

Off The Beaten Path

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A Little help needed with directions

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Off The Beaten Path by Miss Anonna During a quick visit home one summer I found myself in a little poor town and I wasn't sure where I was. I did know that I had gotten off Interstate 81 onto US 11 and thought I was headed back to the highway. There was no way to know for sure so I decided to consult a map that I had in the glove box. When I came upon a vacant parking lot, I turned in and parked facing the road. Immediately I unbuckled my belt and leaned toward the windshield to get the map and as I fumbled around looking with my hand, I saw an older gentleman sitting on his porch across the street and he seemed to be watching me but I wasn't sure. I found the map and removed it, sat back in my seat and opened it up into the passenger seat. Sitting back in my own seat, I lit up a smoke, rolled down the window and blew out my smoke figuring on finding my whereabouts after I relax a minute. I gazed back across the street at the man on his porch and tried to look into his thoughts. He was sturdy and rugged as far as I could see but looked a bit depressed or maybe content. I watched him light up a cigarette and sit up, resting his arms up on his knees as if I had caught his attention and he were trying to figure ME out. I didn't think too much of it and returned to enjoying my stress free moment, looking about the little town, watching cars pass in front of me and breathing in the fresh, warm, southern air. I watched the man across the street put the cigarette up to his mouth and look down the street as his other hand fell in front of his crotch and then to my surprise began to move back and forth. For several minutes I watched his actions as they seemed completely nonchalant yet purposeful. Not sure that I was seeing what I thought I was seeing I stuck my head out of the window to get a clearer look and there was no doubt in my mind that he was pulling his cock out of his shorts and tugging on it. He seemed to notice me looking and made his actions more obvious by pulling his shorts back and exposing his testicles. In my head I had thought that my eyes were playing tricks on me but when a car came up the road, I watched him tuck his tool back into his shorts and pretend he was just sitting there and enjoying the day. I shrugged it off, flipped my smoke out the window and consulted the map until I knew where I was. Smiling and nodding to myself I looked up, out my windshield and again the man across the street was holding himself in his hand and looking my way. I was a good distance away so I would have normally thought that my eyes had indeed deceived me but there was a lot of flesh in his hand that shouldn't have been there and again I stuck my head out of the window to get a clearer view. A smile came across the man's face as I

focused on his actions and in one quick stroke he was able to pull his shorts back, squeeze his cock and show me the full girth of his manhood which was quite impressive, although not entirely erect. This seemed so ballsy to me that I was in shock; however I still could not absolutely say that his actions were directed at me. I sat back in my seat again and thought about moving on but the curiosity inside of me made my muffin tingle. I gathered up my map, folded it the best I could and reached under the back of my little summer sweater, unsnapping my bra and and wriggling my arms out of it, then pulling it out from underneath. I reached up my skirt and snatched my panties out from under it in one swift move and set hung them both over my rear view mirror. I watched the old guy across the street to see if he was watching me and he definitely wouldn't take his eyes off me, although every time a car came p the road he would tuck his tool back into his shorts. I opened the car door and stepped out, closed the door and tugged at the bottom of my miniskirt. Pulling on my little sweater I gathered up my nerve and began my journey across the street. I cold see the old guy's smile getting larger along with his widening eyes as I got closer and closer to his side of the street. I stepped up on the curb at the other side and began to venture up his little walkway but before I got to the steps his deep, mellow voice struck my ears. "You lost there little missy?" He said in a seductive, southern draw never moving from his wicker chair up on the porch next to his front door. He smiled like he had something sneaky on his mind but was genuinely inviting. His eyes were little slits and his face was tattered but attractive in a way I had never experienced. He was heavy set but not fat, large but not out of proportion any more than your typical older male. I would say he was probably in his fifties. "Could you help?" I said with pouty lips. "I'm just not sure how to get back to the highway." He cut me off at my last word. "Bring yo map up hea to me and I'll show you exactly where you need to be, little lady." His voice boomed with a slight laugh. I stepped up onto the porch and looked down into his lap. I could see the head of his cock laying against the cuff of his shorts. Trying not to alarm him or let on that I was looking, I held out my hand to give him the map. He smiled as if he knew I had seen that the mouse was out of the house but he didn't seem to care a bit and I felt as if he were going to make it as obvious as he could. He took the map from me and unfolded the whole thing, spreading it directly out in front of he and his chair. "You're right here." He said from behind the map. I stood there for a minute and soon realized I needed to go see just where he was indicating so I slowly made my way over to his chair and joined him behind the poster-like unfolded map. I stood next to his chair while he meticulously checked out my legs, glanced over my body and paused his gaze at my breasts, which could easily be outlined through my sweater. I looked down at him and knelt beside his chair to look at the map, draping my arm over the arm of the chair while he quickly pointed near the center of the map then quickly caught the edge of the map before it fell away from him. "Here?" I asked pointing to a little town on the map where his finger had once been. I pretended to be looking at the map but I was actually looking at my hand that was draped over the arm of chair and practically touching his thigh. His huge cock was still hanging out of his shorts and growing slowly but steadily. Turning toward him I twisted one of my legs out just enough to give the old guy a view up my skirt and he wasted no time drawing his stare right between my legs. His erection grew so quickly I could feel it bumping against my nails nonchalantly hanging in his lap. "That's the place." He said slowly and

confidently and smiled like a little child getting ice cream. "And if you look closely, you can see the highway, right up the road." Taking his invitation into consideration, I leaned toward the map and the head of his cock seemed to be sucked right into my grasp. I pretended to be studying the map as I slowly worked my hand up and down his shaft, slowly feeling every inch of him. He was solid and erect and I could feel every pulse of blood through his shaft as it continued to increase in size. Eventually the old man's cock was as large as it was going to get and I turned to him and looked down at his huge erection in my hand and he just smiled and watched me. I looked up at him and smiled while squeezing and stroking his tool slowly and then lightly bit my lower lip. "It won't bite," he said. "I promise." He slowly slid down in his chair allowing his shorts to hike up further so I twisted the rest of my body toward him and used my other hand to pull his whole cock out into the open. His testicles fell out into my hand as if they were meant to go there while I readjusted myself so he could look down into my skirt. He looked at me as if to say he appreciated the gesture. I did not hesitate to move in closer and take him into my mouth as his cock was so inviting and filled my cheek up to the hilt. He leaned back and moaned here and there as I swirled him around inside my mouth and ran my tongue up and down his shaft. At one point I had both hands around his tool and still had enough of his cock to put in my mouth and rub against my lips. I pulled him out and lightly slapped the side of my face with his magic wand and he seemed to really enjoy that. With one hand on the top of his head, I pressed my lips into his massive rod and vigorously swished my lips and tongue across him and felt him push into me as he laid his head back. "Here comes Papa!" He said with a sheepish grin and I buried his cock deep in my mouth until I felt as if I could swallow his swollen head whole but there was no way this little girl could have done that; however I felt the head of his tool swell up and cut off my breath. I gasped and pulled him from my mouth when a heavy stream of cream fell onto my tongue then streaked across my cheek as I pulled him out and held his throbbing mast against my lips. I twisted my hand around his head in the slick covering and slid him between my lips again. He jerked slightly and I felt heaviness against the back of my throat while he grabbed the arms of the chair and sat up. He came forward and I felt his hands run down my back and his fingers dug into my thighs. We stayed motionless for a few moments and I slid his cock away from my dripping lips and looked up at him and smiled. "Thanks for all your help." I said swallowing and wiping his seed off my cheek with my finger. "Dayum, girl!" He said laughing. "Anytime. Anytime, ya hear?" I gathered my map and winked at him as I stepped off his porch and headed for my car. I was ready to get back on the road and I was a happy girl.