An interesting Ride Home

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One night riding home from my girlfriend's house, things got a little hot. And very wet.

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A few years ago, I was dating this girl named Judi. She was my first "serious" girlfriend, so the whole "I love you so much, together forever" rubbish was the norm. We spent as much time together as we could, despite the fact that neither of us had a car. One evening I was with her/her family at her place, hanging out, having a good time, but mostly trying to ignore the palpable sexual tension between us.

We were always sneaking off somewhere to fool around for a minute or two, making out (snogging), usually with my left hand on my throbbing cock and my right hand in her soaking wet panties. Well, that evening I stayed for dinner and her parents drove me home. She rode with, of course, her folks in front talking about something (I can't remember what), and us two in the dark backseat. Now, we were both extremely horny and she was wearing a skirt, so...

I slid my left hand across her bare right thigh, feeling goosebumps pop up under my fingertips as I did. She looked at me half-confused, half-begging, so I continued my hand's journey up her long, smooth thigh, the tips of my fingernails just barely grazing against the inside of her left thigh as my hand slipped down to squeeze and caress the inside of the right one. I was so hard that I could feel the precum seeping into my boxers, but I ignored it for the time being, inhaling the scent of her arousal. It was so strong I'm shocked her parents couldn't smell it, but I know she could. Her breathing was heavy, becoming steadily more ragged as my hand slowly... sloooooowly slid up her thigh, feeling the heat as I got closer to her lacy thong panties.

I finally reached them and started to rub against her (now completely drenched) lips through her possibly ruined panties, causing her to spasm in her seat and bite her lip to stay silent. I reached my fingers around the edge of them and pulled the crotch of her panties to the side. That's when the heat my hand could feel (along with the wetness) literally double.

I slid my index and middle finger up along her slit, from the middle to the bottom then all the way up to where I knew her clit was. Once my fingers were thoroughly soaked, I slid my middle and ring fingers into her smoldering, soft, tight wet pussy, my fingers finding her g-spot on instinct alone, my palm grinding against her hard clit that was so aroused I swear I could feel her heartbeat through it. I started spreading the two fingers out a bit inside of her, my index and pinky rubbing her wet lips on the outside as my palm ground against her sweet little clit, causing her to have to bite into my shoulder to literally keep quiet, her parents literally feet from us in the dark minivan.

I felt her teeth dig into my shoulder and nearly exploded right there in my pants. But I continued fingering her, rubbing her, and pressing against her little g-spot, making her groan almost silently into my shoulder as she drenched my hand and her skirt. And just as we were pulling into my neighborhood, she bit down so hard I almost shouted (shockingly no blood) out, but I kept it in as I felt her silken walls clamp down to tight on my fingers for so long I could feel the fingertips going numb as my hand gently rubbed (more of a caress at this point) against her labia and clit, allowing her to come down from her orgasmic high. Her teeth released my shoulder after a few moments more, but then I felt her lips at my ear whispering "Oh my God, Jason.... This isn't over." I grinned and flexed my cock against her hand (which had settled over the bulge in my pants as she spoke) and just leaned in to kiss her deeply.

Then we pulled into my driveway and our adventure (for that night anyway) was over.