Nowhere

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I had been awake for a while, but the sun was only just starting to stream through semi-closed curtains in my motel room. I needed to get up and get out. I didn't want to be in that room anymore. I pulled the duvet back at the corner revealing my bare legs, and I pulled down my shirt which had ridden up above my navel while I slept. I got out of bed, having to support my back with my hand. The weight I had gained over the past few months caused my lower back to hurt, but that's what I get as a result of a condomless drunken night. It had been a relatively warm autumn night in Texas and I had woken up sweaty. I needed to take a shower while I was able to. I didn't know when I would next be able to take a shower or find a bed to sleep in. I had been spending more and more nights in my car as I searched for a place to go.

This motel was too cheap to provide any of the niceties like their more expensive competitors did. I still had some of the travel size toiletries I had obtained from when I was previously staying at more luxurious establishments. I had to use them sparingly, but I felt as though I really needed a good shower. I peeled my white t-shirt off my sweaty back and over my head, discarding it at my feet. I climbed over the edge of the once white bathtub and closed the shower curtain behind me. I turned on the water and let it run over my face. I let the cold water run over my body for a few minutes before reaching for the shampoo bottle. I closed my eyes and slowly worked the soap into my hair before rinsing it out. I then reached for the shower gel and squirted a modest dollop onto my hand.

I started by spreading the soap down my arms and over my chest. My hands then moved to my breasts and I slowly massaged them as I worked in the soap. My nipples were erect from the coldness of the water. As my hands moved towards my belly, I began to feel my baby kicking. It had begun to do so more often recently as though reminding me that he was still there and coming soon. My hand then moved to my hips and down to my pussy. I was horny again, must be the hormone thing everyone talks about. I had had plenty of sex recently, but none of it was satisfying. It was empty sex for me. I just did it because it was the only way I could survive. I rubbed my clit gently with two fingers before slowly moving them down my slit allowing me to put them into my pussy. I moved them in and out slowly at first; wanting to savour the pleasurable feeling it was giving me. I began to speed up wanting to make myself some cum, and within seconds I achieved that goal.

I stepped out of the shower and dried myself with a towel before finding some clean clothes to

change into. Clean may not have been the best word, I hadn't done laundry in weeks. But the navy blue dress that I had put on had only been worn once since I had washed it a couple weeks ago. There wasn't much to place back into my battered duffel bag, but after packing again I checked out of the hotel and climbed into my pickup truck. I put it into drive, and as usual it had problems changing from first to second gear, and I had to wiggle the pedal to give it some encouragement. That's what I get though, for only being able to afford a 1989 Chevy that decided it didn't want to be an automatic anymore. I still had over one thousand miles until I reached Stanford.

I said goodbye to Denton and went on my way. I plugged my mp3 player into the radio, but didn't feel like listening to any of the songs and would skip to the next one about twenty seconds into each song. Within a couple of hours I had gone through all of them. I didn't want to listen to the radio which seemed to only play Christian music stations no matter which state I was in. Occasionally I would get a heavy metal station, which was not to my liking either. When I had bought the car it had come with several cassettes, most of which I had already listened to. I pulled out the one remaining tape set; the bible. It said it was sixty hours, and the very least it would be noise that could keep me company until I reached my next stop.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters." It began.

I continued driving for ten or eleven hours not really listening to what was playing and only stopping a handful of times to use the bathroom at a rest stop. I got a hamburger at the one of the rests stops and the heart burn I had for the rest of the journey was punishing me for this choice. By the time I reached Santa Fe, I no longer knew what the tape was talking about so I switched it off while looking for someplace to stop. I didn't have enough money to stay in a hotel, so it looked as though I would spend another night in my car unless I could do something for money.

I pulled into the parking lot of a small bar where I would be able to get some food and water for a low price. I was sick of diners and wanted to go someplace different. I locked the truck and walked it the dimly lit building and found a seat at the bar. Finding a seat wasn't hard though, there were only a handful of men and one or two women in the bar. I ordered water and some fries. It was quiet; the loudest noise was that of the pool tables in the back corner. I was vaguely aware of the comings and goings but the people were not my concern. I didn't really want to talk to somebody. I just wanted to stay until closing so that I could spend less time in my car that night.

I sensed the man that approached behind me. He ordered two beers. I assumed one was for him and the other for a friend, but one of the beers was placed in front me. I turned around allowing the man to see that I was pregnant.

“Sorry, I didn’t realise. I’ll buy you something non-alcoholic if you want.”

“I’ll have a cranberry juice.” I said, accepting his offer.

“So where are you from?” he asked me. “I haven’t seen you in here before.”

“Nowhere.”

“Come on, you must be from somewhere. Everybody is from somewhere.”

“Not me.” I told him. “Depends how you look at it, I guess. If birthplace decides nationality then I would say I am from Texas. If it’s the passports you look at than I would say I am from the UK and USA. If you take into account where my family is from, then you wouldn’t be able to pin point and specific region. I feel most at home in either Germany or England, but even then not really. I am a foreigner wherever I go. The Brits see me as American and the Americans see me as a Brit. I speak five languages, none of them fluently. Like I said, I am from nowhere.

The man paused. He probably had just wanted to buy a woman a drink and take her back to his place. I am sure his plans didn’t include meeting me, an eighteen year old pregnant woman if you could call me that. Girl would probably be more accurate, and a homeless one at that.

“I would answer Santa Fe to all of that. Where are you headed then?”

“California, only because I need a destination, but really I am just heading in a general direction until I find someplace.” I didn’t know how I would find someplace. I was alone. My family wanted nothing to do with me, neither did my friends, but I didn’t need to tell that to a perfect stranger.

“I am George by the way.”

“I’m Sarah.”

“Please to meet you.” Instead of doing the customary handshake, he put his hand on my knee and took another sip of his beer.

We chatted for a while longer. Mostly about him; I didn’t want to talk about myself. He was recently divorced, forty-two and owned an art store in Santa Fe. He seemed nice enough and I was happy that he didn’t ask too many questions about me. He told me about Santa Fe and the places he had travelled in the States in order to obtain new art pieces for his store. I spoke little of the places I have

been, but I had been wandering around for a while by that time. We talked until the bartender told us that it was closing time.

“Do you want to come back to mine?” He asked me.

I had nowhere else to go, and didn’t really fancy another night in my car. I had seen enough crime shows in my life to know that I made an easy victim and a good one too. I was pregnant, travelling alone and no one would miss me when I was gone. I didn’t care though, I had nothing to live for, and a clean bed was worth the risk of what may or may not happen. It also wasn’t the first time I had picked up a man in a bar to have someplace to sleep in the past few weeks; sometimes it was a night at someone’s house or I got paid and was able to afford a hotel.

I nodded and followed him outside. The lighting outside the bar allowed me to see the man clearly for the first time. He looked his age, but in a handsome way. His dark brown hair had flecks of gray in it. He was tall, over six feet. But the most striking part of his looks was his blue eyes; they were deep and full of life. The wrinkles around his eyes crinkled when he smiled at me.

“Why don’t you follow me in your car to my house?”

I got into my pickup truck and followed him a few blocks until we approached a small house with a neatly kept yard. I parked behind him and we both went inside. He led me into the living room and offered me a glass of water. I declined; I had had enough to drink for the evening. He had an open plan kitchen, living room and dining room. While he poured himself a beer, I sat down on his couch where I could still see him.

We were silent, most likely because we both knew what was coming. He sat down next to me on the couch and put his beer on the floor so he was able to touch my knee with one hand and my face with the other. He leaned in with his eyes closed and kissed me deeply, his tongue probing the inside of my mouth. I felt it trace my teeth before rubbing against my own tongue, returning his kiss. I moved my hand automatically toward his crotch; I was able to feel his hard cock inside his jeans. His hand began to move further up my thigh until it was almost touching me pussy. His hand that was on my face moved to my stomach and rested it there.

“Let’s go into my room.”

I followed him in there, barely noticing the stunning artwork which plastered his walls. George had obviously never heard of less is more. His bedroom was small, but enough to accommodate a queen sized bed. It was plain compared to the rest of his house, but it was clean and comfortable.

Without saying anything, he grabbed the hem of my dress and lifted it over my head, and he just stared at my stomach. Maybe I was larger than he had originally thought, since my dress was loose and gave the impression I wasn't as pregnant as I was. I was around six months but looked like I was past due. He began to kiss my neck and as he licked it, he reached behind and smoothly unhooked my bra and pulled the straps off my shoulders allowing it to fall to the floor.

I moaned as he continued to kiss my neck. I reached to his jeans and unbuttoned them and pulled them down along with his boxers. I pushed his head so that he would kiss my mouth again and pulled him towards the bed. He pushed me down so I was lying on my back, my legs hanging off the bed. He hooked his hands around the top of my black lace panties and I lifted my ass of the bed, allowing him to take them off.

He put a hand on each of my knees and then slid them up my thighs so that they were resting on my hips. I spread my legs allowing him access to my wet cunt. He pushed his head between my legs and gently began kissing my pussy lips, causing me to moan softly. He then moved his kisses up to my clit which he soon began to bite; gently at first but then harder. Then he brought two of his fingers to my pussy and began to finger me hard. He drove his fingers deep into my pussy, all the way up to his knuckles. This drove me wild and my moans increased in volume and pace. The biting stopped and his tongue probed my pussy slowly at first, but then he began to fuck me with his tongue.

"Are you gonna cum soon baby?"

All I could muster in reply was a moan. He began to rub my clit as he tongue fucked me. The feeling I got was intense and indescribable. I wanted nothing more than to have his cock fill me, but I knew if he did that now, I would cum in an instant. It didn't take much longer for his tongue and fingers to throw me over the edge.

After I came he looked at me and moved his mouth towards mine. He kissed me slowly, his tongue in my mouth and his lips pausing on mine. I could taste my juices on his tongue. I grabbed his shoulders and twisted him around so he was lying on his back. I climbed on top of him and began to fuck him. Slowly at first, wanting to enjoy the feeling of him being inside me. He reached his hand up so it was holding the back of my head. He pulled me towards him and began kissing me again, just as passionately as he first had his living room. I returned the kisses as I fucked him. He lifted his hips slightly pushing his cock deep into my pussy. We were in a perfect rhythm, but I began to speed up, needing his cock to be buried deep inside me, and I wanted to cum. When I had cum earlier, it was as though most of my stress had been washed away. He was making me feel like the care-free teenager I was supposed to have been.

He pushed me off him and turned me around so I was on all fours. I felt his lips on the small of my

back, a place I had never been kissed before. It was a sensitive area and I began feel a tingling sensation all the way up to my neck. He then stopped and gently bit my ass before leaning over to the table next to his bead. I couldn't quite see what he was doing, but I heard the drawers open and George looking for something. I then felt him rub my ass hole; with what I guessed was lube on his hands.

"Relax." He instructed.

I felt his cock enter my pussy again. His motion was slow as he entered one of his fingers into my ass. I shuddered slightly, in a pleasant way, at this unexpected penetration. His sole finger was later joined by another, which moved at the same pace as his cock. The pleasure was immense. I hung my head down and closed my eyes, wanting to concentrate on him and nothing else. I then felt him pull his cock and fingers out of me. His cock then began to press against my asshole; hesitantly at first as though he didn't want to enter me quite yet. I then began to feel his tip break through, instinctively causing me to tense up.

"Relax. Push against me." He instructed again.

I did just that, allowing his shaft to penetrate my ass. Once it was as far in my ass as it could go, George paused, before pulling it out. This time the pause was slower before he re-entered me. As I began to open up, the pauses decreased until there were absolutely none and he was fucking my ass quickly. He was grunting with each thrust, his noises almost animalistic and lustful. I wanted him to cum in me, but he didn't. At the last second he withdrew and began to pump his cock furiously until I could feel his semen splurt onto my back. I turned around and allowed him to kiss me. His kisses were softer that time; less urgent. He wrapped his arms around me. His shirt was still on, and he was sweating, so I pulled it off him.

"You can sleep in here if you want."

I didn't need to say anything in return; he knew that my answer would be yes. I laid down on the bed, on my side facing outwards. He laid down beside me so we were spooning, with his hand rested on my stomach. I had always imagined that when I got pregnant I would be sleeping like this with my husband. But that wasn't the case. I was sleeping like that with a perfect, but at least I was able to pretend for a night.

I was the first to wake in the morning. I wiggled out from underneath George's arm and retrieved my clothes from the floor. When I had showered and changed, George was still snoring softly. All that he would wake up to was an empty bed and I would be on the road again heading nowhere.