

Hot Summer Night

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Another hitchhiker becomes my quarry.

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This story took place last summer, in mid July. I had spent a nice Saturday with a few of my friends at a cookout near my house. Last summer in New England was brutally hot, unlike this one, which was quite mild. The temperature, on this particular day, topped out in the high 90's. The person whose house I was at didn't have a pool, so it was a hot, sticky day. Fortunately, I gave a great air conditioner in my car, and it was blasting on the way home. I was tired, over done by the heat, and had been sweating all day. I wanted to go home, take a cool shower and relax. As I was driving home, just after nine o'clock, I pulled up to a stop light and noticed a young man up the road walking with his thumb out. He had on shorts, sneakers and a red muscle shirt. He was also carrying a bag. I was on a main street, so when I pulled up to him, I pulled into a parking lot next to him. "Need a ride?" I asked as I put down my window. "Yes, thank you ma'am," he said. Ma'am, I wanted to smack the little shit. I told him to call me Sarah and he shook my hand and introduced himself as Ronnie. He told me that he had been at the beach with a friend all day and that, while they were there, his friend hooked up with this girl that they had met. Apparently, his friend left with the girl, supposedly for a "quickie" and never came back, so he decided to thumb home. He told me that I was the first person to stop for him, which meant that he had walked over five miles. It was still hot out and very humid, and he looked tired. He was sweaty, and very thirsty. I pointed an air conditioner vent toward him and gave him a bottle of water. He told me that he was in college and shared an apartment with 2 other guys. When he told me where he was going, I was stunned, it was another six or seven miles away. He never would have made it. During the ride, we engaged in small talk, stopped at a coffee shop for some ice coffee, and listened to the radio. I think he was nervous because he was quiet, I was doing most of the talking, which is normal. Now, because I was tired from the heat, I had planned to take him where he was going and go home. I wasn't in the mood for anything except a shower. While we were driving, that abruptly changed. Because he was sweaty, he had an aroma to him, a smell that I found attractive. Suddenly, I was getting horny. I had on a tight shirt, and my nipples were getting hard. I was hoping he that didn't notice. I had thought about opening the windows, but it very humid outside, so I decided not to. As we drove, his smell made me more horny. "Do you have to be right home?" I asked him. "No," he replied. "Why?" Putting my sexual mind in action, I said, "I know of a small park in the area with a lake, how about a late night swim?" "Okay," he replied. As I pulled into

the park, I noticed a few other cars. You're not supposed to swim after dark but I knew of this place where we could, without being seen, way down the end of a dirt road. I backed in and turned my lights off. "Okay, go ahead, I'll keep watch," I said. "You're not going to join me?" he asked. "No," I said, "I don't have a bikini with me, but you go. Cool down." "My suit's in my bag," he replied. I chuckled. "Change outside, no one's going to see you." I watched through a side mirror as he walked toward the water. He was young, tanned and very cute. He was probably about 20 years old, he had short brown hair and was muscular. He also had a tattoo of a snake on his back. He swam for about 5 or 6 minutes, when he decided to get out and change again. I got a glimpse of him drying off his naked body. I opened a window. "Get in the car," I said. "What?" he replied, with this priceless look on his face. "Get in the car!" I said, in a demanding voice. "But I'm....." I cut him off in mid sentence. "Just get in the fucking car..please," I said. He opened the door and got in very quickly, but my interior light was on just long enough to see his naked body, and his cock. My mouth watered as a wave of sexual arousal swept through my body. Ronnie didn't know it yet, but before I took him home, he was going to cum. "What's up?" he said. "Shush," I replied, "I thought I saw someone." Actually, I didn't see anyone, it was my way of getting him in the car naked. I turned the car off and looked down the road, there was dead silence for about 3 minutes. "Hmm, guess not," I said. As he opened the door to get out of the car, I stopped him. "Where are you going?" I asked. He replied, with a puzzled look, "To get changed." "Why?" I replied, as I pulled my shirt over my head. "It's dark, we're alone, and you have a nice body." Before he had a chance to do anything, I leaned over, felt his cock with my left hand and whispered in his ear. "You have a nice cock too, Ronnie." Where we were was dark, very dark. Because of the haze, the moon wasn't as bright as it normally is. The street light, in the main parking lot, was about 100 yards away. I knew that no one could see us, my only concern was a car pulling in and coming down the dirt road, especially the police. When I was 18, I got caught giving my boyfriend a blowjob behind a store, late at night. When the cop walked up on us with his flash light in hand, I was topless with his cock in my mouth. He could have arrested us but didn't. I've always been nervous since then. The possibility of being seen, or caught, is a thrill to me. It's an incredible turn-on. I had thought about opening the windows, but because of the humid air, and the mosquitoes, I left them closed. The car was turned off and it was cool in there. It was, however, about to heat up. Ronnie began to speak but I quickly put a finger over his mouth. I propped my self up, with my knees on my seat, leaned over the center console and began licking his body, downward toward his cock. When I got to it, it was already hard, I wasted no time sucking with deep, fast strokes. Being a horny college kid, he was getting into it. He grabbed a handful of my hair with both hands and used it as a level, pushing and pulling my head up and down on his cock. "Suck it," he said. Suddenly, he began thrusting his hips upward. Coughing and gagging, Ronnie was face fucking me, pushing my head down with every upward thrust. After a few moments, I stopped and spit on his cock, then went down on him again. Sucking furiously, Ronnie now was squeezing one of my tits very hard. "Suck my cock!" he said loudly. I sucked even faster, gagging with every upward thrust of his hips. He began to thrust very hard. Ronnie was getting rough, just how I like it. By now, it was hot in the car, we were both sweating and he had that smell again. That pushed me to my limit. I sat up in my seat, kicked off my

sneakers, and had my shorts off in record time. I swung over and straddled him. "Fuck me Ronnie," I said "Fuck me hard." I put his cock in me, grabbed the side of the car seat and started riding his cock back and forth. He had his hands on my ass pushing me toward him. My little car was moving back and forth. After a few moments, he grabbed me and pulled me toward him, and he wrapped his arms around me. Our sweaty bodies were pressed together, my tits pushed against his chest. He began thrusting upward again with deep, hard thrusts. A rush of ecstasy ran through my body. "Make me cum!" I said. "Take it, bitch," he said. "Fucking whore." My body began to shake as Ronnie fucked away at me, I put my face on the top of the car seat so no one would hear me scream. "I'M CUMMING," I screamed, my voice muffled by the seat. After having a thunderous orgasm, I felt his body tightening up, his cock was filling. "Don't cum inside me," I said. "Tell me when." About a minute later, he started to groan, I knew it was time. I quickly jumped off of him, back on my seat. Stroking with my left hand, I started furiously sucking again. Ronnie moaned, "I'm gonna cum." Boy, did he ever. He thrust his hips upward and shot a load of cum down my throat, then a second, and then a third. Swallowing every drop, I continued stroking after he came. He reached down and pulled my hand away. His cock must have been sensitive. "Okay...Okay," he said. I collapsed back into my seat. My entire body, including my hair, was soaked with sweat. My car smelled like sex. Never really liking the taste of cum, I grabbed some water and swilled it down. "I need to cool down," I said, "I'm going in." My car has a button that turns off the interior light when I open the door. I quickly exited the car and went into the lake. Ronnie followed right behind me. I swam for a little bit, then I walked over and gave him a big hug and kiss. I was still very horny. "Do you need to go back to your apartment tonight?" I asked him. "No, why?" he asked. "Because my kids are gone for the weekend and I'm home alone," I replied. "Want to go back to my house?" "Sure," he replied. We drove back to my house, and were in my bedroom within 5 minutes, where he proceeded to pound the shit out of me. After a good night's sleep, he fucked my brains out again the next morning. I made us breakfast and took him back to his apartment. That was the first time I ever fucked a man that young since my divorce. I could understand why older women become "Cougars." We fucked a few more times after that, including once at his apartment. He was loaded with energy, his cock was hard as steel and was full of cum. He was rough, talked dirty and treated me like a slut. My kind of man.