

Continental Cuisine

by **bridgetkeeneey** © 09/03/03

"I had a Danish on the train." That's what I'll tell Marta when she meets me at the train station. I was traveling to Budapest after my junior year of college to go to my former roommate's wedding. She was always telling me to eat more. For some reason I don't think this is what she had in mind.

I smiled around the hard cock in my mouth at the thought. The rhythmic sway of the train car added to the bobbing of my head as I sucked deeply. My hands were braced on Erik's hips to keep us in synch. I didn't want to cause any permanent damage because we hit some rough track. Erik's feet were propped up on the facing seat behind me as I knelt between his jeans encased thighs. His friend Joren was watching us. I gazed at him in the dim light from the moon as I slid my hands under Erik's balls.

Erik lifted his hips to slide his jeans down farther. While not too tall, he was in great shape from tramping across Europe for the summer. His hair was on the scruffy side, but he was clean. Something I couldn't say for a lot of the other students in the Munich train station. I enjoyed the musky scent as I nuzzled his belly and pulled his cock deeply into my mouth. I enjoyed teasing the underside of his shaft with my tongue as I slid my mouth up and down along its length. My breasts rubbed against the insides of his thighs, hardening my nipples. I wished that I could finger myself as I brought him to his climax.

Marta would be proud of me if she could see me now. She told me I should come to Europe and loosen up a bit. I don't think I could feel looser than I do right now, sucking off a guy that I didn't know eight hours ago.

Joren said something to Erik I didn't understand and they both laughed. Danish was funny to my ears. Erik's laugh ended in a moan as I fondled his balls and swallowed around his cock head. I could see Joren's hard-on through his jeans. He was rubbing two thick fingers along the length. Where Erik was just lean, Joren was long and lean. When Erik moaned, grabbing my long hair and pressing his hips up into my face Joren unbuttoned his fly and pulled out his cock. My eyes widened as he wrapped his fist around his swollen cock and pumped it while watching us.

Erik's eyes slid closed on another groan. I could feel his dick swelling up as my swallowing and his hip pumping synched. My mouth watered in anticipation of being filled with his cum. His balls drew up and I knew he was close. I increased the tempo of my swallowing, driving him to his climax. I wanted to finish Erik before Joren finished himself.

It must be the decadent European air. I've become an "easy American".

As that thought flew through my brain, Erik shuddered and I felt his cum push up through his cock and into my mouth. He called out loudly. My lips pressed tightly around his shaft to keep all his juices in my mouth. I savored the hot salty liquid sliding over my palate and down my throat. I focused on swallowing in time to each burst. As his shuddering subsided I smiled around his cock and lightly teased his balls.

His head dropped back on the seat with his eyes closed. "So fucking good, Maggie."

"Glad you liked it," I chuckled, dropping his cock out of my mouth with a slight slurp.

Joren was still fisting his shaft. I reached over to run my finger through the bead of precum on the tip of his swollen cock. Our eyes locked. He grabbed my wrist and pulled me up from between Erik's legs and over to him. He again said something to Erik. Erik replied and grabbed my ass.

I leaned forward to lap at the tip of Joren's dick, giving Erik better access to lifting the full skirt I was traveling in. Joren filled his hands with my tits as my hair curtained around my head. His cock was bigger around than Erik's, and I didn't know if I would be able to suck him off for long. I had come to Europe for new experiences. Sucking off two strangers in a train car would definitely count as one.

I moaned as Erik worked his fingers under my wet panties, my lips stretching around Joren's cock and my tongue

thrashing side to side. He was so hard already. He must have enjoyed watching me suck off Erik. All thought flew from my mind as Erik slid two fingers into my wet pussy. I pressed my hips back into his hand in response. He laughed and began to pump them in and out of me. I had never imagined how good being finger fucked could be.

The train entered a tunnel, plunging the cabin into total darkness. All that existed for me was Joren's huge, hard dick in my mouth and my throbbing pussy being fucked with Erik's fingers. The scent of sex and our moans filled the car. The three of us rocked in time to the train on the tracks. When Joren pinched my nipples, my walls convulsed around Erik's fingers, my climax ripping through me. My whole body shook with pleasure as I groaned deeply and sucked harder at Joren's delicious dick.

No sooner did I climax than he bucked up into my face, his balls drawing up and his shaft swelling even bigger. I pulled myself back from almost blacking out and gripped his thighs as he splashed his cum into my mouth. Again, I swallowed rapidly, devouring his cock and cum at once. There was so much cum that it leaked out around my mouth, but I don't think Joren minded.

The train pulled into the open again as Joren's cock and my pussy stopped twitching. I felt my knees go to Jello. The fatigue from traveling from Atlanta to Munich to the middle of Austria was overcoming me. Erik caught me and pulled me up to the seat between him and Joren, before licking his fingers. He had a big grin on his face to match the one on Joren's. I felt the grin on my face and knew I looked just as dopey.

The guys pushed their cocks back into their jeans and zipped up. I fixed my skirt and blouse. Erik pulled my head to rest against his shoulder.

"Sleep."