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Two naïve people meet on a train. They should have ignored each other, but something intangible made them break all the rules of their middle class life

SLOW TRAIN

It was a rural train, from the regional centre through the surrounding country, a line that would be closed in the cuts of the late 'fifties. It was still steam hauled, and the rolling stock was outdated and near antique, the carriages having no corridor or toilet facilities.

He got into the compartment just before the train started its journey. The first class stock of that era had four seats on either side, with three fold down armrests that could be raised to allow an extra passenger on each banquette if the train was crowded. There was one other occupant, a young woman sitting at the other end of the seat on the same side as him, back to the engine – the preferred position as it reduced the risk of smuts in the face if the window was opened. As was to be expected, he gave her a quick glance, which she returned, and he acknowledged her presence with the briefest of nods, to which the ghost of a smile past across her face. The exchanged glances were enough for each to take in a full impression of the other, helped by the fact that they were both stereotypes of the English middle class of that era.

She was in her mid twenties, hair softly waved and framing a pleasant, unexceptionable face that was devoid of any overt makeup. She wore a plain short jacket and matching pleated skirt that ended just below her knees. Under the jacket was a white blouse, high buttoned to the neck, and showing just a hint of a pleasant bust below. The ensemble was completed by mid brown nylons and sensible shoes with low heels, placed closely together on the floor.. One would have placed her as a repressed, self conscious, middle England young woman, and, as she wore no ring, probably a virgin – which, in fact, was the case.

He was the male equivalent. Late twenties, dark hair slicked down with Brylcreem in the manner of the time, a nice looking, clean shaven face, dark business suit with white shirt and plain tie. He would have been wearing a hat, a trilby of course, had it not been blown off his head in a sudden gust of wind as he crossed the river bridge. He, also, was a product of his time, minor public school, gauche and ill at ease with women of his own – or any – age, and also a virgin.

As this was in the early post war years, many people of their age would have served in the armed forces during the war, and have been exposed to a communal adult life that would have broadened their knowledge of the world, especially of the opposite sex, but he was a research scientist doing essential war work and she had had health problems that had debarred her from serving, and she had passed the latter stages of the conflict as an infants' teacher. Thus, their ignorance of life was well preserved, and the glances that they exchanged should have been the sum total of their intimacy.

But the norm did not apply in this case. For a reason that neither of them would ever be able to explain, that brief glance lit a fuse under unsuspected emotions, and started a slow burn. They both looked back at each other, and could not look away, as though their eyes were pulled by a powerful magnetic field, and they both realised that something life changing was going to happen.

He made the first move. He slowly raised the armrest next to his place.

She gazed at him for what seemed like an age, then raised that beside her.

He moved about a foot along the seat towards her.

Another long pause, and she did the same towards him.

He moved again, as far as the centre armrest.

Again the pause, then she moved.

They were now side by side, separated only by the armrest, and he caught the soft fragrance of toilet water, which he recognised as that used by a favourite aunt.

Should he raise the armrest? No, it had to be she who made what would be the definitive move. Their eyes were still fixed on each other, unblinking. Then he felt the touch at his side as she very slowly began to raise the barrier. Half way up, she stopped, then, after a long pause, finished the movement.

All he had to guide him was some superficial knowledge gained from one or two racy books that had circulated his office, and a book about sex that he had found hidden under his father's clothes when he had been clearing up after his death. That, and instinct.

He leaned across and put his hand on her thigh, feeling the warmth and firmness. His eyes were still on hers, and she showed no sign of dissent, so he slid sown over her knees till he was below the hem of her skirt, and was resting on the nylon-clad calf. Again, no adverse reaction, so he moved slowly upwards, feeling under her skirt and covering the rounded knee, then further on to her lower thigh. Now both pairs of eyes were looking down, watching the skirt hem being pushed up by the wrist that was below it.

Then the train engine whistled, and began to slow as it arrived at a station. He withdrew his hand, she smoothed her skirt down, and they sat, side by side, staring at the advertisement for a seaside resort above the opposite seat. The station was that of a small village, and no one left or joined the train. Soon the guard waved his flag and, with a jerk and the emission of a cloud of smoke, the elderly engine began to move.

She moved her hands, that had been resting in her lap, bent forward to take the hem of her skirt, and drew it up, till it was half way up her thighs, exposing her nylon clad knees. She also moved her feet, just a little, so her legs were no longer pressed firmly together. He put his hand on her thigh, resting lightly, feeling the slippery surface of the stocking material, then inched his way upward. Again, both pairs of eyes were watching his hand, and, as he moved he was pushing the skirt higher, exposing more leg. At last he reached the top of the stocking, and felt the change from the rather reinforced feel of the shiny nylon to the live softness of her naked skin. He pushed his fingers over the top and slid between the warm legs to the inside of her thigh, then slowly upward, watching her legs part to allow him access. All at once his hand felt warm and slightly damp silky material as he touched her underwear. He was unsure what to do, so he pushed up a little and felt the mysterious folds of her silk covered vulva. He moved his fingers slightly and could feel the grooving of her sex, and heard her catch her breath slightly.

Was this what she wanted? Was she just submitting to his maleness, or was this something that she wanted to happen? He looked up into her eyes, with a questioning expression, and she gave the slightest of nods, then looked down again into her lap. He wanted to talk to her, ask her what to do, anything, but he knew that a word would break the bizarre spell that was binding them together. He began to explore with his fingers, and found out that, by moving across a little onto her upper thigh, he could then slide his fingers into the wide leg of the French knickers that she was wearing, and encountered a patch of pubic hair. Pushing through the hair and downwards, he felt the plump curve of her outer lip, and delved into the warm wetness beyond. As he moved he felt the divide of her inner lips and his finger parted and entered between them

She had been becoming more and more aroused ever since they first locked eyes, and she was horrified as she felt her juices start to flow. Although she touched herself when she was bathing, she had never masturbated, and this was the first time in her life that she had become wet to this extent. Not realising just how normal this was, she wanted to stop him in her shame, while desperately wanting him to carry on. She was about to act when his fingers parted her inner lips and slid into the wet folds, and she could not speak. When he showed no signs of revulsion at what he found, she held her breath, waiting to see what he would do.

What he did was to slide up and down the groove till, by pure chance his finger touched her clitoris, and her body tensed. He immediately drew back, thinking he had hurt her, but felt her hand on his, pressing it back down again. The sex manual that he had inherited mentioned the clitoris in passing, just suggesting that some women quite enjoyed being touched there, so he realised that this was what he had found. As he touched it gently he felt it swelling into a little bud, and he caressed it, sensing that she more than "quite"

enjoyed being touched there! After a bit he started to explore again, and, remembering the drawings in the sex manual, he slipped down the moist ravine till he felt a depression, and, as he pushed gently, his finger parted the entry to her vagina and slid inside. He found he was in a hot slippery canal, and he slid as far as he could, then moved the tip of his finger around, feeling the complicated folds of her inner self.

Then the train began to slow again, and again he removed his hand and she pushed down her skirt and sat demurely, feet close together, terrified that someone would get into the carriage. Surely it would be obvious to anyone that she was permitting this stranger to enter her most intimate parts. Happily, no one did get in, and, as soon as the train began to move, she pulled her skirt up high.

He badly wanted to look at the secret parts that he had been probing, so he dropped onto his knees in front of her. He was going to pull her knickers to one side, but she did it for him, parting her legs wide and exposing her vulva, the lips swollen, and parted enough for her pink pussy lips to be visible. She knew she should have been mortified for anyone to look at her in that way, but instead she wanted him to know all of her, and she put her fingers either side of the lips and spread them, so that the entry into her vagina was visible, a darker red crevice. As he leaned forward to look he became aware of a warm, rich smell, the smell of her arousal, and as he breathed it in he realised that his penis was hardening, that this was no longer a strangely detached exploration under a woman's skirt, but that he had an intense desire for this woman. Without any conscious thought he leaned forward till his lips met hers, tasting the juice that flowed from her, and his tongue licked in the crevice, finding her clitoris and evoking the smallest of screams from her. He licked down the slit, till he could push it into her vagina, and, as he did so her hand on the back of his head pushed his face hard into her slit, his nose up against her clitoris and nearly smothering him. Then he knew that something more was needed.

He drew back from her, and stood up, close to her so that she was looking straight at his trouser fly. She saw that there was a bulge there, but, as she would never have dreamed of staring at a man in this area, she wasn't sure whether this was normal or not. He just stood there, and she reached out to undo the waist fastening of his trousers, then slowly undid the buttons on his fly. As her fingers were touching the material above where his penis was straining to be released, he had to fight to make sure it did not jerk under her touch. As she undid the bottom button, the trousers dropped to his ankles.

The only penis that she had ever seen was that of her cousin, who was about eighteen months old, when he was being bathed, so the sight that met her eyes was more than surprising. Obviously she realised that his would be significantly bigger, but she hadn't anticipated just how big it would be, nor that it would practically leap out at her. He was wearing the normal underpants of the time, white with quite long legs and with a simple access slot to allow him to withdraw his penis to piss, which would normally contain him when not required. However, his substantial erection had found its way out and stood out proudly in all its glory. She peered at this edifice with a mixture of fear and fascination, then timidly reached out to touch it with her finger tips, feeling the smooth surface of the shaft, then sliding her fingers round to hold him, feeling the heat and the pulse of his blood. As she moved her hand, she involuntarily pushed the foreskin back a little, and the tip of his glans appeared. She looked up at him in concern, should this happen? As he smiled down at her, she realised that she was doing the right thing, and she pushed it further back till she had fully exposed the shiny purple helmet, and the slit of his urethra gaped open. She watched, fascinated as a bead of liquid appeared in the slot. Was he going to urinate on her? Then she realised that this wasn't urine, but a creamy liquid that she guessed was something to do with his sexual reaction, and, without realising what

she was doing, she leaned forward and lifted the drop off onto her tongue, enjoying the taste of the slightly salty liquid.

The touch was like an electric shock to him, and he realised that if she carried on with this action he would spray her face with his juice. He gently took her hand away, then dropped to his knees between her legs. He pushed his hands up her thighs under her skirt and cupped her buttocks, and drew her forward to the edge of the seat, so his erect penis was close to her sex. She dropped her hand and drew the knicker gusset to one side. Her legs were spread wide, and her outer lips were parted exposing her pussy lips, red with engorgement from her arousal. He pushed forward, and, as the tip of his penis touched her lips she held him and guided him to the entry to her vagina, and they both watched as his rampant member began to slide into her waiting passage.

Although she was a virgin, a combination of school gymnastics and horse and bicycle riding had stretched her hymen to the point of near disappearance. As he slid slowly into the tight virginal passage, he felt a slight resistance, but with a little more pressure he destroyed what was left of her maidenhead. She had been afraid that this huge object would just be too big to enter her tiny channel, and had consoled herself with the thought that this was probably what all men were like, and that millions of women accepted them into their bodies every day, so it wasn't likely to split her in two. Nevertheless, she was very fearful and couldn't imagine that it would be a pleasant sensation, though the feel of his finger inside her had been most arousing. He pushed further into her, amazed at how tight the channel was, and was afraid that he was hurting her, but, as she did not protest, he continued up the well lubricated passage until their pubis met and he could go no further.

He stayed still when they were fully engaged, and they both looked up and into each other's eyes. Her face was looking a bit tense, but as she got used to the feel of being filled with his throbbing penis the fear receded and she smiled at him. He took this for the sign of pleasure that it was, and slowly pulled back, as far as he dared without pulling out completely, and felt the cool air on his shaft, a contrast from the heat of her body. Then he pushed back in, then out again. They were both losing their fear, hers of being hurt, his of hurting her, and they could concentrate on the exquisite sensation of a man and a woman coming together in the mating act. He moved faster, and as he did so he felt her making tiny movements of her hips in response, and, to his surprise – and hers – he felt her vagina clutching him, so gently that he wasn't even sure it was happening. Now he began to experience for the first time the approach of orgasm. He had never masturbated, so wasn't sure what would happen, apart from the obvious fact of ejaculation – it was the process that was new. But animal instinct took over, and told him what to do. She was also going through a totally new set of physical and mental reactions, and was moaning quietly at the heavenly feel of her body being caressed from inside by this huge intruder. The sound of her moans was the final incitement to him, and he took a firm hold on her buttocks and began driving in and out fast and hard, until he felt the rush of fluid up his shaft, and he held her firmly as his cock jerked over and over as the sperm laden fluid was pumped high up into her vagina. His head dropped onto her shoulder, and they stayed locked together for several minutes.

Suddenly he realised that the train was slowing down, and he hastily withdrew his wet limp penis, and stood up to pull up his trousers, but she reached round to pull him to her so that she could kiss goodbye to this object that had given her her first orgasm and filled her heart with joy. She released him and he hastily tidied himself up and sat down in the corner seat. She stood, allowing her skirt to drop, then moved across to give him the gentlest of kisses on the lips. She spoke for the first time.

'Thank you. I get off here.'

'And thank you. I shall be on this train on this date next year.'

The train stopped, she opened the door, turned and smiled at him and was gone.

It was a year later to the day. He walked on to the platform and down the length of the train. When he came to the last first-class compartment at the front of the train, he stepped on board. She sat on the same seat as before, in the corner seat, still in the same prim manner, her sensible shoes close together, but this time her skirt was a light flowery cotton affair. Around her shoulders was a cotton shawl, hiding the baby who was feeding at her breast. She smiled at him as he entered and sat in the opposite corner. The guard's whistle blew, and the train began to move. They looked at each other and both moved to the centre of the seat and she raised the armrest so that they were close together.

He took hold of the ends of the shawl and drew them away. The baby was suckling one breast; the other was still covered by the flap of her maternity brassiere. She unhooked the top of the flap and pulled it down to uncover the breast, and transferred the baby from one nipple to the other. Despite their mating a year ago, he had still not seen a woman's upper body naked, and he gazed on the full white flesh, stretched with its burden of milk, and showing the blue veins under the surface. Her aureoles were pale brown, and the visible dark brown nipple was standing proud from the suckling of the baby. He cautiously cupped the heavy flesh in his hand, and stroked the warm skin. When his fingers arrived at her nipple he gently squeezed it, and a dribble of milk oozed out. He bent over and licked the little flow, tasting the sweetish nourishment, and he drew the nipple into his mouth and sucked on it. Although the baby had drunk his fill, there was still enough left for him to enjoy the warm liquid, and, as he sucked, he dropped his hand to her knee and slid up under her skirt.

Again he felt the contrast of the nylon cladding and the silky soft skin of her inner thigh. She parted her legs for him and, as he moved higher, instead of the silky fabric that he was expecting his hand found naked flesh, covered only by her soft hair. His hand cupped her vulva, hot and moist, and his fingers slid easily into the slippery groove between her inner and outer lips, then parted the inner lips and smoothly slipped inside. He had not been with another woman since the last time with her, and he remembered vividly how touching her clitoris excited her. His finger found the hood over the little bud and, as he rubbed it, he could feel the growth as it pushed up out of its hiding place. As last time, his endeavours were interrupted by the slowing down of the train. He quickly removed his hand and pushed down her skirt, then drew her shawl round her shoulders, covering the naked breast but leaving the baby's head exposed with a sliver of white skin visible.

She was sitting straight with her head bowed over the baby; he was close to her, but not too close. Then, the worst happened, and a middle aged couple got into the compartment. As the man was about to shut the door, the woman noticed the suckling infant and the flash of breast, and she turned round and pushed her husband out, amid mutterings of how disgusting some people's behaviour was, the youth of today having no morals, etcetera.

As the train moved, they both burst out laughing. She pushed her shawl back, pulled her skirt and slip up to her waist and spread her legs wide. He dropped to his knees in front of her, seeing her fully exposed for the first time. Her belly was still quite round from carrying the infant and he saw the white skin and her suspender belt, the straps fastened to her stockings framing the dark triangle of hair. He leant forward to kiss the soft curve, then quickly down to the insides of her firm thighs. He

breathed in the delicious musky fragrance of her arousal and lowered his lips to her sex. This time he could see the folds of her vulva and realised just how her clitoris was hidden under its hood. His tongue probed the little bud and she gasped as he sucked on it, making it swell under his touch.

She was desperate to feel him inside her, so she pulled his head away and made him stand up. This time she realised why his fly was bulging, and she gave him a quick squeeze before deftly undoing his buttons and dropping his trousers to his ankles. His penis bulged under his pants, and she took the waistband and pulled them down, allowing him to burst out. She leaned forward, her lips parted, and took him straight into her mouth. She moved back and forth a few times, her tongue licking over the tip. She loved the feel of him in her mouth, but she guessed correctly that, if she continued to excite him, he would come there, and she didn't know whether he could then go on to do it where she really wanted it. To avoid the risk, she took her mouth away and pushed him away. While this was going on, the baby was still at her breast, though he had really had enough. She released her nipple from his grasp, picked him up, held him over her shoulder and rubbed his back. He rewarded her with an impressive burp and promptly fell asleep. She laid it down on the opposite seat, then lay down herself with her skirt pulled up to her waist and her legs parted.

He gazed down at the lovely view exposed to him. Her vulva was parted, her vagina lips dark pink, engorged with blood, and they shone with the juice leaking from her inner being, and staring to run down over the puckered pale brown crevice of her anus. One of the books he had read talked about anal sex, but he thought that this would be too much for her to accept, and, in any case, he was unsure whether he wanted to try it. He bent over her and swept his tongue over her vagina lips and up to her clitoris, which was just visible as it peeped out from under its hood. He felt her immediate response, as her body twitched and she let out a little cry. Conscious that his time was limited, he reluctantly raised his head, and then knelt between her welcoming thighs.

His penis was rigid with expectation, and he eased forward till it was touching her inflamed lips. This time he knew better where he should be aiming, and as he pushed a little, he felt and saw the lips part, and he slid smoothly into her, one long, slow thrust taking him into her depths. The passage of the baby down the birth canal had open her so that this time he had no sensation that he was having to force his way into her. There was just a smooth, velvety grip, which he had only ever dreamed of. He found this change in her to make him enjoy the sensation even more, as he slid slowly in and out, and it came as a bit of a surprise when he felt his shaft being firmly gripped, as she pushed back up against him and her pussy muscles clenched on him.

She mouthed one word at him – “harder” – and he responded by sliding his hands under her arse and gripping her cheeks firmly. His weight was now firmly pressing on top of her, and he felt her full breasts through his shirt, and he started thrusting with all his strength. She was gasping for breath under his weight, but her hands were gripping him and pulling him even tighter. As she moaned helplessly, he felt the pressure building up in his balls, then the relief as his fluid began to rush up his shaft, to be ejected violently into the top of her canal. He lay still as his penis jerked over and over again, spurting the precious juice up into her cervix. As he came, he felt her back arch, lifting him, as she came to her climax, her body shuddering as she let out a load cry of joy and triumph.

Then the train began to slow. He pulled out his now softened member, and saw the juices oozing out from her pussy lips. As he stood up, she moved so that she could take a swift lick of his penis, then she stood, straightened her skirt and hooked her bra before pulling the shawl round to cover her open blouse. She picked up the baby and stood, waiting for the train to stop, and enjoying the feeling of liquid running from her vagina and down her legs. The train stopped and he opened the door for her and stepped onto the platform to assist her down with the baby and her bag.

'Thank you again' she smiled at him.

'Thank you too. Next year?'

She leaned forward to kiss him, nodded, then walked off down the platform as he re-boarded the train.

It was a year later. The steam engine had been replaced by a diesel, but the antiquated rolling stock was unchanged. He walked down the platform to the last compartment and climbed aboard. She was sitting in the middle of the seat with a baby at her breast, concealed by the same shawl. Sitting on the seat beside her was a small boy. She smiled at him, and he sat down on the other side of her, and almost immediately the diesel engine gave a self-important roar and the train moved forward.

He gently pushed the shawl back from over the baby, and found that her breasts were naked under it. He stroked her shoulders as he gazed at the abundant white flesh of the milk filled richness of her, one nipple covered by the suckling baby, the other proudly standing out, dark brown against the lighter aureole, and with a trace of milk at its tip. He cupped the heavy globe in his hand as he lowered his head to suck at the engorged nipple and fill his mouth with her warm milk. As he drank, his hand slid up her warm thighs, this time uncovered by any stockings. She parted her legs to give him ready access, and he caressed the smooth softness of the silky skin just below the top, then moved up to her sex. As he cupped her vulva, he became aware that something was had changed, but could not quite place what it was. As her lips began to part under his enquiring fingers, the train slowed down, and he withdrew, pulling down her skirt, then drew the shawl back over the baby.

They sat quietly while the train was stopped, just the little gurgles and quiet sucking noises from the baby breaking the silence, till suddenly the baby let go with a great slurp, followed by a loud burp, and they both laughed together. She drew the baby out from under the shawl and, as the train began to move, she laid it down in its little pushchair where it gave a long sigh, and closed its eyes. As soon as the baby was gone, the little boy pulled away her shawl and dived for her breast. She gave him the nipple and he started to suckle vigorously. As he did so, the man dropped to his knees in front of her and lifted her skirt, as she spread her legs wide to his gaze. To his astonishment, her pubis and vulva were totally bare, not a hair to be seen.

When her baby was near to delivery, her midwife had told her to shave herself in case she needed any stitching, without specifying how much needed shaving, so she shaved off the lot, pubis included, and she did the same for the second baby. The hair had grown back well, but the night before her assignation with the man, she remembered what her naked pubis and vulva had looked like naked, and wondered if he would like it like that. After all, he had kissed her down there, and she also remembered the smooth, silky feel of her lips under the touch of her fingers, compared to the slightly bristly feel now. Surely his lips would prefer that smoothness, so she took her razor and removed every hair.

He liked the look of her barenness, her vulva proudly displayed, her puffy lips exposed to the world, slightly parted to show the hood over her clitoris. He caressed the curve of her firm, rounded belly, not yet restored to its pre-natal flatness, and felt the smooth transition from its generosity down to the start of her sexual groove. His fingers stroked each of her outer lips in turn, then he dropped his head so that he could caress them with his tongue. The rich odour of her arousal filled his nostrils, and his fingers felt the fluid oozing from her vagina. He spread her outer lips with his fingers, and drew back to see her vagina lips, dark pink with her arousal and glistening with her juice. His mouth fell on the warm flesh, sucking them in and thrusting his tongue into the depth of her baby channel. She moaned in pleasure at his probing, and he moved in and out and swirled around inside her, lapping the copious flow of juice, then withdrew and swept his tongue up to her clitoris. It swelled

under his touch, and as he licked and sucked her body began to writhe, her hips pushing her sex hard into his face.

Disturbed by her movement and cries, the little boy was dislodged from her nipple, and began to cry. She pushed the man's head away, and laid the little boy down on the seat. Then she rose and knelt so that her breasts hung down over him and she fed the long nipple into his mouth. She was now positioned with her head down, legs parted and with her bottom raised. He moved behind her and lifted her skirt hem up to her waist, exposing her rear to him. Her skin had never seen the sun, and her full rounded buttocks and thighs shone a pure white, contrasting with the dark stockings, and her black suspender belt. Her arse crack was parted, showing off her pale brown puckered anus above the shiny wet lips of her vagina. He caressed the firm flesh, squeezing two handfuls till she squealed at him. His thumbs were slowly moving deeper and deeper into the groove, and he was tempted to touch the brown indentation, but he feared that this might be unpleasant to her, so he slid past it to push two fingers deep into her sopping wet vagina.

He realised that the time he had before the next station was limited, so he reluctantly released her and undid the waistband and flies of his trousers. He knelt on the seat behind her and pushed his trousers and underpants down, releasing his rampant penis, already dripping with precum. He moved closer to her and his penis found her vagina with no help, and, as he pushed slowly forward, it slid deep into her waiting receptacle, bringing from her a quiet sigh of joy. He began sliding gently in and out, his penis caressed by the warm softness that held it so gently. He put one arm around her and slid his hand over her belly and on down into her slit, and his questing fingers found her clitoris. As her stroked and squeezed her, her vagina stopped holding him gently and, as he slid in to her full depth, he felt himself gripped tightly. He felt her body arch against him and seemingly to become rigid, as she let out a long exhalation of breath and a long, moaning cry. He gripped her to him, one hand on her hip the other still holding her sex.

Slowly she relaxed, and he began to move again. Now he moved his hand from her hip to the empty breast, lifting the heavy globe of warm flesh, his fingers caressing her wet nipple. He moved faster, shaking her body with his thrusts, and she jerked her nipple out of the little boy's mouth. He started to grizzle, and the man stopped thrusting, but she said "Do it, do it hard". With that, he grabbed with both hands at the firm flesh of her hips and began to thrust hard. She was panting heavily, and the slurping of his penis in the sloppy wet mess of her vagina and the slapping of his thighs and belly against her rounded flesh added to the whines of the little boy to make an unusual sex music. Harder and harder he moved, till he felt the first rush of fluid from his balls up the shaft of his penis, and his fingers dug into her flesh as he gripped her to him. She was also in her orgasm, and her vagina gripped down on him as he came, filling her with his juice.

He was just starting to relax when they felt the train slowing. He withdrew hastily, then leant forward to take a quick taste of their combined fluids from the stream running down her thighs before standing and doing up his trousers. She rose and grabbed a blouse from her bag which she hurriedly buttoned, not noticing that her wet nipples were pushing out the front of the cotton fabric. He saw it, and draped the shawl over her shoulders to give her a more decent appearance. The train stopped, and he opened the door for her and helped her down, then lifted the pushchair down to the platform, followed by the little boy. They stood for a moment, looking into each other's eyes, before she spoke.

'I think that it's time that both of your children – or maybe all three of them - had a father, don't you?'

He didn't answer, but turned round to shut the compartment door, took the hand of the little boy, and all four (five?) of them moved off to the station exit.