

Josie's Ride

She was stunning, the girl, petite, with cascading auburn hair, parted down the centre, that reached as far as her waist, entrancing teak eyes, a cute snub nose, dry chapped lips, and a delightful smattering of moles round her dimpled cheeks. She wasn't wearing make-up: natural beauties like her seldom did, a quality that Richard appreciated in his women. Just a knitted, lemony yellow woollen sweater and slim fit skinny jeans. Her fingers bore no rings, he was relieved to find. She *did* wear thick silver earrings, and her skin *was* pale as milk. Perfect, for him. He couldn't take his eyes off her. She must have been, at least, half his age, probably less. So? She made him feel youthful again, didn't she? Made him relive his hectic teenage years, when he was virile, strong, handsome, and *so* irresistible to girls.

The train left the terminal, jarring over points. The crowd of weary passengers occupying the aisle shifted, blocking his view, and he lost sight of her, consigning the girl to oblivion.

He did this for a reason, the man, dressed smartly in his dark business suit, open-necked crisp white shirt, silver cufflinks: rode the train into the city, walked the streets, rode the train back to the coast then walked home. He had little else to do since he lost his job, and lost hope. The train stopped at a junction. Passengers alighted, some boarded. He tried to see the girl, couldn't, closed his eyes and dreamed of fading

sensual romances, fleeting illicit liaisons, sordid affairs. In fact, his lack of any real love at all.

There were three of them in the bed, with him. Julie, Connie and Eve, all of them naked, save for their little pants, all clutching his body. Julie held his hand. Connie, the shortest girl with the fattest breasts, pressed herself against his naked body frontways, and kissed him. Eve, naughtier, foxier, than her teenage friends, curled her lean torso around his buttocks and stroked his cock. Julie complained that their mums would be wondering where they were - it was their supertime - stood and dressed. Connie stopped kissing her boy on the lips, said she liked him, dressed and left. Eve, though, was determined to stay for as long as she could.

The train pulled into the busy mainline station. Several passengers alighted. Richard just opened his eyes in time to catch a glimpse of the girl. She must have been shopping today. She was gripping three shiny carrier bags. Funny how he hadn't noticed them before. She gave him a polite nod of the head, the slightest hint of a childish grin (he appreciated that), then looked out the window. The train set off, he closed his eyes, and resumed his dreams.

Lara was sitting astride him on the bed, dressed in her tennis shirt and skirt. He was naked. She leaned forward, and they kissed, penetratively, open-mouthed. He heard her murmur.

‘What would you like me to do?’

‘Take off your skirt and top,’ he said.

Lara unclasped her tennis skirt, ripping it off, revealing her wet sports pants and sprouting tufts of pubic hair, leaving him breathless, clamouring for more. He felt himself swell under her crotch. She leered at his blushing face as she pulled her t-shirt off over her head, shaking out her tousled mane of blonde hair. She leaned forward and kissed penetratively, thrusting her tongue inside his mouth. They paused to breathe, panting. She asked him if he loved her. He told her. He loved her. More than life itself. They wanted to make love.

‘Would you like me to take off my bra?’

Richard gasped as Lara reached behind her back, unclipped her bra, and slowly uncupped her exquisite breasts, revealing her sensational dusky pink flat nipples smattered with tiny teatlets.

The lights flickered as the train entered a tunnel. Lara’s rosy face faded, then disappeared.

He was kneeling between Cath’s plump thighs on the bed. Cath was short and chubby, with puppy’s ears for breasts and a dense bush of curly black hair covering her love-hole. She extended her short arms, as if they were antennae reaching out for him, searching for his sex.

‘Take me, I’m all yours,’ she pleaded.

The train pulled into the airport station, and, nearly everybody got off, lugging their cases to the sliding

doors. The doors slid shut, there was a brief announcement by the transport police asking passengers to remain vigilant at all times, report incidents by text on 60016, and 'see it, say it, sort it'. Richard appreciated that, the catchy phrase neatly summed up his erratic sex life, to an extent. He'd certainly seen it, the girls had all said it, but they'd never managed to sort it. At the age of 58, time was running out. He stared up at the train destination indicator flashing station names past his eyes, bright orange lights. There were fifteen stations to go before the train reached his final destination, over an hour and a half.

Richard loved this part of the journey best: the train was invariably empty after the airport, most of the stations on the coastal stretch had short platforms, and he had chosen well, selecting the seventh coach out of eight, ensuring his dream wouldn't be interrupted. He smiled when he heard the voice, big and bluff, like it's owner, saying 'Ticket please, Sir.'

He duly showed his mobile to the grey-haired inspector who scanned his ticket, thanked him, and moved on down the train. Fifteen minutes and three stops later, she passed him, giving him an encouraging smile which said, I look forward to seeing you next time you travel with *Southern*. Have a good trip. He smiled a contented smile, said his silent thanks, and watched her pass through the sliding door, the door that led to their cubicle of secrets.

The girl was sitting on the opposite side of the train, three rows down. She smiled broadly at him, raised her right hand, and curled her index finger towards her mouth, 'Come and join me, *then*.'

She was perfect for him. He couldn't take his eyes off her. She was eighteen years old, less than a third of his age. So? She made him feel youthful, didn't she? Made him relive his hectic teenage years, when he was virile, strong, handsome, and *so* irresistible to girls.

He stuffed his phone inside his empty laptop case, and rushed down the aisle to join her. She patted the seat next to her, threw the carrier bags on the table, and turned to face him.

'You brought the bags then, Josie?' he said, reaching up to slide his laptop bag onto the overhead luggage rack, seating himself beside her. The train left the mainline, joined the coastal stretch, and briefly stopped at Hove.

'As if I'd forget *them*,' she held his hand, he felt all soft, warm and hairy, her older man, 'Shall we?'

'I think we should, don't you?'

'Mmmn, *rather!*'

Josie picked up the carrier bags and followed her man as far as the sliding door, he pressed the yellow knob, the door slid open. The train lurched as it left the station, she smiled. He loved it when she smiled at

him. She made him feel loved, real love, warmth, all giving.

It came as no surprise to them when they found the cubicle empty. He pressed the 'open' knob, and they stepped inside. Josie pressed the 'close' knob, then the 'lock' knob. They embraced and kissed passionately. There was plenty of room, plenty of time left, a hook for jackets on the spotless cubicle wall, and, in true *Southern* tradition, the floor was clean, spotless. Josie wasn't taking any chances. She handed the first carrier bag to Richard and said, 'For you, to keep your smart clothes clean.'

Josie shut the toilet seat, sat, and watched her man undress. The shoes, he unlaced, took off and parked them on the dimpled floor in front of the door. No spring chicken, Richard slumped against the frosted window, lifted his feet in turn, and let her pull off his woollen socks. He handed them to her, so that she could store them in his shoes. She stood, knelt, then stuffed his socks inside his shoes: her old man did, after all, suffer from a bad back after all those years slumped in front of a computer in the accounts office, billing clients. Richard took off his jacket and hung it on the hook - no point in getting it all creased up. Next he unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his greying hairy chest, the slightest belly paunch.

Josie murmured her approval, encouraging him, 'You're *still* a fine figure of a man, then?'

'I try to keep myself in shape.'

'I can see *that*.'

He loved that about Josie: the stress she placed on certain words: *them, rather, still, that*, all said in her distinctive country accent, all said with such *giving*, freely, to enthuse him.

He took off his shirt, folded it neatly and slid it inside the empty olive green carrier bag.

'Pull down your trousers, let me have a *good* look at you,' said Josie, goading him along.

She sat on the toilet watching him pull his trousers off, neatly fold them in half, and slip them in the bag. He blushed, conscious of the huge bulge swelling inside his underpants.

'*And your pants*,' she said, enthusiastically, remaining calm, staying in control of her sex.

There was a security announcement asking passengers to remain vigilant and report any incidents by text to 60016, 'See it. Say it. Sorted.'

Richard pulled down his y-fronts, and sprang out for her, sprang out in a way that he'd never managed to spring out before, for any other girl. He left them in a heap, on the floor.

'*Sorted!*' the smirking young girl cried, as she pulled her lemon sweater off over her head.

He stood there, naked, fully erect, blushing, from head-to-toe, before her - her older man.

‘Close your eyes, Richard,’ Josie said, mischievously, ‘While I get myself *ready* for you.’

He closed his eyes, and heard a rustling noise: the girl, drawing *surprises* out of her bag? Felt something soft and fluffy kiss his toes. Josie told him to lie on the towel with his eyes shut. He smiled. He did exactly as he was told. She pulled off her slim fit skinny jeans, placed them along with her jumper in her shiny neon red carrier bag and changed, then...

Josie was sitting astride him on the towel, dressed in her tennis shirt and skirt. She leaned forward, and they kissed, penetratively, open-mouthed. He heard her murmuring, *sexily*.

‘What would you like *me* to do?’

‘Take off your skirt and top.’

Josie unclasped her tennis skirt, ripping it off, revealing her wet sports pants and sprouting tufts of pubic hair, leaving him breathless, clamouring for more. He felt himself swell under her crotch. She leered at his blushing face as she pulled her t-shirt off over her head, shaking out her tousled mane of auburn hair. She leaned forward and kissed penetratively, thrusting her tongue inside his mouth. They paused to breathe, panting. She asked him if he loved her. He told her he loved her more than life itself. Josie felt like making love, she said, ‘Would you like me to take off my *bra*?’

He gasped as Josie reached behind her back, unclipped her bra, uncupped her exquisite breasts, and revealed her sensational dusky, pink, flat nipples, smattered with tiny teatlets. She climbed off of him and lay on the towel by his side. His heart pumping madly at the thrill of her, he heard her softly murmur, a *kitten's* purr, a sexy *Josie kitten's* purr of love,

'Roll on your side, *that's* it!'

She pressed her breasts against his nude body frontways and kissed him. Josie, naughtier, foxier, than all his other girlfriends, curled her torso round his buttocks, stroking his cock, until he was fit to burst. Josie felt like making love, she told him, 'Take me, I'm all *yours!*'

He knelt between her slender thighs. Josie was shaven, bald, had ample breasts, beautiful auburn hair that flowed as far as her waist. She extended her pale arms, reaching for him, searching for his sex, gasping as he slid his rigid shaft inside her love-hole, she loved him.

The train would soon arrive at his station. He sat on the seat and watched Josie dress, then quickly pulled on all his clothes. The train slowed. They just had time for one last kiss, a satisfying hug, a close, loving embrace that said, I really love you, while the train stopped.

Josie, his beautifully young, vibrant, loving, *all giving* girl, pressed the 'open' knob, then, waiting in the

doorway, she turned, faced him, and said those glorious words he'd *always* longed to hear.

'Same time next week, Richard?'