

Regret

by Matt Potter

Red-white-and-blue pennants fluttered overhead. The night breeze cooled my naked nipples.

“So it’s a bit like an initiation?” he said.

“Yeah,” I nodded, hard-on tenting inside my shorts.

He hurled the brick I gave him at the car window. Glass shattered onto the front seat and the car yard asphalt.

I reached around inside and unlocked the back door. Sliding onto the seat, I released my waistband. My hard-on thwacked against my stomach.

Pulling my knees onto my chest, my toes touched the padded roof. It was the first time I’d been in an older model BMW, and the plush brown leather sighed against my back.

Pushing his jeans down around his ankles, he knelt, and pressed his moist dipstick against my hole.

“Do you always do this on a first date?” he said.

“Fuck my exhaust pipe,” I answered.

With each stroke of his crankshaft, my carburettor purred. And as he accelerated straight into third gear, all six cylinders throbbed.

“Play with my gear stick,” I moaned.

He smiled, and with his hands, surprisingly smooth and soft and clean, began —

“Hey!” I signalled, thrusting my palm at his chest. “I thought you were a mechanic.”

“No, a mechanical engineer.”

I reached up and, hard-on limping against my stomach, pulled my shorts down from my ankles. “Sorry,” I said. “I only fuck mechanics.”

“Too bad,” he said. He backed out of the car and stood up, penis dewy in the breeze. “‘Cause I’ve got two tickets to the motor show.”

