

Encounter: Taxi

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Taxi

Rain, rain, rain will it ever stop? Phil was in hour eleven of yet another twelve hour shift and the cab's seat felt hard and hot. Inside his taxi the humidity added to his discomfort. Too cold to run the A/C, too wet to open the windows. The tee shirt he wore was damp with sweat and all he could think of was *Twenty minutes till Happy Hour*.

Out of the corner of his eye he caught a shapely figure waving frantically, screaming, "Taxi, Taxi!" Even though he wasn't really supposed to pick up fares in this small town, he figured this close to the end of his shift and with the weather and that fine looking lady in distress... well, how could he not pull over and rescue her?

She opened the rear passenger side door and jumped in the back. "Thanks for stopping."

He couldn't help but notice the long beautiful legs attached to the rain soaked woman. Her dark hair was drenched, clinging to her face and shoulders, the short skirt and jacket equally drenched. "Where to?"

"Two-eighteen South Main, please."

He was near the park, which meant about a three mile ride and plenty of time to get her home and finish his shift for the day. "Certainly," Phil answered. "There is a

towel on the window shelf there, if you'd like to dry off a little." Watching her every move in the rear view mirror, he saw the skirt rise farther up those luscious thighs as his mouth began to water a little.

She reached for the towel and starting to shrug her jacket off at the same time, letting it fall on the seat beside her. Her blouse was equally wet, with her bra showing beneath it and those full breasts just begging to be let free. Driving slower than usual, blaming it on the rain, Phil took every advantage to check out his passenger in all her beautifully exposed curves. As she draped the towel on her shoulders, then down her arms and across her chest, he couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to make love to this scrumptious creature.

She noticed him staring at her through the mirror and startled him with her direct eye contact. "Could you keep your eyes on the road? Or would you like to stop and come back here to help me dry off?"

"Well, we're here, so stopping is no problem. However, if you wish, I can come in and help with anything you need. My shift is over and I can call in the daily sheet."

"Terrific, I can use your help." As soon as they were inside, she turned and planted the hottest kiss he had had in a long time squarely on his wet lips. Their tongues tangled and he started to unbutton her blouse. They took turns removing one piece of clothing after another from each other, all the while backing across the room to the overstuffed sectional.

Lifting her up with his hands around her hips, he carefully laid her down among the scattered pillows. He quickly moved his lips to first one large nipple then the other, all the while caressing her with his calloused hands and feeling her do likewise to his naked skin.

He had a condom in his wallet -- a souvenir of better times. Probably past its expiration date, if it had one, but better than nothing. He ripped open the package and she rolled it down over his straining cock.

Breaking the silence, she whispered in his ear, "Its' been so long since anyone made love to me. Take me now. I need you. Fuck me!"

Phil grabbed his cock and thrust deep in her wet pussy, pumping hard in rhythm to her thrusting hips. His seed shot deep into her, filling the condom, as she spasmed around him, screaming, "Oh God, what a fucking ride!"

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