

An Erotiqué Press Download

# A Well Trained *Woman*

Annice Dare



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By

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He wasn't the handsomest, the sexiest, or the tallest guy in the crowd. There was really nothing about him that stood out, yet he caught my eye.

Maybe it was the leather jacket. I'm a pushover for leather, especially the soft, supple, well-worn leather in an old, favorite jacket. A few scuffs don't matter, as long as the smell is still there, as long as the feel is baby-soft, satin-smooth.

That his Levis fit like a second skin didn't hurt either. The denim was a little bit more worn the left side of the crotch seam, as if he'd had more than one hard-on while wearing them. There was a small three-cornered tear in the left leg, just above his knee. I wished it was a little bigger, so I could get a good look at his thigh. Was it tanned and sprinkled with golden hair like the backs of his hands?

I'd gotten out of the office a couple of minutes late, and had missed my usual train. The next one usually came along within ten minutes, but today it hadn't. There had been two yellow-line trains and three red, but no blue. The MAX shelter was crowded with tired people who wanted nothing more than to get home. All around me I heard grumbles and complaints. I felt like doing a little grumbling myself.

Today had been a bitch. Mick had been on a

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rampage, threatening to fire half the office. Two of the secretaries were out with the flu. And one of my clients had called with the news that the feds were going to require an independent wetlands delineation because they didn't like the results we'd reported.

I leaned out to see if a train was coming. A super-sized droplet of water hit the back of my neck and trickled down. *Shit!* We were having a spell of what people liked to call 'Oregon sunshine', a fine rain, more than mist but not anything like a downpour. It tended to collect on vertical surfaces until it formed big droplets that hit the unwary when they least expected it.

"God damn it, Claire, will you let me explain?" A pause. "No, that's not it at all. I couldn't get there last night because—"

God! That voice. If there was ever a dark chocolate voice, with caramel overtones, that was it. I half-turned to see who it belonged to.

He was right behind me, the guy in the leather jacket. A cell phone was clamped to his ear. Our eyes met briefly, then his lost focus as he said, "Look, I know you're pissed, but you need to give me a chance to explain. Wait! Claire—" He listened a few seconds before flipping the phone closed and cramming it into his jacket pocket with abrupt impatience. Turning half away from me, he leaned against one of the shelter supports and closed his eyes.

His lips, thinned now into a straight, angry line, were full and mobile. His chin bore a hint of cleft, not deep, but, well, I guess you'd call it tempting. I wondered who

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Claire was and why she needed an explanation.

For one brief instant, I hoped she'd blow him off and leave him to me. I could use a man like him.

*Get real, Joyce. For all you know he's just another screw-'em-and-leave-'em asshole. Just what you need.*

I leaned out again, and this time I saw the light of an oncoming train. Others did too, and the crowd started shifting, people jockeying to be close to the doors. I didn't bother. Getting a seat didn't matter to me, not after a day in front of the computer. I'd just as soon stand.

It was a yellow line train. I edged back, making room for people who wanted it.

So did he.

By the time a blue line train came, the crowd was spilling out of the shelter. When its doors opened, the surge toward them carried me along for a few feet, until I pushed my way free. While I didn't mind standing, I wasn't going to play sardine in a train full of tired, frustrated people in steaming, damp clothing. There would be another along soon.

It came about three minutes later. By this time I was tired of standing, so I took the first open seat I came to, next to a sleeping woman.

MAX trains have some peculiarities, in part due to the space they allow for bicycles, in part because they have to bend in the middle. One of these is groups of three seats, two together facing toward the hinged center of the train, and the third at right angles to them.

They're separated from the doorway by a sheet of thick plastic behind the pair and from the rest of the car

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by a sort of bellows arrangement next to the single that lets the outer wall bend. There's not much leg room for the people in the double seat, especially if the third seat is occupied by a sprawler.

The only good thing about these seats is that they're relatively isolated from the rest of the car, so you're not stuck with listening to half a dozen conversations.

I'd no sooner seated myself than someone slid into the single seat right in front of me. Leather jacket, faded Levis, and cell phone again at his ear.

"Claire, pick up if you're there." After a full minute's wait, he all but snarled, "Call me!" He jerked the phone from his ear, glared at it, and snapped it shut.

Once again our eyes met. Mine must have shown my sympathy, because he gave me a sheepish smile as he slid his phone into his pocket. We both looked away then, the proper protocol for saying *No, I really don't want to talk to you*.

I couldn't resist sneaking peeks at him, though. God, he was delicious. His wide, sensual mouth was the kind that invited nibbles and licks. His grin was kind of one-sided, sort of little-boyish, but I just knew that the kid inside was a devil. His eyes were deep-set, dark, fringed with thick lashes. Above them his eyebrows were thick and dark blond, a little bushy, but tidy—not straggly and wild. Slight hollows defined his cheekbones, just enough to give him a Clint-Eastwoodish look, without the fierce predator impact.

I could swear I smelled his jacket. There's a unique scent to well-cured leather, one that turns me on almost as

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much as the aroma of chocolate. I wanted to reach across and stroke my hand down his sleeve. His hand lay relaxed and open on his thigh, inviting me to slip mine inside. I knew the palm would be hard with callus, warm with his inner heat.

He shifted his legs. Our knees brushed. "Sorry," he said.

"No problem."

Once again our glances met, and slid away. I realized that there was more to this than the ordinary distancing behavior of your average train rider. He was as interested in me as I was in him.

Wasn't he?

The train slid into the stop at Lloyd Center. There was the usual rushed confusion as a third of the passengers got off, to be replaced by half again as many new ones. Someone's purse hit my head. He grimaced and pulled his feet in as close as space allowed. Once again our knees brushed, only this time they stayed in contact. He gave me that half-grin again and I smiled back, shaking my head in resignation.

The woman next to me snorted and sat up. She gathered together her purse, a tote bag, and a Nordstrom's shopping bag. "I get off at Forty-second," she said.

I turned sideways to let her out, and scooted over to the window seat. I'd no sooner moved when he shifted over to sit beside me. His broad shoulders crowded me hard against the wall. No sooner had he moved than a tall kid in skateboard grunge took his seat and began a loud conversation with a couple of other boys. They were so



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loud that I couldn't hear much more than a formless murmur from beyond us.

I felt an elbow in my ribs as the man beside me reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out his phone.

*Damn! Am I going to have to listen to him begging Claire to forgive him again?*

He put it to his ear. "Hi," he said after a moment, just loudly enough for me to hear him clearly. "Are you headed home?" I turned my face to the window, wanting to shut him out. While I've been known to use my cell on the train, I try to avoid it. There's nothing worse than inflicting one's private conversations on everyone else. At least his voice was low, intimate. I was pretty sure no one but me could hear what he was saying.

"Me, too. I'm new in town. Staying with friends."

I found myself wondering where his friends lived. His elbow nudged me again. "Hey, I'm harmless. I'm even respectable. Thirty-two, single, no significant other."

*Yeah, right! What about Claire?*

"I start a new job the first, so I'll be moving up here soon. I want to live somewhere close to MAX, walking distance to a decent shopping center." I felt him shrug. "I don't see any sense in driving unless I have to. Not with the price of gas."

I wanted to tell him that there was a vacancy in my apartment complex. Only the fact that I would be admitting I'd been eavesdropping kept me quiet.

"Know any good places to look? Somewhere close to you?"

I hunched my shoulder, turned more toward the

window.

"You're so pretty. I love your short, curly hair. And your big brown eyes—they remind me of rich, dark chocolate. I'll bet you taste good too."

I could almost hear him licking his lips. A flare of desire spread across my belly, making my pussy pulse with anticipation. I squirmed in my seat, needing to relieve the tension.

"Oh, yes, I'd like to taste you. I'd nibble at your mouth, invade it, suck your tongue, and let you suck mine. But that's not all I'd taste. I'll bet your breasts are sweet, your nipples swollen and hard."

Moisture pooled between my thighs. I shifted, rubbing them together as discreetly as possible. The pulsations increased, until my clit was screaming to be touched. I wiggled, but it did no good. In fact, it made matters worse, because his thigh was now pressed firmly against mine, and the heat of him was spreading through me, like fire through dry grass.

"I like it that you're wearing a skirt. What do you have on under it? I hope it's not pantyhose. They're impossible to get off easily, much worse than underpants. And I want to get your underpants off, believe me."

My skirt was mid-calf length, my stockings were knee-highs. My panties were the skimpiest bikinis I owned, some I usually saved for when I went out in the evening. I hadn't done laundry for more than a week. This morning I'd had a choice between them and some ratty cotton briefs I'd had forever. I could almost feel his hands stroking up my bare thighs, his fingers pushing aside the

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fragile lace. Oh, God, if only I *could* feel his fingers...

The three loud boys got off at Gateway. All of the standing passengers found seats, and the noise level in the car dropped appreciably.

He lowered his voice to a near-whisper, but I could still hear him. *Stop!* I wanted to say. *Stop tormenting me like this. Go somewhere else to have your phone sex. Leave me alone.*

"Since you won't tell me, I'm going to imagine you're wearing those sexy stockings that come halfway up your thighs, the kind with the wide lace at the top. And a thong. Oh, yeah, a red thong, just wide enough to cover your sweet pussy. I'll bet you've had one of those bikini waxes, too—"

Not me. I'd sprung for electrolysis a couple of years ago. It had been painful, but not as bad as having all my hair pulled out by the roots every few weeks.

"But you've still got a nice bush. Dense and springy, and filled with your secret smell. I'll bury my face in it; breathe it in until I'm drunk with it. And then I'll part you with my fingers and find your clit. I'll bet it's plump and waiting, isn't it? I won't touch it, because you're ready to explode—"

I was. All it would take was one touch, just a brush of fingers across my clit and I'd come. I knew I would. *Will you shut up?*

No, I wanted him to keep talking. Orgasms had never come easy to me, and here I was on the edge of one without any touching, without any fingerplay or fucking. I couldn't believe it.

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He wasn't even talking to me.

No matter. I sure didn't want him to stop talking, even if he was phone-fucking another woman.

"I'm not going to touch you yet. I'll just run my fingers around the edges, come close, but not too close. Maybe I'll dip one inside, just enough to—Oh, look, you're wet. I can feel your honey, hot and liquid, smelling of your need."

From the corner of my eye, I saw him lift his hand, lick the tip of his middle finger.

And I came.

Oh, God, I came, with a wave of internal fire so hot that I almost melted in my seat.

When I found myself again, I was slumped against the window, still weak from the paroxysm that had consumed me. I was weak, breathless. So completely relaxed I could easily have trickled down to the floor of the train and never noticed.

Keeping my eyes slitted almost shut, I stole a quick glance at him. His eyes were closed and he wore a smug, self-satisfied grin. The phone was still glued to his ear.

"I could tell that was a good one. I damn near creamed my jeans just watching you—"

*Just watching me?* I sat up straight, staring.

He stared back, the phone still at his ear.

"You weren't talking to someone else," I whispered. "You weren't talking on the phone at all."

The grin turned sheepish. "Busted." He lowered the phone, folded it shut, and slipped it into his pocket.

"You...you bastard!"

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"Hey, you had a good time."

I shoved, hard as I could with both hands against his shoulder. He slid off his seat and landed on the floor.

The hum of conversation in the car stopped abruptly. He picked himself up slowly, holding onto the seat back. When he was fully upright, he waved his free hand and said, loudly enough for everyone to hear, "Lover's quarrel. No problem."

There were a few chuckles. Soon the background noise level was up to its usual hum. I kept my nose glued to the window, unable to decide between mortification and rage.

And a little bit of self-disgust, to be honest. I'd listened shamelessly when I thought he was having phone sex with another woman, hadn't I?

When he sat down beside me, I scooted even closer to the wall. Even so, his elbow poked me in the ribs and his thigh fit firmly against mine.

"Hey," he said, his voice low, "can't we be friends?"

I refused to answer. The train pulled into the next stop and a troop of young teenagers got on, giggling and calling to each other. They crowded around the doorways and spilled into the aisle beside our seat. One of the boys took the seat at right angles to ours, his long legs stretched out before him. Two girls came as close as they could and started flirting with him.

Under cover of the kids' loud talk, he said, "C'mon, admit it was good."

Good? It had been one of the best orgasms of my life. Better than anything my vibrator could give me, infinitely

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better than anything I'd ever had from a man. I couldn't help wondering what would happen if we ever actually fucked.

I stole another look at him. Damn, he really was gorgeous. Well, not movie-star gorgeous, but there was something about him that really appealed to me. More than just the leather jacket, the cleft chin, and those incredibly sensuous lips. "I get off at Cleveland Station. My car's parked there."

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I regretted them. I didn't know this man, had no idea whether he might be some kind of serial rapist or worse. Once again I scrunched as close to the wall as I could and pretended I didn't know him.

"Good. That's my stop too."

Although the train usually takes less than fifteen minutes to get from Ruby Junction to the end of the line, that night it seemed like an hour before it pulled into Cleveland Station. The other three remaining passengers left immediately, but we sat there until the second announcement came that all passengers were to get off.

He stood. So did I.

He stepped back, allowing me to pass him and get off first. I glanced over my shoulder, and he smiled at me. *Trust me*, his smile said. *I'm harmless.*

*Yeah. So's a python. A hungry tiger. An ax murderer.*

We walked down the platform, not touching. As we crossed the tracks, I glanced at him again. "I didn't mean—"

At the same time he said, "If you've changed your

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mind..."

I wanted to. I wanted to tell him that the last thing in the world I'd do was get into my car and have sex with a perfect stranger. Then he smiled at me again, and I was lost. "My car's over there." I pointed to the distant corner where I always parked. My little white Honda was the only one standing in the last line, against the edge of the lot.

He slid his arm around me. "You smell good," he said. "Like apricots and cinnamon and..." He sniffed, his nose buried in my hair. "Like fresh air."

I decided that the outrageous price of my organic apricot spice shampoo had been a good investment. "And you smell like leather," I replied as I turned my head and brushed my cheek against that wonderful jacket.

When we reached the car, I unlocked the passenger door first. But I didn't open it. Instead I leaned back against it and looked up at him. "Who's Claire, and what were you trying to explain to her?" It was none of my business, but if I was going to have sex with this man, I wanted to make sure he wasn't in some sort of permanent relationship. *And if he was, of course he'd tell you*, my conscience sneered.

"You heard that, huh?" His mouth turned down at the corner. "Claire's my wife—well, she was until last week. Now she's my ex-wife. I was supposed to pick up my car at her place last night, but I'd gotten a call to come to Portland for an interview today. The only flight I could get was yesterday afternoon. She's pissed that the car is still sitting in her driveway. She said she was going to

have it towed. Now she won't answer the phone so I can find out who towed it." His mouth thinned. "I've got to go back in and fill out a bunch of forms tomorrow, so I won't go back until tomorrow night."

"Oh, gosh, that's tough. But they'll keep your car won't they? I mean, they won't sell it or anything?"

"I doubt it, but I still don't like the idea of having it sitting in a lot somewhere." He sort of shook himself, then planted both hands on the roof of my car, capturing me against the door. "But there's not a damn thing I can do about it, so why worry?" He leaned down and kissed me.

No, he devoured me. Starting with little nips along my lips, then quick licks of his tongue. When I opened for him, his tongue made rapid forays as far as my teeth, flicked along them, then delved deeper. He tasted of mint and something deep and dark and indefinable—his own flavor, powerful, enticing, seductive.

I gave myself up to sensation, only dimly aware of the cold metal of the car door at my back, the rough callus of his palms against my cheeks. After a while I realized that he had me pressed hard against the car and was plastered to me, as close as he could get with us both fully clothed.

I could feel his cock, big and long, against my belly. I writhed against him, wishing I could make him go off like he'd done me. At the same time, I wanted that big, stiff cock inside me. Wanted him to fuck me deep and hard and long. I jerked my mouth free. "Wait," I gasped. "Inside. Now."

"Yes!"



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He stepped back. I fumbled behind me for the door, managed to get it open. He climbed in and shoved the seat as far as it would go from the dashboard. The back wouldn't recline very far, but it went down enough that he wasn't sitting straight up. His hand fumbled at his belt buckle, at his fly. It seemed forever before he had his Levis shoved down around his thighs, freeing the enormous cock.

"Oh, my," I breathed.

He sheathed himself quickly. "Can you get on top?"

"Oh, yes." I'd climb on if it killed me. I tossed my purse into the back seat and crawled astride him, flaring my skirt across his legs like a blanket.

He reached out and snagged the door, pulling it closed with a thud. "Panties?"

"Yes, Just a minute." Shit! How was I going to get them off while my legs were spread across his body?

"Can't." His fingers slid up my leg and inside my panties. One quick tug and he'd ripped the crotch, leaving me open to him. The next instant he'd grabbed my waist and pulled me down upon him.

He slid inside me. Hot. Big. Rock hard, unyielding. He stretched me as I'd never been stretched, filled me as I'd never been filled.

I was wet, ready for him, but I still felt the friction of his entry. So good. I held very still, enjoying the sensation of him sliding those last few millimeters, until he was fully sheathed in me. I tightened around him, and felt him jerk.

"Careful. I'm close." His voice was strained, as if he

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was exerting great energy. "Just hold still a minute."

I obeyed, although what I wanted to do was impale myself on him over and over.

His hands clasped my thighs and slid, ever so slowly, upwards. Soon his thumbs were kneading, close to where he penetrated me. I clenched my hands on the fabric of his shirt, at the edge of a scream. Holding still was beyond me, yet I managed not to lift myself and slam down on him again. The orgasm loomed, like a huge wave about to tumble me under. "Damn you," I cried. "Do it. Fuck me...fuck me...fuck me!"

One thumb brushed my clit. I flinched. Clenched myself around him. He stroked harder, pressing, twisting, as the other thumb rubbed along the edge of my pussy where it was stretched around him.

I screamed as waves of heat spread out from my center. His hands encircled my waist and lifted me. Pulled me down, lifted...

I don't know how long he rammed himself into me. I was too wrapped up in my own ecstasy, although I do remember hearing him shout his own release.

I collapsed atop him, totally boneless. I could feel a slow trickle of moisture from my pussy, but I was too wrung out to care.

His arms went around me eventually. "Are you all right?" he whispered against my hair.

"I don't think so," I replied. "I think I'm dead."

"Hope you died happy, though."

"Oh, man, did I ever. How about you?"

"I think I'm still alive, but totally paralyzed. Let me

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see." He flexed one leg. "I don't know. Maybe I'll be able to move sometime before morning." He squeezed me closer. "We probably should move, one of these days."

"Probably." I didn't though. My eyelids were too heavy, my body too relaxed. I snuggled my forehead against the side of his neck and breathed deeply of his scent. Leather. Sweat. Sex.

A guy just doesn't smell any better than that.

"Hey," he said after a while. "I gotta go."

I looked over my shoulder at the clock on the dash. Seven-twenty. We'd been here nearly an hour. Even though the November darkness hid us from anyone who wasn't standing right beside the car, it was still pretty dumb to stay like this.

I sat up. Or started to. As soon as I moved, I felt him getting hard inside me. "Are you sure you want to go?" I said, when my insides tightened in a new surge of need.

"Do you have any condoms? I don't."

"No," I admitted with regret. I forced myself to climb off of him and squirm across the console into the driver's seat. In the dim light I watched as he removed the condom from his half-erect cock. I handed him a napkin from my stash in the door pocket.

Once the condom was disposed of, he stuffed himself back into his Levis—a tight fit—and raised the seat back. "Well..." he said.

"I—" I wanted to say something, but wasn't sure what. *Thanks for the fuck? Come up and see me sometime?* I chewed my lower lip, searching for the right words.

"Look, do you ride this train every night?"

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"I'm usually earlier, but yes, I ride every night."

He opened the door, stuck one foot out onto the ground. "So if I ride it too, I'll see you again, sooner or later."

"If you want to."

"I do."

"Good. I'll watch for you." He got out and closed the door.

I watched him walk away, to be lost in the gentle rain within half a dozen steps.

*~ The End ~*

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**Annice Dare** started collecting erotica a long time ago, when Santa Claus brought her a very thick book titled *Erotic Poetry*. Intrigued, she went looking for more of the same, and discovered Victorian erotica, popular in England during that very prudish period. Although she still collects erotica, she would rather write her own, sharing some of her fantasies with her readers.

Annice lives in the Pacific Northwest with the man of her dreams. Their small house is filled with overflowing bookcases, more paintings than wall space, and as many glass paperweights as she can afford.