

'Johnny come quickly' from Adolescing. Copyright © Hilary Leland 2014.

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Johnny come quickly

I waited the time it would take her to get right through the carriage and doubled it. Then I unlocked the toilet door and peeped out cautiously. She was standing there waiting for me, the senior conductor and no ticket!

‘You have to come with me.’

Why didn’t I pick a more crowded train?

We only went one carriage back. Then she stopped and looked around. She opened the toilet door! She grabbed me by the arm and went in, taking me with her.

Standing against me, one inch away, ‘I’m Dawn.’

‘Oh. How do you do? I’m—’ My mind went blank. I couldn’t think of a name for myself. She was holding on tight to my right arm so I held out my left hand to shake hands with her. Dickhead! She stared at it, then reached around me to lock the door.

‘Yes?’

I nodded.

Kiss, snog.

‘Are you sure?’ As she breathed out I caught a whiff of her breath. Oh dear!

but yes, I must want to do it, I suppose. I can’t miss out on this chance. I nodded again. I tried to give her one of my irresistible grins and she smiled back. Keep smiling, where do

I start? I pushed her jacket to one side and unbuttoned her shirt. Crimson jacket, blue check shirt, hard bra and, hey, soft rippling against my hand, rippling through my whole body. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth, reaching out for me with her lips. How sweet! Oh how sweet! Then she blinked her eyes open again and looked at her watch. She sat down with a jolt on the privy and left my hand behind in the air. She checked her watch again.

'Flaming shit cake!'

'Okay, I see.' I was staring at my hand in the air, empty. 'I'm sorry ma'a (not ma'am, dickhead!) Dawn.' She thought I was looking at my watch too. 'Well I'll just—'

'I'll go first. Fuck! Wait.' She went out and slammed the door but her shirt is still undone! She opened the door again and I looked straight at her chest, yes it is! Then I realised that we were at Chepstow and the doors had not opened yet.

'Go back to your seat.

Why are you staring at me? Go on!'

I went to a seat. After fifteen minutes, another station. I thought of getting off but thought no, I'm safe now. Then I saw her sneaking around on tiptoe between the carriages, sneaking around in her own train! She kept on peering around the sliding door. She caught my eye and waved quickly. I followed her through the buffet into the first class. She opened a toilet door and looked all around. Then she

hustled me in quickly. Another toilet?

'Don't you have an office somewhere?'

'Office? That's a laugh! Well, sort of, but the catering staff keep coming in.'

She unbuckled her blue British Rail trousers and pushed them down below her knees. Her knickers too, she hopped on one foot while I knelt down on the floor quickly. I want to have a look! She steadied herself against the wall with one hand and grabbed a handful of trouser with the other. She yanked it downwards over her shoe. The train swung her, she almost fell but she planted her feet against opposite walls laughing. I tried to see but she leaned forwards, women's smells all over my face. She held my head and my mouth filled up with frizzy hair. Bump, I can't see a thing now. She murmured,

'Make me—'

'Wha? wha?' I freed my mouth and brushed her shirt tails off my face. 'What?'

'Make me rock and roll!'

'Wha?' (Sorry, I don't know what any of this is up here!)

We were still rocking and rolling when her mobile phone? intercom? started buzzing angrily but it was in her belt.

'Shit!'

She lurched against me trying to reach down to her trousers on the floor. 'Sorry.' Then she had the phone.

'Yes. FUCK! Yes right. Yes. I'll be there in two minutes.'

She put the phone back into her jacket pocket and tried to get dressed but the trouser leg was pulled inside out. I squashed myself against the wall to give her space.

'Shit! Look, just—Fuck!' She flushed the toilet. 'Just go out quickly. Shut the door behind you.' She was trying to thread her shoe through the wrong end of her trouser leg.

'Bollocks!'

I did what she said and went to the other end of the train to sit down. It's all right, I'm safe, I've got my ticket to ride. I closed my eyes. Hairs in my teeth, chewing cockles and mussels alive, alive oh, twitching in my mouth, swallowing, perhaps I dreamt it. I opened my eyes again and remembered kneeling there looking up at her.

Like looking into someone's insides. Spooky!

When we got to Shrewsbury (nearly two hundred miles from home) the train filled up full. I fell asleep. I woke up and she was standing there, looking at the floor.

'Come on out here pet. It won't take a second.'

We left the carriage. She muttered, still looking at the floor,

'Go and sit down again. Count to sixty, then go past carriage G, into the loo,' rocking from foot to foot, 'okay?'

She walked off quickly. I went back to my seat. I would rather go back to sleep! Shouldn't she be checking tickets or something? I couldn't keep count so I got up and walked down the train, bumping into seats and people but the first

class was still quite empty. Four toilets in two hours. It said engaged but I tried the door anyway. She looked out, white faced.

'Okay?'

She fumbled with my trousers and there was my prick, all eager and upright, it was like a little puppy taught to sit up and beg. Do you remember Graham doing it with that cleaning woman last year? His mum went ape but at least he won't die a virgin. Now it is my turn with an older woman. While she was tossing me off I wondered, Why? What is going through her head? She has a good job, lots of money. I bet she has a decent car and her own flat. She doesn't look too special with those teeth but girls have boyfriends whatever they look like so why does she want to bother with me?

She let go so that she could push her trousers and knickers down. Then she sat down on the toilet. Bending down, she took off one shoe. She was struggling to pull her trousers and knickers over her foot on that side. I squatted down next to her. I stroked her, just the back of her jacket because she was bending down to the floor. So she turned sideways to look at me, smiling but she saw something in my eyes. Her face fell.

'Don't you want to, pet?'

'Yes. Yes of course!'

'Are you sure? Quickly then, quickly, while we can!'

She opened wide, her trousers and pants all hanging off one ankle, inside out, brown and yellow stain. I edged round and knelt down in the middle. Not much room to move, here goes. She took hold of my prick and wriggled forward on the seat. She made a grab at my bum with her other hand. Something gave way and one of my fingers went inside her up to the knuckle. She gave a little yelp. There is loads of room here, down at the bottom. I can do it! I had to hunch down lower, there, slide it in, now. She yelped again and me, I,

'Oh!'

'Oh!'

'I'm sorry (ma'am?) I just—'

I wanted to sink through the floor. My soft wet thing plopped out of her again. Oh God she'll be so angry. She'll arrest me again now! I closed my eyes but she kissed me hungrily.

'Johnny come quickly eh?' Kiss. 'Oh it's all right pet.' I was still grinding my soft prick against her, stop it, stop it, it's no good. Kiss kiss kiss. 'It's all right. I said we had to be quick.' I saw a tear trickling down from the corner of her eye and a big glob of spunk hanging off the hair at the bottom. Kiss. 'It was my fault, pet, don't worry.'

Kneeling at her feet, I started to feel her up again. I haven't finished! My fingers dipped deep in my own spunk but it was so slippery wet. I could paddle my fingers all over

without hurting her.

'No love. Oh. All right then. We have got a few more minutes. This has been good hasn't it pet? Thanks.'

My fingers stirred the spunk round and round. I crawled to the side of her to move my hand more easily. I'll stick my fingers right up her, they're still stiff! After a few minutes I thought, This is like a runny nose, gruesome! I wanked myself with my other hand and I'm a fucking stud! I'll do her again in a minute.

She was making cheerful sounds, like girls huddled together all squeaking and chittering, boys just grunt. I grinned at her and whisked it all up to a stiff white froth like egg white.

'Yes, thanks. Thanks! That's enough now pet. Thanks.'

She pulled my hand out of her all sticky with different kinds of liquid and stroked it over her mouth, kissing it. Then she bent down and kissed my face, thanks, and kissed my lips. Another blast of stale breath, waiting for her to breathe out again. I suppose it's just her teeth or because she's been crying, she can't help it anyway. I stopped wanking so I could put both arms around her tight, next time she breathes out it will be over my shoulder. She looked lazily at her watch.

'Fuck! Oh, sorry love.' Kiss again. 'I have to—' She struggled to her feet, treading me down in another panic. 'Bollocks!' A sticky white print of my hand on her jacket.

They could trace me through my finger prints! The train was about to roll into Oxford Road. Time to get off but where will I go?