**Two Views to a Bus Ride**

**by [Cold\_Eyes](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1173871&page=submissions)©**

I hated having to stand on the long bus ride back from my college, except when some insanely beautiful girl was standing in front of me like today. I stood at the back of the bus and she was in front of me, getting pushed back further and further by the rush of passengers onto the bus. By the time we had made it only a few blocks away from my school, she was pushed all the way to back, right next to me. She looked like she had just gotten out of her job as a receptionist, with her navy jacket, tight white, v-neck blouse, navy pencil skirt, and fashionable purse.

I didn't have too much time to think about much as she walked toward me to make room for the new riders. The bus jumped as it took off before everyone had even moved back all the way, causing the receptionist to lose her balance and stumble into me. She fell right against me, pushing her breasts into my chest. I looked down past her flying curls and distraught face to see right down that low-cut v-neck, which displayed some delectable cleavage. Finally, she gained her balance and got a grip on the hand-hold.

"Oh, Ah beg your pardon, sir, the bus just jerked a bit when I wasn't expectin's all," she said with a smile and a Southern accent. Her drawl reminded me of one of those bright young Pollyannas from places like Georgia and South Carolina on the Miss USA pageants. "Well, Ah better turn 'round now so Ah can see when my stop's coming."

As she turned around, the bus stopped and let another person on who clearly didn't fit. "Move back, make room!" the driver cried. A wave of movement ended with me and the receptionist. She moved back to accommodate the new rider and pushed hard against my body, which was already pressed against the back of the bus. I held my breath at the realization that her perky little ass, which was clearly outlined by her skirt, had pushed right into my groin.

"Okay, stay calm, we don't want a lawsuit on our hands here," I told myself in thought. "Just think of Bea Arthur and Mother Theresa in...no, that's a bit too far. Okay, just name all the state capitals."

Well, it was worth a try. Every time the bus changed speeds, she would press harder against me. And every time the bus hit a pothole, her ass would jiggle and rub my dick. I bit my lip as I felt blood rush to both my heads. It grew little by little, but I managed to keep it about halfway down through sheer willpower. It was no use though, as the next pothole gave me quite a stroke against her. On top of that, her skirt slipped a little, revealing the top of a lacy thong. I squeezed my eyes shut and gritted my teeth, desperately battling my libido, but it was in vain. My mental chants of "Please stay down" didn't make a difference as I swelled to full size.

I began sweating. Maybe she wouldn't notice, maybe she's used to this sort of thing. I tried to make up all sorts of justifications, but none helped calm my member.

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Mission accomplished, I thought, as I felt his dick begin to poke right against my ass. To me, that's one of the most exciting things in the world. I mean, I'm a pretty normal girl in most cases, but I started developing a little kink, a fetish almost, for teasing boys. When I went to college, I found that I enjoyed slutting it up at all the parties and dances. The whole bump and grind thing was a surefire way to get laid, but then I discovered it was an ends in itself. I started grinding against guys I knew I didn't want, just because I liked the feeling of knowing that I certainly could have them, but there was no way they could have me. And by feeling, I mean the feeling of their desperate, aching cocks against my ass, thinking that they would get laid because I was so drunk and working them over so hard. Only one guy could have me a night, though, and all those other boys went home hard and alone.

Well, anyway, my point is that I started doing this to guys on the bus. It was a fairly long ride, I was bored, and whole thing was exciting for the both of us. I liked going for the younger guys, because they all had hair triggers. It took almost nothing to get a rise out of them. This guy in particular I really wanted to get bad. He was really cute except for the whole shaggy beard, long hair, and flannel thing. If he cleaned up, I might've slipped him my number at the end of this thing.

So I went through my regular routine -- the bump into his chest, push my boobs right into him, then rub my ass against him 'til he got hard. I even used the fake Southern accent. Guys really seem to like that for some reason. Maybe it sounds friendlier. So now I had him right where I wanted him.

My cell phone began to ring, and my plan became even more devious.

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"Oh, mah friend is supposed to pick me up at the bus stop. Ah bet that's her calling now, Ah need to take this. But mah hands are a bit full. Do you think you could do me a favuh?"

She was holding on to the hand-hold with one hand and her purse with the other, so I figured she wasn't fooling with me. I was still wondering how she didn't feel my hard-on against her, but I decided to go with it.

"Uh, sure."

"Great, my phone is in this pocket inside my jacket, it's a mite hard to reach, but it's on the left side near the top. You'll know when you hit it. Just hold the phone up to my ear for a quick second and then put it back, that's all."

Without thought, I decided to fulfill her request and moved my free hand around her waist and groped at the inside of her jacket. There wasn't much room between her and the guy standing in front of her, so I slipped my hand up and down slowly looking for the pocket, keeping my arm close to her to avoid touching the other guy. I could feel the beginning of the curves of her hips with my hand.

"It's higher up than that," she told me. There wasn't much higher I could go unless I felt around about at chest level. I gulped as my hand moved up to discover the pocket her cell was in. There was even less space between that other guy and her tits and her jacket was so tight -- I couldn't help but feel her up a little by accident. My forearm pressed against her right breast and my hand pressed against her left as it dug around in her pocket. When I finally got the phone and pulled my hand away, I could see her mounds jiggle a little bit as the bus ran over a slight bump. Damn, I thought, after that and the way her breasts felt against my arm, she definitely wasn't wearing a bra. I felt myself begin to throb and leak into my boxers as I held the phone to her ear.

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What an opportunity! I made a few seconds of idle chat with my friend on the phone, but I was really paying attention to that guy's dick. I could feel it twitch as he brushed my boobs when he went to retrieve my phone. Besides being the stiffest I had felt it, it kept jumping around in his pants, so I could tell he was even more worked up now.

When I said "bye" to my friend, he snapped the phone shut and tried to put it into the pocket on the outside of my jacket. I had none of that and insisted he put it back where he found it, because I always carried my phone there. His arm reached around my chest again, pressing into it. This was getting me really horny, probably almost as much as him. My nipples stiffened against his arm and I moistened downstairs. God, this was great! When he removed his hands, I shifted my hips to rub against him as well as to try to draw my skirt down a little more.

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I nearly bugged out when I noticed her skirt had somehow shifted even lower. Now the entire top of her thong and the beginnings of her crack were in full view. How I wished the thing would just fall off altogether. No, what I really wished for was for her to turn around, say "Why don't the both of us get off here," and then she starts tearing my clothes off in the nearest alleyway. Goddamn, I tried not to stare at the whale tail, or down her v-neck, but it wasn't any good. My cock was aching, thumping against her ass.

Another bump and I felt the thing rubbing against her, but this time it was different. Suddenly, I felt skin against skin. I looked down to see a lawsuit in the works. My prick had freed itself from my pants. Not only that, it was lodged right between the string of her thong and her ass cheek. I stared in horror as the bastard squirmed around right against the skin of her bare ass, releasing a droplet of precum that fell down one cheek and right into her crack. I couldn't believe it -- of all the times to forget to zip my fly. Well, I had to get the fucker back in or I was really boned. I was probably fucked either way, but at least I could deny the thing with a straight face if my pecker was not out in the open rubbing against the girl's ass. Before I withdrew my dick, a little streak of lust compelled me to let it sit there for a few more seconds. I really just wanted to leave the thing there, let it rub against her ass until it sprayed up her back. Maybe even just push it right into her little pussy and fuck her brains out right here.

Sense got the better of me. I bent my knees a little to draw my erection down and out of the thong. As it began to slip from her panties' grip, I held the string lightly with my finger so it wouldn't snap right against her ass. Finally, my cock broke free from the hold of the string. I don't know how she didn't feel all of this going on and turn around to slap me, but I was happy enough. Now to get the thing back in. I let go of the hand-hold since I was pressed against the back of the bus anyway. I used one hand to push the head into my pants and gingerly slipped two fingers from my other hand between her ass and my groin to pull the zipper up, trying to be discreet as possible. There was no way she couldn't feel those fingers running up her ass, though.

She turned her head: "Sir, please don't tell me y'all were..."

Oh shit, think fast. I reached into my pocket, inevitably pressing my fingers against her ass again, to pull out some tissues.

"Sorry, just getting some tissues. My nose is a little runny."

"Not much room here, Ah guess...." She smiled as her sentence trailed off. Yes! She bought it! Thank god! I still don't know how she didn't feel my dick right in her panties, though. My mind wandered a bit. Perhaps this was all on purpose. Maybe she was trying to screw with me, for some reason. In any case, I thought it better to interpret the whole thing as accidental. If she wasn't actually coming onto me while I believed she was, well I didn't want to think about what could happen.

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He was squirming around like crazy behind me for a while. I couldn't really tell what was going on. Maybe he was one of those perverts that rub themselves against girls in public. What bad luck if that were true -- this was supposed to be my game, not his. He was shabby enough to be one of those guys. I peered down when he offered up the lame tissue excuse to make sure his cock was still in his pants. It was.

From the feeling of his hot skin against the top of my ass, that little drop of liquid I felt, and his fidgeting, I guessed he had just forgotten to zip his fly. All the better for me, I guess. If that was what happened, I was kind of disappointed that he had a chance to close it.

My stop was coming up soon and I wanted to give this guy a grand finale. I decided to use one of my advanced tricks. My bag has a very thin bottom to it, which has only gotten even flimsier after so much use. That means it's a perfect prop for a tease. I shifted to one side while I pushed my free hand into my purse. This worked so that the bottom of my purse replaced my ass as the object pressing against his hard-on. I began to move the clutter in my purse around so I could reach the bottom of the bag.

"Oh my, Ah always spill mah change all ovuh mah bag," I said with yet another knowing smile. I groped around until I felt his hardness through the material. I kept my hand stiff and flat so he would think it was just something in the bottom of my purse rubbing against him, like maybe a book or case of makeup. My hand stroked him up and down as I pretended to be searching around for loose change in my purse. His dick kept twitching right against my palm as it slowly worked over the length of his shaft. I started pinching the head and bits of the shaft between my index finger and thumb, pretending that I was picking up nickels and dimes off the bottom of the bag. I stifled a giggle, knowing that I was secretly giving him a handjob. I wondered if he would cum. I don't think I ever made a guy blow his load in his pants before, but the thought of it turned me on even more, just imagining the tortured little boy trying to contain himself.

The bus began to slow after a few minutes as it approached my stop, I pulled the exact change for the fare from my pocketbook and acted like I had found it at the bottom of the bag. I pushed my hips back, right into his groin, and as the bus came to a stop, I pressed into him as hard as I could, giving him one big last stroke.

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That feeling wasn't normal. She was digging around for change in her purse and the bottom of the bag pushed right into my crotch. There was something at the bottom of her bag, long and flat, that was really pushing hard against my dick, shifting up and down. Strangely, this part of the bus ride made me feel more perverted than any other. It was the fact that some inanimate object in her purse was getting me off, but damn if it didn't seem to stroke me just the right way. Every so often, I'd feel the thing shift aside and her fingers feel around to try to pick up coins. When she found one and gripped the coin between her fingers, she would accidentally pinch my cock. I was incredibly aroused now, my dick throbbing and leaking the whole time. A few times, all the rubbing and pinching brought me close to cumming. Shit, I thought, I can't believe this girl almost got me off just by accident. A few more rubs and pinches, though, and I was right there. Fuck, just hold it in, it's not that hard.

I thought I would be done for in not too long when she finally fished the change out of her purse and moved back to her original position. Her breasts bounced tantalizingly as she shifted back against me. Her ass was pressed right into me again while I was on the verge of unloading right there. If she was getting her change ready, her stop couldn't be too far away. Just hold on a few minutes, I told myself. I almost smiled at how low my standards were at this point -- just don't cum all over yourself, that's all I wanted.

The bus slowed down as it reached the next stop, taking care to hit every pothole on the way. Her ass vibrated against my member vigorously, then gave one agonizingly slow yet magnificent up and down stroke. I felt my balls begin to tighten all the way up and my dick go rigid, pushing itself even harder against her ass. No, just hold on for a few seconds longer, you fucking bastard! But there was nothing I could do, it was happening whether I wanted it or not.

"Well, here's mah stop. Take care now, y'hear?" She smiled at me as her ass pressed into me one last time. My face screwed up as the first spasm began.

"Guh-guh-goodbye," I could barely spit out as I erupted into my pants.