New Bucket Seats

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I was always a little naive. I thought nothing of a ride in my car to show off my new bucket seats.

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It was almost time for my shift to end when Dick walked into the hotel and came up to me at the front desk. I was surprised to see him. He'd never stopped by my work before. He started making small talk in his low quiet voice and I nervously replied. Our trysts had been very hush-hush and his presence here made me squirm as my conscience turned a spotlight on my clandestine activities so all could see. I turned the conversation to a safe subject … cars, mine in particular. After I checked out of work we stood outside talking and I mentioned that I had just put in bucket seats in the front of my '57 Chevy. We walked over to the car, inspecting them as I told how I had done the installation. I was feeling rather proud of the work I'd done when Dick said "Can we go for a spin?"

"Sure," I replied, always anxious to drive my car. We hopped in and I started driving, heading out of town onto one of my favorite roads. As we left town and started into the country, Dick's hand began stroking my crotch. I had suspected that he had ulterior motives when he showed up at the hotel. Like other times when he'd gotten me to drive somewhere … jockeying cars from one place to another, picking up parts, or just letting me drive something fast … when I got behind the wheel, he started playing with my cock. Usually it led back to his apartment.

He had seduced me the first time coyly asking me to "Come up and have a drink and we'll listen to my police radio." Once upstairs he got me a beer from the fridge, explaining that he didn't drink but liked to keep some on hand. Going into his bedroom he asked that I take off my jeans as we'd been working in the garage and he didn't want the bedspread getting dirty. We sat in his darkened bedroom listening to the scanner and he explained the police talk and 'ten codes'. He invited me to scoot up farther onto the bed to the headboard and get more comfortable. Naively, I thought nothing of this … didn't suspect anything more than his wanting me to be comfortable. I scooted up to the headboard and leaned back, sipping my beer. He moved up to sit next to me as we continued to talk. Then he reached down to my underwear and his hand started stroking my crotch and he had asked me "Does that feel good?" Honestly, I said 'yes'. He rubbed me harder and then reached inside my underwear. I pushed off my underwear and then let him masturbate me.

After the first 'yes' he got bolder and I got more willing and less self-recriminating. Even though I

would hesitate at first, my sexuality made me more adventurous each time. The second time, after playing with my cock all the way home from his brother's body shop, I was again in his apartment … in his bed … this time completely naked and we were sucking each other's cocks. First he sucked me and masturbated me. He was rough and impatient, continually asking "Are you gonna squirt?" I realized he was only making a gesture … setting the hook so I would reciprocate. I had never had a man's cock in my mouth. When it was my turn I tried to do everything to him that would feel good to me. He lay back on the bed and I knelt between his legs, taking his slim prick all the way into my mouth. I tongued and licked the head of his cock and let him push it down the roof of my mouth while my lips tightly circled and sucked. When he came, I gagged a little at first not knowing what to expect as I felt his cum shoot into my mouth and down my throat, but then I swallowed and sucked until he couldn't squirt anymore. Dick had been very pleased and I had felt a strange pleasure, a satisfaction, from the pleasure I'd given him … and the cum he'd given me! I got the feeling he knew how much I had enjoyed him cumming in my mouth and it wasn't long before the next time.

The third time, after a couple of drinks to quiet some initial protests from me, I found myself again in his bed with his cock in my mouth. This time he stopped me, saying "I want to try something different." I had no idea what that might be but let him do what he wanted. After laying me on my back and lifting my legs up over his shoulders, I still didn't realize what he was doing. He spit into his hand and I felt him spread it into the crack of my ass and almost immediately he slid his slim hard cock into my virgin ass. I lay there enjoying his cock slide in and out of me, watching the concentration on Dick's face. I realized what all his advances had really been about; why he had befriended me … he wanted his cock in my ass! I watched his face when he came and felt his cum shoot into me, his hard cock spasming and his hips thrusting to get as deep inside me as he could. It was a strange feeling but I had enjoyed it immensely and I found myself fantasizing about it afterward.

As I drove, Dick unfastened my belt and jeans. He tugged at my jeans to get them down off my hips and I straightened my body to help him. I wondered what he might want this time. I thought of the feeling of his cock in my mouth and figured I would need someplace private to suck him off so I turned up a side road and headed towards a spot I'd used for beer parties. It was a field driveway but it went through some trees and made it impossible to be seen from the road. Suddenly Dick looked at me.

"Can I cornhole ya?" he said. I was too ignorant to understand his request.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Can I fuck you up the ass?" he replied. Now I knew the motive behind his visit this afternoon … he was looking for a cum repository!

“Yes,” I said. The excitement in my voice was showing. I told him I knew of a place not far away and he nodded.

When we got the car parked, I put the stick shift up into reverse to get it out of the way. Unceremoniously and in almost total silence we undressed, at least as much as we needed. I pulled my jeans down around my ankles and lay across the two seats, my firm young ass exposed and inviting for him. Dick pulled his pants to his knees and climbed on top of me. His cock was rock hard and he wasted no time. After smearing some spit into the crack of my ass, he lay down on me and I felt him slip masterfully inside me. He started thrusting, his weight heavy on me. I lay holding the edge of the seat enjoying the sensations as his cock pushed into me, then pulled back and he thrust again, and again, and again! The warmth of the day and his feverish fucking made him sweat and soon his naked belly and pelvis were slippery against my smooth young butt while his hard prick pounded into me. It didn’t take long before I started feeling him nearing orgasm. He stiffened and pushed his hips down against my body as he shot his cum into me, pinning me with his weight and making me squirm with pleasure under him. A few more thrusts and he lay down on top of me, spent and panting. I loved his cock in me. I loved his cum in me. I wanted him to stay inside me. As his erection faded his cock slipped out of me and he got up, standing next to the car to pull on his trousers. I wondered naively if his cum would leak out when I got up to get dressed. We finished dressing and drove back into town, barely saying a word. I knew then that I loved to be fucked and I loved to suck his cock and whenever he asked, I would say ‘yes’! As we drove, Dick just smiled a satisfied smile. He knew it too.