

## Car wash

That day, while making love to Max, I realized that I felt something new. The oval mirror over the headboard of the bed fully reflected my self-confidence. My image seemed to flow out of my body and to be mirrored with all its pride. Insecure by nature and always pointing to my faults - even the smallest and insignificant ones - now, I wanted to be observed. And my eyes started to follow my image that was joining Max's body and fantasies in a magical dance.

The light penetrating from the window increased my excitement while covering our bodies. To see Max fucking me made me feel even more horny and eager. The curtains were left open so that someone might spy on us, even with binoculars. This was making the situation even more exciting. I was admiring our performance in the mirror. It was as if there was someone on the opposite side of the mirror watching us and clapping our performances and our changes of position. The act of watching our sex and the act of making it were melting into one single pleasure. I could not tell if I preferred to see or to perform in front of spectators. Was I a voyeur or an exhibitionist? Or maybe both?

As usual, destiny helped me. I could not tell if I was stimulating him or if he was pushing me under a test to make me discover "real" sex. Before I met Max, I had a good, but absolutely boring life. Since I met him, I have been continuously meeting new people, new situations and especially I have learned to know myself better.

Max had just sold on the Internet an antique settle that belonged to his grandmother and he had promised to carry it for money to a man in Florence. Meanwhile, in my mailbox I found a leaflet about a trip to Assisi, that was organized by the Parish. What a better occasion to mix the sacred and the profane? I obviously needed Isa's help to develop my plan and to enjoy a whole day out with my lover.

She immediately agreed with my plan. She was my girlfriend and would do anything for me. I would do the same for her. She would get behind me while I was having a great time elsewhere and then we would meet again in Rome.

We booked immediately to be sure to get a ticket. In the meantime Max fixed an appointment with the buyer for the same day of my parish-day trip.

In the morning of our departure, we were accompanied by our respective husbands, who were happy to let us go and to enjoy the day on their own, wearing flip flops and watching television. It seemed like a normal day trip. I had all that's needed: backpack on my back, comfortable shoes and packed lunch. In my mind I could already figure out a small hotel or an hourly-motel on the highway, where I could unleash all of my sexuality.

In fact, after just ten minutes of driving, our plan got started.

"Can you can stop, please? I have a bellyache. I need to go to the loo", I told the bus driver with a grimace of pain on my face.

Luckily the coach was not equipped with toilet and so I had to stop the whole party at the first open bar. I ran out and disappeared into the bar-room. I could already imagine the complaints of the old ladies, angry about the incident. I waited some time to make them impatient and then I came back with a sad face like at a funeral.

I had to play my role and I assure you that it was not easy.

"Oh, I am so sorry. I must have eaten something wrong last night and I really can not go on with the trip".

The old ladies were happy to leave me because I already made them wait so much time. I kissed Isa and I stepped out of the bus. I left the unsuspecting parishioners together with a sex bomb, but fortunately not a triggered one. If they had only imagined what Lady Isabella was able to do in a bed, they would not even let her get on the coach.

So I called Max and he arrived almost immediately. We began a new adventure, even if only a one-day adventure. Some sweet music accompanied us and I watched the Lazio countryside passing outside my car-window, as if I were one of those children who have never been on a trip and who are so

curious to discover the world. With Max I felt safe and everything seemed new to me. I was used to travelling, either alone or with my husband, but only at that time I was realizing that I didn't know anything. With him I was learning how to look inside people, how to find out their tics, their features, their merits and flaws, foibles and weaknesses. But the most exciting thing was to involve people in our games so that a trivial situation, a single gesture, could turn into a sexual wink, into a mischievous attitude that could provoke a victim or perhaps bless a lucky partner. We used a sort of veiled exhibitionism to awaken the senses of men and (why not?!) even of women.

As we stopped at the Autogrill bar to have breakfast, a lady passed near our station-wagon and she made the sign of the cross. Actually, she confused the dark walnut settle for a coffin. We were not going to a funeral, not even to a cemetery. Inside the wood box there was not a dead man, but a load of transgression that we were delivering around Italy. The settle was full of sex and I had a crazy wish to open it and to show all its contents to everybody so to share my pleasure and to let everybody have fun.

The trip was quiet, except for those phone numbers written in the ladies' room that were promising performances of all kinds. Names of women, couples and men (but how could men get into the female toilets?) were covering the thin walls of the loos. For a moment I was tempted to transcribe some of them, but why should I do it if I did not even know where those people lived? I gave up. My desire increased and my pussy started to get wet. It was the signal that I had to do something.

We transported the package to the fixed destination and, after leaving it, we came back to Rome. Unfortunately, we had a short time and we had to settled for a quick lunch and a quick sex encounter in a small hourly hotel, just outside the toll booth. I assure you that it was so short that it was not even worth describing it. It's not because Max came too fast, but perhaps because we both felt that we were looking for stronger sensations.

So, we continued the way back waiting for "something extra".

"I'm still horny!", I said suddenly like a little wayward girl crying for an ice cream.

Max was driving and the only word that came out of his mouth was: "Suck!"

I bowed my head between his legs and, while driving at 130 km/h or maybe more, I unbuttoned his pants and began to give him a blow job. I was full of desire and lust. He was already excited and the situation was peculiar. The cars sped past us and no one of those drivers could certainly imagine that the driver inside our car was not enjoying the road ahead of him, but my soft and warm lips. My tongue followed the straight line of his penis, then I let it all enter my tunnel-mouth surrounded by reflectors poles-like teeth. Meanwhile, the asphalt tongue flowed beneath us, as if to join our fantastic and transgressive trip. The greater the speed of my blow, the more the car lowered its own speed, while the up-and-down going of my mouth seemed to replace the moves of the pistons.

Maybe some truckers from the top of their cabin could see me. But the driving position on Max's side was surely not making the view easy for them. Some passengers on a couch noticed us. Fortunately, they were not my parishioners, but young students! It was a quick moment, but long enough to let my exhibitionism free out behind the steamed up windows and I was rewarded by applause and kisses. If they could only take a picture of me, I would be portrayed with a beautiful smile, despite the full mouth.

It was the turn of the truckers and, in order to satisfy their fantasies, I pulled up my skirt, lowered my panties and started touching myself. Max passed them with the lights flashing, as if he wanted to tell them what was happening. Indeed, as soon as we paralleled them, a mighty honk and a murder-like look made us understand that they appreciated it. I liked to way I felt appreciated and desired, despite my fifty years, by men perhaps a bit rough and inelegant, but certainly more virile than my husband. Anyway, I did not have to fuck them. I just wanted to let them know I may be their pleasure, more than the nude women posted behind their seat.

So, we stopped at the Autogrill store for a coffee-break, loo and fuel.

I had a cappuccino and my tongue cleaned the froth formed around my lips, and by doing so I shocked the young barman. Such a malicious and impertinent act made him get burn by the hot coffee he was handling. If he only could move without risking the dismissal, he would climb over the bar to jump on me. In a jumping competition with a pussy-award he would definitely arrive first.

Max and I parted to go to the bathroom and, after a pee, I slipped off my panties because they had become soaked with fluids. I placed them in a side pocket of my bag. It was an almost mechanical gesture, which I did without any malice. What could some dirty and wet slip be useful for, even if imbued with a great desire for sex? I did not have any change. I walked out of the loo and began to follow the usual obliged path up to the checkout. While I was watching the shelves - including plush dolls and stuff like that - I realized that I lost my panties. Max pointed out it to me as soon as I joined him beside the shelf of the magazines.

"Congratulations!" He said with his usual irony.

"Now you leave the crumbs of bread as Tom Thumb."

I was clouded by my usual naivety and I did not understand immediately. Only after he indicated the body of the crime, lying on the Autogrill floor, I became aware of my clumsiness. I wanted to take my panties back, but he stopped the arm.

"Leave them there. Now we'll have some fun", he said with a mischievous tone.

The chance helped him to set in motion his perverseness and he was instantly transformed into the director of a candid camera. Instead of the usual jokes with a faked counterfeit or with some money linked to an invisible thread, there were some underpants. While we were pretending to look at the magazines, we were curious and funny to see the faces of people passing by my tiny pink panties. A couple of guys noticed them and laughed. A woman walked by them without even realizing their presence and an elderly woman took them with the hand, maybe confusing them for an handkerchief, and she immediately threw them onto the floor with a gesture mixed with fear and disgust, as if they were poisoned or contaminated with polonium 210.

It could have been nice to film them and to send them all on a television program. We just needed to have them sign the permission. When a man in his fifties saw the panties the story became even more interesting. He looked around, moving them with his foot in a more secluded area and then he bent over shoving them in his pocket in a second. Our "candid" ended, we were missing our protagonist. Anyway, in return, I made someone happy, someone who had found material for his perverted fantasies.

After the funny little game, we went out into the fresh air to our car to continue our journey. Unfortunately, we had not reckoned the shoe store standing before our eyes. Have you ever noticed them? Recently there are shoe store in the motorway car parks, too!

"Can I go, just for a moment?", I asked to Max, pointing to the light-bricks building, located at the corner of the large square.

Shoes are my passion, like for all women, and not to visit the shop would have been rude to them. I went in all excited and I started to try some shoes in the self-service area where there are grey plastic chairs at the bottom of each shelf and tilted mirrors positioned just at the front. I could wear whatever I wanted without the pressure of the shop assistant. Max wandered among the shelves filled with boxes and, just like him, other husbands and boyfriends were accompanying some ladies. I was so involved in trying the shoes, that I had even forgotten that I had no panties. The look of a boy to the mirror in front of my legs, reminded me this. Every time I sat for a change, my insolent hairless pussy was reflected beneath my short skirt, among my black stockings. Such a thing certainly didn't pass un-noticed by the husbands wishing new stimulations. I could even notice three of them watching. The most hull and experts would not make me see their chess moves, hidden by the play of the mirrors.

At least initially the situation was not forced at all, but, after the initial awkwardness, I began to enjoy himself. I was posing, as if a voyeur photographer should take some pictures of me and I would also facilitate my unknown admirers. While the other girls and ladies were concentrated on the red colour of the shoes, the men in the room had eyes only for me and for the red and shiny color of my open and wet pussy.

I felt like a saws-vending machine, like those distributing cigarettes or condoms. I could deliver "foo" and "handful" for husbands and boyfriends needing stimulation and exciting situations, after the same old warmed soup. I do not know if I could patent the idea, but it certainly worked.

The everyday soup reminded me about that lady who put the "viagra" in the food for her husband to invigorate him, and she sent him to hospital and the story ended on several newspapers. But it also reminded me of the joke of the stallion. Let me tell you about it.

*One day an aged couple went to a farm to look closely at the stallion with the mares. The young horses were brought from time to time before the breeding horse, which mounted them never failing. Then, the wife, enchanted by all those repeated sexual performances, told her husband: "You see, it's not like you stopping after the first try and sometimes you can't even do that." So the husband replayed angrily: "Yes, but the horse has always new partners, while I have always the same."*

Possibly this is the explanation why men are always researching for new dishes. Even if it was an old joke, I hope at least you did laugh.

We both wanted more sex and our stop at the Autogrill made us even more horny. We decided to stop at a parking area. One of those with tables, thatched umbrellas and wooden benches, hidden from the view of other drivers. A quiet place where to make love... and maybe let ourselves be looked. We parked the car facing the square and behind us there was a thick vegetation. We started kissing, touching and, despite the cold, we took our clothes off. Max was making me warm enough. Maybe twenty years had passes since the last time I made sex in a car. I felt like a young girl again and my emotions were very strong. It wasn't the same old bed - that's maybe the most comfortable place in the world where to make love - but it was a cold and uncomfortable car where our naked bodies were exposed as if they were for sale. In the shadow something or someone began to move. Max noticed it and I stopped in fear. A man had suddenly appeared near the car. Fear and anxiety took over my exhibitionism. I wanted to be the protagonist of the film but at the same time my body seemed unwilling to play this part. No porn films for me. The best role I could get was in a school play. Max as usual understood and put the car in motion, driving away as far as possible, while I was still naked and distraught.

Unfortunately that was such a negative experience. One of those situations that you can not handle properly. You think to be ready and prepared, while everything goes wrong. It's like to get prepared for an exam and then to be stuck and silent in front of the professor. This happened to me. I was trained, I did the rehearsal (with the truck drivers!) and then, when the right moment came, a panic attack ruined everything.

Max cuddled me until we arrived at Rome. He understood my fears and he tried to hold me close. Meanwhile, Isabella began to send text messages to my phone to organize our way back to town. I had to send a text to Alfredo, saying that he didn't have to come to pick me at the bus station because I would have a lift to home. Then we met Isa who gave me a gift and some Umbra specialities for my husband. She made a sacrifice for me, spending a day between churches and shrines. But she knew I would soon return the favor.

My organization had not been perfect, just like the ones that Max does. However, I did quite good for my first time as a planner. I would say I did pretty well. In my mind I was thinking about the unexpected voyeur and about the possibility that some old lady from the parish would meet by chance my husband and would asked him about my health. But the time passing erases everything and the following days passed well and without troubles.

Until Max's invitation for a dinner for two. I accepted with pleasure, I needed some distraction for myself and I wanted to get out from my everyday monotony. I pretended to have a working dinner and I went with my sex expert to Ostia to eat some fresh fish and to try again the thrill of love in the car.

After dinner, we had a romantic walk on the beach, barefoot, hand in hand, accompanied by an accomplice moon. The sound of the sea waves lapping on the shore were blending with the silence of the night. Sweetness and tenderness were taking over me. Even if I knew why we were there, Max warned me. Especially during winter, the immense deserts of the parking lots of the baths are the territory of voyeurs. Invisible people seem to take an appointment there with the couples willing to be looked and admired. But I wanted to overcome my fear. I would try another meeting with my *personal analyst* to see if I was ready to go on the next stage.

We returned to the car. We were cold and curious. I mostly wanted to discover what would happen soon. Nobody was around us. Just the full moon that illuminated the darkness of night. Suddenly, some people came out from their hiding places or maybe even from the underground like living dead. Some living dead people of sex, needing to eat just the leftovers of passion, given to them by some loving couples. Older men and even youngsters moved slowly and bent on themselves, as if they didn't want to be noticed. People of the night, who have nothing in common with the disco dancers. These were sex lovers. A sex not experienced in first person, but only as spectators of somebody else's orgasms.

We contributed to their needs. I undressed slowly, so that every single gesture was observed and scrutinized by their eyes. And this time I didn't have any fear. Indeed, I could almost read in their eyes a plea for help. Despite the dangerous situation, I realized that those people were harmless. Before my exhibitionism, they became more daring.

The car doors weren't locked and Max was probably a bit tensed. Out of the car the people watching were enjoying the show and at that moment I really felt like the first woman. Naked in front of them and separated only by the thin barrier of windows, maybe I behaved as a bitch before their eyes, but the zombies were asking it. I laid my breasts on the glass and immediately a boy seemed to touch them. Then, unsatisfied with that, he began to lick the window. Then I turned back and put my ass in front of his face and he continued to lap up the glass.

They were slowly masturbating and their cocks, strangely not so much eager despite the situation, were hidden in the darkness of night. I almost wanted to help them, but it was not prudent and I didn't. Max found the way to let them have more fun, even if indirectly. He put his cock in my mouth and in the meantime he penetrated my wet kitty with his fingers like never before. We almost came together, while our guests began to sketch their pleasure on our car. It seemed like the launching of a ship with a bottle of sparkling wine with its foam wetting the hull. Sperm ran down the windows and even the sides of the car were now soiled. The zombies of sex disappeared as they had arrived, leaving almost no trace of their passage. Apart from the poor car dirty and sticky ....

And let me tell you more about this.

The next day Max was ashamed to take the car to the wash. The signs of solitary pleasure drawn from our zombie friends, mixed with sand and salt, were unfortunately unequivocal. Thus, he parked near his office in Prati quarter, under the plane trees where flocks of birds live. He left the car under the droppings of the birds, a few hours after the sketches drawn by birds of a different nature. Guano was confused with semen and Max could finally take the car to wash without any embarrassment.

Moreover, he told me that, when he went to pick up the car, the employee complained for the birds (yes, but what kind of birds?), for the great effort he had to make. And he was absolutely right. Millions and millions of sperm are not so easy to erase with a sponge.