

THE LATE TRAIN



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Elena noticed them both on the 11:17 train. Marcus sat across from her as usual—tall, dark-haired, with that quiet intensity. Tonight a second man sat a few seats away: broader, with a short beard and calm green eyes. She'd seen him before too. Both of them watched her when they thought she wasn't looking.

The carriage emptied quickly in the pouring rain. At the next stop, the last passenger left. The lights dimmed. Marcus smiled first and slid into the seat beside her. The second man, who introduced himself as Lucas in a low voice, moved to her other side.

"Been thinking about this for a while," Marcus murmured, brushing a strand of hair from her face.



Elena's pulse quickened. She looked at both of them, heat already pooling low in her belly. "Then don't make me wait."

Marcus kissed her first—slow and deep, his hand sliding along her thigh. Lucas leaned in from the other side, kissing the curve of her neck while his palm rested on her waist. The contrast of their touches sent sparks across her skin. Two sets of hands, two warm mouths.

She sighed as Marcus cupped her breast through her dress, thumb teasing her nipple into a tight peak. Lucas's hand slipped under her hem, stroking the soft skin of her inner thigh before gently pressing against her lace-covered center. Elena moaned softly into Marcus's mouth as Lucas rubbed slow circles over her clit.

They worked together without rushing. Marcus pulled the straps of her dress down, exposing her breasts. He lowered his head and took one nipple into his mouth, sucking gently while Lucas kissed her deeply, his fingers now sliding beneath her panties. He stroked her slick folds, then eased two fingers inside her, curling them in a steady rhythm.

Elena reached for both of them. She freed Marcus's cock first, stroking his thick length with firm, smooth strokes. Then she turned slightly and did the same to Lucas, feeling his impressive girth pulse in her hand. She pumped them both, alternating her rhythm, loving the way they groaned against her skin.



The train rocked gently beneath them, adding to the motion. Lucas dropped to his knees in front of her seat, pushing her dress higher and replacing his fingers with his tongue. He licked her slowly, savoring her, while Marcus kissed her and played with her breasts. Elena's hips lifted, chasing Lucas's warm mouth as pleasure built fast and sharp.

She came with a shuddering gasp, thighs trembling around Lucas's head. The men gave her only a moment to catch her breath.

Marcus pulled her onto his lap, facing him. He entered her slowly, filling her inch by inch while she gasped at the stretch. Lucas stood beside them, stroking himself as he watched. Elena rode Marcus in shallow, rolling movements, her head falling back against Lucas's chest when he reached around to rub her clit.

The sensation of both men—of being filled while another touched her so perfectly—pushed her over again. Marcus groaned and thrust up into her a final few times before pulling out

and spilling across her stomach. Lucas followed moments later, coming hot against her thigh as she stroked him through it.

They stayed close afterward, hands gently soothing her skin as the train slowed toward her station. Marcus kissed her forehead. Lucas brushed a soft kiss to her shoulder.

“Same time tomorrow?” Marcus asked with a small, satisfied smile.

Elena looked at both of them, flushed and glowing. “I’ll be here.”