**Fluid check**

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More of the same. Same, same, same, morning coffee with the husband before he leaves for work. Kiss goodbye and the day is mine. Before he leaves I am reminded that my car is due for an oil change. That's my baby it gets what it needs when it needs it. Today it needs an oil change, come to think of it so do I. I pause a moment and think back to my experience with Benny the bag boy. I remember how special I felt looking at him in all his pale, satisfied glory. I am that one in a million for him and I want to be that for another.  
  
What to wear for oil change,green, red, no white! White is the color of the day. My white pushup bra with matching panties, white sheer thyigh-high stockings, my tight little sun dress, also white, and my sleek white pumps. I'm in the mirror now nice eyes, whore red lipstick and my favorite light blue sun glasses. I love the way this bra makes me look in this dress. It's perfect for a sunny day.  
  
It's a little after noon and I'm a few towns over looking for the right place. I'm getting excited. I'm ready to go all the way, my nipples get hard and I can see them peeking from behind my dress. I stop and get condoms. I have no idea what I'll find out here. You can bet your ass that who ever I find is never going to forget me. I pass mechanic after mechanic. Twist and turn and here it is. Perry's auto repair.   
  
It's small out of the way and it look's old and charming. I pull in and the ding, ding of a bell alerts the mechanic to my presence. I pull up in font of the door and I get out. There I stand sun in my face, leaning against my baby. I arch my back and my ass touches the warm metal of the car body. A fiftyish man walks out of one of the two car bays, wiping his hands with a dirty red rag. His hair is grey at the temples, the skin wrinkles deep at the corner of his eyes as he squints in the noon day sun. He's wearing that typical dark blue pants with the light blue shirt, sleeves rolled up to the elbows, forearms covered in grease, his hands are veiny and hard from years of abuse. He's a little on the heavy side, probably has a bad diet.   
  
"Can I help you?" He says it like I'm in the wrong place.   
  
"Got time for an oil change?" I reply, turning to face him. God I love this dress.   
  
"I suppose I could fit you in, we're pretty slow on Tuesdays. Pull your car into the first bay here."   
  
I climb in the car and he directs me onto the lift. I get out and we talk for a moment about what oil I want. I look around; the shop is dirty but organized, with soft country music playing in the background. Then he shows me through a door on the right where a counter sits. No cigarettes, and no pop, just an old coffee maker and maps. Three chairs sit in front of a dirty picture window adjacent to the counter; an old TV barely keeps its station.   
  
I sit down wondering whether or not the seat will ruin my dress. Behind the counter is a framed picture of a much younger mechanic and a woman probably his wife. They look happy. He was a well put together man back then. I drift off for a moment, the smell of gas and oil fills my head. I'm snapped back by the sound of some kind of air wrench. This is it. This is what I was looking for.   
  
The mechanic pokes his head into the door, "Check your fluids?"   
  
"Ya-", I get up and walk into the shop.   
  
My hood is up and he's working on my engine or something.   
  
I move over to him and ask; "Are you Perry?"   
  
He answers, "Yep- Philip Perry."   
  
I can't believe he hasn't looked me over once. Older men are hard to read. He shows me the oil on the stick replaces it and closes the hood.   
  
"All set. Nice car." He says, pulling the rag from his back pocket and wiping his hands.   
  
"Is that you and your wife in the picture in there?"   
  
"Sure is."   
  
"How long have you been married?"   
  
"37 years, she died five years ago. Drunk driver. They both died." He says it as if it's a matter of fact.   
  
I'm sorry for his loss but this couldn't be better, he'll never forget me. I turn it on now. We're standing next to my car; I push my chest out and stand a little taller.   
  
I look him dead in the face and say, "How long has it been since you've had sex?"   
  
He steps back, "What! What kind of a question is that to ask little lady?"   
  
I reply "You a God fearin' man Philip?"   
  
"Not since the wife died."   
  
I turn and make my way to the partition that divides the two bay doors.   
  
I hit the down button and reply, "You will be when I'm through with you."   
  
The doors start closing. I face him. He's visibly puzzled and uncomfortable.  
  
"Just by looking at you, I can tell you're young enough to be my daughter."   
  
I start to walk towards him looking over the top of my sunglasses.  
  
I say in a soft voice "But I'm not your daughter."   
  
The door closer falls silent. I make my way into the waiting room and lock the door. I flip the open sign to closed and twist my nipples through my dress to bring them to attention. I think I can do this. I'll be the star in his dreams after this. I'm in the shop now, and he's finally looking at me, noticeably tense.   
  
"Relax Philip this won't hurt a bit."   
  
I move forward trapping him between me and my car. He leans on to the car. I'm real close now, I can feel his desire rising.   
  
"That's it Philip." my hand moves down to the front of his pants and I start rubbing his cock.   
  
He jumps when I touch him.   
  
"Go ahead touch me, relax, this will be just fine. Trust me."   
  
I press my tits into his chest. His dick is hard now. I slide my self down to cock level making sure my tits slide right along his body. I'm sure the dress is ruined now. I work at his pants until I'm staring down his rather large cock. I don't know if its reserve or disbelief but he's not saying a thing. I slip his member comfortably into my mouth; it twitches, and hardens up even more pushing the head into the roof of my mouth. I need to be careful with this one. He may blow it right hear and now.   
  
I begin with my tong sliding on the underside of his cock as I move my head back and forth. He finally lets out a mone. I stand up and remove my sunglasses, laying them on the hood behind him. I work at the buttons on the front of my dress, looking down I can see his hard on throbbing. I expose the mounds of my cleavage, he's transfixed.   
  
"Touch them, you can have this body."   
  
His hands move to my tits. My skin looks incredibly white against the dingy surface of his hands. He squeezes a little too hard and I can feel the strength in his hands. I'm sure his wife knew this feeling well. As his hands move from my breasts to my hips he leaves a trail of hand smudges behind. I continue to unbutton the front of my dress and slip it past my shoulders exposing my heaving tits. I lean past him, reaching into my glove box to retrieve the condoms. His hands immediately find my firm ass. I know this dress is fucked now.   
  
"Hold on." I whisper to him.  
  
I hand him the condoms, working under my dress until my panties are in my hands. I lift them up next to my face with a sly smile, and let them drop to the floor. I grab the condom and open it.   
  
"One can not be too careful." I say as I drop to my knees.   
  
Here I am again facing down a steel hard on. I grab it with the force it deserves and work on the head. I can feel him start to melt. Do I really want to do this? Will my head fuck with me later? I'm snapped back to the moment when he grabs the back of my head and thrusts giving me a gag. Why is it that all men seem to want to thrust? I let him work my head up and down on the shaft of his dick.   
  
I pull back, "Not so fast, there's pussy work that needs doing."   
  
I stand up and look into his noticeably flushed face. I slide the dress off my shoulders and let it fall to my hips.   
  
"Take off the bra Phill." it's ruined with grease.   
  
He leans forward to reach behind me, moving his face closer to mine, I kiss him. It's so strange feeling the lips of another man. He unhooks the bra and I feel the weight of my tits fall on my shoulders. Now he's on them licking pulling the nipples gently with his teeth. I can feel the heat rising in me as I take in the glory of my moment. I can own him. I will have his mind. Now I'm wet.   
  
"Hay," I say, and he stands straight up.   
  
I put a hand on his shoulders and hand him the open condom package.   
  
"Put it on." I tell him, walking around towards the front of the car, letting my hand trail on his chest never loosing the sight of his face over my shoulder.   
  
He starts to stammer for a minute, "This is not--"   
  
"Shut up, and fuck me!"   
  
I lean forward on the hood of my car, tits pressed on the worm metal, and I hike the dress over my hips and stick my ass in the air. I can see him fumbling with the condom, hands shaking. I can see that this won't take long. He has it on and now walks around and squares himself with my hips.   
  
"Get it Phill. Get it." And he's in me.   
  
No turning back now, I'm in it. He grabs my hips and just starts to pound me. My tit's make a squeak sound on the hood as he drives me forward.   
  
"Woe! Easy their cow boy. Don't break the Philly's back."   
  
"O-sorry, I-I-I." He replies noticeably embarrassed.   
  
I stand up, "That's ok, you can have me any way you want."   
  
My pussy is really wet now. I know he's having the time of his life. I lie back on the hood and spread my legs. He's in me again, pushing making my breasts bounce with every thrust. He stands up and puts his hands on my tits squeezing and moving faster. I can feel he's about to cum.   
  
"That's right, fuck me, and fuck me hard." He obliges and really starts to squeeze my tits. "Harder, faster."   
  
I let out a loud grone and start to move my hips. He is in me deep.   
  
"Let it out Phill."   
  
He coughs and I can feel his cock go into spasms. He closes his eyes and I can see a bead of sweat run down his neck into the collar of his shirt. He still has a good hold of my rack. It's as if he comes to his senses and his hands snap back and he's out of me taking a step back. The condom is in tact. I gather my self. And stand up. I'm a mess. My hair, my body covered in grease tracks my pussy wet and un-satisfied. That poor dress of mine is totally fucked. The shoes seemed to survive. Phill is looking at me as I stand nipples hard and pointing right at him. He looks away. I can still hear the sound of soft country music in the back ground. The sun filters in through the dirty windows and I can smell the sex mixing with the station. I'm part of this now. I pull the dress up over my shoulder my breasts peeking out.   
  
"You can look at me Phill." I pause. "That was fantastic."  
  
I take a step forward and the rest of the dress falls off my hips. He's still standing there pants undone condom sagging off of a flaccid and satisfied cock.   
  
"You might want to take care of that." I say nodding towards his crotch with a smile.   
  
He leans back into a work bench cluttered with tools and rights his pants. I move to the side of the car to recover my undergarments. Ruined, that's too bad. I bend down showing the mechanic my ass one last time. Fuck I need to cum! My husband is in for it. I button the dress, stand and turn.   
  
"What do I owe you?"   
  
"Owe me-" he walks past me and hit's the button that opens the door. "Little lady" he says rather sternly, "I think its best you leave now."   
  
"Have it your way Phillip." I make my way around to the driver's side of the car, grabbing my glasses as I go; I get in and start it up.   
  
It comes to life, I put on my glasses righting my hair in the rearview mirror and I start to back out.   
  
When I get even with Phill I stop for a brief moment and say "Madeline pleased to meet you."   
  
And off I go. I make the turn and head on back home.   
  
I know I'm a mess when I pull into my garage. To the basement I go, and into the box all of my clothes go. I don't know why I save them. I do know that old mechanic will think of me until the day he dies.