

Taxi!

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Oct 2012

What happens when lust takes charge over sense?

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/oral-sex/taxi-1.aspx>

I took a deep breath as I walked down towards the Immigration desks. For some reason, people in uniform have always made me a bit worried, even if I haven't done anything wrong. Customs and Immigration officers were the two types that always had me a bit more worried. I had walked past armed soldiers that were more than trigger-happy, without flinching. But for some reason, these guys, who could make or break your day, or even your entire trip, had me worried. While standing in line, waiting for it to be my turn to answer if I had participated in the Holocaust at age minus 42, before being questioned whether I was here for business or pleasure, I smiled to myself as I thought about that question. There wasn't anything other than pleasure in this trip.

Typically, it was just my luck that it was the big, bald dude who waved me over to his counter to be vetted for entry. My mind started playing tricks on me, telling me that this was the moment someone had stolen my identity, and committed several gruesome murders, and I would be rotting on death row in minutes. Or I was on the FBI's top Wanted List. I was just waiting for the SWAT team to storm out and drag me to some high security detention centre.

"You here for business or pleasure, sir?"

I caught myself smiling again, my mind immediately drifting off into fantasies of what I wanted to do to her, and what I was hoping she wanted to do to me. I remembered the surprise I had brought her, that was waiting ready for her in the suitcase. It would be interesting to see her reaction when I showed it to her. Maybe she'd blush again! She was always so cute when she blushed. I hadn't dared admit it to her, but my insides did a gooey dance whenever she did that.

"Sir?" The stern voice snapped me back to reality.

"Sorry, I'm here for pleasure. "

The way I said it made me sound like I was in a brothel. Well, the government were charging me

money for travelling into the country, so it wasn't far off. I posed for the mandatory picture, without making faces, to my surprise, and they managed to scan my fingerprints. He handed me my passport back, where the picture of me looking like a criminal was, in itself, a reason to be kicked out.

"Have a pleasant stay..."

I caught myself smiling again as I started daydreaming about the things that could happen during my time here. But most of all, the smile was because I would be seeing her again.

One thing was the same wherever I travelled. My suitcase was always one of the last to pop up on the luggage carousel. I usually had some sort of paranoia, thinking that my suitcase would be sent to Sierra Leone, instead of my real destination. Having to wait for a day for my suitcase this time would be a big setback, simply because of the little surprise I had arranged for my love. I grabbed the case and rolled it past customs, trying to act as cool and calm as possible. Where were all the hippies that had been in the Netherlands when you needed them? I had arrived on the Amsterdam flight, after all, and there should be some dopeheads here with me.

I let out a sigh of relief as I finally passed through Customs, even though the only things that was in my bag of controlled goods were a shitload of chocolate, and a bottle of liquor too much. I had to bring her a piece of home, to let her know what she was involved with.

Coming into the entry hall, I stopped for a bit and looked around. There was a benefit of being tall; I could see pretty much everything, and from wherever she was standing, she could probably see my blonde hair sticking up amongst the crowd of midgets. I used to call people shorter than me midgets, but that left pretty much everyone a midget. Yes, I really am an asshole like that. I looked around for a bit, and then I saw her.

To be honest she saw me first, because she was already running towards me. Her long black hair was flowing behind her like you see in the movies. I quickly realised that there wasn't much point in trying to run towards her, so instead I braced myself for the impact. All I could focus on was her dark, smiling eyes as she ran over to greet me and jumped up at me. Her legs were firmly wrapped around my waist and her arms around my neck as she gave me a hard hug. I could only chuckle as I hugged her tightly and felt her chin resting on my neck. There was a conflict inside me; should I stay like this for some more time, or should I let her go so I could kiss her?

Luckily she decided to solve that dilemma by loosening her grip around my neck, and leaning back a bit, her feet still wrapped firmly around me. She leaned her head back a bit. We stood there for what felt like hours before our lips finally locked together. I had to focus to continue to hold her up because the kiss made me go limp. I could feel my knees buckling as our lips opened just enough for our

tongues to poke out and started the seductive dance, and it quickly turned into a full-on wrestling match, bulging back and forth between our mouths.

There was something different about this first kiss. Usually, it would be more loving and tender, but this time, it was filled with passion and lust. In retrospect, I'll have to admit that our chats had been more sexual and kinky than it had been before. This was the third time we had met, one of the negatives of a long-distance relationship, and we weren't unfamiliar to sex. The first time I had gone to see her, we had pretty much worn each other out. People at home noted that I looked exhausted, and maybe should have gone on another holiday to relax.

Her hands started roaming through my hair, while mine were firmly placed on her ass. I couldn't help myself, and gave it a tight squeeze, causing a smile to form on her lips in the middle of the kiss. Feeling the passion that had been hidden away for so long finally began to stir things in me. I could feel the bulge growing in my jeans, and obviously, she felt it, because she broke the kiss and rolled out a little giggle.

"Someone seems to be very happy to see me."

Katrina gave me a little smirk as she tried to put on an innocent face, but there was something in her eyes that told me that there was something more that she was trying to hide.

"Of course I am, my beautiful angel," I smiled to her.

Our lips met again, massaging each other and gliding, our tongues once more dancing together as a soft moan escaped from her mouth and directly into mine. Hearing the teasing noise sent a shiver through my body and made my arms more limp.

Unwillingly, I broke the kiss and looked at her.

"Think we've made the others uncomfortable enough yet?"

Katrina gave a little giggle as she slowly let go of me with her legs, but left her arms still wrapped around my neck. I leaned down and gave her another deep kiss. She looked up at me and bit her lower lip.

"I thought you said we had made people uncomfortable enough already. Not that I'm complaining."

I gave her forehead a quick kiss.

“I noticed an elderly couple over there that didn't see us from the start.”

She flashed me a smile as I grabbed the handle of my suitcase,. We walked out of the terminal, my hand around her shoulder and her arm around my waist while she leaned against me. We didn't say much as we walked over to the taxi queue, only enjoying the moment when we were finally together after being apart for so long. Of course, a long distance relationship put a strain on us, especially with seven time zones between us, but we managed to make it work. It was a cliché, but it was the power of love.

The taxi queue was annoyingly long, but right there and then, we didn't mind. We were lost in the moment, having all the time in the world as we stood there, kissing and grinning from ear to ear. The soft breeze had grabbed a hold of her hair, making it flow everywhere. I brushed it away from her face and behind her ear with what must have been the dreamiest look ever.

“I love you.”

A standard and boring statement, but I couldn't think of anything better to say. I was lost for words from finally being with the girl I'd dreamt about for the last seven months.

“I love you too.”

It was good to see that her look was as dreamy as mine.

“And I've missed you. You need to stop being gone for so long. I get serious Viking cravings, thanks to you!”

I couldn't help but laugh.

“Sorry. I'll try to be less awesome, so the cravings don't get so bad.”

The smartarse remark earned me a punch in the arm.

“Don't you dare!”

Our lips locked together again, tongues dancing and making everyone else in the queue look away and probably feel annoyed. We didn't mind at all. We were in our own world of passion and lust as we devoured each other.

The taxi driver had to pull us out from our universe when it was finally our turn. We both had an

embarrassed smile as we walked over to the driver standing behind his car, with the trunk open.

“So, where are you two lovebirds going?”

Katrina turned a hint of red from the cheeky remark and looked down a bit. I couldn't help feeling my temperature rise a bit as well. I threw my bag in the trunk, while Katrina gave him the address to her place. Even though sitting in a car for an hour was the last thing I wanted after ten hours on planes and waiting at airports, it was the quickest way to get there. The thought of being sprawled out on her couch, with her on top of me, was the one thing that kept me going at the moment.

Katrina and I got into the back seat together, and to our surprise, it wasn't long until our lips were locked together once more. My hand was running through her hair, before it stopped at the back of her head to keep her mouth from moving away. Instead of taking the seat at the other door, Katrina had taken the middle seat, just to be close with me.

I couldn't say I minded having her thigh brush against mine as our tongues danced together. Her right hand was already cupping my face, while her left hand was wandering up and down my chest. It slid down to my stomach and she snuck it up under my shirt. I couldn't help but smile as I felt her nails drag down my chest. She usually cut her nails rather short, but she had let them grow, because she knew how much I loved feeling her nails on my skin.

Katrina let out a little giggle as she noticed my smile and murmured against my lips, “Did you like that?”

I trailed a series of soft kisses to her ear and whispered, “You know what feeling your nails does to me.”

I clamped my teeth down on her earlobe, and gave it a little tug before I started to nibble on it. My hand started gliding up the outside of her thigh and up to her ass, giving it a soft squeeze. Her nails dug into my chest again as she let out a soft whimper. I could feel her scratch my chest, leaving an almost-stinging sensation down my chest, and to my stomach.

For the first time in my life, I felt a bulge growing in a taxi. I let my mouth wander down to her neck, kissing it lightly at first, but quickly getting rougher. The kisses were all over the side of her neck before I started to teasingly graze my teeth over her smooth skin. She let out a little whimper as the hand that had cupped my face found its way to the back of my head. I could feel her nails digging into my head just as my teeth sank into her neck. Soft at first, but as the bite became harder, she couldn't contain herself, and let out a very pleased moan.

At this point, her body must have been working on its own, because her hand slipped down to rub my bulge. There was a slight shiver as she finally touched me in a sexual way, after so long of basically boring masturbation, although I hadn't done that for the last couple of days. Feeling just as frisky as Katrina, my hand drifted from her bum to the inside of her thigh. It didn't take long before I had it firmly placed between her legs and was rubbing the rather warm spot on her jeans. I felt her take a good hold of my cock through my own jeans as she managed to muffle a moan by biting my shoulder. From that point on, I couldn't control myself any longer.

I moved my lips up to hers as we kissed again. This time, our tongues lashed together immediately, wrestling and fighting, one tongue trying desperately to subdue the other. My hands slowly went to the lining of her jeans and found the button, which was quickly undone. As I pulled down the zipper she broke the kiss and whispered to me.

"What? Here? Don't you think the cabdriver would..." She didn't finish the sentence. I just smiled and murmured against her lips.

"Don't you think he would have stopped us by now if he minded?"

We gazed in each other's eyes for a couple of seconds, neither of us moving anything apart from our chests heaving up and down.

Suddenly, her hand went to the back of my head again, and she pulled my face to hers for another deep kiss. I hesitated for a bit, before I slowly wiggled my hand down her tight jeans and underneath her panties, where I finally found her velvety pussy.

I felt a bit of relief as I felt it, because her wetness told me that she was as turned on by the entire situation as I was. Up until that point, anything sexual had been confined inside the comfort of her home, maybe freshened up by a bit of subtle groping in public, but nothing underneath the clothes. Now, we were sitting in the back of a taxi, and my fingers were about to get busy directly on her pussy.

My fingers started to move up and down her slit, letting her soft pussy soak my fingers. Soft whimpers went directly from her mouth to mine as we continued the kiss. Carefully, my middle finger slipped inside her, causing her to release a soft moan that I'm sure the driver heard. There was no reaction from him. It slowly slid in and out of her, her breathing getting heavier as my strokes quickened. Her lips and tongue stopped moving and her hand moved from the back of my head to my back. As we broke the kiss, I bit softly on her lower lip, giving it a little tug that produced another whimper.

She caught her breath quickly when I pulled my finger out of her pussy, but I didn't give her time to

recover properly. My hand slid up a bit, to rest my fingertips on her clit, and I gave it a playful little pinch. The response was instant as she gasped for air. I started to slowly rub her clit in circles, gaining pace slowly. Her entire body seemed to give me a big “thank you” as she finally relaxed from the wave of pleasure going through her.

Her hand moved up to tug my shirt, as the speed of my hand began to increase. As I kept going, the tugging became rougher, and I could feel she was about to let out a loud moan. I might have a bad memory about certain things, but I never forget her reactions, and how her body responds to sexual stimulation.

She bit my shoulder and let out what would have been a loud moan. I noticed the car quickly swinging back and forth, the sound obviously having startled the driver, but I was too caught up in what I was doing to care. Her breathing was faster and more shallow as the streams of air from her nose brushed over my neck. Her long black hair was draped over us like a curtain, making sure no one saw my fingers that were stuck down in her pants.

I felt her body start to shake as her warm pussy let out more and more of her delicious nectar. The feeling of her heat along with the wetness made my fingers work on their own, continuously increasing the speed. Her clit was hard underneath my fingertips, and I could feel her entire pussy pulsing from my touch. Her panties were sticking to my hand from the juices seeping out from her.

A hard tug on my shirt and a long moan were followed by her pelvis grinding up against my hand, and signalled her climax. I couldn't help but groan as I felt her body shake from the orgasm. Already, I was close to climaxing myself, so long had it been since I had felt it. The spasm went through her body as I kept rubbing her sensitive little nub all through her orgasm. The moans had turned into soft whimpers as the waves of pleasure went through her body, legs stretching as far as they could in the cramped seat. The teeth on my shoulder finally started to let go. Her breathing was sporadic and I felt the hand on my back slowly glide down as the waves finally started to subside.

Her hand went from my shirt and onto my hand, to signal me to stop. Personally, I would have preferred to continue, and see how many times during that trip I could make her cum, but obviously, she had other ideas. She slowly pulled my hand up from her pants, and to her mouth. Constantly staring straight in my eyes, she seductively put my fingers in her mouth one by one, and sucked off her juices. The passion in her gaze, the seductive way she cleaned my fingers, and the scent filling the car, caused me to bite my lip so I didn't let out a moan. Just from that look, she melted me, and I was her sex toy, do with as she pleased.

There was a hint of a smirk on her face, as her breathing began to slow down to normal. Her eyes turned into something that belonged to a lustful nymphomaniac who had been sex-starved for far too

long.

“My turn,” she whispered, before forcefully pushing me back. It didn’t take long before my shirt was pulled up, and my belt and jeans were undone. The bulge in my boxers quickly came into view, and with a quick yank, she had pulled my pants and boxers down far enough to get easy access to my hard member.

To my surprise, she didn’t go straight for it with her hands and mouth, but instead, she pushed her hand down her own pants. She let out a little gasp as she felt what must have been a rather sensitive area. She bit her lip to hold back any sounds before she slowly pulled her hand up again. I could see that it was covered with her juices. She carefully wrapped her hand around my cock, and started stroking it slowly. The feeling of her juices acting like lubricant was incredible. I could smell our mixed scent as she leaned down over my cock and let down a big wad of spit on the head, before leaning up again and looking me dead in the eyes.

“You want me to make you cum, baby? You want me to sit here and suck your rock hard cock?”

Just as she mentioned my member she gave it an extra squeeze causing me to exhale in surprise. Her voice lowered some more to the point where I could barely hear her.

“You want me to swallow it down while he looks at you in the rear view mirror?”

This was something completely new, a side of her that she had never shown before. Sure, I had expected something different due to our conversations, but I hadn’t expected to be met by a succubus-like being that would be released as early as the taxi ride home. I was loving every second of it.

This new Katrina had me completely under her spell as her hand was working up and down my cock, her thumb giving my head a little rub every time she reached it. I was speechless, and through my inaudible groans, I could only nod to her, trying to show her how much I wanted it. She noticed my surprise, and must have forgiven my inability to speak, because she immediately moved her head down and placed her tongue on the underside of my shaft, giving it a long, sensual lick all the way to the head.

I couldn’t help myself, and tilted my head back, letting out a moan. Her smooth tongue caressing the head, and licking up the pre cum, sent my mind astray. I looked in the driver’s rear view mirror and saw him flash me a smile. If he hadn’t had both hands on the wheel I’m sure he would have given me a thumbs-up as well. I was about to smile back at him, but just then, I felt her lips gently glide over my head. Her hand was pumping the shaft with a desire to make me cum, a desire that seemed to match

my own.

Sucking hard on my head, she twirled her tongue expertly around my cockhead, bobbing her head up and down a bit, but never taking more than half my length in her mouth. Although it always feels better to have your entire cock in the mouth, right now I didn't care. Her attitude, along with the situation, more than made up for the part of my cock that wasn't engulfed by her hungry mouth. She moved her mouth up to cover only the head again and sucked hard on it, as she pumped her hand faster on my length. Her hair covered my groin so I couldn't see anything, and maybe that's why it felt so much better than usual. I had only the intense feeling, not the visual too. My hand was on her back, sometimes tugging her shirt, while the other had a firm grip on the door handle. I was gripping it tightly, my muscles tensed to the point of snapping something, knuckles bright white.

I felt the pressure building up inside me, and the familiar push as my cock was about to explode in her mouth. At this point, I was lost in the pleasure that was coming from her strokes and sucking, not to mention her tongue constantly massaging the head. My head tilted back and my entire body tensed up, the familiar feeling going from my balls to my cock as I could feel the cum flowing through it.

With a silent gasp, I felt my body go limp as I shot my cum into her mouth. I didn't know how much I was coming, how many streams of cum were being released. But it felt like my entire cock was erupting into one big pleasure centre as I felt the waves of the orgasm shoot through me. Her hand had slowed down a bit now, and she was now more milking my cock, making sure she got every last drop of cum out of it. I panted hard as black dots started to appear in my vision, not really being sure, or caring about, about my surroundings.

I'm still unsure about how much cum she forced out of me, or how long she was at it, but she made sure to get it all down. My body finally relaxed, and I started to regain my breath as she pulled my boxers back in place and sat back up. The lustful face was gone and was now replaced with the giggling bundle of happiness I was used to. As we buttoned up our jeans, we gave each other a long, good kiss, allowing me to taste not only my own cum, but also the remnants of hers that she had sucked so hungrily clean off my fingers.

"Did you like that?" she giggled to me as she asked the question, smiling against my lips.

"Oh, you have no idea. I was expecting something different when I arrived, but not this. And I'm not complaining at all."

She blushed a bit, and gave me a kiss on the cheek before she whispered softly to me.

“Me neither. And don’t think we’re done just yet. You opened a new door, and there’s more than just a taxi ride in it.”

I swallowed hard and immediately felt the blood flowing to my cock again, wondering what sort of experiments she had planned for when we arrived home.