

Road Trip

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

"I can't believe I agreed to this!" Carol shouted in disgust to her empty office. She ran her fingers through her long brown hair once more and took a deep breath, trying to calm down. She looked at the clock; three thirty. David would be picking her up in an hour. He'd be punctual -- unless there was traffic. That thought knotted her stomach even more.

She sighed. That was the problem, she told herself. She just didn't like heavy traffic; she couldn't take sitting in a car among a mass of cars. David had been planning this trip for quite a while. She knew she'd enjoy herself, she just wished there were some other way to get there, some other way to get back home again.

She knew what to expect. They'd leave Palo Alto at four thirty on a Thursday evening -- rush hour. She didn't know where exactly they were going, but she knew it was a resort in Mendocino. They'd go through downtown San Francisco at rush hour, over the bridge with the commute traffic. She closed her eyes and took another deep breath, running her hands through her hair yet again. Don't think about it; it only makes things worse. At least they weren't leaving on Friday.

She sighed again. David was as much in love with that old car as he was with her. No, she knew that wasn't true. She knew he loved her more. That's why he'd gone to all this trouble, planning a four day weekend, getting her away from her office. He'd just gotten the car back last week from being repainted, then up to Sacramento for the fancy new seats that he'd been raving about, then back up to Sacramento earlier this week with his secretary Yvette to get something on the seats changed. She was glad he enjoyed driving. As a sales rep for a high tech company, he had to. Some times he practically lived out of his car. Open roads or traffic, city or country, he enjoyed driving. She hoped the new seats were as good for his back as he hoped; since he hurt his back the long drives were starting to bother him.

But what was the surprise? She knew he had a surprise for her. Yvette, his secretary knew what it was, and it must be a doozy. She'd accidentally run in to Yvette yesterday at lunch while running errands. Carol had started to complain to her about the long drive, how she didn't know how she was going to stand it. Yvette had blushed the reddest she'd ever seen her. Trying to smile, Yvette told her to go: she wouldn't regret it, she would love the ride.

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What had made Yvette blush like that? That was a clue. Was it something on the drive up and back to Sacramento on Tuesday? It must have been something he picked up in Sacramento. He'd insisted on Yvette going with him. She and Yvette were the same size-- almost. She was a 36DD and Yvette was barely a 36, but the rest of their sizes, down to shoe and ring sizes were the same. She trusted the two of them together. She and David had been married for about three years when Yvette started working for him; that was about six years ago. She'd had an initial scare that first Christmas, hearing about David taking Yvette to expensive stores in San Francisco and trying on fur coats. Then that wonderful full length fox coat appeared for her on the evening of his company Christmas party. Yvette had been happy and embarrassed and had told all -- she'd just been helping, and could she borrow the coat once in a while?

So what was the surprise? Whatever it was, it was enough to make Yvette turn beet red. The trip to Sacramento had something to do with it -- or something on the way to or from Sacramento?

"Carol, Mr. Taylor on your line." Her thought was interrupted by her secretary informing her of a call.

Good, she thought, a perfect opportunity to get rid of the frustration and bile she'd been building up this afternoon...

She picked up a marked-up contract from her desk and then picked up the phone. "Why Larry, thank you so much for getting back to me so quickly. I reviewed your proposed changes with my client. We've got a few points that needed clarification. Maybe you could shed some light on them for me..."

She spent the next twenty minutes ripping his latest offer to pieces. It felt even better because it was justified -- either Larry or his client thought they could get away with a fast one. Not with her, they couldn't...

After she hung up the phone, she smiled and took a deep breath. That was good, getting rid of all of that. There was a knock on her office door. She glanced at the clock on her desk; four ten. Her stomach flipped again. "Come in."

Her secretary Lisa walked in, carrying a cup and something else.

"Sounded like you were having fun," Lisa said as she approached.

Carol smiled. "Yes -- he called at exactly the right time. But he should have known better than to try a stunt like that. What do you have for me?"

Lisa handed her boss a cup of orange juice and a small pill. "I thought it would help you on the drive."

Carol took them both and sighed. "Am I that transparent?" She swallowed the pill with a few gulps of juice.

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"And by the way, what did I just take?"

Lisa laughed. "You're only transparent to me. It was just Valium. You'll do much better now; both of you will enjoy the ride much more."

Carol laughed. "Thank you for taking such good care of me. You're right; I'd be a basket case otherwise. Do you know what David's surprise is by any chance?"

Lisa shook her head. "Not a clue. Have you figured anything out?"

Carol wrinkled her brow. "It must have something to do with the trip he made to Sacramento on Tuesday -- so it involves something from there or something on the way. Whatever it is, it made Yvette blush beet red -- I've never seen her that color before."

Lisa knew Yvette as well -- and she wasn't the shy bashful type. "Wow. Whatever it is, I think you're going to like it."

Carol gave her a wry smile. "I'm sure I will. He's been up to something for weeks now. I sure love that man. Well, what do I have to do in the next ten minutes so I can forget about this asylum until Tuesday?"

They spent just a little over ten minutes going over issues. Lisa hustled her boss out the door in time for Carol to visit the ladies' room and get to the building lobby.

Carol looked at her watch; four twenty eight. She sighed again. She was definitely more relaxed; she could almost feel herself glowing. Thank God she had Lisa. Once in the car she'd lean the seat way back, put on some music, and fade out. She could use the rest. Her bags were already packed and in the car. Lisa had picked her up from the car dealership this morning after she'd dropped her car off for service.

The evening was cool; a nice breeze. She laughed to herself -- that's Lisa's Valium talking. She heard a familiar horn honk -- she turned and saw David's powder blue BMW pull up in front of the building. He stopped the car, then leaned over and popped the passenger door open. She walked over and got in. She noticed a sort of familiar musky smell, covered by air freshener, combined with the smell of new paint and upholstery.

They kissed briefly. "I missed you. I always miss you. But now I'm going to have you for the next four days," he whispered in her ear as he rubbed the back of her neck.

"Mmmmm... I'm looking forward to it too, darling." She gave him a long kiss and ran her hands over his chest down to his legs, digging in with her nails the way he loved.

"Wow, you're in a great mood this afternoon..." David was surprised, knowing how his wife hated traffic.

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"Lisa helped -- she gave me a Valium half an hour ago."

David laughed. "Well, you're in for a very enjoyable ride then. Why don't you put your sunglasses on, close your eyes, and let me make you comfortable."

Carol ran her hands over her seat. "So these are the seats you've been raving about. I'm surprised they're cloth -- I would have expected leather." She scooted around in the seat a little. It was very comfortable and fit her quite nicely along the sides, what David called "lateral support." It felt like the seat had some bumps or lumps in it though, down in the padding. She wiggled in a little more.

"Cloth covering, and very good cloth, but that isn't the important part." They were at a stop light; David picked up what looked like a wired remote control. He pushed a button...

Carol felt her seat moving underneath her; the back reclined, the bottom section moved and tilted back a bit. It was quite nice. "That's much better," she said, and closed her eyes. She figured if she didn't see the traffic it wouldn't bother her. When the seat stopped moving she was leaning comfortably back; the bottom section had tilted up in the front to support her bottom and legs; the headrest held her head nicely. This would make for a good nap, she thought.

Eyes closed, she heard the CD player ingest a disc. Bach's First Brandenburg Concerto started playing-- one of her favorites. "I love you," she said.

After a couple of minutes she thought her back was getting warm. It felt nice, actually. "David, is this seat heated?" she asked with her eyes still closed.

"Yes, is it too much for you?"

"No, it's very nice. I just wasn't sure."

He said, "Well if you think that's nice."

She felt the seat shift a little more beneath her; the bumps in the back become a little more prominent. Then they started vibrating at spots from her lower back up her spine to her shoulders. For a few seconds she wasn't sure, but then she relaxed to the pulsing massage the seat was giving her. "Oh God, I love you. That's wonderful."

She felt one of his hands pat her thigh, then reach up to gently fondle a breast. "Then just lay back, relax, and enjoy it."

What with the Valium, the warmth, the music, and now the massaging action, this was tolerable, she thought to herself. She wiggled in a little more, letting the massage units in the seat back find the right spots. It felt so comfortable, so wonderful. She found if she relaxed the muscles in her back and neck and breathed shallowly, the vibration extended up her neck into her head. It was dizzying, disorienting, wonderful. "I love you," she said again after a couple of minutes.

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She relaxed and let the seat and the music carry her, drifting off, her thoughts disconnected. Her thoughts kept coming back to the surprise. What would make Yvette blush like that? What had she said? "You'll love the ride?" Well, this seat was certainly something, and she was definitely enjoying the ride, even though she could tell they weren't going more than thirty or forty miles an hour on the freeway. It was nice, but enough to make Yvette turn that incredible color?

Her thoughts drifted for a while, through Brandenburg number one and halfway into Brandenburg number three. She wiggled a little in the seat again to let the vibration carry up her neck again, letting it make her dizzy and disorientated.

As she thought of how she was going to thank David in bed tonight, things connected. Yvette's remark, her turning beet red, that musk scent -- definitely a feminine scent, the seat. Of course; that had to be it. That would make Yvette turn red as a beet. She let out a very low, slow laugh.

David said, "What's so funny? I thought you were asleep."

She kept her eyes closed and reached her left hand over to feel his thigh, digging in her nails. "You're the one that's so funny -- let's have the rest of it."

He put his right hand down on her left, holding it on his thigh. "Really? Okay, if you insist, but I want you to relax, take a few deep breaths."

She relaxed, pulling her left hand back by her side. She took a deep breath. As she inhaled, she felt a bump in the seat bottom become much more prominent, pushing up a little between her legs. She'd guessed right. She tried to stay relaxed, stay loose, as she exhaled.

She exhaled; nothing happened. She took another deep breath and exhaled again. Still nothing. She wiggled her bottom around a bit; that bump was in a magic place, but did it do anything? The massage on her back was wonderful. She relaxed, letting her shoulders go, took a deep breath and exhaled.

As she exhaled, the thing in the seat between her legs started thrumming. She caught her breath as the initial shock wave of pleasure coursed through her. The vibration grew in intensity. She started breathing again, ragged. It was so good. Then it started pulsing gently, never stopping, just varying in intensity between extremely pleasant and just short of ecstasy. The other massage units in the seat started pulsing in rhythm to it, sending waves of pleasure through her. She remembered to relax her back and neck, letting the pulsing extend from between her legs up through her head.

When she thought it couldn't get better, it did. Something moved again in the seat bottom, and she felt something protruding up between her legs, up against her skirt and panty hose, pressing against the cloth on her lips and clit. As it moved against her, she caught her breath. She

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quickly repositioned her skirt. She bunched it up in back, and tugged it free in front so the new protrusion pressed directly against her panty hose.

As the new addition also started to vibrate, she felt herself losing it. No, she thought, I've lost control already; let go completely and enjoy it. She spread her legs slightly and extended them a little, letting the seat take her weight, pressing her against heaven. After a bit she gasped, "Oh God, David, I'm coming..."

The feeling of him squeezing her left breast pushed her over the edge. She shook and shuddered; she saw stars. She gripped David's arm and squeezed. She tilted her head back, moaning in ecstasy. The angle of her neck causing the vibrations to intensify in her head adding to the effect. She cried out and went limp, sinking into the seat and its relentless thrumming, sending waves of pleasure through her.

David's hand was on her thigh. "Too much? Should I turn it down? Off?"

It took effort for her to put a hand on his. "Don't you dare. I'll tell you when," she panted.

He laughed and gently kneaded her thigh, then moved his hand to her mound and rested it there gently.

The warmth and pressure of his hand sent another wave of pleasure through her, she was going to come again. "Press, darling, press gently," she pleaded. She felt his hand gently press on her mound, increasing the vibration, sending her over the edge yet again, limp in the seat, floating in a sea of pleasure.

She floated, she couldn't move; she didn't want to move. She felt the feeling build again, she came again. It was just like the waves at the beach, she thought, building and crashing, building and crashing. Just breathe deep and relax, let the waves build and crash...

The vibration stopped. The buzzing in her head went on for a few minutes. She thought, I've never been so wonderfully wiped out in my life. Then she thought, God, I'm still horny -- I want him inside me. She smelled a new musk smell- her own.

"Honey, are you okay?" David sounded concerned.

She opened her eyes and looked over at him. It was dark out. "It stopped."

He looked over at her and grinned. "It automatically cuts out after an hour. Want me to restart it?"

An hour, she thought. She smiled and laughed, still dizzy. "I love you."

He glanced over at his wife, enjoying the glow on her face. "I love you."

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She asked, "Yvette?"

He laughed. "She wants to know if they make office chairs." He reached over and hugged his wife's hand. "I love you."

She said, "I love you too. Was she loud?"

He laughed again. "Yes! Incredibly!"

"Two questions for you, darling."

"Okay, love."

"First, how much longer until we get there?"

"Oh, probably two and a half hours."

She closed her eyes and shuddered at the thought. She laughed and asked her second question.

"Darling, did you get a fabric protector on these seats?"

She heard him laugh; she loved to hear him laugh. She thought of later, him tied to the bed, riding him for hours. Then the thrumming started building again.

She said, "Wake me when we're there." She took a deep breath and relaxed. She felt his hand once more, pressing her gently. She smiled. This was going to be a good trip.

FIN

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by silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>