On the Bonnet of Steve's Car

by V.Tongue ©

Last night I was feeling bored and restless. It had been a hot day and

hadn't cooled off much, even after the sun went down. I decided to go see

a movie and enjoy air-conditioned comfort for a couple of hours. Just in

case there happened to be any good looking guys at the cinema, I changed

into a short skirt which showed off my tanned legs. I was already wearing

one of my sexiest tops, a leather singlet top that, once it was zipped up

at the front, clung to my body like a second skin. I was ready to go.

The movie turned out to be full of sex, and I was feeling very turned on

as I walked back into the foyer of the cinema, after the movie finished. I

must have had a smile on my face because I noticed a guy looking back at

me as he walked out of the same movie. He was returning my smile and

asked, "So you enjoyed the movie, did you?" A fun and relaxed conversation

followed and gave me plenty of time to take in his great smile and sexy

body, which filled out his shirt and jeans nicely. He had short, dark hair

and I learned that his name was Steve. Steve was just the kind of guy I

was in the mood to run into.

Our flirtatious banter took us all the way to the car park, but it wasn't

until we were standing next to my car that I realized I had a flat tire.

"Don't worry, I'll change it," Steve offered, but after I explained that I

hadn't quite gotten around to replacing the spare after my last flat, he

changed his offer to a lift home. His car was only a few up from mine, and

as I stopped at his front passenger door I realized what a stroke of luck

it had been that he had walked me to my car. That thought was quickly

replaced by a sudden knot in my stomach as he stopped very close behind me

to unlock my door. A familiar twinge of desire down below, prompted me to

turn and face him before he moved away. I was pleased to see a look on his

face which revealed a similar reaction to my own.

I moved in closer still and ran my fingers up his muscular arms to his

equally toned shoulders. My right hand continued up behind his neck and I

raked my fingers through his hair so I could pull his head forward. His

hands had moved to my waist and were now gliding up my back. The urgency

of our kiss made me shiver. His hips pushed mine back suddenly and I was

pinned between him and the car. I could feel myself getting wetter by the

second. He pulled back from me slightly so I took the opportunity to move

my left hand down between us and drag my fingernails up the inside of his

leg. I came to the warm, firm shape of his cock as it swelled inside his

jeans. I rubbed the head gently, and slowly moved my fingers toward the

zipper. I was surprised though, at that moment, to feel him pulling away.

His mouth left mine and he murmured that we should get going.

We got in the car and he reached over to squeeze my hand and smile at me,

before reversing out of his car space. My ego was a little bruised at

first but I was much too horny to give up that easily. I leaned over to

rub his leg and run my tongue around the rim of his ear and nibble all the

way down the side of his neck, as he drove. I undid the top few buttons of

his shirt and let my hand wander over his chest. I was getting to the

point where I wanted to rip the shirt off him completely, and my touch was

getting more and more desperate. I pulled away and sat back in my seat to

give myself a chance for a few deep breaths.

Steve had run his hands up the outside of my thighs while he had me

against the car earlier, but as yet he hadn't gone anywhere near my pussy

- which was aching to be touched. "You know...if you're not going to touch

me," I said as he turned to look at me, "I am going to have to touch

myself." Steve smiled and said nothing. I was so horny that the idea of

bringing myself off, in front of some guy I had just met, was an

incredible rush. I raised my feet and anchored my high-heeled shoes

against the dash in front of me. I opened my legs until I felt my lips

part. I was very wet, I pushed aside my lace knickers and ran my finger

along the inside of my pussy. It felt exquisite. My heart was thumping. I

rubbed myself faster and faster, circling my clitoris, massaging it. I was

going to town on myself.

I had reclined the back of the seat with my free hand and my head was

thrown back in overwhelming lust. Waves of pleasure were pulsing through

my body as the intensity built and built. I moaned openly as I rubbed

myself faster still. I could feel it building and I wanted it badly, but

at the same time I didn't want this to be over. Steve let out a moan of

anticipation as he watched me, bucking with pre-orgasmic throbs. Finally I

felt myself reach the pinnacle and my whole body stiffened as jolt after

jolt of orgasm throbbed through my body. My head was thrown right back and

my back arched as pure ecstasy overwhelmed my senses. I kept my eyes

closed for a few moments, savoring the afterglow.

I suddenly became aware of the sound of gravel crunching beneath the car.

I opened my eyes to discover Steve had pulled over to the side of the

road. He parked with a sparse row of trees between us and the main road.

Before I knew it, he was covering my body with his hands and kissing me

passionately. With his hands on each side of my small waist, he spun me

easily and roughly positioned me against the back of my seat, with my back

to him. He ran his hands up the outside of my thighs, taking the light

material of my skirt with him as he reached my hips. His thumbs mounted

the curve of my arse. I waited in anticipation as he let go of me with one

hand to release his cock from his jeans. He now had both hands on my hips

again and he suddenly impaled me on his cock, I was dripping wet so his

cock slid in effortlessly and my pussy throbbed with joy as he filled me

up with his large cock.

Steve used his grip on my hips to slide me up and down his long, stiff

shaft. I was all but screaming in pleasure and he was going wild with the

need to fuck me harder and faster. He was now pistoning in and out of me

as fast as he could, milking himself, building the orgasm he needed so

desperately. Then, all of a sudden, he stole his cock from my desperate

pussy and he opened the door behind him. Before I knew it, he was reefing

me backwards and out of the car. Still behind me, he clamped me down over

the bonnet of his car, his hands covering mine. He pulled his hands all

the way up my arms and when they reached my shoulders, he spun me around

to face him. Now his hands moved back to my hips and he lifted my arse up

onto the bonnet in front of him.

I leaned back a little and anchored my hands just behind me so I could

stay sitting in front of him. Roughly, he grazed his thumbs up the inside

of my thighs and my head fell backwards. He kissed my neck and then

suddenly he ripped down the zip that ran down the centre of my top, my

breasts sprang from the confines of the skin-tight leather as the top fell

away. Steve moaned a deep, primal growl at the sight of them suddenly

bursting out right before his eyes. His mouth was suddenly kissing and

sucking every square inch of them as he slid his cock back inside of me.

I was so wild with passion that I didn't care about the headlights that

were flashing over us as cars sped past. As Steve slammed into me

repeatedly, both our orgasms building, someone started their car in a

carpark on the opposite side of the road to us. The car's headlights

suddenly came on, streaming through the darkness between it and us. It

felt like suddenly being on a stage, with a spotlight broadcasting our

every move.

This, of course, only served to fuel the intensity of our fucking. It was

enough to send us both over the edge. I came first, clamping my legs

around his waist and holding him inside of me. I fell back on the bonnet

and screamed through gritted teeth as the intensity of the orgasm gripped

me and coursed throughout my body, wave after wave of excruciating ecstasy

filled my senses. Steve let out loud, guttural moans as he pulled out and

sent streams of hot, white come all over me. I felt its force as it

spurted onto my neck, chest and tummy. It had been one of the most intense

orgasms of my life and we both lay on the bonnet of the car, breathing

hard.

Steve drove me home shortly afterwards and we both agreed we should get

together again soon. If we do, I'll let you know...By the way, Steve, if

you happen to read this..thank you for a memorable end to 2005!