

A Boxcar Named Desire

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Two 'hobos' ride the rails of love

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Lorelei rolled gently as she dropped off another load of dishes. Her calves ached, but she had to hurry. They needed help on the floor. Charlie had been sick for a couple days, so no one was surprised when he called in. Then Gerry couldn't be reached, probably because Pantera was playing at the Agora. But couldn't Roger have found another busboy somewhere? Nine tables and no busboy made for a busy, busy evening, and faltering service. That created dissatisfied customers, who weren't receiving the attention they deserved. No doubt her tips would reflect this.

Overworked and underpaid. Nothing new about that.

Joan tapped her gently on the shoulder as she dropped her own tray of dishes. "Don't worry, Lori, the rush is almost over."

Lorelei laughed. "At least the dish room staff made it in. It's been a long night, and I'm ready for things to slack off. When I go home I'm taking a nice long bath and curling up with the cat."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Leroy stopped by."

"My husband was here?"

"It was strange. I told him I'd find you, but he said no. He just gave me the note and said to give it to you when things slowed down." Joan fished the slip out of her apron and handed it over.

The card came enclosed in a pale blue envelope with a heart drawn upon it. Lorelei smiled and for the moment forgot her calves. Leroy was up to something. Oh, it might be note saying that he'd gone over to Barry's to wrench on his Alfa, but somehow she didn't think so. He would have left her voice mail, not a note. Leroy was very modern in that way.

She opened the card. It was one of those cards with the antique pictures on the cover. The picture

showed to children, a boy and girl dressed like hobos, looking back at the camera with innocent eyes. The boy carried the customary belongings hung from a stick that all hobos had to carry on film. Inside he had written:

Meet old Willie where Chessie Cat makes her bed.

Vittles will be served.

Lorelei smiled and tucked the card into her apron. Leroy had left her another of his eccentric puzzles. They didn't know a single Chessie, unless you counted the rather elderly lady who baked those wonderful oatmeal cookies for the church coffee hour. Willie? What Willie? Willy Mays? Slick Willie? That answer made sense because Leroy didn't write his puzzles unless he wanted her. He liked to play characters, and he had a scene in mind. Unfortunately, that night she didn't feel very desirable. Sore legs, clothes that smelled of cigarettes, and an her apron had been spattered with ketchup hardly presented the picture of an ingenue.

Not that any of this would matter to Leroy. Fourteen years of marriage and he still arranged these little games. They were fun, and the reward was always a nice, hard fuck. His puzzles made her think. They took her mind off missing busboys and screeching toddlers and focused it squarely on her femininity. That at forty he still thought her beautiful. She gathered up her order book and headed back out onto the floor. And the answer came to her between the sirloins and Budweiser. In the corner of the floor stood an old crossbars, symbol of railroad crossing. She was carrying a platter full of shrimp when she understood, and almost spilled the tray as the answer came together: Chessie the cat, Boxcar Willie, the little hobos one the card. He wanted her to meet him in the park they liked to walk in. There was an old boxcar on display, left when they took out a spur line. He wanted her there tonight, and he had some naughty plan.

She dropped off platefuls of burgers and a chicken salad. Replaced empty ketchup bottles. Found sour cream and steak sauce. Sour cream and steak; the mind lingered on certain foods, pickles became phallic. On the way to table nine she wondered what she could do to contribute to his scenario. And that kept her going until Mark told her she could go home for the night. It made her smile, and feel a certain tingle as she headed home, and found a parking space on the street behind Leroy's Miata, under a giant oak tree that practically hung over the street. She looked around as she stepped from her Cobalt. She didn't see a soul, not even the Jenkins boys sneaking a cigarette away from their parents' view.

To get to the box car she cut east down Bleeker, right on Henson at the barricade and where the asphalt gives way to bricks. Passed under the bridge, down into the park. It was quiet now, for the cops had swept through lately, though she could a cigarette glowing in the distance and the thick, sweet smell of reefer floated amidst the trees. A path wound east, and a narrow wooden bridge crossed the stream. Three birches in a row marked the path, and she could see them silhouetted in the old moon. From there she walked down the abandoned rail line, balancing herself on the rusty rails.

Lorelei could see the car ahead of her, blacker than the night. She decided to whistle so Leroy would hear her coming. Billy Strayhorn's 'Take the A Train' had an obvious lyric with an appropriate hook so she chose it. Only tonight she would ride the L train. She saw a faint golden glow from inside the old car. And she put her hands behind her back and swung her hips as she sashayed up to the car, exaggerating the swing of her hips.

The back of the car glowed from one flickering candle, stuffed in an old chianti bottle. Leroy reclined in the corner, dressed in old thrift store clothing, sipping from a tall goblet. A basket lay beside him, and he smiled as he saw her head poking in. His hat looked as if it had recently belonged to Jed Clampett. All was as she figured. It was time for her to assume her character in this little drama.

"Where's this train a-heading," she asked, and with her husky voice giving a more than fair impression of Blanche Dubois. She wriggled a bit as she pulled herself up and into the car.

"Memphis I hear tell. They say it's warm there and the people are friendly."

"Memphis is a long way from here. I want to be taken away."

"Well, little lady, I'll be glad for the company. I got some grub, and I got some society wine, and I don't mind sharing if you don't mind sharing this blanket with an old hobo."

"Don't mind at all, so long as the grub is good." He took her hand as she hopped up into the car, and pressed her small body against him, and her lips as well for their traditional hello kiss. Leroy liked to let his lips do the work at first, lots of little kisses around each lip, before pushing deeper. At times his patience was maddening, but she liked the way that felt, and the feeling of his hands in her hair. She could feel the goose bumps on his arms as he pulled her against her firmly enough to feel his hunger, and yet gentle enough to show he thought her precious. It was one of the things that made him stand out from the other boys so long ago when they began dating. She swayed against him, savoring the

feel of him against her small body before breaking their kiss.

“So what kind of grub you got there, hobo, because I’m a mighty hungry woman.” And she kissed him again, harder, pushing her tongue into his mouth. And to his credit Leroy didn’t answer right away, but sucked her tongue in deeper.

But people have to breathe and kisses break, and Lorelei felt a particular need to breathe when her lover’s hands were cupping her bottom and lifting. “Good grub,” he breathed into her ear, voice almost a hiss. “Found me a lonely widow down Gatlinburg way, who wanted to share. Gave me bread, gave me cheese, strawberries and some red.”

“She provided whipped cream? What kind of a lady you found.” She felt her bottom swaying to match his fingers.

“She was a mighty grateful widow, let me tell you.”

“I can only imagine!” and she leaned forward to nuzzle against his neck. “What did you do to that old widow to make her so grateful?”

Leroy caught his breath, and his finger stroked her jaw. “Nights get mighty cold and lonely for an old widow lady.”

“I bet you melted her butter.”

“I only offered her the normal gentlemanly comforts.”

“The same comforts you offer me.”

“Ma’am, I could never give her the same comfort I save for you.”

“And I will enjoy your comforts! But I’m also hungry. It’s been a long night, panhandling in front of unappreciative souls. Let’s see what you have in that hamper.’ As she spoke Lorelei dropped her hands to his groin, and rubbed the swollen organ she felt beneath his slacks. “Yes, a nice thick sausage. What else?” And she peeled back the plaid cloth covering the basket.

French bread. Raspberries. Strawberries. Camenbert and Gouda. A bottle of white. Grapes, and of course, a can of Redi-whip. Leroy was nothing if not thoughtful, for he knew that wherever Lorelei went, whipped cream was soon to follow. He tore off a bit of bread and spread some of the pungent camenbert across and held it to her lips. She leaned forward and nibbled, happy to let him feed her

for the time, happy to stretch out next to him on the thick blanket.

He took a raspberry and held it to her lips, and she nibbled from his fingers. He lifted another to her lips, and she took the fruit with her lips.

“Did you feed that widow-lady the way you’re feeding me?”

Leroy just grinned. She reached down to his groin, to rub him. He was hard and his prick ran down her trouser leg. She rubbed it with her palm and felt his body shift in response.

“Did you feed her sausage? Widows like nothing better than a nice big sausage between their lips.”

“Ma’am, I saved my best sausage for you, like always.”

“That was mighty thoughtful of you, sir. Though I can’t imagine an old widow-lady giving you so much cheese and fruit without you giving her a little meat.” Then she opened her mouth again to swallow a nice raspberry. As she bit she noticed his fingers, red with berry juice. Wouldn’t want to make a mess. So she took his hand to her lips and licked the juice from the tips. “That juice tastes good on you. Shame to let anything go to waste, when everyone knows just how poor we hobos are. I don’t know when I’ll next taste a thick cut of meat.”

“Life is tough on the road, but I’ll do what I can to keep you properly provided. Life gets mighty lonely riding the rails from town to town. Good to have a companion, particularly one so abundantly provided.” His fingers encircled her left breast, lifting, and making her tingle all over. Leroy knew exactly how sensitive her breasts were. Sometimes when he wanted her he’d come up behind and lift her boobies and stroke her until she couldn’t say no. If she wanted sex she’d stay, lingering for a long time before turning to kiss him.

Kissing Leroy seemed like a great idea She leaned into him and covered his lips with hers. She savored the softness of his lips, the gentle brushing of his mustache. She left her lips slightly parted in invitation, and to her joy Leroy accepted, snaking his tongue into her mouth. She sucked it, happy for this little penetration.

He took a strawberry and held it to their mouths. She pulled back just enough and it slid between them. Lips touched again and she bit, dividing the sweet, red pulp. A bit of juice spurted out, landing on her neck. Bless him, he noticed, moving to lick her clean.

“I love the way you lick me.”

“Ma’am, I have not yet begun to lick.” And she knew he spoke the truth. Like magic another strawberry appeared, this time just for her. She swallowed it right up to his fingertips, biting down to take it into her mouth.”

“I didn’t think you could swallow anything that big.”

“I can swallow even bigger things. I think I’d like to swallow a nice thick sausage, take it all the way in the back of my throat.”

“I surely would like to see that.”

Lorelei giggled. A confirmed Yankee, his faked hillbilly accent wasn’t very good. But that didn’t matter. The game was good, a game where everyone won. Nor had Hobo Leroy lied. Many of the old boyfriends closed their eyes while receiving. Not Leroy. He always liked to watch her eyes while she pleased him. In her turn she liked watching his eyes, so warm and brown as she took her dessert.

He took some more fruit, this time a plump raspberry. It felt cool, but she came up short when she bit, leaving a bit of the moist pulp between his fingers. Before she could bite again he took the moist fruit and pressed it under her chin, then dragged the fruit down between her open blouse, and rubbed the berry across the top of her breasts. She could feel the track of cool juices on her skin, but knew it not would remain there long. So she arched her neck for him and expected her husband obligingly lowered his head to her neck.

She heard herself sigh, and found herself lifting her breasts for him. He was so patient, thorough, a kiss, a lick, another kiss, so deliberate in his design. She had an idea, and reached down for another strawberry. She placed it between her cleavage, and pushed her breasts together, to offer them up to him.

He nibbled patiently, and she could feel juices dripping down on her bosom? Saliva? Strawberry juices. She didn’t care, she just wanted to lose that bra soon and make herself available. Fingers unbuttoning her blouse told her he felt the same. But his mouth never moved from her bosom, and the cleft between her breasts grew ever sloppier.

What the hell? She reached behind to undo her bra, and he helped her remove her blouse and slip the bra from her shoulder. She looked down to see the purple red mash on her bosom and smiled.

“With that sundae there you ought to put a bit of whipped cream on top.”

“An excellent idea.” She could feel his body rocking as he shook the can. She took her breast and pushed them together for her to spray.

Leroy coated her, not just the fruit. He left her entire breast covered in cool, sweet whipped cream. “All we need is a cherry on top,” he suggested.

“Honey, there aren’t any cherries here. Just an old married lady wanting some comfort.”

Leroy laughed, plucked two more raspberries from the basket. One for each breast, she found her breasts capped with fruity red nipples. “My you look like a pastry,” he suggested.

“I look like a tart, ready to be devoured.”

“What a delightful suggestion,” he said then lowered his mouth to her right breast. His tongue snaked outward. White whipped cream coated his face as he licked, hanging on to his beard. But she didn’t care. Slowly the cream disappeared into Leroy’s warm mouth. And she could feel each and every lick of his mouth on her slippery bosom. Leroy was nothing if not patient. Each nip from his teeth or kiss from his lips increased the warmth of her skin and she found herself nudging him toward her raspberry topped nipples toward his mouth, until the moment when opened wide and swallowed.

Leroy looked up and smiled at her, his face smeared with white cream, And then he bit softly on her nipples. She felt a slight tremor pass through her, and her sex contracted. Tooth, tongue and lip, even the creamy encrusted hairs above his mouth he used upon her right breast. She wondered how long he would keep it up. She could cum from breast play alone, and he knew that. But here? Half-naked in a park with where anyone might look in?

Then they’ll see how to do it right! Lorelei decided she didn’t really care. If somebody looked, they looked. She reached down to unzip her skirt. His mouth felt delicious, but the heat in her loins demanded more. As he released her right nipple and began to lick around the bottom of her breasts the moist heat from her pussy made her certain she wanted more.

Something sweet. Something meat. Her fingers found his trousers, rolling her palm across his erection. He gasped, but kept on licking. Leroy was hard to distract when he got his mouth going. She lifted her hips, hooked her skirt and pushed. Down went her skirt. Down with her pantyhose. Down with her panties. She could feel the moisture in her pubic hair, and she wanted to feel something in

there. Even a finger would do. Like the fingertips she felt slipping across her belly.

After so many years Leroy just knew. Little fingers circled in her pubic hair. Fingertips grazed her thighs. She pushed her hips forward to encourage him, and obstinate as usual, Leroy continued his teasing, just on the outside of her trembling pussy.

“Did you treat that widow lady this way? Did you make her wait like this?”

Leroy lifted his mouth from her left breast. “Ma’am you know the broth must be brought to a boil before its flavor peaks.” And then he turned to suckling, biting down on her nipple in a way that sent a tremor through her body.

Her fingers moved for his trousers. Off with his belt. Down with that zipper! She needed to put some pressure on her man if she was to get what she wanted. His prick was leaking and she rubbed a bit of semen over her fingertips. It seemed to pulse in her hand, and he gave a little grunt as she touched him. She wanted to taste him but couldn’t move, not with his fingers so close to her pussy and her breasts underneath his tongue.

His hand disappeared. A moment later Lorelei felt something cool between the lips of her sex. A strawberry. He was going to push a strawberry inside her. She felt it slipping up and down her lips, then a bit of pressure as she wrapped around it. And then it slipped. She watched as he lifted the fruit to his lips.

“Does it taste good, sweetheart?”

“Best I ever had. You want a taste?”

She said nothing as he took another strawberry, and rubbed it across her slippery pussy. She always lubricated freely, and the cool fruit, the slightly rough seeds. Then he lifted the berry to her lips. She licked, tasting mostly strawberry, but was there something else, something different, the taste of sex in counterpoint to the fruit? She wasn’t sure and it didn’t matter when his index finger slid inside her.

Her hips shock, and she squeezed down on him. One finger could not match his cock, but it was in there, moving gently, rubbing her. To encourage him she pulled the basket closer. Raspberries. She laid them in a little line leading downward until a large berry crowned her pubic hair, just above her

hungry sex.

Leroy took the bait. It meant leaving her breasts untouched, but what did that matter. She had two hands, one for her nipples, one for his cock clutched so tightly in her palm. She rolled it between her fingertips. His hips pulsed in time with her fingers, but nothing disturbed his mouth, patiently devouring raspberries along the road to paradise.

She wondered where he got the self-control? What she could do to break it? What would it take to get him to just throw her down on the blanket and fuck her like an animal? Her fingers clearly weren't doing the job.

Then his lips closed over her clitoris and she stopped caring. Her hands found his head, mashing him downward as his tongue swept over her, and she realized she was lost just a passenger in a hurricane, that the only thing she could do was come. And so she did, crying out, her voice an echo of pleasure reverberating between the wooden walls of the boxcar, an echo that only reinforced the white heat between her legs.

When she opened her eyes the candle had gone out. She could hear crickets chirping and the blue glow of moonlight in doorway. Leroy lay between her legs, softly kissing her, sensing each aftershock. He was quiet, knowing she needed a bit of time. "Your turn hobo," she whispered, finding the strength to lean over and take his salty meat between her lips. He lay back, accepting with the same grace he had given, and she settled into the long delicious plunge of her mouth down the length of his tool.

Light flashed upon them. Flashlights. A pair of big lights, shining on her, clearly showing her face stuffed full of cock. She could see the outline of silver shields visible in the reflection. Cops.

They were busted.

"You two aren't kids." The first officer was a man, large and broad shouldered, even without the bulletproof vest.

"No, we're quite married." Lorelei wondered if she should cover herself. It seemed right, but the moment was beyond modesty.

'What is this? Your anniversary?'

Leroy gave the perfect reply. "Actually, it's Tuesday."

"You both look like you've been in a pie fight. Even if you weren't naked this park is closed. I think

you'd better get dressed and come with me.”

The second cop was a woman. “Let them go, Jerry.”

‘What? Shelley, if there was ever a case of indecent exposure . . .”

“Let them go.” She raised her voice and let each word ring before speaking the next.

“Why should I?”

“Allow me.” She turned inward to address Leroy and Lorelei. How long have you two been married?”

“Fourteen years.”

“Elaine, what does the duration of their marriage have to do with anything?”

“Jerry, stop acting like a dumb male.”

“What?”

“Leave them alone or you’re getting the silent treatment for a month.”

Lorelei watched the two officers glare at each other until the man shrugged and backed away. ‘What the hell? It isn’t like they might get knocked up.”

“Good boy, Jerry. I knew you’d figure it out.” As they turned to leave the woman turned back to face Lorelei, “You hang on to that one.”

Lorelei grinned her relief “I plan to.”

‘Good.” She grabbed her partner and they disappeared into the darkness.

Leroy spoke first. “That was close. I guess this wasn’t such a great idea after all.”

Leroy was clearly worried what she thought. Sure, she had been scared. But it had been fun, and unique. She didn’t want fear to stop his escapades and make him like other men. Besides, there was no reason for the game to end. Just move it to a safer venue. Lorelei put the fact drawl back into her voice and said, “What are you talking about Willie? Ain’t like we’ve never been roused before.”

Leroy looked up, clearly relieved. "Sure picked the wrong time to roust us."

"I'll grant you that. But we aren't done yet. I know a lady. She'll put you up."

"She will?"

"Sure will." Reaching over to rub against his groin, Lorelei continued, "But you're going to have to give her that sausage."

"My sausage! That's prime cut there, ain't none better."

"She won't accept anything less than that there sausage. But you'll get a warm bed and a hot meal in the morning."

Leroy pretended to stroke his chin, and she could hear him chuckle. "Well, since you put it that way."

"I thought you'd see it that way. Just remember, you're going to have to give it to her when you get in the house."

"That fast huh?"

"That fast." Leroy leaned over to kiss her, lips soft and a bit salty. She licked around his lips before they lingered on. Breaking the kiss she whispered, "We'd best get a move on before those deputies get back."

He nodded and began to roll up the blanket while she felt around for her clothes. Skirt only, panties and stockings in her purse. A few minutes later two very happy hobos held hands in the dark as they walked toward every hobo's dream: a warm bed built for two.