

# *The Train*



By JJ Argus

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**Smashwords edition**

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*This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.*

I was draped in the window seat in my parents front window, chatting idly with my mum about their neighbor Mister Perry, and his loud dog that Sunday morning. It was an absolutely routine kind of a day, or so I thought. Well, at least it started out that way.

I was wearing long trousers and a beige t-shirt. The sun was getting a bit obnoxious, especially reflecting off my glasses, so I moved and threw myself into an armchair instead.

“Just tell him if he doesn't shut the stupid dog up you'll sell it to the Chinese for dinner,” I said.

“Now really, Hannah,” she said with disapproval. “That would be most unhelpful.”

“And don't let them hear you talking like that in school,” my dad said as he passed through the room.

“You think they'd call me insensitive?” I asked with a smirk.

“I think they'd bloody expel you is what I think.”

I laughed. He wasn't wrong. My college is pretty politically correct.

“Well, speaking of school, I should probably be getting off. I've got to get back to the city early if I'm going to be working tonight.”

My mother frowned in disappointment, but I'd told her I would be working a special this evening because of the FA Cup final, and she understood. I kissed her and dad goodbye, grabbed my bag, and headed up the street to the bus.

It was a short ride to the station, then an hour on the train to London to my little flat there. Living in London is expensive. And living alone is out of the question when you're nineteen and aren't some sort of heiress. I shared a flat with two other girls. Lindsey is a secretary, Caitlin is a student nurse. I'm in my second year of Accounting.

Yes, I'm a boring person, I admit it. Numbers fascinate me, and I love how they

can be stacked and divided and organized to show so many, many things! Being a boring numbers person means I fit in well with the other girls.

Our diverse hours means no partying or loud noises, and that we're seldom there at the same time. When we are, chances are at least one of us is asleep, that's especially so of Caitlin, who often works midnights at the hospital.

One of the few respectable ways a girl with little education and no connections can make enough from part time work to share a flat is by being a waitress in a place where she'll get good tips. Unfortunately, that means I have to work in a place like the Blue Kilt, where, as you might expect, I have to wear kilts – sort of.

It's a stylish Irish pub, and the outfit I have to wear is deliberately provocative. The kilt is short, the button-down blouse is too tight, and partly see-through, and the cute little blue and green tartan bra underneath matches the kilt because it's made to be seen, the blouse made to be partly unbuttoned.

I know my friends would be shocked to see me in what I think of as my costume. They'd be even more shocked to see me playing the role that you have to play at the Blue Kilt, which is the sexy, flirty girl who is brazen and unashamed.

Because that is soooo not like me anywhere else! I would never wear a skirt as short in public, not even in a club, nor wear something with as much cleavage as the top. I'm actually quite modest in my clothing and behavior everywhere else.

I wear loose slacks and a blazer at school, or sometimes a long dress. I am generally modest and polite, and not one to rush forward and draw attention onto myself. I wouldn't say I'm shy, but I am quiet and feel a bit uncomfortable if someone makes me the center of attention.

So to work at the Blue Kilt I have to almost put on a new persona, like an actress assuming a role. Fortunately, I'm a big fan of acting, especially the stage, and have read a lot of biographies of actors and actresses. So when I agonized over whether to take the job or not I decided that I had to, for the money, and would pretend I was playing a role.

The wonder was that I slipped into it so easily! Oh sure, I was embarrassed the first night, but not even all of the first night. Within an hour or so I was almost giddy! There was a sense of freedom in playing the role of someone not bound

up by all the rules and inhibitions of a 'normal' person.

It's fairly obvious that Al, the owner, doesn't hire girls who are unattractive or flat chested. All the servers are girls, and all are young, slender and at least somewhat generously endowed. The odd thing is none are truly busty.

I think Al is afraid of pushing it too far over the narrow line between sexy and trappy. The bra cups are half cups and push-ups, meant to show generous cleavage. If a girl was really chesty she'd just spill out of them entirely and he'd lose the family crowd entirely. And like me, most of the other girls are not normally very slutty. They just act the part at the Blue Kilt!

I think its a kind of infectious mood. If the other girls were restrained and modest when I had gotten here, then I'd have acted the same. But they certainly weren't, and their behavior quickly rubbed off on me until I was being as flirty and brazen as them.

My friends and family would have been stunned, believe me. Even seeing me in that tiny kilt, with my blouse open and the bra showing so much cleavage would have caused their jaws to drop. My behavior would have startled them even more.

I didn't realize I had great legs, for example, until I started working there. Usually, no one saw them much, and certainly not in bright lights. But in the pub, with a very short kilt, well, they got a lot of comments, and not just from the customers. The other girls told me I had fabulous legs, too!

That was... pleasing, a kind of ego trip thing, you know. I had been complimented on other body parts before, on my long brown hair, on my lips and eyes. Being told I have great boobs is kind of embarrassing, though, and being told my arse is lovely is just rude. Well, depending on the context.

But legs? Legs are safe! It felt like a sexual comment, but not really, you know? It was one which was borderline, and which I could embrace and get a little smug about when people mentioned them. Unlike, say, my breasts.

Us girls are all, pretty much a type, as I said, medium height, slender, with longish hair, and quite pretty. There's not a girl here with hair that doesn't fall past her shoulders. There's no big-boned girls, no big breasted Swedish farm girl types. We're all lithe and reasonably athletic and toned. We could all be models,

except we're most of us not quite that tall, and our boobs are a bit big.

Alice wears her hair in pigtails, which is a bit out there for me, even if it does get her more tips. I usually wear mine loose at first, then in a pony tail when things get hectic. It's a long, loose pony tail, though. You don't want to pull your hair back too tightly because it costs you tips. So do glasses, which is why I wear contacts there.

I had known that evening was going to be a wild one. Arsenal was playing Tottenham for the FA cup, and the crowd was wild, boisterous, and, in the latter stages, soused to the bloody gills. That meant two sure things: lots of tips, and lots of pawing by drunks.

The latter wasn't especially pleasant, but you had to put up with it to get the former. And Al doesn't like scenes, so even if some bloke does get a bit friendly you're just supposed to push him away with a smile and wagging finger.

Still, every girl wants to work nights like this one, so I daren't complain. Besides, it wasn't even my regular shift! I was one of the girls Al brought in as extras just to work for the few hours before and during the game, when the traffic was highest.

I had a class early the next morning which I had decided to cancel. I needed the money, you see, and wasn't going to turn down Al's offer, even if it meant I had to ride the train home late. And things were quite hectic, enjoyably so as the game wore on.

A lot of guys offered to buy me drinks, of course, which was my cue to thank them with a sweet smile but apologetically tell them I wasn't allowed, so could they put the money for it into the shape of a tip? Few refused, and the tips were terrific!

“Don't you love FA cup finals!?” Celia asked with glee as we met up at the bar.

Celia was this petite blonde, and she had pound notes in her bra from her last table. She shook her head and pulled them free, then folded them up and stuck them in the little leather cash wallet we wore on our hips.

I had to admit I did. Everyone was excited and there was an energy in the air, not to mention money and beer flowing freely! I had already gotten a lot of tips, and

a lot of pawing, of course, but it was a light, good natured pawing, mostly on my bottom. I didn't mind. I was used to it.

It was very... strange, though, how we put up so casually with stuff there which would have outraged us if it had happened, say, at school. I mean, if some guy had groped me in the hallway at college there'd have been a huge fuss, and he'd probably have been expelled, if not arrested!

Campus was very politically correct, and respect for women was drummed into everyone first year as part of the rules on ethics and responsibilities. Plus, the guys tended to be sober, of course. So it was wildly, wildly different in this kind of atmosphere, and I have to admit, more than a little freeing, too.

I mean, I really felt like a girl here! I was wearing clothes that would have drawn all kinds of criticism, especially from the other girls at school, and letting guys paw and pat me without much complaint, which would also have outraged people.

Yet here all the girls, well, at least we servers, were dressed the same and the mood was wild and carefree (and drunken) so that nobody got upset at little things. It was actually kind of a turn-on in some ways.

There was this one gent – gosh he was pretty! Anyway, as the evening wore on he had drunk more and was happier and happier due to the score. So he tried to score with me. I wasn't exactly unhappy. Like I said, he was quite a handsome fellow!

And he was, unlike most of the others who'd had a bit, more discrete in his pawing. He was sitting on the end of a booth with half a dozen other guys crowded in, and the bar was standing room only. With the big wall screens on the far wall, all eyes were aimed in that direction each time I came over to clear the table and bring more drinks.

Which meant nobody saw his left arm slide forward and his hand slide so deliciously gracefully, so softly, up and down my thigh as I brought fresh drinks, and then picked up glasses and bottles and put them on my tray.

I gave him a reproving look as I continued to work, but he just gave me this saucy grin and a wink, and I have to say my chest got tight and my pulse picked up quite a bit, especially as his hand slid up beneath my skirt!

No one else could see, and that made it a delicious little secret as his hand reached the my bum, and began to caress it beneath the skirt. I was wearing a thong, which is all I ever wear, and the feel of his warm flesh against my skin made my breathing catch in my throat!

I filled up my tray and left. No big deal, though my nipples felt very tight and tingly within the cups of my bra! But of course, with six blokes at the table I went back quite a bit. Each time I did his hand slid up my leg and under my skirt!

The next time, not content to caress my buttocks, his hand turned edge on and pushed between my thighs so that he was able to rub me through the crotch of my thong! That really got my heart thumping!

So here's what I did. When I noticed the empties on the table I slipped into the loo, removed my thong, and made my way back there. When his hand slid up under my skirt and in between my thighs he felt bare flesh against him.

I saw him react with a bit of a startled sound, and almost laughed aloud. But he took up the challenge, his fingers curving in beneath me as I made sure my legs were a far enough apart, and the tips of his fingers found my clitoris!

I took my time removing the empties and was a bit breathless when they gave orders as his fingers rubbed quite expertly against me. But then I had to turn and go for the beers, breathing deeply as I made my way across the bar.

Wow! I felt so deliciously slutty and daring! And what did it matter, given I'd never likely see them again and they didn't even know me? It was a bit of harmless, sexy fun. When I went back, though, the feel of his fingers on my clitoris almost made me come! My legs got wobbly!

I had to be more careful after that! I put my thong back on and gave my head a shake, frowning at him when he next saw me coming to tell him the game had gone too far. I didn't want to get fired, after all.

He seemed a bit disappointed, though his hand continued to wander as he got the chance until the game ended and much of the crowd left. I, and the other off-shift girls were sent home then, as well. Only here's the bloody thing. My clothes, my street clothes, wound up on the floor of our grubby little change room at some point after I left them.

We didn't have actual lockers or anything remotely as nice. We had hooks on the wall. And it had been raining cats and dogs all evening. At some point someone had come in and put up a soaking wet coat, knocking my dress onto the floor while doing it, and then the coat had dripped water onto it until it had dried!

My dress, in other words, was quite wet, and moreover, it had fallen amidst their muddy wellies, so it was dirty, as well! I couldn't wear the bloody thing! So all that left me to wear was my pub outfit! Still, it had stopped raining and it was a short walk to the tube, so I reckoned I'd just wear that.

But I suspected there'd be issues with the boys, and was I ever right! I was quite mistaken in how much, though. Much of the crowd had cleared out, and had had time to get to the tube and leave, so I didn't think it would be very crowded, nor was it.

Until the train arrived. It was filled with football fans direct from the Emirates Stadium! And they were jammed in there, drunk and happy! I didn't realize it at first, for I'd been wool gathering, thinking about that fellow in the pub, and letting my mind wander into deliciously nasty fantasies where unspeakable things happened.

The train slowed, and I got on. There was just enough room for that since a few people had left. And by then it was a bit late to back out as I realized I was crowded in with a crowd of singing, laughing, shouting football fans, almost all of them men!

They'll clear out soon, I thought, just a bit anxiously. And like I said, it's not like I'm a shy girl or unused to drunken men chatting me up or even pawing me a bit. I braced myself, gripped a bar tightly, and waited for something to happen.

The wonder was they largely ignored me, at first. They were too busy replaying the game to each other, shouting out memories of particular defensive and offensive plays and, of course, goals. I was wedged in near the doors, with a solid metal plate to my right, and a wall of large male bodies to my left.

I wasn't even startled when I felt a hand on my bottom. I rolled my eyes a bit, but I wasn't concerned or even upset. So some bloke was rubbing my bottom, so? I assure you I was well aware I would survive the experience quite easily! I'd had lots of hands on my bottom at work!

But him rubbing me reminded me again of the fellow in the pub, and the breath caught in my throat again as I experienced a jolt of ... excitement, a strange liquid heat at the memory and the reality, imagining it was him there running his big hand up and down my bottom.

I deliberately did not turn around, not wanting to break the exciting melding of fantasy and reality! I didn't want to turn and see some old, fat man leering at me, that was for sure! And what would I do, anyway? Curse him? Shove him? I couldn't move in any direction, and neither could he.

I began to feel a bit more uneasy as his fingers slowly tugged up the fabric of my skirt, though. My eyes flicked a bit nervously to the sides, reassuring myself no one could see a thing. At the same time, I felt a kind of dark anticipation at what he'd do next, at where the fantasy and reality would go!

His hand on my bare flesh was more work-roughened than the other fellow had been, but that, to be honest, made it sexier! It was still a big hand, and he was kneading my bottom with more authority than the other fellow's gentle caresses!

I felt my heart rate pick up, felt my pulse racing more and more as his hand slid around my hip! Then his fingers pushed down the front of my thong and I was like – OMG! My mind was starting to race, now, never mind my heart! I was thinking I have to stop this! But... I didn't want to!

I mean, I did! But I didn't! I didn't want some ugly guy groping me! And yet, the feel of his fingers sliding down my thong made my insides squirm wildly! He found my clitoris, found my sex, and rubbed me with less experience but more enthusiasm than I'd felt at the pub!

My eyes rolled to the sides, again reassuring myself no one could see. My breathing was getting ragged from both anxiety and excitement. I was alarmed, but helpless, in thrall to my own dark fantasies! His fingers were making me burn like fire!

I was trying my best to show no reaction because, well, it wasn't like I could approve of this sort of thing! I mean, I'd have to be a raving slut! I didn't even know him, and it was a public place! Even so, the feel of those fingers rubbing against my clitoris had my hips flinching, and jerking, and a raw wild heat starting to pulse hotter and hotter within me.

So I finally reached down and grabbed his wrist, jerking it away as I twisted my hips aside. His hand fell away, and left me in peace for about ... thirty seconds. Then it was on my bottom again, caressing me through the skirt for a bit, then sliding up underneath.

The hand pushed between my thighs and up so his fingers could rub up and down along the crotch, then tugged it aside and slipped through the leg hole. I gasped, eyes widening, and reached back to yank his hand back as his other hand came around my other side to give my breast a quick squeeze!

I turned back forward, gulping in air, chest tight. Then the hand was back, sliding over my hip as I felt a swirling, churning heat growing stronger inside myself. His hand caressed my bare hip, then slid forward and around to the front, and pushed down into my thong again.

I barely kept from gasping in pleasure as his fingers found my clitoris and began to fondle it once more! My legs were going rubbery and I was fighting to keep my breathing from getting too loud!

I felt another hand slide under my arm, the one I was gripping the pole with, and his hand cupped my breast right through my blouse! I gasped in alarm, gripping his wrist, but it was a thick, hard wrist, and I could do nothing against it! Meanwhile, the hand between my legs had discovered I was moist enough that a finger could push up into the mouth of my sex!

My eyes were, I assure you, enormous! I kept telling myself I needed to put a stop to this, but I kept not doing it! And then to my great shock, I felt another hand on my bottom! Now my mind might have been more than a little flustered, but I can count to two! I knew that if a hand was fingering me and another hand was groping my breast there was no way the fellow could be squeezing my bottom!

That meant, of course, there were two of them! That threw an entirely different light on things, and made them darker and more menacing, raising my anxiety level considerably. It also raised my embarrassment level!

I kind of tried to push the hand away from my bottom, and close my legs on the hand between my legs, but then a big hand gripped my wrist and pulled it firmly down and away, holding it! Another hand gripped my other wrist and pulled that down and to the side!

My mind felt another rush of confusion, uncertainty and anxiety! This was... this was... five hands! There were three men behind me feeling me up! That brought even more alarm!

And yet... and yet there was also that dark, breathless sense of sexual adventure and brazen excitement which had already been heavily stoked by what had happened so far. The finger pushing up into my sex had now slid deep, and was pushing out against the front, against my abdominal wall, in other words, even as the fellow's thumb stroked strongly against my clitoris!

I was frozen with indecision, alarmed and now quite embarrassed, but thrumming with sexual tension! The hand on my breast now delicately undid the buttons down the front, then pushed into the opening and down into the small half cup of my bra!

I gasped, twisting instinctively, but the hands holding my arms down were firm as that hand palmed my breast, squeezing it eagerly. I was swept by wild emotion swings and rippling bursts of heat and pleasure as his hands... their hands, pawed and groped me!

A foot pressed against my ankle, forcing it apart, forcing me to spread my legs more, then a hand came around my cheek and fingers pushed into my mouth! I tried to pull away but someone had gripped my hair, and two fingers pumped slowly and lewdly in and out, caressing my tongue!

I felt the thin waistband of my thong give way as someone tore it, and I felt like things had gotten completely out of hand! I felt a sense of being overwhelmed by circumstances, my mind fluttering like a small bird in a cage!

Another hand pushed into my blouse, this time from around the other side, and cupping and fondling my other breast! The one hand was still kneading my buttocks while the fourth was pushing fingers up and down inside me. I felt my clitoris being stroked repeatedly and shuddered helplessly, my breathing getting very ragged.

I didn't realize I'd started to make noises of passion and pleasure until another hand slid around my head and clamped tight against my mouth. It stayed there as my body writhed and twisted, as their fingers stroked and pawed and groped me, and then... and then the orgasm swept over me and I cried out, arching and twisting, my hips bucking helplessly against the fingers stroking and pumping

inside me!

As I sagged dazedly I heard chuckles behind me, and then felt the fingers inside me pull back, then someone forced his way around my side. I got a look, finally, at one of my assailants! I felt... relief. He was young, with a reasonably handsome face, and a short, almost military haircut. He didn't look bad. He looked like a fellow I'd dance with if he asked me in a club.

And then he dropped to his knees in front of me on the floor! I gaped down at the top of his head as his hands raised my skirt and then his mouth was locked onto my pussy! I let out a yelp which was lost in the general laughter and shouting, and tried to close my legs, but a foot came from either direction, pressing against my ankles and holding them wide!

I shuddered, hyperventilating a little, my mind going a bit light-headed as his tongue started whipping strongly across my clitoris! This was unbelievable! I couldn't credit it was actually happening!

A hand slid up my back and undid the bra clasp, then tugged it up over my breasts, baring them to the world! Fortunately, no one was in sight to see other than the train doors ahead of me, the backs of some tall men to my left, and then the bare metal of the plate door guard on my right.

And oh my God that guy licking me was making me squirm helplessly!

Hands groped and mauled my bare breasts now as my arms continued to be held tightly, and I was so overheated on the inside I was sweating on the outside! The kneeling man's fingers pushed up inside me and began to pump in and out as he sucked on my clitoris, and I felt my legs get very wobbly and weak!

Waves of excitement, like sexual electricity, were rippling through my body and drowning my mind in heat! I trembled and shook, gasping for breath. I barely noticed the hands holding my arms drawing them forward, then up and behind my neck. Then my bra and blouse were pulled up my arms and off!

I did notice, then, when something was tied around my wrists, binding them together on the other side of the upright bar I'd been hanging onto! Then there were more hands on my body, hands fighting to grope my bare breasts, to knead my bare buttocks.

And I was very, very near an orgasm! When I started to cry out, my voice rising higher with each cry, a big hand clamped over my mouth from behind again, and drew my head back against someone's chest. Then the real orgasm hit and convulsions tore through me! My hips bucked violently against the man kneeling before me as my mind was drowned in pleasure!

It felt like every muscle in my body was spasming over and over again, more and more powerfully! Meanwhile, the car full of drunken fans was singing a football song! I don't know that they'd have heard my cries even without the hand over my mouth!

I writhed and sobbed as the sexual storm tore through me, and then sagged back breathlessly, panting and moaning, eyes slitted as the orgasm eased and fled.

They were far from finished, of course. And as my mind cleared a bit I felt a sudden rush of anxiety and fear grip me. I mean, what if the rest of the people saw what was happening!? What if this was discovered!? I was tied to the bloody bar and half naked!

God, it would be mortifying!

And to make my fears even wilder, my skirt was a wraparound thing, held together with a clip, and someone undid the clip! Now I was completely naked in the middle of a train full of drunken footballers!

And hands were all over me even as the fellow who had been licking me stood up. He gave me this eager, drunken leer, then unzipped his fly! Hands pushed down on my shoulders, then, forcing me down onto my knees as he took my hair and plunged into my open mouth!

I was once again beset by shock and alarm, but there was little I could do, what with my wrists tied together on the other side of the bar. I gurgled around his cock, sucking and licking as he twisted his fingers in my hair, and moaned as my knees dug into the grit on the floor of the car!

He pumped in and out strongly, testing my gag reflex, then pulling my head forward as he thrust, his cock long enough, and thick enough, to make it hard to take in much more than half of it.

Until, that is, he pushed himself straight down my bloody throat!

I don't normally do deep throat. It's quite difficult to hold my stomach together, especially after I've been drinking, and normally when I have sex its after quite a bit of drinking. Not tonight, though. And combined with the wild fluster in my head he managed to plunge halfway down before I even understood what was happening!

Then I did gag, but weakly, gripped by shock and amazement as I stared at the base of his shaft getting closer and closer! Again, I couldn't believe it! And gurgled and gagged as he pushed all the way in, forcing my lips all the way to the base of his erection!

Oh! My! God!

He pulled out and I coughed loudly, gasping for breath, but the sounds were lost in the laughter, jokes, wild shouted boasts and singing of the jam packed car. Again he jerked my hair forward, plunging deep into my throat!

My brain was starting to pulse! I was not able to breath with him plugging my throat, after all, and had no real control of how deep or how long he would push himself into my throat!

He pulled out and I gasped for breath in desperate, ragged breaths, though I must say I felt a bit amazed at having handled it that well. Then, of course, he jerked on my hair, forcing himself down my throat once more. This time he pumped in and out, fucking my throat!

That gave me a lot more difficulty! I almost threw up, except I hadn't much on my stomach! He pulled back and I swayed dazedly, gasping, eyes glassy, drooling down my front as he laughed to his friends.

He dropped to his knees in front of me, then, pushing my thighs apart and then gripping my buttocks to pull me in against him. I shuddered, then cried out weakly as someone grasped my hair and pulled my head up and back, even as I felt his click cock against my opening!

He was sitting on his heels, legs together, as he shifted forward and pulled me up to straddle him. His cock slid into me, and I gasped dazedly as he jammed me all the way down. Then my head was turned to the side and another cock pushed into my mouth!

I felt very... forlorn there, for a bit. I mean, wondering why this was happening to me. But then as his hands on my buttocks worked me up and down I began to feel a kind of rebuilding of that wild, dark, thrilling heat which had brought me that intense orgasm.

I have always adored the feel of a man inside me, you see. There is nothing more erotic than sliding myself up and down a good sized shaft, and feeling it plunging deep into my belly! And now this guy was working me up and down on his while hands groped my sensitive breasts.

And then I began to think, well, okay, so this is wild and nasty and all, but it sure does feel good! And this kind of acceptance seemed to lower my sense of fear and anxiety somewhat, and let that dark heat flood into me again.

I gurgled weakly around the cock which pushed down my throat, my scalp aching as he twisted his hands in my hair and pumped in and out. I did my best to cope with that, which necessarily meant I paid less attention to the guy who was fucking me for a while.

But then that guy seemed to finish, and eased back, gasping, flushed, his cock obviously softening. I felt my hair being pulled again, forcing me up to my feet this time. I rolled my head, eyes wide, and could see that I there were three men behind me, in a kind of semi circle, shoulder to shoulder, blocking any view from those behind.

Not that those behind would have seen anything since, in the brief glance I got, I could see their backs were to us anyway. Then a new man muscled his way around in front of me as the other fellow did up his pants and moved behind.

He was older, and rougher looking, and I felt a sense of anxiety and fear as he unzipped and pulled out his cock. But then I felt a bit of a shock, too, because it was BIG! I moaned as he leered at me and moved in!

“Lift the slut up,” he growled.

Hands slid under my buttocks, gripping my thighs, and raising my legs up and apart a bit as he fit the nose of his big cock to my hot, tender opening. Then he thrust into me and I cried out weakly as his big shaft slid up into my too-tight sheath!

Again, no one heard as he gripped my buttocks, and other hands gripped my thighs to hold them up and apart. He pumped in and out, forcing himself deeper and deeper, as hands snaked around my ribs to roughly grope my breasts!

His heavy body was thrusting in hard, pinning me against the pole as he drove himself into me. He was too long, and the nose of his cock was striking the back wall of my sex like a punching bag, making me gasp and moan and cry out until a hand covered my mouth.

They were all big men, and I felt forlorn again, helpless, small, weak, like a little lost sheep surrounded by big, slavering wolves! Yet the feel and sight of his big cock, the way it was stretching me out, was rousing that dark heat and hunger once again, and somehow my body found room for every last inch of it!

I shuddered and felt a sweltering heat taking hold. My face was pressed into his chest as he thrust again and again, and amid the roar of drunken football songs, shouted jokes and laughter, I felt adrift, gurgling and moaning as his thick cock drove up hard and fast!

My body jerked to the hard thrusts, my head thrown back again and again as I gulped in air and tried to focus my glassy eyes! What was ... happening?! I moaned dazedly as he drove himself into me, gasping and shuddering.

He cursed violently as he came, as he ground himself into me, as he spiked himself high into my stomach again and again until finally, shuddering, he drew back. There was jostling behind me, and another man moved around in front. He leered as I was held helpless and ready for him.

Then the train began to slow and a voice announced the station. Why had it taken so long!? Because it was a bloody express I had accidentally gotten on, that's why.

The hands let my legs fall, and I felt my wrists being hurriedly untied amidst their quick conversation. But to my surprise my wrists were pulled down behind my back and tied up again! Then an Arsenal football jersey was yanked down over my head and shoulders!

It was more than long enough to fall past my hips, to halfway down my thighs, and then the doors opened and a big portion of the crowd pushed out into the night, including not four guys, but five, who surrounded me, laughing and

jostling amid the surging crowd.

I was dazed and more than a bit shocky! And it was raining again. Everyone was rushing to the car park, including my captors! Where were we going!? What did they intend to do!?

They led me off to the side and through a gap in some bushes. There was a little park there, of sorts, and they led me in beneath a tree, and there the jersey was whipped up and off me again to leave me naked!

I cried out weakly as a hand grasped my hair from behind and then forced me to my knees! Then not one, not two, but three guys jostled with each other before me, pulling out their eager erections!

One plunged into my open mouth and I gurgled around it as he pumped in and out and a hand pushed and pulled on my head. Dazedly, I sucked as best I could, gurgling weakly as he plunged down my throat and cursed in pleasure.

He pulled back and, gasping for breath, I felt my head turned to the side. One of the others pushed in and fucked my mouth and face, then after plunging deep into my throat, pulled back so the third could thrust into me!

Two men were kneeling behind and to the sides of me, their hands pawing and groping and fondling me, kneading my breasts, and plunging down between my thighs to rub and stroke my clitoris. Then, after some jostling, I was tilted forward – pulled by the hair, and hands gripped my hips to jerk them back.

I cried out dazedly as I was entered from behind. Then one of the drunks crawled in from the side, pushing my thighs achingly wide so he could get his tongue down to lick at my clitoris! The man behind helped by jerking my other thigh wide, too.

I don't know if you've ever felt a tongue on your clit while someone is doing you... but the feeling is ... extraordinary! I don't know, maybe people will say I should have been too upset or frightened or something to let the sensations affect me. But the truth is I didn't feel the least bit afraid.

I mean, even in the train my biggest fear by far was of discovery, of everyone pointing and gasping and maybe summoning the authorities! No, I wasn't afraid these fellows would harm me at all. As for everything else they might do to me,

well, they'd already done it in the train, right? So that was hardly something to produce terror in my heart

No, I was... frustrated, and indignant, bordering on outraged at times, but it was all slathered in this wild dark sexuality and seething heat which had come from practically nowhere. I mean, not that I haven't had wild, dirty fantasies of sex with multiple guys before, but never had I imagined doing anything about it!

So now that a guy was fucking me from behind, and another was licking my clit, while others roughly groped my breasts, I was starting to feel that dark sexual heat grow more intense again, rising to something very like a fever! The fever heat baked my mind and made me almost as dazed as the drunken louts assaulting me!

The three before me pulled back and, laughing and stumbling over each other, straightened out the fellow licking at my clit, pulling his legs out in front of me. Then hands in my hair jerked my face down, bending me over as they tugged down his trousers.

I didn't even have to be told, much less ordered. My face was ground against his cock, and almost at once my mouth opened and I licked at it! I moaned helplessly as the man behind began to thrust harder, his hips slapping against my now upraised buttocks!

My lips took his cock in and I began to bob up and down, and he, now in his new position, licked and sucked even harder on my clitoris! My hot little pebble felt swollen, and pulsed with heat and sensation as his lips sucked hard!

Two of the other men dropped low, groping my breasts, for one. One of them gripped my hair, too and forced my head down further, down all the way on the cock below me. Then someone slapped my bottom several times as they laughed and chortled and growled in hunger.

The man behind was really drilling me, his hips striking my bottom hard so my body rocked back and forth. And the guy below as getting more excited, and licking and sucking harder as I bobbed up and down on his cock.

The orgasm seemed to well up from the pit of my belly. One moment there was a thrumming, pulsing heat there, and then it was swelling and flooding up through my body, and then doubling and redoubling in intensity!

I cried out wildly, the climax setting my blood on fire as I rammed myself back at the man fucking me, my breasts throbbing and aching from the fists squeezing them as my body jerked and shuddered to their rough manhandling!

There was laughter and high-fives around me, and their voices sneering at me and calling me a slut and a whore and a tramp, but I didn't care. The pleasure ripped through me like a long, drawn out electrical charge, and left me stunned and dazed in its aftermath.

One of them had found a box somewhere for a seat, and dragged it over, sitting down. Then, using my hair as a lever or handle, they dragged me over on my knees, slapping my bottom when I yelped and moaned in protest. Then I was bent between his thighs, bobbing up and down on him as I was taken from behind again.

They were starting to calm down, now, less frenzied. A couple of them lit cigarettes, and smoked while they watched, joking to one another. Their comments about me were.. impersonal. It was like they didn't even see me as anything but a naked body.

“Bloody beautiful arse on her,” one would say.

“Beautiful tits too.”

“I want to jam myself down the slut's throat again,” said a third.

“She should do porn movies,” said another.

A hand was between my legs, fingers rubbing my hyper-sensitive clitoris as someone fucked me, but I couldn't see who because of the hand on my hair holding my face down. I don't suppose it mattered anyway.

The cursing and halt from behind signaled the fellow there had spent himself. He moved aside with a breathless curse, while another took his place. He sat on the wet ground, grinning and lighting a cigarette as another cock slid into me and started pumping.

The cock in my mouth shot its load and I swallowed automatically, almost instinctively, and he pulled out so another could sit down and pull my mouth onto him. I was weary, kind of shell-shocked, and sore in many places, from my

throat to my pussy.

I was getting a bit numbed by it all, there in the dark, with the rain drizzling down around us.

The man behind finished and fell back with a laugh. The one in front of me pulled me off him and turned me around, then slapped my bottom sharply, sending me sprawling forward with my face on the grass.

He yanked at my hips, slapping them again, then entered me from behind. The others were sitting and squatting around, smoking and grinning drunkenly. I just grunted weakly as I was taken yet again from behind, my chin kind of rubbing against the grass as his hips struck my buttocks and made my body lurch to and fro.

“I think I'll remember that score by Foster for the rest of my life,” one of them sighed.

“Bloody right,” another said.

“He's brilliant! They should make him captain,” said another.

*Crack! The man using me slapped my bottom.*

“Don't forget Petra's save. We'd have been for it had he not been on his game,” he said.

“Yeah, Petra is a hell of a goalkeeper.”

Suddenly a hand grasped my hair and yanked my head up and back. I cried out weakly as another slap struck my upright bottom.

“What do you think, lass? Is Petra the best goalkeeper ever?” the man using me demanded.

“What's a bird know about football?” another of them sniffed.

*Crack! The hand came down on my bottom again, with another yank to my hair.*

“What do you think of Petra, girl?” the man behind demanded.

“I-I d-don't know!” I gasped dazedly, still jerking in time to his thrusts.

They were the first words I'd spoken since entering the train.

“She doesn't bloody know!” one of them exclaimed.

*Crack! The hand struck my bottom again.*

“Silly bloody twat! You can't recognize genius when you see it?”

“Got her head in her arse, she does,” another said.

“Ha. Maybe we should pull it out!”

I felt something pushing against my bottom then, against my back passage, and gasped, trying to twist around, only to have my head yanked back by the hair.

“Oh! Don't!” I gasped as a finger squirmed down into my bottom.

“Bet she's a bloody Tottenham supporter!” someone said.

“Better not be!”

*Crack!*

“Gor, she's even tighter back here!”

“Yeah? I want some of that.”

“How can you want her arse with the way that throat feels wrapped around your prick?” someone asked from the darkness.

And then the voice came forward, smirking, and the guy knelt in front of me. He took my hair from the one behind, and pulled it upward, lifting my chest from the ground and thrusting himself into my open mouth!

Hands groped my breasts as the two men used me in casual tandem, thrusting in and out from front and back. The other men moved in closer, smirking and leering and commenting on the sight of my breasts or being able to see the outline of the cock pushing up and down in my throat.

The guy behind was pumping his finger, or maybe his thumb in and out of my back passage, spitting on it to make it slicker, and now added a second even as he continued to work his hips in and out.

“Here, Jack, get down on your back,” someone said.

The cock came out of my throat and I gasped dazedly, eyes glazing as strong male hands shifted me over on my knees until I was straddling one of them. He rubbed his cock against me and I sank down with a groan, straddling him.

Then a hand in my hair forced me to bend forward to the cock I had been sucking already. I felt the other man move in behind me, felt the slickness of his cock pressing against my back passage. I squirmed and moaned in protest, but he

slowly forced the head into me!

The guy I was straddling was groping my breast with one hand, and rubbing my clitoris with the other, and I began to feel even more dazed, like my mind was drifting again. I grunted as the third man pushed his cock deep into my mouth, then started gurgling as he drove it down my throat and pumped slowly up and down.

I don't remember when the heat began to burn within me again. The feel of two big cocks inside me was ... awesome, in a way, and I was panting and gasping whenever the other man pulled free of my throat. The fingers massaging my clitoris knew what they were doing, too, and a thrum began to grow in my lower belly.

The energy grew more intense, and my nerve endings started to spasm. A kind of pulsating energy rolled up through my abdomen and made me sway and moan. Oddly, my head seemed to clear somewhat, then, and I felt a sense of wonderment at the feel of the two cocks inside me.

This was so incredibly outrageous! It was like nothing I had ever thought would ever happen in my life! It wasn't like something I hadn't fantasized about, however, since I had a very active imagination.

But that I could actually feel two cocks inside me, that I was crushed in between three men in the darkness, their hands all over me, their cocks plunging into me mercilessly, that was shockingly wild and wicked and... shocking! But it was shocking not in a fearful way, but in an awed way.

And as I said, I loved feeling penetrated. I always penetrated myself while masturbating, and now I was doubly, no, triply penetrated! This lewd, filthy, dark, sensual scene was starting to set my mind aflame as the men drove themselves into me with relentless hunger and desire.

That hunger began to affect me, my body pulsing and throbbing with heat and passion that grew more and more powerful. However dazed I was before, the rousing of my body into that sexual fever heat I'd felt earlier muddled me even more, to the point where I could hardly think straight, and didn't care about anything but the raw sensations rushing through me.

I had already had a couple of pretty intense orgasms, but now I was heading

towards another. I didn't understand, really, but didn't care. I knew I shouldn't be feeling the least pleasure. No proper girl would! But being a slut, of sorts, didn't really matter to me just then.

I came, powerfully, crying out again and again, rocking and jerking and riding the man below me for all I was worth! I twisted and writhed in their hands as they cursed and thrust into me and twisted my hair and groped my breasts!

Only this time the orgasm didn't seem to relent, so much as ease down to a lower level, a level which could at least allow me to breath, to gulp in air as I absorbed the impact of the thrusting organs driving into my body. Then another swelling rush of pleasure caused me to shudder and jerk convulsively, and then another and another, as the intensity grew more violent!

I think I blacked out entirely, the howling force of the sensory overload battering my mind so much that it left me glassy eyed and out of it even as they finished with me. I hardly remember them leaving, just remember kind of slowly coming to myself in the peaceful darkness, laying on my bound arms and staring up at the tree above.

I lay there for a bit, regaining my breath, and my mind. When I finally sat up I was still kind of woozy. I tugged at my wrists, but of course, they wouldn't come free. I finally worked up the energy to force them, slowly, and with much struggling, under my buttocks, then pulled my legs in so my hands were in front of me.

I managed to use my teeth to bite at the knot of some sort of scarf wrapped around my wrists, and after a bit managed to get it loose enough to pull free. That left me naked in a park far from home, of course. I didn't even know where I was, in fact.

I looked around me, and spotted the Arsenal jersey, then, groaning, pulled it over my head and down over my body. I got up, wobbled a bit, then made my way out of the park. It was pouring rain then, but it only served to help wake me up somewhat.

I could see the station not far off so headed that way. At least I could see which it was so I'd know where I was. At this hour there weren't many people around, so I snuck under the ticket taking machines. I wasn't all that well-coordinated, to be honest, and kind of slid under on my belly.

And when I got up there was a ticket agent there glaring at me.

“Oops,” I said.

Then I giggled, a bit hysterically.

“Go back and put in your ticket,” he growled.

I bit my lower lip anxiously.

“Haven't got one. I lost my wallet,” I said.

“Then walk home.”

“It's too far!” I protested.

He gave me a calculating look, then took my arm and pulled me forward, then around behind this enormous stone pillar. There was a small space there you couldn't see except if you poked your head in, and right away I felt his hands racing all over me, groping and fondling me!

“I want a hand job then,” he said in an eager voice.

A hand job? That was all? I was almost insulted.

Except that he spun me around and then jerked up the jersey to bare my bottom.

“Cor!” he growled, his hands all over my bare bottom.

But then I felt his cock against me, then sliding between my thighs. It was long! I stared down and saw it pushing out between my legs!

His arms came around me and grasped my hands, then pulled them down together around his cock! I stared at it, open mouthed, my head low, as he pumped it in and out. My hands began to caress it, to squeeze it and pump against it, and I felt the heat starting to rise within me!

It felt so deliciously firm and hard and warm! And the shaft was stroking against the mouth of my sex as the front part pumped in and out between my fingers. I felt like I wanted him inside me, but when I tried to shift the angle he jerked back on my hair.

“Just the hands!” he said, panting. “Anything more is cheating on the wife!”

Seriously!?

I moaned as he thrust in and out, the shaft stroking up across my sex, across my clitoris, while my hands fondled him and squeezed him. His own hands were up under the jersey, groping my bare breasts! When he came he poured his cream into my hands and then, cursing softly, withdrew, leaving me alone.

Wow!

I rubbed the semen off my hands onto the jersey. What else could I do? What a wild night this had turned into!

I must have looked like a drowned rat, but no one thought anything else was odd about me. I smelled, now that I wasn't focused on other things, of beer. I hadn't had any so I assumed someone had spilled beer onto the jersey before giving it to me.

I went down onto the station right after a train had left, and wandered further down, not wanting to be near anyone, until I could prop myself against one of the big posts which ran down its length. I closed my eyes and tried to sort through all the stuff swirling through my head.

I hadn't been able to keep track of how many of them had fucked me. All of them, I assumed, and most more than once. I was sore and felt a little bruised and battered, but otherwise physically okay. Emotionally, well, I was, as I said before, kind of shell-shocked about what I'd gone through.

I felt ... guilty and a bit ashamed of myself for the way I had responded. I didn't really understand why such a raging sexual heat had come over me, and felt astonished at myself. That was so not me! Yet it had been a kind of continuation of the sense of freedom I felt at work, where I wasn't me, wasn't Hannah Saunders.

Who had it been, though?

I would never see those men again. That was something that I clung to. And they didn't know anyone I knew, or where I lived, or where I went to school. They had all been bloody smashed, too, so wouldn't remember much come the

morning.

So in that sense – it was like it had never happened. I needn't fear for my reputation, what the girls, what my friends would say or think of me. I certainly didn't have to worry about what the guys would think of me! Ha!

It had been so alarmingly, wickedly exciting, though! Well, parts of it. I couldn't understand where that intensity had come from! I'd never experienced anything similar in my few couplings with boys. Of course, I'd mostly been as drunk as them...

I let my hands rise and cup my breasts gently, wincing a bit. They had been mauled, used roughly, and my nipples were particularly sore – and still hard, I realized. They'd been pinched and pulled and twisted and tugged and chewed and licked and sucked on to the point they felt raw and swollen.

A hand slid down my stomach and pressed into my groin, and I winced a bit once more. I'd had more sex this evening than altogether in my life previous to this!

“Ooh, look at the bird!”

I gasped, to see two men standing next to me, leering.

“I'll do that if you want, baby,” one of them said.

They were Tottenham supporters, and I could smell the alcohol on them.

I flushed. “I-I'm not – .”

“Not so happy you won you're thinking of grinding yourself against a post?” one of them said a bit sullenly.

“Not wearing a bra, neither,” one said, nudging the other.

I gulped, and felt my heart rate pick up. I stared from one to the other uncertainly, not knowing what to say, and very aware that I was entirely naked beneath the jersey.

“Game's over. You should take off the jersey,” one said.

“Yeah, wouldn't want to be rubbing it in, would you?” the other added, then snickered.

“Rubbing it in,” the first said, chortling.

His hand went between my legs, and mine blocked it. He gripped my wrist and the other took my other hand. They forced them up and back against the post behind me.

“Please!” I gulped.

His hand slid between my legs and they raised the jersey to bare me below the waist.

“Bloody nice!” one of them growled, his fingers massaging me between the legs.

And just like that this... this hot burst of need and hunger and passion and lust swept through me. I was gripped by disbelief, so shocked I couldn't speak as the two men moved in closer, leering. The jersey was slid up higher, up above my breasts, as their hands moved over my trembling body!

One bent and took the center of my right breast into his mouth, chewing hungrily, sucking on my stiff, burning nipple as the other fingered my clitoris!

Shocked heat rolled through me and I shuddered, back arching as fingers pushed up inside me.

“Little Arsenal slut!” one growled.

It felt like my body was on fire, the heat swirling and churning inside me as I writhed against the post! Fingers thrust up into me and stroked my clitoris, and my hips bucked more and more frantically against them as a hand closed over my mouth to silence my gasp and cries of pleasure.

They spun me around and I felt my arms jerked roughly up and back behind me, then pinned, crossed at the elbows by one big hand. I was bent forward, a hand in my hair, and my legs kicked apart. Then I was entered from behind, gasping and whimpering as it drove into me hard and fast!

My cheek was pressed to the rough side of the thick post as I was used. The

second man eagerly fondled my bare breasts and put a hand over my mouth again as my body was hammered from behind with harsh, violent passion.

The orgasm swept around me and staggered me in place. I cried out again and again into the palm of the hand which had clamped roughly over my mouth, my body shaking as it was battered from behind and that thick cock drove up into me like a spike of hot, burning passion!

He released me and I sagged as if to fall, but then the other one grabbed me, shoving me back against the post, face first. I groaned as he forced my hands up high, then yanked the jersey up again, up over my head to cover it and lay there.

*Crack!*

His hand slapped my bare bottom and he laughed. Then I felt his hardness in between my buttocks, felt it squeezed there as he ground himself against me, mashing his cock in and riding it up and down.

He drew it down and pressed it against my rear opening, and I moaned as it penetrated. I shifted my legs a bit apart but he would have none of it, clamping his thighs against them to pin them together against the tall steel post and driving his cock slowly deeper and deeper.

Fortunately, I was somewhat boneless and limp, my muscles not clamping down on him given all the activity I'd recently had. My face and bare body were pressed firmly into the steel post as he drove himself into me with harsh, ragged strokes, my bare breasts rubbing and grinding against the rough steel.

A train came in as he was finishing, and they released me. My rubbery legs wouldn't hold me, and I slid down the post, clasping it between trembling fingers now, the jersey falling down around my body again until I was on my knees, holding the post for dear life as the only solid thing in my life.

The train pulled away, and I stayed there, shocked again, dazed.

“Right. Off the floor,” a voice growled.

I looked up, eyes fluttering, to see a policeman standing there, scowling at me.

“Too much to drink, have you? Been celebrating?”

It had all happened so fast, I wanted to say. I don't understand!

“Let's go,” he said.

He bent and gripped me under the arm, and when I didn't push harder with my legs, his other hand caught me under the other arm as he lifted me to my feet. I hardly noticed that his hands slid around in front of me to cup my breasts as he did so.

They pulled back easily enough, then he took my arm and led me up the track a bit.

“I-I'm okay,” I said, breathless and dazed enough he no-doubt was sure I was drunk.

“Of course you are.”

He unlocked a door and pushed me through. Inside was a small, spare office, with a wooden desk pushed against the wall, and a wooden straight-backed chair pushed almost in against it.

“But we can't have you young girls wandering around half naked and drunk as sin in public,” he said. “Bad for our image, you know, and far too tempting for the boys.”

“I-I'm... I'm not...”

I gasped as he pushed me forward, bending me across the desk. Because of the high backed chair my hips came up short, and my bottom was raised high.

I wasn't as surprised as perhaps I should have been, or would otherwise have been, when he raised the jersey up high to bare my bottom.

“Hmm, no underwear. I can see you're that kind of girl,” he said disapprovingly.

“I-I'm not!” I gasped.

*Crack! His hand slapped down across my bottom.*

“Don't talk back.”

*Crack!*

“Oh!” I cried, rising from the desk.

He gripped my hair and I cried out again as my head was forced up and back sharply, my hands instinctively jerking up and back to grasp his wrist.

He used the opportunity to yank the jersey the rest of the way up, pulling it over my head and off, then pulled my wrists down behind me and handcuffed them like that.

“Now my girl, you're going to pay the piper for your night of drunken debauchery,” he said sternly.

He shoved me down onto the desk, my hips elevated by the backrest of the chair he had pushed into the desk. His hands kneaded my upraised buttocks for a long minute, then he pulled the belt from around his waist and doubled it in his hand. I moaned dazedly as he brought it swishing down across my bottom with a sharp crack of sound.

An instant later there was an equally sharp pain which made my bottom flare hotly! I yelped and started to rise, but he shoved me down again.

*Crack! The belt slashed down across my bottom again! And then again! And then again!*

He wasn't, I admit, hitting me nearly as hard as he could have. I mean, I sensed that almost at once. It hurt but... it didn't really hurt, if you know what I mean.

“Bad girl,” he said sternly.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

My bottom was struck by repeated stinging jolts, the skin turning red as he stood behind and swung the belt. And at first I just yelped and gasped and moaned, my bottom jerking and my hips flinching from the sharp little shocks of pain!

But as my bottom became hotter and hotter I started to feel this strange sense of floating, as if I was within a swirling dark cloud of heat and energy.

The surface of the old wooden desk was scarred and cut and I could feel the unevenness of it against my breasts as my body jerked to the blows of the strap, as my breasts rubbed against it. My nipples began to burn and my pussy began to thrum wildly, so much so that my legs began to come apart without my even willing it, as if my body was inviting him!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

He shoved a hand under my hips, his fingers finding my clitoris, and I shuddered, my hips spasming even as he continued to bring the belt down across my bottom!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I came, crying out, my hips bucking violently as he swept the belt down faster, in shorter arcs, and his fingers rubbed my clitoris furiously.

“Bad girl,” he said again.

He wound my hair around his fist and jerked my head up and back, raising me up onto my rubbery legs as his other hand fondled my breasts.

“Nasty little slut,” he growled.

He pushed me down onto my knees as he pulled the chair out, sat down, and opened his fly.

“Get to work.”

Given what I'd been through I wasn't even shocked. I wasn't disappointed, wasn't outraged, wasn't angry, fearful or embarrassed. I accepted it as ... normal. As if, well, of course a man is going to strip me and tie me up and make me perform oral sex on him. Why wouldn't he?

And so my lips slid over his cock and I began to suck as he pumped in and out, pushing deeper and deeper. He cursed softly as he drove himself into me to the balls, and I gurgled weakly around his cock, moaning, head pounding, until he slowly drew himself back out again.

He pushed in and out, driving deep again, and then thrusting in and out until he

came. Then he made me suck and lick his balls and cock until he hardened again, before sitting me on the edge of the desk. He lifted my legs up onto his shoulders and thrust into me, his eyes hot and hungry as his hands mauled my breasts.

I stared up at him, gasping, moaning, grunting, as he thrust into me, starting to feel aroused again, starting to feel that strange familiar sense of wild abandon I had on the train and in the park with those guys, a sense that nothing mattered because there were no rules, and so the dark, nasty sexual heat could exist all on its own, without carrying about what anyone else might think or say.

No one would ever know anyway! And wasn't this wild and dark and kinky and thrilling, to be laying on my handcuffed arms on some dingy office desk in the tube while a cop drove himself into me hard and fast!? Of course it was!

Oh I was becoming a sick girl! But I didn't care! I was alone, out of my element, away from all the familiar rules and inhibitions imposed by society! I could just be free and thrill to the dark hunger welling up inside me as the cop excitedly drove himself into my quivering body with eager delight.

He had already come in my throat, so he had some endurance, and he pushed my legs back after a bit so he could lean in and get his hands on my bare breasts again, groping and roughly fondling them as he rammed his hips down.

I grunted with every thrust, eyes glassy, I'm sure, my knees rocking back against my shoulders as he leaned into me, as his cock drove high into my quivering belly with deep, hard strokes. Ahh, it was so... comforting. I felt a strange sort of relaxed exultation at the now familiar sensation of a big cock stroking me just the way I like it.

The orgasm was a smaller one, this time, but no less welcome, as he smashed his hips against my upturned buttocks.

Then he couldn't get rid of me fast enough, of course. He gave me the bums rush back onto the platform in my Arsenal jersey, and I caught the next train back to my neighborhood. I was in a daze the whole way. The train was nearly empty, but I noticed men eyeing me appreciatively.

If they had wanted me, to be absolutely honest, I'd not have protested. I was in that frame of mind, a kind of listless, submissive, dazed state where anyone

could have done anything to me and I'd not have done a thing to resist them!

I got home and into the toilet, and stared at myself naked, with a strange feeling of almost giddy delight. I felt as if I'd gotten away with something which should have brought horrible results. I mean, I'd let those men do things to me, never even protesting, and I'd had sex with them all!

And yet, now it was just me, just ordinary boring Hannah, and no one would ever know or even guess! I'd gotten away with it, you see! That was the sense I had.

I took out my contacts, showered, washed my hair and then put on my glasses again, and I looked so amazingly normal that it was hard to credit what had really happened, that it hadn't all just been a wildly erotic fantasy that I'd played out in my head.

Normal girls didn't do things like that! Mousy looking, brown-haired girls like me didn't engage in wild, dark public sex with strangers! Boring accounting students didn't have sex with three men at the very same time!

I felt changed, however. I felt more... sexual, more sophisticated and mature, more alluring, more aware of my sexuality and the dark heat and hunger within me. My dull, external appearance wasn't an act, but it wasn't all of me either. It was just the surface. Open the cover – take off my clothes – and I was a wild, sexy and uninhibited slut!

I would keep that to myself, though, especially at school and at home. That next boy I dated, though, was going to find the experience awfully rewarding if he plays his cards right!

And when I went back to work at the Blue Kilt, well, I would need to find an excuse for what had happened to my old uniform, and need to get a new one. I could probably arrange for the new one to be a half size smaller, and excuse my flirtier manner to the other girls with the need to pay for it!

So I would be well rewarded too!

It had been a train ride which would live in my memory as long as I lived, and I knew it would also set the tone for my sex life in future. Dull and boring was not something to satisfy this girl any more!

End

\*

Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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