**Train Station Girl**

by[WolfyLikes](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4980448&page=submissions)©

I had a job already, quite a good job actually. I wasn't unhappy there, but when I heard about a job opportunity at a bigger company I thought I'd get myself an interview and see what they were like. I felt like I had nothing to lose. It would prove to be one of my better life choices...  
  
I'd checked out a possible route to get there. Approx 1 hour drive or 10 minutes walk to my local railway station, 20 minutes on the train, 5 minutes walk the other end. I could also get a drink somewhere without worrying about driving later. My mind was made up, train it was.  
  
The day of the interview came, I chose a grey suit that made me look younger than the 35-year old that I was, that was due to the kind fit it had. White shirt, navy tie. I looked good, even if I say so myself. I made my way to the station, it wasn't the main railway station so it was fairly quiet passenger-wise. I looked up and down the platform, there were no more than 10 people about.  
  
I did second look at a pretty little thing sitting opposite the stairs that led down to the platform. She was about 20 years old, jet black hair in a 'just got up' tousled look and dark lipstick outlined her very pale skin colour, almost Emo like. However, her clothes said differently. She had on a bright red top with buttons right up the front, and a navy blue floral skirt that I noticed from the front reached to her knees, but draped off the front of her seat and almost touched the floor. I found myself staring so quickly looked away. She seemed engrossed in the book she was reading so probably hadn't noticed anyway.  
  
"The train due to arrive at platform 4A will be delayed by approximately 30 minutes due to an unforeseen blockage on the track," bellowed the tannoy announcement.  
  
"Oh for fucks sake," replied a female voice.  
  
I glanced around and realized it came from the girl on the bench.  
  
"Are you okay?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah, sorry for the language," she answered, "I was going to visit my aunt for an hour before I had to return later to go to work, if the train is delayed any longer it won't be worth going."  
  
"Don't worry, I've heard much worse language than that," I replied, "Are you going to wait?"  
  
"Yes, for a while, and if you're waiting too you may want to think about sitting down."  
  
I agreed and looked for somewhere to sit. She was sat on the end bench of a set of five in a row along a wall that housed the ticket house and some toilets. There was a single bench that was at the bottom of the steps that I'd walked down earlier to reach the platform. Not wanting to sit near the toilets, I decided to sit there. My back was facing the steps themselves, but also anyone coming down the steps would not be able to see me. I was almost opposite where she was sitting, but again she seemed completely engaged in her book to notice.  
  
I'd been sitting there for about a minute and was getting bored very quickly, so decided to take out my phone and check my social media to pass some time. I swiped the screen up to unlock it, and in doing so clicked on my phone's camera button. An image came on screen and it took me a second to realize where the camera was pointing. Right up her skirt! I couldn't see much from that angle, her knees were together and the skirt right to her knees, but I could make out the milky smooth undercurve of her thighs, just enough to keep me looking. If I could get the angle right I could get a couple of sneaky photos!  
  
Was my flash on? I couldn't remember. That would give the game away! I moved the phone so it was pointing at my leg. I made sure the camera noise was switched to off, and pressed the button. No flash. Bonus! I glanced up to see if she'd seen, she didn't seem to have changed position.  
  
I angled the phone back to where it had been earlier, so it looked like I was reading the screen. The image came on screen of those great legs, and I'm sure I could see further up now. Had she moved? Was she sitting further forward on the bench now? I told myself I was imagining it and took the shot. Nice one, decent angle, but I was greedy and wanted more. I pretended to check my shoelaces by leaning forwards and took another shot. At the same time, I shuffled forwards myself so that I was sitting right on the front of the bench, and leaning back allowed me to slouch more and be lower.  
  
I pointed the phone again, and this time zoomed in. I had a fantastic shot of her white panties and noticed she'd lifted her right leg so her foot was resting on the edge of the bench. What a view, I quickly snapped off about 10 photos in case she put her legs back down.  
  
"Do you want a better look?" I heard a voice say.  
  
I looked up and realized I recognised the voice. It was the girl on the bench.  
  
"Sorry," I said, "Did you say something?"  
  
"Yeah, I asked if you wanted a better look."  
  
I was startled and couldn't answer, she must have seen me taking photos and I'd been caught out!  
  
"Have you been taking photos or just zooming in?" I heard her ask.  
  
Sheepishly I replied "Both."  
  
"Dirty boy!" she exclaimed, but she giggled as she said it.  
  
"So do you want a better look or not?" she asked again, "Because I certainly do!"  
  
I didn't know what she meant until I saw her nodding towards where my phone was. I was that intent on trying to take some good photos to 'go through' later, I hadn't noticed I had a throbbing erection that was threatening to rip through my trouser leg. I looked back at her red-faced, just in time to see that she'd stood up and was holding the white panties in her hand. She winked at me, walked past the benches, and entered the male toilets.  
  
For a split second reality dawned on me and I remembered the interview. And then I realized this really cute girl had just asked me to come and look at her pussy!  
  
I didn't need to think about it, I rushed into the toilets as quick as my erection would let me. Unsurprisingly there was no-one else in there, just one cubicle at the far end with the door pushed shut. I walked over and pushed the door, it wasn't locked. The girl from the bench was sitting with the seats down, her skirt pulled up around her stomach.  
  
"Lock the door," she said, "and get back to taking pictures of this."  
  
"It looks so much better without your panties in the way," I said.  
  
"I had to remove them because they were so wet," she said, "My pussy was so hot I'm surprised you couldn't see steam coming off them!"  
  
She started to rub her clit while I took some more pictures, then pushed 1, 2 then 3 fingers up herself. She was fingering furiously, and I got some great pictures as an orgasm rushed through her. As she recovered she took the camera off me and undid the zip of my trousers in one movement, and gasped as my erection came into view. She placed her lips at the end, and took a few snaps, then started to work down my shaft, taking more and more in every time. After a few more snaps she took her mouth off my cock, and handed me back the camera.  
  
"Are we done already?" I asked.  
  
"No fucking chance," she said, "Does that have a video on it?"  
  
"Yeah," I replied, "but I can only record for about 30 minutes."  
  
"Don't worry about that, you ain't gonna last that long once I've gone to town on you," she laughed.  
  
I started the video just as she took my entire length to the back of her throat in one go, her tongue flicking at my balls. It was all I could do not to come straight away. She started to work up a rhythm with her mouth while using her hands to tickle and cup my balls. I started to relax as I got used to her, and after a while, she stopped blowing me and motioned me to sit on the toilet seat. She hitched her skirt back up again, and facing the door she lowered her dripping pussy onto me. She shuddered as it filled her up, took a few seconds to get used to it, and then started to ride me, getting faster and faster.  
  
While she was doing this I reached around and rubbed her clit for a bit, her arsehole looked so inviting I couldn't resist trying slide my finger, soaked with her juices, into it. She squealed a little as it entered her, and she slowed her movements. I thought she may not like it until she leaned forward more, giving me better access to it. She stayed still for a little while she got used to me sliding 2 fingers into her arse, and when she was ready she started riding me again. I kept my hand still so that she took my cock length, she was also sliding onto my fingers like a mini cock.  
  
She rode me like that for a while until I felt another orgasm rising in her. I was getting quite close myself and she must have realised, just before she orgasmed again she stood up, turned around, pulled me into a standing position, and started blowing me while her fingers were like a blur on her clit. Just as her orgasm ripped through her I was on the brink, she took her mouth off my cock and started to wank me furiously. I couldn't hold back any longer and ribbon after ribbon of my semen splattered across her face.  
  
She asked me to make sure I had a video closeup of her face covered like it was and proceeded to start using her fingers to wipe her face, all the while licking the gooey mess off them afterward.  
  
After we'd cleaned up and left the toilets (after I'd checked there was no-one to see her leaving the gents) she gave me a card with an email address on it, and said  
  
"That was so worth not visiting my aunt, make sure you send the video and photos to that email, so I can enjoy them too."  
  
With that she laughed and ran to the steps back up to the road, blowing me a kiss as she disappeared out of sight.  
  
I looked at the card which had a random email address on it. I didn't even know her name, nor she mine!  
  
Oh well, as much as it was worth her not going to her aunts, it was definitely worth me missing my interview too......