

# First Time for Bethany - Long Drive Home

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*Long Drive Leads to Pushing the Limits*

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Since our move to Kingston, a three hour drive from our long-time home of Kitchener, I've made many trips up and down the highway

to my old familiar territory. Since we have maintained many friendships since our relocation, I've used my business trips to

either meet with good friends or shuttle friends of my children to visit for a short time, usually over weekends.

On one occasion my teenage daughter had arranged for me to pick up her friends who are twins on my way back towards home. I

would bring them back on Monday, after the weekend and continue on to my destination for business. The trip down to stay with us

was highly anticipated by the twins, Brianna and Bethany. Brianna was the smart, outgoing sister and Bethany was the reserved and quite

sister. This particular trip would be the start of some activity that extended beyond the proper boundaries for a father of forty

and his daughter's friend of sixteen.

This trip would be typical in that Bethany would always ride shotgun while Brianna sat in the back reading a book or studying for

an upcoming test. For this particular trip, I had rented a Mazda 5 which seats up to 6 people. During

the weeks previous, I

had purchased some items for my sister-in-law from Target in the U.S. and used this trip to also bring one of the items to them.

It saved them from having to pay for shipping but required them to wait until the next trip to the area to get their goods. Based

on the size of this particular package, a coffee table, it required me to place the item behind the driver and passenger seats

creating a wall or barrier between the 'cockpit' and the rear seats. As I mentioned, like always Bethany was my front seat

passenger and always enjoyed navigating.

As sometimes happens, the previous renter of the car left a CD in the deck. It just so happened to be one that both the twins

enjoyed, Daughtery. I had no idea who he was but we listen to the CD and I actually enjoyed the music. During our listening, I

place my arm around the back of the passenger seat in order to stretch out and be comfortable. I was sure to ask Bethany if me

having my arm around the back of the seat would freak her out, but she was totally fine with it. As an adolescent I think she

thought it was kind the equivalent of having a boyfriend with a car. To my knowledge Bethany had not yet had an actual boyfriend.

At least my daughter never spoke of any. So I believe she was kind of keen on the idea of having my arm around her, even if

there was no physical contact.

Near the end of the first time through the CD, Bethany leaned forward to stretch her back and I gave her a brief back rub before

poking her in the lower back rib section, just to add a little humour to the physical connection. Our little partition would

be private unless Brianna moved to the middle seats and peaked over the package. But she was too busy studying and I believe she

actually dosed off for a quick sleep. She would awake now and then but for the most part she was secluded in her own little

sanctuary.

Our drive was during the winter and for the most part in the dark. This would add to the atmosphere for each of the separated

compartments. Brianna would sleep as well as anyone could while cruising down the highway and Bethany was free to react to my

gestures in any way she felt without her sister to question things. Not long into the second go around for the Daughtery CD,

both girls were starting to feel sleepy. Brianna had the entire back seat and had no trouble getting comfortable. Bethany on the

other hand was trying different positions to try and settle in for a nap. I had suggested that she recline the seat as much as

possible but I think she didn't want to give up the feeling of my arm around her. A few minutes later I suggested she go into a

fetal position and rest her pillow on the emergency break. She wasn't to sure about this and it took a few minutes to contemplate

the idea. At this point I was tapping to the beat of the music on her shoulder and this probably was the reason she was

apprehensive to change position. When she finally tried my suggestion, I quickly continued my tapping on her side and back as she

re-positioned herself to try and sleep. Every once in awhile my tapping would mimic a drum roll and

extend to the bottom of her

back and side, very close to her bottom. I did this every once in a while and she made a comment about my skill as a drummer. As

the CD continued to play and I'd do my odd drum roll tapping, I could realize that she was enjoying the physical touch as each

time my tapping would be close to her bottom, she would gently thrust her body laterally so that I would extend past her waist

line. This would continue for quite some time and every once in awhile she would comment on how cool it felt. I wasn't sure how

much to push the envelope. Here I was for another hour and three quarters with a beautiful sixteen year old girl that was primed

for exploring. Should a 40 year old father take advantage of his daughter's friend like this? My head told me to stop but my

male hardwiring said what could be the harm of a little flirting?

For the next 10 minutes I simply did the same tapping but without the extended drum roll. Once in a while Bethany would remind me

that I forgot a drum roll here and there. This confirmed for me that she was enjoying the situation. As we approach the

on and off ramps at the nearest town we slowed our speed to blend in with the nearby traffic speed. A short distance later we had

to come almost to a stop with little time to do so. As I applied the brake abruptly, Bethany was going to roll off the front seat

so I quickly braced her abdomen and my hand landed partially on her right breast. Of the two twins, Bethany was the most gifted in

this area of physical attraction to boys. She still had some filling out to do but she certainly had a full handful of youthful

flesh. As the car settled to a constant speed I made quick comment regarding my ill-placed hand. To that she claimed that I

shouldn't worry and if it happens again that she'd be OK with it. At this point, I knew I had full control of what was possible

between this beautiful barely ripe teenager and my sex driven hormones. Only a few more kilometres down the highway I made

another quick slow down but this time I place my had just below her right breast. I wanted to see for myself if this would cause

a disappointing reaction for Bethany. I was correct in my assumption. She commented that if we had to stop a little sooner than

that, I'd need to cradle more of her midsection to keep her from rolling off the seat. With this new found knowledge, I decided

that it was time for gas and pulled off the highway. Once off the highway, I spotted a gas station and made a last minute

decision and applied the brake quickly. This time, as you can imagine, I placed my hand almost entirely on her breast. Bethany just smiled

as we pulled up to the pump, Brianna came alive in the back seat and wondered if we had reached their home yet. We had to tell her,

sorry we're stopping for gas and we have another hour and 25 minutes left. I'm most certain that Bethany was looking forward to

our last segment of the drive and she was likely hoping that Brianna would fall back to sleep.

We finished our gas station stop and navigated back to the highway. Brianna would have a little small talk with Bethany and then

Bethany would try to terminate the conversation by making a comment about being tired. This ploy worked and Brianna lied back down

and drifted away once again. Bethany repositioned herself in her new favourite fetal position and continued our journey. After a

few minutes Bethany complained about her leg falling asleep on her, so I didn't even take a second to think and started to rub her

leg in hopes of bringing it back to life. After a few seconds of quick vigorous rubbing back and forth, I repositioned my hand on

her side by making one continuous stroke up her leg, over her hip and back to her mid side. I could feel a brief shiver from Bethany

as I extended the limits of teasing. Only 3 kilometres past and the point of no return would happen for me. With my hand stationed

on her mid side, Bethany took my arm and repositioned it so that my hand landed square on her right breast. With her lead my

hormones would begin to kick in and I could feel my penis start to grow. Under her affirmation, my hand started to kneaded her

breast through her hoody, t-shirt and bra. I could feel that her bra was one of the padded style that help to accentuate her

already fine feature. I would massage with passion and then caress in a gently way and alternate back and forth. During this

event I would attempt to stretch my reach to give treatment to her other breast. It didn't take long and Bethany would rotate her

body so that she was mostly lying on her back with her legs completely bent and her feet tucked near her bottom. This made it

very easy for me to give attention to both of her young feature without causing one to be ignored. As I kneaded her, she would

place her hand on my forearm to assure me of my task and the fact that she was in agreement to my actions. With her hand on my arm

she would then cause my excitement to heighten as she guided my hand to the bottom of her hoody. Taking my hand in hers she slowly

slipped my hand under her hoody and t-shirt and I was touching flesh to flesh my hand and her tummy. Even after rubbing her from

the outside my hand still felt cold compared to her warm stomach and I could sense a quick twitch from her mid section. It

didn't take long for my hand to warm up and make it's way up to her padded bra which was keeping her female flesh composed. I

continued to massage her breasts through her garment until she whispered into my ear that the enclosure was a hook at the front.

It had been many years since I had to disengage a girls bra but when the desire was strong the task was done and I was now

playing with Bethany's breast as though I was kneading pizza dough. Her eyes grew large and she simply smiled as I was causing a new

pleasure that I'm sure she'd never experienced before. I asked her if she was OK and she gave a quick nod to indicate that

everything was just fine. My hand was like a new explorer travelling a new land. It would move up towards her neck and over to a

side of one breast and down to her belly and back up again. Whenever my hand approach her belly, she'd inhale her stomach and

this opened a passage way down to vagina area. I wouldn't move my hand down that far without some kind of sign that I should do

so from her. Her hand left my arm for just a moment to swiftly unbutton her pant waistband and then returned to my arm. There was

a gently force from her on my arm, but it didn't take much persuasion that she would like to be caressed further down her

anatomy. She wasn't wearing a belt so I slowly lifted my hand to her pant zipper and slowly undid its opening. From here I returned

to her breast and her anticipation of my hand returning to her lower area was building. I didn't make her wait too long and

my hand glided down her torso and massaged her just above her panty line. She wasn't patient enough and pushed my fingers under

her panties and looked back at me with much pleasure in her eyes. To my surprise she had a trimmed bit of covering around her

sweet entrance and my touch would make her body tremble as she was accepting my pleasing fingers. At first I simply rubbed a

couple of fingers on the outside of her opening and she was delighted and told me this drive would be too short. For a change of

position, Bethany would rotate slightly sideways but still allowing my hand to connect with her lower and upper areas.

Her hand, that had been doing most of the guiding, also found a new position as she slipped it under the pillow that was now

resting on my thigh. Her hand reached the top of my thigh before it found rest and she asked if it was OK. To this question, I

said quietly, considering where my hand is, you are welcome to roam where ever you want. She liked my response and moved her hand

over my generous bulge and started to squeeze it ever so gently. I'm almost sure this was to be her first time holding onto such

an item. She didn't need any guidance from me and soon she was trying to unzip my pants but she was having a hard time reaching

her goal since I was wearing a belt. For this reason, I removed my steering wheel hand and held the wheel with my left leg. With



my free hand I quietly help her mission by undoing my belt. Once my belt was open, Bethany was able to pop open the top bottom and

explore this new erotic feeling. With full access I reclaimed the steering wheel with my left hand and now probed deeper with my

right hand. I could feel her getting very warm and moist between her legs. I know she wasn't so sure about sliding her pants down

in case Brianna happen to come to life and peak over the boundary, but she did manage to shimmy them down a bit to allow complete

freedom for my wondering fingers. I was able to place two fingers inside and I knew this made her feel good when she tried to

give a quiet whimpering type feedback. I then retrieved one finger and proceeded to place my index finger in far enough to fondle

her magic button. Her audible response was accompanied by her pelvic motions and she was experiencing nothing like this before.

Her willingness to make me feel good came after she asked if I would like her to lick my dick. I whispered into her ear that it

would be wonderful. The pleasure would be hers as well, is all she said. No doubt she was an amateur at this new activity but I'm

sure she'd seen a thing or two on the internet because she was certainly fulfilling her mission. She would lick gently for awhile

and then put her entire mouth over my well establish erection. At one point, she retreated to take a look and see if Brianna was

still sleeping. Satisfied that all was well she returned to her pleasing actions. During this time, my single finger hasn't left and has been

attending to the sweet opening of Bethany's lower area. Being very gently I would stroke her inside walls and then back to her magic

button all awhile she is doing her best to repay my efforts. Minutes later she sat up and whispered into my ear saying that in

order to not make a mess if I were to ejaculate she'd take it all in her mouth and digest it so that I didn't have to worry. This

statement was all that was needed to bring my energy to the next phase and while she was doing her pelvic movement with my finger

in position, she had my penis penetrated so far that her lips were at the base of my unit. It was only a few more up and down

strokes with her tongue giving a good amount of pressure to cause the final trigger and Bethany would be tasting male cum for the

first time in her life. She continued for about 30 seconds extracting any remaining juice and then sat up and looked at me. After

a brief pause she smiled and then swallowed all that I had output. Afterwards she said, see, no mess....except my panties are

a little wet. She zipped up my pants and returned to her lying position and my hand returned to under her top. I very gently

massaged her front and once in awhile I would extend down to her vagina for a reminder of her moistness. She simply caress my

forearm as I made her feel like a woman of desire. We were about 10 minutes from reaching the home of Bethany and Brianna. I hope

that this is one experience that Bethany won't share with her sister. It sure was fun but the ramifications of this story to anyone

else might prove to be awful for both of us. Until the next time I'm shuttling Bethany and Brianna to see my daughter, I'll keep this

memory stored in my happy place section. I can only imagine if on one of these trips only Bethany comes along. Just how far will

my hardwiring take me past my head knowledge. Only time will tell.