



Settle for Nothing, Part 1

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“Bitch is about like tits on a bull. Fuckin’ worthless.”

The redneck’s slurred voice carried to Jasmine as she poured his next beer.

Fuckers.

She swirled the glass in her hand, foam circling the edges of the dark liquid. Daring her. Smiling, she swished her tongue in her mouth, gathering a thick dollop of saliva, and spat in the drink. She swirled it once more, letting it cling to the foam, and walked back to the counter. Thunked it down in front of him.

“Four bucks, Murray.” Jasmine grinned at his sunburnt, weathered face and brought her elbows together. Leaning over the counter, she squished her small tits together. “You ain’t broke, right? I still expect a tip.”

His watery eyes focused on her cleavage. “I always got a tip for you, baby.”

The friend at his side laughed. “She’s not asking for that withered old pecker, motherfucker.”

“Not yet,” she answered.

The old timer smiled, his snaggletooth catching the glare from the beer light behind her. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. Pay up or get out.”

Wheezing a chuckle, the man reached into his shirt pocket and tweezed out a wad of ones. “You be careful, Miss Jasmine. That there’s a promise to an old fucker who’s likely to hold it to you.”

She let a smile break over her face and crooked a finger at him.

Both men leaned in.

Jasmine plucked the bills from his hand and slipped them into her scant cleavage. “Ain’t no one promise *nothing*, old man Murray. ‘Cept a tip.”

“Trying to give an old guy a heart attack?” the other one asked.

“Nah. Just get the younger one hard.” She arched a brow and traced the veins of his hand with her pinky. “Did it work?”

His reddened face slackened as his eyes dilated.

“Guess so.” Turning away, she left them dangling on the precipice of lust and opened the register.

One dollar. That’s it? Jasmine stared at the bill in her hand as if it would change. Flashed my titties at that old fucker like he could touch them, and I get a fucking dollar?

Her hands shook, her vision blurred.

She looked up, catching a glimpse of her reflection in the smoke stained mirrored wall in front of her.

Focus.

Straining her eyes, she concentrated on her clenched jaw. The chain of earrings down the shell of her ears. The dark paint she’d drawn over her eyes to bring out the green.

She’d stopped her meds weeks ago, and hadn’t had a problem since. All she’d needed to do was give herself a pep talk and be real careful about knowing what she was doing.

This isn't the way I need to be. I ain't fucking crazy. Chanting the last sentence in her head, she saw her face relax. Took a deep breath. She closed her eyes and counted to ten.

Jay Jenkins, her boss and now boyfriend, had given her a chance. A job when no one else in town would. Even though he'd recently given her busiest shifts to the new waitress, he'd kept her on, and she couldn't let him down.

Bells hanging on the door chimed in succession as it opened. Jasmine looked into the reflection to see a tall woman with short spiky hair. She wore a fraying denim miniskirt. Pale blue button down shirt. Worn brown boots.

Jasmine closed the register, staring at the stranger. *She's not from around here.*

The woman glanced across the bar, her gaze roaming over Jasmine's body. Her head cocked to the side and she smiled. Licked her lips. Straightening her shoulders, her long legged stride lengthened, and she headed toward the corner of the bar nearest Jasmine until no longer visible in the mirror.

A stool dragged backward.

Jasmine took a breath, her eyes meeting her own reflection in the mirror. "Not fuckin' crazy."

Tossing back her limp blonde hair, she threw a smile on her face and turned to the stranger.

"Beam," the girl said.

Smile turning genuine, Jasmine stopped a few paces from the bar. "Jim Beam?"

"Yeah, that."

"Chaser or mixed?"

She didn't look like a manly sort of woman, the way some of the bitches did that liked to look at her, but there was something about her that didn't look like any kind of woman Jasmine knew. As if nothing would change her, nothing would get a chance, and fuck everything and everyone else. Like she was impenetrable.

That's how I want to be.

"One straight, the next with Seven Up."

Jasmine puckered her lips as she searched the other woman's face and grabbed the bottle and glass. "Rough night?"

"Rough few years." She raised a dark eyebrow, the gold in her irises flashing in the bar light. "How about you?"

Pouring the liquor, she felt almost naked in front of the brunette. Like the other woman could see through her. Not just looking at her little tits or pouty mouth, but as if she could see through everything everyone else couldn't.

Jasmine set the bottle back on the bar and met the other woman's eyes again. She tapped the shot glass with the back of her fingers and urged it toward her.

"Want to do a shot with me?" The side of the stranger's lips curled up.

Fuck yeah.

Her fingers stopped on the stack of shot glasses below the bar as she remembered where she was. Who she was.

She closed her eyes. "I can't."

"Who's stopping you?" The other woman's fingers brushed her own as she reached for the glass. "You think anyone in this little shack of a bar would really give a shit if the cute bartender did one shot?"

Exhilaration shot through Jasmine's veins, her nipples hardening as her breaths quickened.

"Just one," the other girl said, taking her hand as she looked deeper into her eyes.

"Tell me your name and maybe I'll think about it."

"Miranda." Her expression froze in place, then suddenly relaxed. "Randy for short. Just Randy."

"I'm Jasmine. And I'll be right back with your 7 Up. We don't keep it out here."

The brunette extended her fingers, releasing her hand.

Jasmine smiled back. Shaking her head, she turned to the rednecks staring at her from the other side of the bar. "I'm gonna go back there to get something for the new girl. Don't do anything fucking stupid while I'm gone."

"Us?" Murray slurred.

"You ain't exactly innocent, Old Man Murray. So yes. You."

"I'll watch him," his buddy said. "You got my word."

She narrowed her eyes at him, then pointed at Murray. "He might end up being a good influence on you, Mr. Murray. Might want to get rid of him now if you don't wanna be a better man."

Uproarious laughter followed her as she walked down the little hallway into the back. She turned the little corner and opened the storage room door. Bending down, she reached through the open flaps of a box and pulled out the warm plastic bottle of soda.

"Oh, fuck." A low feminine whimper carried through the wall next to her.

Jasmine stood up, the liquid in the heavy bottle hissing with her movement.

What the fuck was that?

Creaks groaned from the other side of the wall, mingling with a recurring rhythm of slapping sounds next door. The manager's office. Jay Jenkins.

Her boyfriend.

"You like that?" asked a low masculine voice.

No.

Nostrils flaring, Jasmine lurched into the hallway and threw open the next door.

Her hand gripped the doorknob as her gaze rested on Jay's flexing ass. The angle of the new waitress's body draped over his old wooden desk allowed an optimal view of her boyfriend's cock shoving into the bottle blonde's cunt. His hips clapped against her ass, working her out harder and harder.

“Who’s my bad girl?” Sweat rolled down his greying hairline and he spanked the bitch’s big ass, her cellulite jiggling with the clap of his palm.

The new bitch threw her head back, catching Jasmine’s eyes and gasping. She smiled. “Me, baby. I’m *all yours*.”

You fucking cocksucker.

Jasmine’s hands started to shake, trying to hold in her explosion.

Jay turned his head, his eyes meeting hers as he clung to the new bitch’s hips. Thrusting hard. “I’ll be with you in a minute, Jazz. Close the fucking door.”

Eyes narrowed, teeth clamping together, she gripped the doorknob even tighter. Numb, disconnected, she stepped back. She turned in time to see him increase the pace of his pummeling cock once more, then slammed the door behind her.

The sound ricocheted through the empty bar.

Go, she told herself. Get the fuck out.

Her hand was stiff. Cramped. She glanced down at the bottle of soda in her clawed grip. Remembered the stranger at the bar. The girl who asked to have a drink with her, flirted a little. The one she’d turned down.

Jay didn’t give a fuck about Jasmine. None of them did.

Well neither the fuck do I.

Anger boiled in her stomach, rising throughout her chest and poisoning her limbs. Fisting her trembling free hand, she straightened her back. Inclined her chin. Then she beelined straight down the little hallway into the cloud of cigarette smoke and neon lights.

“Thought you might have left,” the new girl said, tracing a finger around the lip of her glass. “Did I worry you?”

Shaking her head, Jasmine grabbed a glass from the stack and submerged it in a crunch of ice. She pulled the glass back out and thunked it on the low counter on her side of the bar, the cubes tinkling inside. “No. Do I worry you?”

Randy grinned. "With the way you keep throwing around glassware? Maybe a little."

Jasmine's eyes flicked upward, catching the stranger's smile and returning it. She went back to making the drink.

"So are you going to do that shot with me?"

Pulling away the paper wrapper of the straw, she plunged it into the nearly full cup and slid it across the bar. She snatched up a shot glass, flipped it onto the bar, and filled it with liquor. Then she plunked the bottle under the counter.

Lifting her eyebrows, she raised her shot in toast to the new girl.

Randy laughed and clinked the pint glass to her shot. She sipped her straw as Jasmine put the little glass to her lips and tossed her head back.

The whiskey's foul taste surged through her mouth, pocketing underneath her tongue and between her gums before searing down her throat. Swallowing it all, she smacked her lips together and brought the glass back to the bar.

"Damn, girl." Murray propped his head up on his arm as his elbow slid further and further down the slick bar. "Betcha swallow everything that good."

Randy's jaw clenched, lips pursing. She cut her eyes at the redneck.

"Don't you got a beer to be suckin' on, Murray?" Jasmine asked.

"You wanna know sumthin' Jazzy?" He pointed a wavering finger at the brunette. "This here lady looks like she's hot for ya."

Smirking, she poured another shot. "That so?"

"Ya into that sorta thing? Ya know that there's a sin. Homosapienism."

The younger man next to him chuckled and pulled the brim of his hat down over his eyes.

Randy ran her tongue over her bottom lip before her front teeth sank into it. Her lips turned up on either end. "Those fucking homosapiens."

“Ain’t you one o’ dem?” Murray stared at her, his eyes bloodshot.

Jasmine glanced over at the younger guy. “What about you? You think it’s a sin?”

He lifted his head until she could see his brown eyes. He was cute, in an innocent good-ole-boy way. His smile spoke volumes. “If it is or if it ain’t, two women together is a beautiful thing.”

“It is, isn’t it?” She turned her attention to Randy. “Did you want another shot?”

“Of course.”

“Good.” Lifting the shot glass to her mouth, Jasmine took the liquid inside and held it there. She put down the glass and stepped on the shelf below the bar, lifting herself a foot taller. Leaning over the glossy counter, she grabbed the back of the other girl’s head.

Randy let out a surprised laugh before rising on the barstool and meeting her lips halfway.

The tufts of short hair blew through Jasmine’s fingers. She parted her mouth, letting the disgusting liquid drain into the brunette’s oral cavity. Her hand followed the fall of her hair, crossed her slender neck and rested on her throat in time to feel the other girl swallow underneath her palm.

Fuck.

She pushed her tongue in her mouth, numb to taste but not to feel.

Randy’s tongue met hers, the little bumps of her warm, wet muscle stroking Jasmine’s. Her hands combed through her limp blonde hair, catching it between her fingers as she pinned her palm to the back of her skull.

“What the fuck? I leave for ten fucking minutes!”

Breaking the kiss and gasping for breath, Jasmine looked over her shoulder at Jay. She licked her lips and noticed the new bitch behind him, fixing her make up and fluffing out her hair. “Yeah. Ten minutes is all you could do. I wouldn’t want to savor that loose cunt either.”

“My office.” His eyes turned into slits. “Now.”

Stepping off the little shelf of the bar, she turned to the two rednecks. Murray’s mouth was open, his

cracked lips teeming with unkempt facial hair. The younger guy rose his eyebrows in suggestion as she caught his gaze lifting from her ass.

She winked. Glanced at Randy.

The woman blew her a kiss.

Jasmine smiled and followed her boss down the hallway. She stripped the ties from the small of her back as she walked into the manager's office.

Jay closed the door behind him. "I know we were messing around a lot, Jazz, but that didn't mean you were my only girl. You had to know that, right?"

She stopped and turned at the other side of his desk. Pulled the rest of the apron off her hips, and folded the tough fabric until it was the size of her fist. Then she pitched it at his stomach.

He caught it and rolled his eyes. "You gonna throw a fit now? Jazz, are you even still on your meds? You been showing out lately."

"Yeah, showing out. Like you fucking all the waitresses in your office? That's showing out." She closed the distance between them, reached up to caress the rough stubble of his cheek. "We had a good time, Jay."

His hand brushed her arm before coiling into the inside of her elbow. Brushed against her small tits. "We have."

"Yeah." Letting go, she took a step to the side and looked at him. She searched his face, from his bushy eyebrows and prominent nose to the grey in his whiskers. Her hand rose again, staying to the side as if she didn't know if she could handle touching him again without crumbling.

Jay's hard features softened.

Slinging her palm forward, her palm connected to his cheek with a loud slap.

"What the fuck, Jazz?"

"Yeah, how about fuck *you*, motherfucker. Eat shit." She shoved past him and yanked the door, hitting him in the shoulder with it as she made her way out.

“You fucking crazy bitch!”

Jasmine couldn't help but grin and let the door slam shut on him. She didn't need him. She didn't need anyone. But when she turned to the hallway, she stopped short.

Randy stood in front of her. “I heard a little of that. Why don't you come away with me?”

“Where?”

“Does it matter?”

Jasmine's face flushed, her heart picking up speed as she looked into the other woman's gold flecked eyes. “Why?”

Black nails caught her eye as Randy reached toward her face and tucked a blonde lock behind her ear. She then leaned against the wall, but the woman nevertheless seemed as if she were in Jasmine's space. “Lets just say you might remind me of someone.”

“Where are you going?” Jasmine asked.

The other girl's mouth opened, as if she could barely help herself. “Mexico.”

“Why?”

“Because,” she said in a lowered voice, “it's not where I'm from. Or where you're from. Both of us can start over there.”

“How do I know you're not going to throw me in a hole and try to make a suit out of my skin or whatever?”

Randy smiled. “If I wanted to, I could do that here.”

Jasmine drew in a shaky breath, still not recovered from the anger toward Jay. The stranger was offering to take her away. Looking at her as if she knew everything she was feeling. As if she knew her long, jagged history, and all the terrible things she'd done and would do. And still wanted her at her side.

To face everything. The present, the future.

"I don't bite, baby," the woman said. "Not unless you ask nicely."

Wetting her lips, her gaze caught on Randy's. She wanted to feel that pucker on her own. That tongue in her mouth again. Goosebumps raced over her chest, her nipples hardening as her cunt exploded in heat.

The mouth she was consumed with turned up, that pink tongue flicking over it. "Sometimes you don't need to ask."

Her fingers brushed Jasmine's cheek and traced under her jaw. She leaned down, her gaze intent on her lips before closing her eyes with the touch of their mouths.

Wetness slickened Jasmine's pussy lips, her panties smearing it against her as she shifted her weight. Randy stepped closer, plunging her hand into her blonde hair, forcing her to step backward until her bare shoulders hit the wall behind her.

She let out a gasp when the other girl broke their kiss. The brunette's open mouth searched her neck as her hot breath blew over her skin. Closing her eyes, she savored the gentleness of her touch, the respect in every wet, roving lick.

"Do you have a car?" the other woman asked, her lips brushing Jasmine's clavicle.

"No," she whispered, opening her eyes. "Need one?"

"As long as I can feel your body, beautiful, I wonder if I need anything else."

The door to the men's room opened, shedding light in her eyes and illuminating the shocked expression of the younger redneck patron. Smiling, Jasmine blew him a kiss and ran her hand over Randy's short hair.

"I'm so wet." Her words were as much for Randy as they were for the man staring at them.

He licked his lips. Shook his head as his gaze went to the brunette, and watched her fingers go to the button on Jasmine's white shorts.

"I only want you," she said.

The man met her eyes. Ran a hand over his burgeoning erection before grasping its thickness through his jeans. He raised his eyebrows, making his hat move upward, then bit his lower lip, the

thin upper lip rising in a snarl.

“Bad girl,” he mouthed.

Smiling, she pressed her head against the wall, arching her back and driving her hips in to Randy’s capable hands. She moaned as the other woman lowered her zipper, then she focused on the man again. Mouth open, she ran her tongue over the inside of her upper lip, ending in the inside of her cheek. She wiggled it in the slick pocket, teasing him.

“Dirty bitch.”

The unspoken words were like music to her filthy soul, made even better by Randy’s soft finger breaking through her fleshy outer pussy lips and pressing onto her little clit.

“Want. To suck. My cock?” he mouthed.

Jasmine dragged her sopping tongue over her lips in answer even as Randy squeezed her little tit.

He jerked his head to the bathroom and walked in, the door fluttering to a stop behind them and bathing Randy and her in the dim lighting once again.

She grabbed Randy’s finger, leading it out of her panties.

The other woman looked up at her. “Rethinking things, beautiful?”

Jasmine’s shorts gaped at the crotch, barely hanging on her hips as she lead the brunette’s hand over the flat of her abs and dragged it over the bump of cleavage toward her lips. Dipping her head, she tongued the tip of her fingernail, followed with her mouth, and licked her own nectar from the brunette’s fingers.

“Not rethinking at all. Still need that car?”

Randy stood straighter, running her hand over the blonde’s hair. “What are you up to, gorgeous?”

“Wait here. Give me two minutes, then follow me.” Jasmine slipped out her grasp, gliding to the men’s room door. She put her palm to it and looked over her shoulder at the sexy brunette. “And don’t forget the wallet.”

Randy checked her watch. "Two minutes."

The blonde was as dirty as she was passionate.

"Treacherous. You want her to come along?"

Oh yea, absolutely. And maybe with her around that voice in her head would finally go away.

She eased the smooth wood door open.

"Mi boca es su boca," Jasmine murmured.

The muted conversation with the redneck floated through the cracked door of the handicapped stall. His big flashy belt buckle clattered to the stained grout, his jeans in front of the bartender's bare knees.

Randy crept next to the stall. Lips pursued to quiet her breath, she crouched. Her knees splayed, allowing the cool air to chill her over heated pussy lips.

"She's supposed to be sucking that dirty white guy, not eyeing your cooter."

Randy ignored the insistent voice hammering in her head. She didn't have to listen to her. She stopped listening to that bitch ages ago.

The redneck's wallet protruded up from the pile of his jeans, but as Randy tried to ease it out, the thick leather folds caught in his pocket. She held her breath and froze as the buckle tipped off the jeans to the floor with a click.

His grunts continued without pausing. She peeked up. Fingers threaded through Jasmine's hair, his balls swung as he fucked the lithe blonde's greedy mouth.

Randy grabbed the wallet and shoved it into her own back pocket, then felt the rest of his pockets for the hard knob of his keys.

A gasp made her look up again. Jasmine's luminous green gaze dropped between his legs, meeting Randy's own as her hand wound around the man's shaft. The tip of her tongue dashed under the head of his cock.

Randy's breath caught, and a rush went straight from her panty covered pussy to her depths, a

throbbing ache in her pelvic floor.

The girl licked the pout of her lip and opened wide. Her lips bulged in pillows as she pushed down on the shaft and dragged as she pulled her head back.

Randy grinned. Her fingers wrapped around the blunt edges of a key ring in the redneck's pocket. Pulling them out, she dangled them for Jasmine to see. Randy spread her knees farther, pushing the skirt up her hips and exposing the sheer black fabric of her thong.

"Come and get them," she mouthed.

Jasmine's eyes crinkled up at the corners in a grin as she worked the groaning redneck in and out of her lips.

Easing to a standing position, Randy tip toed out, holding the door to prevent it from crashing to a rest against the frame. She ducked into the neighboring door labeled "senoritas" and leaned her back against the wall. The cool tiles pressed against the bare skin where her shirt had ridden up, sending chills down her spine.

The thin walls did little to disguise what was happening next door.

"Hell of a firecracker, that one."

Randy agreed with the voice. Something in the wildness within Jasmine called out to her. She slid a hand under the worn edge of her paper thin skirt to stroke the sodden sheer cloth encasing her pussy. Her free hand slapped the wall and the keys dangling from her fingers jingled to a rest as her other hand slipped over her clit.

Jasmine would be on her knees right now, taking in the last of the ignorant fucker's load. She must be giving the guy the blow job of his life, if the grunts were anything to judge by. Then it would be time to make their exit.

A loud moan sounded through the wall, followed by silence. Randy slowed her busy fingers.

Seconds ticked by.

The wooden door burst open, banging against the stops, and there was the blonde girl. Her head tipped back, the lean lines of her throat standing in cords as she laughed. "Jesus, that was easy."

“You were perfect.” Randy crossed the room to the thin girl, placing her hands on her slim hips and drew her close. Gazing down into her flushed face, she dipped her head, nipping at the blonde’s plump lower lip. “Now let’s get out of here before he realizes we’ve got them. Is there anything out there you have to have?”

“No, and this hall goes out the back.” Jasmine tightly clasped her hand and lead the way out. The bright orangey pink rays of the setting sun turned the vehicles parked in the lot to silhouettes.

“You’re letting her lead the way? Losing control, girl. What are you going to do, let her run you straight to the cops? You haven’t thought any of this out.”

That voice had a point. “You don’t happen to know which one is the vehicle we are looking for?”

Jasmine shrugged. “I don’t really know. It’s the first time he’s been here. But he was talking about his truck earlier tonight, and I bet it’s a Ford.”

Randy held up the keys and pressed the lock button on the fob. A flash of light and a chirp directed them to the middle of the second row.

“Found it.”

Giggling, they ran across the parking lot to climb into the black truck.

“Can you drive this?” Jasmine looked at the shifter in the center of the cab, its black knob worn free of its number sequence.

“Just get in.” Randy shoved the keys in and twisted. The engine caught immediately with a rumbling gallop that reverberated off the bar to echo in the dusk. The cabin flooded with the sounds of Luke Bryant urging the country girls to shake it for him.

“Come on, get it going! He’s going to hear us. We gotta to go!” Bouncing up and down, Jasmine’s gaze ricocheted from Randy jamming the truck into gear to watching the bar for Pedro to come out.

The truck lurched and Randy mashed her feet on the pedals, causing the engine to roar out in protest. She jerked the lever under the dash. “Shit. Forgot to check the brake.”

“Fuck! I can see the door opening. Get us outta here. Go! Go! Go!” Jasmine slapped back of the seat as she looked out the back windshield.

Randy eased the clutch out, still revving the engine. Gravel flew from the tires and the truck jerked forward.

Glancing at the mirror, she saw the guy racing around the corner of the bar, his mouth moving in a silent yell. His red leather boots scrambled on the concrete, his arms windmilling as he tried and failed to stay upright.

She slipped the clutch and pulled the shifter back. The gears slid smoothly into place and they bounced up onto the paved road. Her hands felt cold and clammy as she loosened her grip on the wheel, and she felt the slowing jack hammer thud of her heart in her chest. The tires hummed as they rolled away.

“We did it!” Blonde hair danced about Jasmine’s head as she bounced over on the seat to press against Randy, her legs straddling the shifter. She put her hand on Randy’s thigh, stroking just above the knee and working her way higher.

Randy tightened her thighs, holding the other girl’s hand there as she worked the pedals and pushed the shaft between Jasmine’s legs into the next gear.

The blonde twisted on the seat to kneel facing Randy, bringing her face close and nipping Randy’s bottom lip.

Her shorts were just short enough to allow Randy to run one finger along the wet center panel of Jasmine’s panties while the other hand held the wheel with a careless grip. Randy grinned, but her eyes never left the road.

Jasmine’s bite tightened on her lip, her breath warm on Randy’s cheek as she panted. Randy stroked harder, the saturated cotton under her fingertips an added friction. The teeth on her lip quivered in rhythm with each stroke, and the girl moaned softly. Randy slid her fingers under those panties and along the smooth skin of her crease, touching the hard nub of Jasmine’s clit before sinking into the warm softness farther back.

“Watch the road!”

The voice was right of course. Randy was starting to veer from her lane. She pulled her hand with its glistening smears of cunt sauce from those shorts.

Jazz’s hooded eyes widened and she released Randy’s mouth.

Randy felt a throb deep in her core, where she never felt anything anymore. She rested her hand over the other girl's knee, meeting her satin soft skin. She needed to run her tongue along those long thighs, to the short shorts, and then slip it farther yet.

"I'm not done, gorgeous. We just need to get somewhere first. You make it hard to drive."

"Where are we going? Can you go faster?"

"You're never going to get anywhere like this."

Why did that damned voice always have to be right? Randy thought she had shut her up for good. She had never been this perceptive when she had been a real person in her life.

But either way the voice was right. She couldn't get them to where they needed to go when she was distracted by the siren so close to her. "Baby doll, why don't you sit your fine ass on the seat over there and count the money in that wallet? That way we know if we've got enough to get us to Mexico."

"Why Mexico?"

"Because it's not here, and it's not where we're from. Do you have a better idea?"

"No, *pero eso suena bien para mi.*" She scooted to the side to count the dirty wadded up cash, straightening and facing the bills.

Randy watched between glances at the road, brow wrinkled up and lips parted.

Jasmine caught her gaze, her eyebrows furrowing. "What?"

"I'm just surprised, is all. I wouldn't have expected you to be so fastidious or to know Spanish."

Orange streetlights illuminated the darkening sky, flashing over the blonde's slim, giggling body.

"Habit. And this is Texas. Everyone knows some Spanish. Don't you?"

Randy's left hand loosely held the wheel straight, her eyes darting to the road and then returning the smaller girl. "No. I never learned. I know a little bit of Italian though. Mostly curse words. Fuck. Damn, shit."

"If you don't know Spanish, why are we heading for Mexico? Why not Vegas?" She held up the

leather wallet with its bundle of bills poking from the top. "We can make more money there."

"If we go to Vegas we will always be looking over our shoulder. We can be free in Mexico."

"She's right. What were you going to do in Mexico? Drink margaritas on the beach? Free? Ha! More like clean toilets at the hotels while you shit yourself from the water."

Randy looked over at Jasmine's confused face. "Okay, we'll head for Vegas. Then Mexico."

Jasmine grinned, the streetlights glinting off her teeth. "I've always been good at poker. If we do high stakes, we can make big money."

"No!" Memories filled Randy's mind: her past, her family, and all the eyes of the New Jersey casinos. "We'll get our bank roll at the blackjack table. But not the high roller one. The low end where we can make our money and leave. We don't need any trouble."

"Ha." Mama's snort rang through her head. *"You've already found trouble."*

Randy clenched the wheel. Glanced to her side.

Jasmine's gaped mouth showed her straight teeth, and a broken one on the bottom. "I can't play blackjack."

"You can take some of the cash if you want. I'll count my cards at the black jack tables and make what cash I can before they catch on."

"Tell her the truth, that your mother had the best sleight of hand game. That she taught you how to cheat and win."

"I will not," she told the voice as her fingers tightened on the steering wheel.

"You will not what?"

"What? Oh," Randy felt the heat spread up her face as she realized she had answered her mother's voice aloud. "I will not...uh...um, play poker."

"Oh. Okay." Jasmine's voice was strained and quiet, as her eyes narrowed and her pink lips pinched.

"Box her out. Just like you do everyone else. You always have, didn't care at all about the rest of us."

She stared at the road. “Look, it’s not like that. It’s just, well, my mom played a lot of casinos back home. We spent summers working at them. And I know there is a certain love for poker, but it’s blackjack you want to play if you want to make some money.”

A glance showed that Jasmine was still seated against the far truck door. The other girl looked up at the road when their eyes met, and said nothing.

“We’ve got all the way to Vegas to discuss my mother; I’ll tell you about her if you want, later.” Randy smiled at the girl. “But right now I want to kiss your pink sugar lips again.”

Her lips curled up in answer and she bit her pouty lip. Bright yellow light from a gas station sign reflected into Jasmine’s eyes as she crawled back across the bench seat.

Slowing, Randy glanced at Jasmine as she turned in, but the truck jolted. It jumped the curb, knobby tires whining. Breasts bouncing, she held fast to the shaky wheel while Jasmine slid off the edge of the seat, bumping her head on the dash as she tumbled to the floorboard.

Stamping both feet to the floor, Randy braked the big truck, shut it off while leaving it in gear, and scrambled to bend over to the wild girl on the floor.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t think. I didn’t mean to hurt you.” The words tumbled like tears, with all the guilt and strain of the past week falling out and spilling from her lips. Her hand toyed with the silky golden tresses. “I’m so sorry, please believe me.”

“Oh sure. Like she’ll believe the likes of you. Like she gives a damn anyway.”

Jasmine reached up and grasped Randy’s hair. She tugged, pulling her face down to meet hers. She kissed her with hard lips and a probing tongue, taking her breath and leaving her panting and hungry when she pulled away.

“Angel.” A quiet word, as if not meant to be heard.

Lights from the gas station glittered in the blonde’s eyes as breath sucked in and out of her soft lips. Her fingers trailed from Randy’s knees all the way up the front of her thighs, shoving the jean skirt up by the back of her hands.

She traced her fingertip along the line of Jasmine’s jaw. The cool night air blowing on her opened legs brought the gooseflesh out, prompting her to press her legs together, to cover herself, to hide. But

this lovely girl kneeling at her legs, the one with the expressive face who showed every hurt, every slight, was changing the rules to suit herself.

Randy opened her knees. The girl closed her eyes and inhaled, her mouth opening as her exhalation flowed between her legs.

She didn't need anything from Jasmine; she just wanted the girl. To touch her, to feel her hair in her fingers, but even more, she wanted to be touched.

Gazing down into those emerald eyes, Randy tried not to focus on her chest rising and falling in ragged breaths as the other girl's hands travelled up the inside of her thighs. Jasmine traced the skin in the dip between her legs and hips before drifting to her labia. Her touch was feather soft, as if the contact would make her crumble to pieces.

Randy ran her fingers from her face to stroke and curl in her hair. Jasmine's touch was very different from truck drivers' hard, grasping hands or her high school boyfriend's fumbling touch.

She rocked her head back and forth, unsure of what to do, what to give the girl. She didn't even know what she wanted. How could she give her what was needed, if she didn't know what she wanted? Moaning, she rocked her head again, driving against the thoughts, the fears: that the pretty girl would end up like all the others, wanting more than she was prepared to give.

Jasmine pressed closer inside her folds, into her welcoming wetness. Her fingers skimmed over her clit, making it harden.

Randy started to close her legs, but the worried face between them showed how much the other girl wanted this too. She relaxed, spreading her thighs and raising her hips to encourage her blond pixie. The girl slid her finger in, shocking her with the abruptness.

"Oh, God." The blonde licked her lips, gazing at her pussy as her finger hesitated inside her. "So warm. And tight and wet."

Randy cried out, soft and breathy, and pulled back, afraid. But her need, the craving hunger deep in her, had her pressing back against Jasmine half a thundering heartbeat later.

Her fingers coiled into Jasmine's hair as she rocked her hips, feeling the build of tension and shocked by it. It wasn't that she had never felt the buildup of delicious tension before, but she'd always had to do her own touching. She didn't know it could be like this. That someone else touching could be so enthralling, that it would leave her breathless and panting, aching for more, twisting under her touch.

That she would feel the most ecstatic joy from that touch, and the most abysmal guilt for receiving it.

She wanted more, that much she knew. She didn't want to think about tomorrow or what may come; she wanted to keep going, to ride this roller coaster to its end, even if the rails dropped.

Jasmine teetered on her knees and took her first taste, licking from her honeyed twat up to her clit. Her hands followed, fingers tracing over her slit only once before slipping inside all the way. Her hand bumped against her saturated pussy even as she flicked her tongue to her clit.

The excitement burned like whiskey in her veins, forcing exhilarated cries from her throat. All she could see, all she could feel was this girl touching, tasting, filling her, fucking her hard.

She twisted on the seat, both anxious to have her deeper, and yet, almost afraid to let her; if she came, would it be over? Would this be shattered like a glass on the floor?

Jasmine's pounding fingers slowed, changing direction and hooking forward. Her tongue lashed her clit as her fingers quickened again, milking her G spot as she pounded her cunt.

Randy's legs shook and clenched around the blonde like an earthquake that made everything in the world right. The tension was too sweet, too inviting. She crashed over the edge, her back rising off the bench as she arched, shivered, and sobbed, crying out to heaven for the pure sweetness this girl was giving her. The orgasm changed gravity, and the axis of the globe.

Blanked out by bliss, she lay in a pile of slack muscles and peace and felt her lips turn up into a small smile. There was nothing between her and this girl but pureness, and she wanted nothing more than to her heart's hammering to slow so she could give the heavenly body at her knees the same joy.

Jasmine crawled up to straddle her lap and lay along her quivering, devastated body.

Kissing her pixie girl, she tasted the tart sweetness of herself. She pulled her head back by her blonde hair, exposing the lean lines of her swan-like neck.

The other girl gasped, propping herself up by the back of the seat.

Randy leaned forward and ran her tongue from the hollow of Jasmine's throat to her jaw, catching a stray drop of her own come. It tasted like the juice of a ripe green apple, and the thought of it in the other girl's mouth lit a fire inside her.

She nipped at the muscle on the side of her throat, released her blonde hair, and wound her arms

around her lower back. Muscles still weak and trembling, she straightened her back against the seat, pulling Jasmine with her. Randy's fingers hooked under the blonde's black tank and raised it high, tangling her arms and revealing her small tits. She filled her hand with their softness, squeezing and kneading each before leaving them to cup her ass.

The scant tits perched on her chest, daring her to touch them again, as aggressive as the pixie they were attached to. Randy brushed her lips across the tips, feeling them turn to rocks at her touch, then grazed their puckering nubs with her teeth.

Jasmine's body shuddered and moaned. Her restless hands squirmed to escape their confinement, but Randy caught the tank and pulled it down, holding her trapped. The fingers of her free hand slid under the edge of the shorts, stroking the fine skin in the junction of her legs and mound. The imprisoned girl on her lap squirmed, rubbing against Randy's legs and pushing herself onto her fingers.

"Tut-tut," Randy chastised the girl with clicks of her tongue as she pulled her fingers back from the edge of the shorts. "Not yet, pretty girl."

Lifting Jasmine, she laid her back against the seat. Her blonde hair spilled off the seat under the steering wheel, her bound hands still trapped. Tanned skin with no lines flowed like silk, rippling over the girl's abs down to the button on her shorts.

Randy let go of the tank long enough to undo the button and looked up at Jasmine's squirming torso. "Stop."

She stilled.

"The steering wheel is to your left. Hold onto it. Both hands."

The girl hesitated, then felt to her left. Her fingers brushed the wheel, doubled back, and grabbed hold.

Randy smiled. Running her hands up the other girl's muscled thighs, she stopped at the shorts. Opened them and revealed the scrap of lace covering that sweet pussy. "Lift your ass."

Jasmine complied again, allowing her to pull the little shorts and lace off and discard them on the floor. The other girl jumped a little, gasping in a sharp breath.

Sighing, Randy inhaled her lemony, tart essence and stroked her nails over the fat of her lips. The

blonde mewled as she wiggled against her touch.

The heat from her body filled the cabin with a moist haze that coated the windows. Her fingers slid along Jasmine's slit, down to the well of her searing hot core, and penetrated her.

Jasmine gasped, high and girly.

Her soft pussy enveloped her, soaking her fingers, her hand, and her wrist, in a baptism of purity. Her whole world was in one girl, this perfect angel, saving her with velvet walls. Rescued by this one person who knew her without knowing her. Everything was perfect, had never been more perfect.

The dusky pink button in front of her was hard, swollen, and begging for a touch as the girl's back arched. Intoxicated by the sweet smell, Randy's tongue slipped out of her mouth and pressed it, gliding in a wet long lick. Lips wrapping around, she sucked the hard nub against her teeth, holding tight to her bucking hips as she cried out. The river of girl liquor ran freely, dripping down her chin. Her drenched fingers hooked and fucked her pulsing channel as she sucked up the nectar, treasuring the citrus taste that filled her.

The bound hands clung to the wheel as the girl writhed on the seat. Licking, stroking, sucking, Randy held her close with teeth and hand. The girl panted and cried, shaking under her, hips careening wildly, head tipped back, her hair tangled and dancing. She screamed out, a joyous noise akin to pain as she jerked, legs pulled up tight against Randy's head, pressing her mound to her face and cutting off the air.

The Earth was moving, rocking with this lovely girl. So passionate, so beautiful, so sweet. They were sliding together. The lights strobed...

No, that wasn't a strobe. That was the streetlight moving. The truck was rolling, the gearshift loose and no longer holding the truck in place allowing it to roll back towards the road.