**Coming of Age**

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The taxi cab made its way through the usual Thursday afternoon traffic. In the backseat, Jennifer Tran looked out at the tangle of cars. The road noise was like familiar music to her. She felt the slight vibration of the motor of the old Ford Crown Victoria. The smell of old leather surrounded her. Her driver had his window cracked open slightly, and the cool fall air wafted through the vehicle.

She had just finished her last midterm exam, and was looking forward to winter break. Her wealthy parents had rented a luxury apartment for her in an affluent neighborhood that was about a 15-minute drive from campus. They had insisted on this arrangement, saying that there would be fewer distractions away from dormitory life and all the parties that went along with it. She usually drove her own car to school, but when she didn't have time or the inclination to find parking and walk to class, she called a cab, as she had done today.

As the vehicle bounced over potholes with its unforgiving suspension, Jennifer leaned back into the seat cushions and enjoyed the sensations running through her body.

While the vehicle weaved its way through traffic, Jennifer unbuttoned the top button of her jeans. Talk radio played in the background. She pulled her zipper down slowly.

Traffic on the freeway was now at a standstill.

"Mind if I open the window some more?" The driver had tanned, ropey forearms with gray hair, and looked about retirement age. His eyes were fixed in the distance.

"Go right ahead," Jennifer responded from the backseat. The driver lowered his window all the way and draped his arm over the window frame. Jennifer sighed as she breathed in the fresh air. She felt buoyant, almost giddy.

The driver turned up the radio to drown out the road noise. Jennifer slid down in her seat and hooked her thumbs under the waist of her jeans. She glanced out the window at the glistening steel and cement. She stole a glance at the rearview mirror, but the driver's eyes were fixated on the road with the same distant stare.

Slowly, she lifted her lower body an inch off the leather seat and pulled her jeans down just past her butt. The cool wind licked her butt. She left her jeans partially pulled down and looked at the driver. She had played this game a handful of times this semester, pulling her pants down and trying to appear nonchalant. It had made her taxi rides a little more entertaining. She got a little bolder each time, pulling her pants down a little farther.

The backseat of the large sedan was cramped, but allowed Jennifer enough space to lean forward and pull her jeans and panties down past her knees and all the way down to her ankles.

Once again reassured that she had not been caught, she pulled off her sneakers and wiggled her toes in her ankle socks. With her pants around her ankles, she spread her legs and relaxed.

Casually reaching down as if picking something up off of the floor, she pulled off her socks and slid out of her jeans. Her jeans, panties, and socks were strewn across the floor by her bare feet.

Jennifer glanced at the rearview mirror again. As she watched the driver for any sign that she had been discovered, she slowly started to rub herself.

The front seats of the old Crown Victoria were connected by a middle panel in order to accommodate a third passenger in the front, which blocked the entire lower part of the backseat from view. Jennifer put one leg across the backseat with her other knee against the back of the driver's seat. Her vagina was smooth and slippery, and her middle finger slid easily in and out, her palm slapping gently on her clitoris with each thrust. As her vagina dilated from her sexual arousal, she inserted her ring finger along with her middle finger and pushed deeper into herself.

Her breathing got faster as she rubbed herself. Her lips parted slightly as her fingers moved faster over her clitoris.

The first soft moan escaped her lips. She was aware of it, but the road noise from the open windows drowned it out. She moaned again, this time slightly louder.

Jennifer slouched down in the seat until she could no longer see the driver in the rearview mirror, stretching her legs out on the seat and floor next to her. She jackhammered her middle and ring fingers in and out of her vagina for about thirty seconds with her eyes closed. She knew passing cars or trucks might notice, but she pretended to be oblivious to it all. The knowledge that others might be watching her nubile young body squirming in the throes of an orgasm was thrilling to her, but she wasn't sure she wanted to know who was looking for fear she might lose her nerve.

Contorting her body slightly, she unclasped her bra and pulled it off from under her tank top. She let it fall to the floor with her other clothes. At this point she realized there was a good chance the driver would catch on to her adventure, but she had stopped caring. He seemed like a harmless old guy, and if he caught a peek it wouldn't be a big deal, she figured.

With both hands, she pulled up her tank top up just above her supple breasts. The softness of her C cup breasts contrasted sharply with the firmness of her toned abdominal muscles. As the car bounced over rough pavement, her breasts jiggled and brushed against the bottom of her pulled-up tank top.

Once again, she flirted with an orgasm by penetrating herself quickly for the better part of a minute. She stuffed her panties in her mouth to muffle the sounds of her pleasure as she rode the edge of an orgasm.

Dropping her panties on the floor, Jennifer sat up and leaned forward again in order to more easily pull her tank top over her head. The position afforded her a direct view of her bare, hot pink vagina. She caught a faint whiff of the unmistakable scent of the female sex, the same erotic scent she had encountered while experimenting with her college roommate this past summer during the college prep summer program she had attended. Since then, she had become obsessed with sniffing and tasting her fingers while masturbating.

Still leaning forward, Jennifer pulled off her tank top and then leaned back against the car door. Now fully exposed to the world, she took a moment to absorb the feeling. Although he was still staring straight ahead, she sensed that the driver might be aware of her indecent exposure and seemed to have accepted this new reality in which they were now living.

The taxi cab exited the freeway and turned onto Jennifer's street. She could see her upscale apartment building in the distance.

"Can you pull over at that parking lot for a minute?" Jennifer's shaky voice came from the backseat. She felt her heart pounding. She was about to do something she had never even dreamed of doing before.

The driver pulled into a large, mostly empty parking lot and parked in the far back facing the street.

"Oh god, yes," Jennifer said softly as she plunged her fingers back into her soaking wet spot. The driver was now watching her intently in the rear view mirror.

"My pussy is so wet. Can you see how wet I am right now?"

The driver put the front middle seat down and adjusted his rear view mirror and vanity mirror until her tender parts came into full view.

Jennifer bent her knees and propped both of her feet on the backseat in a frog leg position with her knees spread apart. She scooted towards the middle of the backseat to give her audience of one a better view.

Jennifer bounced her hips up and down on the seat, thrusting her cunt up towards the driver.

"Oh my god, I feel so dirty right now. I can't believe I'm letting you watch me do this. Do you like my little pussy?"

The driver nodded vigorously, swallowing hard.

"You like watching me finger my little pussy, huh? Take your dick out. I wanna see you jack off for me."

The driver hesitated for a moment, then unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees. His cock sprung up, freed from its fabric constraints. His hand gripped it and he groaned involuntarily.

Jennifer put her legs over the folded down middle seat, slid down onto her back, and pushed her hips towards the driver. "Touch me." She lifted her right leg up towards the roof of the car. Her young, tender pussy was splayed out in front of the driver's dumbstruck face.

The driver reached over and fondled her awkwardly with his rough fingers.

She peeked over the seat at his thick, hard prick and hairy legs, then at her own smooth, freshly shaved skin. Something about the contrast between old and young, rough and smooth, working class and privileged was making her feel extremely sexy.

She looked over at the driver, who was now jerking himself off vigorously. She spread her legs wider and moaned.

"Come for me, baby. Rub your dick and think about fucking me."

The driver turned in his seat and fixed his gaze on her fingers sliding in and out of soft, pink flesh. He put one hand on her hand, and she guided his big fingers to their target, feeling the excitement of letting a complete stranger touch her most intimate parts. Minutes later, she felt his grip tighten, and looked up to see him ejaculating onto the seat and steering wheel.

The driver quickly pulled his pants back up and wordlessly put the car into gear. Jennifer put her clothes back on slowly, stretching in yoga-like poses in the backseat as she did so. When the car pulled to a stop in front of her apartment building, the driver reset the meter and waved her off. "This one's on me, doll."

Striding through the lobby of her apartment building with an impish smile, Jennifer waved to the security guard, who waved back and pretended to be studying the video monitors. When she turned her back, she glanced at the mirrored wall by the bank of elevators and could see him eyeing her.

As soon as the elevator door closed, she unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans. Staring directly at the security camera, she pulled her pants down to her calves and opened her legs. She could feel the elevator climbing. Spreading her butt cheeks, she rubbed her bare asshole against the cold handrail, feeling a wave of pleasure rush down her spine.

The elevator reached her floor with her bare legs still draped over the handrail. The hallway was empty. She pulled up her jeans and closed the zipper, not bothering to button them. An impulsive thought was taking hold, and she made a beeline for her apartment.

After a quick shower, she changed into a short, plaid, pleated skirt, thigh-high socks, pink panties, and a white button-down shirt. She put on her backpack, looking every bit the Asian schoolgirl.

She walked down the hall and quickly knocked on a door towards the end of the hallway. After a beat, a handsome forty-ish man opened the door in slacks and a button-down shirt. The man was an accountant and did some math tutoring on the side. A former Army Ranger, he was always smartly dressed and clean cut. He had been staying at the apartment building since his recent divorce, and they had made small talk in the apartment gym on several occasions. He had also helped her move some furniture.

"Hi, Sam." She looked up at him with an innocent expression. "I need your help. I have my calculus midterm tomorrow."

Sam smiled but looked slightly surprised. "Well, sure." He hesitated for a moment. "Come on in," he said finally.

Sam led her to the living room couch, where she parked her backpack and sat down.

"Can I get you some water, maybe a granola bar?" Sam asked politely.

"Water would be great, thanks."

Jennifer inched her skirt up and unbuttoned the third button on her shirt. She had decided to forego a bra, and her nipples hardened with anticipation, clearly visible through the thin fabric if one knew where to look.

Sam came back with the water and sat across from her on an upholstered chair. "So, how can I be of service?" He smiled, trying to break the ice.

Jennifer smiled back. She had taken her last midterm this morning, and was confident that she had aced it, almost surely locking in a perfect 4.0 GPA for her first college semester. She was planning to apply to work as a tutor during her sophomore year. But right now, she was pretending to be clueless.

She let her hair down and reached into her backpack, taking her time as if searching for something. When she finally looked up, she made eye contact and held it.

"Actually, I need help with something a bit more... personal." She blushed slightly, and flicked her hair away from her eyes.

"Oh?" He cocked his head to the side, perplexed.

She paused, then blurted, "I've never been with a man before. I want to... I don't know." She hesitated. "I want to try it with someone experienced first." She managed a sheepish smile. "For practice."

His jaw dropped and he stared at her in shocked silence.

The threshold of awkwardness had been breached. "I want you to have sex with me."

She could see the wheels spinning in his head.

She leaned her head to the side and bit her bottom lip. "I went to an all girls boarding school," she said, as if it explained everything. "I'm actually really shy around guys my age."

One of her high school girlfriends had given her a condom at graduation as a joke. She still had it in her backpack. She pulled the condom out of the front pocket of her backpack and waved it in front of him. "I promise I'll never mention this to anyone. It would be embarrassing for me, too, if anyone found out. I'm supposed to be this straight-laced pre-med honor student, remember?"

"I'm begging you." She batted her eyelids coyly at him. "I just want to know what it feels like, and I can't wait any longer."

Jennifer could see that he was close to giving in. Perhaps a little visual stimulation would do the trick. She opened her legs slowly, watching him. As her pink panties came into view, she could see his eyes widen, his defenses weakening. She knew he was close to giving in to his biological instincts. She left the condom on the table, then unbuttoned her shirt, pulled it off, and tied it like a blindfold around her eyes. "Just do it," she said softly.

Jennifer tingled with excitement as she heard the sound of a belt sliding off, then the sound of a zipper, then several clunks as slacks and shoes dropped to the floor. "Fuck me," she moaned, pulling her panties down hastily.

She heard the condom wrapper opening and her legs butterflied open in anticipation. She knew she had broken her own hymen years ago from vigorous fingering. She could fit three fingers in her pussy when aroused, and had shoved countless other objects up her slit whenever she felt the urge. So she was not worried about feeling any pain, even though she had never had a cock inside of her.

"Don't be gentle," she half-whispered. "Fuck me hard."

She still gasped when it happened. She felt something big, warm, and hard push inside of her and felt her pussy stretch to its limit. The sounds coming out of her mouth sounded foreign to her, like they were coming from someone else. Her butt bounced on the sofa as she felt his thick cock filling her up in ways her fingers never could. Even the random vegetables and household objects she could get her hands on had never felt this good.

"Oh god, yes, yes, yes!" she moaned, breathing heavily. She reached out and gripped his muscular thighs, then reached for his groin and her slender fingers brushed his thick, meaty cock.

Jennifer yanked off her makeshift blindfold and squealed with delight as she caught sight of Sam's veiny shaft and hard body thrusting against hers. Her breathing was coming in gasps as she started to orgasm. She pulled him towards her, urging him to thrust harder and deeper, then shuddered as she climaxed in waves, her vaginal walls contracting.

Jennifer lied down and stared at the ceiling. She felt a sense of relief wash over her. It had been amazing, and she couldn't wait to do it again.