Fun Behind the Wheel

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This is why I love solo road trips.

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At twenty one years of age I finally got what most people get when they turn sixteen, a car. Seeing as I've lived in bigger cities ever since leaving home I have never really needed one until now. A white Pontiac, it wasn't brand new or anything but I loved it anyhow. My first few weeks back behind the wheel were exciting, I could come and go as I pleased without having to plan my whole day around the bus schedule or getting rides from friends. I had forgotten what freedom felt like and I needed to make up for lost time.

My first official solo road trip took place last weekend. My older sister Vanessa moved out of state for work a few months ago so I decided to keep my promise to her and committed to making the four hour drive to Indiana. The only apprehension I had was leaving my boyfriend Sean behind, we have a very active sex life and I didn't know if I could stand not getting off for a whole weekend. I love to be loud and take my time while masturbating so doing it at her place where we shared a room at night was pretty much out of the question.

The weekend passed very quickly in a whirlwind of shots, laughter, new friends and good food. Seeing Vanessa and her boyfriend together was such a tease. They had only been dating for a few months and were still in that lovey- dovey-can't-keep-our-hands-off-of-each other stage. I suppose I couldn't blame him though, with long chestnut brown hair and dark almond shaped eyes Vanessa was quite pretty. I sometimes wondered if Sean was attracted to her because we looked so much alike, when we were younger people even mistook us for being twins. By the time Sunday afternoon rolled around I was so horny I could barely take it anymore. I was ready to leave and all I could think about was going home to fuck Sean.

After hastily saying my good-byes I packed up and hit the road, not looking forward to another four hour long drive with nothing but the radio to keep me company. Before getting on the highway I stopped at the local gas station to fill up. When I pulled up to the pump I noticed there was a rather good looking older man standing on the other side filling up his SUV where his wife and screaming child were waiting. He looked rather tired and I could tell they had probably been driving for a while, I couldn't help but feel a bit bad for him. When I got out of my car I decided to boost his spirits and

tease him just a little. I walked around the back of my car and casually glanced through the gap between the pumps. It didn't take long for his interest to peak and we made eye contact, I smiled sweetly at him while removing my gas cap and inserting the long nozzle into my car. I was so turned on that I was imagining everything around me to be sexual. I made a mental note to never go that long without sex ever again, it was clearly messing with my head.

While waiting for my car to fill I purposely dropped some change on the ground and bent down rather provocatively to pick it all up. I was wearing my comfy yoga pants with a thong on underneath, I love the feeling I get when I wear them because they are so tight that you can see every curve and jiggle of my round ass and I know it turns guys on. Sure enough, when I stood up and glanced over my shoulder we caught eyes again and he smiled as if to say thank you for the pick-me-up. I smiled back and returned the nozzle to its holder, got back in my car and drove off.

Within fifteen minutes of driving on the highway I was already bored. I set my cruise to 75 and daydreamed about Sean and the things I wanted him to do to me when I got home. I could feel my pussy getting moist through my yoga pants and slid my hand down between my legs. I was so sensitive, I took my nail and teased myself through the thin material, moving my finger up and down my little slit. I was in a daze, it felt so good I was literally aching for more. By this point I had caught up to a semi truck and turned my signal on to pass him, never removing my hand from between my legs. Just as I pulled alongside the truck I looked over and noticed the driver could see into my car from his higher vantage point. I continued to rub myself while keeping pace with him, willing him to look down into my car and see me playing with myself. It didn't take long until he noticed what I was doing and winked at me through the window, he was clearly enjoying the show I was putting on. I continued to tease him for a few miles before he gave me a farewell smile and reluctantly exited the highway.

The crotch of my pants was soaked, my warm juices had leaked all the way though my panties. I couldn't take it any longer. I needed more, I needed something inside of my aching pussy. By this time it was rush hour so there were many cars on either side of me full of people venturing back home after a weekend spent out of town. Despite the fact that anyone could look into my car and see what I was doing, I reached over to the passenger seat where my purse sat and felt around with my hand for a minute before finding what I had been looking for, a thick tube of old mascara, this would have to do. I rubbed the hard plastic over my clit through my pants, it felt amazing. I looked down at my clock, I still had two hours left of driving. I decided to give myself a goal, I wanted to try to tease myself for an entire hour before allowing myself to cum. Then for the final hour of my drive I would try to have as many orgasms as possible. I was so close to cumming, if I was going to last an entire hour I needed to stop playing with the mascara tube.

I put the mascara down on the seat next to me and returned my hand to my pussy, gently tracing the

puffy outline of my lips through the material. I was growing uncomfortable in the seat and shifted slightly which caused my wet thong to tug on my clit. I slid my hand into my pants and grabbed either side of the thin silk material of my panties with my fingers and brought them together so it formed a strip. I started to tug the material of my thong up so my puffy lips surrounded the silk on either side. The sensation felt so good on my little pink nub. I looked over at the clock again, 45 minutes left til I could cum.

I pulled my thong to the side and slowly slid my middle finger down to the entrance of my dripping hole. My entire body tightened, anticipating penetration, but I wasn't going to give in just yet. I took my pointer finger and my middle finger and traced either side of my hole, slowly following the folds of my swollen lips up to where they met my hard little clit. At this point I had shifted forward in my seat and opened my legs wider which allowed my juices to seep out of my vagina and down along my ass crack. It was taking everything I had not to explode right then. My senses were so focused on my pleasure that the hum of the radio was completely drowned out and the cars that passed me seemed to fly by in blurs of color. Again I looked at the clock, only a half hour left.

My fingers quickly found my tight hole again and I traced the opening over and over, each time feeling like I was getting tighter and tighter with anticipation. I plunged my middle finger into my soaking slit, pushing deeper and deeper, my juices flowing out and completely covering my hand in a warm sticky mess. My G spot was so swollen I found it immediately and flicked my finger over it again and again, warm cunt juice seeping out with each flick. I inserted another finger and my pussy hungrily swallowed it up, my lips pulled tight around my knuckles. As I began to slide my fingers in and out of my vagina I could hear my juices making gentle slurping sounds, I don't think I have ever been that wet before. A moan escaped my lips and I finally decided that it was time to give my body what it wanted.

I removed my soaked hand from my pants and quickly grabbed the mascara tube. The handle had deep ridges on it and I knew it was going to feel amazing inside of me. It was so hard to concentrate on the road as I inserted the tube deep into my cunt, my muscles clenching every inch. I passed a road sign informing me that there would be a toll booth in 5 miles. It was now or never. I shoved the tube as deep as it could go and it disappeared completely into my hole, filling me completely and sending tantalizing shivers through my entire body. I still craved more. While the tube was held in place by my panties, I withdrew my sticky hand again and rummaged around in my purse, until I found it, my vibrating toothbrush. I placed the head of it, bristle side up, against my now throbbing clit. I looked up as I passed another sign, one mile to go until the toll booth. I pulled over to the right lane and positioned my body so I was completely slouched in my seat, my ass as far forward as it could go and my legs spread wide, my juices dripping out of me in waves.

I found the switch to the toothbrush and turned it on. I screamed out in ecstasy as I began to

convulse in orgasm, my muscles sweetly clenching the mascara tube buried in the depths of my tight cunt while the vibrations of the toothbrush sent shock waves through my clit deep into my body. It was at this moment I realized that my eyes were closed, I had lost complete control of my body and my car began to steer itself toward the shoulder of the road and along the rumble strip grooves in the pavement causing my entire car to vibrate me into an even deeper orgasm. I opened my eyes and could see the tolls ahead of me, my massive orgasm still completely controlling my body, sending shivers of pleasure through every muscle. I began to slow down as I found the toll with the longest line, I was still cumming and wanted to draw out my orgasm for as long as possible.

Switching the vibration off, I reluctantly removed my soaked hand from my panties and pulled my shirt over so it hid the toothbrush still sticking up out of the waistband of my pants. I fumbled for some cash and my juices transferred from my fingers onto the bills. I sat up in my seat which caused the tube to push even deeper into my pussy, my cunt muscles still convulsing rapidly. As I rolled down my window I noticed a teenage kid sitting in the booth, he looked to be about 18. Still high from the aftermath of my orgasm, I smiled foolishly as I handed him my pussy juice stained cash. He looked at me and smiled back, he must have been able to smell my juices coming from inside my car, there was no avoiding it. The gate lifted and I sped off, only an hour from home now.

I set my cruise again and had four more of the best orgasms I've ever had in my life before pulling into my driveway a hot, sweaty, sticky mess. My legs were shaking as I tried to stand up outside of my car. Sean came out to help me carry my bags in and said I looked exhausted. I smiled faintly and nodded my head, too tired to speak, the mascara tube still buried deep inside my pussy.