**Groped On The Yokosuka Line**

by Quinn\_McMullen

*Katie feels adventurous at her new duty station.*

The following story was told to me by a fellow Navy veteran. Her name has been changed to protect her identity, but I have no reason to doubt her word. All constructive criticism is welcome.

My name is Katie Gallagher. I'm a third class Photographer's Mate and I recently arrived at my new duty station, Yokosuka, Japan. I'm a tall, thin redhead with an average body. Since I've arrived in-country, I think half of the sailors have asked me out. The other half have blatantly asked to sleep with me. While I enjoy sex as much as the next girl, I'm also a bit picky with whom I have sex. None of the men on base had lit a fire in my crotch yet.

As part of the on-boarding process, I was given two weeks of cultural training on life in Japan. One of the things we were told is that females need to be careful riding the trains, especially during rush hour. Japanese men have this nasty habit of fondling women in a train packed 'nuts-to-butts' with people. Since I'm a bit of a pervert, that didn't sound all that nasty.

As our cultural briefings droned on, I started to fantasize about having strange hands on me, disembodied fingers probing me, unknown men groping me. I could feel my panties getting soaked as I waited for the lecture to end.

That afternoon when we were released, I changed into civilian clothes and did some reconnaissance. I found the train station and watched the Japanese businessmen coming and going. Standing there, I felt their eyes undress me; my ginger body a part of their masturbation fantasies.

Returning to base, I watched the gate guards will turn back a fellow female sailor who they deemed was dressed inappropriately. I caught up with her and she brought me up to speed. I made my plans accordingly and resolved that the next afternoon I would make some fantasies come true.

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When we were released from training the next day, I hurried back to my barracks room and changed into an apparently modest ensemble - a plain white t-shirt and bra with a mid-thigh length pleated skirt. The skirt emphasized my long, pale legs. I went commando since the guard wouldn't be looking up my skirt. Once I got to the train station, I popped into the ladies room and lost my bra, jamming it into my purse. The prospect of having strange hands on my body had my nipples rock hard.

I bought my train ticket and moved toward the north-bound platform. As I passed the businessmen, their eyes locked in on my chest. The more they looked, the harder my pokies became. Moisture flowed from my sex.

The train platform wasn't crowded. I hoped I wasn't too early for rush hour. Most were businessmen in suits. I sensed that more chose to stand near me than at other parts of the platform.

We didn't have to wait long for a train. When the doors opened a few people got out, then the mass of humanity around me pressed into the carriage.

I knew I didn't want to sit down, but where to stand? Just inside the doors was large open area. There were straps to hold onto, but they came down to my chin. I didn't feel like I would have enough control. Instead I moved next to a pole and held on as high as I could reach. The train was crowded, but not as crowded as I thought it would be. No one was next to me. That was disappointing.

A female voice spoke something in Japanese and the doors closed. The train accelerated and I figured out how to balance myself against the motion.

At the next stop, more men crowded in. I realized that by the time we got to Yokohama, the carriage would be packed. Most of the Japanese people only came up to my chin. A man faced me, but his eyes were locked in on my erect nipples. I felt men on all sides of me, the testosterone level rose in the air around me.

At the next stop, the carriage became densely packed. To keep my balance I reached up and held the bar with both hands. As the train began to move, I felt a hand on my thigh. The man in front of me was pressed into my breasts. I felt another hand on my bare ass.

To encourage them, I spread my legs slightly. A third hand slid up the front of my skirt and moved over my bald pubis. I subtly thrust my hips forward and I was rewarded with a finger sliding down my slit. Another hand was on my thigh while a fourth fingered my anus.

I spread my legs further, closed my eyes and leaned my head back. Almost simultaneously fingers entered my vagina from the front and rear. Someone's thumb was rubbing my clit. Both my breasts were being groped. There were at least six different hands touching me. My lady parts were dripping wet.

The train stopped at the next station and more people packed into the carriage. One man was pressed up against me from behind and I detected an erection. Whoever was in front of me had his face buried between my breasts. Still, the hands kept groping. Someone was focused on my clit and I let out an involuntary moan.

Both nipples were being pinched and pulled. I felt several fingers in my vagina. Both thighs were being rubbed. A moistened finger probed into my ass and I arched my back, allowing greater access. I threw my head back as I felt my orgasm approach.

My t-shirt was pulled out of my skirt and a hand slipped up my chest. Fingers kneaded my nipples as my orgasm flowed over me. Small quakes hit my body, legs shaking. My ass pulsed on one finger as my vagina contracted on two more. Whoever was rubbing my clit was doing a masterful job. I stood there, holding on for dear life as the hands continued to pleasure me. Sparks flew up my spine as lights fired in my mind.

I heard, "Yokohama." Suddenly, the train doors opened and the carriage emptied. I was momentarily alone. I was dazed. Just as quickly, a new wave of humanity pressed in around me. The doors closed and my newest set of suitors began to touch me.

Soon this group was probing, groping, and fondling. It seemed like all the men in the carriage were trying to touch me. Fingers in both holes. Hands on both breasts. Again I was blessed with someone who was interested in my clit. My orgasm came much quicker this time. I felt like a wanton slut. With each station, it seemed I had a new set of hands on me. I had two more orgasms by the time I reached Tokyo.

It was the end of the line when I arrived at the big city. I waited for the carriage to empty before moving onto the platform. I tucked in my shirt and found something to eat, then found the southbound platform. Who knew Japan was going to be so much fun.