



Idle conversation

They'd been married for ten years. Two kids, both finally at school. An afternoon appointment across town, and — this being Philadelphia — every block was a battlefield.

Rob drove like every other driver on Broad Street: too fast, too close, and too stubborn to give an inch. Tasha kept jabbing at her imaginary brake from the passenger seat.

"Yellow light!" she warned.

"I got time," he said. He made the light but missed her point.

God, how she hated the way that man drove.

At the next intersection, a Subaru darted in front of him and braked too early. He leaned on the horn, indignant.

“She made me miss my green light!” he barked.

Tasha sighed, watching two young women waiting at the corner. The tall one stood with her phone in hand, posture straight and sharp as her clothes. A fitted pencil skirt hugged her hips, and a cream blouse tucked neatly into the waistband. Her dark hair was pulled back into a glossy bun, and her makeup was professional but restrained—the kind of woman who’d bark orders at interns all day and still make her spin class at six. She tapped the toe of her stiletto impatiently against the sidewalk, eyes on the traffic as if she could will it to move faster.

Next to her, the shorter girl was a direct counterpoint: all black lace and attitude. A cropped leather jacket hung off her shoulders, and a pleated skirt ended just high enough to show where the tops of her striped stockings bit into thick thighs. She had dyed-black hair with a streak of purple that caught in the afternoon sun, and heavy eyeliner that gave her an air of permanent disdain. A choker ring glinted against her throat, and it looked as if it had seen plenty of use..

Neither looked at the other, but you could feel the silent static between them — the finance queen too polished to acknowledge the goth, the goth too goth to care.

As the light flipped green, Tasha turned to Rob with a mischievous glint.

“So,” she said, “which one of them do you think would be the most fun to fuck?”

He blinked. “What?!”

Rob’s throat bobbed. Was this a trap? Had he been staring? Had she been drinking?!

“Don’t you think they’re a little... *young*?” he said.

“Don’t act innocent,” her eyebrow flexed. “I’ve seen your browser history. Babysitter porn, teachers keeping schoolgirls after class, and that one file simply titled ‘*Cheerleader Pyramid Gone Wrong*.’ This is no different — just a fantasy.”

Between discussing his browser history and the girls on the corner, Rob took the safer choice.

“The tall one. She looks like a model.”

“And...?” Tasha probed.

“And she’d probably pick up the tab. What do you want from me?!” he pleaded.

“The chubby goth girl is the better fuck — and I’ll tell you why.”

Tasha stretched her legs out, settling deeper into the passenger seat like she was about to launch into a bedtime story. Her voice softened, but her words sharpened.

“The finance girl? She’s gorgeous, sure. But she’s a starched blouse. She’s got rules. She’s got meetings. She’ll keep her bra on and make you schedule sex three weeks in advance. And when it’s finally time, she’s going to check her Fitbit to see if it counts as cardio.”

Rob made a strangled noise somewhere between a laugh and a protest. “Jesus, Tash—”

“The goth girl?” Tasha cut him off, her smile curling like smoke. “Different story. She’s wild. She’s the kind of girl who can drink a trucker under the table and blow him while she’s down there. She’s fucked in the bathroom of a dive bar more often than her bedroom — which has heavy-duty eye screws mounted into the ceiling. She’s loud, she’s messy, she bites when she kisses. You don’t *make love* to a girl like that. You *survive* her.”

Rob shifted in his seat, heat rising in his collar.

“And she wouldn’t just let you have her,” Tasha went on, almost purring now. “She’d take you. Crawl into your lap, right here in the car, and grind down on you until your legs

went numb. She'd laugh while you begged her to slow down. You'd come out of it scratched up, sweaty, completely drained — and desperate to do it again."

"Look closely," Tasha crooned, "See those bumps under her shirt? Her thick nipples are pierced. Heavy barbells that probably tug with every step. When she's feeling submissive, she'll attach a chain between them so you can lead her around. They're nearly the exact same piercings her dad remembers from a pictorial in a 1995 copy of "Hustler's Busty Beauties" that he owned, and seeing those telltale protrusions on his daughter's overdeveloped milkers gives him painful confusion boners.

"He still has the copy in his sock drawer.

"Unless he moved it after she found it.

Tasha's breathing was getting ragged.

"You'd never have to worry about getting her pregnant because she'd insist you cum on her plump tits so she can SnapChat her boyfriend.

"Oh, yes, she has a boyfriend. A thin, androgenous waif who is OK with you fucking her. Maybe a little too OK because when he responds, it's with a pic of his —"

Rob slammed on the brakes. The Subaru ahead of them hesitated at the green light, snapping him out of his trance. He smacked the horn.

Rob drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, jaw tight. The Subaru crept through the intersection just as the light turned yellow again, leaving him stuck.

“Unbelievable,” he muttered.

“Relax, road rage,” Tasha said, leaning against the window. “Look—” She nodded across the street. “Now *there’s* one.”

Rob followed her gaze and spotted a woman in her early forties waiting with a shopping bag on her hip. Sun dress, sandals, hair pulled back in a loose bun. The kind of woman who probably drove a minivan but still turned heads at parent–teacher night.

Rob’s grip on the wheel tightened. “Are you serious?”

“Dead serious.” Tasha tilted her head, studying the woman like a connoisseur. “She’s better than either of those girls. You can tell she *knows* her body. She’s not trying too hard. She doesn’t have to. And she’s definitely got a drawer at home that would make you blush.”

Rob swallowed. He adjusted his rearview mirror to watch as the woman adjusted the strap of her bag. He watched her breasts shifting under the fabric.

A car politely beep-beeped behind him, bringing him back.

“She wouldn’t waste time,” Tasha continued, her voice dropping. “She’d take you straight to bed, strip you down, and work you like she had a stopwatch running. The kind of sex where you walk funny the next morning — but you don’t dare complain because she’s already making breakfast.”

Rob re-adjusted the rearview mirror, pretending to check the traffic behind them, but really sneaking a glance at Tasha. Her curves filled the seat, her breasts bouncing with every bump in the road. For the first time, he gained an appreciation of Philly potholes, and he found himself steering toward them.

Tasha kept talking, oblivious. “She’s a MILF, Rob. The kind you fantasize about when you’re eighteen — and the kind who still makes your knees weak twenty years later.”

“You seen those big tits? Those generous hips? It’s why you drive a Jaguar instead of a Camry. The difference is luxury.

“She has a full-length mirror in the bedroom that her husband installed so she’d have optimum sunlight in the

morning as she gets dressed. It's also perfectly positioned so he can watch those full tits sway when he fucks her from behind, and when you mount her, you make a mental note to try to avoid thanking him if you ever meet him.

"She's raised three teenage sons. She's pulled crunchy socks from under beds. She'd heard sheets tossed into the washing machine at three in the morning. She knows to knock loudly and count to ten before opening a closed door. She's seen it all. So she's not going to think twice about sliding a finger up your ass and watching you quiver. She has cleaned too many messes to worry about making a few.

"She's no stranger to the kind of language that makes your balls feel heavy. She hears how her son's friends talk about her when they think she can't hear them. Their hormone-addled whispers are her sonnets. She speaks fluent Lockerroom. Her dirty talk encourages you to treat her like a filthy, depraved slut.

"And that's exactly why she does it.

"She'd lock those legs around you as you're getting close and look you dead in the eye and tell you to pump your hot load into her needy little cunt.

"And you'd do it because you'd been trained to obey that tone since you were five."

A delivery van swerved across the lane, cutting him off. Rob jabbed the brakes. Now they were stuck at the mouth of a three-way intersection, the kind that took forever to cycle through.

He exhaled sharply, drumming his fingers on the wheel.

Rob's eyes lingered on the woman at the corner. Bookish, by the looks of her—glasses perched on the bridge of her nose, a soft cardigan draped over a modest blouse, tote bag overflowing with books dangling from one shoulder. Her hair was pulled into a messy bun, and she absentmindedly tucked a strand behind her ear as she scanned the street for her bus.

Tasha caught his gaze. "Oh, yeah," she said, a sly grin spreading across her face. "Now you're catching on..."

Rob flushed, shifting in his seat. "I... she's... nothing like the others."

"Exactly," Tasha purred, leaning closer. "That's why she's dangerous. She's smart. She's precise. You'd be surprised at how adventurous she can be behind those glasses. You think that cardigan hides anything? Ha. She's got stamina, she's got imagination, and she'll use every trick in that nimble little brain of hers to make you come undone."

“She probably goes through eight romance novels a week... and a steady stack of toy wipes. She knows how to find the authors who can make you question your own hard limits. She can hold a book and turn the page with one hand. That takes a delicious degree of manual dexterity.”

Rob swallowed hard. He flicked a dial just a touch toward cooler air.

Tasha reached over, brushing her fingers along his thigh, tracing the growing bulge pressing against his Wranglers. “Go on,” she whispered, “tell me what you’d do to her.”

Rob breathes a shaky breath, “I walk up to her in the library. She’s in the section for 19th-century European sculpture, flipping through a thick book. She’s lingering over a photo of Guillaume Geefs’ *Le Genie du Maal*. I lean down and kiss the back of her neck. She startles, just a little — but doesn’t pull away. Instead, she tilts her head, giving me more. I breathe in her scent. Warm vanilla. Of course. I let my hands slide under her cardigan, along the curve of her waist, feeling the warmth of her skin beneath the blouse.

“Her pulse thumps under my fingers, fast and alive. She bites her lip and shivers, and I feel my cock tighten at the sensation. Her glasses slip down her nose as she leans back into me, and I caress my hands up her ribs. Every

tiny movement — how she arches back, how she tilts her head while lingering over the photo — drives me crazy. She's quiet, almost shy, but the tension in her body tells me she wants more."

Tasha ran light circles around the tip of the tent in Rob's jeans. "And you're just the man to give it to her. You have the genius of evil."

"I brush a strand of hair from her face and whisper in her ear, and I can feel her trembling as she finally lets herself go, letting me explore, letting me take control. She's careful, but not too careful — this is someone who's imagined this moment a thousand times, and now she's finally living it with me. She leans back into me, pressing closer, letting me explore along the curves of her waist, the soft swell beneath the cardigan."

Zzzzziiipp.

"Silently, she pulls her plaid skirt up over her thighs, bunching it on the curve of her bubble butt. She plants both hands on the tall reading table in front of her and looks back at me over her shoulder with desperation in her eyes. It's the first time she has seen my face.

"I glide her panties — damp white lace — down her hips. As it pools around her ankles, she steps one foot out.

“She gasps as I slide her legs wide apart with a single swipe of my leg, but her breathing stops entirely when I rub my girthy cock against her smooth mound. I pause, scanning the floor for retirees and local eccentrics. Her knuckles go white as she grips the table.

“I slide into her hot, wet hole in one slow movement until my balls plant themselves under her vulva. She whimpers just a little.”

In the next car over, a Nissan with Wisconsin plates idled. The driver, a round-faced mom with a minivan full of bored youngsters, looked over to see an authentic Philadelphia couple engaged in a genuine Philly conversation. Probably about cheesesteaks. Then she saw Tasha’s left shoulder moving up and down, up and down. Squirming in her seat, she inched her car forward.

“Then she starts grinding her hips,” said Rob, “I can feel her inner muscles milking my cock with a firm, steady rhythm. I spy the book on kegel exercises peaking out from under the sculpture tome.

“I pick up my pace, gripping her slender waist and rocking her over my cock. Strands of hair fall loose and dangle in front of her reddening face. Her full lips are parted, and her breath escapes in short, staccato bursts in time with my commanding thrusts.

“I can feel my heavy balls pull tight to my core. My cock is swelling inside her. I can either flood her sweet pussy with my cum, or I can pull out and jizz all over the hardwood floor. I know how hard it is to scrub protein stains out of old oak, and this floor has seen a century of wear already. My grip on her rounded hips tightens. Her eyes fly open.

“In a blur, a librarian turns the corner and says,
Shhhhh-IIIITTT!”

The honking of the cars behind him jolted Rob back to reality.

The light had been green for some time now.

Rob spun the steering wheel, making a right turn from the left-hand turn lane. Tires screeched as he cut across furious Philadelphian motorists. And one daydreamy Wisconsinite.

Tasha’s eyes widened, fingers clutching the dashboard.
“Rob! What are you doing?!”

Rob was quiet. He drove steadily straight ahead.

“Honey...?” Tasha peeped, “I’m sorry. I only meant it as a silly little fantasy game. I thought it would be fun to see which woman would be the most fun to fuck.”

Rob smiled for the first time that day. “There’s a hotel about a mile up the road.”

“I’m going to take you there and give you my answer,” he breathed.

And he did. Slowing down for every

yellow

light

along

the

way.

God, how she hated the way that man drove.



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