The Tow

by JenniferO1 ©

I'm sorry it's been awhile since I've contributed, I really appreciate all

of you sending me Emails with your comments, good and bad. They've been

really helpful. Please keep it up. I have several more stories almost

ready for publication so keep a lookout as well and let me know your

thoughts.

This story is about something that happened to me a few years back while I

was still with the boyfriend I wrote about in my story called "The River".

I had tried to break up with him right after that incident, but he begged

for another chance and fool that I was, I gave it to him. Of course, I

didn't tell him that I had gotten screwed silly by his roommates that day

by the river.

Well, he was really good for a few weeks, but by this time a couple of

months later, he was back to his old ways. Maybe his roommates had said

something, but I don't think so, he would've been very upset if he found

out.

It was late fall Friday afternoon, I was feeling pretty sexy and needed a

little attention. I knew Alan's roommates were supposed to be heading out

for the night, so I called Alan and asked him about maybe getting together

that evening and he agreed. I got home early and took a nice, long, hot

bath, smoking a joint and drinking almost a whole bottle of wine while

soaking away the day's stresses. I guess that's when I came up with the

idea of surprising Alan. I just love to go out dressed sexily; it must be

the exhibitionist streak in me, I love it when men check me out.

I finally got out of the tub, toweled off and put on some nice powder.

Then I thought about what would be sexy enough to wear. I decided on a

white garter belt with a pair of sheer white nylons with red high heel

shoes, no knickers or bra. I also have this beautiful white, silk bathrobe

that feels so, so sexy against my skin. The problem is that is only comes

down a couple of inches below my pussy. I decided what the hell, in for a

penny, in for a pound. I wanted to make Alan's eyes bug when I showed up

and this would do it. I knew it would drive him crazy seeing me walk up

the street from where ever I parked to his place in such a sexy outfit and

I'd love doing it.

It was around 7pm by the time I climbed into my jeep and started on

the30-minute drive over to Alan's place. About halfway there, on this back

road shortcut that I knew about, the jeep's motor starting to skip and a

couple of minutes later it got so bad that the engine just quit. I tried

restarting the thing but it wouldn't even pop, nothing, just turned and

turned. I didn't know what to do, it was dark and I was getting cold.

Stupid me, I was so involved in the fantasy of what Brian would do to me

when he saw me that I never thought about putting a change in the car. I

didn't have any other clothes with me at all. I didn't even have my purse,

The only lucky thing was that I had left my phone in the car, so I called

Alan. No Answer! I waited a couple of minutes thinking that maybe he was

in the bathroom and tried again, still no luck. God damn him! where the

hell was he anyway? He knew I was coming over, he should be home, but it

would be just like him to forget and go out with his roommates and that

was what it looked like had happened.

I had no choice; I had my AAA card in the glove box and so called them. I

told the woman on the phone that I had broken down and that I didn't have

a coat in the car and needed to have someone come out as soon as possible.

She sounded bored but after taking all my information, she promised that

I'd be a priority and hung up. I tried Alan again, still no answer. Then I

waited... and waited... and waited some more. The whole time, I kept

trying to call Alan. Finally an hour and 10 minutes later, the tow truck

arrived.

I stayed in the Jeep and when the driver came up, I rolled down the window

and explained as best as I could what had happened. I really didn't want

to get out of the car dressed as I was. He asked that I pop the hood and

try to turn it over. He got some tools and a flashlight from his truck and

a couple of minutes later announced that unfortunately it looked like my

fuel pump was history. He asked where I'd like to be towed.

Well, I didn't have much of an option; I tried calling Alan again and

still no luck. I finally got out of the car when the tow driver backed his

truck up to the front of the Jeep and asked what the chance was of having

the repair done tonight. The driver gave me a kinda surprised look when he

saw how I was dressed, but told me that he thought that maybe they might

be able to work something out, but it would be up to the boss back at the

garage. He asked me if I wanted to get in the truck to warm up while he

hooked up my jeep. I did, I was really cold, my nipples were hard from the

cold and a little sore from being hard for so long. As I walked up to the

truck, I looked down at the front of my robe and sure enough, they were

prominently poking through the thin silk material. I was sure that's what

the driver noticed when I first started talking to him.

Once he got the jeep hooked up, he got in and we headed off for the

garage. The driver seemed friendly enough, but kinda shy or maybe just

quiet. He did have a wedding ring on, so maybe he was just uncomfortable

being so close to a woman other than his wife who was scantily dressed. I

don't know what it was, but it was a pretty quiet ride to the service

station. It must have been a 20-minute drive further into the country. It

was kinda scary when we finally got the garage. It looked like a tumble

down kinda place. There were a bunch of cars in the parking lot, half of

them looked like they had been cannibalized to create some sort of

Frankenstein vehicle that was probably hidden deep in a shed somewhere on

the property. The driver pointed out the office and told me to go in to

talk to the boss while he got the jeep into the shop.

I went in and there was a big, kinda fat guy doing some paperwork at a

counter just inside the door. He looked up and literally did a double take

when he saw me standing there in at the counter dressed as I was. I told

him about the problem with the jeep and asked whether or not it would be

possible to get my car fixed that night. I was kinda stranded. He told me

that it was after hours and they were supposed to be closed but to wait a

minute while he went out to check with the mechanic to see if he was

willing to work some overtime. While he was gone, I tried calling Alan

again, but he still wasn't there.

I had just cancelled the call when the owner came back up front. I noticed

this time that his name, Leonard was stitched on his shirt. He told me

that they could probably do it, but that it would take a couple of hours.

Did I have anyone I wanted to call to pick me up? I told him that I had

been trying to get in touch with my boyfriend since this happened with no

luck. I didn't have anyone else to call and I'd just wait if he didn't

mind. He said he didn't and pointed out the coffeepot and a couple of

chairs as he went back into the garage area to send the driver out for the

parts. I still had a pretty good buzz going from the wine and joint

earlier and didn't feel like taking the edge off by drinking old stale

coffee, I wished that there was some way I could light up a joint, but

that wasn't too likely.

Leonard came back out front to finish his paper work a minute later. I sat

down to wait. They had a pile of magazines on a small table and I picked

up one of those to pass the time. After a couple of minutes it occurred to

me again that I didn't have my purse or credit cards with me, thus no way

to pay for the work the shop was doing. I tried calling Alan again. No

luck, I tried a couple more times over the next half hour before finally

giving up on him and walking over to the counter. Leonard looked up with

his eyebrows raised in question. I told him about my problem. I explained

how I had tried calling my boyfriend, but he wasn't home. He took it all

in and leaned back just looking at me.

"Why in the world would you come out without your purse or a coat or...

anything?" He asked.

Blushing, I explained how I had made plans with my boyfriend to go over to

his house and hang out for the evening, I thought I'd surprise of my

outfit, I never considered what would happen if I broke down. He smiled

and told me that he thought my boyfriend was an asshole to blow me off

like this and laughing, said that I was lucky he wasn't my boyfriend

because he'd never leave me alone. He was staring right at my nipples

again and while I didn't want to look down, I could feel them getting all

twisted up hard under his stare. I just knew that he was getting a good

eyeful of them as they pushed my robe out. The silk robe was really thin

and didn't leave really anything to the imagination, especially with my

huge nipples reacting as they were.

I smiled agreeing that my boyfriend was being a big jerk, then asked what

he wanted to do about the money. I told him that I'd be happy to go home

when the car was repaired to get some cash, or if he wanted someone to

follow me, that would be fine too. He smiled and said to let him think

about it while he finished his paperwork, maybe we could work something

out. I thanked him with another smile and walked back to the chair.

On the way, I look down and realized that my robe had loosened a bit and

while I was talking to him, it must've sagged open and being as small as I

am it gave him a bird's eye view of my breasts. Being exposed like that

really excited me and it still does to this day. I felt myself becoming

aroused. On an impulse, I decided to tease him a bit more by letting him

see a more intimate part of me if he came over or even just looked over at

me from the counter. I didn't tighten up the sash; in fact I loosened it

up a bit more as I walked back to the chairs. It allowed my robe to open

even more, showing a lot of what little cleavage that I have.

When I sat down, I positioned myself so that my butt was on the edge of

the hard plastic chair. I crossed my legs in a lady like fashion and

leaned back to read a magazine. That caused my robe to ride up my thighs

and I could feel the cold air on my hot exposed pussy. Almost as soon as I

did it, I started having second thoughts about what I was doing. I was

just getting ready to scoot back in the chair and cover myself up again

when the owner came back up to the counter to look over some papers there

and I froze. I was afraid that it would've been obvious that I was

deliberately flashing if I hastily tried to cover up now. I just pretended

that I wasn't aware of what I was revealing. From over the top of the

magazine though, I could him devouring me with his eyes. I didn't dare

look up at him. He walked over to some wall switches and turned on more

lights saying that it would be easier for me to read with the lights

turned up.

It would also be easier for him to study my exposed pussy as well. I

thanked him and he walked back to the counter to work on more paperwork or

at least pretend to, he never took his eyes off me. I was so excited and

so nervous. My pussy was on fire and soaking wet. I could feel my pussy

becoming engorged and starting to open up to reveal the tender, deeper

pink inner lips. I have almost no hair down there and was sure that he

must've seen the wetness glistening on my opening pussy. I was buzzing now

from the sexual high as well as the wine and weed.

It wasn't as if this guy was particularly good looking or anything, he

wasn't... at all. He was big and he looked almost exactly as you might

expect a 40 some odd year old biker might. He had a beer belly and

probably weighed 250 pounds or better. He had a heavy, dark beard with

gray streaks in it, longish hair and strong, strong hands with what looked

like years of ground in grease. I don't mean to imply he was dirty, just

that he had been working on cars for so long that there was no way that

all the ground in grease would ever come out.

Anyway, I guess it was just that I was pretty hot starting out tonight and

once my motor gets going, I pretty much remain worked up until I get some

satisfaction. Also, I was pissed off at my boyfriend, he stood me up and

as far as I was concerned that was it for him, it was over. I wasn't

really planning to fuck this guy, but I was sure willing to tease and

flash him. Now I was really buzzing as I looked up and caught him staring

right at my exposed pussy. I had to give it to him; he didn't back off at

all. When he saw me looking at him, he just smiled at me and said he was

thinking that maybe we could work something out on the payment for the

repair. I smiled back, "Oh really? I can just imagine what were you

thinking!" I couldn't believe I was being so brash, but by now I was

soaking wet and really, really excited. Out of control really.

"Well, come on over here and I'll 'splain my idea to you" He said.

I knew I was crossing the line now, but I put the magazine down and stood

up. I felt the sash on my robe loosening still more as I stood almost

completely revealing my breasts to his hungry eyes. It closed up again

once I was standing, but I knew he had gotten a good look anyway. I walked

over and he walked out from behind the counter. When I got to where he was

standing, he said, let me tell you what I was thinking, but you'll

understand better sitting up here on the counter. With that, he reached

down put his hands on my waist and lifted me to sit up on the counter.

I didn't say a word, but was trembling with anticipation. "Here's what I

was thinking," he said as he pulled the sash on my robe and gently pushed

me back to lie on the counter. As I lay back, he held the sash and my robe

fell open leaving me nude on the garage counter. He pushed my legs apart

until they hung over the edges of the counter. He didn't say another word;

he just leaned forward and buried his tongue into my wet, pink folds. I

was wild as I felt his beard touch my tender pussy and his tongue rasp

across my swollen clitoris.

I gave myself totally over to the moment and the thrill of my lust as his

tongue worked it's magic on me. I tried to keep some semblance of control,

but it was no use. I got caught up in the sensations and they carried me

away like the current of a strong river. He was old, but by god, he was

good. I had never had a man with a beard go down on me before and it felt

glorious. I was moving my hips in time to what he was doing and pushing

myself into his face and he pushed just as strongly back.

I could hear his breathing and he was as excited as I was, he was almost

growling as he moved up my body to my breasts, sucking first one nipple

into his mouth and then the other. He was getting wild. He pushed my

breasts together and somehow got both nipples into his mouth at the same

time. It felt just awesome; I arched my back offering him more. He was

rough and I loved that too, his beard scratching me as he manhandled my

sensitive breasts. He slid back down my body and attacked my pussy again,

growling more loudly as he slid his tongue deep into my folds. That was

it, I went over the edge, pulling him hard into me as I pushed my

pulsating pussy into his face. As I was moaning and the waves were still

firing through my body, he pulled me off the counter and pushed me to my

knees in front of him.

He unbuckled his pants and pushed them down revealing a thick, throbbing

dick. The head was purple, huge and looked ready to burst. He put his hand

to back of my head and just stuffed his hard dick past my lips and into my

mouth. This guy was definitely out of control; he pushed my robe off my

shoulders and down off my arms leaving me naked except for my garter,

stocking and shoes.

He put his hands behind my head and started pumping his dick into my mouth

with abandon. He was stuffing that thing down my throat, literally fucking

my face. I'm good at giving head, and love doing it, but he wasn't giving

me a chance to slow things down to show my talent. I wrapped my tongue

around his shaft and sucked as much as I could, but he was just pumping

away like a madman. I just kept rolling my tongue around his shaft and

head as it slid back and forth while he fucked my mouth. I wish there were

a more polite way to put it, but there just isn't, it's what was

happening.

His breathing was rasping and he was moaning and pumping away like a

machine until without warning, he blew his top deep down my throat. He

held my head tight to him as he shot blast after blast of his load down my

throat. I sucked and swallowed as fast as I could and he started pumping

again not losing a bit of his iron. When he finally finished the last weak

spurts of after spasms of his orgasm, he slid his still hard dick out of

my mouth. I pulled him down to the floor until he was lying on his back on

the dirty concrete floor. I pulled his pants all the way off and crawled

up his body, positioning myself above his still twitching manhood. I

guided his hard dick to my wet opening. Without any preamble and in one

quick motion I sat back and took him all the way to the hilt, burying his

dick deep into my quivering pussy.

He was thick and he stretched me open in the most delicious way, it felt

great. With my hands on his chest I started to slowly ride him, loving the

feel of it as he slid deep into me. I unbuttoned his shirt and pushed it

open. I ran my hands up his hairy chest. I just love hairy chests, I know

that in this age a smooth boy is the way a lot of women like to go, but

me... I liked the hair and he had it lots of it.

He was running his hands up my body roughly playing with my breasts as I

moved on him. I was into it as much as he was. He pulled me down to him to

suck my nipples. He rubbed his face all over my swollen breasts, squeezing

and sucking on them. He took my hands and moved them to my breasts and

then started to squeeze and tease them using my hands under his. He made

me feed him my tits. I did and after a few moments he let my hands go and

I put one hand behind his head as I fed first one breast then the other to

his hot, hungry mouth. He was rough; he bit and sucked hard practically

taking my whole breast into his mouth. I screamed in pain and pleasure as

he mauled my super sensitive nipples. My nipples are really big and soft

even when they are hard, my whole areola twists up into my nipple when I'm

excited making them at least a 1/2 inch thick and even longer than that.

Finally, he was getting too rough and I sat up pulling a nipple out of his

mouth with a pop. I was still riding that fat dick and was having trouble

keeping focused on what was happening to my body. The sensations were just

too much, I always lose perspective during good sex.

"Play with your titties for me baby, show me how you like it; twist those

big nipples of yours". I sat up a little straighter and bringing my hands

to my breasts and began to kneed them, squeezing and pulling on my nipples

as he watched. He was moaning his pleasure. He had his hands on my hips

and was meeting the movement of my hips with hard thrusts of his own. I

looked down at him and his eyes were riveted on my breasts and what I was

doing to them. I noticed a movement out of the corner of my eye and

without being obvious about it, saw that the tow truck driver and some

other guy watching us through a window in the door between the shop and

the office.

They were only a few feet away and the way we were positioned, the boss

couldn't see them, the top of his head was pointing toward the door and he

was busy watching me. It really excited me to have these young guys

watching me screw this older fat man. I don't why it excited me so much to

have them see me with this guy, but it did. I imagined that they had their

own dicks out as they watched. I put my arms back behind me and leaned way

back, I threw my head back and pushed my pussy on his dick. In this

position, Leonard as well as his guys watching could see his big dick

sliding in and out of my tightly stretched pussy.

I'm very flexible and I wanted to really make a show of it, I lay all the

way back, I moved one hand down to my pussy and started to gently rub my

clit while moving slowly on his dick.

He moaned an "oh god" and put his hands on my hips and started to thrust

so hard that he was bouncing me into the air. A few moments later, he

stopped, holding my hips hard, forcing me to stop moving as well. I could

feel his dick pulsing at the opening of my pussy and knew he was really

close to losing it. The head of his dick was the only thing in me at the

moment, so I could feel him swelling as he fought back his orgasm. I

didn't want it to end either and so didn't move a muscle as he struggled

to control his twitching dick. Meanwhile, I could see that the guys were

still watching.

When he was finally back in control, I slowly leaned back again until I

was lying back on his knees. I didn't move I just squeezed his dick with

my pussy, contracting and releasing in a slow rhythmic pace. I started to

play with one of my breasts and with my other hand, rubbed small circles

around my hard, sensitive clit. I'm sure he could see his dick deep in my

pussy as I played with my clit.

I was moaning loudly now, totally excited, it really got me off thinking

about the guys in the window watching my pussy stretch as Leonard's dick

moved in it. I started to slide back and forth on him slowly. I'd move

back until I could feel the head of his dick just ready to pop out and

then just as slowly slide back onto him. It was an agony of pleasure, I

was so ready to orgasm, but I was trying to draw out the moment, enjoying

all the eyes on the most intimate parts of my body. I pulled back one time

and his dick popped out of my hungry pussy. I could feel the eyes feasting

on my stretched open sex. I let them all look for a moment and then with a

slight movement of my hips engulfed his hard dick again. My nipples were

huge and swollen and my pussy was starting to quiver as I continued

playing with my clit. It was totally swollen out its hood looking like a

pink pearl. On another stroke I let his dick slide out of my pussy,

grabbing it and rubbing it over my engorged clit. It was driving me crazy.

I slipped his dick back in and pushed myself onto him until he was buried

in my pussy once again.

All of a sudden, the Leonard sat up lifted me off of him. I felt so empty

and moaned in disappointment. Quickly though, he lifted me back up on the

counter and spread my legs wide. He got up on some kind of step stool and

just plunged his dick deep into me. He was out of control, pumping away

like a madman. I watched his big, soft belly jiggle as he fucked me. The

orgasm had been building for so long that I couldn't stop the it if I

wanted to, I was into it before I even really realized I was there. I came

hard and he continued pumping away. Every contraction of my orgasm wetly

clamped down on his hard, driving cock and I was thrashing about and

screaming out my pleasure as he continued to fuck my pussy. I felt like a

prisoner pinned to that counter by my pussy...It was delicious.

Just when I thought my orgasm was over, I rolled into another one and he

continued to pump. I couldn't believe his stamina. Most younger guys would

come when I did and sometimes I'd be left wanting more. Not this time,

this guy was an animal.

He bent down and grabbed one of my nipples between his teeth and roughly

pulled on it, I moaned in pain and pleasure, he twisted the other one

around in his dirty, greasy hand pulling on the tender meat of my pale

white breast. That set me over yet again and finally during this orgasm,

he lost it too. I knew he was close when he let go of my nipples and

started to pump away at my pussy ever faster, suddenly, I could feel the

hot streams jetting deep into my pussy and he continued thrusting away as

he came, grunting his pleasure.

When he finally calmed down just a little bit, he pulled his dick out of

my pussy and moved up to my head and sliding it into my willing, warm

mouth. This time I slowly, expertly started to blow him. He seemed to

enjoy it, but I guess he was pretty much done. He kept a semi for a while,

I played with his balls and tried every trick I knew, but he had shot a

couple of good loads and as much as he wanted to, his body refused to give

any more. I pumped his shaft gently while wrapping my soft tongue around

him, but after a couple minutes, he pulled his soft dick out of my mouth,

picked up his pants and walked over to what I assumed was the bathroom

closing the door behind him.

I was still lying on the counter spread eagled with my legs on either side

of it. Through half-closed eyes, I could see that my audience was still

there with a perfect view of my used, red pussy. I was still having some

mild after tremors from my orgasm. I reached down and started playing with

my clit again for the guys in the back. I spread my pussy wide open and

slid 2 then 3 fingers in while my thumb gently rubbed my swollen clit. In

my other hand I rolled a nipple around. It only took a few seconds and I

quietly came again while they watched. I moved my hand and knew they could

see my pussy clenching tightly closed and then relax open as the

contractions of the orgasm coursed through my body.

Just as I was regaining control, Leonard came out of the bathroom and

walked over to me. He rubbed and squeezing my breasts for a few moments

while with his other hand he roughly rubbed my pussy, sliding a couple

meaty fingers into me as he seemed my lithe body lying there spread out

before him. Finally he said that he should get out back to see if the boys

were back and how the job was coming along. I murmured ok.

He helped me sit up and lifted me off the counter. I found my bathrobe on

the floor and put it on as he walked out back. While I was waiting, I

realized that the entire front of the station was windows, I wondered if

anyone else had seen our little show, I kinda hoped so. I waited for about

30 minutes before he came out and told me that my Jeep was done and that I

was all set, no charge. I smiled at him and stretched up on my tiptoes to

give him a kiss on the cheek.

He squeezed my butt as he gave me a quick hug. I walked outside just as

the tow truck driver was backing my Jeep out of the bay. He climbed out

and I climbed in. I turned in the seat with one leg in the car and the

other on the footrest outside and asked for directions back to the main

road. He looked down at my exposed swollen pussy and when he looked back

up at me, I smiled. His face got all red at having been caught looking I

guess. He stammered out the directions and I thanked him, climbed all the

way into the jeep, closed the door and headed for home.

I broke up with the boyfriend the next day and moved on to other

adventures.