**My Boring Commute**

by richbigpenis

**MY BORING COMMUTE PT. 02**

*Chris buys Brittney some items*

It was Friday. The end of my first week. I had Brittney's phone number. But I did not text her at all during the night. Curious as to the rules, I did not want to push too hard too fast. I was getting ready for my internship, eating, dressing, and about to walk out the door.

I got a text with a picture. It was a bed. 9 pairs of panties. All different colors but the same style. Cotton, full coverage. The same ones Brittney wears every day. It was her phone number too. No words. Just the picture. She must have been asking what pair to wear.

The top left of the picture showed a very bright turquoise pair. I replied simply, 'turquoise.'

There was no response. I drove to the park and rode, parked, and waited for the bus.

I saw Brittney standing halfway down the bus stop. Gardening book in her hand. A tan skirt, black knee-high nylons, but a new pair of black shoes. I thought, 'I hope these fall off as much if not more then the other pair of shoes.' I was getting used to seeing her ass in the air.

I got on the bus, got to my seat, and set up my phone to record. Brittney sat across from me and read her book. Her legs were pressed tightly together. No hint of turquoise yet. I saw her pull out her phone. I got a text a second later. It was another picture. No words. Just a picture of her wearing turquoise panties. No skirt. Close up of her pussy, belly, and thighs. It looked like it had been taken in her bathroom at home.

My response was simple, 'bummer. I had hoped for an ass shot.'

Seconds later another picture. It was an ass shot. She had turned around, bent over slightly and taken a picture of herself in her turquoise panties. A small dark spot was visible. 'Dirty girl. How clever are you.' Was my response.

I saw Brittney smile for a moment, and she spread her legs. There were the turquoise panties she had sent me a picture of.

The bus ride went quickly. We exited and walked down the sidewalk with the group. 10 feet ahead and she was going to have trouble with her shoe. Like clockwork. But no. this time she stumbled, she fell into me, and grabbed my cock through my pants.

"Oh. Sorry. I'm so sorry." She said with a big smile on her face. I laughed, presented my left arm to her, and she seized it while acting like she needed help while walking. Her shoe had not fallen off, but she acted like she stepped off the curb wrong.

"Such a gentleman" she stated as she placed her arm under mine, and we continued to walk. It started to rain, and she pulled an umbrella from her purse, opened it and handed it to me. I held it above the both of us as we walked to work.

Inside we both passed through security and returned to "arm in arm" as we went up the stairs. At the top she turned, took the umbrella with one hand, and grabbed my cock with the other. She stated "See you soon big boy" in the best 40's actress voice she could muster.

I flinched, walked to my office, and texted her, 'not fair. Not fair at all.'

A link appeared that stated "Amazon list. Brittney wish list." I scrolled through it and found a long list of items. Shoes, nylons, panties, garter belts, bras, blouses, skirts, hats, dresses, and cosmetics.

The text, "see anything you like? You buy. I will wear."

The list did not have a full name, address, or anything that would lead me to her identity. It was a good thing most of the items on the list were cheap. I was a poorly paid intern. I found a dress that was much too short for work, had a deep V neck, and had thin shoulder straps. No way she would wear it to work. There was also two bikinis and some very sexy lingerie at the very end. The dress was a knock off and only 18$. The bikinis were cheap. 2 for 10$. And I bought a pack of 6 tiny G-strings for 12$ that were not on the list.

I purchased them and waited.

"Naughty boy. Those are not work appropriate." The text stated.

'If you wear a G-string every day for the rest of the week, I will take you to dinner. Friday, after work, after we get off the bus. Please wear the dress.' I responded.

"I know a great sushi place. Very quiet." She responded. Accompanied by another picture. Amazon lady's bathroom. She is standing at the sink. No panties on but her fingers are covering her pussy.

'Tease' was my response.

The day went slowly. She was not at lunch.

As I walked to the stairs she was waiting. She took my arm, and we walked slowly down the stairs. Not talking. No chit chats. Outside we walked the 10 blocks to the bus. She didn't stumble. No fake "oops" to grab my cock.

On the bus she sat next to me. First time ever. My right hand was holding her left hand. On her thigh. The wool skirt was under my hand. She read her magazine with her right hand. Just before the bus stopped at the park and ride, she lowered the magazine to cover our hands. She pulled a small turquoise item out from her pocket and slipped it inside the pocket of my coat. The softest fragrance caught my nose.

I whispered. 'Are those your panties in my pocket?'

She nodded ever so slightly and replied, "you should check."

Our hands were covered by the magazine. She was digging through her purse. I slid my hand slowly under her skirt and brushed her pussy. Fur, wetness, and her clit. I rubbed it 4 or 5 times and I heard her breath in sharply.

I pulled my hand back from her skirt and licked my finger. She was focused on me for the first time ever.

I stated, 'you are wet. You like this.'

She nodded slowly, her hand moved to my dick, and grabbed it firmly. "So do you" was her response.

She stood up as the bus began to stop and the people began to exit. She walked away and into a sea of parked cars.

Amazon prime delivered the items I purchased for her by the time she had got home. A text showed the box on her bed. And another picture showed all the items spread out. The next 4 days in a row she was wearing a pair of G-string panties. She sat across from me each day on the bus, in the cafeteria and on the bus ride home.

Friday arrived and the flashing was done. She was carrying a large tan leather tote bag. After we got off the bus at the park and ride, she asked, "What car is yours?"

I pointed to the GMC Acadia SUV. She stated, "Mind if I change in your backseat?"

'Uh. No.' was my idiotic response.

I opened the back seat, and she climbed in. Her tight little ass was pale, and the red G-string framed it nicely.

I walked around and got in the driver's seat. I set my phone on the dash holder and set it to record. I had a perfect peek-a-boo angle of her changing in my backseat. She saw my camera recording and smiled. The first thing she applied was some bright red lipstick. She looked at the phone and stated, "This lipstick perfectly matches the red panties you bought me!" she then held up the tiny G-string panties.

They swung back and forth as I tried to focus on driving.

Brittney gave me the address of the sushi place and I knew where it was. I had not eaten there before but I drove past it on my way home. Brittney was in the back changing. A flash of pale skin, a coat, a bra. And we finally parked at the restaurant. 6 pm. Brittney stated we had a reservation for 6:15pm. "Perfect timing", she added.

I walked around to the door for the backseat, opened it and extended my hand. She was wearing a dark green dress, black high heels, and red lipstick. The dress had a very deep V neck. It showed a lot of cleavage. Small straps and a very short hem. It was a wraparound dress, but she brought a thick black belt that was pulled tight around her waist.

We walked inside holding hands. The waiter seated us at a two-person booth at the end of the restaurant. We made small talk for a while as dinner was ordered.

Brittney asked, "it's killing you isn't it. Do you want to know what color I picked?"

'I'm not dying. But yes. I would like to know.' I replied.

"Grab your phone and press record" as she pointed under the table.

I activated the record app, turned on the flashlight and slid my phone under the table. Brittney looked around nervously, spreading her legs a little at a time.

Soon. Her tiny thighs parted to give me a view of her smooth hairless pussy. No panties. I reviewed the recording and my face blushed red.

"That's not even the best part" she said.

First date and she isn't wearing panties. What could be better?

Brittney pulled the V neck apart slowly and her right breast came into view. No bra. Faint tan line and light-colored areola and tan tiny nipple. "No bra either" she whispered.

I took 5 pictures as she smiled wide. A restaurant full of people behind her.

The waiter arrived as we were laughing. The food was great. I didn't eat sushi often, but it was filling.

Brittney had 4 glasses of rice wine. Her cheeks turned red, and she was much quieter. She didn't talk much before the alcohol, but she was almost mute now. Most I could get out of her was a nod for yes or a head shake for no.

At the end of the meal, we got back into my car. Extreme make out session occurred. She pulled away slightly and stated, "My place. Now!" She gave me the address, I punched it into my GPS, her hand slid down in my pants, and was slowly jacking me off.

She lived in an apartment complex not far away. Good thing too. 2 blocks more and I would have blown a load in my pants. 10 buildings, a pool, exercise center, basketball courts. I helped her out of the passenger seat. She spread her legs really wide when getting out. I had the greatest view of her moist, smooth pussy. She had a big smile on her face as she stepped out, took my hand, and closed the door.

We walked to her apartment, and she dragged me inside. I looked around. No roommates. One bedroom, girls' clothes everywhere but the apartment was clean and orderly.

Brittney strutted away slowly, she undid her belt, untied the dress and let it drop on the floor. Tiny athletic runner's body but nice C-cup tits. She wiggled her ass as she walked slowly in her heels. She turned and stated, "Bedroom? Or couch?"

'Bedroom." I chased after her, pinching her ass cheeks.

On the bed our make out session continued as I pulled off my clothes. She helped with my belt and shirt. She had recovered a bit and was not as drunk anymore. Maybe not drunk but buzzed. She giggled, I kissed her neck and sucked on her tits.

My pants had not come off yet, but I dove. Face first into her pussy. She gasped, "Oh boy." As my tongue tornado hit her clit. Round and round. Latched onto her clit I sucked. She bucked, she moaned, and she came hard. Her leg was shaking. Her heaving breathing. Good thing too. My mouth was going numb.

I pulled off my pants, she climbed on top, slid my cock into her, and she began riding me. Fast, faster, faster, and faster. After 10 minutes I pulled her down on her back, spread her legs, and thrust as hard as I could and as deep as I could. She orgasmed again seconds before I blew a load inside her.

She smiled, wiped my semen from her pussy lips, and sucked it. "You taste good too" she stated with a smile.

'5 minutes. Just 5 minutes and I will be ready to go again.' I stated.

Brittney didn't wait. She crawled down, sucked my cock head into her mouth, and began to give me a blow job. 5 minutes were up, I pulled her to the edge of the bed, her pussy dripping, and I jammed my cock into her. The whole thing at one time. Doggystyle. She pushed her ass back to meet me with each thrust.

15 more minutes and she came again. She pulled away. Laid on the bed.

'Oh no. No stopping' I said. I moved forward, I pressed my cock into her pussy as she laid down and mounted her ass. Long slow thrusts and I orgasmed again inside her. I am tired now. 2 hours had likely gone by.

We were both panting and laughing.

I heard my phone ring. I saw it was my dad. I answered it and my dad asked how the 'date was going'. I told him it was 11pm and not over yet. He understood what that meant, and I asked if he would be upset if I saw him for breakfast. He stated "Nope. That's fine. Don't forget to drink lots of fluids."

Brittney and I laughed as I hung up. 'perv' I thought.

We went back to kissing, fondling, and fucking. 2 am and we both were done. Exhausted. We had nearly been up for 24 hours. A quick shower and we both climbed into Brittney's bed for a well-earned sleep.