem of my summer dress. No ... no, this was going too far, I had to stop it now, but how?  
  
I managed to get my head almost fully around, but there was nobody facing me, so who could it be? Who was the owner of the fingers? I certainly wasn't imagining it, certainly not as the fingers traced lightly up over the skin of the back of my upper thigh of my right leg. That hand was now under my dress, raising it as he boldly stroked those gentle fondling fingers higher.  
  
I tensed as his fingers reached the leg elastic of my nylon and lace panties. Oh God, what now ... how far would he go (I was guessing he -- surely it had to be)? The fingers had paused at the leg elastic of my panties, sort of like he was trying to decide what to do next ... under or over the panties. He would have no doubt felt the tensing of my body, the clenching of my butt cheeks as I anticipated his next exploratory move.  
  
At last, the fingers moved on, he had chosen over -- rather than under - and I felt them trace across the smooth sheer nylon of my panties encasing my equally smooth arse cheek. This was far more intimate than having his fingers touching through the material of my dress. Except that I knew for sure that I was wearing panties, his fingers on the sheer nylon material felt like they could be actually touching my smooth bare skin.  
  
Oh God, this should stop now. I had had sex with only one guy since arriving in this city, and that was when I first got here 3 months ago. Since then, my trusty vibrator had serviced my sexual needs adequately, but of course not totally fulfilling - not like having a real male organ.  
  
I wanted to be bold and yell out 'Stop it now!' but the fingers were feeling really good now. Who was this guy, did he do this often? Now that he had found a non-resisting woman, would he be on the train again tomorrow night and the next night, and so on, searching me out, positioning himself to be behind me?  
  
'Oh no, that's going too far,' was my thought as I felt his thumb tracing down over the cleavage of my arse, encased as it was in the nylon and lace panties. If only I could get my hand down there to brush his away, but I needed to hang on to the strap up high as the train lurched this way and that and my other hand protected my belongings in my handbag. I even thought that it might be a ploy to get me to release my grip on the bag so he could rob me. No, I would have to let him play unhindered with my arse.  
  
I felt some fiddling back there, it felt like my dress was being rolled up or pulled up and then I felt a roll of the material of my dress at the back of my waist. Somehow, he had rolled it up tightly enough that it hung there in the small of my back just above the slope of my arse. With my dress hiked up in back, the only covering on my arse were the flimsy pair of brief panties that hung on my hips. This was becoming awkward. I prayed for the train to speed up and get to that first station, but we were now just barely moving on the bridge that crossed the river to the inner western suburbs.  
  
Oh God no ... serious trouble now! I felt his fingers slip inside the elasticised waistband of my brief hip-hugging panties and slide down over my soft smooth skin. Oh my God, he was good at this, his touch felt wonderful, but I knew inside that I shouldn't be enjoying this. It was wrong, he was violating my space and my body. But his fingers felt so good, so gentle, I don't think I could recall having a man with such soft smooth fingers tracing just the way a woman likes to be touched. How could he know how to do that when so many other men didn't?  
  
I tried to turn again to identify the assailant. But did I want to see who it was so I could tell him to stop, or did I want to identify him to get his number, to ask him to take me out sometime?  
  
The fingers lightly traced both soft rounded cheeks of my arse. But then that thumb again, now intimately tracing the inner crease of my butt, this time on my bare skin, not over the nylon of my panties. A strange sudden fear hit me, had I been to the toilet today? How clean was I? Oh God, fancy thinking such thoughts when this man is so intimately invading my body. Would he try to push his thumb deeper, did he want to touch the pucker of my anal ring? My head whirled with a mix of thoughts, some not so pure, you might say even carnal. Where did this come from? How was he bringing out my naughty side?  
  
The thumb just traced up and down my crease, not daring to venture deeper, while his fingers still lightly fondled my smooth cheeks. Had we reached his limit, or would he dare to venture further? To my relief -- or was it really disappointment -- I had such mixed feelings ... anyway, the train was now picking up speed again, heading on to that first stop where enough people would alight to remove the crush of bodies. I could be free of this man's intrusion then ... that's if I wanted to be.  
  
His thumb stopped stroking at my arse crease, only to be replaced by what felt like his middle finger. However, this one was insinuating itself deeper into my crease, pushing where the clench of my cheeks would resist him ... well, might resist him. I clenched my butt tightly, but only for a moment, trapping his probing finger, causing it to stop, maybe having the owner of the digit perhaps think that he had reached my limit.  
  
But then I let go, unclenching, relaxing my muscles ... I knew that may imply to him that he had the freedom to push his insisting finger deeper. He accepted the challenge, it was now sliding up and down within the tight grip of my inner crease. Oh my God, he touched it -- my anal entrance - and with such gentle sensitivity. No scraping, no sharp fingernail, just the pad of his middle finger rolled across the tight pucker of my anal ring, then came back to circle it.  
  
He kept it there for a moment and I clenched my butt in response, gripping his finger against my anal ring so tightly he could not have dragged it away even if he had wanted to. What would he do now? My God, I hope he doesn't try to push it in, I'm too dry.  
  
The train rumbled on, now back at full speed, heading for that first suburban stop where maybe 20% of the passengers would alight. I stood rigid, frozen to the spot, kept upright by the press of bodies all around me in the crowded passenger train. Rigid and held upright also from the finger that was pushed deep inside the crease of my arse, the fingertip that pressed firmly against my anal entrance, my butt cheeks still clenched to hold it in place. I had to admit that I was now enjoying this intimate moment, it was the most excitement that I had experienced since arriving in this busy city.  
  
The PA buzzed noisily over my head and the conductor's voice announced, "Next stop Carlton Heights." I unclenched at hearing the announcement of the imminent stopping of the train, expecting that this would also stop this man's invasion of my body. I felt his finger slip from between my cheeks, then one final passing of his fingers smoothly across my naked butt cheeks and then his touch was gone.  
  
I stood in the crush of the carriage, feeling embarrassed that I had permitted a stranger to take such liberties with my body, but then also an empty feeling of disappointment that his finger was now gone. I wondered if he would readjust my clothing, and then I felt my dress being unfurled in back and then it dropping down over my arse. But my panties were still rolled down into a tight band of material around the top of my thighs, just below my bare arse cheeks. At least my dress should cover them even if he wasn't going to pull them back up for me.  
  
The train eased to a halt at Carlton Heights Station and people began to leave through the now open doors, the heat of the summer day coming into the cool of the carriage air-conditioning. I turned quickly as the crush of bodies released me, trying to spot the person who had had his finger almost in my arse. I picked a guy with a close-cropped number one buzz cut, his clothes were tidy, and from the back, he looked to be around my age.  
  
I felt it was him, even hoped it was him. I would hate it if it was some old lecher from around my father's age, or even older, getting his jollies from touching up a young woman.  
  
The doors closed and the train rumbled on to the next stop, my stop. I looked around at the remaining passengers still standing nearby and contemplated whether any of them could have been my mystery assailant.  
  
I stepped off the train at my station, walking slightly differently since my panties were still rolled tightly around the top of my thighs, restricting me from stepping out. For a moment, I contemplated whether I should source out a rail employee and report the incident. Then as I passed by one, I decided that would not be necessary. I had enjoyed the experience enough not to call it a crime.  
  
I reached home, walked in the door, went straight to my bedroom, peeling off my dress, my pussy and arse still exposed with my panties lowered. I flopped onto my bed, reached for my vibrator and gave myself a mind-blowing orgasm.  
  
**Chapter Two**  
  
I was so vigilant the next night, looking all around me, seeking to identify whether my mystery toucher was going to be in my carriage. But alas, it was an uneventful ride and I reached my station without one indecent fondle.  
  
The same again on Thursday night!  
  
So by Friday evening, I had almost forgotten about the events of earlier in the week. But as I was pressed further and further into the standing section of the carriage, I felt a body pressed completely against my back. Now, despite the crush, most travelers won't stand that way ... it's just too intimate and can lead to accusations of molestation. So even though you are crushed into a carriage, you normally only feel another person side on to your front or back.  
  
But this person was flush against me, the whole front of him against my back. As the train began to pull out of the last city station, I felt two hands on me, one on each hip, pushing my dress upward. Oh my God, he's back, I felt a twinge of excitement shudder through me. The dress quickly slid up over my arse, and came up high in front too. He was bolder this time! He rolled the bottom half of my dress into a neat ring around my waist. My panties were now my only cover from waist to ankles.  
  
I managed to turn my head to catch a glimpse of his face. It was a nice face, he gave me a warm smile. It was indeed the guy with the buzz cut hair. "It's you again, isn't it?" I said quietly to him.  
  
"Who else could it be? How many others have touched you the way I did on this train?"  
  
I giggled, "Yes, you're right, only you."  
  
"I can use two hands this time, I could only reach one hand through between other's bodies the other night."  
  
"That was alright, your one hand felt nice." I was shocked at myself for so willingly giving my approval to what he had done so intimately to me.  
  
"Then imagine what my two hands are going to feel like," he said as I felt him running them both across my arse, one hand on each cheek.  
  
"Is that your specialty?" I asked, beginning to once again enjoy his soft warm touch in the crowded carriage.  
  
"No, my specialty is actually getting down on my knees and licking a woman's pussy until she cums ... but I can't get down there with so many people around us."  
  
I giggled once more, "I would like to see you try that on a crowded commuter train."  
  
"Is that a challenge, because I will."  
  
He sounded serious, what a determined young man. I liked what I could see of him, just as I had especially liked the affectionate touch of his fingers last time. It was beginning to feel just as good now as his fingers dipped inside the back of my panties, pushing them down once more. No, hold on, it was feeling better because he was using two hands.  
  
But to my concern, those two hands were now sliding around my hips -- to the front where I was just as exposed as at the back, the panties now trapped in a thin line right at my crotch. Oh God, his smooth fingers on my bare tummy only made me push my arse back against his body where it made contact with a firm ridge that had to be his cock, fortunately still within his trousers. He hadn't become that bold.  
  
I subconsciously wriggled my bare arse against the hard ridge within his trousers and he used those hands on my tummy to pull me back harder against his erection. My God, I couldn't believe how sexual a simple commuter train ride could become.  
  
Embarrassed at where this was going so intimately in such a crowded train, I looked nervously around at my fellow passengers. To my relief, nobody seemed conscious at what was happening below my waist. One of his hands dipped lower and it sought out the top of the crease of my outer labia lips ... he was dangerously close to my clitoris. I gasped loudly at his intimate touch and again looked around nervously, hopeful that I had not been loud enough to draw attention.  
  
His finger slid downward and stroked along my outer lips to the bottom where it indented enough to press at the opening of my vagina. I gasped again, I couldn't believe how bold he was becoming. Yet this was the man who had almost had a finger up my arse the first time.  
  
He dragged the finger back up again and boldly slipped under the hood that was supposed to cover my sleeping clitoris. A couple more finger slides down and back up along my swelling labia lips and he declared, "You're getting wet!"  
  
"It wouldn't surprise me," I answered, my eyelids drooping and thankful that the people in front and to the sides of me were turned away, presenting their backs to me. My body swayed as his fingers stirred my arousal quickly, then returned to pounce on my budding clit that now felt hard and exposed.  
  
I felt a trembling in my lower body as his fingers stirred my passion. Where had his other hand gone? There seemed to be some fumbling behind me - at my arse and then I felt hard human skin pushing at the crease of my arse cheeks. That definitely wasn't his hand. My God, that was his cock! He had opened his trouser fly on this crowded train and released his erection and it was pushing between the tight cheeks of my arse. Because of his height above mine, the cock-head was angled downward so that as he pushed into my arse crease, I actually felt its very wet tip touch my anal ring.  
  
"I don't think so," I tried to say firmly, half turning my head.  
  
"Ssshh! It's okay, I'm not going to do it this time, you're a bit too short," he whispered in my ear. "But I did one night, on this train. The woman was just a touch taller than me, she was about 5-11 and I had some lube with me, in my pocket. Before she knew it, I had pressed my cock beyond her sphincter and she was impaled on it. It was unbelievable ... so tight inside her and we were so tightly wedged in by all these other people."  
  
"My God, what did she do ... what did she say?"  
  
"Well, there wasn't much she could do about it, she couldn't go anywhere, couldn't get away from me. But she didn't say much. I guess it was just as well that I picked a woman that must have been into anal sex. She seemed to enjoy it."  
  
"I can't believe that you would try something like that ... you know, like on a crowded train."  
  
"I get my kicks from this ... you know, a lot of people find it exciting to do it in dangerous places, like running the risk of getting caught."  
  
I had so many questions to ask him, and so little time to do it. Even while we were talking, his fingers never let up, rolling around and around my clitoris, then occasionally two fingers dipping down lower and slipping right up inside me, expertly working my g-spot. I felt deep throbbing down there, just like the intense feelings that my vibrator stirred ... only much better.  
  
I asked another question, "Did you cum ... with that woman, I mean ... you know, like in her arse?"  
  
"Yes, I sure did ... I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. It was so tight up her arse and I was thrusting it harder and harder. I'll bet the people around us were pushed and shoved by our bodies, because we couldn't keep still. When I came, I buried my lips in her neck, I might have even bitten her to keep from calling out. That's how good it felt!"  
  
His story was quite arousing, but even more so were his fingers. I could feel my whole body trembling now. It became obvious to me that I was about to cum too. Oh, how embarrassing was this going to be ... but still I couldn't stop it, couldn't hold myself back. I wanted this so badly, and I felt some exhilaration too from letting this stranger do me in a crowded train carriage.

Oh God, I peaked -- and how! My body jerked and pulsed over his fingers while his hard cock remained wedged between my arse cheeks, its tip dribbling pre-cum against my anal ring. His free hand shot up and clamped over my mouth just in time and my loud moans of pleasure were stifled into the palm of his hand.  
  
My whole body sagged, but the mystery man managed to hold me upright among the crush in the crowded train carriage. There had been no red signals tonight and as my head began to clear and I came around from the intense orgasm, I heard the conductor's voice announce, "Next stop Carlton Heights."  
  
"That's my stop," he told me, his hand releasing my mouth while the fingers of his other hand pulled out of my vagina. I turned my head in time to see him run those same fingers under his nose, "Ah, you have a beautiful aroma."  
  
The train was already drawing to a stop as I felt him hurriedly pull my panties up and roll my dress back down. So that as the passengers began to alight, no evidence remained of what had just happened on the 5.17 to the inner western suburbs. He was gone before I could even ask his name.  
  
**Chapter Three**  
  
It would be at least a week before I again saw the mystery stranger waiting on the platform. I tried to make eye contact with him, but when I did and I smiled at him, he looked away as if he had no idea as to who I was. Did he not know what I looked like from the front or was this part of some strange ritual with him where he wouldn't acknowledge someone outside of the intimacy of the crowded train carriage?  
  
When the 5.17 arrived, I pushed forward into the train carriage, glancing anxiously around me to see if he had maneuvered himself into a position where he would be behind me. But alas, I couldn't see him anywhere. Then a hand grasped mine and dragged me back through the throng and out of the train carriage.  
  
"What are you doing?" I asked when I saw that it was my mystery man. "That's our train."  
  
"I know," he said, "and we are going to catch it. I just need a bit more privacy for what I'm going to do to you tonight."  
  
Wow, what could that be? He had already done so much while we were wedged in amongst our fellow commuters, he must have something big in mind if he can't do it in our usual carriage. But how can he find somewhere private on a peak-hour commuter train?  
  
He dragged me along the station as I looked anxiously around, fearing that we were about to miss our train. He paused at the doorway where the conductor stood, whistle in hand and some fleeting words were exchanged. The conductor moved aside and my mystery man pulled me into the small compartment. I was quickly pushed to the other side of the carriage, my back against the conductor's door, the door that he uses when the platform is on the other side of the train.  
  
My mystery man dropped to his knees in front of me, reached up under my dress and pulled my panties all the way down, forcing me to lift a feet, one at a time, to step out of them. Then his head moved forward and he pushed his face up against my crotch. Burying his face in my inverted vee, I never saw his tongue, but I sure felt it lick right up the pubic slit formed by my labia lips.  
  
I gasped an intake of air, adding, "No, not here, you can't do that here."  
  
He pulled away from my pussy for just a moment, looking up from his kneeling position in front of me, saying, "I can, and I am. I told you this was my specialty."  
  
"But the conductor, I can't do this in front of him."  
  
"Don't worry, he's seen it all before," and with that he pressed his mouth right back at my pubic mound and his tongue went to work diligently. I placed both hands on his head and tried to push him away from my crotch. I did really try ... but needless to say, with the sort of attention I was getting from his tongue, I quickly gave up my protest and leaned back against the door to let his tongue have its way with me.  
  
We hadn't even left the station yet. As the mystery man sucked and licked my clitoris, the conductor still standing in the doorway by which we had entered his compartment, blew his whistle, rang the bell and I felt the train start to move.  
  
As the train cleared the station, through my half-lidded eyes, I could see the conductor close the other door and turn to lean back against it. He was only the width of the train carriage away from where I stood, leaning back against the door, my legs spread for the mystery man to wedge his head between them.  
  
The train conductor just stood there watching us, watching this man -- that I guessed that he knew - perform cunnilingus on this woman that he -- the conductor -- had never seen before. I wondered whether he had seen my mystery man do this previously -- to other women. In fact, was this a regular occurrence? Did my man progress all of his conquests into the conductor's compartment for this more intimate contact? He had told me that what he was doing now to me was his specialty. From the way it felt, I had to agree with him.  
  
There were very few places for me to look while my mystery man aroused my clit with his lips and tongue. I found myself staring back at the conductor, perhaps trying to shame him into looking elsewhere. But he just stood there, staring at the sexual event happening in front of him in his work compartment. I was too embarrassed to maintain eye contact, so my eyes scanned down. Sure enough, I could see a sizeable bulge in his grey work trousers and they were pale enough to show up the wet spot leaking through from his obvious erection. I couldn't blame him, what red-blooded man wouldn't become aroused from what he was witnessing.  
  
The train rumbled through the dimly-lit subway tunnel, then eventually out into daylight and the setting sun shone in as we cleared the underground city tunnel and rolled onto the bridge that spanned the river, heading for the inner western suburbs. Somewhere about the middle of the bridge, I came loudly, amazingly by now I was oblivious to the stare of the conductor who had stood there watching this entire sexual ritual unfold in front of him.  
  
As my legs trembled and I feared that I would fall in a heap on the carriage floor, my mystery man rose to his feet in front of me. I watched as his hands unzipped his trousers and released that cock that had been wedged between my arse cheeks last time on this train. Then he grasped the backs of my thighs and lifted my feet clear up off the ground, bracing me against the closed carriage door.  
  
With my legs still trembling from the orgasm, I was held suspended until I felt his cock-head slide around in the incredible wetness left by his probing tongue. He lowered my waiting body onto his hard cock that slid quite easily into me as I heard him call over his shoulder to our single audience member, "Any red lights tonight, Jerry?"  
  
"No, it's all clear tonight, Jimmy," came the conductor's reply. At last I had a name for the man who had just pushed his cock all the way up inside me. "How long you gonna be, maybe I can slow us down for you. Keith's driving tonight, he's a good guy, he'll understand." With that, I watched over Jimmy's shoulder to see the conductor pick up the intercom phone and I guessed that he was talking to the driver, "Keith, how about you take it easy, wind it back a little, we don't want to get to Carlton Heights too quickly."  
  
What power my man Jimmy had, the train immediately began to slow, but not Jimmy, who had by now got into a very pleasant rhythm with hard solid driving thrusts pushing deep up into me, hitting all the right spots. My upper body seemed to be bouncing up and down, my back against the closed door. Our breathing was loud and heavy, expressing the incredible excitement we both felt as Jimmy fucked hard up into me.  
  
Jimmy sure had endurance, my last man 3 months ago had cum by this stage. But Jimmy showed no sign of weakening. Meanwhile, I was ... I felt the pangs of pleasure coming from deep inside my body and I was soon conscious that I would cum yet again.  
  
The conductor must have been worried about Jimmy's endurance too. The train seemed to be down to about half normal speed by now as Jimmy continued to root his hard cock deep up inside me. "I can't slow it down any more, Jimmy, we're gonna be in Carlton Heights in 2 minutes."  
  
I appreciated the conductor's concern. Was it because the platform was on this side of the train and he would need to open the door that I was being banged against ... or was he concerned that Jimmy might miss his stop?  
  
"Thanks Jerry, I got it, I'll make it," Jimmy called back over his shoulder before planting an open-mouthed kiss on my lips and plunging his tongue into my mouth. When he pulled his lips free of mine, he called again, "I'm good, I'm cumming now!" and his shorter thrusts confirmed to me that indeed he was. But was he telling me he was cumming or telling his conductor friend?  
  
Whatever, Jimmy came hard and fast, pounding up into me as his cock spasmed and I felt his seed splashing around deep inside me. Jimmy spasmed once -- twice -- three times -- and then a fourth time and then he pulled out hurriedly, lowering my feet back to the floor. I reached out to hang onto something, fearing that my legs couldn't hold my weight, such was the trembling from my second orgasm.  
  
I felt the train come to a stop and Jimmy pulled me away from the door, allowing the conductor to push past us and open it up to do his duty at Carlton Heights. Jimmy was quickly pushing his still half erect cock - still wet from my juices - back inside his trousers and he zipped up as the conductor called back inside from the open door, "I can't hold it any longer, everybody's off, Jimmy."  
  
"I'm good," Jimmy told him as he gave me a hurried kiss, telling me, "I'll see you on the train next week." Then Jimmy pushed past the conductor and the rail official gave a strong blow on his whistle, rang the bell and the train began to move, heading on to my stop. I still stood there, shocked by what had just taken place in the space of no more than 20 minutes. I picked my panties up off the floor, stepped into them and hauled them up my legs, tucking them into place as I felt Jimmy's cum beginning to leak out of me.  
  
As I let my dress fall back down into place, I looked up worried that the conductor might expect something from me for the use of his compartment. But he just pushed past me to return to the spot where he had stood to watch from. Only now, he had his back to me.  
  
I continued to lean against the carriage wall, my legs still trembling from the two intense orgasms. I stared across at the back of the conductor, wondering why he was standing as he was. Then suddenly, his whole body shook quite violently and I heard him shout out, "Aah ... aah ... aaah shit!"  
  
He had half turned, but I was still looking at his back. I did see a spray of white splash from somewhere in front of him against the door on that side of the carriage. Then another ... my God, he was cumming! He was obviously so turned on by watching Jimmy and I that he had needed to seek relief, so he had taken his cock out and masturbated while shielding himself from my view. What a gentleman, I respected that he hadn't demanded something of me. To have had to accommodate the conductor would have turned what had been another erotic moment with Jimmy into a sleazy episode.  
  
I saw his hands busy and I guessed that he was tucking himself away. When he turned, he looked sheepishly at me, "Sorry, I couldn't help that!" He was holding his hands out in front of him, there were traces of his cum smeared across them.  
  
I felt so sorry for him, "That's alright, I understand!" I reassured him before reaching into my handbag and retrieving a tissue and handing it to him.  
  
"Thanks," was all he said as he wiped the cum from his hands.  
  
I hoped that he had a wife or partner to go home to tonight. I didn't have anyone, but I wouldn't need anyone, and I certainly wouldn't need my vibrator tonight.  
  
The End