

Lust in the Truck

This contemporary Western fantasy is hotter than a habanero in the Texas sun and has explicit situations as well as a little bit of language that would get your mouth washed out with soap. You've been warned.

I've been locked in my room all day. I ask you—seriously—at what point does parental control go from protectiveness to imprisonment? We're told to respect our parents but respect is a two-way process. A mother who can't bring herself to respect an almost grown-damn woman with her own thoughts and desires, is a parent who's likely to have their prisoner slip away. I'm so sick of living like I'm in jail I feel like I'm going to explode.

We had a huge fight this morning. She locked me in my room over the most ridiculous thing; she wouldn't let me wear a tank top. Not a strappy top or camisole—just a regular tank top. I went to so much trouble to buy it on the sly when she was busy in the fitting room. I snuck it home in my purse. It's lain in the bottom of my drawer under scrapbooks and old school projects since April. Then, today was so hot, I thought I'd put it on. I barely got out the door of my room.

Too revealing, she said. *Hah*. Let her see what I'll reveal now.

I've cut the legs off a pair of my almost too small old jeans to make them into short shorts. Mom won't let me have a mirror in my room—she says it encourages vanity—but I think they're pretty sexy.

I've begun to realize that I've gotten to be a bit of a hottie in the past year or two. My height has shot up, and my boobs have grown out. Mom has had to buy me three bigger bras sizes in two years. My thick, wavy hair has gotten long, and I see how men look at me. They're interested—and I'm interested back.

Mom sees it too. She makes me wear baggy, buttoned-up clothes, but they can't hide my curves anymore. It didn't use to bother me. I used to be scared of boys. Now, I wonder what I

was scared of. I want to find out what everyone goes on about all the time. I want to join the rest of the human race and get laid.

My bedroom window has been nailed shut for as long as I can remember, but I use my fingernail clippers to work the nails out. I wait until I hear Mom's snoring from down the hall, then I kiss my old stuffed rabbit, Bunny Bear, goodbye and ease my window open, slipping out into the warm, summer night.

I sprint through the shadows of the live oak and mesquite trees lining the long driveway. A symphony of crickets and tree frogs cover the sound of my footsteps in the dry grass. Two more longish blocks of small town suburbia and I'm on Route 11. All the porch lights glow faintly behind me, and the road stretches away into the darkness. It's not very heavily traveled in the evenings. I hope a ride into town comes along soon. I've never snuck out before, never even been out alone at night, but I feel like cutting loose. My emotions are so pent up inside of me that I want to go wild. I wonder where a good place to do that would be?

I've never hitchhiked before, but it's not like it's hard. I just need the courage to try it. I adjust my tank top for maximum cleavage and wait. It doesn't take too long, thankfully. My heart starts beating fast as headlights approach. I bite my lip and stick out my thumb, struggling to relax my posture, like I do this all the time. An aging blue truck with a bunch of hay bales in back pulls up. A man leans across the bench seat to open the passenger door. He looks kind of old. There's grey sprinkled through his light brown hair, and crinkles of crow's feet at the corners of his pale blue eyes.

"Where y'going, miss?"

I swallow hard, shush the butterflies in my stomach, and smile my biggest smile at him.

"Anywhere but here!"

He laughs, and it transforms his face. He's pretty good looking for an older guy. "Hop on in, then."

As the truck rambles along, I study the driver through lowered eyelashes. He's muscular under his plaid shirt. The sleeves are rolled up onto powerful-looking biceps. His face is deeply tanned, weathered and craggy, but handsome. I like his strong jawline and the deep set of his

eyes. Now that I get a better look at him, maybe he's not as old as I thought. He might be about forty.

He catches me looking and grins like he knows something. I squirm under his gaze and try to think of what to say.

"How far you going?"

"Into town," he replies.

"Sounds good." I nod, affecting a calm that I sure don't feel. I cross my long legs.

"Nice boots," he says, eyeing my pink cowboy boots. I glance at him, wondering if he's mocking me. *Are these boots too childish?*

"Thanks."

"So, what's your name?"

"Andie. What's yours?"

"Hank. Is Andie short for something?"

I wince. *Ugh, I hate my name.* "It's actually not. It's just Andie."

A glaring red and blue neon sign reading Ryder's Roadhouse peeks through the trees along the highway. It's a notorious local joint on the outskirts of town that my mom calls the sinner's shack.

Hank asks, "How about I buy you a drink? You're old enough to drink, aren't you?"

"Yes, I mean, sure. I'd love one." I swallow hard. I've never had anything more than a tiny sip of communion wine. Well, tonight that changes.

He pulls into the parking lot. As he gets out of the truck I realize he's tall—a few inches over six feet for sure. As I follow him into the bar, I can't help but notice how firm his butt looks in his tight jeans. I have an impulse to reach out and grab it. I laugh, shocked at the thought. He turns to look back. "Something funny?"

I blush and shake my head. He pulls open the door, and holds it for me. As I walk toward the bar, I wonder if he's checking out *my* backside. I hope so. Because I'm tired of pleasuring myself alone in my room at night and I'm thinking I want to get fucked, and I might like it to be him. He looks like he would know what he's doing.

I settle onto a wooden bar stool with a red vinyl top, and Hank takes the one next to me, scooting it a bit closer. The place has a funny smell, kind of stale and musty. Do all bars smell like that? The bartender is a heavyset guy with a beard, a beer gut, and tattoos all over his arms. When he leans on the bar in front of us I notice a Chevrolet logo with a deer skull on his forearm and wonder what it means. *Does he like to hit deer with a Chevy truck?*

Hank orders a beer and asks what I want. “Whiskey,” I say.

His eyebrows go up. *Did I say something wrong?*

“Any particular kind?” the bartender asks.

I think quickly.

“Jack.”

I heard that in a movie once. Hmm, maybe that was a cowboy movie. I hope I didn't just do something ridiculous.

I take a look around the bar. It doesn't look all that sinful; it seems pretty regular. There are a few guys sitting at the bar—staring at me. It makes me feel awkward so I keep my eyes moving. A guy and a girl sit talking in a booth, a couple of guys are playing pool in the back, and there's a girl in jeans and a bandana print shirt studying the jukebox, but I can't tell if she's with anyone. A country song plays over the sound system.

The bartender sets a stubby glass down in front of me. It's filled about a quarter of the way up with brown liquid. I know how this goes—I've seen this scene in movies. The sheltered, goody-goody kid tries liquor for the first time and spits it out. Well, not me. I'm not going to let on that this is my first real drink. Hank watches me as I take a sip.

Oh, holy crap, that burns! I force a smile, struggling not to show how much pain I'm in. *Is this normal?* I swallow. *This stuff is burning my insides all the way down to my stomach!*

Would it be weird to ask for a glass of water? Probably.

“Good stuff,” I say instead, nodding my head.

Hank grins at me—a sideways grin that seems suspiciously sarcastic.

“Uh huh.”

I'm pretty sure he knows. I swallow hard and take another sip of whiskey. This one isn't as bad, but it still burns. I notice a strange warmth start to creep up inside my chest and flow out into the rest of my body. *Weird*. I guess I'll roll with it.

"So, Andie. You from here?" Hank's eyes roam a bit, drifting down toward my chest for a brief second. "I've never seen you around."

"Yeppers. Born and raised." *Is he thinking about my breasts? I bet he is.* I breathe deep and push them out a little bit. "I don't get out much."

I look him in the eyes, impressing myself with my casual boldness. "How about you?"

"My whole life," he replies. "My place is about five miles past where I picked you up."

"You have a ranch?"

"Sure do. What gave it away?" He winks at me.

I laugh. "The hay in the back of the truck was a clue." I can't stop smiling. "Plus, there's nothing much past the subdivision but ranches."

"Well, there's that." He nods, but he doesn't take his eyes off me. There's an intensity to the way he's looking at me that makes me blush and look down at my lap. I think I like this guy. I've spent hours in my bed, dreaming about a tall, strong older man who'd be my first, who'd take me hard and fast. I wonder how big his...thing is. *Damn, what's wrong with me?*

I pick up my glass to take another sip, but it's empty. I'm confused. *When did that happen?*

"How about another?" Hank says.

I lick my lips, tasting the liquor that lingers there. "I'd like that."

Hank holds up two fingers to the bartender, and he serves up another round as Hank drains the last of his beer. I'm feeling so relaxed; I hardly ever seem to feel this relaxed. *This is nice.*

We finish our drinks in comfortable silence, looking at each other, exchanging smiles. It feels good not to have to make conversation. Easy, you know? My nervousness is almost gone. As I drain the second glass, Hank says, "I guess we better get going."

"Okay," I agree. I'm a little disappointed. I like spending time with him. I'm not sure how to keep this going, but I want to.

When we get to the truck, he opens the door for me. As I go to step up, he puts a hand on my waist to help me up. I look at him, surprised. No one ever did that before. As I turn my butt to the

truck seat, I'm a little unsteady. I bump into him, my breasts hitting his chest. I'm hyper-aware of the contact. I didn't wear a bra, and there's nothing but two thin layers of cloth between our bodies. I look up at his face, and he just leans in and kisses me.

I haven't kissed a boy since I snuck a kiss with Scooter Davies when I was sixteen. I've never kissed a *man*. I've been waiting a long time. I kiss him back. The kiss deepens, and I open my mouth as he thrusts his tongue deep. There's an ache between my legs. He presses his body—so warm!—against mine, and I can feel a bulge in his pants. *Oh wow!* I want him so bad, I can hardly stand it.

He breaks the kiss and asks in a thick, throaty voice, "How about I pull the truck around back where it's dark?"

"Yes," is all I can stammer out. I can't believe this is really happening.

I settle back in the seat as he comes around to the driver's side. My cutoffs ride up as I sit, and I can feel that I'm wet down there. He drives behind the bar and parks in the shadows of a big, spreading oak. He leans over to kiss me again, slipping his hand between my bare legs. He rubs the crotch of my jeans and the friction sends a shock tearing through my whole body. I arch my back and moan; I want his cock inside me so bad that it hurts.

"It's a little cramped in the front."

"Um. That's okay. I think." I'm not sure what to say. The gearshift does kind of block the seat. I shrug.

"I've got an idea." He opens the door and gets out. I take a deep breath and adjust my shorts again. They feel strange and tight. Well, tighter. Hank is rearranging the hay bales in back. In a moment he returns and opens my door. I can hear the music drifting from the roadhouse. When I turn to get out, he leans into me and spreads my legs. He presses his pelvis against mine as he kisses me long and deep. We're both breathing harder when our lips part.

"Tell me something, Andie."

"Hmm?" I murmur.

"Have you ever done this before?"

"Um. I..." I bite my lip. *Oh, no. Can he tell? What if he doesn't want me because I'm inexperienced?* "Not exactly."

“But you want to?”

“Oh, yes.” I look into his eyes. They harden a little.

“I have to warn you. I might have a hard time taking it slow. The way I feel right now, I want to fuck your pussy hard and fast.”

“Oh!” I gasp at his raw language and even more moisture floods my panties.

“Do you think you’re ready for that? Because nothing will happen tonight that you don’t want.”

I can’t speak. All I can do is nod my head.

“Then get in back.” He strokes his finger down the side of my face, along my neck, and down to my cleavage. “I’m going to show you what it’s like to get that little cunt fucked by a big, hard cock.”

My mouth forms an “O.” I’ve never heard anyone talk like that—so dirty. A thrill of excitement travels up my spine.

Hank pulls a blanket out from behind the seat and spreads it in the back of the truck. He’s made a cozy little spot by piling up bales around the sides of the truck bed to shield us from view.

Hank grabs the hem of my tank top and yanks it off over my head. He picks me up and sets me on the blanket-covered hay bales, giving my body an admiring once over. His eyes linger on my ample breasts and he grips them, squeezing them together and sucking one nipple and then the other.

The sensation makes the ache grow inside me. He takes one nipple in his teeth. The delicious pain is a shock, but it’s exquisite, and I let out a low moan.

His lips continue down to the soft skin on my belly. It tickles but in a good way. I throw my head back as his tongue traces along the waistband of my shorts. The hay around us has a sweet, grassy smell that’s unexpectedly sexy. Hank unbuttons my cutoffs and yanks them down along with my panties; the shock of a cool breeze chills the wetness on my burning hot pussy. He looks at me, drinking in my bare body and pink slit. “Damn…” he says. “You’re beautiful.”

I should feel shy under his hungry gaze, but I don't. I feel excited. This is all so new to me. I can hardly believe I'm lying in the back of a truck, out in the open, totally naked. It's such a unique sensation. It feels *wild*.

Hank pulls off his shirt and undoes his pants. I look at his hard, muscled body. It's like a sculpture. He's gorgeous, like some guy from a Sexy Rancher calendar at the feed store. It's so hot. My desire is growing. *This is really happening!* As he pulls his pants down his cock springs free. I've never seen anything so big. *There's no way that's going to fit inside of me.* My pussy clenches in a moment of fear.

Hank must see the look on my face because he reaches for me with one heavily muscled arm. He pushes my legs apart and slides two fingers into my slit. He uses his thumb to rub my clitoris. Shocks of pleasure radiate out from my crotch and my juices start to flow between his fingers.

"How do you like that?" he asks.

I can only moan in response. I've lost the power of speech.

He leans his face down between my legs and begins to tongue-fuck my slit. His fingers massage my clit as he drives his tongue in and out of me, only pausing to suck the juices that drip from my pulsing, aching cunt. His mouth covers my outer lips, and he thrusts his tongue deep into me. A shiver of anticipation goes down my spine; I know he's getting me ready for him.

Finally, I can't stand it and I pull at his shoulders. I'm breathing hard. I want it now! He looks me in the eye and says, "You think you're ready for this?"

I think I am.