

## Quickie in the Car

So as soon as I killed the engine I hit the quick release on both of our belts and kind-of launched sideways across the transmission hump of the car, so that I was smashed up against him in the passenger's seat. He looked so surprised that he didn't immediately put his arms around me. I put my arms around his neck, grabbed him by the back of the head, looked him in the eye and communicated in no uncertain terms what I wanted him to do.

He gave a little cry and threw his arms around me and pulled me to him. Our mouths came together with some force. THAT was what I wanted him to do! I opened myself to him and he came along for the ride. He continued to act hesitant. I could hear myself panting. The poor dear boy finally got the message that I wanted to be ravaged, within the obvious constraints of a two-seater built for racing of course. He moved his hand down to the boob that was not squashed against his chest and cupped it. My response surprised even me. I let out a loud moan and pulled him closer, frantically massaging his tongue with mine. Then I pushed his shirt all the way up and started agitatedly kissing his amazingly broad chest. I was exploring a really substantial six-pack with my other hand. He was much shorter than Gavin but broader in the chest and incredibly muscular. That set off a raging fire in my nether regions that I knew I had to quench. I pulled his shirt completely apart, scattering buttons everywhere. I remember thinking, "I probably owe the poor lad a shirt." Then I whipped off my coat and sweater and unhooked my bra and began to rub my hot and suddenly throbbing tits all over his bare chest, while making loud cries.

I had not intended for things to go that far, but the minute my super-sensitive nipples touched the hair on his chest it blew my rational mind. To my credit, before I totally lost control I looked around to see that it was pitch black and we were far enough down the drive that nobody could see us unless the actually came out of the house. And we were a long way from the road. I desperately worked my jeans off, kicking frantically as I did so. They ended up on the floor next to the brake, which I did not plan to use for a while. Then I tugged his belt and opened his pants to pull out what I wanted. He was panting and groaning loudly as I did that. The little voice in my head which I suspect is my mother laughed and said rather snarkily, "No complaints from that side of the car now". Then I vaulted over the top of the transmission hump, as I was pulling my panties aside. The fact that there is no top on the 7 made that action more convenient than it might sound. I straddled him and lowered myself onto him. I had gotten so wet that he slid up into me without my guiding it.

The thing was HUGE. I had NOT expected that. The first words out of my mouth were to the effect of "HOLY JESUS!!" followed by an "Ahhhhhhhhh GODDDD!!" and then appeals to several other deities whose names I have forgotten. He stretched me to the point where I had to essentially spend a second to adjust my internal capacity to take all of him. Once I had him settled comfortably inside me I began bouncing up and down on that monster with wild abandon and making little "Urk! Urk! Urk! Urk!" noises that kept getting louder each time he bottomed out in me. I remember we were both panting like hound dogs on a southern porch,

but I honestly don't remember anything else he was doing. That was because the sensation that that enormous thing was causing in my vaginal canal was about to set off an orgasm that would have had the neighbors calling the police if I didn't get it under control. So I literally took one of the seat belts in my mouth and bit on it to hold down the "OH MY GOD's!!!" and the "OH SHIT's!!!" to a point where I was not going to attract a large crowd of concerned citizens thinking that he was killing me. I might add that he was indeed killing me and I was definitely not urging him to go any deeper because he had already come up against my absolute physical limits down there. Then he shot into me in incredible pulses of hot liquid and I shrieked around the seatbelt that I had stuffed in my mouth and started shaking it like a terrier with a rat. Then I lost all control of my upper body and more-or-less plunged over the side of the car.

I came back to this world almost immediately. I was draped over one of his shoulders, half hanging out of the car and with the seat belt clamped between my teeth. My vagina was milking him like a berserk Iowa farm hand. He was continuing to shoot into me and he might not have noticed that I was actually hanging outside the car. I had NEVER come like that. Finally, we both stopped acting like the stars of Animal Planet and started acting as the rational geniuses that we both were. I pulled myself off him, moaning loudly as he came out of me, and exited the car through the passenger side door heading desperately for the shrubbery, where I had a lot of cleaning to do. I got back, minus my panties which I had left to their fate in the bushes, and began to struggle back into my clothes. He had gotten out of the car and was sitting on the boot staring into space. All I could hear were crickets.