

Wicked

1. Boy on Train

(Keywords: M/b pedo consensual anal)

WARNING: The following story contains graphic descriptions of sexual activity between a man and a boy. If you are under the age of 18 or are offended by material of this nature, please read no further.

DISCLAIMER: This story is complete fiction and the subject of my imagination. If the detail reveals a lack of research, this is because there was none.

Any similarity to any other story or to real life is pure coincidence.

Enough of all that. Here's the story.

The train was a little late and the driver was obviously trying to make up time because he was leaving his braking until the very last moment when entering a station and accelerating much faster than usual as he left. The train was extremely crowded. Not only were all the seats taken but the aisles were also crammed full of passengers, standing shoulder to shoulder.

The 3 carriage commuter train stopped about once every 3 minutes and was causing all those standing to lurch forward as it braked for a station and then sharply backwards as it stopped. They were also thrust backwards again as it started off .

The situation was obviously reversed for those who were facing the back of the train.

It was very uncomfortable for the passengers who were bumping into people standing both in front of them and behind.

There were the overhead handrails, the back of the seats and an occasional vertical bar to hold onto but many of the passengers were so hemmed in that they couldn't reach them and were forced to rely on other people for support.

The situation led to lots of "OOOO's" and "Ahhhhh's" as passengers lost their balance and bumped into others.

There were lots of apologies and of course moans about the way the train was being driven.

I needed to stay on the train for 7 stops. I use it to travel to my office every day.

I drive first of all but then park and take the train because it is impossible to find any parking in the City area where my office is located.

I had just about managed to squeeze onto the train and stood immediately inside the door.

In front of me was a solid panel up to about 3'6" in height with a frosted glass panel over that up to the roof. There was no handrail on the panel but there was a rail overhead I could just about reach over to.

On my opposite side from the door was a passenger facing into the train with his back to me and there was another standing behind me, facing my back, who was doing his best to read a newspaper.

The train moved off and I reached over with my right hand to the overhead rail which I needed to hold onto tightly.

3 minutes later the train pulled into the next station and I first experienced the buffeting which the standing passengers were suffering.

2 stops after that, the situation became ridiculous. There really wasn't any more space for another passenger to get onto the train through the door next to me. The doors opened of course but people standing on the platform could see there was no point trying and turned away to wait for the next train.

However, at the last moment, a boy squeezed through the people standing on the platform and eased himself onto the train just inside the door and in front of me.

I managed to step back a bit to make room for him and I was then right up against the passenger behind.

The boy was facing forward into the panel with his back to me and so I couldn't see much of him.

He was about 14 and tall for his age with neatly cut shortish fair hair.

I could see a bit of a side profile of his face and from that he appeared to be very good looking.

When he was getting on, I noticed he was wearing shorts with a rugby shirt over the top.

I saw him looking for somewhere to hold onto but he couldn't reach the overhead rail I was using.

Neither could he reach the end of the panel in front of him where there was a vertical rail because the man to my side with his back to me was in the way.

He therefor stood with the palm of his hands against the glass panel in front of him or sometimes the glass in the door to his side.

As the train started off, there was no way he could hold himself steady and he lurched back into me, his bum coming straight back into my prick.

It's a classic saying but it's true. It brought a tear to my eye!

And it didn't stop there. The accelerating process of the electric train we were on took about 15 seconds to get from a standing start to its cruising speed of 50 mph. This meant that the thrust of this boy's bum back into my prick also lasted 15 seconds before he could regain his balance.

During this period, 3 things happened.

Firstly, the boy turned his head towards me and gave me a helpless look.

Secondly, my prick was aroused by the boy's bum pressing against it for that length of time.

And thirdly, I couldn't make up my mind whether I was annoyed or enjoying this boy's attack on my private parts. Now that I had seen his face, it confirmed that he was very handsome with well proportioned features and lovely blue eyes.

The train was now travelling at its cruising speed and the boy was standing normally. However, we were already coming towards the next station and I knew what effect this would have on the boy's movements.

I was naturally worried about another collision involving my genitalia which might do even more than bring a tear to my eye.

The next danger time was as the train stopped when I knew the boy's bum would come back into me quite sharply. I therefore decided to press forward into the boy's bum as the train slowed, calculating that this would reduce the distance he had to travel back into my prick when it stopped.

Hopefully, this would reduce the likelihood of damage to my manhood.

The idea wasn't a bad one but there were 2 things I hadn't taken into account.

Firstly, as the train slowed, the boy obviously felt me leaning into his bum with my prick and, judging by the smile on his face when he turned towards me, thought my reason for doing so was different to what I had intended. The second thing was that my prick became aroused again and more so than the last time, growing to 75% of its full size. The boy would have felt this growing intrusion between his cheeks.

And it didn't end there. As the train slowed, the man behind me pushed forward quite forcefully, pushing my fast growing prick even harder into the boy's bum.

I'm sure he thought I had done it on purpose.

As we stood in the train while it waited at the station, I didn't know what to do.

I couldn't move my position. It was either stay on the train or get off.

The boy of course had the same choices and he seemed to have decided to stay put.

He can't be upset by what has happened, I thought.

As the train doors closed, I did the same as before and pressed myself forward into his bum so as to reduce the distance between us.

The train then started off and the boy was thrust back but not dangerously this time.

Nevertheless, my prick quickly grew to it's 75% as before and the boy turned his head towards me with the same smile and also a look on his face which told me he was enjoying himself.

In truth, I have to admit that I was beginning to enjoy it too but I did not return his smile.

The train then reached cruising speed and the boy regained his balance again.

3 minutes later and I could see us approaching the next station but we hadn't started to reduce speed.

At this point, the boy turned and gave me his "knowing" smile yet again.

I felt forced to smile back. It was not a conscious decision but just happened.

What it did, of course, was tell the boy that I was enjoying myself too.

The train was about to brake and I pushed forward as before, my prick again growing fast but not as much as previously because it had become accustomed to our routine. However, this quickly changed because, as the train braked hard, the boy pushed himself back quite forcibly into my prick. I could see his hands on the glass panel in front of him doing it.

My prick went wild and grew to full size and, as it did, I felt the boy rubbing his bum up and down on it.

I have to say that I became a bit wobbly at this point, my eyes closed and I gasped for air.

As I returned to normality and opened my eyes again, I was just in time to see the boy returning his head to the front. He had seen the effect he had had on me.

Now, I am a sensible person with normal heterosexual tendencies but the situation I was in tended to dispute that idea. The truth is that I was out of control and caught up in sequence of events I could do nothing to change and, more worryingly, didn't want to either.

The boy was probably someone who normally thought about girls but he was also caught up in our inescapable drama together. He was certainly enjoying it too and, like me, would have to reassess his sexuality later when we had both gone our separate ways.

My mind was now exploring other ideas about how I might increase my pleasure with this boy when the train started to pull out of the station.

I pushed forward and found the boy pushing back into me at the same time and also rubbing his bum up and down against me again.

I continued to hold the handrail with my right hand but now moved my left hand onto the boy's left bum cheek. I firstly rubbed it with my fingers. It was so beautifully soft and giving to the touch.

I then gripped it with my fingers on the inside between his cheeks and my thumb rubbed the outside.

This time, it was the turn of the boy to gasp and close his eyes which I saw from a reflection in the glass panel in front of him.

The train was now at cruising speed and we had stopped pressing into each other. However, this did not stop my ongoing massage of the boy's bum and I dropped my right hand down from the handrail above to join my left.

Over the next 2 minutes, my hands fully explored this boy's bum through his shorts, probing into every corner. As I did so, I felt him tighten his bum cheeks and, when my massaging fingers delved down towards his arse hole, felt him press back into them.

The approach of the next station made no difference and I continued my attack on the boy right up until when the train stopped. I then withdrew my hands from him just before the doors opened.

I could see that the boy still had his eyes closed and was gasping for air. He turned away from the open door. He had not recovered by the time the train started off again either but I nevertheless pushed forward in my usual way. I raised my right hand to the overhead rail again.

The boy felt a bit floppy as I leant into him and was not pushing back as he had done before. I compensated by pushing into him a bit more myself.

I now raised my left hand and slipped it under the bottom of his rugby shirt and up onto his tummy. I rubbed him there before slipping my hand down under the top of his elasticated shorts and then down still further inside his underpants and onto his prick.

It was only partially erect when I arrived but grew to full size within seconds of it becoming aware of my close intrusion.

I rubbed him gently down the underside of it's 4" length and rubbed his balls lightly.

I then took the end of his foreskin between my thumb and 2 fingers and drew it up as far as it would go, hesitating briefly before drawing it down again to the tip.

I repeated the process and speeded up a bit. However, I couldn't increase too much for fear of attracting the attention of the person to my right who was standing with his back to me.

I compensated for the lack of speed by holding the foreskin quite tightly and also making sure that I drew it right to its extremities.

As the train reached cruising speed, I again dropped my right hand from the overhead rail and tucked it under the boy's rugby shirt onto his tummy. As I continued to wank him, I ran my right hand up the inside of his shirt and rubbed his nipples between my finger and thumb, one after the other.

I could sense that the boy was close and, as the train started its braking process for the next station, I took advantage of the other passengers' preoccupation by speeding up my motion on his prick and then felt the boy start his orgasm.

At this point, I withdrew my hand from his shorts just as the train came to a halt.

The boy was now leaning back against me all the time and I used my right hand to turn his face slightly while the doors were open so as to protect him from the gaze of people standing on the platform.

As I turned him, he opened his eyes and we were able to briefly gaze at each other.

We both smiled and the look on the boy's face told me that it had probably been his first time.

It was also the first time I had ever wanked off another person and so my eyes were probably full of wonder as well.

The doors closed and the train started off again. My station was next.

As the acceleration increased, both my hands moved towards the boy.

I was no longer using the overhead handrail but relying totally on my forward leaning body up against the boy for my balance.

My hands went under his rugby shirt again and up to the top of his shorts, then pushing them down together with his underpants to below his bum.

I massaged his bum cheeks as I had done before, exploring between them and delving deeper and deeper down to his arse hole.

The boy was back to gasping again now but found the energy to start pushing back against me desperately trying to get my probing fingers closer into him. I then obliged, pushing my left index finger through his sphincter and deep inside, wiggling it and teasing him. The train was cruising now and I spent the next 2 minutes testing his muscle and increasing the size of my entry to get his bum used to what was about to happen in it's life. I saw my station approaching and so lowered the zip on my trousers with my right hand and brought out my raging prick. I guided it to his bum and positioned it just between his cheeks. The train driver now applied his brakes and, as he did so, my body was thrust forward plunging my prick down between his cheeks, through his arsehole and then, without stopping, all the way into his bum. I held him around his hips with both my hands and pulled him deeper and deeper onto me. The passion which had built up in me over the previous 20 minutes or so was such that nothing more was needed and I immediately started my orgasm. As the train ground to a halt, I withdrew, pulled up the boy's shorts and returned my shrinking prick to it's home, then zipping up my trousers. I tapped the boy on the shoulder and he turned to look at me. I smiled at him and waved my hand as a goodbye, winking at him as I turned towards the door. I saw him smile back at me and that look of wonder was still in his eyes.

For the sake of the odd cynic who doesn't believe this story, take a close look around when you are next on a rush hour commuter train that is particularly crowded and being driven in a rather aggressive way. Passengers get so caught up in their own thoughts about maintaining their balance or what they are going to watch on the TV later that you could slither down dead on the floor or even strip naked and nobody would take a blind bit of notice!

Note:

This is the first of many stories under the "Wicked" banner. I will post more over the coming weeks. I would welcome all positive comment for or against the story and can be contacted at **georgecollins_8@hotmail.com**