

57 Chevy by Lizbeth Dusseau

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She arises out of nowhere on a deserted stretch of road.

Where the dry land shimmers with heat, where you can see for miles the endless ribbon of hot asphalt stretched out in front of your eyes, he sees his first glimpse of her. He thinks at first it's a mirage, the turquoise and white Chevy, with a blonde girl sitting on its hood. But he slows from an 85 mile an hour clip to a snail's pace just to see if she'll vanish as soon as he approaches. He stops his battered pick-up when he realizes that she is no mere apparition.

Like a phantom from his wet daydreams there she is, her long smooth legs dangling beyond the thin dress. Pale pink, peach and faded yellow flowers meander about the transparent fabric, while the dress barely covers her slinky limbs and her thin torso. In the light, he sees through the fine material how her large breasts are pushed against the flowers, how her waist curves, and how her hips blossom below. She parts her legs so he can see the outline of her cunt. There's even a damp spot on the dress where she's pressed her fingers to her hole and the juice has stained it.

"Car broke down?" he asks.

He squints facing the sun, raising his hand over his brow so he can see her better. Tanned arms reveal downy sun bleached hair, matching the windblown straw-colored locks that dangle in his face.

"I think so," she says giggling, though she doesn't make an effort to move. "You know something about cars?" Something sensuous about her lips, he wants to move right in and kiss them.

"Yeah, sure," he says. He runs his hands through his hair, pushing it back, and startling blue eyes appear, framed by darker brows. His T-shirt hugs his chest, his nipples poking through as clearly as hers poke through her dress.

He can't help staring down at her as she bends her knees up to her chest and parts her legs wide. Where her ass meets the hood of the Chevy he can see her bare pink cunt. Caught off guard he stares beyond his embarrassment, as the sun bounces off gold rings embedded in her labia. Six, he thinks, three on either side, and one wet hole between he sees glisten in the sun.

"You want me to look under the hood?" he asks. He hesitates, though not his cock that bobs against his denim blues. Hot—so hot he thinks it might explode.

She giggles again and shakes her head no.

She reaches between her legs, drawing the skirt up just an inch or two, and takes one ring-bedecked finger of her right hand and slips it into the small hole. Then she pulls at the piercings, drawing the labia aside so he can see the purple hue of her inner folds.

“You can fuck me if you like,” she whispers softly. In her eyes lust drips like water from a lazy old faucet. Slowly, languidly her limbs ooze with sexual intent, drawing him into her closer, a step at a time. She sways just slightly as if she’s keeping time to music only her loins can hear.

“You mean right here? Right now?” He shakes his head and looks down the road. “There’s a motel…” he starts.

“Shush.” Her red puckered lips against her index finger quiet him. “I’m ready now.”

He hesitates, but she has him on the tether of her droopy eyes. At the bumper of the Chevy, he reaches out with his thick well-used hands to part her thighs further. He gazes down between them while she smiles.

His hands, more impulsive than his reason, reach out and grab her hips to pull them close. Fingers at his zipper open the fly and withdraw his cock. It bobs momentarily in his hand, the last bit of hesitation. With the nod of her head as approval, he throws away logic and presses himself into her opening—that small place expanding with eager welcome around the throbbing organ.

“Ah, yes,” she murmurs softly as she lies back against the hood of the car while he pulls her groin tight to his and begins to thrust. With her arms reaching out to either side of her like she’s grabbing bed sheets beneath her, she’s laid out for him like some vision of womanhood sent from the gods. He drinks in her sex as if he’s gulping wine. Her writhing torso gyrates her cunt. She moans, whimpers and jerks so hard he thinks she’ll jerk him out. She comes. He knows that by the way her inner muscles squeeze down hard. But she’s much too quick for him. He’s still on the rise about to feel himself splash over that erotic edge. He hopes she’ll let him finish but she opens her eyes.

“My ass,” she says, now more like a dragon breathing fire than the sumptuous siren rising from the desert. Drawing up her legs so that his prick pulls out, he sees the shiny metal rings that thread through her vaginal lips. He feels them because he’s never felt anything like it before—some mark of sexual power, or obedience—or both. Perhaps they’re one in the same. A tug at the forward rings and she cries softly. “My ass,” she repeats, and she turns her hips so she’s lying face down on the old Chevy’s hood, her ass bare, ready for him.

“In your ass?” he questions.

She hisses her reply and parts her legs, her feet on the bumper, so he can see the target easily, that puckering hole already wet with juice that was dripping from her cunt.

His fingers slide in first as he draws more of her dew from its fountain source below. When they slip easily in and out he moves in closer and presses the hard head of his cock against what seems to be a tiny hole. He watches it expand as he forces the thick stalk beyond the opening door. Her backdoor scent, that odd perfume of earth and darkness and diabolical things, transports him back in time to his darkest sexual hours. He’s no longer in the desert screwing a curious enchantress, but in a place where lecherous men fuck reckless whores.

“Yes, god yes,” she cries in muted tones barely audible to his ears. Her pulsing rhythms draw him inside her, the sensation profound. More. She clamors for more, thrashing about on the hood of the car, demanding his prick go deep, demanding that he pick up the pace so that his balls slap against her ass, so that he must grab her flesh and hold on tight.

“My cunt,” she groans.

Her meaning clear, it’s his fingers that find the lips and hole and the dangling metal. It’s his fingers that tug hard, that jerk the rings and pinch her clit. But it’s his cock that feels the benefit when her body explodes for a second time.

She gasps for breath, exhausted, but unable to stop the rollicking gyrations. She squeezes hard and his own gut wrenches. With a final thrust, he shoots.

Laid out. Spread eagle. Face down on the Chevy, he sees her breathing an even measured breath. He dabs his cock on the back of her thigh and then puts it back inside his jeans.

The transparent dress is bunched about her waist, while her wasted bottom remains in its lazy repose, showing signs of a good fuck—where he'd held her flesh tightly and kneaded it until it turned red. The color will fade soon, but for the moment, her bottom is a fine thing to look at. He parts her ass cheeks one last time with his fingers to see where he'd impaled her.

“Your car didn't need fixing, did it?” he asks her.

“Hummm,” is the only sound he hears from her.

“Shall I go?” he wonders aloud.

“Ooo, no,” she suddenly finds her real voice. “Just one last thing.” She turns about. “Your lips,” she says pointing down to her pierced lower lips.

“My lips?” he questions, and she nods yes.

With a shrug and a smile he accommodates her again, his tongue doing a dance about the rings and flesh and warm wet hole, until she shrieks with her muted voice one more time and then goes limp. Falling back against the hood of the Chevy, she looks as if she'll melt into the metal.

The sun, once so high above, droops low, as if it's been hours that have past. He could swear that their fuck took only minutes, but the facts belie that. The shadows on the surrounding mountains have been altered by the time of day. So long, they stretch across the desert like sulking phantoms. He notes the hour hand on his watch, staring at it as if something has gone awry. It's late, much too late. And yet, the second hand ticks off the seconds as it always has, and he knows that somehow he's lost reality under the spell of the woman lingering on her 57 Chevy.

“Can I help you up?” he asks her.

She's on her side, her long thighs pressed together so that he can barely see the glistening rings, though they still peek at him. With her blonde head resting on her thin white arm she looks at peace. A coy smirk reminds him how she greeted him, though now she's naked. Her dress, somehow discarded, lies in the dust beside the car, as if it belonged there.

“No,” she answers him, “I think I'll rest awhile.”

Any other lone woman on a lonely road, he'd never leave like this; but this one knows what she wants and he doesn't argue. There's little way to say goodbye. No thought of meeting again. He wouldn't even know how to ask since she belongs to another world.

Walking back to the pick-up truck he climbs inside, all the while staring at her smiling face. Pulling into the highway, he drives by slowly for one last look at her silky white shape and the hint of gold between her legs. Lying there, as if she has nothing better to do than shag strangers in a barren desert, she waves him on with a happy grin. And he takes off.

A little remorse, a little pang of fear grips him in that first instant down the road. He's left her too quickly. He should have made sure her car would start. A girl, any girl has no business on this deserted stretch of asphalt. He thinks the thoughts, sure he should turn back. But then all that concern disappears. One look in the rear view mirror, he sees the truth.

She's gone.

No turquoise and white 57 Chevy.

No girl, no cunt, no glistening gold, no sensuous limbs.

She's gone.

It hasn't been minutes since he left her side, it's only been seconds and she's gone, disappeared into the ethers of the heat. Where? He's not about to ask. Shaking his head, he moves on, guns the engine on the truck and heads off toward the purple sky.