

# The Russian on the Train

*by* Nathaniel Tower

I'm not sure if it was the fishnet stockings. Or the pouty red lipstick. Or the tight black leather skirt. Or the mountainous breasts that pounded out of a tight red shirt that could do nothing to hold them back. It probably didn't help that my girlfriend Mandy had been out of town for nearly two weeks. And I didn't exactly have the best track record with fidelity as it was.

It was also hot that day, and the air-conditioning was broken on the train, and my loins always seem a little hungrier in the heat. With two hours left on the train ride, I didn't really have many options left.

So I approached her. But, I would like to add, I approached her *after* she gave me a flirtatious look and nod and even did that little thing that women do to drive men wild where they cross their legs and pump one up and down while dangling their high-heeled shoe on the gyrating foot. Had ten men been in my situation, at least seven of them would have done what I did. Considering that one out of those ten men would likely be gay, we really should say that seven out of nine men would have done it.

I don't know what her first words were, nor did I know what they meant, nor will I even attempt to repeat them. They were accompanied by a smile that possessed no awkwardness, a smile that suggested she were smiling at an old friend. An old lover probably is a better description. I returned that smile, mine more awkward than hers, and spoke some words in English that I thought maybe she would understand. "Hello, beautiful," I cooed as I took the seat beside her without waiting for an explicit invitation. As far as I was concerned, her smile and her outfit was all the invitation I needed.

Her smile broadened at my two words, probably mostly at the latter, and she immediately took out a cigarette. No one was about to tell this woman that she couldn't smoke on the train, and even though I normally abhor smoking, I observed silently what she could

---

Available online at [«http://fictionaut.com/stories/nathaniel-tower/the-russian-on-the-train»](http://fictionaut.com/stories/nathaniel-tower/the-russian-on-the-train)

Copyright © 2013 Nathaniel Tower. All rights reserved.

do with a cigarette. How I longed to be that cigarette. First, she caressed it between the tips of her thumb and index finger, rolling the long white tube smoothly along her fingers from the middle of her thumb all the way to the tip of her brightly manicured nails. Then, she took that cigarette and placed it between those two full lips, parting them so slowly as she placed it inside that I could hear the moistness they possessed. That cigarette, dangling daintily in her mouth, soon was lit as she gently flipped a Zippo lighter, its flickering flame igniting the white paper and everything inside. She took a long drag and released the smoke slowly away from me, the cloud drifting slowly away as if it wanted to stay for this woman. She smoked so sexy that I didn't even notice the awful smell.

"Are you American?" she asked beneath her thick Russian accent in a sultry voice that I had only heard before in movies.

"Yes, I am," I said with a confident smile. I had heard that Russian women loved American men. She did not disappoint these rumors.

For the rest of the train ride, we flirted insatiably, eagerly expressing our desires for the train to reach its destination so that we could check into the hotel together. Although I had originally planned to find something cheap, I decided to spare no expense on the accommodations for myself and Alyona. As I studied the finest specimen of woman I had ever seen on a train, I understood clearly what I saw in her and what she could offer me. What baffled me was what I could possibly offer her that she could not get from anyone else on the train. Fully aware of my scrawny frame, unfashionable haircut, and disproportionate ears and nose, I saw no reason why this woman should show any interest in me. But as she rubbed my inner thigh quite indiscreetly all the way to the 'V' made by the converging of my pant legs, she obviously was showing interest. And I wasn't about to object.

The way from the train to the hotel was a blur. The blood was rushing, my loins were burning. It was amazing that I could even walk in a straight line. But somehow we managed, and somehow we stumbled into a whirlpool suite at the most expensive hotel in town.

The next thirty minutes was most certainly the most sensual and powerful thing I have ever felt. The woman was an absolute animal. She was also quick to leave, pulling her skirt back over the stockings she had kept on before I even had the chance to ask if she would stay the night. She obviously had no interest in any such relationship. I was simply a pawn used to fulfill her sexual needs, or so I thought.

As she clasped the button on her skirt, she asked without sultriness and almost without a Russian accent, "Two-hundred dollars."

At first, I chuckled, thinking that was what she believed the room had cost. "Actually, it was three-hundred..." I began before the cold gaze in her eyes told me what she had meant.

Luckily, I always travelled with at least two-hundred dollars in cash. It was a bit of superstition. I swear I had never intended to spend my money on anything like this. I reached for my pants that were resting in a wadded ball on the smooth pink carpet and removed my billfold.

When I opened it to remove the money, a picture of my girlfriend fluttered to the floor, probably a harbinger of things to come.

"Is that your wife?" she asked me routinely and nonchalantly. I was shocked that she could ask such a question in such a manner. The woman obviously had no qualms about destroying relationships.

"No, just my girlfriend," I responded with a blush of embarrassment as I handed her the money with one hand and retrieved the picture with the other. For a moment, I thought she was going to ask to see her, but all she really seemed concerned about was the money. She was just making conversation to avoid the awkwardness of the situation.

"Well, good luck with that," she said as she turned and clicked her way out the door.

When the door shut behind her I thought about calling Mandy, but I wasn't quite up for it. I slipped the picture back in my wallet, flipped on the television, and immediately wondered how I had lived without cable for so long.

