



Girl on a Train

Matt Coolomon

Sweetly Submissive

Seduced by Older Men

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Edited by S.H. Madonna

X-Rated

High level erotic content

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From the creative human minds of Matt & Maddy. Each Coolomon erotic story is conceived, written and enhanced by a male author & a female editor with you, our bad boy/naughty girl reader in mind.

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Spying Through the Window

Catherine

I was 18 years old and it just wasn't fair that I still wasn't being allowed to participate. My cousins were at the local pub partying and getting drunk and I was stuck at their house with nothing to do other than go through all of their drawers and cupboards looking at their stuff.

I was at my Aunt Charlene's house for the long weekend. She was out somewhere too, with a new boyfriend apparently. My two older cousins still lived at home. We'd been to the beach all day, which was fantastic, but they dropped me at the house and went to the pub without me because I'm too young and immature, according to them.

I'd been through Rebeccas stuff before so that was boring. I was going through her brother Alex's now and it was way more interesting. He had lots of jocks in his underwear drawer, mostly in black or dark blue. There was a gold chain and heart-shaped locket in a plastic bag at the bottom but the locket was empty.

There was also a love letter that I sat and read. It was to him from some girl called Nina. She obviously loved him but he dumped her. It was dated a year ago.

His room smelled like boys and I found the culprit, which was dirty football socks in a wash basket.

He had shaving things in a toiletries bag that I noticed he took back and forth from the bathroom, but it was a small house with only the one bathroom and that was cluttered with Aunt Charlene and Rebecca's stuff.

I went into Aunt Charlene's bedroom and had a look through her wardrobe at all her nice dresses and fur coats. I tried a few on and cuddled myself in them and modelled in the mirror. I had a job now and was saving money to start shopping for classy lady outfits. Though probably not furs, I giggled to myself.

I rifled through the dressing table and bedside drawers and found something interesting at last. It was a big purple vibrator with bunny ears. I twisted the

base and it buzzed powerfully in my hand, so I put the head against my panties and squealed in surprise.

Of course I'd tried a vibrator before, with a girlfriend, when we'd done exactly this and gone through her mother's stuff and found it. We had turns with it and gave ourselves orgasms and practiced kissing and touching a little bit too.

This one was bigger though and the bunny ears were too interesting to resist trying.

I stripped off and gave it a wash and tried it in the shower. I was apparently home alone all evening so why not!

I was resting back against the shower wall under the stream of hot water, crouching a little with my legs apart. The buzzing felt nice as I rubbed the head of the vibrator through my pussy but I wasn't wet and it was difficult to get the head in.

I tried again and it stretched me and hurt too much so I stopped and rubbed with my fingers like usual until I was getting slippery then I gripped the vibrator and pushed again really firmly and, "Ah huh huh," I moaned and swallowed. I had the head inside and I took a few deep breaths and waited to get used to it.

Then I pushed it upward deeper and squeezed it back out, then I forced it deeper still then squeezed it back out.

Oh I was so small inside and this was way too big for me. I could only imagine if a man was this big and having me!

I kept sliding the vibrator in and out and got a bit wetter and had it almost halfway in when I gave up and just enjoyed the vibration while rubbing my exposed clit. Oh my god I tried to imagine it really was a man and he didn't stop and kept forcing in me deeper than this.

"Uh huh huh," I moaned and shuddered a small orgasm with my poor stretched pussy throbbing on the big vibrator and squeezing it out. It felt so nice coming out though and I pushed it back up inside of me and squeezed it out again.

I kept doing myself with the big slippery toy and pretending it was a real man and I had no choice. The way I knew it would be if a man wanted me. Mmm

I would definitely have no choice if a man grabbed me. I knew that.

I relaxed and squeezed the vibrator out all the way and just rubbed softly through my tender slit until the tingles surging all through me dissipated, and I quickly finished my shower and put Aunt Charlene's toy back in her drawer.

I ended up going to sleep still bored and over these silly childish weekends with my cousins if they weren't going to include me.

The next morning I caught the train home, back in time to do my afternoon shift on the checkout at our local supermarket. Then that night I was hanging out with the guy from across the road who was officially only a friend.

"Shhh!" Robbie said, taking hold of me from behind and clamping his hand over my mouth.

I giggled and bit his finger.

"No, we have to sneak. You have to be quiet."

"But this is silly anyway. You're not supposed to go peeping in people's windows."

"It's not people's windows, it's my window."

Robbie craned his neck to see. I took out my lip-gloss and started applying it. I was thinking about letting Robbie kiss me again. I'd let him a few times lately.

"Oh shit. Here they are!"

"Where?" I got up on my knees to have a look. I saw the three adults had come into the lounge room. Robbie's dad and stepmum were entertaining some guy we had never seen before. Robbie had said he thought something fishy was going on.

"I bet that guy's from that swinger site they were checking online."

"But how do you know?" Mrs Dale was sitting on the couch, the two men still standing. They were chatting and laughing. Mrs Dale was red in the face, I noticed. The top buttons on her blouse were open.

"I just bet he is," Robbie said excitedly. "This is freaky, huh?"

"But they're not doing anything. How can they do anything? They're

married.”

“Yeah, but married people still do stuff. I read the profiles on their website. It’s like married couples looking for other dudes to have sex with the wife. It’s frigging nuts. I can’t believe Dad would do it. I can’t believe Betty would!”

“But they’re not...” I started but stopped, holding my breath as the stranger sat down beside Mrs Dale. The guy placed his arm along the back of the couch, leaning close. Mr Dale sat facing them in a lounge chair. My skin tingled with excitement.

“Aw shit,” Robbie whispered as the other man’s hand closed over Mrs Dale’s knee. Mrs Dale blushed deeper. Her chest lifted and her eyes closed as the man leaned in and kissed her lips. He did so tentatively at first, then he deepened the kiss with his hand going to her side, and he pulled her to him.

I stared in amazement. I had never dreamed of anything like this happening in real life. Robbie and I were on our knees in the dark, watching through blinds. We were free to observe without fear of being detected as long as we remained still and quiet. Robbie’s eyes were glazed, his mouth hanging open. I knew it was wrong but had no intention of stopping to watch.

The visitor was still kissing Mrs Dale. He had claimed her with an arm around her waist. His other hand was moving on her. He clutched her hip and kneaded her there. Then he clutched her side, squeezing and rubbing. Mrs Dale’s body writhed upward as his big hand closed over her breast. Mr Dale sat forward in his seat, tilting his head to watch. The other man worked the buttons on his wife’s blouse and opened it fully. He squeezed her red bra-covered breast, seemingly isolating the nipple.

I gulped, my throat dry, my own nipples firm beneath my t-shirt. “Maybe we should give them their privacy,” I whispered to my friend.

“No way. I’m staying. This shit’s frigging crazy. Look, he’s got her boob out! Aah shit.”

I remained there watching as the neighbour’s wife was undressed and passionately kissed and groped by the stranger. The idea of this flooded my senses and added to the excitement and confusion already filling me since the visit to my elder cousin’s house on the weekend.

My parents often sent me to Aunt Charlene's for a weekend or holiday. My cousin Rebecca was a full two years older. We shared her room and hung out together, with me invited to the beach parties, where boys weren't permitted to kiss me. My other cousin Alex, a year older than Rebecca, never let any of the guys get to me.

I sooo wanted to be gotten to but Alex never allowed it.

The first night I was there on the weekend Rebecca had read to me under the bed covers. She had whispered, giggling and teasing from a book she had found in Aunt Charlene's bedroom when she'd been snooping one time. The book was *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Rebecca had just told the story to me and read some of the sex scenes.

Lady Chatterley had been taken by the gardener while her husband was indisposed. I squirmed my hand between my legs watching Mrs Dale being taken by some stranger with her husband sitting in a chair watching.

Relic of the Seventies

Lester

I was a dirty old man and had to admit it to myself. There was no getting around the fact that I couldn't keep my eyes off the young ladies strutting the boardwalk along the beach on a summer's day.

I was having lunch at my favourite beach-side bar. It was right on the walkway, across from the sand and a short stroll down to the waves rolling ashore. The walkway was used for walkers, joggers and cyclists getting exercise. I was particularly partial to the girls jogging in the wrong kind of bikini top, the ones with little or no support.

I was a dedicated titty man. Didn't go much for the bike shorts or G-string bikini bottoms with the bare butts. Being a relic of the seventies and eighties, I liked the girl's butts at least half covered and offering a bit of something to unclothe.

That said, it was all in my overindulgent imagination anyway. It had been ten years or more since my wife left and I hadn't had a lady friend since.

I had a small villa a few blocks from the ocean, a mile up the esplanade from here in the main part of town. I walked down here a couple of times a week and sat outside with my counter lunch and couple of beers ogling the ladies on their exercise runs or their way to and from the beach.

I'm harmless though, just an old pervert. I watch and might ogle a bit but I don't leer. That's where I draw the line and police myself. I'll look away innocently before the girl even notices and if I get caught I'll smile guiltily and apologetically. I've earned a few threatening glares from boyfriends and husbands but fortunately haven't been bopped by anyone yet.

I was watching a mid-twenties girl jogging by as I thought about it and couldn't help ogling at the bounce of her tits in a red string bikini top.

She caught me and I blushed and smiled. She rolled her eyes as to say 'dream on you old fucker' and kept on jogging by.

Yeah I got that look a bit too now that I thought about it.

I chuckled to myself and sipped my beer, ate a cold chip and huffed a breath

then watched the next young girlie jogging past.

There was also the main event with all this perving coming up though. It was good sport down here at the beach but throughout summer I often had girls come to stay at the villa with me and got close-up looks in little summer nighties as well as in skimpy bikinis.

My sister had a daughter who she sends for visits and holidays by the beach. It's free accommodation for the girl and I don't mind her staying with me. Of course she's family so I don't tend to notice her in the same way as the beach girls but she often brings one with her from home or brings one of the local ones home for the night.

Yes my niece Anne is a spoilt little bitch and someone to put up with but she'd be here this weekend and I thought she said she was bringing a girlfriend.

You never know your luck. Maybe a hot one, I smiled to myself and had another sip of beer.

Oh life was good as an oceanside retiree in summer!

Hands All Over Me

Catherine

"Don't Raymond!" I uttered as I tried to push at the hand forcing its way beneath my new uniform. "I said no!" I cried under my breath, and I searched back over my shoulder where I could see the silhouette of my mother's boyfriend at the front window.

"Come on, you let Reece and Des have a feel," Raymond argued as he reached as far as my panties and touched me through them.

Reece and Des were two of Raymond's workmates from the supermarket. I had only started work there two weeks ago and they had both kissed me and felt me up this week. It was like something had changed inside me after Aunt Charlene's vibrator in the shower and watching Mrs Dale being kissed and groped in front of her husband.

It must have been written all over my face that I'd been exposed to things all of a sudden and I was for the taking by guys.

"But I didn't let them touch me down there!" I scolded about what I'd allowed the others and I clamped my thighs together and managed to wriggle across against the passenger door, free of Raymond's hand for the moment. "Plus my mum's boyfriend's right there watching!"

"He can't see anything." Raymond laughed. It was dark and his car windows were tinted. Bruce was there trying to spy through the blinds but there's no way he could see inside the car.

Raymond pulled me close and kissed me again. I didn't try to fight against that and he pushed his tongue into my mouth while feeling me through my dress. He squeezed one boob and felt for the nipple, causing me to moan and thrust my chest forward.

There was a streetlight above the car that was offering some visibility, and while Raymond continued kissing me he was working at the buttons on my uniform. He got two of them undone before I grabbed his wrist. "Just let me have a little look," he said to me. "Just lift up your bra and show me."

He was pulling my dress off my shoulder. I looked back at the front window

again. Bruce was still there but had turned around and it looked like he was talking on the phone.

I turned back to the guy who had taken me to the mall after work for a thick shake and driven me home. He had my dress stretched down and was tugging underneath my bra. I lifted forward a bit to make it easier for him and he hiked my bra up over my small breasts, baring them completely. Then he pulled my dress down further and opened it more, and he just sat there staring at my boobs.

"Fucking awesome!" Raymond said under his breath, then he squeezed one of my quivering globes and made me tense up and kind of shudder.

But I couldn't help it. I get so excited when boys touch me like this. It makes it tingle between my legs and I don't know if I should say something and ask them to stop doing it to me.

Raymond smiled and looked at my face but I was glaring down at his hand with my eyes wide as I gripped both edges of the passenger seat. He looked back at my boobs and squeezed the other one, making my body shudder again as I sucked in a breath. "Do you want to touch my dick?" he asked me.

I shook my head. "No thanks."

"Why not? You touched Des's."

"Did he say that?" I started tugging at my bra, trying to fix it back into place. "Are you going to tell about this too?" I asked indignantly.

"I won't tell," Raymond said, still grinning, and while I was busy fixing the top of my uniform, he felt up under it again, that time catching my thighs slightly apart and getting his fingers right into the crotch of my panties before I clamped my legs together and started squirming to get away.

"Don't!" I cried under my breath, but he had his hand wedged in there and was rubbing into me, feeling me through the crotch of my panties and poking into my wet pussy.

I can't help getting wet.

"Stop that!" I said more forcefully, embarrassed now, and I somehow wriggled my legs up and forced my knee against Raymond's chest. I got the passenger door open and jumped out of the car. "God, my stepdad's right there!" I scolded, and I brushed my uniform down and slammed the car door

shut in Raymond's face.

Teenage Curiosity

Catherine

I raked at my hair and tried to compose myself. The car sped off as the guy from next door appeared beside me.

"You okay Catherine?"

"Hi Jared! Yes, I'm fine."

Jared was a heavily built man of 26. His parents had lived next door since I was a baby. I had grown up annoying the hell out of him. He was my big brother in every way except blood and I adored him.

"Well, if you ever need me to sort out one of these little runts," he said to me. Then he waved to my mum's boyfriend. "Hello Bruce."

"How are you Jared?" Bruce called back. "Is that you Catherine?"

"Yes, it's me. But what are you doing spying at the window like that? How embarrassing!"

"I'll spy out the window anytime I damn well please, young lady! Who was that in the car?"

"Just a guy from work." I brushed by and went into the house.

"And where have you been?" my stepdad called after me. "Your shift finished two hours ago!"

"God. I went to the mall. I'm 18 now, so I don't have to tell you everything I do. I'm not a child anymore!"

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to call if you're going to be late!"

He had cornered me in the kitchen. He was such a pain with his overbearing, authoritarian attitude. He was a policeman and was still in uniform as he stood there looking like smoke was about to start puffing out of his ears.

I snapped to attention and gave him a salute. "Yes sir!" I said defiantly, knowing full well that was the fastest way to piss him off. Then I squeezed past and ran to my room.

I flopped on the bed and lay staring at the ceiling. Bruce made me angry but

that minor distraction faded away as I remembered the feel of Raymond's hand on my boob. I felt my breasts and giggled to myself. What was the fascination? It seemed every boy I met would glance down at them or stand there staring at my chest half the time.

Everyone said I was a pretty girl. I was tall and slender with long blonde hair and apparently a nice smile. And it wasn't that I was always thinking about boys, it's just that I was curious about everything they did, and I liked to see their reactions to the way I looked.

I also noticed that sometimes older men would be staring at me, and I was curious about that too.

I thought of this one married guy from across the street who always checked me out, Mr Dale. I imagined being felt up by him in his car as I closed my eyes and slipped my hand down the front of my panties.

It wasn't as if I had never been touched between the legs either. I had been fingered by a boy right there on my bed one afternoon.

Oh my god that was exciting with my mum and her boyfriend just the other side of the wall in their room!

My pussy tingled as I remembered that but my mind switched back to the married man from across the street and the wonderful things he would surely know how to do to me. I imagined him forcing my legs open and using his tongue instead of his finger. I was getting into that thought when there was a soft knock at my bedroom door and my mother called, "Are you there, Catherine?"

I scooted up the bed, closing my legs and wiping my wet fingers. "Yes Mum."

My mother poked her head around the door. "Anne called earlier. Apparently her brother is going to pick you up from work on Friday. Do you need some money?"

"No I'm fine, Mum. Thanks!"

I was to spend the holiday weekend with my new girlfriend, Anne. What I hadn't mentioned to my parents was that Anne was spending the holiday weekend at her uncle's villa, about 12 hours down the coast. Anne's brother was picking me up to give me a lift to the train station, not to their house

across town.

I regretted misleading my mother but there was not a hope in hell of Bruce agreeing to me taking an overnight train trip alone. That argument just wasn't worth having.

Getting picked up from work complicated things a little however. It meant I would have to pack and take my bag to work with me. Although, as I sorted through my wardrobe, I decided there wasn't much to it really. There would be days at the beach, and Anne had said the parties would either be there or at a neighbour's pool. So, all I really needed was my two bikinis and a couple of skirts and tops to go with them.

I packed all but my favourite bikini. They were having a barbeque next door the following afternoon, and I would need it. Jared's parents had a great pool and deck with an outdoor entertainment area. There were often pool parties. The one they had planned was just the three neighbouring families. My parents were part of a trio of couples which included Jared's parents, Alex and Jolene O'Grady, and Milton and Betty Dale from across the road. There were two O'Grady sisters who had married and moved away. I didn't know whether either of them would be there.

Robbie would be there and fun to tease. I kept out my favourite white bikini for that reason.

Girl at a Pool Party

Milton Dale

Alex O'Grady and I were at the barbeque cooking and having a beer while our wives were inside fixing the salads. Us two men turned to watch Bruce and his girl approach. Young Catherine was giggling and Bruce was laughing with her. He had an arm around her. She was cuddling to his shoulders, the skirt of her dress hiked up and the crotch of her panties visible.

Alex greeted his guests while I sat down and continued examining Catherine's crotch. I could just make out the texture of a thin strip of bush through the white lace. She remained standing beside Bruce, who was busy chatting with Alex. She lifted her arms and reached back to her hair, the skirt of her dress rising further and exposing the front of her panties more fully. It lifted almost to the waist band and remained hiked up like that while she fiddled with her ponytail.

I glanced and caught her eyes as they flashed away. She was blushing and biting a grin. I looked back down at her barely concealed little pussy, noting the shape of the puffy part and furrowed slit.

"What do you think, Milton?" Bruce asked.

I quickly looked up from drooling over the girl's display. I'd missed what was being spoken about completely. Bruce's eyes narrowed. He knew what I'd been doing.

"What do you think if we all chip in and hire a trailer next weekend to get rid of this rubbish?"

"We could team up and help each other tidy up," Alex added.

"Yeah, good. I'm in," I agreed. I couldn't help averting my gaze to watch young Catherine walk over to where the boys were cleaning the pool. I just shrugged helplessly when I turned back to meet Bruce's glare.

I kept one eye on Catherine and was caught out by Bruce a few more times over the next hour while we ate. I noticed she was braless. I managed to get a seat on the same side of the table with only Jared between. There was a good side view of her little boob, which Jared was noticing too. My son, Robbie,

and another boy, Foley, were getting an eyeful from the other end of the table. Bruce was watching them but could do nothing about it. Alex was directly across from Catherine, so she was actually surrounded by all the males present, and the boys had her giggling and playing up to the attention.

After the meal, I stripped off and claimed a floating chair in the pool. I was pleased that Bruce and Alex went inside to play some eight-ball. The women were talking together and drinking wine. It was just the three boys and Catherine to join me for a swim.

“But I need to get changed first,” Catherine announced.

Jared was inside getting his swimmers. Foley and Robbie had dived in. I floated to the edge near the dressing room and rested my arms back. Catherine held my gaze as she approached. I looked at her legs and up her dress at her little panties again as she walked by. The two boys were duck diving, distracted. “That’s a pretty dress, love,” I said.

“Is it?” Catherine stopped and brushed the skirt down.

I tilted my head to look directly up it. She waited. I could see between her legs; the thin strip of soft white cotton covering her slit, her landing strip through the lace. She stretched the front of her dress down and I saw the underside of her tits.

“Yeah it’s pretty on you, that’s for sure love... It’s a perfect style so short and breezy like that. It’s good for us men,” I grinned and had another deliberate look up it.

The girl just blushed and smiled down at me. I’d noticed she was like this though. Whenever you looked her over she stood and let you.

“I’d better get changed,” she said and turned and left me gawking after her.

When she returned, she quickly got in the water and was claimed by the boys. They had her squealing and giggling as they played with her, having a game of volley with a beach ball while I held the leaf scoop across as a net and enjoyed the show.

The boys had turns partnering young Catherine, lifting her to jump for the ball, touching her. The cool water was good for my constantly threatening erection.

Bruce came to take the girl home and left me and the three boys floating there

in the pool watching her leave, wrapped in a towel and giving a little wave and smile over her shoulder. Young Foley and Robbie went inside to play darts. Jared drifted over beside me. He was a bit older than the other boys.

I shook my head. “Fuck she’s hot, Jared. That’s one scorching hot little piece of arse.”

“I’m trying not to notice,” Jared replied. “She’s always been like the kid next door to me.”

I chuckled. “Good luck with that, son.”

A Deer in Headlights

Catherine

Throughout my shift the next afternoon, the guys were looking over at me and laughing amongst themselves. I knew they were talking about me and probably comparing notes on how far each of them had gotten. It affected me. I blushed with embarrassment every time one of them would walk past my checkout.

It made no difference at the end of my shift when Des cornered me in the staff room though. He had closed the door and had me backed against it. He started kissing me, and my legs went all tingly like usual. He forced his tongue in my mouth and I melted into him. Then he started feeling my boobs and I couldn't move. I just let him do it while he teased me about Raymond having a look at them the night before and how he and Reece should be allowed to have a look as well.

I just stood there while he pulled at the front of my uniform and gawked down it. He stretched out my bra as well and could see my nipples, which were hard. "Yeah, nice," he said, grinning.

I just blushed, and he kissed me again. That time he smoothed his hand down over my belly and grabbed me between the legs, and I moaned into his mouth and relaxed, allowing my thighs to part. I clung to his shoulders because I couldn't stand up without holding onto him, and I opened my legs more, allowing him to do what he wanted.

We were blocking the door and couldn't be seen through the window. If he wanted to finger me I was going to let him, but suddenly his name was called out over the loud speaker to assist in the car park.

"Fuck!" Des cried, and I just smiled at him, biting my lip.

I was his to do with as he pleased right then.

He worked around the edge of my panties and forced his middle finger up into me. But the manager announced his name again, and I just closed my eyes and relaxed my legs a bit wider. The guy had his finger all the way in, and he was jiggling it around with the palm of his hand inadvertently rubbing against my glans.

"Fuck. I have to go!" Des groaned, and he jiggled a bit more then pulled his finger out and wiped it on my inner thigh. Then he shifted me aside and pulled the door open to hurry out to the car park and collect trolleys.

I was in a bit of a trance as I picked up my bag and walked out the back to wait for my ride. It was only a few minutes until Anne's brother turned up in his old Dodge pickup, and I was squashed in between him and his best buddy. I could still feel my wetness on my thigh, and I hadn't thought to fix my uniform from it having hiked up a bit when I slid into the middle of the seat.

My panties weren't quite on display, but they nearly were, and my leg was being touched every time Anne's brother changed gears. I had my legs together on one side of the gear stick, but it was one of those big long ones that stem up from the floor, and I didn't have much room between it and the other guy's big hairy thigh.

The other guy was Brett, and Anne's brother was Adrian. Brett was fat but Adrian was built. His huge bicep was stretching the sleeve of his t-shirt. He worked at a lumber yard, probably chopping down trees and lugging them around on his shoulder, I imagined as I sat there dreamily taking in the scent of them both.

"How about we make Nev ride in back and you come on down with us instead of catching the train?" Adrian suggested at one point. Nev was Anne's boyfriend. He was yet to be picked up.

"No thanks. I'm looking forward to my train adventure," I answered as sweetly as I could. "It will be nice to see you down there, though."

That half hour ride passed in a daze for me. We were suddenly at the train station, and the guys left me there with my bag and sped off whistling back at me and whooping it up.

Still in a bit of a daze, I boarded the train that was there waiting and got my seat beside an older woman who smiled a friendly greeting. The carriage was pretty full. There were rows of two seats either side of the narrow aisle, all facing forward. By the time the train departed half an hour later, it was getting dark.

I slept for a few hours then woke to find some of the passengers had gone. There had been several stops, and not everyone was going all the way down

the coast. I decided to get changed out of my work uniform and wandered off in search of a bathroom.

The next carriage along was sleeping berths. They were small rooms with the aisle along one side lined with big windows that were all open, and men were sitting on the ledges smoking. I edged my way along the aisle being thrown side to side as the carriage lurched and swayed. It was a very old train with the full range of clanks, clunks and unexpected jolts. At the end of the sleeping car was a bathroom that was big enough to get changed in and it even had a mirror.

I had brought a pair of track pants and a light sweater. That morning I had chosen a frumpy old bra my mother had once picked out for me. It was ugly and huge but it was really comfortable to sleep in. I suddenly blushed at the thought of Des looking down my front earlier; the fact he would have seen it!

After getting changed into my travel clothes, I explored further and found the dining car, where I used my ID to buy a can of rum and coke. But just one! To add to the adventure and all. I also bought a meal and sat there in the dining car to eat.

The walk back to my seat was even more fun with the rather strong rum drink having gone directly to my brain and adding considerably to the swaying and lurching of the train. I had my work uniform in a plastic bag with the soap and deodorant I had used, and I was carrying a can of soda in my other hand and kind of bumping my way from side to side along the narrow aisles. Then when I got to the sleeper car with a few men smoking, I had to apologise for bumping into each one of them, or rather giggle and apologise.

Two of the men were cheerful and polite about it. The last one was smiling too, but he caught me and held onto me with his hands upon my waist and his fingers pressing firmly enough to tickle a little bit. And that made me jump and spill my soda on the guy's shirt, which led to me having to apologise again, and to him keeping hold of me for even longer.

I was being thrust about by the lurching of the train and being forced against him. His hands were moving upon my body. His thumb was pressing right up under my boob, and his other hand was squeezing my hip, with his long bony fingers kneading my bottom a little bit.

"You okay?" he asked, grinning down at me.

"I'm fine, thanks," I uttered in reply. "I'm so sorry about your shirt though."

"So, you're travelling alone, yeah?"

"Uh huh. It's fun so far."

"Yeah good. Do you smoke?"

"Um no thanks," I returned politely as the guy offered me a cigarette.

He had also released me, so I moved along, but as I did his hand lowered and he gave me a little pat on the bottom. I glanced back and smiled out of confusion, and he grinned again and winked.

Falling back over the legs of the woman into my window seat, I giggled to myself. I just had my bum squeezed by a man who must have been at least 35. He looked like a businessman too. He wasn't some scumbag lowlife. He was dressed in a suit, and I could see him back in his seat with his phone and laptop, obviously doing something important.

I suddenly saw myself as the wife of a man like that. Not just a supermarket checkout chick, but a serious, attractive woman throwing dinner parties and stuff. It was a fantasy I indulged for a little while as the train clanked along and the guy kept looking back at me. He was two rows ahead with an aisle seat. The one beside him was vacant, as were many of the seats in the carriage after about a third of the journey.

I kept blushing and smiling every time the guy caught me looking. Then after a while longer he went for a walk again and I assumed he was smoking, but he was gone for longer than that.

Eventually curiosity got the better of me and I decided I needed some chips and another soda. I edged my way to the end of the carriage and looked around into the next one, and there he was sitting on the same window ledge with a hot dog and a beer.

I steeled myself to walk by casually, but the train was still lurching, and I was being tossed from side to side. Then when I tried to squeeze past him, he swayed against me and touched my sweater with his ketchup dripping hotdog.

"Oops!" he said with a grin.

The mark was on my breast, and he pulled out a handkerchief like he had it

planned. "Sorry about that," he said, and he started dabbing at the ketchup.

I stood still and watched his hand move. My nipple had firmed and was even prominent through my big bra. The guy was holding my sweater with one hand and wiping with the other. The stationary hand was sort of cupping my breast, and his bony fingers were pressing in, feeling me a little bit.

"Do you have another sweater? You might have to take this one off and rinse it."

"I have another top in my bag," I answered, as if I would do as I was told.

The train then lurched severely and I was pinned against the wall with the guy's hand covering my breast, and he massaged it and pinched my nipple quite deliberately.

"Don't!" I said, wriggling away from him but meeting his grin. "You can't just do that," I challenged playfully.

"Sorry," he said, though he was obviously not sorry at all. "Why don't you go and change and I'll give you some money to buy a new sweater to replace that ruined one."

"But I ruined your shirt, so we're even, aren't we?" My confidence was up. I was feeling flattered to have captured the interest of a mature man. "I'll go and get another top," I said and I went back to my seat.

The lights had been turned down for people to sleep so I had to go by feel. I pulled a tank top from the bundle of clothes in my bag. I took it back and squeezed past the guy quickly before he could grab and tickle me. There was one other man there smoking who was from the seat behind mine. I met his look and blushed as I sneaked past and into the bathroom.

The train stopped while I was in there, making it easier to get changed. I pulled off my sweater and rinsed the stain, which would be fine. I slipped on the tank top and looked in the mirror, horrified. It was a top I usually wore with a bikini, and the cut under my arms revealed the big thick bra strap as well as the side of the cup. There was no way I could go out there dressed like that.

I checked my sweater, but it was half wet and the stain was still prominent. I looked in the mirror again and turned this way and that, trying to convince myself it wasn't that bad.

"Oh my god, no," I whined as the train jolted into motion again. I took a breath and pulled off the top and bra. Then I put the top back on braless and checked in the mirror to find that apart from being quite revealing, it didn't look too bad at all. From the side my breast was visible, the full side of it and very obviously, but my nipple was covered.

I wrapped my bra in the sweater and took another breath. I opened the door and stepped out to find the guy from the seat behind still there smoking. He glanced at my chest, and I froze for a second and just blushed. He met my eyes then looked back down, and I kind of waited while he had a good look. Then I squeezed past and approached the other man.

He smiled as his gaze lifted from my breasts. I smiled back at him and tried to quickly duck past, but he caught me around the waist. "What's the password?" he said to me, his long bony fingers pressing into my side and making me squirm and giggle.

"There's no password," I laughed, but he held me there. Then his hand lifted and closed over my breast, so I clutched at his arm, but I didn't say anything. A warm rush of excitement coursed through me. His big strong hand covered my little boob completely.

"Sure there's a password. There's always a password when you need to get by," he teased, and he wrapped his other arm around me from behind and closed that hand over my other breast. He was feeling them both and playing with my nipples. Mostly it was just through my top, but his fingers were reaching beneath my arms and he was feeling me in through there as well.

I was holding his arms, sort of pulling at them but not really trying. I was watching the other man who was standing there staring, and when his eyes lifted and met mine, I couldn't look away. All I could do was blush deeper at the fact that one complete stranger was watching another stranger feel me up.

I'd been in this trance so many times before. Every time a boy or man looked at me in that way, I couldn't help myself. I was like a deer in headlights. All the boys knew it, they knew they could touch me and do almost anything they wanted while I was like that. And I think it was even worse with grown men. This was the first time one had actually done anything, but any of my stepdad's friends could easily have me if they wanted.

Suddenly I snapped out of my trance and wriggled to get away. "Stop it!" I

said to the guy feeling me up, and I squirmed from his bear hug and pushed him to arm's length. His expression had changed from playful to quite serious, and he still had hold of my wrists. "Don't," I implored of him. "Let me go, please?"

He nodded and gave another of those little winks as he released one of my arms, with his eyes lowering to my breasts again and his smile returning before releasing the other.

Young and Inexperienced

Catherine

I returned to my seat to find the woman gone and only four other people still there seated toward the back of the carriage. I tucked my legs up and closed my eyes to sleep. Then sometime later I woke to the feel of a hand on my breast again.

I didn't move or turn to see who it was. I could tell by how bony the hand was. I remained facing the window and pretended to be sleeping while the man felt up under my top and softly massaged my bare breasts that time. He was feeling both and playing with my nipples, making my belly tingle and my heart thump.

I maintained the pretence of sleep for a while, but then he started feeling for the top of my pants and found his way underneath the waistband. He felt his way down to my panties and slipped his bony fingers underneath.

At that point I couldn't help squirming a bit. I turned my body slightly, allowing him better access to me. His fingers reached my clit, where he began rubbing. He was opening my pussy lips and pressing in right on my little glans, so I parted my legs further for him. He reached underneath and pushed a long bony finger up inside of me, and as he did that he took my hand and placed it on his penis, which was also long and bony, although it was actually hard and soft at the same time, and really hot.

The man was alternating between rubbing my clit and fucking me with the length of his finger, and he was humping while I held his dick, moving my hand back and forth, like I knew boys liked. I was hoping I was doing it right, and that was distracting me from what he was doing, which felt nice and all, but before I reached one of my orgasms, I felt his dick swell and begin to throb.

He had arched his body up, and I could feel the pulses of hot fluid slurping onto my belly. The man was holding still with his finger all the way inside of me, and I suddenly felt young and inexperienced, and I didn't know why but I decided to pretend to have an orgasm. It was as if I had failed if I didn't have one, as if I was too young and not woman enough to get off like that.

In any event, I moaned a little and squirmed down on his hand like it was really happening the way it did when I was alone in my bedroom. I could feel his semen running between my breasts and dripping from my neck and side. The train was stopping though, and my lover quickly gathered his laptop and bag and departed the train, leaving me lying in his cum and feeling completely confused.

The train only stopped for a moment then jolted into motion again. I was wiping at my chest as best I could with my hand and instinctively licking the cum off my fingers. I didn't know why I was doing that, it just seemed right somehow. It was salty and yucky but tasted like man, which was exciting.

I was thinking of going to the bathroom and cleaning up properly, but suddenly the man from the seat behind sat down beside me and immediately groped my breasts. He was rough and forceful, and I was shocked as he took my hand and shoved it inside the fly of his pants.

He lifted my top and leaned right over to suck on my breast. That felt nice and I started getting excited again. Plus he'd watched the other man feeling me up, so it seemed only fair to do it for him too with my hand down his pants.

"Are you okay with this sweetie?" he asked low and deep.

I nodded and took a breath. "Uh huh."

He was so hard and was thrusting through my hand. He reached down the front of my panties and put his fingers in me. He was going in and out and rubbing my clit really nice, making me squirm and thrust my hips to get him to do it more.

He was sucking my boob so nice too and scraping my nipple with his teeth. Then suddenly my orgasm hit for real and he latched onto my nipple and held it while I convulsed.

"Uh fuck yeah," the man groaned and surged against my hip.

I was still holding his dick and slurps of his cum lashed my belly and tits. I pulled and squeezed his cock as it throbbed and gushed. My orgasm was still tingling all through me and I was smiling proudly to myself this time but suddenly there was a huge thumping sound and the man was gone.

Behind him was another man who punched him and sent him flying

backwards into the aisle. When he got up and turned to run, the guy booted him and sent him sprawling face first that time, telling him to fuck off.

"Are you all right, miss?" he asked me.

"Uh huh," I swooned. He was a huge, powerful man, and I was tingling all over even more now, just about to go back into orgasm.

A woman appeared beside him. "Are you sure you're okay?" she asked. I was absently scooping cum and licking it off my fingers. "Do you want to come to the bathroom and clean up?"

It seemed they were husband and wife. I was dumbstruck.

"Come on let's get some tissues and see if we can clean that off you," the woman said, taking me by the hand.

The man led off toward the bathroom in case the other man was still hanging around. I followed along with his wife, in a daze again and completely star struck. I was holding my top up and the man looked at my tits as he held the bathroom door open for us, his wife pushing him back and glaring as she closed the door.

She helped me hold up my top so it didn't get wet from the cum all over me. I scooped some more and sucked my fingers. She shook her head but was blushing and frowning curiously.

I scooped some more and sucked my fingers. It was seriously all over my belly and boobs and it was thick and gluggy and hardly even running.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" the woman checked.

I scooped another glob and sucked my fingers again. "You can taste some too if you want."

The woman checked back at the closed door.

I scooped some more cum from my side where it had dribbled a bit. She watched me eat it then she bent down and licked my skin.

I held her head and watched intrigued and tingling wildly all inside again as she licked the cum from my belly and sucked it from my boobs. She was eating it greedily but it was so thrilling after having only ever experimented kissing with a girlfriend before.

The bathroom door cracked open and the husband looked in. I watched his

face while he stared at his wife still licking me all over. She had eaten all of the cum off me and was licking where I'd wiped up but was still sticky from it.

She licked her way back up from my belly to between my boobs then she stood and kissed me. "Oh fuck yeah," the husband groaned and she glared back at him but was swirling her tongue around mine in my mouth and all I could taste was cum.

The woman stopped kissing me and wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. She took a big breath. "Sorry, I'm as bad as that asshole who molested you."

I just bit my smile and let them lead me back to my seat. Oh this was a fun train ride!

I slept for the rest of the overnight journey with my hero and his wife taking the two seats across the aisle and both of them smiling over every time I stirred to see where the train had stopped.

In the morning when the train finally reached my destination, I thanked them and bade them goodbye. There I was greeted by my girlfriend Anne who led me to a rusty old car where her uncle was waiting. We got in the back seat together and left him alone up front.

"This is Uncle Lester," Anne said, almost apologetically.

Lester grinned back at me and quickly looked me over, the way men always do. He was fat and sweaty, with thick glasses and a bald head except for a frizzy grey patch over each ear.

"Hi," I said, offering a smile.

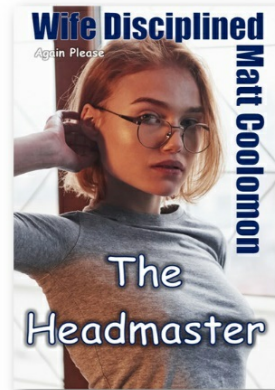
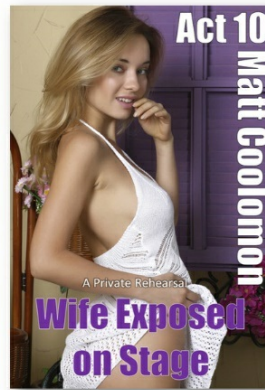
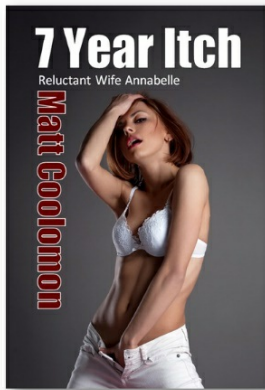
"You can put your eyes back in their sockets now, Uncle!" Anne scolded him.

**** End of Book 1 ****

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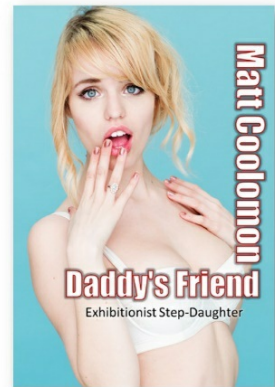
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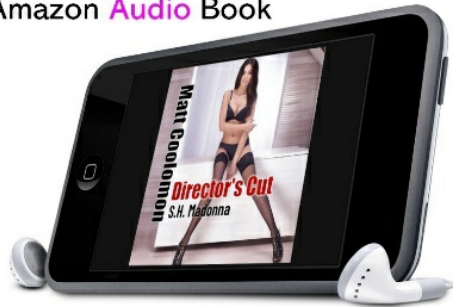
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