



Le Metro

by

D. J. Manly



Easy
Books

Fantasy

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Fantasy Games – Le Metro
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LE METRO

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D. J. MANLY

Finally the last metro train had fired into the station. Jasmine held open the door of the janitor's room and watched the sparks shooting out from the tracks as the brakes screamed to a halt just in front of her. She studied Marcel through the glass window, as he collected his belongings from the front of the car. She couldn't help wondering if he'd even bothered to say goodnight this time. Sometimes he did, and sometimes he didn't. She'd wait until she saw him get out and walk away before bringing her cleaning supplies on board tonight.

Leaning on the door frame, she watched him step over the track... tall, around six-two with sandy brown hair worn as long as the transit commission would allow...and the body of a god. He didn't have to say it; it was obvious that he spent a lot of his free time in the gym.

Jasmine sighed as she collected her cleaning supplies. As she hunted for her dustpan, she wondered where in hell Stephen was. It was already one thirty. He had a habit of arriving just

on time, and she worried that one night the supervisor would show up and give him hell. Suddenly, she spotted him strutting down the platform. He had this walk...it was quite something. While he strutted, his hips were out, and his shoulders back. It was something to see with his long brown hair always falling over his face. He was a man of average height, around five-eleven, but that strut of his made him seem much taller.

Jasmine licked her lips suddenly. Stephen had the sweetest face. He was only twenty-two, and she often fantasized about him, especially about his escapades in the gay bars. He was always more than willing to tell her about them of course, which was okay by her.

"Hey," he said, raising a hand, "waiting for me?" He gave her a little grin, his French accent seeming heavier than usual tonight.

"You're ten minutes late," Jasmine sighed, stepping back to allow Stephen room to come up into the room. "I wanted to finish up earlier this shift. You're damn lucky Daniel isn't here. He'd sack you for that."

He chuckled, taking the two steps up into the little room. "Let him try. He'd be doing me a damn favour."

Jasmine shook her head.

"And you always want to finish earlier. That's

not news. Got a hot date tonight?"

Jasmine blushed. "No, stupid. You know at my age, I have no dates and if I did, they wouldn't be hot."

"You never know," he grinned, "you could get lucky tonight."

Jasmine cleared her throat. "Let's get started."

"Anxious, are we?"

Jasmine tucked her honey blond hair up into her head scarf, ignoring Stephen. "You sound as if you got some tonight."

"Not yet," he said, whistling a little as he picked up the water bucket. "I've been a good boy."

Jasmine giggled. "Sure."

"Let's do it," he told her.

Jasmine smoothed down her cotton shirt, pressing her hands down over her breasts as she did. She had been given an over abundance of boob, and the bra she had chosen to wear under her shirt tonight probably wasn't the best choice. They didn't make many full support bras for double D in black lace, but she had managed to get one. She'd spent seventy dollars on a push up, half cup bra which had to be the most uncomfortable thing she'd ever worn. Already her tits were falling out of it. The matching crotch less panties weren't as bad but she hated the little thong thing which was wedged between her ass

cheeks.

As she followed Stephen to the Metro car, she couldn't help admire the way his ass looked in his tight, faded jeans. He had one of those famous bubble butts people raved about these days, and she told herself that she shouldn't be fantasizing about the ass of a guy almost half her age. But then again she had always told herself things she had no intention of focusing on.

"So," Stephen said, dunking his mop. "I'll start over here and you clean the seats."

Jasmine nodded. "Okay." The cool air was circulating through the metro car and she shivered a little. She donned her rubber gloves and began to shoot some cleaner on the plastic seats, wiping as she went. Every so often she glanced out the side window to check and see if the security guards were around.

"It's not time for their rounds," Stephen paused in his mopping and glanced at her. "They won't be around for a long time."

"Of course. I know that," she muttered. "I'm not worried."

"But you look nervous, ill at ease. What's wrong?"

"N...nothing," she replied. "It's spooky down here tonight. Ever feel as if you are the only one in the universe down here...especially when you're in one of these cars by yourself?"

"Sometimes, but then you're never far away. It is true though, Jasmine," he said, glancing at her, "anything could happen down here. No one would hear you scream."

Jasmine jumped as she heard some noise behind her. She turned around suddenly to see the metro driver, Marcel appear. "Oh my God," she said, "you scared me."

"Sorry," he smiled. God, he was handsome. "I forgot something."

"Hello, Marcel," Stephen stopped mopping and glanced at him. "How are you?"

"Bien," he replied, "toi?"

"Great. What did you forget?"

Jasmine went back to wiping the seats.

"This," he said, holding up a length of rope.

Jasmine sucked in some breath, absently wiping over the same spot she wiped just a few minutes ago.

"Is it raining out?" Stephen asked him.

"Oui," he said, nodding.

Jasmine saw Marcel looking at her out of the corner of his eyes. She tensed as Stephen replaced his mop in the bucket and pushed it into the corner with his foot. "I was just telling Jasmine how anything could happen in one of these cars, especially in this tunnel, and no one would know about it."

"The guards won't be down for awhile," Marcel

drawled. “We have an hour or so.”

“Actually,” Stephen replied softly, “they won’t be down until around four in the morning.”

Jasmine squeezed the wet cloth in her hand. She felt something flutter between her legs. She didn’t look in their direction.

“How come?”

“Well...because I promised them a special treat if they stayed away.”

Marcel glanced quickly at him, but didn’t say a word. Instead, his gaze drifted to Jasmine.

“I think,” Jasmine stood up straight now and put down the cloth. “I’ll go and...”

“You’re not going anywhere,” Marcel told her, meeting her gaze. His voice was deep and serious.

Jasmine backed up against the door. “What...what are you...?”

Stephen took a step toward Marcel. “We have plans for you tonight, Jasmine honey.”

Marcel glanced at Stephen. “I’d like to rip those clothes off her body, finally get a look at those huge tits she’s always parading around,” Marcel commented, casually leaning back against one of the steel poles situated between the seats.

Jasmine bit her bottom lip, eyeing the open door that was just to the left of the two men.

“You’ll never make it,” Stephen told her. “You’ll never get by us.”

“You mean to...violate me then?” Her gaze

drank in both of them.

"Oh yeah," Marcel replied, beginning to undo his shirt. "We mean to violate every inch of you...use you...expose you."

Jasmine wrapped her fist around the post nearest to her. Her breathing became laboured, her chest heaving. She could feel the lace of her new bra scratching the tender flesh of her breasts, her nipples stiffening, rubbing against the satin material.

"I brought this just for you, Jasmine," Marcel said, stripping off his shirt and holding up the rope.

"I won't let you," she eyed him, noticing how stiff his nipples were, and the way Stephen was eyeing them. "You won't take me by force...you won't..."

Stephen reached out and caught her wrist. "Enough talk," he breathed. "Marcel wants to see you exposed. Are you going to cooperate, or not?"

Definitely not. "No," she said softly, glancing down at the belt on Marcel's metro uniform. "You'll have to use force then."

Stephen laughed softly. "Marcel, we're going to need to tie her up."

"Really," he murmured. "That's not a problem. Drag her hands up over her head and wrap them around that post there."

Jasmine began to struggle, and as she did, she

felt her large breasts fall out of the bra cups. While Stephen held her wrists, Marcel tied them together then secured them to the post above her head.

“Now the legs,” Marcel told Stephen, “spread them so that I can tie one ankle to this seat and the other ankle to this one.”

Jasmine let her head fall back against the post. “Umm,” she moaned, “you’re going to split me open.”

“You’d like that, Jasmine, a lot,” Marcel whispered. “There,” he grunted, standing up again, “all done.”

Jasmine saw Stephen reach over and begin to undo the belt on Marcel’s pants. Their gazes locked, and Stephen melted over to him and placed a hand in his silky hair, pulling his mouth down on his. They kissed deeply as Jasmine’s gaze followed the path of the belt as it slid out of the loops. Marcel stepped back and undid his pants slowly, looking for her reaction as he slipped them off. She was held spell bound, unable to look away as the pants fell to his feet and she caught a glimpse of the stiff erection poking out of his navy briefs.

“Um, well,” Stephen murmured, “you sure are a big boy.” He let his hand trail over the protrusion and Marcel slipped his fingers in the band of his underwear and yanked them down over his hips. He stepped back, he left the clothing

in a pile beside him then leaned down and took off his shoes and socks.

"Now you," he told Stephen, a slow smile spreading across his deliciously handsome face.

Stephen didn't waste any time and Jasmine watched closely as he pulled off his work shirt and threw it on the floor with Marcel's.

At that moment Marcel moved closer to her. He ran his palms down over his chest, then, framed his cock with his hands for a moment. "You like, Jasmine?"

She swallowed. "Release me," she urged. "Fiend."

He laughed, pausing to glance at Stephen who was now as naked as he was.

His body was a series of tight muscles, and that little butt everyone ranted about was too damn cute for words.

"Nice ass, eh, Jasmine?" Marcel met her gaze, then grabbed Stephen and pulled him around so that he could take both ass checks into his hands and massage them. "Look at his cock," Marcel urged. It was standing straight out now, his hips thrust forward as Marcel continued to fondle Stephen's ass. "God, what a handful, and it's so tight."

Jasmine felt saliva run in her mouth. That fluttering was back and she inwardly moaned as her head slammed back into the pole.

“What’s wrong, Jasmine?” Marcel said softly, reaching up and running his fingers over her cheek, “horny?”

“There’s a law against this,” Jasmine breathed, “you just can’t...torment me and...”

“I just can’t do what?” Marcel asked her, undoing the top button of her shirt.

Jasmine began to struggle again.

Another button opened, then a third. Marcel spread the shirt now just enough to show the top part of her breasts, but not enough to expose them totally. “I think your tits are very sensitive, Jasmine.” He ran his hand down over one of them to her waist where he quickly unzipped her work pants and pulled them down over her hips. Due to the way they had spread her thighs and tied her, the pants wouldn’t come down further than her upper thighs. “What are we going to do, Stephen?”

Stephen was already thinking ahead.

Jasmine looked down in horror to see Stephen with a huge pair of scissors. “Don’t cut my pants, please. They’re my work pants and...”

“Shut up,” Stephen said, cutting up the pant leg. “If you don’t, we’ll have to gag you.”

Marcel looked into Jasmine’s eyes. “Would you like that? To be gagged?”

“No, please,” she said. “I’ll beg.”

“Will you do anything?” Stephen asked, licking

her thigh before he pulled off the pants entirely.

"Yes," she moaned.

"Wow, look at this," Marcel remarked, letting his finger move over her slit which was already dripping wet, "no crotch in these panties. No need to take them off when we fuck her, they frame her cunt nicely. Must have cost a pretty penny."

Jasmine felt his finger again, this time it slipped inside of her and moved around a little. She moaned.

"A thong too, isn't it...ummm..." Stephen commented, moving his hand now between her thighs and up in back to her ass where the string was. "Who were you expecting, you little slut?"

"You can't, you can't do this...you...dirty...what dirty boys you are," Jasmine moaned.

Marcel reached up and undid another button on her shirt. "God, you have big ones. Let's see them finally," he said, and with both hands he took hold of her work shirt and ripped it open. "Shit, they are so big, they've fallen out of the bra. Don't need this anymore," he said, reaching around and unclasping the hooks. Marcel pulled it out and up, shoving it into her mouth. "That should keep you quiet," he grinned.

Stephen moved up behind Marcel and ran his hands over his chest and then grabbed hold of his cock. Marcel grunted as he let his gaze roam over Jasmine's huge breasts.

Jasmine felt totally exposed now. The juices were flowing down her thighs and she could feel Marcel's intense stare burning into her flesh. Suddenly she felt his finger flick one of her nipples and her body trembled. She moaned and undulated her hips. It seemed like eternity until he did it again, one finger, flicking her nipple, slowly now, very slowly.

"Your nipples are huge and brown, perfect for sucking and pulling on. Perfect for clamping ...very sensitive, aren't they, Jasmine baby? Too bad we had no clamps."

Jasmine's gaze burned into his. Stephen lips were on Marcel's throat as he continued to play with and fondle his cock and balls. Marcel moved his mouth forward and licked one of her nipples. He flicked and tugged on the other as he did. Jasmine thrashed. Marcel chuckled some. He reared back in Stephen's arms, moaning now himself as Stephen slapped his cock gently back and forth. Jasmine assessed Marcel's swollen cock. His balls had almost disappeared, they were so tight. Jasmine thrust her breasts forward. She wanted him to play with them so bad, and he knew it. He planned to make her wait. With a grunt, he grabbed Stephen's arm and forced him onto the floor. "I'm going to fuck you hard, Stephen."

"Yeah," Stephen said, ready and waiting on all

fours for Marcel's cock.

"Watch carefully, Jasmine, because if you're a good girl," he said, dropping down behind Stephen, "it's what I'm going to do to you, and yes...this way...in the cunt and in the ass."

Jasmine almost screamed behind the bra gag. As she watched Marcel slam in and out of a moaning Stephen, she felt her clit pulse hungrily. Marcel's face erupted in orgasm, and Stephen cried out several choice curses in French, then, erupted himself.

Marcel got up on his feet. His body gleamed with a mix of sweat and cum. There was no mistaking it. He looked like a man who had just finished fucking. He reached out and grabbed one of her breasts, kneading it with his hand, then covered her other nipple with his mouth, licking, sucking, then, biting it. At the same time, Stephen's hand snaked up her leg to her thigh. One finger, then two slipped inside her. When she felt one finger graze her clit, she screamed through the bra, arching her back to urge him to touch it again. His head was there suddenly, then his tongue, and as Marcel continued to torment her nipples, Stephen began to swipe over her clit with his tongue. She whimpered, her entire body shuddered, then again she screamed, this time in an earth shattering orgasm.

Marcel reached up now and untied her hands

from the pole, but he left her wrists tied together. Stephen released her ankles, and then pulled her down on the floor. "On your knees," Stephen told her, pulling the gag out of her mouth.

She felt as if she were drunk, the sense of euphoria so high that the entire metro car was spinning. When a cock slipped into her mouth, she wasn't even sure if it were Stephen's or Marcel's. Whose ever it was, she thought with her eyes closed, it tasted like heaven. Two hands on her face now pulled her head back and the cock slipped in deeper, and began to fuck her face in earnest. She tasted the cum in her mouth, and trying not to gag, she swallowed. Suddenly the cock was gone and she was propelled forward, her elbows on the floor Stephen had just finished washing. When she felt the cock begin to enter her, she sighed, spreading her legs to take it deeper. "Jasmine," he muttered, moaning some as he began to thrust deeper inside of her. Hands covered her breasts as she was pulled upright and Marcel emptied himself inside of her, his lips on her throat.

Stephen was there then on the floor with them, his mouth seeking Marcel's, and she turned around to watch as Marcel pulled him roughly against his chest. She wanted to reach out and run her hand over the muscles of Marcel's back but her hands were tied. So she watched as Stephen

pushed him back, allowing him to have access to Marcel's cock. He made him hard again, fondling, now sucking him, moving his hands up over Marcel's chest and tweaking his nipples which were diamond hard.

Jasmine imagined herself slipping her hands through his hair, then, reaching over herself to touch one of his nipples. Delectable Marcel lifted his hips, a soft moan coming from his lips and Stephen lifted his mouth and used his hand to finish the job.

"Untie me," she urged, meeting Stephen's look. "Let's use the ties on him." She had no idea if Stephen would agree, but after a second, he smiled, and nodded, reaching over and untying her hands.

Marcel stood up, giving Stephen a curious look, which was met with a lifted eyebrow from Stephen, then a quick move to grab his wrist and tie it to the post. Jasmine jumped up and tried to grab the other but to no avail, Marcel was too strong. He protested furiously until Stephen and Jasmine managed to tie his other hand as well to the post with a ha-ha!

"Hey," Marcel growled, "this isn't the..."

"Shush," Jasmine said softly, running her finger around one of his nipples. She licked at it a few times, then, took it between her teeth causing him to hiss.

Stephen began to kiss his neck, his hand moving down his flank, then around back where he began to insert one of his fingers up inside of him.

Marcel grunted, as Jasmine kissed his mouth, then, went back to licking his nipples. Stephen went down behind him to stimulate his anus with his tongue and then urged Jasmine to stroke his cock while he did.

Jasmine dropped to her knees and enthusiastically fondled Stephen's cock. At the same time, she took Marcel's cock into her mouth, running her tongue around the head and then licking up the length of his shaft. Marcel was trembling all over and he shouted suddenly in French that he was cumming.

Jasmine sat back on her heels, releasing Stephen's cock as he came almost simultaneously with Marcel.

Marcel closed his eyes and sighed as Stephen stood up now and kissed his cheek. "Love you," he said softly, reaching around and undoing the ties.

Marcel grinned at him. "Bet you say that to all the boys."

Stephen winked at him. "Only ones with cocks that size," he said as glanced down at Marcel's fading cock.

Jasmine walked over and picked up what was

left of her work clothes. She slowly began to put her bra back on. "Yuck," she muttered, "it's wet."

"It's covered with your drool," Stephen threw at her, as he began to put on his underwear.

Jasmine gave him one of her nasty faces which caused Marcel to laugh out loud. "And you guys owe me a new uniform!"

Stephen began to say something when Jasmine suddenly said, "Oh God, here comes the guard. I thought you said they weren't going to come until..."

"They're coming for their treat," Stephen shrugged as Marcel hurried into his pants. He managed to be sitting casually in one of the seats when the two guards appeared.

"Hi, boys," Marcel said in French, "what's going on?"

"We might ask you the same," the burly one with reddish hair replied gruffly.

Stephen stepped forward now. "We're cleaning that's all. I told you it was better you don't come down when we're cleaning. It's distracting."

"What's he doing here then?" the other one demanded. "He's distracting you, isn't he?"

Stephen grinned, a devilish smile on his face. "Can't argue there."

Jasmine hummed a little tune, wiping down one of the seats again.

"So, what do we get for staying away?" the

burly one asked.

Marcel sat up straight in his seat now, intensively looking at Stephen. "Yes, Stephen, just what did you promise him?"

Stephen held back a smile. "Ah, a coffee of course, what did you think I promised him, Marcel?"

Marcel rolled his eyes.

"What a dirty mind. So," Stephen announced, "time for a coffee break boys, and I'm buying."

The two guards seemed satisfied with that, although one made a comment about doughnuts, which caused Stephen to groan a little.

Marcel grumbled something after Stephen went strutting back down the platform with the two guards.

Jasmine paused and glanced at him. "He's trying."

"He's going to be the death of me, Jas."

She came over and placed a hand on his broad shoulder.

"He's the most promiscuous guy I've ever known."

"Yeah, but you have your little quirks which he indulges." She winked at him.

Marcel quickly grabbed Jasmine and pulled her onto his knee. She let out a yelp, then laughed as he tickled her, then pushed her off him again. "What about your quirks, Susie?"

"Susie?" She lifted an eyebrow. "Oh, like Susie Q?"

"Whatever."

She gave him a secret little smile, then, went back to work. He'd be surprised, very surprised about what she'd been thinking about lately.

"Well, I got to go. I'm on at eleven tomorrow."

"Turn the coffee maker off before you leave. It almost burned dry last week when you were on days."

"We have to get one with the timer that goes off after a bit," he said nonchalantly.

"I keep meaning to get one."

"I'll get one, pick it up at the hardware on the way home tomorrow."

"Get a twelve cup, and it's your turn for supper tomorrow night," Jasmine reminded him. "Make that shrimp dish again. It's really good."

"It's the sauce," he grinned. "Oh, by the way, you guys are both off this weekend, right?"

"Yes, thank God. Let's get out of Montreal, go to Quebec or something."

"We'll talk about it. Say bye to Stephen and tell him not to wake me up when he comes in."

Jasmine raised an eyebrow. "You love it."

"Not this time. I need to get at least a few hours."

"I'll tell him, probably won't do any good," she said. "He can't keep his hands off you," she

added, but he didn't seem to hear her.

He raised a hand and left the car. She watched him make his way down the platform to the stairs and sighed. Too damn good looking he was. Stephen should be a little bit more considerate of his feelings or he would lose him, but Stephen was Stephen.

Stephen was back ten minutes later with a coffee in his hand and a jelly doughnut. "As if I need the doughnut," Jasmine said, sinking down onto one of the seats.

"You're not fat...maybe getting a little middle age spread but..."

"Watch it," she said.

He howled with laughter.

"Marcel said goodbye, and not to wake him up when you get in."

"He wishes," he said softly with a smile.

"He loves you, you know. You shouldn't fool around so much."

"You've told me that already, Mother," he said.

She sighed, and shrugged. "Lots of people out there would take him off your hands in a heartbeat."

"I know."

"Well?"

"I'm trying, okay and as you know, he's not exclusive either. He still likes a woman once and awhile, and if it wasn't for our little arrangement,

he'd do it with strangers."

"I don't know if he would or not," Jasmine said. "I think he'd be faithful."

"So," Stephen said, changing the subject, "how was it tonight for you?"

"Good, fantastic as always. I'm not sure whose fantasy we were playing out there though. You?"

Stephen shook his head. "We started with yours but..." He started to laugh.

"I liked tying Marcel up."

"I saw that."

"You?"

"He's so sexy. If I wasn't in the picture, Jas..." Stephen paused.

"But you are, and he doesn't love me, not in the same way."

"He'd do anything for you."

"Um, sounds promising. Let's try it out on the weekend."

Stephen looked intrigued. "So what is it exactly you want Marcel to do?"

She thought for a moment. "I like watching you guys together, but I want to be involved. How about a three way...you know?" She blushed a little.

"Me in him, and him in you?"

She shook her head. "Ever heard of a strap on?"

Stephen's mouth widened.

"Close your mouth, dear," she giggled.

“You going to do that to...Marcel?” He was definitely shocked.

“I’d like to. Wouldn’t you like him inside you while I was...?”

“It has appeal...in fact, it has great appeal.”

Jasmine sighed. “Go to work, so we can finish and you can get into bed with Marcel and wake him up the way you really want to.”

Stephen laughed and stood up. As he began to clean the windows, Jasmine pictured the possibilities. The three of them had lived out so many fantasies on this metro since they had met five years ago. Stephen and Marcel had fallen in love in this metro, and she had fallen in love with both of them, a gay and a bisexual man. After her divorce, Stephen had moved in, then finally after Marcel and he had gotten together, Marcel moved in. They had been practically inseparable after that.

Yesterday she had received her latest sex toy from the mail order company. It was a huge, permanently oiled dildo strap on. She had dreamt of one day fucking Marcel with it, just because he was so big and male, and dominating him with that while he soundly fucked Stephen would be a super turn on for all of them. Given the fact that they never played out these games at home, she was wondering if she’d have to wait until they went away together for the weekend. It would be

just too much of a challenge to bring that thing to work, wouldn't it? Where would she hide it? And how in the hell could she sneak it onto to metro?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

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