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http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=39287448

ISBN 9785449370280

Аннотация

The protagonist of the story goes to work in the subway with the same pretty fellow traveler. During the trip, they are pressed so close to each other that men's hands involuntarily reach for the body of a woman. But the representative of the weaker sex has her own opinion on this matter and the hero goes to an underground prison, a prison for "prizhimets". There he is sentenced.

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ISBN 978-5-4493-7028-0

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My third car, the second door. Every morning, at the same time, I enter this subway car and take my place. More precisely, I try to take it, because most often it is already taken. I ride seven stops. To go standing, as the train is crowded. Some fellow travelers know me. Someone travels in this car almost every day.

There is nothing more uncomfortable and unpleasant than a trip to the metro at rush hour. Closely, crushed with all his might, some manage to go even with things. It happens that a diplomatic briefcase is stuck in you, and they are trying to push it right between their legs at any cost. But there are also pleasant moments on trips. This is when a human woman or a girl will be pressed to you by a human wave. And immediately the trip becomes sexy, comfortable and fast.

Once it happened. At the bus stop, another group of hurried passengers squeezed into the carriage. And an interesting woman impressed me. Her, sorry, ass, tightly pressed my hand to the body. And I did not hurry to release it. The body of the lady was elastic and sexy. I felt the beginning of an erection. Fearing that someone would see a bulge protruding from the trousers was not worth it in the crowd. He could only feel. And the first to try my dick on myself, probably, pressed to me by force of circumstances, beauty. Growth, she got me to the nose. I clearly felt the exhilarating scent of her hair. From what I could see and feel below, I liked everything. Especially tight round ass.

The car shook and pushed. Accordingly, passengers twitched to each other were twitching. But at the same time there was some freedom for different parts of the body. This had to be used, and I very slowly and imperceptibly, slowly, began to move my hand. The ass was super sexy. My cock was already in full force. And I could not remove it. And the lady kept pressing and pressing on me with her ass. I wonder if she feels my penis?

Through the denim of her pants, I feel the warmth of a young healthy body. A body designed for love and sex. The body is able to delight, delight and appease. For example, me. I move my hand a little more on the stranger's pope. It already looks like a light stroking. The girl does not respond. Whether she does not care, or she does not notice my hand at all. But, most importantly, she does not withdraw and does not object. Suddenly, my erotic

celebration ends. At one of the stops a fellow traveler comes out. And I'm with a phallus, tearing out of pants, going on.

The next day, the stranger was impressed on me again. This time, waiting for this wondrous moment, I managed to unnoticeably unfold the beauties of the palm under the ass. And the fingers immediately felt the elastic female flesh. The fellow traveler this time was in a skirt. In a short skirt. And the palm lay almost on its edge. Just below, and here they are, bare legs.

The carriage is shaking, a woman is slowly moving along the woman's pope, and my palm. How sexy! By chance, I lower my hand lower. Round ass ends, this is the thigh and leg. Oh, what a sexy place! Gaining courage, I lead my hand below. Here is the edge of the skirt. And behind him... And behind him is the naked leg of a woman. Which I touch with my fingers. My fellow traveler does not react to the movement of the fingers. Does not consider contact sexual or just tolerate. Or maybe she likes? Maybe she also wants sex like me? My doubts are interrupted by the stop of the train on which the lady is leaving. Yes, this is her stop.

The other day I was driving "alone." The fellow traveler did not enter the car at her stop. Probably, we missed each other. Or today she has a day off. Or sick. But there can be a few reasons. The next day we again did not meet. And the day after, too.

It got to the point that I left the house early, and went out at her stop. And he began to guard. Guarding, guarding, until I almost was late for work.

But one day... Once a beautiful stranger again found herself in my arms. Seeing that she was pouring into the car, I managed to turn around to her in front of me and put two hands at once under a nice ass. Round tight buttocks naturally appeared in my hands. It was already some kind of holiday sex. Hands hugged a sweet ass, and the risen penis rested between them. I missed my own (as I already called the girl) beauty that I began to act more actively. My hands stroked my ass and I felt (I could have sworn) that a woman answers me. Sometimes the priests' muscles contracted, at another moment the fellow traveler herself pressed herself against me more. But! But she will soon go out. What to do? Follow her? And what if I saw a girl like my affection? Suddenly she will send me away or slap a slap in the face? While I was wondering how to be, the car stopped, a short skirt came out, and I drove on.

We met again a few days later. I was ready. I longed for a meeting! Here is a round ass enters my palm. I feel like a girl clings to me, this is no longer a shaking fault. She asks, asks for my caresses. I stroke a female ass, no one, of course, does not see. I'm not hiding. Hands gently and gently, but at the same time greedily, groping the buttocks, go down below. Fingers touch the skirt, I feel the coldness of smooth, bare skin. Are there panties

under the skirt? While I do not feel them. Is there nothing here? Head is spinning. I stoop and the whole girl in the neck. She turns around and whispers softly: "Follow me." I did not hear it? But there is no time to think. The stranger comes out, this is her stop. I follow.

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