

Hitchhiking Hell

Faye Valentine

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“Are you sure you don’t want to take a plane? Train? Hell, at the very least rent a car,” Wendy said eyeing the eighteen year old heap of junk her best friend was loading a suitcase into.

“I’ll be fine,” Abbie smiled. “She may look like a mess, but ‘ol Sally here hasn’t failed me yet.”

“You also never drove her three thousand miles across the country before either. Come on, I’d feel a whole lot better if I knew you were in a newer car. I’ll pay for the rental.”

“Money isn’t the issue,” Abbie lied. Fact was, she had been saving for this road trip for six years and it would be her last for at least another six and she had not budgeted for a rental. “Sally will get me there and back just fine. I had her inspected and she’s mechanically sound,” she lied again. Though the old car did run, she had not been to a mechanic with it since having the brakes fixed five months ago.

“Hardheaded as ever. Fine, but if you break down I’m not coming to pick you up.”

“If I break down I’m leaving her at the side of the road and hitchhiking the rest of the way to New York.”

“You’ll do no such thing!”

“Nothing is going to stop me from taking this damn vacation Wendy. I’m going to New York if I have to walk to get there dammit!”

“What’s so special about New York? Why not vacation somewhere a little closer to home?”

“I don’t want to vacation closer to home. I’ve wanted to go to the Big Apple since I was ten and dammit I’m going!” Slamming the trunk, she cringed as a small chunk of rusted metal broke off from the wheel well and fell to the driveway. “Thanks for watching the house while I’m gone and I’ll see you in a couple of weeks.”

“Drive safe,” Wendy said giving her best friend a hug.

Abbie got into her car, put the key in the ignition and gave it a turn – thankful it started without hesitation. After waving goodbye to her friend she backed out of the driveway and drove off down the road. “Alright Sally,” she said gently tapping the steering wheel “we can do this.”

And do it she did for nearly four-hundred miles before finally giving up the ghost and dying on a long stretch of road in the middle of nowhere. With the last building she remembered passing some eighteen miles back, Abbie grabbed her phone to call for help, but there was no signal. Exiting the car, she walked several hundred feet in either direction and still could not pick up even one bar of signal. “Well Sally,” she sighed “I think this is fate telling me this vacation wasn’t meant to be.” Putting her phone away and shutting the door, she walked to the back of the broken down car and popped the trunk. “And we all know what I think about fate,” she added, grabbing her suitcase.

Looking up at a star-filled sky, she was at least thankful for the good weather as she began walking down the quiet forest-lined road. Not knowing whether it was something deep in the trees, or her whistling that startled them, but a flock of crows jetted out in her direction and flew from one side of the road to the other in what reminded her of a scene from a horror movie. Shivering involuntarily and looking around for the masked, machete wielding maniac, she hastened her pace.

When nothing more untoward happened than a family of deer crossing the road she relaxed somewhat and wondered how far it would be before she got a signal, or found a place willing to let her use the phone. One mile turned to three turned to five and still nothing but long

roads ahead and trees to either side. Exhausted from the drive and walk, she was just about to enter the trees and find someplace reasonably safe to fall asleep when she saw lights coming from behind. Dropping the suitcase, she turned around and began waving her arms in the hopes whomever was driving would stop and give her a lift.

Kyle passed the broken down car five miles back and stopped to render assistance, but no one was there to assist so he drove on. Rounding a bend in the road, he saw a woman walking alone carrying a suitcase and his first thought was *nice ass!* And when the woman turned around and waved him down he smiled even as his cock began to stiffen. *Fucking hell she's gorgeous!* He thought as he took in the sexy blonde on the side of the road. Coming to a stop he rolled down the window. "That your car back there?"

"Yeah, it finally died on me."

"Where you headed?"

"New York."

"Shit! Afraid I'm not going that far, but there's a hotel about six miles down the road."

"Fast mover," Abbie grinned. "I don't even know your name."

"I, um, fucking hell! I only meant that I could give you a lift to the hotel if you wanted it, not that I wanted to take you to a hotel."

"Sorry, that's my warped sense of humor. I'd love a ride." Tossing her suitcase in the back, she walked around and got into the truck without even thinking about it. "I'm Abbie," she said offering him her hand.

"Kyle. So, It's going to be a long walk to New York," he said pulling back onto the road.

"Nah. I told myself that is Sally couldn't make it – that's what I named my car, then I'd hitchhike my way across country and that's what I'm going to do."

"Pretty brave, or pretty stupid. You have no idea whom you're getting into a vehicle with."

"True. For all I know you could be a rapist or a murderer. Or you could be a married man on his way home from work. I have no idea, but that's all part of the excitement. What I do know though is that you find me attractive."

"Oh? And how do you know that?"

"You can't stop looking at my tits and it looks as if you've popped a tent in your pants. Is that why you want to take me to a hotel, Kyle? Do you want me to repay your kindness with a little sex?"

"What? No!"

"Oh. So you don't find me attractive then?"

"Of course I do. A gay man would find you attractive, but that's not the kind of guy I am."

Getting a little turned on herself, Abbie decided to see how far she could take it before he tossed her out of the truck. "So, if I were to say, lean over and suck you off you wouldn't let me?" she asked as she undid the top button of her top with her right hand while placing the left on Kyle's steel hard cock. "Mmmm, feels like a biggie," she purred. "Are you going to stop me Kyle?" Leaning over, not believing her own actions, she unzipped his pants and fished his cock out. "My god, biggie indeed!" she said wrapping her fingers around the eight inch pole.

"Y-You don't have to...aahhhh," he moaned as her hand began slowly moving up and down his cock.

"It's the least I can do to repay your kindness. You better keep your eyes on the road. As much as I'd like to die with a dick in my mouth I'd rather it be another fifty years from now."

Her pussy throbbing in tune to her racing heart, she put the head of his cock in her mouth and began sucking.

Nearly going off-road, Kyle managed to regain control as Abbie's head bobbed up and down, taking nearly all eight inches down her sucking throat. When she cupped his balls in her hand, however, he nearly blew his load. Trying to think about anything else in a vain attempt at prolonging the inevitable was much easier said than done, and four minutes into the trip he could hold back no longer. "I'm going to come!"

Lost to the excitement of sucking a stranger off while he drove down the road, Abbie did not let up for a moment. And when he warned her of the impending ejaculation she redoubled her efforts until she was gulping down the creamy dessert one rosy strand at a time. "Fucking hell!" she exclaimed as she sat back in the seat.

"You can say that again!"

"I've never done anything like that in my life."

"Lucky me. You know, I'm still hard as a rock and it's only fair that I get to pleasure you."

"Oh," Abbie replied coyly.

"We're almost at the hotel."

"Forget the hotel! Let's do it right here on the side of the road!"

"There's not much room in the truck."

"Who said anything about doing it in the truck? I want you to fuck me silly out there," she said pointing out the window. Opening the door, she quickly unbuttoned her top and pulled her pants off before walking around to the driver side and placing her hands on the truck bed as if assuming the position to be frisked. "Come on! If you want me you'll have to take me out here!"

"Man, you're one crazy fucking bitch you know that?" Kyle said as he got out of the truck. Not one to waste a golden opportunity, he walked behind Abbie, pulled her panties down and shoved into her – figuring anyone so willing to suck him off while driving and to fuck along the side of the road would be loose, he was surprised to find her incredibly tight.

"Mmmm, that's it! Uhn...uhn...aahhh fuck yeah! Ram that fat cock in me!"

Spreading Abbie's ass cheeks open, Kyle looked down at her puckered hole and his dick grew even harder. Thrusting his hips a few more times, he pulled out and shoved into her ass – burying all eight inches in one swift movement that pressed her firmly against the bed of the truck.