Tuck’s American Road Trip! The Agony The Ecstasy

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Published on Lush Stories on 20 Aug 2011

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A groom gets dumped at the church on his wedding day and sets out on an unplanned erotic adventure!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/tucks-american-road-trip-the-agony-.aspx

Part One — The Agony & The Ecstasy

Bradley Tucker ‘Tuck’ Grayson was scurrying about his apartment getting ready for his wedding. His long time best friend and Best Man, ‘Bimbo’ Billy Bryson, had just arrived from picking up the bride-to-be’s suitcases for the honeymoon and was squeezing Tuck’s one measly banged up bag into the trunk of Tuck’s car with all of Prissy’s bags. After closing the trunk Bimbo looked at the freshly washed and waxed black car and thought how much fun it would be when he and the guys decorated it for the wedding after depositing Tuck at the church.

Meanwhile Tuck found himself too nervous to get his bow tie on straight and Bimbo had to not only help him with that but also straighten out Tuck’s cummerbund which was twisted into a real mess. Finally Bimbo drove Tuck to the church and let him out saying “Don’t worry buddy, I won’t let anyone fuck with your car!”

An hour later Tuck found himself nervously sitting in the pastors office with Bimbo twiddling the time away as the guests filled up the enormous sanctuary for the big social wedding of the year in Tallahassee, Florida. Bimbo pulled his chrome plated flask out of his tuxedo jacket as he had over and over before and offered Tuck a drink of Jack Daniels, “C’mon man? You’re as nervous as a whore in church, take a damn drink Tuck!”

This time Tuck acquiesced and took the flask from Bimbo’s hand gulping down every drop of bourbon in it.

“Damn Tuck! You drank it all!” despaired Bimbo while peering into the flask as if looking into it would make some more bourbon appear.

About then the church pastor, Dr. Charles Thurson, III, walked in his office and looked at both Tuck and Bimbo through his half framed bifocals, the kind with the chain around the neck, and asked, “My merry gentleman are you ready to get these proceedings started?”

“You damned right!” exclaimed Bimbo as he got up and brushed past a flabbergasted Dr. Thurson.

“Pardon him please,” asked Tuck as he stood up, “Bimbo may not be in the orange grove anymore but he ain’t never left if you know what I mean.”

“Yes, well let’s move along,” said Dr. Thurson impatiently while pulling Bimbo by the arm.

“Everyone is seated, the music is playing and your lovely bride should be along shortly,” said Dr. Thurson.

Tuck thought about those words *“your lovely bride.”* His mind quickly ran thoughts about Prissy, the daughter of the state of Florida’s wealthiest and most powerful political lobbyist, “The King of Tallahassee” as some people described him. No doubt in the pocket of most of Florida’s elected officials, the state capital, Tallahassee, was certainly his domain, better yet, his kingdom.

Tuck had met Prissy right after college when they both had begun their first post college jobs as loan officers in one of the state’s largest banking companies with branches covering the entire state. Prissy with all of her connections had already been promoted to a Vice President’s title and she was only 26 years old.

Tuck was relegated to being just another loan officer specializing in loans for small home mortgages, home improvements, automobiles, trucks, mobile homes, motorcycles and boats. But he was very good at it. And he was marrying Prissy after all, and after four years of dating.

Prissy was a very attractive and refined young lady. Many coworkers did not know why she wasted her time on Tuck Grayson, with a working class background growing up in central Florida’s agricultural and orange grove section. Actually, ‘redneck’ was the popular term they used for Tuck’s background. But Tuck had put himself through college and was now a bank loan officer.

As Tuck, Bimbo and Dr. Thurson arrived at the back door to the sanctuary, Marinel, one of Prissy’s bridesmaids came frantically running up to them. Marinel yelled, “We have a problem!”

“Excuse me?” asked Dr. Thurson.

“Yes, Tuck you need to come with me!” insisted Marinel.

Tuck urgently followed Marinel as she hurriedly led him around a corner and down the corridor to the room where Prissy and her bridesmaids had been stored away doing their last minute finishing touches before the ceremony was to begin.

As Tuck entered the room all of the bridesmaids scurried out with a serious scowl on their faces. All that was left was Prissy sitting in a chair slightly teary eyed and not wearing her white wedding dress, next to her sat Arlene, her Maid of Honor, but in Tuck’s mind, Queen Bitch.

Arlene looked at him with her usual disapproving look of superiority, only this time it had the air and smirk of victory.

Tuck looked at Prissy and asked, “Prissy what is the problem, why aren’t you in your wedding dress?”

Prissy looked at Tuck then turned her eyes away from his and stood up with her head held back pridefully she exclaimed, “I cannot marry you Bradley!”

(Prissy had never liked to call him Tuck thinking it was not dignified enough so she had always referred to him by his name Bradley.)

“What?” asked a dumbfounded Tuck. He couldn’t believe what she was saying. It had been Prissy after all that had asked him to marry her.

“You are just not right for me. I can do better!” rudely exclaimed Prissy.

Arlene could barely hold back her victorious grin.

“I was mistaken for being involved with you,” Prissy said, “I am so sorry it had to end this way, but I will never be happy with you, I want caviar and champagne and you are beer and chips.”

At that Prissy and Arlene smartly strutted across the room and out the door.

Tuck stood there flabbergasted and trying to digest everything that had just happened. Then he thought of the guests and his mother sitting out in the sanctuary waiting for the wedding to start.

Tuck ran down the hall and bolted in the door of the sanctuary and walked to the foot of the pulpit. All eyes were locked on Tuck intently as all of the guests wanted to know what was going on.

“There will not be a wedding today folks!” announced Tuck loudly as he found himself just now starting to feel the anger build up inside.

“I was just told that I am not good enough to marry Prissy. I was just told I am beer and chips and I cannot make a caviar and champagne girl happy.”

At that the entire right side or groom’s guest side of the church cranked their necks angrily staring menacingly at the left side, the bride’s guest side of the church.

Tuck’s mother stood up and walked to him and embraced him, “I never liked those high-faluting snots anyhow! You are the one too good for them, son!”

“Thanks mom, I love you,” Tuck said, “Y'all just go out somewhere nice to eat tonight and go back home, you’ll hear from me in a few days. I am going off to do some thinking.”

Tuck hugged and kissed his mother and went out the side door with Bimbo following him.

Bimbo asked, “Damn Tuck what can I do? Anything and I’ll do it for you man!”

“I know Bimbo, but I just want to be alone for a few days,” exclaimed Tuck, “I’ll call you later.”

Tuck scrambled out the side of the church and jogged to the front looking for his car and found it all decorated for the wedding. **‘Prissy & Tuck Forever!’** was scrawled in white shoe polish on the black exterior, streamers hanging off the back. Tuck jumped in cranked the car and burned rubber as he peeled out of the driveway to the church.

Tuck was speeding west down the highway with no particular destination in mind when he saw a car wash. He pulled in to the surprise of the car washers. Tuck exclaimed, “Wash it! Wash it all off!”

A few miles down the road Tuck saw a Salvation Army Donation Box set up on the roadside and pulled over. Tuck walked around back popped the trunk and proceeded to unload all of Prissy’s brand new designer luggage with all of its contents and pile them up in the Donation Box.

That done Tuck hit the road destination unplanned just a feeling that he wanted to go west. And soon he found himself traveling due west on Interstate 10 until he decided to take a short southern detour to see the ocean and soon found himself stuck right in the middle of thousands of scantily clad college students on spring break in Panama City, America’s Redneck Riviera. Traffic was at a near standstill for miles and miles. College girls were flashing their tits and boys flashing moons.

Realizing his mistake Tuck turned and headed back to Interstate 10 and again turned west eventually passing by Pensacola which reminded him of Civil War Admiral Farragut's famous quote during the coastal invasion against the Confederates at Pensacola Bay, *"Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!* " And that is just what Tuck did, put his foot to the pedal and zoomed through Mobile, Alabama and Gulfport, Mississippi until he got tired and hungry and decided to spend the night in New Orleans.

Tuck stopped and got a room at a roadside motel and decided to eat at the Denny's restaurant across the street. He slid into a booth and was looking over the menu realizing how famished he was when he heard a female voice.

"Hi there sweetie! What can I get you to drink?" the waitress asked him.

Tuck looked up and his heart almost stopped. The blond waitress bore a shockingly close resemblance to Prissy who had just dumped him on their wedding day.

Tuck stammered to get an answer out but finally said, "Sweet tea please."

"Sure thing," the pretty blond waitress who looked like his ex-fiance said. And she turned and walked back to the kitchen as Tuck watched her ass twist.

All during the meal the pretty blond waitress who had said she went by her nickname, Trixie, had paid particularly close attention to Tuck. He thought he felt a certain vibe, a connection between them both.

As he finished his late dinner Trixie came back to his table and brought the bill. Trixie asked, "What is your name sweetheart?"

"Tuck," be answered, "I like to go by Tuck."

"I like Tuck, it's sexy, hell it's manly," Trixie said in a very sexy flirty tone.

"I get off work in just a few minutes Tuck, thought maybe you'd like to have a drink and a laugh or two, how's about it big guy?" she asked.

"I'd be delighted," answered Tuck.

Tuck felt a little tinge of guilt but then thought to himself, *"Why not? Whether or not it was my choice I am totally free now."*

Trixie said, “There is a bar next door and my shift ends right now. Give me just a few minutes and you can walk me over.”

“Sure thing,” answered Tuck.

In five minutes Trixie was back this time without her apron and Tuck escorted her next door to the small bar. It was nearly empty and they both sat at the bar and ordered drinks. Trixie had a Cosmopolitan and and Tuck had a straight bourbon on ice.

They sat and talked for several minutes. The conversation between the two came so easily with no awkward pauses. They both felt so at ease with each other and soon Tuck had Trixie laughing at his goofy jokes and wise cracks. And somehow Tuck was not at all surprised when Trixie asked, “We could go to my place, but your room is much closer.”

Tuck hesitated just slightly before he answered, “My room, uh... it is closer.”

The two of them walked arm and arm across the street to Tuck’s motel room. As soon as Tuck opened the door and they stepped in Trixie shut it quickly behind them and pinned Tuck back against the door as she pressed up against him standing on the toes of her shoes to give him a very passionate lust filled kiss.

When that first kiss ended Tuck felt as if all the air had left his lungs. Then Trixie kissed him again. Tuck found himself intoxicated with desire and his penis immediately rose to the occasion. He knew that Trixie, pressed so closely against him, could feel his now completely erect penis pushing against her. And next Tuck felt Trixie's hand roam down his chest and stroke his hardened cock through his trousers.

Trixie stepped back from him walking backward toward the bed. Her eyes were glued on him seductively. He knew she wanted him and Tuck wanted her. Trixie began to unbutton her blouse but her big pretty sexy blue eyes never turned from looking directly into his own eyes.

It all seemed so surreal to Tuck. This was to be his wedding night but he was now in a cheap motel off Interstate 10 in New Orleans being seduced by a very pretty blond girl that looked so similar to his now ex-fiance, Prissy. This girl Trixie was the same exact height as Prissy and almost identical body build. Her voice even sounded similar to Trixie’s. In fact while in the bar he had noticed that while Trixie spoke in a working class accent that sometimes her accent betrayed a tinge of upper class affluence, as if Trixie had purposely changed her accent. But Tuck had other things on his mind now and the possibility having great sex was taking predominance.

Trixie’s blouse fell to the floor and she popped her bra open letting it fall also. Tuck was mesmerized looking at her beautiful breasts, just right, not too small, not too big. They looked almost identical to Prissy’s.

Tuck came to her and cupped her firm breasts then he placed the most passionate kiss upon her lips that he could muster. Soon their tongues entangled in a sensual playful combat while Trixie’s hands roamed down to his crotch. Their feet seemed to glide over to the bed and the fell together upon it still deeply kissing with Tucks’s hands on Trixie's breasts and her hands still gripping his erect penis through his trousers.

Not a word had been spoken between the two since entering Tuck’s motel room. All the communication necessary had been carried out between the eyes, the lips and the hands.

Their hands now roamed madly over reach other’s bodies as their kissing became ever more physically passionate and in their rush to get each other’s clothes off they tossed them haphazardly around the room. Tuck and Trixie soon were completely naked on the bed, the bed’s incessant squeaking with every move and their passionate moans and gasps for breath the only sounds. Tuck desperately wanted to taste Trixie’s cunt by this time and he made his way between her legs. His eyes ogled her shaven mound and her glistening wet pink pussy lips.

Tuck’s finger’s separated Trixie’s swollen labia and his face dove in while tongue lapped into motion. The scent of Trixie’s womanly pussy filled his nostrils and Tuck’s arousal was at full peak. He then was aware that Trixie had his fully erect cock in her sweet lips and was beginning to lick his shaft all over. They were intertwined in a perfect 69.

The lustful passion between Tuck and Trixie found them rolling back and forth from one side to another as their faces were still burrowed deeply into each other’s crotch. Tuck was by now well aware that the erotic lustful passion Trixie exuded far exceeded that of his ex-fiance’s. Tuck was so delighted to be wrapped up face-to-crotch with this amazingly horny woman.

Then before Tuck could even respond, Trixie had spun around landed on top of him and mounted him. Her hand grasped Tuck’s swollen hard penis and she smiled at him and uttered the first spoken words since they had entered his motel room.

“Tuck, I am going to fuck your balls off!” Trixie declared.

And at that her torso slid down onto him while her wet almost flaming hot pussy left Tuck’s erect penis smothered and covered. Trixie started a slow grind on him and then slowly picked up speed. Her breathing picked up, her moans grew louder and soon Trixie was shouting, “Fuck me Tuck! Fuck me!”

Tuck pushed his torso upward to meet her grinding thrusts. Her torso bumped against his while her hands dug into Tuck's chest gripping tightly onto any piece of his flesh she could to balance herself while fucking Tuck wildly. The wetness from her cunt drained down onto Tuck's body leaving a trail of its juicy goodness all over his crotch, his balls and in the corners of his thighs.

Tuck's was enthralled with the pulsating sexual nasty fun he was having and Trixie's pussy felt so amazing wrapped tightly around his throbbing shaft. Just then Trixie yelled out to Tuck, "Fuck me dogstyle Tuck from behind Tuck!"

She dropped over on her hands and knees on the bed and Tuck got into position and pressed his cock into Trixie's ever so wet drippy twat. Tuck started to thrust in and out when he heard Trixie shout again as she turned her head to look back at him, "Pull my hair and hold it tight Tuck! Fuck me hard Tuck!"

Tuck reached and grabbed Trixie's blond hair and held it firm. She let out a long growl. Tuck exclaimed, "Fuck me Trixie! Squeeze that wet cunt around my cock as I fuck you!"

Trixie's long growl grew even louder and wilder and she began to shout. "Oh fucking yes!"

Several minutes of pounding dogstyle fucking action had ensued when Trixie reached back and slapped Tuck's hand to get his attention.

"Yes what?" Tuck panted out between heavy breaths.

Trixie asked, "Do you like ass?"

"What?" a surprised Tuck asked.

"Do you like to fuck in the ass?" asked Trixie and she went on, "I love it in the ass? Fuck me in the ass!"

Tuck had never had anal sex but he thought to himself that this was the perfect time to give it a try. "Sure!" Tuck eagerly exclaimed.

Trixie jumped off the bed and retrieved a well used tube of lubricant from her pocket book. She jumped back on the bed and squeezed out a handful of lubricant and rubbed it all over Tuck's throbbing hard penis. Then she squeezed out some more and thoroughly greased her own asshole with the lube before putting the cap back on the tube and tossing it in the vicinity of her pocket book.

Trixie then again assumed the hands and knees dogstyle position and looked back at Tuck. “Fuck my ass good Tuck!” she demanded.

Tuck aimed his hardened dick at her rear and pushed it into Trixie's well lubed asshole. At first it was so tight he could barely push it in but then as he pushed further he found that her sphincter loosed very nicely to the perfect tightness. He grabbed Trixie’s blond hair and gave it a good tug grasping it firmly in his fist and he began to pound Trixie’s soft but firm ass hard with his thrusts.

Trixie response to Tuck fucking her ass was even more positive than he had imagined it would be. She squirmed, moaned, and yelled her head off from delight. He rather basked in the delight of pleasuring this attractive woman so. Tuck still gripping her hair grabbed her by the butt cheek and held on tight as he pounded in and out of her squirming asshole.

Trixie’s sexual growl resumed amidst her loud moans of sexual pleasure. She shouted out several times, “Fuck my ass Tuck! Fuck my ass!”

Many minutes of sexual bliss had passed when Tuck realized he would soon shoot his load into her. He called out to her, “I am about to cum!”

“Cum in my ass Tuck! Cum in my fucking ass!” Trixie answered him shouting loudly.

Then Tuck launched his orgasm shooting Trixie’s asshole full of his hot semen. He kept pounding away in and out until it felt like every little drop had been squeezed out of him. He then stopped thrusting his body which was aching with exhaustion. Tuck sat back on the bed.

Trixie rolled over and lay at his feet with her head propped up by one hand her elbow on the bed. She smiled at Tuck and said, “That was damn good big guy.”

Tuck looked at her inquisitively and asked, “Did you?”

“I sure did sweetie!” Trixie answered cutting him off before he could even finish the question.

Tuck felt very proud of himself. He thought it quite possibly was one of his best performances.

Trixie then curled up in his arms and the two of them quickly fell fast asleep. They slept several hours peacefully in each other’s arms and awoke very refreshed the next morning. And after showering together and another round of wonderful sex they walked across the street to Denny’s for breakfast.

Just as they were finishing eating Trixie asked, “Tuck are you going to be staying around any?”

“No,” answered Tuck, “I need to head out this morning.”

“Well I sure did enjoy my short time with you Tuck, “Trixie said.

About that time Trixie’s cell phone rang. She looked at the caller identification on the phone and said to Tuck, “I need to take this.”

“Go ahead,” answered Tuck.

Trixie got up and walked just outside the front door and stood on the sidewalk talking on the phone. Tuck watched as Trixie exhibited a stressed look and gestured while talking.

“You did what Prissy?” Trixie asked her sister on the phone, “Oh My God! You dumped him at the church?”

Prissy responded, “I made a big mistake, a huge mistake, it’s all I could think about all day and all night and I have been trying to call him and he won’t answer his cell phone!”

“I can’t believe you caved in to Daddy and that bitch friend of yours, Arlene!” Trixie said and then Trixie yelled into the phone, “It kind of serves you right by allowing Daddy to ban me from coming to the wedding!

Trixie then calmed down some and asked, “What was your fiance’s name again?”

“Bradley,” answered a tearful Prissy over the phone.

“Yea, Bradley, the first decent guy you ever got involved with, not one of those Daddy approved rich asshole phony jerks,” Trixie said angrily before she further added, “Well remember I was kicked out of the family and I really would appreciate it if you just keep you drama to yourself. You chose to stay in all that shit so deal with it!”

Trixie snapped her cell phone shut and went back in the restaurant and sat back down rather flustered looking.

“Problem?” asked Tuck.

“Oh just the usual bullshit from my estranged family, nothing you’d want to hear,” answered Trixie.

Tuck wiped his mouth with his napkin and left the cash for the meal and tip on the table and looked at Trixie saying, “I better be going.”

Trixie said as she scribbled her phone number and email on the back of a matchbook, “Just in case you pass through New Orleans again.” And she handed the matchbook to Tuck.

“Thanks!” answered Tuck, “I will keep this just in case.”

As he stood up to leave Trixie jumped up and kissed him on the lips. Tuck smiled at her and turned and walked out the door and went back across the street to his hotel room. He packed his bag and put it in the car.

As he pulled out onto the road to leave he saw Trixie through the window of the Denny’s starting her waitress shift by taking an order. He had the strangest empty feeling that he could not understand as he drove to the entrance ramp at Interstate 10 and headed west.

Tuck’s American Road Trip will continue...