**My Boring Commute**

by richbigpenis

**MY BORING COMMUTE PT. 03**

*Brittney has competition. Christina is here to win.*

It was 10am and way too bright in the apartment. Guys' apartments are usually dark and like caves. Women's apartments are like greenhouses, plants, warm flower smells, and way too much light.

I rubbed my eyes and tried to find a way to close the curtains. Brittney woke up, walked to the shower, and remerged cleaner, happier, and put together. She was obviously a morning person. It was Saturday. For me Saturdays were for sleeping in. Brittney cleaned up her apartment, did laundry, and vacuumed. Okay, now she was just being loud on purpose.

I grabbed her from behind, she tried to resist, I pulled down her shorts and jammed my cock in her pussy. This was not love making. This was fucking. I began ripping her clothes off, pulling the shreds from her, and finally stripped her naked. I did not let her rest. She rode me, she fucked, she squatted, and she put in as much work as I did. At the end, 4 hours, she was tired as I was.

And she looked at it. Her torn panties wrapped around her ankle, her hair ruined, and she needed another shower. I took one, got dressed, slapped her ass, and left.

Brittney came running down the stairs, a robe barely covering her body, the pink torn panties still wrapped around her ankle. I kept walking down the sidewalk, having fun with her as she yelled at me.

Outside there were 3 people milling around.

"Hey. I need a ride back to my car. You brought me home. Remember?" she stated.

'I remember. Get in.' I told her as we were standing next to my SUV.

She looked around nervously and climbed into the passenger seat.

'Do you even have your keys?' I asked.

"Uh. No. I didn't think we'd be leaving right now." She stated.

I turned on the heater and walked to her apartment. I found her purse, her keys, and her phone.

I went back to the car and gave her the things she needed.

"Roadhead?" she asked. Smiling wide.

'You never have to ask. Just climb over here and suck it.' I told her. Half of me was not expecting her to do it. It was in the middle of the day, my car's windows were not that tinted, and her short robe would not cover her ass as I drove down the road.

If I took the short route, we would be there in 10 minutes, or the long way 20 minutes. I took the short route and parked next to the bus parking lot. As she worked my cock, dozens of buses slowly drove past. Brittney's upturned ass, exposed pussy, and asshole were on full display. I saw a couple of men even take pictures as I got my dick sucked.

After blowing a load in her mouth Brittney came up for air. She laughed about having a good time and that most men were "wussy's that did not want to try anything new." I told her I would try most anything.

She smiled, opened the door, and looked out. The bus was stopped next to us, 5 men were looking at her, and she flipped them off while her tits bounced from her robe. Outside she pulled her robe together, tied it, and laughed at me for my "excellent parking spot."

I went home, showered, and relaxed. We texted back and forth but decided to not hang out tonight. I invited her to Sunday church with my family. She was not raised in that sort of family, so she was unsure how to act, what to wear, and what not. I helped her pick out some modest attire by pictures via cell phone and we picked her up on the way.

She was very nice to my father, mother, and younger brother.

Church went slowly. I had heard it all before. As church was over, we all filed out. I ran into Christina. The pastor's oldest daughter. I had grown up with her, we had gone to the same schools, and she had always had a crush on me. She was very pretty, with dark brown hair, small C-cup tits, and she had a small cheerleader body.

I introduced Brittney as my new girlfriend. Christina was very friendly. You know the kind when she is being too nice and obvious. As we left Christina commented, see you soon.

Brittney and I looked at each other confused what that meant.

We dropped Brittney at her apartment. My parents like her a lot. But I kept thinking, "See you soon?". What did she mean? My house? School? Work? Does she live next to Brittney?

Brittney and I texted back and forth while Sunday came to a close.

The next morning and Brittney sent me a text. Lots of panties on her bed. I replied back, "None. If you dare." With a smiley face.

I drove to the park and rode to wait for Brittney and the bus. It arrived, I climbed on, took my normal spot, and Brittney climbed on. Smiling and wearing a skirt, knee high nylons, and earbuds. She sat across from me, winked, and crossed her legs. No show yet. I took out my phone and surreptitiously recorded and waited.

Not paying any attention as we were in the last two spots of the bus, I never saw Christina walk up, sit next to Brittney, lean down, and put her face on my phone with a smile. Shit. This is what she meant.

"Hi Chris. Brittney. I told you I would see you soon. I started work at your place. Today is my first day." She stated, so happy like always, smiling, touching Brittney's shoulder, and yapping away. Brittney looked at me, then Christina, and she did her best to play nice.

I saw Brittney pull her skirt up, her milky white thigh slowly appeared, and then she parted her legs. Damn, I started recording as I saw her part her thighs, her pussy in view. Christina kept chatting, not paying attention, and telling some story about her and me in childhood. A couple of bumps from the bus and Brittney's thighs jiggled. Then her moist lips jiggled, a single bead of juice dripped from her lip. I zoomed in and caught it. So sexy.

Christina never stopped talking, the entire ride, she never noticed we ignored her the whole ride.

"Well. Anyways. Good seeing you. I am sure we will be riding together more." Christina claimed.

I turned my phone towards her, she parted her legs, much too wide, and a set of see-through bright pink panties came into view. I looked up from my phone, Christina had stopped, her legs spread, and she winked at me. Brittney saw it all. She glared at Christina as she put her legs together to stand up. Christina joined the group and began to walk ahead of us.

Around block #2 I was walking with Brittney, and she was pissed. "Get your phone ready. I see a puddle."

I had my phone ready, Brittney let go of my hand, she moved through the crowd, as we crossed the street a huge muddy rain puddle had formed in the street. The group of pedestrians we were with moved closer, Brittney popped out of the crowd, kicked Christina's back leg, pushed her on the back with two hands, and Christina fell. Face first, chest first, and in the middle of the puddle.

Her skirt was flipped up. Her tiny ass with a tiny set of pink G-string panties hugged her tan lined ass. She screamed as she was covered in mud. Brittney continued to walk, ignored the screams, and disappeared.

I stopped, recorded it all, even the members of the public who helped Christina stand up. She was hyperventilating and wiping the mud off. Her ass was still exposed as people walked by, snickering, and glancing at her ass.

'Christina. What happened?' I asked. Knowing full well and seeing it all.

I patted her down and pushed her skirt down covering her ass. She was soaked, her make-up running down her face, her hair destroyed. We walked slowly, scared about her first day, and blubbering like a baby.

We made it to our work, a security guard took over, a blanket with some coffee appeared, and I walked away. Through the security gates, and up the stairs. Brittney's exposed legs, exposed pussy, and smiling face were at the top.

"How's muddy bitch?" Brittney asked. Her arms crossed and still smiling.

'She's going to have a memorable first day.' I stated. Not very happy with her actions.

I went to my office and began reading briefs. An hour later my boss came in, asked for my help, and I followed. Christina was sitting in his office. Blanket wrapped around her, coffee in hand, and silent. My boss handed me his credit card, advised me that he was aware I was friends with Christina, and asked that I go purchase her a new set of clothes. She had fallen in a mud puddle and needed new ones.

I smiled at Christina, she glared at me, and I turned to leave.

"No. Take her with you. Get the clothes. Take your time." He stated as he waved us out the door.

Christina thanked me for my help as we walked down to security. She handed over the blanket and we walked out. Her tan skirt, tan coat, and white blouse were destroyed. We had a short walk to the nearest store, and she was no longer embarrassed. She wiped her hair back and we set off walking through the crowd.

The first thing was for her to sit down in the cosmetics area. Two women cleaned her face, hair, and started over. One fixed her hair while the other fixed her cosmetics. 20 minutes later she as back to looking pretty. Next were shoes then clothes.

We walked to the women's shoes area. She walked around while I sat, tapping my phone, and waiting. Christina had a tan shoe and a brown shoe. She stepped over in front of me, stuck out each one on her long thin leg, and asked "Which one do you like?"

I looked up to see her holding her skirt up around her waist, her tiny pink panties exposed, and a smile on her face.

"Well. Which one? Tan or brown?" She stated. Smiling wide.

'Huh.' I breathed loudly.

'Tan. Can we go?' I asked.

"You barely looked. Don't you like them? I thought pink would be your color." Christina stated. Trying to flirt with me.

She put her skirt down, kicked off the brown shoe, and placed the other tan shoe on her other foot. She handed me the box and we walked to the clothes area. She selected several outfits, a dress, and some other items. She went to the fitting rooms while I sat in a chair by the cash register.

10 minutes or so went by as I tapped at my phone. A blonde employee walked up, "Your girlfriend wants you. Inside." As she pointed into the women's dressing area.

'Huh. She's not my girlfriend.' I stated, the blonde employee did not care and walked away.

I walked in, hesitantly, and looking at each open fitting room. The last one was closed. I banged on the door, announced myself, and I heard no reply. I knelt and looked under the door. It was empty. I looked to my right and a tan shoe was next to my face.

I looked up at the shoe, to the foot, to the leg, and there was Christina. Naked. Smiling. Her hands on her hips. She had a very nice body. Bald pussy and firm C-cup tits with brown nipples.

I stood up, adjusted my clothes, pulled out my phone and took a picture. Christina was not ready. She was not happy when I took a picture. She wanted to pose. She danced around, lifting her leg, posing. Sticking out her ass, turning around, bending over slightly. She then went to the fitting room at the end. It had large mirrors. Strategically placed to show every angle. She stood in the middle. Her ass pointed at me. I took more pictures.

She turned, smiling, slowly turning to face me. I took more pictures. The mirrors showed every angle of her body. She stopped. Looking at me dead on. She bent over, her legs straight, her ass sticking out lewdly. I took several more pictures of her spread legs, shaved pussy, and exposed ass.

'Is this your choice of work attire? You will be a hit.' I stated. Putting my phone away.

"Do you want me to suck that cock first. We have time." She stated as she pointed to my boner.

'No. My girlfriend Brittney will be upset. I'm not sure she would be happy with me if I let some slut suck my cock. We haven't discussed if we are monogamous yet. Put your clothes on.' I stated as I walked out.

"I'm a virgin. Everywhere. I have been saving myself for you. But you don't seem to notice. Do you notice me now?" She stated. Stroking her body with her hands.

'Your dad is a pastor. You are his oldest daughter. He expects perfection, chaste, and to be plain.' I told her. 'I'm not interested in boring, plain, or chaste.'

"Fine. Then I will have to show you my wild side." Christina stated, shaking her tits at me.

Christina walked over to the fitting room, picked up her outfit, and got dressed. A small lacy see through bra and matching panties. Bubblegum pink. She then pulled on a wraparound dress that was a bit see through and a large decorative tan leather belt. She pulled it tight around her waist. Making her look a bit curvier than she really was.

Christina handed me a plastic bag, full of her muddy clothes, and walked away. At the register she had a white leather handbag, the shoe box, and several clothing tags. The blond employee scanned everything, and I handed her my boss's credit card. A quick swipe and we were on our way.

Back to work and back to my office. My boss took the credit card, thanked me for my assistance, and pointed to my coat pocket. I had not noticed. Christina had slipped her used pink G-string into my pocket and left a small amount sticking out.

I pulled it out. Realizing too late what it was. And my boss smiled at me. "More than just friends I guess." He stated as he turned away and closed my door.

We had not chatted. I had not believed she would be around for very long. Or at least I hoped. I realized she had some sort of hook on my boss. To spend that much money on her. For her first day and all. I went back to reading briefs until lunch.

Brittney was seated along the wall. In the high stools. Her thin leg swung mindlessly as she ate and kept one eye on the door. I grabbed my sandwich, chips, and drink. I went to sit next to her but was blindsided. Christina again. She grabbed my arm, drug to me a table, and introduced me to 3 very pretty women. Very well dressed, 20's, and very giggly.

I learned they were all interns. In the fashion area of course. There was one of each type. Christina. The hot white girl with brown hair. Monica. The tall hot blonde girl, C-cup. Tessa. The average height red head, DD-cup. Cynthia. The tall part Asian woman with black hair. I guessed A-cup. She seemed flat.

They giggled like idiots, I was pushed into a chair, and Christina scooted her chair right next to me. Stopping me from being able to get away. I relented, opened my food, and ate. They all talked about the horrible day Christina had. They eyed me up and down but described me as her savior and hero. I looked at Christina as she bent over. Her tits ready to spill out from her new dress.

Tessa placed her pale white hand on my leg, she leaned close, and stated, "So if I fall in the mud. Will you save me? Wipe me clean, and be my hero?" Her very large pale tits pushed against my arm.

'Maybe. But I have to tell you a secret. I'm not interested in good girls. I need daring, risky, and dirty.' I told them.

They all looked at one another, giggled, and covered their mouths with their hands. Tessa's fat tits still resting against my arm as her hand moved to my cock. I looked down to see her grasp my cock in her hand. A firm squeeze and she brought her hand back. I looked up to see her lick her lips and then scoot back into her seat.

Christina told the group about how I wanted to be a lawyer. How I was hard working, intelligent, and would be very wealthy someday. The girls all "ooh'd and awe'd". She went on to tell some stories about our childhood, about how I was the nice guy, but always just out of her reach. She had to fill the "good older daughter" part. But now, as an adult. She chose to spread her wings.

"I just never could get his full attention. But I have a few ideas now." Christina stated. Smiling wide.

I chose to play into her. She had all the power and bravado.

'Well. I guess you always seemed too goody-two-shoes. No wild side. If you say, pierced something. I may take notice.' I said with a smile, leaning forwards, much too close to her.

"But. My ears are pierced." Christina stated. Groping her ear lobes. Two expensive clear diamonds in her fingertips.

"No. I think he means piercings. Other than the ears." Tessa stated. As she rubbed her nipple against right hand.

'Exactly. But dressed like we are at church all the time. No show. No daring. You guys are in fashion. I love your clothes. But let's take it up a notch. Show me something. Shorter, see through, more cleavage. Surprise me. Get outside of your comfort level. But also, pierce something.' I stated, leaning in for the last part.

The girls all looked around, gasping, and not believing what I had said.

I pushed my chair back, bumped into Christina's foot, and picked up my empty food carton. I walked away as the girls all put their heads together.

'I just whacked a beehive. They should all be swarming around now.' I stated as I walked past Brittney.

Sure enough, the girls grabbed their bags, their phones, and zipped away from the table. Brittney smiled and asked, "What did you do?"

'I gave them some ideas. They should be extra fun. Starting when I do not know.' I told her and then walked back to my desk.

After an hour Brittney came by my office. I was set up with stacks of papers to read and not enough time to read them all. My job was to look for errors, point them out, and move on. Someone else would re-write the briefs. Not me. So, my job was to be precise but also to churn as much paper as possible. Not that it mattered. Our legal office was huge. So even if I missed one or two things, there were 20 others that did similar jobs that caught it, marked it, and set it right. My first year as an intern was mostly for looks not content. They did not expect 8th year associate work. They also didn't pay for 8th year associate work.

Brittney sat in one of two empty chairs in front of my desk. Her legs crossed, her short skirt very close from exposing her flesh, and she was smiling.

"What did you tell them to do?" Brittney asked.

'I told them to be daring, they work in fashion, yet they were all too vanilla. Oh. And most importantly. Pierce something. They really acted like I had just slapped them in the face when I told them that.' I laughed recalling the conversation.

"Pierce something? I wasn't sure you were into that. Maybe I should pierce a place or two..." Brittney stated.

'Babe. You have no idea what I want. We haven't had that talk yet. If you really want to know. I will tell you.' I stated, reading a brief and not looking up.

"Please. Tell me. I want to know." Brittney stated with a hint of desperation in her voice.

I told Brittney my desire was to have a harem of women. I liked tattoos, naughty, disgusting, degrading tattoos and in areas that show. I liked brands on their skin. Permanent burns that mark them. Then there are piercings. Large, small, delicate, thick, heavy, gold, silver, dozens of piercings, bells that jingle, and lots of body modification studs. I want nipples injected to make them longer, thicker, and more pronounced. Her clit thick. Their pussy lips modified. Their assholes bleached.

Fake tans, dark tan lines, dark pronounced make up, high heels, public displays of nudity, flashing, exhibition, accidental flashing, playing in public that leads to nudity and flashing.

But most of all. I want to own them. They are mine. They do as I want. And they will debase themselves for me and my pleasure.

After my nearly 10 minutes of explaining what I wanted I looked up to see Brittney had spread her legs, her skirt pulled up, and she was stroking her clit slowly. I pulled out my phone and recorded her.

I explained I did not care if the women in my harem ever had an orgasm or pleasure. They existed for me, my entertainment, and my pleasure. If they ever got a sense of pleasure from my actions or what I wanted, then it was not by design but by accident.

Brittney was still stroking her clit; her wet pussy was dripping down on to the back of her skirt; I heard some high heels clicking away down the hall.

'Crawl under here and suck my cock.' I told Brittney.

She didn't hesitate. She bounded out of the chair like a kangaroo, crawled under my tiny desk, fished out my cock, and began sucking.

'Don't you dare dribble on my pants. Got it slut?' I told her. Brittney nodded in agreement with my cock in her mouth.

I tucked into my desk just in time.

Ms. Tuchson opened my door. I had not yet met her. She was my boss's boss. A very well-known lawyer, she was often on television, she was well spoken, intelligent, experienced, clean cut, and the face of many corporations.

She sat down in the chair Brittney had just vacated.

"I see you are working hard. I have also heard you are good at editing, catching mistakes, and giving advice on arguments that are well above your level of experience and pay grade." Ms. Tuchson stated.

'Yeah. I have two parents who are lawyers. We talk mostly about law, precedent, and findings. Most of this stuff is basic and they are getting it wrong. But hey, I'm just an intern. I'm not a lawyer, I'm giving amateur advice, more like an editor.' I explained. Not trying to give away any notion that my cock was in the back of Brittney's throat, and she was doing her best to get me to cum in record time. Her tongue flicking back and forth.

"Well, I wanted to let you know that I have noticed you. In a short time, you have been here. I have seen your skills. I would like them to stay here, we will discuss a new contract tomorrow, and it will be a good one." Ms. Tuchson stated. She had a firm, clean, and emotionless look on her face. Making it impossible to determine what she was thinking.

'No. That doesn't work for me. Pick me up tonight. My house. I still live with my parents. See you at 8pm.' I told her firmly.

If Ms. Tuchson was going to argue she showed no sign of it. She just said. "See you at 8 then."

As the door closed, I blew my load in Brittney's throat. She swallowed it all and left my cock to soak in her mouth. She lapped up all the spit and I tucked my cock away. She crawled out from under my desk smiling. Wiping her lips and chin.

"Do you want to add her to your harem?" Brittney asked.

'Yeah. I don't care that she's 40 or older. She looks hot. Maybe even my first wife. Who knows.' I stated. Looking at Brittney's face to see her reaction. Brittney smiled, shrugged, and stated, "Well she is hot."

Brittney exited the same moment Christina was coming into my office.

'Wholly shit. Is this place popular or what?' I asked.

Christina entered, closed the door, and sat. "My intern friends are all busy little bees after what you told them to do at lunch", Christina stated, looking at me with a very horny set of eyes.

'They work in fashion. Just like you. They cannot be mundane. No one will notice them. They will need to be outgoing, sexy, dangerous, and on the fringes. And from now on they will need to meet me at the park and ride to ride the bus in every morning, and home every night.' I told Christina.

"Okay. They hoped you would be available to them more often." She stated, smiling, standing up, and walking out.

Outside I heard the group of girls giggling and scampering off.

Several more hours of work and it was finally time to head home. I met Brittney at the stairs, and we walked out of work together. Reminiscing about the day. I made sure to tell her about Christina's attempts and how I intended to embarrass them both privately and publicly. Brittney asked that I make sure to focus my worst on Christina. "For trying to steal her man." She explained.

I laughed and explained, 'Oh no. You aren't safe either. You will need to push it. You don't need to start out extreme. But you will need to evolve. Or die.'

Brittney smiled, held my hand, and walked with me.

I heard the clicking of heels before I saw them. Christina and her friends surrounded us, now in the same group of pedestrians, we were walking to our bus. "I can't push all of them down. But sure as hell I will try. If you want me to." Brittney stated out of the corner of her mouth.

'No. let's see what they have in mind.' I advised.

The girls were wearing their same work clothes. But with long coats. They were holding hands, giving us backward looks, and laughing.

We arrived at the bus stop, and I noticed they had a plan. Brittney got on the bus but then the girls blocked the door. Standing side by side, wiggling their butts at me, and laughing. I took a page from the cartoons and used a thumb on each butt. I poked them in the ass, and they shot out of the way. I sat in my seat opposite Brittney, my phone in my hand.

Christina's plan went into action again. Two girls blocked the aisle as she nudged her legs between mine. She now straddled my left leg as Cythnia, the skinny Asian girl straddled my right leg. I was trapped but didn't mind it.

As the bus rolled down the road the girls would wiggle their asses, sit on my leg, gyrate slowly on my thigh, and lift up the back of each other's skirts. I noticed Brittney had her leg crossed, her arms folded across her chest, and she was not happy.

The next time Cynthia sat down on my leg, I wrapped my arm around her, pulled her back, and whispered in her ear. She nodded, stood up, and went over to Brittney. She kicked Brittney's legs apart. Her exposed pussy on display. Cynthia began to wiggle on her, gyrate on her lap, and even showed her tiny tits to her. Brittney just laughed at the debauchery and smiled at me.

As soon as Cynthia left my leg Tess jumped on it. She had no issues with being dirty in public. She ground her clit hard into my leg, she jiggled her ass in my face, she bent over sticking her ass up, and even pulled her panties to the side to give me a view of her wet pussy and ass. If her friends had not been blocking the show from the rest of the bus, then there would have been a lot of happy men.

Tess really knew how to give a good lap dance.

The bus ride was nearly over. Tess whispered into Christina's ear. Christina looked shocked but nodded. They both turned around, faced me, sat on my thigh, and they began to kiss. Not like pecks on the lips or cheeks, but really making out. Slobbering, licking, tongues intertwined, and it was hot. I leaned forward and we did a "triple kiss." Our three tongues rolling around.

Their hands then grabbed my cock. Stroking it through my pants.

The loud sounds of the bus coming to a stop, the pressurized air ride deflated, and the bus began to empty. Tess and Chritina pulled away, smiling, and they stood up. They flatted out their rumpled skirts.

I looked over to see Cynthia was still on Brittney's lap. Griding and kissing her neck. Brittney was all smiles looking at me. Cynthia too stood up and stood in the middle of the bus. As if on cue the 4 girls bent over, they rolled their tiny panties down to the feet, and stepped out of them.

Their exposed little pussies were so erotic to see. Exposed on a public bus, my girlfriend also watching them, and they stayed bent over, for far too long. I pulled on my phone and took several pictures. 4 pussies standing side by side, ass up, white meaty ass, and all for me.

After I took the picture, the girls stood up, turned around, and held their panties up next to their faces. I took several more pictures and they stepped forwards, one at a time, they rubbed the panties across my chin and stuffed them in my shirt pocket. A small kiss on my lips and then they turned to exit the bus.

Brittney stood up giggling. "That was planned. They did that step by step. Intentionally." She stated.

'Yeah. And imagine the bus ride back to work. This will be fun.' I told her. Looking at my shirt pocket full of women's underwear.