



# Road Trip Whispers

Ma' Gla'



The morning sun cast long shadows across the driveway as Steffan loaded the last bag into the trunk of his blue sedan. The air smelled of fresh dew and gasoline, filling him with a pleasant buzz of anticipation for the long drive ahead.



Anna emerged from her front door with a small duffel bag slung over her shoulder, her blonde hair tied back in a loose ponytail. Wearing light denim shorts and a simple white tank top, she looked fresh, cheerful, and ready for adventure as she tossed her bag into the back seat.



Steffan got behind the wheel, started the engine, and pulled out of the driveway into the quiet morning streets. With a soft indie playlist humming from the radio, they began their two-hour journey toward a small town known for its antique shops and scenic lake trails.



As trees blurred past the passenger window, Anna chatted happily about her week and her plans for the trip. Steffan nodded along, but he occasionally glanced over, noticing the subtle, frequent way she began crossing and uncrossing her legs in her seat.



Beneath her casual exterior, Anna was playing a secret game, having deliberately drunk two large glasses of water right before and during the start of the drive. She felt the first gentle, warm pressure building in her lower belly, a private thrill that she kept entirely to herself.



Forty-five minutes into the drive, the gentle reminder grew into a persistent, undeniable presence. Anna shifted her weight again, crossing her legs the other way and squeezing her thighs together firmly while staring out at the passing landscape.



Steffan noticed the pattern, observing the slight bite of her lower lip and the way her eyes briefly glazed over before she snapped back to attention. Wondering if she needed a break, he offered to pull over at a gas station coming up in ten miles.



Anna's eyes widened for a fraction of a second before she quickly composed herself with a bright, tight smile. She insists she is perfectly fine, claiming she wants to reach the Oakridge café before it gets too busy, refusing the pit stop entirely.



With over an hour of driving behind them, the pressure became a constant, warm ache in Anna's lower stomach. She briefly rested her hand over her belly to soothe the sensation before quickly pulling it away, realizing she had to maintain her casual composure.



Steffan kept his expression neutral and continued humming along to the radio, letting her believe he was completely oblivious. Anna looked over at him, smiling inwardly at her own endurance, determined to see just how much longer she could keep up her secret game.