

Passenger

I like to think that I am just your average, run of the mill sales assistant. Hell I even wear a name tag right there on my chest for the whole world to see. I live in an ordinary house in an ordinary suburb of an ordinary city. I have ordinary hobbies and ordinary dreams. I live an ordinary life. But sometimes amazing things happen to ordinary people.

I catch a train to work every day and, living in an outer suburb, I usually get a seat before the train gets too crowded. Then it was simply a case of look out the window till the end of the ride. I know a lot of you out there would probably prefer to read a good book but to be honest, reading in a moving vehicle always made me motion sick. So I was looking out the window when I felt the presence of another passenger sitting down beside me. Allowing my eyes to focus on their reflection I quickly noticed that the passenger was a woman about my age. Long blonde hair put up in a bun, wire frame glasses that look sexy on any woman and one of those 'power' suits popular with the female executive. She had an air of professionalism about her that was both sensual and intimidating. My mother didn't raise me to be easily intimidated so I decided to strike up a conversation, perhaps in an attempt to ask her out.

"Hi"

Well ok, it was not one of the world's greatest opening lines but it was a start. No response so I tried again.

"Morning."

She didn't even look at me. Just a quick acknowledgment of my greeting and that was it. I decided to try a little harder.

"Nice morning isn't it?" I said, as rain started to patter against the windows of the speeding train. Beautiful timing. I waited to see what her reply would be. I waited for nearly five minutes. Nothing. Not a damn thing. With a sigh I went back to watching the rain sodden landscape rush by. Then I felt a breath as light as a feather on my ear.

"I'm wet."

If my eyes had gotten any bigger they would of shot out their sockets and bounced off the window glass in front of me. I turned to my fellow passenger to see her looking straight ahead. She didn't look at me, not even out of the corner of her eye. It was like I didn't exist. I must have imagined it. Yes, that was it, I had imagined that she had said such a thing. There is no way a woman like this would whisper "I'm wet" in my ear. Obviously I was projecting my sexual fantasies on her. I looked towards the front of the train, trying to gather my thoughts when I felt that breath again.

"My pussy is dripping."

I turned quickly to see her looking forward again.

“Excuse me?” I said. I was sure she had spoken that time. But again she refused to acknowledge me. Damn this was starting to drive me nuts. Was she saying these things or not? Was I going quietly insane? An image of my self running naked up and down the aisles of the train yelling “The Martians are Coming” rose up in front of me.

“I need a cock inside me.”

I turned my head so fast that I could hear the tendons crack in surprise. She was still looking forward but I could see just the hint of a smile on her lips. Omigod, it was her. She was actually doing this. I decided to make a move.

“It is you whispering into my ear isn’t it?”

No response. Not a thing. God dammit what the hell was she doing? Then an idea struck me. I turned to look towards the front of the train again. That familiar breath was not long in coming.

“I need a cock to fuck my wet pussy”

I wasn’t going to turn. I was going to stay watching forward. Nothing would get me to turn. I could play this game to.

“I need someone to lick my pussy. To run their tongue gently over my pussy lips. To slowly ease them apart.”

So that was it huh? She was playing a game. As long as I kept facing forward she would keep up her teasing. And that was basically what she was doing, trying to tease me. But it was not going to work. I was made of stronger stuff than that. Now if I could just hide this raging hard-on of mine.

“Do you want to do that to me? Do you want to lick my pussy? Would that turn you on?”

A light sweat broke out on my brow

“Would it turn you on to hear me moan as you tongued my pussy? Would it make you hard knowing that you could make me cum at any time, just by licking my slit.”

I gave a nervous cough. I was determined not to let her get to me.

“Do you want to gently suck my clit? Do you want to slide your fingers into my dripping pussy? Do you want to hear me moan your name?”

Nope. Not at all. To be honest you don’t turn me on at all. You’re a scrag, a whore, an ugly bitch. Oh god this was killing me.

“Do you have a big cock? Does it harden and throb at the thought of screwing me? Would it jerk at the touch of my breath? Would you groan at the touch of my hand as it slowly encircled your shaft?

Sweat was pouring off me now. I moved my bag on my lap to allow my cock a little breathing room. But there was no way I was taking it completely off my lap.

“Would you like the feeling of my tongue as it ran gently over the head of your cock? Would you groan as I ran one nail down the under side of your shaft till it reached your balls?”

I could feel every vibration as the train ran along its rails. I used to think the ride was fairly smooth till now. Every join in the track seemed to echo through my body.

“Can you feel my hot breath on your balls? Can you feel my tongue as it darts out to touch them oh so briefly? Can you feel my mouth enclose your balls in moist warmth?”

I swear to god that this teasing was driving me insane. Every word she spoke was bouncing off the inside of my skull and penetrating deeply into my brain.

“Can you feel my tongue as it slides up your shaft? Can you feel it as it plays across the ridge of your head? Can you feel my mouth envelop you?”

This was turning into one of the most intense sexual experiences of my life. My vision was starting to cloud. My groin was incredibly hot. I could feel sweat running down the inside of my thighs.

“Can you feel my hair as it cascades down over your hips. Can you feel my mouth move further down your shaft? Can you feel the tip of your cock press against the back of my throat?”

And that when I noticed it. In my state of heightened sexual awareness I could here the slight tremor in her voice. I could feel her breath becoming heavier. It was getting her off. Talking dirty to a complete stranger on a crowded train was getting her excited. Really excited. My nose could pick up that smell that a woman in heat has. Even over the perfume and aftershave of the crowded conditions could not mask that smell. It was like ambrosia to my sex-starved mind.

“Can you feel my tongue swirl around the tip of your cock? Can you feel my hand cradle your balls?”

And I'll be damned if I didn't actually feel it. Every move, every action she described was translating itself to my nervous system. I could feel her working on me. I could feel her touch on me. And by god it was making me incredibly horny.

“Can you feel me straddle you? Can you feel your cock as it presses against the entrance to my pussy? Can you feel it as I slowly impale myself on you? Can you feel my nipples brush against you lips as I lean forward?”

I wanted to take her right there and then. I wanted to tear our clothes off and fuck her on that crowded train. And I wanted them all to watch as I brought this goddess to

orgasm. I wanted them to see me fuck her until she screamed my name, until I came deep inside her, until we collapsed in utter exhaustion.

“Can you feel me as I rock back and forth on your monstrous cock? Can you feel my pussy clamp down on you? Can you.... Oh God!”

She was cuming; I knew it in my heart. It was the most incredibly sensual thing I had ever heard. And it had more effect on me than anything she had said up till then. I groaned softly as I came right there, sitting on a crowded train as a goddess groaned into my ear. I knew I would be carrying my bag in front of me as I walked from the train station to work. And to tell you the truth, I didn’t give a shit. I turned to look at my co-passenger. Aside from a slight reddening of the cheeks there did not seem to be anything to even hint at what had just happened. I thought about talking to her, about thanking her, about asking her name. But I knew she would ignore anything I said. It was part of the game.

She got off at the stop before mine. She didn’t look back, didn’t say goodbye. She just got up and walked off the train.

“Is that the end?” I hear you ask. “Did you ever see her again?” Well yes, I did see her again. She was on the same train a couple of weeks after our little experience. She was whispering into the ear of the man she was sitting next too. He seemed to be confused at first but he soon worked out the rules of the game. And when she got off I swear she looked at me and gave me a secretive little smile.