

# EXIT 33 -- Trust

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*The setting is very real. The issue of 'trust' is real on-line. She will know who she is when she*

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We are having a slow day on the 'big road' due to the usual traffic snarls along the Interstate highway. My favorite truckstop is just ahead 3 miles down the road. These people go out of their way to make a driver feel welcome ... from the manager(s) to fuel clerks to convenience cashiers to floor sweepers. Everybody is so friendly here. Their big neon sign is truly a welcome sight for me. This stop has the nicest / biggest shower facilities and the fluffiest of towels. When I am here, I really feel at home. It is my favorite truck stop. It is time for a shower and a meal. Fortunately we are neither shy nor modest when it comes to disrobing in front of each other this first time. Our time in the shower is 'well spent' with the washing and scrubbing of each others body as it just seems nicer when some one else can do your back, etc. I love to soap up and wash your back. I love watching the suds glide down your back and helping them to disappear in your ass crack. The feeling to my fingertips is how I explore and get to become acquainted intimately with your body starting at the base of your spine and disappearing into the tight confines of your womanhood. Your moans and sighs tell me that my hands and fingers are welcome. You bend over a bit and slightly spread your legs inviting my caresses across your rosebud. My fingertip hesitates there and lightly pats your hole as well as doing some random circular motions. I can feel that opening relax and contract in response to my digital attention there. We turn a little so you can see in the mirrors what I am doing as well as feel it. Damn, that looks so hot seeing me handle and caress your cheeks while exploring your rose. I'm not sure just what urges me to do so, but I lightly smack / slap your ass cheeks, finger tips getting on your bud with each stroke. The sound is amplified to our ears in the confines of the bathroom. It 'sounds' worse than it is, and I hope you know and trust that I would never knowingly inflict any pain on you. While I have your back to me, I soap up the face cloth and scrub your back from your shoulders down to your feet. Your thigh muscles seem to soften as I caress and lightly scrub them. I get down to your feet and wash them for you and start my 'journey' back up your back side. I give each leg a good soapy massage and linger on your upper, inner thighs, massaging those muscles and using the soapy water and suds for lubrication. My fingers once again visit those secret, womanly places you have. You are bent over more now and are bracing yourself against the wall. Looking around us, you are able to see in the full mirror just how excited you have made me. My cock is hard and wanting to find a hole

somewhere to go bury itself in. I step closer between your legs into your leaning body and rub my cock up and down, over and around your pussy, your taint, your ass and finally let it rest against your slit while I finish with your back. Damn. At this rate, neither of us cares IF we get clean as we are both savoring this first time exploratory experience with each other together. I am SO GLAD you were able to join me. You turn around now so that I can 'do' your front. I get your hair thoroughly wet and start rubbing in a good dollop of the shampoo. You seem to enjoy this attention from the front side. I rub / massage your scalp and tilt your face up to me so I can kiss those smiling lips. I just want to feast on you starting with those luscious lips. You are being a bit coy with me as I lean in close and we delicately press our lips together. My tongue searches for yours as I unseal your lips with a gentle side to side motion, the tip of my tongue in the crease between your lips. Our tongue tips at last begin a jousting match for dominance across that threshold of desire. We nip ... we bite ... we convey our building desire with hums and moans. We know that fulfillment is not far away. I thoroughly rinse your hair and take a moment to chase those suds across the slope of your breasts. Your nipples are too tempting and I take a nip on one with my mouth and tweak the other with my hand, rolling and tugging and pinching the tip between my finger tips and thumb. You are almost purring as a deep moaning sigh tells me you are enjoying this. Your hands are busy also, rubbing over my chest and male breasts and nipples. That is a sensation to me that I am not accustomed to, but I am finding it very sensual as it seems to heighten my sexual feelings towards you. Since we are now facing each other, both of your hands are busy stroking my cock and balls in a frenzy of masturbatory action. It is all I can do to get you to slow down and stop. "There'll be time enough for this after dinner; when we get back to the truck and bed." We exit the shower and dry off with the towels. Since you were "extra" in the shower, we had to get an extra set of towels. Lucky you. Yours were fresh out of the dryer and still warm. I help you with using your dryer on your long hair, and then turn it on low setting and direct the gentle warm air across your sensitive ass cheeks and down even further. Even though the air from the dryer is warm, you visibly shiver with the light sensations as the airstream dances over your sensitive flesh. Dinner at Denny's is good and filling. We eat light with soup and sandwich ... you having a BLT and me having a grilled cheese and bacon. We both opt for the tomato soup. We take our time eating and talk about some of the sights we have seen from the vantage point of the truck cab, etc. After eating, we take our time casually walking across the large parking lot to where the rig is parked. We climb inside, stow away our worn clothing and adjust the radio to a station that is playing oldies love songs. There is a sexual tension in the air between us that up to now we have tried to ignore ... it has ebbed and flowed between us from the start of our relationship on-line and has continued through this first encounter together. We know each other's stories from our on-line chats and we each feel like we 'know what it takes' to turn the other on. Still, there is that unknown entity between us that must be explored and experienced together in the flesh. We will, together, start on this odyssey of sexual exploration that heightens the senses and builds the wonder of it all in our hearts. This will prove to be an evening of 'firsts' for us together as lovers, and for things I've never experienced before ... and an opportunity to put our trust in one another on a higher plane than it could ever go on-line. After stowing away our gear, (and securing the privacy curtain) we stand close

to each other and embrace. This embrace, we know, is that first tentative, baby-step down a pathway we have never been down before together. I take and hold your face lovingly in my hands while just gazing into those hazel green eyes that excite a deep passion in me; a passion for you; a passion to become a part and parcel of you. It is a deep passion extending down into my soul. I see a twinkle ... a brightness ... and there is a slight movement of your eyes as if you are scanning my face searching for the entrance to my heart and soul. I see in you a 'wanting' to drain me of all feeling and emotion. And there is also a promise I see in your eyes to fill me anew with your passion. We kiss softly, tenderly and with a slowly rising passion. Your arms are around me drawing me closer to you. I wonder if you can feel the trembling deep within me. Our clothes have gradually fallen to the floor in a mixed pile. Our bodies each feel the heat emanating from the other. My kisses drift downward and pay homage to your full breasts and nipples. My tongue is busy tasting you, your head tilts back exposing your throat in an instinctual display of surrender and trust. My kissing you trails all around you from your breasts across your chest to your exposed neck and from beneath your ears to underneath the point of your chin. Kisses, licks, and nips trail outward and down your arm tasting your skin and exploring that soft, sensitive place on the inside of your elbows. I want to consume you. All of you. What you do and say next emotionally takes my breath away. In a whisper, you offer me both your arms with the request that I restrain you. I don't understand at first, but you say it is because you trust me, and that giving me your trust in that manner is an outward sign of that as well as a deep emotional act of submitting to me. Through our gnawing lips, you whisper to me that you trust me to not hurt you. You trust me to take care of you. You trust me to make love to you. You trust me to take you to the heights of our passion. You trust me to light off your body with wave after wave of orgasmic delight. You trust me and I am humbled by this. I assist you in climbing up to the top bunk and have you kneel with your back to me. You then 'give' me your wrists behind your back and I secure them together with my belt. I have you then wiggle around until you are then facing me again with your legs hanging over the edge of the bunk. You are effectively trapped and unable to get away or get down from that perch with your arms restrained. Your gorgeous eyes I cover with a makeshift blindfold made from a pair of your panties. I get our pillows situated behind you so that you can lean back and I scoot your bottom right to the edge of the bunk. You bend your legs tight in order to have your feet resting on the edge of the bunk. What makes you uniquely 'woman' is now totally visible and vulnerable to me. You have nothing left to hide. Nothing. Nothing at all. And you are mine now. Licks and kisses start at your tightly bended knees and drift predictably toward your pussy. Your pussy is spread open some because of the position you are in on the bunk. I spread your legs even further as I start to kiss and taste your fleshy lips. I sort out your inner lips from your outer lips mostly using my mouth and tongue. My tongue teases the edges of your inner lips and follows to where your clit is hiding. My tongue delves into your pussy's font of delicate love juice. It is seemingly flowing. I take the fingers of one hand to very gently pull back the sheath hiding your clit. My tongue toys with your clit and seemingly has a mating dance of sorts with it. I am able to roll the tip of my tongue around it. I use the two middle fingers of my other hand to explore the inner sanctum of your pussy. I find your g-spot and gently massage it while sucking on your clit. ALL my attention is focused on you at this spot

on your body. Your pussy, your clit, your g-spot. And your arms and hands are mine, and your legs are spread wide and you cannot really move for you are 'mine' and you 'trust' me. Even though I am the 'active' one in this, I feel drained of all extraneous thoughts and feelings. You are filling my empty vessel with you. Because you 'trust' me, your voice cries out to me for relief from this building sexual tension in your body. You have to relax for it to happen and finally, it does. You 'trust' me to bring you to your orgasm that is so strong and is, at once, a wonder for me to witness so up close and personal. You erupt in a flowing liquid display of your love juices. I catch and drink what I can. I am in awe for it is a first time for me to witness such a thing, and it is all because you 'trust' me. OH FUCK!!! My computer chimes me awake for I have been 'asleep' and dreaming of this. Fortunately, it is you that has 'interrupted' me once again.