

Encounter: Cabbie Daheap

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Cabbie

Another rainy day. Well, at least the cab was comfortable, mostly due to all the upgrades he'd made over the last few months, installed during his off time. Tuning the radio to his favorite station, Josh began this day thinking about the beautiful lady he usually picked up at the old Hargrove mansion on Elm St. The crackle of the CB broke his concentration as the call he was hoping for came through.

"Dispatch to City Two. Ms. Hargrove at 108 S. Elm, destination the Hargrove building."

"Ten-Four. Thanks Patty, and good morning. I should be there in about five minutes."

"Ten-Four. Take care, Josh. It's pretty slick out there today."

"City Two to Dispatch -- say Pat, how does she sound this morning? Over."

"Well, City Two, a little hurried in my opinion. Over."

"Thanks Pat, I'll switch to the fifties channel, she likes that when she's in a hurry. Seems to slow the pace or something for her. Over."

"Ten Four, Josh, dispatch out."

Josh noticed the rain slowing a bit. Turning the wipers down some, he hit button five for the fifties station as he pulled into the huge curving driveway. He noticed the lady closing her front door and checking her purse.

Pulling up, he reached across the seat back and opened the door for her as she slid in the rear of his cab. "Good morning," he said. "Straight to the office?"

Janet Hargrove pointed a finger in the air. "I need to stop at the newsstand for just a minute, all right?"

"Certainly. Tell me which paper you want and I'll get it for you so you can stay as dry as possible this morning."

"Oh, thanks. USA Today will do. I need to read an article Daddy told me to check out about our new development out in Southtown."

Josh couldn't help but notice her long shapely legs and the way they sort of glistened this morning. He always got a good look as she allowed her skirt to raise a little farther than necessary when they were alone in the car. She caught him looking and tugged it back down slightly, smiling.

They had played this little game many times, but never had the chance to take things any farther. Josh knew his position in society. He was just a cab driver. Pulling up at the corner news stand and throwing the cab in park, he jumped out, ran around and grabbed her paper, throwing a buck in the cup on the counter. Greeting the merchant with a salute, Josh returned to the car, handing the paper to her and taking off before the light turned red again.

"Thank You, Josh. I appreciate your stopping for this. It saves me having to go through that lobby stand. I really like the way you always take such great care of me."

"No problem, Janet. You're my favorite fare. I enjoy seeing your smile."

"I wish we could talk some time. I'd like to get to know you better. Daddy says I work too much and need to socialize more. Maybe we could have lunch or dinner or something?"

“Oh, that would be terrific, but I don’t think your father would approve of your socializing with a cabbie. Though I also work at WNNY. I’m the pm drive DJ, and the assistant news director. Maybe you could come by for a tour of the station sometime.”

“I think you’re much more than *just* a cabbie. You know, I notice how well you handle yourself with other passengers, and people in general. Daddy has no jurisdiction as to my free time, or my friends, so what you do for a living has no bearing whatsoever in that regard. I’d love to see how a radio station operates. Never been to one before so, yes, let’s do that real soon. Please allow me to take you to lunch. How about later today?”

“Thanks for the compliment. This afternoon would be wonderful, say around two at Lugamos? That is if Italian’s OK with you?”

“Perfect, two o’clock it is.”

“Excellent. I’ll pick you up at the front entrance at a quarter till, OK?”

Janet agreed and Josh noticed a slight blush to her cheeks as she smiled and handed him the fare for her morning commute. He turned to watch her enter the building and his cock grew hard as his imagination took over.

* * *

It had been four and half hours since he’d dropped Janet off at her office complex. The strain on his composure was taking its toll. For months he’d driven this woman to work and back. Now all those thoughts of *what if* were coming to a head, and the head of his cock was straining at the press of his slacks with the thought of where lunch might take them.

Josh pulled his black Vette -- the reason he was currently moonlighting as a cab driver -- up to her father’s office building, wondering if she would actually show up for their lunch date. She appeared within a couple of minutes. Not only had she shown up, but Janet had changed her whole outfit from an office suit to a sweater and short skirt that showed off those curves he’d glimpsed. Her body was sculpted with him in mind. He thought back to the first time she entered his cab and the angle of his rear view mirror had allowed him the vision of his dreams.

She let him hold the door open for her now to get in his Vette and as the mini skirt slid upward, his cock grew hard. As he slid behind the wheel her hand gently caressed his thigh.

"I'm so glad you decided to make our date. I've been thinking about you all day. It's been quite some time since anyone has been in my life so I hope you don't mind, but I'm a touchy, feely type of girl."

"Please touch all you wish. I mean, my ex never was much for that sort of thing, but I like to be appreciated, so touch as you please." *Well that was awkward, but I hope she takes it the right way.*

She leaned in to kiss his cheek. "I promise not to bite."

While they ate she rubbed his lower leg with her foot and every time they laughed, she made contact with some part of his body, flirting shamelessly.

Josh could barely contain himself. With every touch, he wanted her more. "Would you care to take the afternoon off and come home with me? I realize this is our first date, but I feel as if I've known you for quite some time."

"To be honest Josh, I was afraid maybe I was a bit forward. I'd love to see your place, especially your bedroom."

Josh decided to show her just how well the Vette ran. Once they were on the highway, he opened it up and let the throaty sound of the quad system work its magic all the way home.

Upon entering his house, Janet turned and wrapped her arms around his shoulders, kissing him passionately. Their tongues entwined as they pulled off their clothing as fast as possible without ripping them to shreds. Picking her up, he carried her to the bedroom and gently placed her on the huge quilt-covered bed. With nothing on but his socks, he slid down beside her and they embraced, kisses shared feverishly.

He caressed her breasts while he toed off his socks. As soon as he was completely naked he took her in his arms and lifted her to the head of the bed, and suckled her right breast, his teeth nipping the small nipple. Moving to the left, he slid his arm under her, lifting her just enough to arch her pussy against his thigh. The hardened leg muscle

made her clit jolt and he felt the wetness between them. With his other hand he massaged her side, then her breasts, then moved back to her side, her back, and down her thigh, exploring every inch of skin he could reach.

From the bedside table he fished for a condom, which she took from his hand and rolled down over his aching cock.

Janet stroked his cock, moving her hand in little circles as she nibbled at his ear lobe. Wrapping one leg around him, she arched closer, pressing her clit as hard as she could against his leg, sliding up and down, her passion taking control. She slid under him and pushed his legs apart, slipping between them. His cock landed right on the spot he so needed. Reaching down she guided the head of his dick, rubbing it over her nub and pressing it inward, then drawing it back out over and over again.

Grabbing her ass cheeks Josh lifted her. Turning both of them over he landed her on top of him in a sitting position. Thrusting his rock hard erection deep inside her he arched his back and lifted her in the air, then back down. Slowly making his way to the edge of the bed he kept her on top and half leaned off the bed, raising his hips as high as possible to achieve maximum penetration.

Janet could only ride the wave as her first climax exploded, her juices gushing down on his cock and washing into his navel. He reached down and with one finger tasted the woman he had dreamed of for so many months. Smiling, he looked at her and began thrusting his hips up and arching them as much as he could while slowly getting back up on the bed, completely under her.

Taking advantage of this position, she rode his cock. Reaching down behind her she clasped his balls in her right hand while pinching his nipple with the other. Leaning into every thrust, he rose up to meet her. Together they rode to her second climax. Janet creamed with heated pleasure as she leaned down to kiss him. As her tongue forced its way past his lips, he bolted upward and streamed his seed, forcing his cock deep into her with repeated forceful jolts. Spent, she collapsed onto his chest. "I need to catch my breath. This is one ride I'm truly glad I took."

"You can ride my cab anytime."

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