You ran down the stairs as quickly as your legs can carry you, desperate to reach the underground in time. Your plane wouldn't wait for you, so you had to catch it. Running around the corner and right towards the door, you barely managed to get inside. The wagon was cramped, it always was, but you felt very weird about it today as Sona was standing next to you, and in your hurry, your hand found its way down her cleavage. Blushing like a tomato and unable to scream for help Sona just stared at you with big and watery eyes. Immediately you tried to pull out but it was difficult in such a cramped space to move at all. Feeling you move around between her breasts Sona closed her eyes and turned her head away from you in embarrassment. She had always hated the underground. Every time someone would poke her breasts or pinch her ass. She was fed up with it, but now this guy had the guts to take it even further. Tears started rolling down her cheeks and you couldn't help yourself but to wipe them off for her. Surprised by your action Sona turned to look at you again. The expression on your face wasn't that of an evil rapist who tried to molest Sona. She swallowed and smiled at you, understanding that it was an honest mistake.

You wanted to smile back when the underground took a sharp turn left and your momentum pressed you tightly against Sona. Groaning can be heard from all over the wagon as you weren't the only one suffering from this maneuver. However, unlike any other passenger, your arm was stuck between the breasts of a blue-haired innocent girl and just happened to slip deeper inside. Now your head was almost resting on her shoulders. You looked into Sona's eyes but aside from the embarrassment she was still smiling at you. As you were admiring her understanding and kind nature she reached for your hand that was still resting on her cheek. Gently she moved it back to the support strap you had been holding onto before. Just like you, Sona immediately regretted having let go of the handle herself to aid you, as the underground turned right and pressed Sona against you and you against the closed door. As Sona slowly recovered from that abrupt turn, she felt herself being pressed directly against the door. For a second she was wondering where you had gone but the feeling between her breasts made it clear where you were. She let out a silent sigh and decided that she could only do something about your situation once she got outside. Impatiently she was tabbing her toes, waiting to finally get off the wagon. It felt like an eternity to her and every turn the underground took, made her situation a little worse. Finally, they driver hit the brakes.

One last time you were pushed deeper inside her cleavage, by now only your calves were sticking out, but now it would finally be the time to be free again. But it just wasn't meant to be. As soon as the doors began to open, the unreasonably impatient passengers were pushing through the door. Polite as she was she didn't push back, not even then, but this eventually sealed your fate. Pressed against the doorframe, your calves and feet entered her cleavage at last. Sona didn't notice right away, just when she left the wagon, and nothing was sticking out between her shapely orbs, she knew something was wrong. She stuck her arms deep inside her cleavage, even pulled her boobs apart, but you were nowhere to be found. She could still feel your struggles, but they came from a lot deeper within her. Now even more worried she quickly walked towards a public restroom. She paid the small fee, sat down on the can and undressed. Desperately she was looking for you somewhere inside her. Between her breasts, inside them. She left no spot unexamined.

Twenty minutes of groping herself without success later, she got herself dressed again and went to resume her daily routine as this couldn't delay her any longer. She had important meetings today as well and nobody would believe her story anyway, if she could even tell it without a voice. Inside her breasts, you were struggling against her flesh. You didn't mind its softness or smell, in fact you loved it, what was bothering you was the heat. Not even a few seconds after creating some space for you, the soft mass came back hugging you even tighter than before.

Although your struggles weren't unpleasant, they still were distracting Sona from her work. She found herself kneading her breasts again and again which got her some stares from the people around her. For hours you tried to fight the hot flesh away but eventually you were too tired to fight back. Relieved that you finally stopped, Sona could focus on her duties again while you fell asleep inside her.