**The Most Publicly Public Sex**

by[Lothario the Great](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=239584&page=submissions)©

I’ve seen it all. That’s right, what I witnessed today, that was the last thing on my list before I could say I’d seen it all, and now I’ve seen it all. There was one morning about a year ago when I woke up and thought, “I’ve seen it all.” I laid in bed for hours, depressed. Now, I’m glad I got out of bed for a year, because brothers and sisters, I’ve seen it all.   
  
Although… those two kids are still out there. Who KNOWS what else they have planned? I might not have seen it all yet.  
  
Here’s how it went down: I was going to work the same way I always do, on foot. First it’s up a block to the subway entrance, then a twenty-minute ride, then a few more blocks to work. This morning I was a little late getting on the train. Why, you ask? Let me tell you why.   
  
There was a crowd around me of about thirty people, all enjoying the sweltering heat of a concrete cave under one of the world’s largest metropolitan cities. (In any given week during the summer, you can count on at least a dozen non sequiturs from the passengers about the useless vents that dangle above our heads, visibly blocked up with duct debris. But enough about vents -- I’ve seen it all, remember?)   
  
Each weekday, most of us passengers are in work clothes of varying degrees (that’s degrees Fahrenheit), from three-piece suits to khakis and golf-shirts. There are always a few students on their way to school -- the city is home to over one-hundred colleges within the city limits. You’re always sure to get an eyeful of a pretty girl or, if you’re lucky, a group of girls. They wear sports shorts and untucked t-shirts like it’s a uniform. I used to take a magazine or newspaper which I could peek over so I could watch them, but I’ve seen so many girls flash me shots up their shorts, I’ve dropped my peeping pretexts and just openly stare. All the men do.   
  
So, this morning as we waited for the train, I saw two kids sitting on a bench, a boy and a girl; I’d say they were about college age (geez, I hope they were). The girl was on the boy’s lap, because the other half of the bench was in the possession of an old woman with a cane.   
  
And they were making out. Not just kissing -- I see kids mugging all the time on the train -- and not just holding each other affectionately. No way, this was straight up foreplay. This is what I used to do in the privacy of my backseat; afterward, my date and I would tell people we “made out,” which was not the same as what went on in the hallways or at lunch, that little kissy-face thing the bolder kids did. People just don’t “make out” in public, but these two sure as hell were.   
  
I caught them smooching out the corner of my eye, and I turned to get a better look, still in my peripheral. At first I thought they were just macking on each other, but da-amn, they had left the ranks of the amateurs and were now playing professionally. The boy had his hand up the girl’s shorts and was squeezing her ass. By doing this, he literally exposed the poor thing for anyone who wanted to see; those shorts rode up high and wide, and there was a lot of flesh to be seen. As for the girl, she had her hands pushed up his t-shirt sleeves, grabbing his shoulders and -- believe it -- chest muscles under the cloth.   
  
The kissing was where the real spectacle occurred. I wish I’d taken notes. Their mouths were open wide, and they were frenching each other in what I can only call an aggressive manner. Man, these two weren’t caressing each other’s mouths -- they were LICKING, I could say attacking. You’d think they were trying to win a deep-throat contest. Do you get my point?? They were making out! I don’t think there are many of you who’ve actually watched two people make out before. I sure hadn’t.   
  
It wasn’t just the lip-lock that was amazing, either. The boy leaned the girl back and sucked on her bare neck -- she had on a tank-top, I kid you not, and she moaned. Oh wow, that moan. That was the moment at which I realized everyone else in the crowd was staring at these two. We’d gone silent watching the performance, and when that girl moaned, it echoed through the subway hall like a shotgun report.   
  
I heard some other guy say, “Get a room,” and he meant it. We all laughed at that, even the two kids. But when we stopped laughing, they kept giggling. They looked each other in the eyes and whispered something to each other. They were both very attractive, and when they smiled at each other, it was electric. I couldn’t take my eyes off them.   
  
Boy, am I glad I didn’t. As the train began to barrel down the tunnel, many people who turned to see it missed what I saw next.   
  
Wait a minute, I have to catch my breath. And take a reality check. This is one life-changing story I’m about to continue with. Did it really happen? Not fucking likely, but yeah, I have to decide it did. The details are just too vivid, you know? I should have asked someone on the train afterward if they saw what I saw, just to confirm I hadn’t hallucinated the whole thing, but we were all stunned speechless. Enough yaking, here goes.   
  
So, everyone was watching for the train, and I was watching the kids. Fast as lightning, these two stood up and kicked off their shoes (neither wore socks). The girl lifted off her tank top to reveal her naked torso and chest, and the guy took off his t-shirt. Then they both pulled down their shorts -- the girl had elastic running shorts, the guy was in denim cut-offs -- and you are right to assume that neither had any underpants on.   
  
My eyes bulged. My jaw unhinged and dropped open. I dropped my briefcase. Dude, I stopped breathing.   
  
I think no more than ten seconds passed between the time those two kids stood to the time they were completely naked. The girl was heart-breakingly cute. Her body was toned and athletic, with near-perfect curves along the sides. (You know how jocks are -- what they lack in padding, they make up for in muscle definition. Like I’m an expert or something.) She had a beautiful face, Italian maybe, and her long brown hair was pulled up in one of those scrunchy things. And the breasts, my god, the breasts were wonderful, B or C cup, hard dark-red nipples, and my goodness how they jiggled.   
  
The guy looked okay, too. I guess. They both glowed with a thin layer of sweat. (All the passengers in the hall did, I suppose, but you couldn’t see any more of us than our necks and brows. Who gives a shit.)   
  
Did I mention they were stark screaming nude? In the subway?   
  
Fast as lightning! It takes me much longer to describe what I saw than it took them to get on with it. Ten seconds from standing to nude, then they grabbed each other by the genitals. That direct enough for you? She put one hand on his shoulder and used the other hand to work his cock, already pretty hard after the groping on the bench. He held her shoulder and rimmed her pussy lips. How do I know he rimmed her? Because the girl spread her legs slightly and allowed him to move his fingers in a circle under her crotch. Shaved she was, never doubt it, shaved and glistening with sweat. Full view for everyone, jesus, with her clit getting hard. I still can’t believe it.   
  
The fondling went on for ten, twelve seconds tops. During this time, the subway car came to a stop, opened its doors, received exactly zero passengers, closed and went away. Thirty people stood in a group around these kids, staring silently. I can only assume their eyes and jaws were as open as mine, because I sure as shit didn’t look at THEM. But I did hear the guy next to me take out his cell phone and call a friend. “Holy shit, dude,” he whispered, “guess what I’m looking at.”   
  
Thirty seconds max had passed since they stood, and now the boy was sitting back down on the bench. You better believe the old woman with the cane sprang to her feet like a cat chased by a buzzsaw. The boy didn’t acknowledge her leaving, but he did scoot down to the center of the empty bench.   
  
And what happened next? You know what happened next. He held his erect dick in the air, and the girl climbed on top of him. She straddled him with her knees on the bench, took the cock in her hand, aimed that pole at her wet hole, and slid down on it.   
  
Her head went back, her eyes closed, her free hand grabbed the dude by the back of the neck. I can’t tell you what went through her mind, but from what I saw, she wanted to take her time but knew she couldn’t, so she pushed herself down on the penis faster than she might have liked. It couldn’t have been too difficult, because she must have been wetter than spilt milk in a swimming pool. She rocked around in a tiny rapid circle, working her way down. Maybe only half-a-minute passed before her slick, sculptured ass was resting against the guy’s thighs.   
  
“Oh god,” she cried.   
  
That scream was too much. My fellow passengers finally awoke from their hypnosis. Sixty seconds is way too long to expect modern-day conservatives to stand and witness the basest depravity of man, and I’m impressed they lasted that long. About a third of the crowd disengaged from the rest of us and made their way up the subway stairs. One old guy stayed, opened his cell phone and called the police. How do I know he called the police? Because when he held the phone to his face, he said, “Hello, police?” loud enough for the kids to hear.   
  
They were totally oblivious to the threat. The girl was… well, she was getting the living shit fucked out of her. There was nothing graceful or romantic about it, nothing tender, nothing humane. I’ve seen German gangbang pornos with less brutal intercourse. That guy bounced that girl on his cock the way a paddle pounds that ball on the elastic string that’s stapled down. Are you catching my drift? These two kids were hardcore fucking each other! Right in front of me, 7:46 a.m. this morning. Goddamn!   
  
When the girl had her first orgasm, it echoed so loud against the concrete walls you’d think she was on a loudspeaker. I’m sure the morning transit patrons at the Boylston entrance up the tunnel thought some poor woman was getting raped further down the line, and I wouldn’t blame them for that mistake. First she started breathing fast, panting like a dehydrated puppy, then she tossed that sweaty neck back and yelled. No words, just an open throat allowing all the air to escape her lungs in one long, powerful vocal assault. Look, she came, get it? She came like a stick of dynamite went off in her gut.   
  
I thought the show was over for sure, but she caught her breath and kept riding the guy. I swear to you, not four minutes had passed since they started their exercise in performance art. Pretty soon, the guy had his hands back on the girl’s hips, and they were fucking rhythmically again. The guy had amazing stamina. He lifted that muscular, not-too-short athlete of a girl off his lap with a rapid, slapping motion. She seemed to jump up from his legs like she was getting shocked -- zap zap zap zap zap zap zap.   
  
“Officer?” I heard a woman shout over by the subway stairs. She was calling up to someone. She was a middle-aged lady in a blue business suit and heels, expensive haircut, you know the type. I thought the show was over for sure, but then she yelled, “Those two naked kids? They ran up the stairs. Did you pass them?”   
  
The girl, who had been looking over her shoulder at the woman, looked back at the boy after hearing what had been said. She smiled and stuck out her tongue. The boy laughed, but it was a grunt as well as a laugh.   
  
“Fuck me,” she said, and guess what, he sure did. That old dude with the phone was angered and astonished by the betrayal of the conservative woman, who promptly returned to the crowd of voyeurs after she had sent the cops away. She was into it; we all were!   
  
I lost track of time, but I’m betting about ten minutes had gone by since the show started. At this point, the guy was losing strength in his legs, and the girl started doing the bouncing. The defined muscles in her legs flexed with each push, and sweat flew off her back.   
  
“You ready?” the guy asked.   
  
“Almost,” the girl answered, too loud. A few more seconds of fucking went by, then she shouted, “Now, now, now!”   
  
The guy started up again with that rapid-fuck he did, where he zap-zap-zapped her with a big thick sting from below. After only a few seconds of that, he said, “I’m coming, yeah!” Then he grabbed the little sweetie in his arms and pulled her close while he groaned like broken machinery. He froze under the girl, but she sure didn’t. She shivered and shook like, well, broken machinery; she was the shell shaking apart, sending rivets flying, he was the sound of gears and cogs crashing together inside the shell. They just came and came and moaned and clinched each other tight in this sort of terrible embrace. It was the most beautiful thing I’d ever witnessed (fuck Niagara Falls).   
  
And what happened next? I’ll tell you what happened next. The girl stood up on shaky legs, reached for her tank top on the cement floor, then whipped it up over her head and down onto her sweaty frame. She yanked up her shorts and stepped into her sneakers without unlacing them. The guy leaned over and picked up his t-shirt, then put it on while his feet found his shoes. He stood up in the shoes, his dick still hard, then slipped his feet through the cut-offs. I thought to myself, wow, they didn’t even wipe themselves off. But how could they?  
  
The guy wrapped his arms around the girl from behind, and the girl leaned her head back against his chest. She inhaled deeply, then let it out through her mouth. You’d think she’d just had a drink of refreshing ice water from one of the city’s many fine public water fountains, instead of the earth-shattering pussy pounding we’d all just watched. We gave them plenty of space, some out of physical disgust, some out of profound respect. I was the latter.   
  
I don’t think anyone noticed the train pulling up. When it got there, those kids stepped inside and found their seats. Some of us rushed in after them, magnetically attached. Others wandered on tentatively. That old guy stayed right where he was, along with two women who were smiling with open mouths, too stunned to move.   
  
The car already had about five people when our stop’s crowd got on board. Those five must have wondered what we were all staring at. The girl sat on the boy’s lap, humming tunelessly while he played with her brown hair. They did that until the next stop, when they leapt like cheetahs at the door, beating us all out, sprinting up the concrete steps. The girl laughed as she turned back to look at us, a kind of “thank you and goodbye.” She had a beautiful laugh, like a child. But I’m here to tell you, she was no child.   
  
What more can I tell you? Those of us who stayed on the train looked at each other, shaking our heads in complete disbelief. Man, I’m telling you, it was surreal. But real! Really very real.   
  
And here’s the last bit of reality for you to bank on. I have now, officially, seen it all.