Tuck's American Roadtrip! California Surfer

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Tuck scores more than just a view when he sees the Pacific Ocean for the first time.

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PART FIVE

Tallahassee, Florida
Prissy's father, J. Howard Barrington, III, sometimes called "The King of Tallahassee," was frantically dialing the phone in his study. He had to do something drastic and get it done right away. He was worried sick about his daughter, Prissy, who refused to eat, and would not leave her old bedroom at his house. Barrington had called his doctor to come over to his house earlier to check on Prissy and the doctor was in Prissy's room trying to get her to let him insert an IV drip into her to stave off dehydration.

Barrington heard the phone ringing on the other end. Prissy's best friend, Arlene, stood beside him looking frantic as he waited for an answer.

Just over 400 miles south in Miami, young mob attorney, John Grabo, is laying naked and cuddled in bed with the lifelong girl of his dreams. He has two cell phones placed on the night stand next to his bed. The red phone rings. His girlfriend, Stephanie, already knew that only two of John's very special and very dangerous clients knew the number to that red cell phone.

John sits up quickly and grabs the red phone and answers, "Hello!"

"Grabo!" shouts a very frantic voice coming over the phone.

"Mr. Barrington," answers John. "What can I do for you?"

"Grabo I need your help right now! You have to locate someone for me and bring them back to Tallahassee as soon as possible," shouted Barrington, as a tearful Arlene watched.

“I stupidly manipulated my daughter into breaking of her wedding,” said Barrington over the phone. “Damn I didn’t know she was this fucking much in love with the guy.”

“He took off and hasn’t been seen since, within the hour she went nuts screaming she had made a huge mistake! She’s a goddamned mess, won’t leave her bedroom, won’t eat or drink, hell I’ve got my fucking physician in their trying to get an IV in her arm right now to keep her from getting dehydrated, “Barrington added frantically.

“What was it it about the guy that you didn’t like?” asked John Grabo.

“Fuck he’s okay, he’s just a goofy redneck loan officer at the bank, I just thought she could do better,” answered Barrington. ”His name is Bradley Tucker Grayson, goes by Tuck,” said Barrington, “I’ll have my guy email you all the information we got on him.” He was last seen driving west on Interstate 10,” he added

“Money is no concern, spend whatever it takes to get this guy back here to Tallahassee,” shouts Barrington. “I am depending on you Grabo!”

Upon hanging up the phone, John Grabo leans over and says to Stephanie, “I have a priority job and it will pay serious money.”

John immediately dialed the number of his investigator, Reggie Tharpe. Before Reggie could even say hello, John said, “It’s Grabo, I have a big job for you and you’ll need help from Uncle Gino and his boys.”

J. Howard Barrington, III, looked at sexy Arlene and said, “Damn Arlene you sure did your job in this matter. It’s not your fault it turned out like this. The money will be in your account later today just as I promised. But right now what I need is something to calm my fucking nerves down.”

Arlene quit her sobbing and asked, “Would you like a blow job Mr. Barrington?”

“I certainly would my pretty,” answered Barrington, “now go lock the door and come back.”

Arlene did as he instructed and came back to his chair dropping to her knees in front of Barrington’s chair. Arlene unzipped his pants and pulled his flaccid cock out and begun caressing it with her hand. Right away Barrington’s cock began to respond to Arlene’s soft touch and soon she had him at a full erection.

Arlene then slid her lips down over the head of Barrington’s cock. Her long tongue wrapped itself

around the base of his erect penis and she began to lick up and down the full length of his hard shaft. Once his cock was really wet from her mouth Arlene swallowed his cock whole, letting it slide down into her throat, demonstrating a skill she had perfected on college fraternity boys just a few years before.

Barrington's eyes rolled back in his head as he enjoyed this momentary pleasure. Arlene continued to deepthroat his cock and then eased it out and started licking it all over again while gently but quickly stroking it at the base. Soon Barrington felt an orgasm build and he moaned out, "I'm going to cum."

Arlene pushed her mouth deeper over his cock and let him fill her mouth with his cum and promptly swallowed it all. She then smiled at him and asked, "Was it good Mr. Barrington?"

"Oh yes my dear, it always is," replied Barrington.

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Arizona and New Mexico
The next day in Arizona, Tuck had just pulled back onto the highway after helping video that porno tryst with Paul and the two amateur porn girls. Tuck aimed his car southeast in the direction of Interstate 10. He was heading for Los Angeles, California.

Meanwhile back in Albuquerque, New Mexico, private investigators Chuck and Tony sit in an old van keeping a house across the street under surveillance as a car pulls into the driveway. A very well dressed attractive blond gets out and walks into the house.

"Damn Tony that's her alright, you should have seen that whole thing," said Chuck. "That blonde banged that asshole's brains out and I was squatted there hiding in the closet, it was fucking crazy man, crazy."

"She is a mighty fine sexy looking woman," answered Tony as his cell phone rang.

"Tony here," he answered.

"Uncle Gino!" Tony exclaimed upon answering, and then began to digest Uncle Gino's orders.

Tony put his hand over the phone and whispered to Chuck, "Uncle Gino is pulling us off this job to go find some fucker named Bradley Tucker Grayson, he goes by Tuck."

"Who?" shouted a shocked Chuck.

“Grayson, calls himself Tuck,“ answered Tony.

“Tony you fucking dumbass!” Chuck exclaimed, “Tuck Grayson is the guy that spent the night here last night and banged the twins, I thought you were going to jerk off listening to all that.”

Tony in shock handed the phone to Chuck.

“Uncle Gino, a Tuck Grayson, from Tallahassee spent the night in this house last night,” exclaimed a very excited Chuck into the phone. “We’ve been running background on everyone that goes in and out just like you asked.”

“What?” exclaimed Uncle Gino,“you are telling me that our new subject spent the night last night at another subject’s house from another case?”

“Yea Uncle Gino, that’s right,” answered Chuck.

“Damn this is freaky!” exclaimed Uncle Gino. “Do you have any idea where this Grayson guy was going?”

“According to audio surveillance he said he was going to drive through Arizona south until he got to Interstate 10,” answered Chuck. “I believe he mentioned Los Angeles.”

Tony with an earpiece in one ear was listening to the surveillance tapes from the night before. He soon looked at Chuck and nodded yes.

“Yea Uncle Gino it’s LA alright,” said Chuck.

“Then find his ass and do it quickly!” shouted Uncle Gino just before he hung up.

“Have we got anyone in Arizona right now?” Chuck asked Tony.

“No operatives, but that porno guy is over there videoing amateur pornstar auditions,” answered Tony.

“I’ll call him right now," said Chuck as he pulled up Paul’s information on his laptop, ”he’s the closest guy we got over there,”

Tony the pornographer was just pulling his car onto the highway as his cell phone rang. “Paul here,”

he answered.

“Paul, this is Chuck, you know from security, working for Uncle Gino and Carlo Perez,” said Chuck.

“Yea Chuck, what can I do for you?” asked Paul.

“We need to locate a guy from Florida driving south through Arizona and wondered if you’d be available to help us find him?” asked Chuck.

“Of course, anytime,” answered Paul. “Florida you say?”

“Yea a guy named Grayson from Tallahassee,” said Chuck, “Bradley Grayson and uses the name Tuck.”

“Shit man I just have been talking to a guy calls himself Tuck,” screamed Paul, ”his car had Florida plates, Leon County on them, hell, that’s Tallahassee isn’t?”

“BULLSHIT!” screamed Chuck.

“No for real man, I think I can still see his car,” answered Paul.

“Follow him!” shouted Chuck. “You got any GPS on you?”

“You know I do,” answered Paul.

“Follow him and hook him up first chance you get,” said Chuck.

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Southern California
Tuck drove for a several hours before pulling over for gas in San Bernadino. He stopped at a convenience store and filled his gas tank before going inside to get a soda, chips and candy bars for the road. When he came back out Tuck noticed the words “wash me” had just been written in finger tip on the trunk of his dusty car.

“Damn kids,” grumbled Tuck as he got back in the car.

He continued his drive west on Interstate 10. Eventually he started seeing the signs stating how much further it was to Los Angeles and before long he finally saw the gray silhouetted cityscape against a

very hazy bluish gray sky. “The infamous LA smog,” Tuck said out loud to himself.

Tuck was amazed at the confusing weave of interstate highways but paid close attention to the signs in order to not get lost and stay on Interstate 10. Finally though, once into Los Angeles he started to look for signs that would direct him to the coast, the beach in particular. Tuck followed the signs winding through the enormous maze that was the mass of urban sprawl of Los Angeles until he finally came to a beach.

Tuck had grown up seeing the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico but this was his first look at the Pacific Ocean and he was very excited to see it. There was not many people at all on the beach and this surprised Tuck since it was such a nice sunny day. He got out of his car and strolled down onto the sand, amazed that the humidity that permeates the air of the Florida beaches was not present there.

Tuck noticed a girl surfing by herself and was quite mesmerized by the great skill she demonstrated on the waves. For several minutes he watched before he walked back to his car. There he finally picked up his cell phone and turned it on. Once Tuck decided to check his voice mail he was shocked to hear how many messages had been left for him.

He was sitting in the driver’s seat with the car door open listening to a despondent message from Prissy when he heard a voice. It surprised him and he jerked quickly.

“Sorry I didn’t mean to startle you,” said a very attractive petite black girl carrying a surf board.

Tuck saw that it was the girl that he had been watching surf. “Oh no problem,” said Tuck.

She stopped by his open door and said, “You watched me for a long time.”

“Yes I did,” said Tuck. “Sorry, I hope I didn’t make you uncomfortable, I was just enjoying watching your surfing skills.”

“You are not from California are you,” the surfer girl asked. “Your accent, is it southern?”

“Why yes, I’m from Florida,” answered Tuck.

“Well normally I don’t talk to strangers but there is something different about you,” the sexy surfer girl said.

“You can call me Tuck,” Tuck then said to her.

“You can call me Sandra,” said the surfer girl.

Within minutes Tuck found himself taking a stroll along the edge of the surf with the very attractive surfer girl he had just met, making flirty small talk. He thought she looked very sexy in her little lime green bikini standing out against her very tone and smooth mocha skin. Her smile was wide and very inviting. Her sexy black hair was long and separated into long crinkly strands. They talked for several minutes before they ended up back at his car where she had left her surf board.

“Oh my!” Sandra exclaimed, “I almost forgot about my surf board.”

“See what you’ve done to me,” She laughed.

She picked up her surf board and Tuck walked with her over to her car parked about 5o yards away. It was a Honda Element and she opened the side doors to put her surf board in. Then Sandra looked around to make sure no one was watching.

Sandra looked at Tuck as she stood between the two open doors. “Something about surfing always makes me feel kind of frisky,” she said. Then Sandra lowered the top to her bikini, exposing two average sized but absolutely perfectly shaped firm brown breasts with large puffy nipples.

Tuck immediately felt a twinge of movement in his pants. He was pleasantly speechless.

“Let Sandra welcome you to California, Tuck from Florida,” Sandra said seductively.

Tuck looked at her sexy inviting thick lips and immediately stepped in and kissed her. Sandra then took Tuck’s hands and placed them on her firm breasts as they continued to kiss passionately. Soon Tuck could feel Sandra unbuttoning his shirt and run her hands all over his chest. She then took his hand and pulled him into the Element and closed the side doors.

Sandra and Tuck tore into each other in a rather desperate and ravishing fashion tossing clothes all over the vehicle. Sandra pushed Tuck onto his back in the floorboard and mounted his face like a gymnast on a pommel horse. Tuck’s tongue worked furiously licking, sucking, and flicking at her wet juicy pink pussy lips. Her tasty twat elevated his already rocketing level of arousal.

“Oh God, Right there! Right there! Right there!” Sandra screamed in a shrill pitch as she kept grinding her sweaty rotating chocolate torso into Tuck’s creamy pale face.

Tuck concentrated his tongue on the spot where he had been when Sandra began her scream and

soon her shaky quivering body lifted off his face as her hands pressed hard on his chest lifting herself into the air. “Oooooh Ooooooh,” her quivering voice moaned out deeply.

“Oh my Florida man you went and gave me an orgasm,” Sandra was finally able to say.

She sat back and gave Tuck one of the deepest most seductive looks with her eyes he had ever seen. “I am going to suck your white dick like it’s never been sucked before!” Sandra proclaimed boldly. She then leapt onto him, taking his pulsating erection deep into her mouth.

A popping suction noise exploded from her mouth as she pulled her mouth back off of him. Then Tuck watched in amazement as one of the longest most erotic tongues he had ever seen unfolded out of Sandra’s mouth and began slowly licking from top to bottom the length of his swollen shaft. His mind soon went numb as he felt her demonstrate amazing skill with her tongue.

Sandra then buried her face into his scrotum beneath his tight nutsack and as her face slowly came upwards her tongue slid and vibrated over his testicles until she again was working it around his very happy penis. Again she deepthroated him with absolute ease.

Tuck felt an orgasm beginning inside and was shocked that Sandra realized it as soon as he did and her hands clamped down hard on the base of his cock. That took him completely surprise and right away he realized that she had abated his orgasm, giving him several more minutes of precious sexual delight.

Sandra then climbed on top of Tuck and using her hand to hold his cock still, she then slowly slid her wet pussy down onto him until her pussy had totally swallowed his cock. She felt amazing to him. Tuck could feel her vaginal muscles clamping and loosening up as she began to take him in and out. Just then she began to lick his ear erotically, which Tuck found to be most stimulating.

Faster and faster Sandra began bobbing up and down on Tuck. He could feel her Honda Element moving with the rhythmic pounding of their bodies. The vehicle squeaked as it rocked form side to side.

Sandra reached behind her and felt around until she had Tuck’s nuts cupped in her hand. She then began softly stroking them all while she continued fucking him wildly. The additional stimulation of his testicles was more than Tuck could stand and again he could feel an orgasm about to explode.

“I am going to cum!” exclaimed Tuck.

“Go ahead babe,” said Sandra. “Don’t hold back.”

She then pulled herself off of him and bent over on him taking his juicy penis into her mouth. Tuck's orgasm then launched itself, springing from his loins with great force. He watched as Sandra caught all of it inside her mouth until he had finally subsided. Then her tongue ran across her lips exposing some of the milky white cum on her gorgeous thick juicy chocolate lips as she smiled.

"Mmmmmm baby," Sandra said. "Welcome to LA." Then she laughed and nudged Tuck to let her snuggle at his side. He placed his arm around her as she inched tighter against him.

They lay quietly for several minutes before Sandra sat up and started searching through her vehicle. She finally found some paper and a pen then tore off just a small corner of the paper. She wrote her name and phone number on it and slid it into Tuck's pants pocket as they lay crumpled on the floor of the Element.

"I hope you call me," Sandra said.

"Yea, sure I will," answered Tuck.

"Well I have to go," said Sandra, as she started putting her clothes on. "I have to work tonight."

"Where do you work?" Tuck asked as he was pulling his clothes together.

"I'm a stunt woman," answered Sandra. "And we are filming some action scenes tonight for a movie."

Sandra then kissed Tuck on the lips and opened the side doors of her Honda Element.

Tuck got out an Sandra said, "Bye baby," as she climbed into the front seat.

"Bye," said Tuck as he was closing the doors for her.

He stood there zipping his pants up and tucking in his shirt as he watched her drive away in her vehicle.

Tuck then turned to walk to his car. Immediately he was astonished to see two men in dark suits and one man in chinos and a Hawaiian shirt, all of them wearing dark sun glasses, standing by his car looking at him.

Very nervously Tuck walked up to them but stopped several feet away.

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In Arizona several hours before.
Paul the pornographer sped down the highway until he finally saw Tuck's car ahead of him. He stayed several car lengths back so as not to arouse any suspicion to Tuck that he was being followed.

"I've got him in sight," Paul said over his cell phone to Chuck.

"Great, I feel sure he is going to LA, so stay behind him and call me right away if he changes course," said Chuck. "We are going to charter a private plane for LA."

Right away Chuck dialed his Uncle Gino back in Florida.

"Yea," Uncle Gino said as he answered his phone.

"Uncle Gino it's Chuck!" exclaimed Chuck over the cell phone.

"I know already, get on with it," Uncle Gino said impatiently.

"We've got that porno dude, Paul, following Grayson down the highway as we speak," Chuck said.

"Fucking great work!" exclaimed Uncle Gino. "What's next?"

"We are catching a charter plane to LA," answered Chuck.

"Okay," said Uncle Gino, "someone is already on a flight out there to join you."

"Who's that Uncle Gino," Chuck asked.

"That lawyer's P.I., Reggie Tharpe," answered Uncle Gino.

"Oh yea, that dude is awesome!" exclaimed Chuck.

"Well keep your panties on and don't get so damned excited," said Uncle Gino gruffly. "Tharpe will be in charge when gets there, make sure someone has Grayson in sight at all times and I'll let you know when to pick up Tharpe at LAX."

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Paul was still following Tuck west as they pulled onto interstate 10. He kept changing music and slapping his own face to keep himself awake on the boring drive. His incessant yawning was driving himself crazy.

They were passing the San Bernadino exits when Tuck got off the interstate and pulled into a convenience store and stopped at a gas pump. Paul pulled into a gas pump on another aisle, figuring he had better refuel also. Paul put on his sunglasses and a baseball cap and kept his face turned away as he eyed Tuck pumping his gas.

He then watched as Tuck went into the store. Paul knew this was the perfect opportunity to install the GPS tracking device. He walked over and placed it up under the back driver's side wheel well of Tuck's car. Then he had the bright idea to do something else that might make Tuck's car easier to spot should it get lost and he needed to find it again. Paul then used his finger to write "Wash Me" really large on the very dusty trunk of Tuck's car. He then quickly retreated back to his own car and watched as Tuck came back to his car.

After Tuck pulled back onto the road, Paul followed discreetly several car lengths behind.

Paul was really worn out as they hit the confusing mass that is the Los Angeles highway system. He dialed Chuck's cell phone number.

"Chuck here," answered Chuck.

"Man we're driving into LA now, where are you guys?" asked Paul.

"We're at LAX right now picking up that Reggie Tharpe dude," answered Chuck. "Keep following Grayson and call us back in a few minutes with your location."

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A beach at Los Angeles a couple of hours later.
Reggie Tharpe, Chuck, Cousin Tony, and Paul the pornographer are all sitting crowded in a silver van with dark tinted windows. They are all squeezed together watching impatiently as a metallic green Honda Element rocks back and forth across the parking lot.

"Uncle Gino," said Chuck into his cell phone. "We've got Grayson in our sights, kind of."

"What the fuck do you mean, kind of?" shouts a grumpy Uncle Gino into the phone.

“Well he’s in a Honda Element humping some really hot black surfer chick,” said Chuck.

“WHAT?” yelled Uncle Gino.

“Yea sir Uncle Gino, she or he or one of ‘em must have said something pretty slick to the other one, cause they are in that car just going at it,” answered Chuck.

“Damn this one fucked up weird world!” yelled Uncle Gino into the phone, "people just fuck strangers at the drop of a hat."

“When he finishes getting his knob polished, just convince his ass to come back with you all on the first flight you can get to Tallahassee,” added Uncle Gino.

“You got it Uncle Gino,” answered Chuck confidently.

Several minutes later there was a sigh of relief in the crowded van as the Honda they were watching quit rocking. They all piled out except Paul the pornographer, who stayed in the van. Reggie, Chuck and Tony walked over to Tuck’s car and stopped there as they watched the side doors to the Honda Element open.

Tuck got out putting his clothes on and soon the girl pulled out in sped off in the Honda. Tuck looked over and saw them and was obviously startled as he cautiously approached them.

“Can I do something for you gentleman?” asked Tuck.

“Bradley Tucker Grayson?” asked Reggie Tharpe, who was wearing a Hawaiian shirt.

“Who the fuck are you guys?” Tuck asked nervously.

“We are here on behalf of Prissy,” answered Tharpe.

Tuck felt a tinge of guilt or something. He had no idea why.

“Yea, I’m Grayson,” answered Tuck.

“Just do us a favor and listen to all these messages,” said Reggie as he motioned to Chuck.

Chuck then pulled Tuck’s cell phone out of his pants pocket and tossed it to Tuck.

Tuck dialed his voice mail box, like he had started to do earlier. Tuck listened and listened to message after message of Prissy crying, apologizing and pleading. There was even a couple of messages from his best friend Bimbo asking him to check in and at least listen to what Prissy had to say.

With each message Tuck's heart felt more compassion for Prissy. He had been so angry, but he had been and still was in love with her. Tuck's shoulders finally sank and he turned off the voice mail. His arm dropped in surrender holding the phone to his side.

Seeing that, Reggie Tharpe asked, "Will you at least go back with us to Tallahassee and talk with her?"

"Yea, I will," answered Tuck.

An obviously relieved Chuck and Tony both heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

"Okay, we can make a flight within the hour if we get started now," said Reggie.

"What about my car?" asked Tuck.

Reggie looked at Chuck and Tony and saw Chuck discreetly nod toward Tony.

"Tony will drive it back to Tallahassee," said Reggie.

Tony threw his arms up in disgust and grumbled, "Always Tony, do this Tony, do that Tony, why does Tony always get the shit jobs?"

Tuck handed his car keys to Tony and then followed Tharpe and Chuck to the van. Then stopped dead in his tracks as he saw Paul the pornographer hop out to open the door for them.

"I'll explain it on the way to LAX," Paul said to Tuck as they all got in then van.

To be continued in ***"Tuck's American Roadtrip! The Return."***